

Salient

An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington, N.Z.

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The Dead Do Awaken EXTRAV IS REBORN

Has V.U.C. at last arisen from its war-time stupor? There are signs of it, chiefly in that it is again producing a full-length Extravaganza. These primitive orgies, political satires, song and dance shows, pornographic pandemonia, whatever you like to call them, have sounded something like fairy-tales to those who have come to the College in the past two years. But now, at last, they are about to taste of the real nectar, in all its pristine glory.

They are going to learn the ancient but unwritten laws that regulate Extravs, and, even if they don't take part, many of them who come from the country are going to see one for the first time. Not, of course, that seeing a work of art such as this is anywhere near as pleasing as actually producing it, but it's the next best thing, as we hope the residents of Wellington realise next week.

Snappy Work

The history of this particular Extrav is rather exciting. When, about three weeks ago, "Salient's" reporter was asked to enquire about it, he could only report that Ron Meek had written a first-class show, for his own amusement as he said, and that nobody knew whether it would be produced or not. Next Monday morning he went up to the College, and plastered all over the notice boards he found gigantic notices informing him of a casting meeting the next Thursday. A full committee meeting was held on Tuesday night and preparations were got in train for all the varied aspects of the production, property, wardrobe, publicity tickets, Cappicades, etc., etc. But when we went to the casting meeting, we knew the show could not fail to be a success. Hundreds of willing, enthusiastic people filled the Gym, and the talent was so great that the casting committee had great difficulty in deciding between them.

Enthusiastic Workers

Particular rehearsals are dealt with on other pages of this issue. They differ in detail, but they have this in common; they all show an extraordinary spirit of co-operation amongst the whole cast. If you take a glance around the Gym you will find students of every shape, size and description taking their part in the show. Arts students, science students, law students, T.C. students, freshers, graduates, swotters, loafers, etc., etc., are all to be seen rehearsing or singing or just sitting waiting to go on. It is probable that this Extravaganza will produce more co-operation among all the various sides of College life than anything else in the past two years.

For it is not only among the actual cast that this working in unity is so evident. There are dozens of other

people whose part in the show is equally as important as that of the players themselves. Think of the property men, working every evening to make the stage complete, of the wardrobe mistress and her team, sewing away for dear life to get their dresses finished in time, of the financial controller always ready to assist, of the publicity squad writing scripts, arranging photos and sticking up posters. They have all been going ahead quietly behind the scenes, ensuring the success of the show. Remembering that all this work is voluntary, one is struck by the fine way in which everyone has buckled into his or her job.

Co-operation at V.U.C.

In spite of the short time available in which to prepare the production, everything is going well to schedule. Rehearsals have been an outstanding success, and although difficulty has been experienced in getting rush jobs done by outside people already short staffed, all serious obstacles have been overcome and "the show will go on."

Mr. Meek has pointed out that the presence of women in the cast has a very good effect on morale. Not only has it been possible to have impromptu dances during the tea interval, but they also give colour to the show, and make rehearsals pleasant social functions. (He also remarked on the number of romances that arise as a result. We make no predictions.)

To all appearances, the Extrav is not only going to be a great success as a show, but also it will act as an example to every member of the College how much can be done if we act as a body. If the University is to fulfill its true function, we must learn that, by co-operation, we can achieve a great deal more than we ever dreamed before. That such a spirit is alive in V.U.C. is evident from the greater activity shown this year by many clubs and organisations about the College. But the Extrav. has made it obvious to everyone.

Any students who have suffered disadvantage in regard to appointments to jobs or anything else through excessive delay in publication of examination results or mailing of papers, please communicate this information to the Corresponding Member, N.Z. U.S.A., c/o Exec. Room, V.U.C.

Personnel

May we present the Extravaganza and Capping Organisers. They were appointed at a meeting extraordinary of the Executive, called immediately after the discovery of a script.

Two days later a casting meeting had been held; a hundred scripts typed, cyclostyled and distributed; the Opera House booked; Cappicade started; properties collected; costumes organised; publicity undertaken; and all the hundred and one jobs which make Capping Week possible pushed ahead.

The public (including ourselves) are inclined to remember the cast alone. Let us here pay a tribute to the indefatigable team behind the scenes.

Extrav. Organiser: O. J. CREED.
Assistant Organiser: I. C. McDOWALL.
Grad. Ceremony Controller: J. BARR.
Undergrad. Support Controller: JUNE HOLMES.

