

# Salient

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## V.U.C. at Sea

Sub-Lieut. R. J. COWAN (Fleet Air Arm).

The crew of the ships had been at sea a year without any substantial leave, constantly on watch and patrol. Their spacious old liner was fitted with a concert room, in which they used to entertain themselves with concerts or an occasional film. Their airmen passengers found life a pleasure on board—clean quarters, good food, friendly crew; and access to all parts of the ship—and consequently decided to give a concert on the last night out. They set to work. I finished up as Stage Manager, of course. We wrote out acts, songs, and various matter. An amazing array of talent appeared. Unfortunately, the New Zealand fellows, rather stage-shy, held off. All of us, being perfectly amateur, were doubtful whether our home-made acts would go over. Wrote out a Hitler-Mussolini travesty and persuaded a couple who fitted the part to act it out.

After some persuasion the New Zealand boys agreed to do a little bit—to give a haka—so wrote them some. This was the day before the show. Then, at the last minute, they learnt the actions, rehearsed songs, then, to cap it all, procured rope ends and make piupius, and had me moko them with grease paint.

Just before the show was due to start, some of the ship's petty officers came and marked the front row "Reserved." Just before curtain up our boys observed with horror that the row was filled with the ship's big men—rows and rows of braid!

Now it was do or die! Up went the curtain and off we went: "Wings Over the Navy" (the F.A.A. song) and so on. It worked. In two acts we had the captain and all the rest in fits of laughter (as intended). Things went from strength to strength. Our amateurs, having set the ball rolling, let themselves go with smashing effect. Near the end came the New Zealand act. The announcer said, "Now some of these Maoris are going to give an act: just watch it. It's terrible!" Up went the curtain, the savages sprang to life. The effect was stupendous. I don't think these Englishmen realised that the British Empire contained anything like this. If anything, their haka was fiercer than the original: it brought the house down—in fact, nearly sank it, when they all jumped.

Was it a success! If there were any U-boats about, they must have reported a hail of depth charges.

## CABLE FROM MOSCOW

(From "Semper Floreat")

### Business Better Than Usual

The N.S.W. Aid Russia Committee sends us a copy of a cable received on June 19 from Professor I. Zvavich, Professor of History, University of Moscow. Full text of the cable is printed below. It tells how students of Moscow University, far from shrinking from military duties because they might interfere with their studies, have taken the obvious course of combining both activities and working especially hard at their studies to keep them at normal pitch.

"Perhaps it is because twenty-two years ago I was overcome by profound emotion as I entered the auditorium of Moscow University as a student," stated the professor. "Perhaps it is because fourteen years ago I was no less agitated when I delivered my first lecture within the walls of Moscow University, perhaps it is because during the first months of the present war I, together with other professors and instructors, was an air raid warden and, roused by evidence of Nazi barbarity, extinguished my first incendiary bomb, dropped by a German aeroplane on the campus, that I am so deeply interested in all that is going on in Moscow University.

"I am happy to report that despite Hitler's intentions, Moscow University is working in Moscow, and engaged in fruitful and varied activity. Since the present war against Hitler Germany began, Moscow University has expanded.

"The Law Department, which existed as an independent institute, is now back in the fold of Alma Mater. A philosophy department has been incorporated in the University and the history department has been enlarged to include philology. The University is humming with activity.

"This is pre-examination season. In conversation with me, Professor Boris Orlov, rector of the University, expressed confidence that at this year's examinations students would make as good a showing as in previous years.

"This has been a hard year for students. Lectures have been occasionally interrupted. Students have combined study with guarding buildings, military training and work in industry. But they have displayed marvellous enthusiasm. They have taken books along with them to study during hours off duty, and the results of practical work this year have been more satisfactory than in previous years.

### ACADEMIC STANDARDS MAINTAINED.

"I have been requested by students," the rector said, smiling, "not to allow extenuating circumstances in connection with the war to affect examination results. The country needs highly qualified experts now more than at any other time, and there is no reason why requirements should be lowered. That's what the students are saying."

