

# CANTATA

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Volume 29, No. 10

UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Thursday, August 13, 1959

## EDUCATION

### ALARMING FAILURE RATE IN THE N.Z. UNIVERSITIES

The failure rate in New Zealand Universities is something nobody is very sure about. It seems that Varsity is a hurley-burley swimming race, where the contestants are not easily identifiable amidst the splashing. The survivors are exhibited each year on Graduation Day, and prizes are allotted. But no notice is taken of the people caught in whirlpools, coming up for the third time. And nobody drags the river at intervals, though according to the books quite a few people have disappeared in the course of the race.

The latest estimate of the mortality rate is to be found in Parkyn's report on "Success and Failure at the University". With the students, of the year under study, he found that of the 43,997 Stage I units were attempted by 1,710 students. Only 2,561 units did they pass. That means that the over-all failure rate settles at 42 per cent. If those students were to be included who were not given terms and those who pulled out, the failure rate with Stage I units must be put at about 50 per cent. This is pretty disastrous. The Murray Report on Australian Universities calls a 39 per cent. failure rate "a national extravagance that could ill be afforded"—strong words in an official document of that sort. The authorities in Britain are disturbed at a 15 per cent. failure rate, the wastage of some 6,000 student lives annually, and the wastage to the economy of some £3,000,000 a year. And our overall failure rate is probably three times Britain's!

seem to be passing, them in order to "keep the standard up", so it is said, the marking is stiffened, and those on the border go out. "Obviously, where such a system operates, no amount of improved selection will have much effect on the failure rate. It will certainly mean that you throw out better students than you used to, but this is hardly the desired result. In this case it is not the selection procedure but the examination and the general set-up by which the department handles its first-year students that we should look into. Given reasonable selection, it is what happens to students, both in their academic and their personal life once taken, and what the university itself does that matters. . . . "There are many aspects of both students and universities about which we must find out more if we are to cut the failure rate. But the most important, I feel, will be found in questions of personal distress and anxiety.

work when they are disturbed far more quickly than do other young people. The apprentice or the farmer's boy, like the student, has his anxieties, but you can turn a lath or plough a furrow little impaired if you are gloomy and low. But you cannot study. The first thing that happens to a student in distress is that his work deteriorates. Then he becomes worried about that, too. That makes things worse in a vicious circle. It does not take long for a basically stable lad to get into a proper mess. That is why it is so important for the university to make sure that there are people who are able to help the student in trouble; not only medical people but sympathetic tutors and staff members, hostel wardens, chaplains and the like. British universities in general are open to the criticism that they do not have enough persons or agencies qualified and able to help troubled students.

#### Aims

"The ultimate purposes of university education have been for many years the subject of lively controversy. All now agree, however, that the university's educational responsibility is far wider than the mere teaching of a degree subject to a preordained level. In broad terms the university has to take the growing senior school-boy and act upon him in such a way that he matures into a personally well-balanced man, possessed of some general culture and education, and appropriately qualified in his own subject. To do this a university must employ a variety of means far wider than those of a lecture room. Seminars, practical work, field trips, a library with access to original material, union activities, athletics, residential hostels, and a host of other institutions, material and cultural, are all essential to this. . . .

#### Facilities

Where facilities are over-crowded and staff over-taxed as it is, by far the most economical way of coping with the phenomenal influx, would be to cut into the failure rate. Dr. Nicolas Maleson of University College, London University, writing for the British Listener, maintains that many failures are as much the fault of the university as the student. But the student suffers. "Why does the student fail?" A glib answer, one I heard often enough in staff common rooms, is that he is not good enough. People who believe this say that there should be better selection. Personally I do not think that selection can help much. Consider for example, first-year examination. If you look at the failure rates for different departments, say physics or chemistry or law, you will find that they differ from one another considerably, but year by year these remain extremely constant.

#### Strain

"I work in a Student Health Service, and a great number of the students who come to us come not because of physical disease but because of mental strain in one form or another. Most obviously they come up before finals, suffering from "examinitis". Almost all students worry before examinations, but 10 or 15 per cent. worry themselves sick; they become panicky and tired, cannot concentrate on their revision and write muddled answers to simple questions. 'Examinitis' indeed, is one of the principal charges to be levelled against the accuracy of examinations. One is not only testing how much a man knows about physics; one is testing his capacity to remain calm and collected in the face of a particular type of stress. . . .

#### Mating

"There are girl-friend or boy-friend problems. There are quarrels or difficulties with the family. . . . There are social problems, and there are a host of ordinary glooms and despondencies which seem to come by themselves. "I would not like to give the impression that students are a psychologically unstable lot. Indeed, I do not think they are. . . . But students meet trouble with their

#### Help

"Nowadays in British universities, the teaching staff on the whole recognizes that it must do more than deliver lectures; it must attempt to help the individual student over his difficulties with his studying, and it must guide him in the proper apportioning of his intellectual resources. . . . Some universities are frankly taking responsibility for giving help and guidance not only in matters of study but in more general matters of university life, grants, courses, accommodation and even, when asked, on personal and religious problems. Over the last ten years Student Health Services have been established in many universities, and these too have been giving increasingly more attention to general counselling. The next ten years will, I think, see continued developments in all the agencies through which the troubled student can receive help.

"I suppose there is not a major industry in the country, certainly not one that absorbs so much money as does university education every year, that is as ignorant of its own 'production processes' as we are. But needs stimulate means. We are beginning to try to find out, and we are beginning to create the human agencies needed to fill the worst gaps."

### PRESIDENT ELECT ADRIAN BROKKING

A man of wide and unimagined abilities, the recently elected President of the Executive of the Students' Association, Adrian Brokking, has been in New Zealand since 1952.

Born in Holland, he was a member of the Underground. With the invasion "he crossed the river" and joined the Canadian Army as an interpreter, a post at which he proved so able that he rose to the magnificent rank of Sergeant.

Following the cessation of hostilities he joined the Dutch Army got a Commission and was sent with them to Indonesia and to Malaya.

He returned to Holland in 1950 and spent six months in hospital and was finally discharged A3. He spent one year in England and then came to the West Coast of New Zealand. There he worked in the mines in the P. & T., as a truck driver, and in the bush. Then in his own words he thought he was "not getting very far" and came to University in 1955 with provisional admission.

Since he has been here he has been Capping Mag Editor in 1956, Secretary to Capping Committee in 1957 and on the Orientation Investigation Committee in 1957. In 1958 he was Capping Controller and he has also been on the Steeds Hut Committee. He has been Treasurer for the Association this year and has done an excellent job. He has played football for



the Social Team but unlike other members of the team is honest enough to admit that he drank more beer than he played football. He has two units to complete, a B. Com. and will also finish his LL.B. next year. With his grasp of constitutional and financial matters the Association can feel well pleased with the choice that they have made in the matter of next year's President.

### "Pay As You Burn"

Here is big news for all who were disappointed at not seeing "The Chalk Gardeners" last year: Those of Division C, post-grads now at training college, are putting on another Revue in response to many requests and suggestions.

This year's show, entitled "Pay As You Burn", is as you will probably guess from the title, a political satire revolving around a fabulous place called Hokonui, another fabulous place called Hades, and an infamous place called Parliament. Much fun is had by Hokonui citizens chasing one another and being chased around Hades, where they, and the audience, are destined to make some revealing discoveries.

Dawn Palmer, a newcomer to Christchurch, is responsible for the majority of the music to date, and the numbers she is turning out are being whistled and hummed by all and sundry, so they should prove popular. She will be well-known to any bods from Otago, her home university. Various facets of the organisation are in the hands of the Otago crew, who appear to be a pretty keen lot, judging by efforts so far.

Canterbury bods will need little introduction to Ira Buchingham and Dave (Jack) Close who, along with some Otago-ites have been knocking a script into shape. The scriptwriters have been hard at it for some time, and are now stepping into other positions of responsibility as the need arises.

Judy Passmore will likewise, along with Ned Bohan, require no introduction to the natives. Ned helped greatly by getting things underway, but has been unable to accept the position of

producer, so Judy has accepted the job.

The unenviable job of wardrobe mistress has been snapped up by Liz Allen, and, judging by the spirit and exotic creations she is showing, is thoroughly enjoying it.

Speaking in general, anyone who happened to meet in the Cranmer Buildings (Div. C home base) has something to do with "Pay As You Burn", and enjoying it. Because of holidays, being sent to schools, and in-college activities, the whole organisation is working at full pressure.

The dates are:—  
BOOKING: Friday 28th August—Friday, 4th September.  
THE SHOW: Tuesday, 8th to Friday, 11th September—4 nights only (because of heavy theatre bookings).  
THE PLACE: Civic Theatre.  
If in doubt: Be a devil.  
—WARREN FULFORD,

#### Tradition

It suggests that each department has a more or less traditionally established failure rate. If, at the first year examinations, more people seem to be failing, they lighten the markings and give the benefit of the doubt to those on the borderline. If more than usual

## CANTA

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## NEWSVIEW

# RECIPROCAL VISITS AND WORLD PEACE

A DISCUSSION OF THE PROBABLE EFFECTS,  
AND THE DANGERS OF, THE PROPOSED  
INTERCHANGE OF VISITS BETWEEN MR  
KRUSCHEV AND PRESIDENT EISENHOWER  
—HOPE MINGLED WITH DOUBTS!

Without a doubt the news of the week, perhaps even the news of the year, has been that by which we learn of the coming interchange of visits between American and Soviet chiefs of state. To one as cynical as myself, no less than to all other more optimistic people, this is truly promise of better things to come.

Friend Nixon has certainly been a success to date on his journey around Eastern Europe, and it would seem as though he could be working for his own good as well as the good of international relations. For instance, his position at the next election will probably be that of the Republican hope for the Presidency; his diplomatic work has been improving by leaps and bounds, and his present handling of tricky problems with tricky men on their home grounds has been applauded by politicians all over the world—with notable exceptions being leading Democrats in the U.S.A. itself. Nixon, strengthened by successes overseas, seems to be the Republican party's only hope.

At the same time, it is becoming increasingly obvious that modern diplomacy must be carried on at the highest levels; that is, between heads of state. The Russians appear to be plainly uninterested in what happens at Geneva—as long as virtually nothing is going on there. Their decisions are made, apparently, by Krushchev, or at least by some higher authority than Foreign Minister Gromyko. It is gratifying, therefore, that the Americans are at last attempting to go past interminable meetings of subordinates. Ike has hidden behind his Foreign Ministers for far too long. Commentators, especially in Britain, have been noting a change in the President's demeanour and approach to affairs since Dulles' death, and certainly an Eisenhower more like the Eisenhower of military mediation fame seems to be emerging. If the plan of negotiation at present in favour in American diplomatic circles savours of a Republican last bid for success and votes at the next election, and even if commentators talk of Eisenhower and Nixon bringing Krushchev into American politics, the decision for reciprocal visits and talks at the highest levels is an infinitely more positive one than any made by American statesmen for quite a long time.

### Reaction

A great danger is that the visit of Krushchev to the "home of freedom and democracy" will spark off angry demonstrations from all kinds of new and old Americans. Whereas Eisenhower is unlikely to meet with hostility from refugee groups when he visits Russia, and whereas the outward unity of totalitarianism will be polished so that it may reflect the glorious happiness of all good Russians, there can be no such security in the U.S.A. Suffering from a sense of inferiority as well as a sense of mission, Russia will try to impress. However naive and artificial the Russian approach on such matters as impressing visitors may be, there will be no wild Georgian thumbing his nose at the President in front of television cameras; there will be no frantic Tartar waiting to carve Ike in various pieces with a rusty scimitar; there will not even be the traditional Muscovite with his traditional bomb for deposit in the Residential Cadillac or State Farm

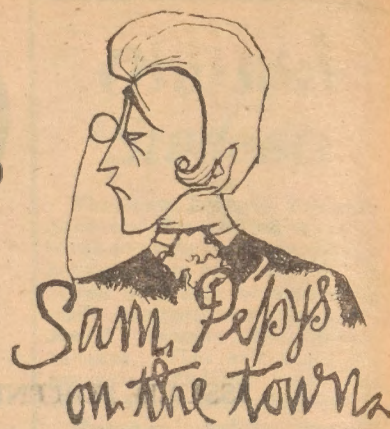
Tractor. There will certainly be no refugee from the Deep South, along the Mississippi, demanding to know when his cousins and brothers in New Orleans will be released by the Klu Klux Klan.