Treasurer: J. BARR.
Business Manager: L. STARKE.
Financial Controller: G. EDGAR.
Cappicade Editor: CECIL CROMPTON.
House Manager: R. M. DANIELL.
Stage Manager: H. WILLIAMSON.
Properties: ALEC. McLEOD.
Publicity: HYLTON BURT, JOHN ZIMAN.

Stage Manager

The opening words of the producer, "I may be in charge at the moment but on the night you will take directions from Huddy Williamson." The Stage Manager is an important person. We went to see him. A slightly built, slightly bald, slightly self-conscious person flinched before our gaze. "Here are the answers to those embarrassing questions you asked me," he said. "Now go away. I'm shy, and I want to do some work."

Here are his notes: "Fresher in 1936; taken part in all Extravs since then. Stage Manager or assistant since 1939. Not conspicuously successful in falling degree; had B.Sc. forced on me in 1940.

Official excuse for presence at V.U.C. this year: none."

Message to cast: "Please! Avoid opening kegs on stage and tripping over thunder apparatus during love scenes."

Author and Producer

He is not as beautiful as the photograph would have you think. In fact, when we approached him (admittedly at a difficult moment) he was a man of terrifying mien, with a grim pipe and a green jersey.

"No, I am not shy," he answered. "These halls were first graced by my presence in 1934, and my first Extrav. was 'Brave New Zealand' in 1935.

"The Plutocrats,' in 1937, came from yonder flowing typewriter, as did a cer-



Huddy Williamson, Ron Meek, Jack Barr (Treasurer).

Wardrobe Mistress:

SHIRLEY GRINLINTON.

Ballet Mistress: MOIRA WICKS.

Musical Director: LYNN HENDERSON.

Ticket Controller: M. TE PUNGA.

Social Controller: M. EICHELBAUM.

Of this impressive list perhaps two or three carry the greatest load of responsibility. We take a liberty with your feelings by presenting the photographs of a few of them.

A biographical note may also be of interest:

tain script in 1941. This latter was unfortunately banned.

"By 1939 I had completed an L.L.M., together with sundry scholarships. I dwelt in Hamilton, where I was not appreciated, from 1941 to '43 and flabbergasted the farmers with excerpts from 'Johnnie'."

My hobbies are tramping and swimming, in which I have a blue or two.

And now for God's sake, stop this foolishness and get on stage! ACT ONE, PLEASE!" A difficult man, Mr. Meek!

SALIENT STAFF

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EDITORIAL

THE TRADE UNION SITUATION

As might be expected, we have had further correspondence concerning an article in our first issue entitled "Students and Trade Unions." Mr. Stone's letter is self-explanatory.

Our immediate action was to pay a visit to Mr. Thompson, with a request for his views and comments, if any, upon the letter. He clarified several points and gave reasons for enforcing full payment of union fees by students, as by other casual workers.

"Freezing chamber and slaughterhouse work is largely seasonal," said Mr. Thompson. "The rush periods, with a large number of men employed, are relatively short. The union card can not be considered as a yearly, but as a seasonal ticket. Many employees worked only a slightly longer term than the students and a concession to the latter would penalise most other hands."

Mr. Thompson's second point brought attention to the low charge made by the union. Twenty shillings is perhaps the lowest union fee in New Zealand. Capitation fees paid to the Federation of Labour came from this, and yet the decision by a recent conference of delegates to allow an increased fee was rejected by the secretary as unnecessary.

Perhaps if these two points had been made clear in the original article Mr. Stone would have been less irate.

We also approached Mr. J. B. C. Taylor, President of N.Z.U.S.A., on the matter. "We've beaten you to it," he said. "Arrangements are already under way to approach the Federation. We shall recommend fortnightly or monthly tickets, except perhaps in seasonal work, and should be able to give you definite results in the not-too-distant future."

We sincerely hope that Mr. Taylor is not over-optimistic. The system of short period payments is the only solution to an amazing anomaly. With this anomaly should disappear any student resentment to union membership.

Dear Sir,—In your last editorial, in mentioning the financial burden on students you claim that "little can be done about fees; they are, by comparative standards, moderate."

In my opinion you are wrong. That students should suffer at all from a financial burden is insufferable, because university education is then not attainable by all. Most necessary relief could be afforded by the complete abolition of fees, which in any case only meet a portion of the expenses of the university. The deficit is met by a Government grant. The extra cost to the State if fees were abolished and the university was entirely State supported (as are our schools), would be more than counterbalanced by the immeasurable gains by the community of free university education possible for all.