### EXTRA-CURRICULA LECTURES.

"The Students' Bureau asked me to deliver lectures in the University Hall. Lectures delivered in the public hall are not part of the curriculum, but deal with general subjects. These lectures are very popular with the people of Moscow and with the students themselves.

"Among lectures scheduled for the next few weeks are some on philosophy and literature. Professor Huber will speak on 'War in the Indian Ocean,' Professor Ermolyaev on 'Tanks in Modern Warfare.' These lectures are given daily, and are attended by hundreds of people.

### STUDENTS IN THE ARMY.

"The Students' Bureau maintains contact with students now fighting in the ranks of the Red Army. Those who have been wounded and are being treated in the Moscow hospitals are regularly visited by comrades and friends. Meetings are arranged in the hospitals between professors, instructors, and wounded students.

"The professorial bodies assume patronage over military units, arrange lectures for them, send them books, tobacco, sweets. The presents are for both men and commanders. The Students' Bureau also keeps in touch with the families of wounded students.

### TEXT-BOOKS.

"The publishing house which handles works issued by the Moscow University recently held a conference at which plans for the publication of scientific books, within the next few months, were discussed.

"The publication of text-books has been put on a par with the publication of defence literature.

In the auditoriums and rector's office, in the Students' Bureau and in the University Press, everywhere, there is a spirit of cheerful activity.

"Of our Moscow University," says the rector, "business is as usual. For that matter, business is better than usual. That is a more correct way of putting it."

## No Man's Land

(To the Editor.)

Dear Madam,—With reference to my letter about English universities, those were not my inverted commas. Would you please make public my repudiation of them and their implications, for I had no intention whatever of disputing the authenticity of Count Wodzicki's title.—Yours, etc.,

SHIRLEY SMITH.

### REPLY

What are men at Victoria for? It can't be to carry the heavy cake boxes up and down in the Cable car, to and from the Cafeteria, for the girls do that; it can't be to serve behind the counter in the Cafeteria; it can't be to arrange and prepare the suppers for tea dances, debates, Dramatic Club evenings, etc., for the girls do all that too; it can't be to play basketball, or to go to the Gymnasium classes; it can't be to look for wives, for the female gender has given way long since before the masculine and neuter; it can't be to get a University education, for all but about twenty of them do nothing up here but play cards, and it can't be to provide learned discourses at debates on the glories of a glass of wine held up against the light, for the girls win hands down there. It can't be to provide a secretary for the Executive, or even an editor for this much-maligned "organ of student opinion at Victoria."

And this record of negatives is what passes with them for running the University!

In conclusion, we must apologise to our poor repressed friend—author of "passers by"—who has obviously been sadly disillusioned by some clucking butterfly. (Who, oh, who could have been the fair cruel?) No more "leather-necks," chocolates, flowers and fun for us in the future—just our dear, thoughtful V.U.C. boys! Oh joy! Oh bliss!

"B. LIVE"

SPIKE  
SPIKE  
SPIKE

The V.U.C. Magazine

OUT SHORTLY

**T.C. and V.U.C.**

The presence of Training College in the University has raised one of the most important and far-reaching educational problems that the University has faced for some years. It has often been suggested by research councils in education that the training colleges in each of the four centres should be affiliated with the university colleges concerned—yet nothing has been done. As long ago as 1930 we find the Parliamentary Recess Education Committee recommending "that the training colleges in the four centres be handed over to the control of the University College authorities, together with their buildings, equipment and staffs."