### Danger

On the other hand Krushchev is certain to be in actual physical danger. No doubt he will be insulted in a democratic way, by all kinds of honest United States citizens. The thousands of Eastern European refugees are probably the most violent of all haters of Krushchev and Communism; they are quite likely to attempt violence and although many may have excellent reason, it would be an incalculable folly if any harm were to come to any Russian visitor. If one can excuse the refugee one can find no excuse for the antagonism already being shown by sections of the American press and by prominent American public men can only be deplored and condemned. The Archbishop of Boston should be locked up before he can make any more inflammatory and idiotic statements. He shows himself unworthy of his position and false to the traditions of diplomacy of his Church. Just as short-sighted are the sensationalists of the American press. Unable to see further than their own pug noses they are urging the American public to ignore the head of the Soviet state; the head of one of the largest and most dangerous powers. It is not necessary to be a Communist to be polite or politic, but it is an unhappy reflection on the free world when its most powerful member country is incapable of matching its opponent in these things.

### Apprehension

We applaud the decision for reciprocal visits; we may be ironically amused at the letters pouring into Soviet newspapers inviting Eisenhower to visit factories and pensioned Communists in two-roomed paradises of socialistic comfort; but we can only feel apprehensive about the likely reception Krushchev will receive in "the land of the free". The strivings of world leaders for peace could easily be ruined by some ignorant hill-billy.



to an alehouse. And we fell to talking of the College House Ball which was held the other Friday. I hear that this is a most entertaining function with a goodly company assembled thereat. My friend tells me that this occasion does always result in some amusing incidents, but that this year, the most interesting effort of all, is that of the Editor of Canta and also a member of this House.

Mr McCullough doth pride himself upon his appearance, and on this night appears very neat and handsome in his clothes, very much more than usual, which is a pretty interesting thing, as he is always most respectably arrayed. It would appear that the reason for this sartorial elegance is a very pretty young damsel about whose person this most honourable gentleman is most overwrought. And he does entertain her with others of his fellows at a local hostelry in a most fine fashion with wines of a late New Zealand vintage. Hence to the Ball, and there some dancing, some conversation with other learned gentlemen and very much discourse on many abstruse and unknown topics. Thus the evening passes most memorably, watching the activities of the respected President of Stud. Ass. who was indeed in a most merry and uninhibited mood.

And when the festivities are ended our Editor decides to complete the evening in the best possible manner and orders a taxi in which to transport his attractive friend to her home. And it doth appear that her home is past Summer—in fact nearly at Taylor's Mistake—undaunted they finally arrive at her home and the said gentleman who is intending to return to town by the same taxi doth find that the monies available from his slender hoard will pay for but a one way trip. Thus he dismisses the taxi and investigates the possibility of bicycles—but not only are they the wrong size for his bulky frame, and to boot are not equipped with lights.

Ever a gentleman he bids his lady a good morrow, fortifies himself with some fruit and sets out to walk home. Indeed the trip from Scarborough is a long one and with his propensity to sleep he curls up in numerous bus shelters and almost lapses into unconsciousness. However, he struggles manfully on, and the walk to the Square takes him a mere three and one half hours. This gives him time to remember that woman while a priceless thing indeed are also costly.

It would please me to end by reporting that Mr Cullough did not even notice the length of his walk or the soreness of his feet but in honesty I must tell that such a walk in dancing pumps does not lend wings to his flights of fancy or his feet, and he does hobble in and out of the Canta room murmuring and muttering incomprehensibly.

Up by dinner time, it being Sunday, and after a most excellent meal I took myself to the Public Hospital where I have to visit a damsel who is a nurse at this institution. And about four-thirty on this fine afternoon we walk along the river bank, and most amazed to see several bleary-eyed people dragging themselves along the road as though half dead. And we inquire the cause of this phenomenon and one told that these are the survivors of a Drama Society party held at the beach after Antony and Cleopatra, which had started after the curtain had dropped the night before. Truly the modern generation hath great stamina.

## TOURNAMENT AGAIN

Arts Festival is on, and the Parry Committee is about to sit. Both these things will make this year's Winter Tournament in Dunedin an historic occasion. After the idea was still-born in Wellington, the Arts Festival has now been taken up by Otago with real enthusiasm. Mr MacNamara is to be congratulated on an ambitious, but worthwhile programme. One only hopes that the standard of individual items and entries will encourage the universities to make this an annual enterprise. In future years there will be the opportunity at Arts Festival to hear the music produced by the conservatoria at Auckland and Christchurch. Such an Arts Festival was not conceivable in New Zealand half a dozen years ago; now it appears to have a fair future. It could well be another event fit to rank in the history of New Zealand's self-conscious culture, along with the establishment of the Players, the Ballet Company and the Opera Company and the inauguration of the Arts Festivals. The initiative behind the 1959 Arts Festival deserves real success.

In the meantime the poets, actors, artists, photographers and jazzmen will swell the riff-raff of tournament, the mascots, masseurs, time-keepers, ball-boys, distributors of ball tickets and professional guests who jostle among the Great Sporting. And shall we see them impart an atmosphere, all the exponents of cultures as incongruous as Chelsea and Harlem?

The most urgent business before N.Z.U.S.A. is the drafting of submissions to the Parry Committee—submissions which must be in by August 31st.

All the preparatory work has been done through the last few months, through the Education Committees working through each University and at the Resident Executive level. A major concern is accommodation. N.Z.U.S.A. now has to hand the results of the questionnaire on accommodation circulated at the beginning of the year to every university student in the country. It is now in a position to say how much of the students' money is accounted for by board, where hostels are most needed, and what sort of hostel is best suited to local conditions. Otago has been collecting information on the sort of facilities Varsity hostels in Dunedin provide. Otago with its 8 hostels, is nearer than any of the rest of us to being a residential university.

The case for higher bursaries depends on the evidence that the cost of living has risen anything up to 15% since the bursary was adjusted in 1953, at what was then a barely satisfactory figure. Canterbury is particularly concerned that students on provisional admission should be eligible for a Higher School Certificate Bursary where their performance warrants it.

Among other remits to be put forward by the Canterbury Delegation is the recommendation that the provision of adequate physical education facilities should be, in fact, the responsibility of the University Council. Not only Canterbury's gym, but the gyms everywhere are finding it impossible to cope with the unprecedented numbers of students arriving each year. The Murray Commission has recommended that every university in Australia needs something like the Beaupaire Grounds in Melbourne—and Beaupaire is Olympian! Canterbury has a special interest in this since the provision of physical education facilities at Ilam is beyond the financial reach of the Students' Association which has to provide a new Union building.

Canterbury is also anxious that the New Zealand Universities should have a full time counselling service. The position of the counselling service in the university at present is most unsatisfactory, as the panel on counselling revealed last Thursday night. There are already "counsellors" who are constantly applied to, but at the moment they do not appear to be within striking distance of the student who needs the help. The system suffers for lack of a co-ordinating centre. The Canterbury Education Committee has prepared a full report on student counselling and the Executive has a scheme for extending the Health Service along those lines. We are giving the lead here, but we will need the moral support of N.Z.U.S.A.

The N.Z.U.S.A. Agenda will contain other interesting items. What to be done about the All Blacks? Shall the N.Z. Council of International Clubs affiliate with N.Z.U.S.A.? What delegation to the next I.S.C. Conference in 1960? Will the Canterbury Delegation be brought to book for standing by the Congress Committee which has asked Selwyn Toogood to run a show for them to help balance the Congress budget? What finance will be required for permanent headquarters of N.Z.U.S.A.? Can we send a return Student Delegation to Indonesia?

All this promises a busy three-day session.

—F.J.

# Letters



Reason

## Book Shop

Dear Sir,  
If the circumstances under which the University Book Shop has closed (as expressed by M.S. in the last issue of *Canta*) are true, then a sad state of affairs exists.

The University Book Shop was clearly established to meet an essential student need—if many students have found the Book Shop useful and convenient, its closure is regrettable.

I am wondering whether the apparent general apathy of the student body towards the existence of a University Book Shop is due to the fact that the services of such a book shop are no more required by students, or could it be a case of lack of leadership on such a matter so close to students.

Yours faithfully,  
M. Ratnasabapathy.

## Rejection

Dear Sir,  
With reference to Don Locke's statement, "for me the ultimate reference is nothing more than what I do, say and think", I have this to say. He is settling down permanently to believe what even the vain and foolish can only believe by fits and starts, but what all men wish to believe and are often found weak enough to believe, namely, that they themselves constitute the supreme standard of things.

In the general clouding of real and abstract standards, there is a real tendency today for a person to fall back on that personal test, simply for lack of any trustworthy impersonal test. No standard being sufficiently secure for the self to be moulded to suit it, all standards may be moulded to suit the self. But the self as a self is a very small thing and something very like an accident. The sceptic feels himself too large to measure life by the largest things; and ends by measuring it by the smallest thing of all. There is also

produced a sort of subconscious ossification, which hardens the mind not only against the traditions of the past, but even against the surprises of the future. Nil admirari becomes the motto of all nihilists; and it ends, in the most complete and absolute sense, in nothing.

Gillian M. Hobbs.

## Reply

Dear Sir,  
Miss Hobbs is obviously distressed at the thought that perhaps there is not something bigger than both of us after all. However, despite a rather sophisticated argument ad hominem ("vain and foolish", "weak enough to believe", "subconscious ossification") she appears to fail to provide an alternative to what I tried to say. There are three comments I would like to make:

(1) I did not try to claim myself as the supreme standard. What I did try to say is that there are no standards outside those a man sets for himself, or those which men, as a society, set for themselves (the setting of standards and the conforming of standards obviously require a mind). And naturally enough it is our interests, inclinations and rational preferences which determine what exactly we do set up as standards.

(2) Miss Hobbs concedes that there is a lack of trustworthy impersonal test, but unfortunately fails to make it clear what the test was supposed to be of. It also appears that she interprets me as holding that we modify our standards to fit everything we do. We set our own standards and are our own judges, but this does not mean to say we never find ourselves guilty. Obviously enough there is often a conflict between what we do and what we feel we should do. If on the other hand a person simply made his standard "What I do" then we would say he had no principles. We set our own standards not so that they suit us, but so that they suit us as we should like ourselves to be.

(3) I find Miss Hobbs distressingly negligent of the importance of the human being. Admittedly she hides this by talking not of "people" as I tried to, but by talking of "selves". For me people so far from being the smallest things of all, are the most important things of all. Perhaps we are very like accidents, but we are very important accidents. What do we consider the most valuable thing (or rather what should we consider the most valuable thing)? Human life. What do we think we should most work towards? Human happiness. Which is the more important—the stone or the person? Perhaps not the biggest thing in the universe, but certainly the most important.

Finally, I might mention that until now I had not thought of myself as either sceptic or nihilist. If Miss Hobbs had not been so horrified by the first part of my *Credo* she might have noticed the following sentence in the second half. "Those moments, admittedly very few and not often to be found by looking for them, when one stands dwarfed by the immensity of something are for me the most important moments of life." Nil Admirari indeed!

Yours, etc.,  
Don Locke.