In order to take a science course a student must pay approximately thirty pounds a year in fees, unless he is fortunate enough to gain a bursary. (This amount allows lecture fees for three subjects, examination fees, and college fee.) This expense is great enough

for students whose homes are in the city, but represents a comparatively greater sum for those who must pay the exorbitant amounts asked for lodgings in the cities.

Further, I would point out that the public always sympathetically supports any movement which aims at the extension of free education, so that if the students' executive energetically attacked the matter, then it might meet with considerable success.—Yours, etc.,
H. J. HARRINGTON.

Music lovers—the college has provided an orchestra, you must provide the music. In any cultural centre this vital training and pleasing form of recreation should never be neglected. The orchestra provides food for the intellect, a pleasing affinity to his fellows for the player, and a form of relaxation for the listener.

Remember then—come to the next practice. It is numbers that are required first—if the players practise—then practice will make perfect. It is up to you. See Mr. Greenwood today.

No-Man's Land

Since the beginning of this year the number of outside letters and contributions for "Salient" has been very heartening. We take this opportunity of thanking those writers. Their number is, however, still far too small. A small, part-time staff has great difficulty in covering all College activities. Outside reporters can help us immensely. Write for us—articles, letters, criticisms or reports, and address them to "Editor, Salient," before the Wednesday preceding the relevant issue. (Men's Common Room letter rack or "Salient" Room letter box.) It would also be appreciated if you would submit your copy legibly written on one side only of halved-foolscap paper, preferably double spaced. This saves a tremendous amount of re-writing.

If it is necessary to edit copy this is done as painlessly as possible—only padding is removed. You again can help here. Write your contribution out in full, then re-write it into half the length. It will be more lucid, brighter, more easily read. Your original ideas gain strength as unnecessary words are eliminated.

The possibility of doubling the size and frequency of "Salient" is now arising. To achieve this we require a dependable team of contributors.

Will you be one of them?

Dear Sir,—In your article on "Students and Trade Unions" (March 28th), Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Freezing Workers' Union, cited the case of a student at Ngahauranga who refused to pay union fees. He failed to mention, however, that the refusal to pay was based on the injustice that a student who was only there two months should have to pay a full year's fee.

I was the student concerned and could see no legitimate reason for paying a full fee. Although other casual workers also paid, the fee was in most cases partially transferable to other unions.

Had there been a similar agreement between the Freezing Workers' Union and the University Students' Associations a different light would have been thrown on the matter.

However, by the Industrial Manpower Emergency Regulations, 1942, it is the law that anyone refusing to pay union fees may have them deducted from his pay if the union secretary, via the Chief Manpower Officer, requests the employer to deduct the amount.

In my case this was done. Apparently at Auckland freezing works students were given a concession, but at Ngahauranga we obtained a despondent promise from the manpower officer at the works to see what he could do. This seemed to be nothing.

Certainly dues levied on a weekly basis present the solution of the question, but the students from Ngahauranga are still fifteen shillings short. I am certain that the majority of them feel as I do; that they were stung.

Hoping for a square deal next time.—Yours, etc.,

A. R. STONE,
Medical School, Otago.

Dear Sir,—In the editorial of your last issue mention is made concerning the exorbitant prices of text-books for university students. No doubt we all agree with you that prices are too high, but why wait until after the war? This will mean the loss of several pounds to students who can do with every penny. Let me bring to mind that the N.Z. S.C.M. owns a bookshop which caters for the religious societies in New Zealand. Could not their scope be extended to cover all books needed for our universities throughout New Zealand? A liaison officer could be appointed at each university for contacting the students and bookshop, and in this way students would be sure of getting supplies, if available, and without the extra profits which the outside bookshops make.—Yours, etc., T.R.B.

Dear Sir,—There have been made in our press of late many valiant defences of what one would think comprised the foundation of a free state—the glorious system of private enterprise. It is generally regarded as the antithesis of that horrible thing "socialism"—an ideal which a politician recently referred to as "filling him with revulsion."

Private enterprise means that every individual, no matter what his merits, may compete in the struggle for supremacy that typifies our present "jungle" society, by availing himself of the weapon that is available to all—namely, profiteering; or more simply, by working entirely for his own financial success.

It is obvious that in such a system it is not merit that is rewarded. Those who can quickly perceive ways of extracting more money from the community are plainly more successful.