Such a shift in administration might mean anything or nothing according to the degree of amalgamation and the closeness of the relations established between the two institutions. Whatever system should be adopted, however, the possibilities of development in both Training College and University life would be greatly increased thereby. Our present system of teacher training is an offshoot from the system, or rather, lack of system, operating in Britain in the early part of the nineteenth century. Popular education was looked upon as a "pop for the masses" rather than as a serious national duty; consequently teaching as a profession was held in low repute. This attitude of mind has persisted up till the present in our teacher training system although it has largely disappeared in England. The recognised importance of education purely necessitates the recognition of teaching as a university trained profession worthy of the energies of the best of our scholars.

Until teaching is recognised it will not attract to its works the most suitable type of person and will not arouse in teachers themselves an enthusiasm for the work they are doing. The best, and probably the only way of improving the status of the teaching profession is by an affiliation with the University thus setting it on an equal basis with the professions of law and medicine.

The scheme outlined by the Research Committee of 1930 provided for the establishment in each of the four centres of Schools of Education which, while allowing to the Training College a separate organisation, thus preserving its unity and corporate life, would establish close contact with the University departments and especially the department of education. It also provided for the establishment of a degree in education involving an integrated cultural background together with an intensive knowledge of educational theory. These Schools of Education were to be under University control.

Such a system would enrich Training College life by the contacts with the academic life of the University which it would provide; but would also open to the University student intriguing possibilities such as fine arts courses under the direction of the trained and qualified Training College staff.

The opportunity which we now have for some step in this direction is too good to be lost. Training College is with us, and the future development of education in New Zealand demands our unity. We should act while the fates are propitious.

**When History Grows Dim**

[All that will be remembered of our forgotten worthies in a future dictionary.]

Gladstone: A bag, travelling bag with an especially wide mouth.

Victoria: Low carriage with a broad seat.

Prince Albert: A stuffed shirt, very long, formal, and never unbuttoned.

Bismarck: An especially fat German rump steak, not popular now.

Salisbury: Another steak, English, made of what was left over from a Bismarck.

Chateaubriand: A French beef steak, made of something else.

Goethe (pronounced-goatee): A form of chinbeard once worn in Arkansas.

Lincoln: A kind of car formerly very popular.

Wellington: A long boot, high sole.

Blucher: Short boot, with a low sole.

Cardinal Wolsey: A brand of gents' underwear.

Henry Clay: A cigar.

Jefferson: A hotel, avenue, or post office.

Napoleon, Washington, Cæsar, Samson: Trade names used in the plumbing business for bathroom fixtures.

Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Louise, Eugenie: Trade names used in ladies' underwear.

King Edward, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Claverhouse, Robert Bruce: Stallions with a pedigree.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John: Side streets in Montreal.

**JAM SESSION**

The hep cats and the alligators and the unenlightened, somewhat bewildered these last, clustered round the pickup in some numbers on Tuesday and absorbed some sizzling culture. Did Artie Shaw "send" on that liquorice stick, and Glen Miller on his slushpump, boy, was that room chockablock full of rhythm. Oh! Oh!

Doug. Yen ran the session, which may be said to be the official introduction of jam to V.U.C. The number present, and their enthusiasm, showed that swing is really in Victoria, just looking for expression. Highlighted was Artie Shaw's "Concerto for Clarionets," maestro's magnum opus to date, while Larry Clinton's introduction of a Persian market to the occidnt, Glen Miller's "Tuxedo Junction," Woody Herman's "Woodchoppers' Ball," and Muggzy Spanier's "Relaxin' at the Touro," provided some glorious swing. Perhaps a little rug-cuttin' next time too? We're waiting for it.

**WEIR DISCUSSIONS**

The Weir House Discussions Group seems to be carrying on in its usual diverting vein. One Sunday evening brought forth a great crowd (not wholly due to an impromptu swing session), and Tommy Young, Training College music lecturer, conversed in a most interesting style on music and its modern aspects. He illustrated the changing aims of the composers through the generations by analogy with art, passing from the architectural design and form of Bach and the classical painters, to the romanticism of Chopin, Greig, and Schumann, with their counterparts. The impressionist development tended to be more subjective to convey the personal mood and feelings summed up by a scene rather than a photographic record. Cézanne and Van Gogh are well-known painters of this type, and their technique is reflected in the music of Debussy, Ravel, and others.