## Squelch!

Dear Sir,  
I should like to thank the Editor for his note, but at the same time to draw attention to the quality of his proof-reading. One does not like to stand on one's dignity, but it is annoying to have a letter made a laughing-stock by printer's errors which could quite easily have been detected. Even in my hand-writing the word "dim"—which you had printed in a previous issue—is not very much like the word "Sin", which is what you made of it. I have in my time produced issues of *Canta* single-handed, as far as editorial assistance went, and this kind of thing would have been inexcusable then.

J. G. A. Pocock.

## SAM PEPYS—cont.

The other morning I hear of a most amusing incident in the Physics I class. It would appear that Dr. Ross who was lecturing the class did decide that all his class were lazy and should be required to do more homework. Accordingly he sets them a problem which is not easy of solution and does drive many to despair. Eventually, after much tribulation, all the class hand in their solutions to Dr. Ross to be marked.

The next day Dr. Ross does come to class and hand out everyone's answers with his corrections and comments. When this is over, he requests several gentlemen in the class to stand up as he whirled to reprimand them. And he tells them that they are nothing but cheaters and wasters, and that he is well aware that they have cheated in their work by collaborating in their answers. And he knows this because all have got the same answer which is wrong, and all have made the same mistake. However, this gentleman is taken aback when he is told that all have got the same answer and the same mistake, because all did despair of solving the problem and so took it to Mr Currie who is another member of the staff and worked out the answer for them.

Sam Pepys

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# Books are Essential . .

"Most discussions about books have a predominantly literary flavour and are usually conducted on a pretty exalted level. The great name of Milton creeps in almost inevitably, and the theme becomes 'that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books'. Rarely does the discussion descend to what the parliamentarians call ways and means. Questions of mere trade and business and questions relating to man's immortal soul somehow don't seem to blend; yet the truth would appear to be that all these things are inextricably inter-twined. Literature may be the food of the soul, but those who create it and provide it have bodies as well as souls. The poet's pen may give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, but the poet cannot live on airy nothings . . . It is safe to say that when he is in the bookseller's shop and looks round upon all the books assembled there, he has no idea whatever of the delicate and intricate organisation that lies behind this pleasant sight . . ."

From an essay by Rt. Hon. Sir Norman Birkett, P.C.

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## LITERARY PAGE

## GRUB-STREET



"And all the world" was big

"... and all the world too, amen." That, Mummy had said, was quite a lot to ask Him, but it was good putting a bit of his own on the end. Then he was tucked in and comfy, but he couldn't sleep. And later, just lying there, thinking about tomorrow, he saw the glow of Daddy's pipe coming towards him through the dark room.

"Not asleep, son," he said, "not asleep," and he blew a cloud of nice-smelling smoke towards the bulge burrowing under the blankets, "and you as snug as a bug in a rug." The boy, knowing the old ritual, gave a sleepy gurgle of a laugh. Serious, the man said quietly, "Be a good boy tomorrow." But his son was asleep.

One, two (and Daddy had looked so funny when they passed him walking to work, and he took off his hat and bowed so low you could see all his bald head), three-e-e, four, five, six (those last three came close together). Then they were over the bumpy train tracks, and from his little wooden seat on the bike's back carrier he peered round Mum; they zooped down the rise, through the gate into the school; and Mummy was shaking hands with a lady on a verandah, then he got a hurried kiss and Mummy, not even looking at him, unclasped his hot hand holding tightly, oh so tightly, to her sleeve, and she was gone. She blew her nose hard—he was sure she hadn't a cold that morning—as she rode out the gate.

Snowy haired, on the verge of tears, he stood with his back to the verandah post. Lonely. One bunched fist, thrust deep into the pocket of his new shorts, held a sticky lolly. "Parting gift," Daddy had said, taking it from the blue tin on the mantelpiece; the blue sweets' tin was part of home. He mustn't blub, even though the boots for his flat feet were hurting. The lady pushed him towards the children playing on the grass. They had a big rubber ball. Red and blue with a wriggly line round the middle. All the children chased it in a bunch, shouting, laughing, and he wandered after the bunch. Suddenly the big ball was bouncing towards him, everybody chasing it. Cheery and shiny, it banged into him. He fell over, hurting his leg; kids were jostling and shoving and he couldn't get up and he'd lost his hanky, and kids were still jostling, then they ran off whooping.

Slowly he pushed himself to his feet. A slow gulping sob escaped. He stumbled, crying, over the asphalt, up the steps, nearly tripping on his undone bootlace. He flung his arms round the verandah post, holding tight, tight. "Sissy, sissy, sissy," screamed an older boy, "sissy."

Crying, crying, his lolly had gone, crying, crying, Mummy, Mummy, oh Mummy, who oh his leg hurt, and he wiped his eyes with his sleeve, but he was crying, crying, crying. Crying.

—R. J. Brown.

## RUATAPU

The lake lay in the high country, shut in among the foothills. But where the massive range straddled the eastern edge of the lake, Hunchback and Mt. Heron, were in fact only the foothills—solid bolsters bearing the haunches of the alps themselves. Above them the slopes reared up, immense structures of rock, all the splendid architecture of ridge and spur bracing the ponderous mass. On the heavy flanks the bush clung thick and tousled.

But the peaks themselves, one did not see—because of the mist. Down it came, in heavy swirling clouds upon the lake, unravelling from the swathed peaks, the thick unteased mist, until all the air was smothered and the gaunt slopes were lost to sight in the cloying whiteness. At times it was difficult to see the pier from the bach fifty yards away. Under the thick wadding of mist the water would float grey and sullen. Across the expanse came the slow surges that lipped at the pier and sent the boat scraping frequently against the piles. Drearly trailed the fern batters among the clumps of rotting sedge under the bank. Barely a sound—even the noise of the waterfall and the clattering of pebbles at the lake's edge had become absorbed into the heavy mucous air, and the ripples broke upon padded stones.

Only when the storms blew up, did the mists clear. There was a gap below the Squatter Range, where the nor'westers came rolicking through, swooping down upon the lake, whipping the water into tumult. And as the mist lifted, unwrapping itself from the base of the hills, the sky darkened and the drizzle changed to a hard-driving rain. Nowhere else could it rain as it rained there! Day after day it teamed, while the trees lashed and heaved. Day after day you clapped on the same sodden armour, the sou'wester and the leggings and the lambie whose collar drained down your neck in rivulets. Just as the mountains up there, looming through the opaque air, grey and cheerless, felt the rainclouds like wet sponges at their summits, while the rain beat upon their flanks where the bush nuzzled. And slap-slapping at the base of the foothills came the agitated lake, bunted and buffeted by the nor'west wind. It was a back-breaking business to get a boat around to the inlet where the road began. Even there, in the shelter, away from the white-lipped waves, there was the violent sidelong lurching against which you could make little headway. And the water smacked against the stern like a wet skipping rope.

In my month there I thought I would never see the lake any other way. With mist or rain, the water was turbulent and hostile. In the evening I used to shutter myself up in the bach and read for hours at a time, the book propped up under the lamp. It was snug inside my sleeping bag. I lay entrenched against the raw buffeting wind while the rain pelted on the roof like shrapnel from enemy guns. On this particular night, it was only gradually I realised that the assault was drawn off and the storm had settled down. There was a strange calm. The air was rinsed with silence. From curiosity I opened the door and looked out.

Shock-still stood the lake; the water, dark gleaming, lay like a polished floor under chandeliers. There was no mist, no wind. Here in the bay the moonlight floated, a wide full circle, as if a silver paten had been slipped under the lake, wider and wider, where the moonlight was turned back off the obsidian surface. In the shadow

of the mountains, the water ran like tar. And then the mountains themselves, no longer cloud-enveloped, were crisp and razor-edged against the luminous sky and the sinewy flanks, turned moonwards, were sheathed in cold white armour.

It was as if the boat was charmed away from the pier. It brushed along the lacquered surface of the lake on the metal disc of the reflected moon. The water was glass, and little brittle-boned fins of glass bore the oars dipping and rising, dipping and rising. As I made for the centre of the lake, the mountains appeared to be slipping back to the rim of the world, exposing the lake—a black stone, convex-cut in a setting of filigree. The oars trailed and I came to a standstill far out from the bank. Nothing stirred. Far above dangled a silver bulbous moon giving off a hard light, and now I too, had moved from the protecting hills and under the cold stare, the pitiless scrutiny of the white inhuman eye. Hours could have passed. The white mask of moonlight covered my face, my arms, and a glaze of moonlight fixed my eyes.

I was a bee pinned on a waxen sheet!

The shaft of Canopis struck down through the air, pierced the brittle surface of the lake and split through the dark seam. In the depths stood the silver pole of unliquid light. And this was the axle. On this the whole world turned. For suddenly, the mountains were spinning, reeling back, flashing white sparks of moonlight; the scattered glass stars spinning, spinning where the moonlight lubricated the sky; the whole lake a polished plate whirling perpetually, smoothly, with an exquisite balance, an irresistible motion. And only here at the axle, at the shaft of Canopis, at the becalmed centre, one recognised the movement.

Silver-white, the spar of light through the centre of the lake. It was an effort to stay suspended on the surface, held up against the globe of the moon. The water would surge over, enwrap the limbs chilled to marble. One could slide down the brilliant axle, plunging through the water, translucent like a fish, to the gleaming pearl bottom of the lake at the hub of the world. Down one would go, the water sweet and chill, swimming along a shaft of light.

Afterwards they told me that it was a tapu lake—for the Maoris—a lake of spirits. Generations ago, it was, that the chief Ngatoo, rested on the lakeside with his party of warriors. He was bringing back across the alps to the east coast, the stone Whitipounamu, quarried from the Teremakau River, a jasper stone worth the lives of a hundred slaves. And trailing Ngahoe was a party from the Teremakau pah, warriors who had given him hospitality and worked beside his men in the river, come now to capture Whitipounamu.

But in the night Ngatoo grew restless and he sat upon the lakeshore beside the stone, listening to the noise of waters. And then it was that the ro-ro fairies saw him, the strong teak-timbered warrior, and fell in love with him and decided to have him for their own. So the ro-ro fairies built a raft, a wide full circle of moonlight, on to which they enticed Ngatoo with the Whitipounamu and they drew him into the centre of the lake to the spot where one swims down through the water along a shaft of light to the cave of the ro-ros.

When the Teremakau attacked, they killed all the warriors of Ngatoo, but the chief himself and the stone Whitipounamu they could not find. The ro-ro fairies had saved Ngatoo from his enemies and the bones of Ngatoo lie jewelled, hung with water-wreaths and the pearl shells cherished by the ro-ros, where the shaft of light meets the lake floor. —F.R.J.

## WAITING AT WAIOURU

*Cold, Fred? It was damn cold.  
Cold to ice the Bren carrier's tracks  
Freeze the balls  
On the billiards table in the Sergeants' Mess,  
Cold to turn the day-brown groundsheet of plateau  
Into the night white cloak of the mountains' flank.*

*God, it is cold: I take  
A breath of pain, God.  
I'm waiting for a train.*

*Armed with an Army coat; great; serge; one:  
Crouched on a kit-bag, waiting at the Line,  
The only line where I will ever fight; King  
Winter, frost, cold. Drawn up in column of three  
To freeze.*

*And over all, omnipotent, like immovable General Staffs,  
presides the lord  
High Ruapehu.*

*Beauty, I'll grant you. Frigid, frosted majesty,  
Holding, compounding the blaze of ice white  
Searing stars. But here you pay for beauty.  
Till the yellow Medusan eye comes down the  
Ice-bright track, you freeze, sit, freeze till  
It hurts. Puff fagless smoke. Feel numb. There's  
Nothing else to do.*

*A Runanga bred recruit voices a bawdy song  
Pure bawd—no rhyme, no tune, no metre.*

*Her Majesty's train  
Runs into Her Majesty's station—  
Her Majesty's troops climb on board  
(And, of course, they hadn't put on one bloody heater).  
—R.J.B.*

## THE RIVER

*Where the cabbage trees toss and bow  
and tussocks run by,  
the cropping sheep start and scatter  
and stop to look back:  
he's crossing the river . . .*

*His feet grope moving shingle  
(down there he can hear the gorge  
and a hundred pylons heaving  
behind him tussock and toi-toi  
and just across golden gorse)*

*"Underneath the world is turning  
and rushing past with the wind blowing  
in these parts it's always blowing,  
the hills look sooty, and it pours  
and the hills seem closer than ever . . .  
once it starts it never stops for weeks  
just blows straight from the coast".*

*"But now if it was blowing east  
you wouldn't feel it, and the gorse  
would be drumming with bees,  
and smelling like vanilla".*

*Suddenly he's gone . . .*

*Turning and torn  
in a bloody big pool by God!  
there is no gravel—  
just rocks and bubbles  
and the smell of vanilla . . .*

*"Now, I know!  
I think I can hear the gorge . . ."*

*The sheep are cropping again  
and the wind has stopped.*

—T. P. Kreisler.