The alternative is socialism; that is, a state in which the guiding principle is planned production for community consumption; the people, through their representatives, shall organise both the production and the distribution. The fatuous objection that such a system would deprive the individual of all incentive and initiative is as fallacious as it is popular. Is the acquisitive instinct the only incentive that human nature knows? Will the reward of bigger profits alone inspire men to exertion? Is our whole society then held together by the rotten ideal of making as much out of your fellows as a rather benevolent legal system will permit?

The questions answer themselves. The old "cut-throat" society is fundamentally immoral; social and economic security must now be the goal. The people must become ends, not means, not mere sources of profit. Let us give the much-vaunted ideals of unselfishness, and of service, a chance. Let us make sure that "freedom" means freedom to work, to serve our fellow men, and not freedom to exploit them.—I remain, etc.,

FOWDALIS.

"Salient" has been endeavouring to run a regular half-column of news from students overseas. Our main difficulty is that of material. Many students receive letters from friends and relatives, ex-Victoria, and now in the forces. It would be greatly appreciated if these could be made available for publication. They may be left in "Salient" letter box or the Men's Common Room. Any portions not to be printed should be marked, and will be treated as strictly confidential.

Saturday - Buy Tickets for Extrav.

SOCIAL COMMITTEE REPORTS

LIFE IN THE COLLEGE

The last issue of *Salient* carried more than one criticism of college life, and the Social Committee met immediately. The committee rejoiced to hear that Extravaganza was on, but we felt that more must be done.

First we examined the suggestions in *Salient*. Stan Campbell's idea to form a club or association to "pep up" student life we rejected because we failed to see how we would foster interest in a club to foster interest in other clubs. We thought that we had the machinery already in our many existing clubs and our association as a whole. If a club is moribund it can't be propped from outside, but must be strengthened from within.

Action

Miss Hallen says she would welcome an opportunity to discuss and criticise, together with students from all the various faculties, matters concerning college life. We feel the same, and so we believe do many of our fellow students. Accordingly we invite students to a "Coffee Discussion" evening on Friday, June 9th, which is the first free Friday evening of the second term, and to fortnightly meetings thereafter.

Our present proposal is that there should first be an informal talk lasting perhaps thirty minutes, and then an even more informal discussion around the coffee cups. We hope that some lecturers will take this opportunity to meet their students out of classes, in an atmosphere combining the cultural with the social.

If you have any ideas, let us have them. It is easy to say that something should be done, a club should be formed, but it is much harder to say how it should operate. We are going ahead with what we think should be done—are you going to co-operate?

We Never Meet?

Have you ever stopped to consider that up till now we have met as a student body, in a social atmosphere, only once a year at the Undergraduates' Supper? Certainly we meet to transact formal business at general meetings of the Association, and we have dances and debates, but at none of these gatherings is there a fine interchange of personalities.

These functions largely fill the needs they set out to meet, but we have other needs. A debate presents us with the views of a few people on a few subjects and may or may not represent their true beliefs. A dance is only for those who can or want to dance, and in any case the opportunities for conversation about ideas are more limited than the outlets for the discussion of personalities. A tea dance is a good place to gather after an afternoon's sport, but there is a limit to the number of people you can dance with, and who wants to talk while they're dancing, anyway?

Wanted—A hot contralto, for close harmony.
—G. S. BOGLE.

GLEE CLUB

Dear Sir,—May I, through "Salient," address the Glee Club and (chiefly) any students who are musical, on the subject of continuing the efforts the Glee Club made last year. To be brief, we need more members—not many, and not members who have to be coaxed along to rehearsals, but students who enjoy singing good music.

To be less brief—we need them *because* although we have the essential core of a group that could really do some good work, we haven't quite got the number it is necessary to have to allow for absences, illnesses, etc. Two good sopranos are quite enough for what we want to do, and we have them already, but a couple more would mean that we would always have at least two. Another tenor would be a useful acquisition. A couple more altos (we have a couple) would enable us to allow for comings and goings and to rely on a workable average representation. Another bass or two would not go amiss.

We have no ambition to run the club at a higher level of enthusiasm than actually exists in the college; we do not *appeal* for members. We simply wish to make the existence of the club more widely known in the belief that out of, how many is it?—eleven hundred?—there should be at least a dozen who have the time and the inclination to come along to C6 once a week and sing some decent music. If there are more than a dozen, so much the better. But if anyone should be inclined to sniff at the idea of a Glee Club of only a dozen, I can assure them they are mistaken. Given keenness and at least 60 per cent. of true clear voices, a small group can achieve ideal musical results.