The speaker made clear his points by slewing a chair round and attacking the Common Room piano (or, more accurately, the parts of it that still work), by handing round prints from the various schools of painting, and by gramophone records of Debussy and Ravel. Mr. Young concluded on microphonality and the extremists, exhibited a few amusing prints, and had played an octet by Bartók (see Traffic Jam effects) and a violin duo in sixth tones.

The informality of these evenings invites discussion, and the various jazz addicts of the house were quick to respond.

All persons, including the lecturer, ultimately agreed that none have the right to judge jazz and classics by the same standards, or to deny the latter its place in modern life; not, however, until Glen Miller, the immortal Artie, and the Bobcats had borne superabundant witness.

In the end Weir settled down to Swing Session, Part III, and the evening closed amid the strident glory of hot trumpets, wailing claris, and the eight bar beat.

A Great Show! Thank you, Tommy!

**No Man's Land EXPLOITATION AT V.U.C.**

In most of the science departments, student graduates are employed to conduct the laboratory classes. In most cases they mark, and check the note-books, and in some cases, set and correct the practical exam.—in fact, they are mainly responsible for the advance of these younger students.

And what does the student-demonstrator receive in return? His education, gained by paying fabulous fees to the University, is now availed of for a devilishly small compensation. He is required to remain at V.U.C. for his studies, and is anxious to come of a few helping shillings, and is therefore at the mercy of his employers, the College authorities. Except for the Physics department, £200 is the limit for an M.Sc., even with double first class honours—several B.Sc.'s receive £80, £98, and £120 for practically full-time jobs. Surely this work is deserving of more.

In scientific industry, graduates often commence at £400—the value of good training is recognized, and qualifications are paid for. At V.U.C. the student demonstrators' immediate concern is to complete his studies as soon as possible; until he departs, he remains the object of exploitation by the College. Surely in a University such a practice should not be.

**STUDENT DEMONSTRATOR**

**TEA DANCE**

The last tea dance was as good as they have all been this year, and although perhaps quieter than usual—would it be tactless to associate this with the absence of the harriers?—yet it proved that tea dances are an admirable institution.

**PLUNKET MEDAL ORATORY CONTEST**

Saturday, 26th June, 8 p.m.

**Film Review**

**A BOURGEOIS IN DESPAIR**

Shors is a skilful commander of the Red Army in the Ukraine during the war of liberation against the White Guard. If everybody in the U.S.S.R. is like Shors we can be sure of victory. And if all Russians are like the fiery horsemen galloping past us in machine-gun fire from the left to the right and the right to the left during the whole of that Sunday night, we can well understand what the Nazis are up against. The spirit of the rude, illiterate brigadier who knew no maps and no bureaucracy may be recommended, I daresay, for all battle-fronts. It is clearly the spirit of youth and a world in the making. And the bourgeois looks on in trivial cynicism—it is beyond him. There is no denying that his world of subtlety is waning; he knows he is the dreaming last rearguard of a world of intellectualism. What he is perplexed at is the simplicity, the old simplicity, of the 19th century weekly serial, and the totally new simplicity heralding a new era. He relished the patches of fine description of the Russian people in the picture, the character of the old brigadier, his lecture on the machine-gun to the bourgeois of Kiev, technical skill here and there, and more things creditable in a very conservative way. Of modernism no trace; plan, plot, intrigue carries us back to the beginnings of our civilisation. Communism is no modernism; it is a going back to elements. The film is divided into chapters, each starting off with a short notice (that things are bad); the White Guard near Kiev. In each one Shors shortly appears as the *deus ex machina*; the mainstay is a battle, and there is a new though never quite decisive victory. There are small naive side-plots: the mother of a commander dies; the commander lies on his bed, screaming, a lost man, committing suicide any moment. Shors enters, offers him a golden sword in the name of Lenin, and the commander delivers a glorious address to his troops, again in full conviction of the cause.