# TOURNAMENT TEAMS FOR OTAGO

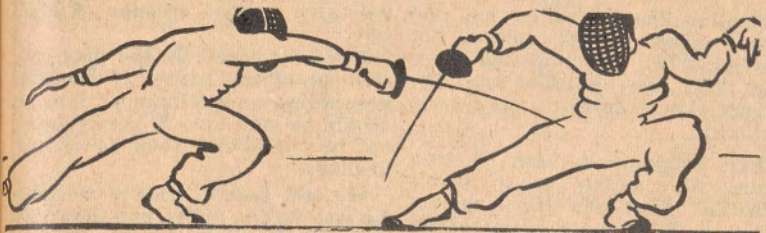


## FENCING

### MEN

The team this year is predominantly an inexperienced one as only four of its members have had previous tournament experience. However they should give tough opposition to the teams they meet and it will be interesting to see the results our new members achieve in their first tournament.

Merv. Sharfe (Foil and Sabre): This year's team captain, Merv. is the best fencer in the Varsity, if



not in the Province. Possessor of innumerable fencing blues and a member of the N.Z.U. team which toured Australia this year. He represented Otago for a number of years and has always been to the fore at National Championships. As usual he should do well against strong opposition in Dunedin.

Ira Buckingham (Foil and Sabre): Ira is a veteran of many tournaments and although did not fence last year has been training hard and is back in form. He has every possibility of making N.Z.U. team this year, and to judge by his performance against Vic. and O.U. teams earlier this year, his opponents should find him something to reckon with.

Neil Barltrop (Sabre and Foil): Went to tournament as fifth member last year and fought in the pool against Otago. This year he is convinced that foil is not his metier and is concentrating on sabre—hopes to strike form at tournament.

The two in the team without previous experience are Malcolm Woods and Roland O'Driscoll (Foil). Malcolm is our most improved fencer, and his hard training brought him success when the team met Vic. and O.U. earlier this year. Should acquit himself well in Dunedin. Roly has shown a great improvement this year and is on top form. He should give the other teams some anxious moments if he is fencing at all like he was against O.U. and Vic.

## GOLF

This year the team will be an unknown quantity as we have only one member of the 1958 team again playing.

Bruce Ryde (1): Hasn't played much over the last season, but we hope he will strike form at Dunedin.

Lindsay Stowell (5): Another dark horse, but as he plays regularly we expect a lot from him.

Richard Tankersley (9): A new member, who has been playing quite a lot and fairly consistently.

Brian Jenkin (18): The only member from last year's team. Knows what to do, but can't always make the ball obey.

Freelancers this year are: Douglas Bennie (18) and Andrew Sharp (24). Both are first year at Varsity so we shall be seeing more of them next year.

### WOMEN

The four women are Deirdre Curran (Captain), Margaret Riddolls, Janet Grieve and Carolyn Burns.

Deirdre Curran is the only woman who has been to tournament before. The others have, however, had match experience in the club's friendly matches with Vic. and O.U. this year. Deirdre, although her fencing is a little stilted, should do quite well if she remembers what she was taught during training. Margaret and Janet are our two best women, as they had done two years fencing before coming to Varsity this

year. We expect them to do well against strong opposition in Dunedin if they too remember the advice of their instructors. Carolyn has a very long reach but fails to utilise this to full advantage. This fault should be corrected in the remaining weeks and she will, we are sure, fight well at tournament.

## BADMINTON

Canterbury have won the badminton for the past two years and should be difficult to beat again this year. The men's side is probably stronger than last years, but the women's side will be weaker in the lower positions.

### MEN

D. A. Henderson: Reserve for N.Z.U. last year, Doug is a more experienced player now. Has taken Canterbury's second ranked player to 3 sets and beaten Nos. 4 and 5.

W. J. Mitchell: Third tournament. Has had a lean spell playing No. 1 in an A grade team after winning sets off Canterbury's 1st and 4th players earlier in the season but is playing better badminton now.

N. C. Dunn: Another player who has gained considerable experience since last tournament. Has played well in A grade and will be hard to beat at No. 3.

D. J. Marshall: First tournament. Derek has not had much match play but he has all the shots and covers that count very well.

B. J. Lennox: Brian also has all the shots and a few hard hitting games will see considerable improvement in his courtcraft.

### WOMEN

G. R. Hopkinson: Definitely her last tournament. This veteran can play well if sober. Holder of two N.Z.U. Blues, Glenys has been selected to play for New Zealand this year.

M. A. Edwards: This hard hitting player is rapidly improving in her first season of competitive badminton and will be a strong contender for a place in the N.Z.U. side. Done well in A grade.

S. Mackay: Reserve last year, Shona is another hard hitting player who should play good badminton while not ski-ing.

C. Wilson and I. Rose: Both are very keen and have been playing well in lower grades. Carol played for Lincoln last year.

Here is a column of students who are going to uphold Canterbury's honour in Dunedin.

Les Duckworth: Is playing in goal for the third consecutive tournament and doing better than ever before.

Bruce Montgomerie (fullback): Has not put a foot wrong this season. He is one of the main stays in our defence and perhaps for N.Z.U. as well.

Andy Stenhouse (halfback): A new acquisition from Otago proved to be invaluable this season. His experience will count at this tournament.

Dave Brunton (inside forward): Uses a good left foot and is another addition from Otago.

Walter Middleberg (inside forward): Possesses the hardest shot on our side and when given room to move is lethal within the penalty area.

Rex Burgess (our right wing): Uses his speed to advantage and will be a headache to any fullback he is likely to meet.

Hugh Spencer: Is the only fresher in the team and useful in any position. Has proved a valuable find for this year's tournament.

Steve Furlonger: At halfback last year was selected to play for N.Z.U. Many a time his agility has made openings for unexpected goals. Turned down £15,000 from Tottenham, Hotspurs, in order to play at that tournament.

Allan Scherp (halfback): Has played for an under 20 Otago rep. team; a dark horse.

Ken Drew: An addition from Lincoln; said to possess potential. Seevaratnam: As our centre half, vice-captain and disciplinarian, is as firm as a rock. Played N.Z.U. last year, should do likewise this year.

John Roborgh: Is captain this year and going to his fourth tournament. As a member of defence he adds his bit to a good side.

Tom Kreisler:  
Going to tournament to smother his opponents in verse; time will tell if it occurs.

## Warning!

Competitors at Winter Tournament are encouraged to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent. However, this is not an invitation to unrestricted license. Remember kiddies that the public and press seem ready to condemn students at the slightest provocation. Remember too that Dunedin will be our generous host for this Tournament and deserves to be treated as such. Have fun but behave!

Some levies are now two weeks overdue. Students who have not yet done so are requested to hand their levies to their Club Secretaries as soon as possible.

We hope that you will all do well in Dunedin and that Canterbury will be prominent in the results. We don't mind letting someone else win the "Wooden Spoon", but we would like to see Tournament Shield hanging in Exec. Room. All the best!

—Brian and Mac.

### MEN

This year the tournament team has seven members of the senior team available which is better than usual. At this juncture it must be said that our first effort in describing the team was rejected. Here is the second try:

K. P. O'Callahan (goalkeeper): An excellent keeper when his team is on attack.

Alan Olliver (fullback): Captain of senior reserve team. Steady and unspectacular except when being ordered off.

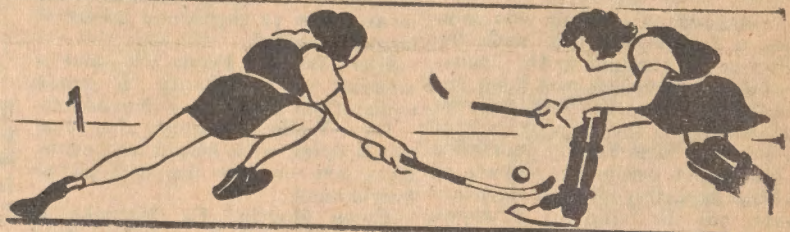
Peter Morris (fullback): At long last has decided to help out at tournament; been in senior team for two years. Runs like an expectant duck. Imagines himself a ladies' man.

Hing Sue (right half): A player of great potential. Usually right wing for the senior team. N.Z.U. reserve last year.

Keith Thomson (centre half): Plays same position for senior team. Should go well at tournament.

Jim Pether (half): Senior reserve player. Second tournament.

Gary Blake (right wing): First tournament. Fails to differentiate between the stage and the hockey field. Actually there is a difference.



Graeme Rothwell (right wing-half): Keen forceful player. Should learn a lot at tournament.

Barry Berkeley (inside right): Plays centre forward for the senior team. A most unselfish player.

Ross Bailey (centre forward): Left-wing for senior team. Plays better with the spectator.

Peter Hill (inside forward): In the team because he can get a car.

Peter Gravit (left wing): Senior reserve player. First tournament.

Ernie Sansom (inside left): Fourth year at senior hockey but only second tournament due to various reasons.

In concluding, the least we can hope is that someone reading these few humble words shall be enlightened as to the apparent potentialities of the team, and the players themselves be inspired to greater heights of endeavour.

## SHOOTING

Canterbury are very confident of victory as far as shooting goes this winter. Our team of five is particularly talented—a retractable statement perhaps—but the chaps' shooting really is first class. Our top team is winning the Christchurch competitions without a loss to their debit. The sharpshooters are:

John Neale: John is captain this year and will be a good father. (He recently got himself hitched.) A great deal of practice is gaining him some good scores.

Philip Collins: Phil rivals John for the position of "grand old man" of the team. He has two winter tournaments to his credit and is shooting very consistently this year. Phil has recently won the A grade Canterbury Championship and should go close to a blue.

Paul Quigley: An experienced shot, although work is taking its toll on his keenness this year. If

### WOMEN

This year's team is of unknown but enthusiastic quality. We have borrowed Yvonne from Dunedin and Fay, Kath, Ailsa and Belinda are our only A team members. The rest are untried but keen members of the B team who have been promoted especially for the occasion.

Joan French (goal keeper): Usually plays as a back, but we are hoping she can kick the ball as well as she can hit it. Being young and innocent, many of the older members of the team had some doubts as to whether she should be let loose at a tournament in Dunedin.

Blondie Nott (back): Captain of the B team and a reliable back. Her attractive personality should provide us with some welcome sideline support.

Belinda Dawson (back): A sober member of the team whose ability is generally said to be doubtful.

Jeanette Gainsford (right half): A fresher who has had several games for the A team this season. She is billeting with friends in

Dunedin. We don't know who, or where!

Yvonne Richardson (centre half): As right back for the A team this year she has excelled, and we hope her performances will be just as good playing at centre half at tournament.

Kath. McKerrow (left half): On the hockey field her ability is unquestionable, but her ability elsewhere is decidedly questionable.