Programme

What we propose to do would presumably interest any prospective new members. Well, we have begun with a short four-part piece by Dvorak which has trashy words for which we will probably substitute Latin ones. We intend to sing that remarkable piece of Tschalkovsky usually known as "Legend"—in the Oxford Book of Carols. And then some of the things we did last year, say, "The Farmer's Daughters," for the good fun of it, and a couple of the Bach chorales, for the music in them.

The thing I look forward to hearing most myself, and I think some of the present members do too, is a short work that Mr. Douglas Lilburn, a first-rate contemporary composer who happens to be a New Zealander, has said he could write for us if we are really keen enough. I hope we will be.

But, as I say, we need a few more singers. Would any students who have the time and the will, sign a sheet which will be put on the main notice board, stating first and second preference as regards times. And then, would they watch for a notice and make a point of coming to the next meeting, whenever the club decides to hold it?—Yours, etc., ANTONY ALPERS.

Student, paid Tuesday, broke Friday, would like to meet student, paid Friday, broke Tuesday.

Mental Health in the College

The health service which has recently been instituted for the benefit of the students of Victoria College must surely meet with the approval of the great majority of the people affected. I would point out, however, that the scheme has overlooked one aspect of student health which is of the greatest importance. It must surely be recognised, at any rate by such a body as the University, that mental health is quite as liable to maladjustment as physical health. As a matter of fact the problem of mental maladjustment is of greater importance to a student body than to the population at large. Research in U.S.A. has shown that at least 15% of students are urgently in need of psychological treatment and that many more would greatly benefit from it. The corresponding figure for the population at large is 10%.

The reason for this higher percentage of maladjustment among students lies in the abnormal conditions of the life they are called upon to lead. They are exposed to a particularly violent form of the competitiveness which obtains throughout our society. The prolonged strain of examinations superimposed upon other conditions favourable to maladjustment must have a considerable precipitating effect. Among these

conditions is the delay which a student must experience in attaining full economic independence. Even though he may be able to support himself by holding down a job as well as carrying out his student activities, it is seldom that he attains an economic status which enables him to marry and look upon himself and his course in life as settled. He is still in a stage of preparation for the time when, physically, emotionally, and traditionally, he is developed enough to take a more active part in society.

The conflicts which such a situation must engender necessarily give rise to a mental condition predisposed toward breakdown. It is small wonder that our percentage of mental instability is half as great again as in the rest of the community.

The situation is sufficiently serious to merit our earnest attention. Moreover, we should be greatly encouraged to deal actively with the problem by the fact that we have on our college staff at present men whose training and ability makes them capable of giving invaluable help. I am sure that they would be willing to assist in any scheme which the student body may and should devise.

—JOHN MONEY and GWEN JOLLY.

EXAM FEES INCREASED STUDENTS WAKE UP

Students are suddenly beginning to awake to the fact that the University of New Zealand has, without in any way consulting student opinion and apparently without consulting the financial status of the average student, suddenly and disproportionately increased the examination fees. Students wanting to sit exams. for Bachelors' degrees will now have to pay 17/- a paper instead of a guinea a subject. This is a 60% increase in two-paper subjects and almost a 100% increase in three-paper subjects. Fees for Masters' degree examinations have been exactly doubled. The already enormous fees for professional examinations in medicine have again been increased by 60% or so, which may possibly mean that the whole purpose of medical bursaries may be defeated, as those students who could just struggle along in their bursaries will be completely flattened by these fees, all to be paid in at once half way through the year.

Why has the University done this? Where is the policy of increasing by free education? Why does the University of New Zealand need to increase exam. fees while the individual Colleges have not increased their lecture fees? Surely increased costs have hit both equally. Why should Stage I examinations, which are now organised and marked internally, suffer the same rise in cost as external Stage II and III?

The University is largely a Government financed institution; the student in the main is only partially or not at all subsidised. The student who has always had to live on a very small margin may in many cases find this additional expense just too much, especially as he is not getting a corresponding rise in financial assistance,

e.g., bursaries to allow for his generally increased cost of living.

The majority of students at the University now are here because their studies have been recognised as being of national importance. The placing of additional burdens on them during the University working year is merely contradiction of this recognition.

N.Z.U.S.A. will welcome examples of cases in which the rise in fees has caused especial hardship. Please lodge complaints in detail c/o Secretary, V.U.C.S.A., in the Exec. Room.

MUSIC-MAKERS

The Music Makers' Club has three main functions:—

- (1) To give performers an audience.
- (2) To have live music for listeners at club evenings, at college concerts with guest performers, or by arranging student concessions for city concerts.
- (3) To further the study of music and musicians, particularly of the present day.