As I said, there are better parts; at places the Russian people lives in the picture; it is a clever propaganda film, as it shows Communism born from feelings very familiar to the public. The bourgeois intellectual enjoys the art qualities of it with whatever romantic banality he still possesses. A new language for a new world, a cacophony to the bourgeois, yet beautiful to the initiated.

**RUSSIAN MUSIC**

Those interested to music will be glad to hear that on Saturday, 3rd October, Dr. Stanley Oliver will deliver an address on Russian Music, both pre-Soviet and Soviet, in the S.C.R. club rooms on Lambton Quay. The lecture will be illustrated with recordings of Russian music; 1/- will be charged for admission.

**N.B.G.S.**

Let us contemplate enraptured the most exotic bloom in the garden of state in New Zealand, let us sink into its heavy fragrance, and, knowing already the admiration and attention which is bestowed on this fair flower by all about us, let us examine its rich and varied qualities in some detail, to discover wherein lies its magic beauty. The full petalled, glamour blossom I write of is that teacher of the young and refresher of the old, that many hued repository of New Zealand's culture and knowledge and patron of the arts, the National Commercial Broadcasting Service.

This Cinderella offshoot of the National Broadcasting Service, acting as its own fairy godmother, with a little financial prompting in the role by the Government, solely on its own charming personality has won an unchallengeable place in the hearts and lives of the stolid, progressive New Zealanders, till now it is as much a part of their family fireside as the slightly odorous gas heater in the grate. The schoolboy is gently urged along in his history prep. by the stirring dialogue of "Coast Patrol," and by the time he gets round to his maths the Lone Ranger is riding again. Hi yo Euclid, away! The tired business executive, working late at the office, goes right through without any tea so that he may get home in time to learn what happens in the next instalment of "On His Majesty's Service." These are the things which matter now, these are the Facts of Life. Fred and Maggie Everybody are another couple of Facts of Life, and the Easy Aces a few more. No longer is the soup course rushed when dinner is served at six, because with too much audible drinking Mother and Father will not be able to hear Jimmy Allen.

The author of "What Katy Did at School" could scarcely have written scenarios as touching and thrilling as these, I'll be bound. Nor are the classics neglected for melodrama. The N.C.B.S. sees to it that its listeners get a well balanced education, and how can their attention be drawn more sharply to grim reality than by "The Citadel" and "David Copperfield." The scenarists who dramatised these two works must have been inspired. Such a fine sense of dramatic values is theirs that they can have served their apprenticeship under no less a master than one of Walt Disney's animators, and even after leaving him they did not lose their keenness to learn. Rather did they broaden their scope, till now their touches can be seen in productions so widely different as "The Enemy Within" and "Lords of the Air." On each of these splendid works is the same fine hallmark of so much said and so little worth saying.

It is not till one looks keenly for it that one sees how skilfully the N.C.B.S. has gone about educating New Zealand with its serials, but what is at once apparent is that the service is thoroughly conversant with the value of progressing slowly in education, and letting everything be assimilated as the course moves along. It is upwards of five years since the service was established, yet surely the serials have not yet amassed a vocabulary of 2,000 words between them, and few of these are of more than three syllables. Progress along the

**The Picture**

I came across it in the Store on the corner. It was a picture painted about thirty years ago. The scene depicted was dusty; an old white wooden house stood out against some trees, and in the distance dark mountains reared up to the sky.

It conveyed to me very strongly the atmosphere of that warm afternoon; the small house nesting there, ramshackle and temporary in front of the aloofness of the mountains.

It pleased me to think of the painter, thirty years ago seeing the scene so truthfully and honestly. As I looked at it I felt a touch of intimacy with him, and our eyes seemed to meet for an instant with that flash of understanding that passes between friends.