Jill Barraclough (right wing): Jill will be doing a lot of work as right wing for the team. She has been playing very well for the B team and we hope her performances continue to be good.

Ailsa MacDonald (right inner): Ailsa, an old hand at tournaments, is our "streak of lightning". Her ability in the social field is undoubtedly excellent, as, we hope, will be her ability on the hockey field.

Fay Kelly (centre forward): The player with amazing stickwork, will be the pivot of the forward line. We know her ability, and we hope Dunedin realise it too.

Jo Ward (left inner): This quiet girl with the big eyes is a tenacious forward. Her determination and team spirit should prove an asset to the team, both on the field and elsewhere.

Leane Kearns (left wing): A Marlborough rep. last year. She had been playing well in the B team. Little is known of her social activities to date.

he shoots at his best he will rank in the top few.

Peter Stork and Peter Browne: Both Peters are new to winter tournament but both have the facility for turning on the best scores. Peter Stork is noted for his machine gun possibilities while Peter Browne is heading the B grade aggregate in the Christchurch competitions.

# TOURNAMENT TEAMS Cont.

## DEBATING

### JOYNT SCROLL and BLEDISLOE MEDAL

C.U.'s 1959 Joynt Scroll Debate is with A.U. on the motion, which C.U. will oppose, "That New Zealand has got the Government that She Deserves". This motion, unlike the one that C.U. debated at Joynt Scroll last year, should not lack audience appeal, and should provide the basis of a good verbal battle. A.U. has taken a leading part in Joynt Scroll of recent years, but at the moment nothing is known here of the 1959 A.U. team. V.U.W. are probably generally regarded as pre-contest favourites for Joynt Scroll 1959, though little is known of their team for this year; but C.U. should have a good chance of success, the best for some years.

The C.U. team is:

### JOYNT SCROLL

Lindsay Moore (second year law): Placed first in C.U. Joynt Scroll selection trials last year, he repeated the performance this year and once again leads the C.U. team. A member of the team which debated for C.U. against the visiting Australian Universities' team last year, he also led the winning team in the 1958 Westminster Shield Debating Contest.

An aggressive debater who combines a forthright style with the ability to go straight to the fundamentals of a motion and keep the debate to these, Lindsay believes that attack is the only means of defence. He was clearly perturbed to learn just before the debate at Wellington last year that debaters would not be able to interject whilst their opponents were speaking; more than one member of the Dialectic Society wishes that this unusual ruling was in force in Canterbury. The position of leader of the Negative is one which suits Lindsay's style, and whatever happens at Joynt Scroll there is no doubt as to the form his speech will take: a continual attack.

Ira Buckingham (completed M.A. in 1958, now Div. C and taking B.Comm. units for the intellectual benefit (sic) to be derived therefrom): Leader of the C.U. team which debated against the Australians last year, Ira has not previously taken part in Joynt Scroll, though he was most unlucky not to get a place in the C.U. Joynt Scroll team several years ago. His return to debating has boosted the standard at C.U. considerably.

Like his colleague in this year's C.U. Joynt Scroll team, Ira learnt his debating at Christchurch Boys' High and superficially there is a considerable similarity in their debating styles. But whereas Lindsay concentrates on direct attack, Ira has a keen sense of the dramatic which he exploits very effectively. He also has a strong liking for the unorthodox which his opponents find very disconcerting, especially since he is an attacking debater who takes the maximum advantage from any confusion he creates in the minds of the opposition.

All in all this year's C.U. Joynt Scroll debating team is a well balanced one; its members are similar enough in approach to present a unified case and different enough to keep a monotonous tone of complete uniformity from the C.U. case.

### BLEDISLOE MEDAL

The Bledisloe Medal Oratory Contest is held triennially and in

## MEN

This year the Indoor Basketball squad, although perhaps not as strong as in years gone by, should prove consistent and a solid backbone for years to come. With the three Canterbury reps., Ralph Salt (N.Z.U. Blue since 1955, on the average), Denis Waypole and Bob Sneddon all unavailable the emphasis has been on younger, less experienced players.

The team:

Merv Tairaoa (Capt.): Well known for his exploits at a different ball game, Merv combines speed, ball handling, capable direction with a lack of height.

Ivor Francis: Ivor makes a comeback for this, his third tournament. Speed and fitness (?) are his chief features, plus the traditional lack of height.

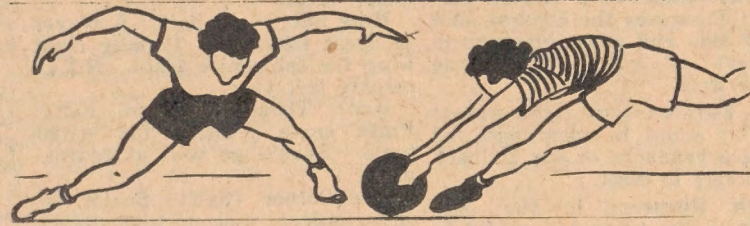
Don Locke: After more years in the B team than anyone cares to remember, Don has at last proved the truth of "If you keep at it long

## WOMEN

The Women's Indoor Basketball Club has suffered several setbacks through illness this year, and unfortunately will not be at top strength for Tournament. On the whole the girls lack experience but with the careful training of Adrienne McKenzie there has been much improvement. The main fault at the moment is that as a team they are unwilling to take a shot at the basket but rely on one or two girls to do all the shooting. Once this has been overcome and they have more confidence in themselves good results should be assured as there is plenty of potential ability.

The team to represent C.U. is as follows:—

Robin Bragg: A welcome addition from O.U., usually a guard now playing as a forward. Very active on defence as on attack.



enough you'll get there in the end". The same may prove true of his goal shooting.

Pete Lenehan: At last—height! A capable goal-shooter, known for his elbow swinging defence, Pete is an asset to the squad where it is most needed.

Glen Wiggs: From Vic. and a member of the Canty. B grade squad, Glen is solid and dependable.

Dave Wells: A fresher, also from the B team, with height and drive. Eyes are on how he will go at tournament.

Ewan Martin: Ex Motueka B rep., fast and a reliable goal shooter, Evan comes from the C team to add to the general shortness and speed of the team.

Socially and basketballly the team is, generally speaking, an unknown quantity.

1956, the last time that it was held, was won by Miss F. Jones of C.U. Naturally we are very keen that C.U. should continue its good record in this contest and the C.U. competitors have given ample proof of their ability to do this. The two C.U. entrants for Bledisloe Medal Contest 1959 are:

L. H. Barber: Has not taken part in the activities of the Dialectic Society but at the trials to select the C.U. entrants for Bledisloe Medal he was outstanding. A polished orator with an impressive manner, he has an excellent control of timing and intonation and should have a very good chance of success.

Murray Ireland (first year law): At the trials Murray was not quite up to the standard of his fellow C.U. competitor but he has shown this year that he learns very quickly from his own mistakes and if he can slow down his rate of delivery a little he could be in the major placings. Murray's ability is founded upon a pleasant and attractive manner of speaking, coupled with a fine sense of language. He may well provide a surprise at the contest.

### CITIZENS ALL BLACK TOUR COMMITTEE

A Public meeting will be held on  
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16th  
8 p.m.  
at the  
MUSEUM THEATRE

to discuss and/or form a Ch.'Ch. Citizens' All Black Tour Committee

## BASKETBALL

With her experience, she should lead the forwards very well.

Juliet Copp: Juliet is having her first year at indoor, but with her experience in ball-handling and passing is an asset. A player with determination and speed she has improved very much recently and needs now to take more shots at the basket.

Margaret Elms: By far the most experienced player in the team, a N.Z.U. rep. for three years and a Canterbury rep. this year. She should lead the team well both on attack and defence.

Carol Loach: A first-year player who has tremendous enthusiasm for the game. She could be most useful as a guard but at the moment she is inclined not to make the most of her height.

Pat McMillan: In her first tournament but second season of indoor is a guard whose experience should be useful especially on defence.

Janet Readman: In her third tournament, her experience should be helpful in the forwards. With more drive and determination could make many baskets.

Pauline Roach: Pauline has had little experience at indoor, but has good ball handling and passing. With more practice and confidence should develop into a good forward.

Lyn Trigidge: A hard working guard who makes up in determination what she lacks in experience. With more practice will be a real asset.

C.U. hasn't seen much of the cross country trophies in past years, but after last year's clean sweep, when we won not only the Inter-Universities and South Island trophies but also the individual title, we intend to show any opposition that we are still capable of running them into the ground. The team to watch at tournament this year is:

Murray Taylor (captain): Is the present title holder. Despite a season of ups and downs, and feminine diversions, he is determined to keep his crown, and should take some beating. Last year he was awarded a Blue.

Gordon Wyatt: Running his first season in harriers, has proved a valuable asset to the club. He went very close to getting selected for the Canterbury Provincial team and should give Taylor a good race for the title.

Joe (Hic) Barber: A veteran of many races and has shown a marked improvement this season. If he can control his disability he should be a certainty for the N.Z.U. team.

John Sinclair: Although not new to harriers, is running his first season for the varsity club. A runner of provincial standing he will give a good account of himself.

Dave Clements: Is the youngest member of the team. If Dunedin hospitality doesn't hamper him he should be well up. When he turns out he has shown some promising displays.

Michael Lough: Slowly working his way up the ranks, has shown all sorts of form during the season. However, when he takes his training seriously he can be useful.

John Pilbrow: Has represented C.U. at both Winter and Easter tournaments before. Another member who's attendance has been erratic, but on occasions can produce a good display.

Jock Milne: No C.U. harrier team would be complete without Jock. Besides his capabilities at social activities he can run when persuaded. He should show Dunedin a thing or two.

## PING PONG

Canterbury's team for Tournament this year in table tennis will be the best for some seasons, with all the six players being provincial senior or junior representatives.

Doug Stewart: A player with previous tournament experience, and NZU representative in 1955, 1956 and 1957. Doug has played two matches for Canterbury this season, and is a member of the club's team which is in second position in the A grade competition.

Jack Dowie: Will be playing in his fourth tournament, and represented NZU last season. Jack has played for Canterbury in five representative matches this year, and is also a member of the club's fine A grade team.

Sam Waby: A former Otago junior representative, and an A grade player in Christchurch for the last two seasons. Sam is a very steady player who can be depended upon all the time.

Ray Howe: A prominent junior in Otago last season, Ray represented Canterbury B this year against South Canterbury. Last year he was runner-up in the South Island junior doubles, and he has an excellent match temperament.

Carolyn Halliday: Carolyn is the star of the team, having won the Canterbury junior singles and doubles titles last year. A Canterbury senior representative this season, Carolyn plays a very steady game.

Helen Burrow: Like Ray and Carolyn, Helen is a fresher at CU, but she is by no means a novice at table tennis. She represented Canterbury juniors against Otago and South Canterbury this year, and has had good results in inter-club competitions.

## SKIING THIS YEAR

Last year, 1958, was, as far as racing success goes, the greatest in our Club's history. Not only did we overcome exceedingly strong opposition from OU and managed to schuss off with all three trophies at Tournament, but no less than four of our members were picked to ski for New Zealand against Australia. This was no mean feat! Of these, unfortunately, only one will be skiing for us this year; Anne Latham.

We are especially sorry that John Willis has left us.

He is one of the most promising National skiers and in the running for the Olympics at Squaw Valley next year. However, we can't grudge his search for greater knowledge—we wish him the best of luck. His brother, Paul, one of his obstacles to success, in his first year at Varsity is, needless to say, one of our mainstays. Until now Paul has had none of the spectacular successes of his brother but we expect great things of him this year. John Godfrey, a veteran Varsity skier, and one who has done a great deal behind the scenes for skiing, is also an Olympic nominee. In spite of his last year's broken leg he's going "like a bomb", so beware O.U.!