A feeling of joy filled me as I left the Store, and looking about me as I walked down the road, I felt a sense of unity with the mountains, the rivers, the countryside, that I had not experienced for years.

Patrick Hayman

**FIRE WATCHING ACT, 1942**

1. Respirator.
2. 1 Belt to go round waist with ten hooks attached to carry six full sandbags and four buckets of water.
3. 1 Axe in pouch at belt.
4. 1 Stirrup pump to be carried over left shoulder.
5. 1 Ladder to be carried over right shoulder.
6. 1 Whistle to be carried in mouth.
7. 1 Longhandled shovel to be tucked under right arm.
8. 1 Coil of rope to be carried under left arm.
9. 2 Wet blankets to be slung round neck.
10. 1 Tjn hat with turned-up brim in order to carry spare water and a spare sand tube to be carried in pocket.
11. 1 Dustbin lid to be attached to trouser's seat for smothering bombs by sitting on them.
12. 1 Box of matches to ignite any incendiary bombs that fail to ignite.
13. 1 bottle-opener to be carried in hip pocket.

Yours by Order,  
The Puts Outa of Fire Ministry,  
(Sgd.) F.I.R.E. WOTCHA:

N.B.—The Fire Watchers Act' 1942, is not to be confused with the Acrobats' Act of 1792.

path of learning must not be rushed, do you understand?

Why, with this home educational service already in full operation, is there any need for our children to go to school, or the W.E.A.?

**Tea Dance**

SATURDAY  
26th SEPTEMBER  
ALL WELCOME

**Book Review**

"My Sister Eileen"—Ruth McKenny.

Ruth McKenny is pleased with life. Her world may make, she will cut through it bringing joy, faith and affirmation in life itself.

In her "Industrial Valley," perhaps the most brilliant reportage ever to come out of America, she plunged into the chaos of housing, the tragedy of the unemployed, and came up with not only a terrible factual indictment but also a warm piece of history that breathed its ultimate faith in the people. An associate editor of the long famous "New Masses," her articles covering all American life, her commentaries on international affairs have evidenced the same charm and warmth.

Now in "My Sister Eileen" she goes back to the days of childhood and adolescence. It is a time of laughter—for the reader. She and her sister have one simple motif—they like what they like, and they don't like what they don't like. There is nothing perverse about it—it is the forthrightness of children. They judged their films by the tears they shed—no tears, no good; bird-nesting with a group of girls they disliked, led to childish gangsterism; they suffered near drowning as corpses in life-saving; dashed doting parents' hopes to the ground by their theatrical performances, hunted for socks with Randolph Churchill in his bedroom, were cottoned onto by the Brazilian Navy, and they did all this and more with laughter in their hearts.

It's an education on how to live cleanly.

For two years now blasé New York has seen it as a stage presentation, and now Hollywood is reported to have bought the film rights. Read it and you will know why.

"The Moon is Down"

—John Steinbeck.

Mr. Steinbeck's latest novel deals with the occupation by the Nazis of a town in some country such as Norway and the subsequent resistance of the population. Unfortunately despite some moving passages, it does not escape the dangers which may await any work concerned with a situation about which the author may have strong feelings but of which he may have no immediate experience. Thus the characters for the most part remain types rather than individuals and do not transcend their functions as well chosen symbols illustrating a rather dubious thesis. This thesis—that the German occupation of Europe is the "flies' conquest of the fly-paper" and doomed to failure from the very nature of the relationship between the occupying forces and the subject population—is of a character that aggravates certain faults which a novel of this kind must force in any case. Thus it is necessary for Steinbeck's purpose to show the older German officers as amiable and somewhat ineffective persons and in the description of a neurotic young Nazi—to show the weakness that lies at the root of the neurosis, but not the strength that is, in such cases, its horrible result. These and similar distortions make it possible for Steinbeck to treat in terms of melodrama a situation which is really too deeply tragic to be expressed in such a form.