Another skier in the limelight is Jim Fulton. This is the second year that he will be skiing for us and we can be sure he'll do us credit. Don Couch, though he has not done much racing before now, is among our up-and-coming skiers—there is every chance that he will be surprising a lot of racers before the season's over. This also applies to Ian Duncan, a skier from sunny Nelson (he also has good links with the Ski Council). Although, owing to pressure from work, Mike Sandelin wasn't able to ski much last year, he's returned to the slopes now with much vigour and ought to perform with the credit now becoming quite a usual thing for the club. Don Preston and Tony Rich, though they have so far done most of their skiing with Cheesman, are now available to us—these complete our strong lines ready for the attack.

Of our other "snow cats" there is Cleone Shiels who has come to

us after three years at O.U. (a good grounding). She is another Olympic trainee—we are extremely pleased to have her amongst us this year. Lately she has had a small amount of trouble with a toe but we're hoping like—she'll be O.K. by Tournament. Kathy Guy is another fresher on whom we can rely for a creditable performance. We have stolen her from Christchurch Ski Club which has nurtured her carefully so far to be one of our tops for Tournament this year. After a year in Switzerland, Elizabeth Elworthy should be giving us some good performances. Last but not least is Clare Fulton—best known accompanied by a ukelele. Having already skied twice for us at Tournament she knows the ropes and how to swing on them well.

From this impressive list were chosen a team to ski at the Canterbury Championships at Mt. Cheesman last weekend. There they will meet some pretty tough opposition, but it will put them on good mettle for Tournament.

The Ski Tournament will be held this year at Queenstown from the 19th to 22nd August, our hosts being O.U. We ought to be able to muster something comparable to last year's team and, either give them a bad fright or repeat last year's victory.

Owing to unsuitable weather the Club Champs were not held last weekend. However, a happy time was had by all; also, because the Porter's Pass road was impassable, much valuable working time was spent in much more agreeable occupations. It is proposed that we now run the Club Champs, again in conjunction with C.S.C., on the weekend of September 5th and 6th. A good start to a heavy term!

# ANN BALLIN'S CREDO

*A woman's view of life. This article reflects a different philosophy from those printed earlier in the series*

I believe that tomorrow I may possibly believe something other than I believe today.

It is unlikely that my belief will change radically; so far it never has, but with every experience I have, with every new piece of learning, the form of my belief alters only to become clearer.

The day I was asked to write this credo, two or three of my friends, on hearing of it expressed separately, and in their own way, incredulity that I should believe anything at all.

This attitude not only reflects upon my own behaviour but upon their acceptance of the fact that a person can live without a belief and their failure to recognise a common or garden defence mechanism when they see it. There are, indeed, many people about who seem to exist without belief but I was surprised to find that I appear to be one of them. This may be because most of my friends know that I do not believe in God as personified by Christian religions or by the Jewish faith and they cannot see what I put in His place.

Throughout my life I have been exposed to many religious influences. As a child I sat restlessly while the Rabbi chanted in Hebrew what I later made a point of reading in English to see what it was that could possibly take so long. At an Anglican girls' school, I happily sang hymns to pretty tunes and learned appropriate collects every Thursday with everyone else. Since then, I have listened patiently to a stream of Roman Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Salvationists and everyone motivated by some religious faith who passed by my hospital bed. I have stood, trapped, against the corridor wall while an earnest little lady placed a piece of torn sheet on my chest and anointed me with something in an aspirin bottle hoping to instill her faith in me so that I might be, in her words, "whole again". In more recent years I have had many other opportunities to learn about the faith of others.

It is impossible to be exposed to this sort of thing for a long period without wondering whether or not all those people are right and you wrong. For many years then, I have honestly tried to see their point of view but I am left with the memory of the quality of the people themselves rather than their faith in God.

I must have discussed the whole question hour after hour but the more intense the discussion, the more did my earlier belief become strengthened.

In the very modest amount of learning I have accumulated and the long periods spent in the observation of everything around me, I have become ever more aware of the complicated nature of existence while at the same time seeing a pattern through it all.

### Life aim

I believe that there is indeed a pattern and that the key to changing from the complex to the simple is the goal of mankind. Many people are not happy with this idea of a goal because they have usually observed that in our everyday life the attainment of that which they have worked toward for years is vastly disappointing and that the only remedy is to hasten to find another goal before the discomfort

of fruitless search becomes too great.

I believe that by the time mankind finds truth and simplicity it will have thereby gained the capacity to exist without striving—to exist in acceptance of what is.

I believe that it is probable that this is our only life and that when we die we are no more than the physical properties of our fleshly substance. Therefore, we must live this life without a childish expectancy of reward after death and accept our own personal existence as a minute part to be played in the accumulation of knowledge in the search for the truth.

I believe that God has been personified out of man's ignorance of anything other than himself as some thing supreme and I believe that in the history of the life of Christ the man, lies an ideal pattern for human behaviour for us all in respect of His capacity for love.

### Responsibility

I believe that as the years flash by—for that is certainly what they are doing—man's responsibility to himself and to his neighbour is growing stronger and stronger and at this moment, we who are born into an age of social conscience flinch at every injustice, are wounded by our own inhumanity and are shattered by our impotence in the face of the force of hate. Nevertheless, I believe that although a destructive force seems more powerful than that which creates, this is not so and will be proven.

I believe that man has too little knowledge of his own strength and he is a power as yet untapped. I believe that what man does in the belief that he has spiritual aid is in truth his own effort unfettered by fear and doubt.

I love mankind and when I love I am happy. I can hate mankind and I know pain in doing so because I believe that there should be no need for hate and that he who hates is weak and only half a person.

### Standards

I have set standards for myself and my guilt at not reaching them

is strong as my joy at my own accomplishment is great.

My debt to those who have moulded me is large I know and does not hang heavily on my shoulders but is gratefully born. Without them I would be even less than that which I am—just a grain of sand under the sea.

I believe that we nearly always fail to recognise happiness when we have it and that the realisation that one is happy increases that pleasant state twofold.

I believe that no state of affairs is static and it is this belief which causes me to be able to sit a little more patiently through unhappiness.

It is the belief in constant change which warns me to try to judge every problem on its own merits, for it will never have been quite the same before and will doubtless be different should it occur again in the future.



ANNIE BALLIN

Ann Ballin was born in Hamilton and educated at St. Hilda's, Dunedin. Her secondary education comprised one year in a cramming institution to get matric. She spent 5 years in hospital in Hamilton and since then has had three years at A.U. This is her second year at Canterbury and she is completing a BA with psychology and economics. She is also filling in time by doing two law units.

Believing idealistically that a University should provide a liberal education and finding that lectures in themselves fail to do this—she spends the rest of her time as Secretary of Soc. Soc., which she believes gives her the broader and more liberal education.

Mother-Confessor to the Upstairs Common Room, she hopes ultimately to go into counselling work.

### Honesty

Things are never what they seem, I say, and am called a cynic by those who do not understand that in believing this I can yet accept vain deception without loss of regard for humanity. What is this vain deception, they ask. My answer is that it is the failure of man to be honest with himself and I believe that the task of recognition of his true self goes hand in hand with his search for the simple pattern lying behind his existence.

I am driven by a curious force which I cannot explain but I am willing to be carried along without fully understanding—while continuing my own personal search—in the belief that if I never discover its nature, those born after me will possibly do so.

Some have said that my failure to accept this or that religion lies in the lack of spiritual understanding, that my intellect is not enough. What I have written I believe in my whole being and I do not admit such a division. It is my contention that this concept of division in man's capacity to perceive, to feel and to understand is misleading and is used to allow him to apply different principles to different aspects of life and knowledge without conscience or thought to their justification.

### Agnosticism

As an agnostic I have put before you my beliefs, naive as they may be. I have arrived at these beliefs as a result of my experience and observation and it is all very much a do-it-yourself effort.

I do not consider it an amusing achievement to reject orthodox religion; it is simply the result of my desire to be honest with myself and with everyone around me. I do not lay any claim to a quality of rightness as opposed to wrongness.

In my earlier remarks I have failed to touch on the business of living in this world as it is. While believing in the smallness of man's part in the universe I fully recognise that while we have life we must live and theories generally seem inadequate in the actual process of everyday life with the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker and their mothers-in-law.

I believe that while we exist we might just as well find out what we are capable of doing with the opportunities open to us. I would say that life is a challenge, a game to be played with the stakes of value only so long as the game goes on. As each player drops out he must hand his chips on to a new one waiting on the outskirts of the play.

This, I think, is quite a useful analogy when I say now that I believe man to be basically selfish. By this I mean that he thinks of himself first and others later, fact which is considered distasteful by many. If we go back to our game certainly every man plays for himself and for his team and no-one makes a fuss about that. Why then is it considered basically undesirable in actual social participation? To me this selfishness is reasonable and does not detract from my general regard for my fellows or for myself. The socialisation of man has, in most cases, caused him to be able to modify his selfishness so that he might fit himself into a social group with a minimum of conflict. I see no reason why this modification should not continue to improve if we can find the answer to the present barriers to peaceful existence.

### Justification

I believe that in our game we do not exercise free will but that our every action is determined by those going before. Events and circumstances, though often made by man, make him. I can say no more of this as yet since so far I have not been able to express the idea in such a way as to remove the horrific notion of a world peopled by puppets. This is not how I see it in actuality.

I believe that I must go on, recognising my personal limitations while at the same time not allowing them to loom too large. If I am to succeed in my attempt to contribute to the benefit of those around me whose ability to come to terms with reality is threatened, then I must try to remove fear and doubt from my life. I have seen that these properties can bring with them all sorts of problems which need not exist and that they hinder honest endeavour and the realisation of the harmonious life.

I believe then, that we are here on earth imbued with a desire for life which may be described but for me has not yet been explained, that we should recognise our ultimate unimportance while at the same time reconciling this with the status we build for each and every one here and now; that our knowledge so far is very little and when the truth comes—the key to all knowledge—it will be so simple!

Should there be a God, my life is a living thanks for my existence and it is my hope that the efforts I will have made to justify it—if justification be required—may be considered adequate payment therefor.

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PHILANTHROPY

WANT TO BE A PEGAWAI?

In Melbourne just now there is a very new and active committee of "Pegawais". They are Australian graduates who have returned from Indonesia where they have been working with the Indonesians in the Civil Service there.

It is an attempt to work out a new approach to the post-war situation in Asia—as it exists in the Asian country nearest to us. Everywhere in Asia the shortage of trained people is great, but in few Asian countries is it as great as in Indonesia.

Poverty

However, great as is the need for these foreign personnel, it is virtually impossible for the Indonesian government to employ them at the extraordinary high rates which it has been usual for whites to receive in Asian countries.

Following the Australian lead, the N.Z. Government is prepared to pay fares, a clothes and equipment allowance and incidental expenses for any trained young person whom both governments agree to be suitable for work in Indonesia.

Urgency

The shortage of trained people of every kind is tremendous in Indonesia, and helps to cause economic and social distress. Doctors are urgently needed, for there are only 1,300 for 80 million people.

For the important category of teachers the openings are mainly

as teachers in English, in some sort of Teachers' Training Course, i.e. teaching the future Indonesia secondary school teachers of English. A degree in, or including, English, is desirable for this.

Many volunteers will be confined by the nature of their work to Djakarta or another large city such as Surabaya, Bandung or Medan. There is much to be said for working in a peripheral situation if given the opportunity.

In general, the Indonesian government's policy with regard to the Scheme is not to say that there are particular vacancies to be filled, but rather to wait till an application comes from N.Z. and then look for suitable work for the applicant.

What they do in their actual work is important. Inevitably they will be entrusted with more important work than they would do in N.Z. They can help in overcoming a critical shortage at a time when the Indonesians are enthusiastic to build up their new nation in all ways.

But more important is the fact that they are asserting by the way they live, that racial equality is real. By having natural and friendly relations with Indonesians on a basis of mutual respect, they help to do away with the colonial legacy of mistrust and misunderstanding, which to so large an extent still affects relations between coloured peoples and whites.

Finally, by coming to understand an Asian country—and from the Asian angle—they can eventually bring about more appreciation in New Zealand of what is happening in Asia.

The next issue of "Canta" will publish part of a letter written by Australia pegawais about their impressions of Indonesia.

Following on the publication of the Literary magazine "Sapling" in 1958, this year the Literary Society intends to publish a literary supplement to CANTA in late October, edited by Tony Holcroft. Again it will contain students' original work—short stories, essays, poems.

DRAMA

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA

The play is a superb play—and difficult. The brilliant personalities of the leading roles, the immense scope of the play, the continuous sweep of its action and the fundamental dramatic contrasts—all these put a serious strain on the resources of any company.

The stage design was simple and for the most part effective: entrances and exits under the pavilions of Rome and Egypt—the Eagle and the Sphinx were immediately significant, and only such a stage could have sorted out the later manoeuvres of the armies. For all that the high pavilions were overhigh, bearing down upon the stage and so extended that they restricted the playing area unduly.

But the classical problems of the staging of the play—how to hoist Antony on to the monument, how to bring Cleopatra down again, were handled dexterously. Fred Port's incidental music was incidental music at its best—always sympathetic to the mood, whether of court or carouse or battle, but never obtrusive.

There was evident artistry in the costuming, suggesting at once the piety of the Roman life, the luxuriousness of the Egyptian. But why so many red robes? And why, when Caesar, Lepidus and Antony were distinctive enough, could not Cleopatra herself have been better set apart from her maids in her appearance?

The Cast

Annette Facer as Cleopatra gave a creditable performance in one of the most exacting roles in the theatre—at once the lusting gypsy and the stately empress. The quicksilver changes of mood were made with a fine tact and eventually her death was a magnificent and tragic death.

On the stage Mervyn Glue is always competent and sincere. Here, however, there was a bit too much of the old ruffian to give us to understand why others should set so much store by Antony's nobility and magnanimity.

Caesar played by Bill Scannell provided a most effective contrast to Antony, capturing the pedestrian-mindedness of Shakespeare's Caesar, along with the gravitas.

David Hindin gave a most impressive performance as Enobarbus—the satirical wit and the

lyricism brought together in a very convincing characterisation, where Mr Hindin's fine voice and stage presence showed to advantage.

Shakespeare's crass incompetent Lepidus became a clown in the hands of Bill Cunningham, especially at the arrival of Pompey. There is much to be said for having a comic idiot on the stage, but for a Roman triumvir to take that part is to undermine a basic theme of the play—the contrast between the Roman and Egyptian values and character.

Octavia, played by Wyn Jones, was certainly graceful, but to deprive Octavia of all personality is to deprive the audience the chance to become interested in her misfortune.

Paul Goddard's soothsayer had an appropriately liturgical tone and his clown, a nice malevolence. The death of Eros was very moving.

Failure

But too many of the supporting cast failed to lend support. Of the best of them, Philo and Charmian seemed unduly conscious of their own contributions and tended to emphasise and mouth their lines. This charge could certainly not be laid against Diomedes who behaved with a singular lack of sensitivity.

The merits of this last performance of the Drama Society are very many. There was a fine unfettered action, a vigour and freshness that is the hallmark of Ngaio Marsh's productions.

T\*M.K



You who with neat sharp gust of phrase and little tiny niddles of verse the eternal truths of student and encrusted staff with sour crystal gaze delineate whence and wherefore comest thy spurning skill? For 'tis the prancing lines unevenly un'avenly down the page which bear the mind's fancy on stubby wings of song. Do you reflect the short lived fancy of art, or isn't a sign of the tormented speed of our bustling age, or is it that lines sonorously rolling forth in the ceremonial splendour of the one-time rounded tounge of our fathers would look bloody silly trying to fit into a CANTA column, this d-k-ed t-k-ed verse?

—Don. L.

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TOURNAMENT SIDELINES

# ARTS FESTIVAL AT OTAGO

A description of the varied and interesting selection of activities and displays which make up the first Arts festival ever held in conjunction with a University Tournament.

New Zealand's first ever Universities Arts Festival promises to be a kaleidoscope of student cultural activity. Every sphere of University life—from drama and music, to art and photography—will be crammed into five busy days, from Sunday, August 16, to Thursday, August 20.

"The Arts Festival is an attempt to strengthen the interest in culture within the University of New Zealand," said Festival Convener Malcolm McNamara.

"A cultural bond between the five universities is desirable," he said. "At Tournament, we meet primarily to pit muscle against muscle. The Festival will provide a battlefield for the intellect."

This "experiment" has had a chequered history. Victoria University of Wellington had planned to hold a festival early last May. Later, it was reported by the New Zealand University Students' Association that arrangements for the project would be discontinued. Otago University has, subsequently, taken the initiative.

### Participants

"There will be participants from all the universities and agricultural colleges," said McNamara. "Besides people who are in Dunedin specifically for the Arts Festival, there will be over four hundred students from the northern universities here for the annual Winter Tournament."

"This helps to give the Festival a genuine New Zealand-wide nature. We expect a large number of students participating in Tournament to show an interest in some, at least, of the many activities making up the Arts Festival."

A fitting finale to the five days will be the Festival Dinner, at the Savoy Restaurant on Thursday, August 20. This will precede the Tournament Ball in the Town Hall. McNamara and his committee are prepared for over two hundred people.

### Jazz

Sure to be popular, the Festival's Jazz Section will be a novel experience for jazz-starved Dunedin audiences.

Over 40 musicians are expected to participate, led by Jazz Section Controller Ian McDonald, who is President of Victoria University's Jazz Club. Most of the jazz artists will stay for the duration of the Festival at the Tahuna Park motor camp.

The section has been divided into two major parts. A combined universities jazz concert will be held on Tuesday evening, August 18. This will feature West Coast-style jazz from Auckland University, West Coast and Dixieland from Canterbury, a modern jazz quintet (with originals), a Dixieland sextette, a swing octet and a swing sextette from Victoria University.

On Wednesday evening, a Jazz Forum—"What is Jazz"—with general discussion led by a panel and controller, will be open to all interested. The Forum will conclude with demonstrations of various jazz styles by the groups from the three northern universities. The panel will also select concert items for repeat playing at the Festival Dinner.

Besides jazz, the Arts Festival will contain 11 additional divisions. Colour and monochrome slides from the four universities and two

agricultural colleges, will be on display in the photographic section. Although not competitive on an inter-university basis, a champion slide and photograph will be chosen, and other honours may be awarded.

### Arts

The Art and Handcraft exhibition planned by the Schools of Fine Arts at the Universities of Auckland and Canterbury has been divided into three main sections: painting, sculpture, and graphic design. A small number of paintings has been entered by Otago students, and Otago's School of Home Science is organising a design exhibition. Art and handcrafts, together with the photographic entries, will be on view at the Otago Art Society's rooms in Princes Street.

In the Modern Languages section, Victoria University will present the French play, "La Marguerite", by Armand Salacrou, and Wolfgang Borchert's "Draussen vor der Tür" will be enacted by German students from Otago. Both plays are on Monday evening, August 17, in Allen Hall. In addition to modern language drama, the New Zealand University's Drama Contest will take place in conjunction with Winter Tournament.

The O.U. Film Society is screening the feature "Asphalt Jungle" and a supporting programme in the Medical School Red Lecture Theatre, on the Monday evening. The films will be reviewed in the Arts Festival programme.

The Joynt Scroll for inter-university debating is at stake also on Monday evening, in Burns Hall. Teams from the four universities and two agricultural colleges will compete.

### Oratory

On Tuesday evening, August 18, the triennial Bledisloe Medal Contest will be decided in St. Margaret's Hall. The subject of the oration is "A great man connected with New Zealand—Maori or Pakeha," or "An outstanding incident in New Zealand history."

Music from the four universities will be played at a concert in Burns Hall on Wednesday evening, August 19. The programme is generally classical, including soloists, small choirs and orchestral groups. Students from Victoria University may perform some of their own compositions.

Poets and short-story writers will read and discuss their work on the Wednesday evening. Active participation is expected from Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin.

As is customary at Winter Tournament time, Law students from the universities will compete for the F. B. Adams Cup, in the Supreme Court, Dunedin.

The Chess section will consist of an inter-university contest between four-man teams from Auckland, Victoria, Canterbury, Massey, Lincoln and Otago. At the end of the chess tournament, New Zealand Universities will compete against the Otago Chess Club.

—Critic N.Z.U.P.C.

# VANITY SOUTH

SUSAN CREPYS

writes on Tournament Fashions

Darlings,

Here is the Tournament season again. Girls! men will be all the rage this season. For that mad gay whirl of parties and if you emerge before dusk to attend one or two sporting functions, that MALE look is so becoming. Our slogan:

Dress like men by day for men by night.

First, a small reminder. Varsity blazers, scarves, badges, the maroon and the gold are definitely

collared, fur-cuffed, quilted suafle-coat. Here's hoping it is one of this season's excruciatingly autumnal tones, beer-bottle green or rugger ball rust! Don't slip on the accessories. Suede shoes, of course, are available in the same tones and they'll probably last the season.

If you're not up on your "judo", take precautions and remember from bitter-sweet experience you can buy the cutest little coshes at very reasonable prices for the penny-wise girl.

If you have to go by train you have to be practical and succumb to the sadistic humourists who designed the N.Z. railway system. Soot black or grime grey in warm fabrics are recommended. Once in Dunedin at the parties you will have a chance to display that little number that is a must in all of our wardrobes. Be a wee devil, have a splash and try one of the new splurged cottons or a subtle mixture of silk-sable or mohair-mink. However, if you are the practical type try one of those bottle frothy shades then as you spill and swill, your state won't be obvious.

In accessories make the most of delicious frivolity. For the morning-after you can resort to soothing headache bands to set off your new tinted coiffure. A finger footnote, a ripple of colour, a rainbow riot to match your eyes, your lips, his sweater.

Make the most of the new Arts Festival to be devastatingly debonaire and boldly bohemian. Blue is the colour; for a jazz evening wear six blues, for that art exhibition blue-period prints, at the literary convention be a "blue-stocking".

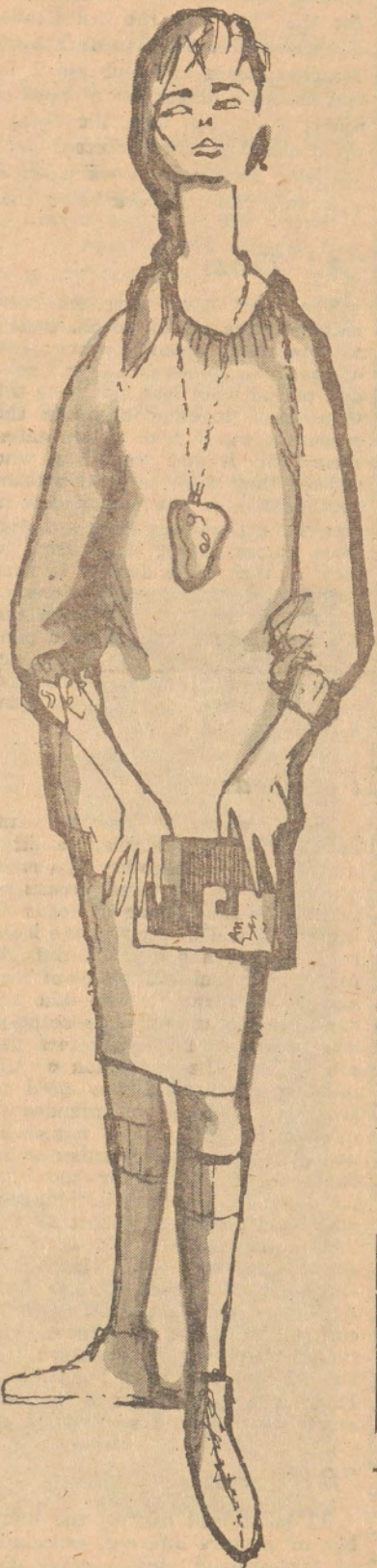
Hairstyles are varied to match each mood. It can be worn long and wild or chunky and loosely plaited fastened by just an ordinary rubber band. For the men the Mark Antony style is "in", due to Glue, Brando and Baird. No doubt we girls have a variety in male topknots.