## FOOTBALL

The Club finished its outside games with a special match against Air Force, winners of the Hardham Cup in the Senior Second Division, and came out victorious 17-15, after one of the best games of the year. The forwards were somewhat lethargic, but after Murphy, who played a great game, retired injured, the pack, led by MacLennan, played with much dash, and solid work by Skelley and Patrick in the backs, together with McKnight's great goal-kicking, turned the game our way. Richmond, replacing Swinburn at centre, was brilliant both on attack and defence, and the manner in which he outclassed the Air Force skipper and Wellington Rep., Clark, was a revelation after his somewhat inconsistent form throughout the year. Green, playing his last game for the Club in his proper position at full-back, gave a polished display. A very satisfactory finish to a most difficult season's sport.

### RURU SHIELD

With the College pack weakened by the absence of Murphy, Eade, Martin, McKay and Harris, and the presence of the Canterbury and N.Z.U. centre, M. D. Fountain, as the keyman in an already powerful back-line, Weir House had every reason for the confidence with which they took the field in the Ruru Shield game. Nor did they let their supporters down. The whole side played well as a team, and thoroughly deserved its win. Fountain, although obviously short of a gallop, was at times brilliant, and Swinburn and Mateira were also right on their Te Punga. gave a great display be-games. The Weir captain, Martin hind the scrum, and led his side shrewdly. In the forwards, Bennett played an outstanding game, his line-out work being especially good.

The College side lacked the co-ordination of the House XV, but individually each man played well. Congratulations to Jim Caldwell, playing the unaccustomed role of rover, who was head and shoulders above every other forward on the ground. In the tight Grayburn used his weight all the time, and his locking was good. The diminutive Third Grade skipper, Igglesden, was undaunted by his lack of weight and played well; his hooking also was very good. Patrick and Skelley were handicapped by slow service from the scrums, but were always dangerous. At centre, Tossman showed great dash and determination, and his frequent duels with Fountain were one of the highlights of the game. He was by no means overshadowed by his more experienced opponent. Greig's prodigious boot meant much to his side, but his lack of match practice was obvious.

The game was a good one—hard and very fast, it once more provided a not unfitting tribute to that great Maori personality and Rugby footballer, the late Jackie Ruru.

## Women's Hockey

With the hockey season at an end, the players may be well justified in experiencing a certain degree of pride in their play this year.

The Senior "B" team certainly deserves credit for their efforts. In the Wellington competitions they succeeded in raising themselves from the customary position among the last three teams to that of runners-up to the champions, P.T.O.G. Also, five of their members were picked to represent Wellington in a match against a Wairarapa team on Saturday, September 5th. These were: Mavi Davidson, Daisy Filmer, Marion Marwick, Doris Pegler and Ruth Russell,—quite a fair percentage. (They are all brunettes, incidentally.) The team has worked well, and deserves both of these honours.

Their final match for the season against P.T.O.G. was exciting. The play was very even, both teams fighting to the whistle. The first goal went to our opponents, but by half-time we had equalled their score by a goal off Marion's stick. In the second half each team managed to shoot two more goals, bringing the final score to a very satisfactory draw of 3-3, Marion and Doris being the scorers. We extend our congratulations to P.T.O.G. on winning the Championship.

The Juniors, though not distinguishing themselves in quite the same way, were nevertheless a very fine team. For beginners they picked up the game exceedingly quickly, playing some quite good matches. Probably their best was the one where they scored a win over the champions of their grade by 1 goal to 0. The forwards were speedy but inexperienced, and wasted opportunities. This, however, is only natural in a new team. A bit more practice and confidence will see some of the Juniors playing Senior grade hockey before long.

Incidentally, anyone wanting plenty of exercise, fun and excitement will be welcome in the Hockey Club next year. You don't know you're alive till you feel dead-beat after a good hockey match.

"HUAKINA HEI!!!"

## Tramping Club

### ARTHUR'S PASS

Reports that the Chateau would not be open to the public made it necessary for the winter climbing and skiing trip to go to Arthur's Pass this year. Half a dozen enthusiasts installed themselves in the old schoolhouse, which Doug. complains is "a pansy show, with electric light," and spent an energetic week. Snow conditions varied considerably, but all the party managed to improve their ski-ing technique without breaking any bones.

The uncertain condition of a lightly frozen snow slope near the top of Mt. Avalanche just prevented the party's making an ascent of this mountain, but excellent views of the surrounding peaks were obtained. They also went on a trip to the hostelry at Otira, and slept out one night in a field near Lyttelton.

Congratulations should go to Ruth Fletcher, who led the successful expedition.

Ski Heil!

## HARRIERS

### SPLENDID ENDEAVOUR

The Harrier Club, though ever gentlemanly, tolerates no indignities. For instance, during the running of the Endeavour Cup everyone walked up the mighty hills that had to be surmounted, yet when, on the Tinakoris, a sentry made bold to ask the leading runner's what right they had to be there (on the hills, not in the lead), Ian McDowell put him in his place sharply by telling him it was a race, and he would have to get any explanations he wanted later, when we were not so busy. Ian himself then devoted the next five or six miles to winning the race.

Ian ran well to win, pestered as he was throughout by Dick Daniell and Myles O'Connor. These two irresponsibles were quite unable to make up their minds what the placings were going to be till the last ten yards or less, when in the best Endeavour Cup finish for years, Ian won by three yards from Dick, with Myles scarcely a yard further back. It was a stirring effort by all three to put in such a finish after eight tough miles. The cup itself, which is awarded on a sealed handicap, was won by Steve Wilson, who, it is rumoured, ran up some of the hills. Unethical.

In the evening the annual Club Dinner was held in the Grand, and despite the war it was as fine a Club Dinner as ever we have had. Representatives of other Varsity sports clubs helped to fill the gaps caused in our membership by the war, and several former Varsity harriers who have not been able to turn out this season were there. It was a good show.

Afterwards many of us had a birthday—Dorian's.

### EARTHQUAKES—ARETE AVALANCHES AND THINGS

It is only once in years that one strikes such a good winter week-end in the Tararua's such as did this year's Arete party. Crisp mountain air, as clear as crystal—snow as soft and pure as swan down—mountain peaks covered with glittering whiteness. Such weather conditions almost made up for the fact that the party did not reach the top.

A thrilling ride on a bus carrier contrasted with plutocratic taxi transport, and followed by a scramble through forest blackness, enabled us to sink a welcome brew at Ohau hut—12.30 a.m.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny. Away at 8 a.m., boulder-hopping and splashing up the Ohau River. Up into the snow—enchanted perhaps, but unpleasant as it dripped off the trees and down our necks, and it was too soft.

5 p.m. saw us still ploughing through it—on the slopes of Arete. A mountain dancing a rumba 'neath our feet was a thrilling experience. Patches of ice and oncoming darkness and Tararua mist caused the leader to turn back at this stage—defeat, I suppose you'd call it.

Sunday was another perfect day, and retreat was difficult with the mountains smiling—calling us. A headlong dash through snow and forest, down river-bed, missing an avalanche by inches, hush again and then a road walk. Home at last, tired but happy.

## R. Stanley Green

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The sudden waning of enthusiasm among University trampers at the prospect of a working party did not deter five of the more condescending from wading through the five-mile to Tawhiti, having first mortified the flesh among the gorse-bushes of Gollan's Valley.

An exciting evening was spent in crashing through the undergrowth in search of a number of thoroughly bushed women whose shrill cries, arising from somewhere in the Turere, disturbed the still night air. Despite these privations and the effort of our labour, we nevertheless returned in good humour to Muritai on Sunday, thanks to the stimulating effect of Lewis Carroll and Omar Khayyam.