In jewellery, beaten copper and whale's tooth pendants accentuate long swan-like necks.

Remember, darlings, all the A.U. sophisticates have not the example of Cleopatra. "Age cannot wither us nor custom steal our infinite variety".

Bye everyone . . . see you in Dunedin.

—Susan

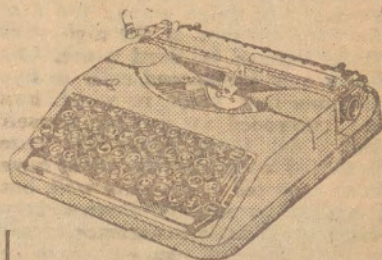


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Application forms and further information may be had from the Director, Library School, National Library Service, Wellington, and the Librarians of the University Libraries and the Public Libraries in Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin.



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"out" this August. Those suave young sportsmen will adore the very chic angora felts, narrow brimmed with cord bands and the merest suggestion of a feather.

When travelling, helpless femininity is your best accessory for speedy arrival. As you pose on roadside beneath that immense vulgar pack, show off your tightest tapering trews to your best advantage . . . and darlings, never ever wear a form-fitting sweater. Daddy will be only too delighted to lend you his bulky hip-hugger. Always keep in mind the subtle hint is far more effective than the bold facts (even though Sabrina is in town).

For further south therefore we'll take our fur-lined, fur-

## CAR CLUB

# GET LOST BUSTER!

## THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A NIGHT RALLY

Last Saturday night, the University Car Club held its first ever night trial. This event was very efficiently run and was probably the best organised in our history. Unfortunately this organisation was rendered somewhat superfluous by the highly developed ability for getting lost which most Car Club members have cultivated over the years.

There were twelve starters, but of these, only four managed to get to the finish by the officially approved route. Winner by a big margin was Max Parnham, whose victory was well merited and long overdue. Second placeman, Peter Watson, is a fairly consistent performer in rallies and usually manages to finish among the first few, but surprise of the night was Dave Palmer in third place, this being only the second rally in two and one half years in which he's not succeeded in getting himself lost. All these types are case hardened veterans who could have been expected to do quite well, but fourth placeman, R. Davies, is a driver with little experience of our way of doing things and is to be congratulated on getting right round a course which defeated several more experienced drivers.

### System

The rally was divided into three sections, the first and last being organised as a treasure hunt with some elementary timekeeping thrown in for good measure. The middle section was another matter altogether. This was a pure test of navigation and it was in this stage that most competitors got themselves lost.



Section one should have been easy enough. All the drivers had to do was to drive to various places around town and collect information to put on their answer sheets, within a certain time limit. One of the problems set was to discover the origin of manufacture to the gates of the Addington Cemetery, what instructions visitors to the place had to obey at the request of the authorities here (to be found on a public notice board within the cemetery) and to collect one white stone of any size. This produced the memorable sight of a horde of navigators and drivers crawling on hands and knees down the drive of a graveyard at night, looking for stones by torchlight.

The other clue which caused trouble in this section, was the one in which drivers were requested to locate a certain white, five barred gate at the back of Wigram Aerodrome, and to state which runway this faced onto and what the size of the old truck tyre nearest to the gate was. Unfortunately there were a great number of white five barred gates in the area which gave rise to some confusion, in spite of which all cars managed to get to the finish of this stage in reasonably good time.

### Little Killer

Section two was a little killer, the only competitor to get round it less than an hour overdue was the eventual winner, Max Parham.

The cause of all the trouble was the instruction which read, "Right at signpost, 'Weedons Main South Road'—this may be difficult to see"—It sure was. After a great deal of backtracking, some competitors eventually found this signpost which had been nearly engulfed by a gorse hedge, a fact which made it a little difficult to see. The most unusual method of locating this sign was that adopted by D. J. Grant and the crew of his Austin Seven. They failed to see the signpost and after driving around for some considerable time had pretty well given the rally up as hopeless, but unknown to themselves had actually got back on course again. At this point they stopped the car to obey a call of nature, and after a time began to wonder whose post they were disfiguring, so they looked up and to their delight saw that it was the one mentioned in their instructions. Greatly relieved, they got going again, although by this stage they were about two hours behind time.

### Pubs

This same crew got into trouble again at the end of this section. The control point at the finish of this stage had been located outside a well known hotel, but the officials had given up their posts an hour after the last car was due to check in, in which time only four cars had appeared. When they got to this point, Grant and his crew found the marshals had all cleared out, so they went up to the front door of the hotel and knocked on the owner, to ask if any instructions had been left for them. The proprietor appeared a little nervous about this midnight intrusion, which is not surprising since the cops had already raided the point earlier in the evening. He evidently did not hear our driver's reasonable request, and yelled out, "Beat it buster the cops are coming" and slammed the door in his face.

### The Finish

Another competitor to get lost in this section was Kevin Piper, who is a very experienced and normally proficient rallyist. Both Kevin and his navigator are doing Stage III Geography, and it is rumoured that both are going to be ceremoniously refused terms after disgracing the department with their performance on Saturday night.

Finally all competitors got back to the finish at Varisty, most of them about two hours late, and most of them by the wrong route. The rally was supposed to have been 43.6 miles long, but B. Gregor had covered 72 miles in the course of his wanderings and Palmer had the next best tally of 66 miles.

### Results

First: M. Parnham (Morris Minor).  
Second: P. Watson (M.G.).  
Third: D. Palmer (Morris Minor).  
Points in the Rally Championship to date:—  
First: K. Piper, 9 points.  
Second: M. Parnham, 8 points.  
Third equal: P. Watson, 6 points, and M. Rose, 6 points.

## RUGBY CLUB

# UNDER 20 GRADE RUGBY TEAMS

There were again nearly seventy players offering for the Under 20 Grade this year, and this number of course makes selection at the preliminary trials a rather complicated procedure. However, three teams have been selected each Friday evening for the following day's matches, two playing in the Under 20 Grade and one in the 3rd Grade as the club's A team in that grade. As in recent years, the policy in this grade has been to break the players in from school to club playing conditions, and to give every player joining the club every opportunity to prove his worth for future promotion.

This has meant very careful organisation and selection, to give as many as possible a game with the "A" team and yet not unduly disturb the other two teams by too many changes. Injuries to key players have, of course, added to the problems, especially that of fielding the best "A" team without taking players from the "B's" or for the "B's" for the 3rd Grade team. All three teams have had a successful season so far; although they have not won all their matches, team and club spirit is strong, as is shown by the fact that hardly a player has dropped out during the season except through injury. There has been the usual difficulty in arranging practices to avoid clashing with lectures, etc., and again there has been no time available during the week when any one of the teams could practise as a unit, Varsity work being considered first priority.

### "A" Team

The "A" team lost its first match of the season to St. Bede's after a really splendid game: two of the three games during the holiday period were lost, but once the team came together again in the second term, it had an unbeaten record till it met the "B's", who showed they were as good a team as the "A's" on the day, and it is surprising that they have not won more games during the season, in view of their good display in that game, and of the "A" successes during the season. Although the A's scored three tries (and a penalty) they could convert none, while the B's scored three and converted two of them to give them a one-point margin.

### Forwards

The forwards in the "A" team have all shown football ability, but have worked together as a pack on only two or three occasions, their chief fault being in not coming round and binding in the loose rucks. This has made it difficult for them to deal with teams of fast and mobile forwards who take advantage of every bit of loose play, and the backs have therefore not always had the protection or the room to move that they need to score tries. It is not intended to mention all the players' names as no fewer than 23 forwards and 16 backs have played for the "A" team during the season. Players who have played in almost all the "A" team's games are R. Renz (capt.), D. Ogilvie, C. Kissling, J. Gibson, R. Hickford, C. Pfahler, A. Bows (vice-capt.), J. Hinchcliff, K. McKinnon, A. Stewart, B. O'Donnell and D. H. Bashford. Up till August 1st, they had played 12 games (apart for a holiday scratch team), and won 8, lost 4.

### "B" Team

As mentioned earlier, the number of players offering, especially of forwards of ability, made distinction between A's, B's and C's very difficult, but many were not fit enough at the beginning of the season to show their full potentiality. There was not quite as much choice of material amongst the backs. The season's results show, as was expected, that the B team's main strength has been in the forwards, ably led by Peter Morgan. In fact, they have played more consistently than the "A" forwards, with less loose forward play. This has given them an adequate supply of the ball, helped by good hooking and line-out play. Their main failing seems to have been slowness in warming up and poor handling in the early games by the backs, preventing the ball getting out to a fast three-quarter line. The tackling has shown a great improvement and has not been the worry of past seasons.

Players who played early-season games with the B's but subsequently played for the A's, include R. Dench, L. O'Reilly and A. Plummer. Regular players for the B's are P. Morgan (captain), K. Squires, G. Wood, J. Somerville, D. Krause, R. Thomas, I. Gilmore, M. Barber, K. Newth, D. Natusch, J. Wain, W. Brereton, L. Reeves, D. Hadfield and H. Haglund in the backs. That the team and its players should have done better than they have is shown by their defeat of the A's, and the fact that they put up better scores than the A's on two or three occasions, against the same club teams. Up till August 1st, the team has played 12 games, won 5, lost 6, drawn 1.

### The Rest

The remainder of the Under 20 group were entered as the 3rd Grade "A" team, consisting largely of younger or less-experienced players, or those who could not attend practices very often. This does not mean, as results have shown, that the players lack ability as compared with the "A" and "B" teams, but merely that selection at the beginning of the year, from so many players of such even standard, was difficult. Unfortunately, too, the 3rd Grade "A" team was without a regular coach on Saturdays till Ron Hoskin took an interest in them, and as many games have been won as lost. Their highlights were the defeat of the club's social team, which was near the top of the competition, and of one of the other leading teams. Sickness and injury in the Under 20 teams has made it difficult to keep this team consistent as the Under 20 "B" team frequently drew on the players, but combination has improved in recent games. Nevertheless, the players have enjoyed their season so far, the winning of games being considered of secondary importance. Regular players include L. Blackwell (captain) who has held the team together with good leadership, D. Thompson, L. Brown, M. Hooper, T. Brown, A. S. McDonald, P. W. Herrick, R. D. Allan, M. Bowyer, M. B. Jamieson, R. K. Lambert, R. G. Adamson, N. McKeachie, J. Todd, G. Pickering, W. Barker, N. M. Taylor, G. Wilson, C. Malcolm and J. Templer. D. Haughey has played for all three teams, and R. McKay and J. Martin joined the squad recently.

### Standard

"Old Maroons" can be quite confident that these new recruits to their club are fully living up to past standards and traditions, and that they will keep the club at its present high level for some years to come.

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If you have not checked the Stud. Ass. Letter Rack lately, do so now, and continue to do so. Ten per cent of the student population is concerned in this, so there is a fair chance you will be involved.

The questionnaire is to obtain information about the cost of textbooks today, to be used in submissions to the University Commission which has been set up. Before submission the results must be considered by N.Z.U.S.A. Education Committee at winter tournament. We need a week before that to calculate the results, so please be prompt.

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V. L. Benzie, either c/o Students' Association or c/o Zoology Dept., University of Canterbury.

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