Closely allied to the Music Makers are the Orchestra, Glee Club and Gramophone Recitals Committee. Anyone with the slightest spark of musical enthusiasm should be interested in these clubs. Watch the main notice boards for musical activities.

If students have the inclination, the librarians have "Time."

Wanted to exchange: Double sleeping bag for pram.

Monday - Get your friends to Extrav.

TENSE SITUATION IN CHINA

North-West Regions Still Isolated

One does not have to be a very acute observer to see that all is not well with China today. In this article the writer has endeavoured to clarify the position to New Zealanders by a brief resume of recent Chinese history and of the latest developments, with special reference to the question of students in China today.

In 1910 China was a corrupt and weak Empire. Two years later the Republic had been formed, and the first challenge to the feudal institutions had been made. British, French and other capital had already entered the country at the turn of the century, but the industries started by this capital were near the coast. Inland lay vast expanses of old China, feudal, a country of terrible contrasts, grace and cruelty, great wealth and terrible poverty. Among the makers of the revolution had been merchants, scholars, soldiers, peasants, artisans—all manner of men—and they had to come together to decide what China should be.

Sun Yat Sen

Under the wise guidance of Dr. Sun China struggled to learn the ways of democracy. Sun Yat Sen worked in an alliance with the Communists. The Kuomintang in those days was a more progressive body than it is today, and much good work was done by a union of these two parties.

The separation of the left and right in China goes back to the death of Dr. Sun Yat Sen; from then on the impending break-up became apparent. The right wing of the party, led by Marshal Chiang Kai Shek, increasingly broke away from the principles laid

down by Sun Yat Sen. In 1927 the blow fell. The right wing Kuomintang allied with the war lords and manufacturing barons effected a *coup d'etat*, which broke up and decimated the democratic and left wing forces, including, of course, the Chinese Communist Party. From oppression of the peasantry by the landlords, who were supporters of the government, came revolt and a peasants' army. It was joined by trade unionists and communists who had had to fly from the towns, and thus became the Red Army, and eventually moved, after continual attack by government forces, to its present situation—a soviet area called a 'special' area or North-west Border region.

China has been at war with Japan, on and off, officially and unofficially, since 1931. In 1937, the official beginning to this war, Japan attacked again and in this same year Chiang Kai Shek, representing the Kuomintang, the official party, came to an agreement with the Communists who controlled a considerable area of China. The two parties agreed to peace between them—National Unity against fascist Japan. Despite provocation, attack and once or twice massacres of Chinese Red Army Units by Government forces, (sometimes it seems as Kuomintang policy, sometimes at the whim of the local general) this United Front continues.

Madame Sun Yat Sen

Madame Sun Yat Sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic, more liberal and humane perhaps than many educated Chinese, has recently had an appeal published in American papers, including *New Masses*, in which she deplores the way in which no assistance,

military or medical, is sent to the North-west border regions.

Chiang Kai Shek

Leader of China today, educated competent, Christian in religion, this man has a big say in Chinese affairs.

He published last year in Chinese a new book, "China's Destiny," in which he dismisses the war in less than one-tenth of the space, and in the rest plans a new China, based on a "new" feudalism—a new tyranny!

As yet the book has not been fully translated; it is officially banned from leaving China; the problem of China is today and is not to be found in *China's Destiny*, but in the gallant fight for the United Front made by the anti-Japanese forces in China.

Tragedy

Despite this United Front agreement, and the measures taken on behalf of this by the Chinese Communists, and in spite of the fact that the guerilla regions or Chinese Soviet Forces (4th and 39th Route Armies) are engaging half the Japanese forces fighting in China, nevertheless, the Chinese Government shows little co-operation. The North-west border region is separated from the rest of China by a *cordon sanitaire* of front-line troops who are thus immobilised; no military aid by way of guns or ammunition is sent to the 'red' areas. Despite the fact that the Chinese Red Cross aid contributed from overseas is sent to China, no troops from these areas benefit thus.

No medical supplies are being sent to the armies, which are bearing half the weight of the Japanese attack on China.

Our Defence

Do you remember Kipling's poem on another war:

Munichite Amery, the release of the Indian national leaders and the right for the Indian people to choose their own form of government.

Besides the Indian question, other demands such as the following were made:—

"That the Government issue a statement as to the future policy of post-war Germany."

"That the fourth term be introduced into the universities."

"That a comprehensive health scheme be established in all universities."

Probably the best summary to this brief outline of the U.L.F. can be given by the vice-president, Sir Stafford Cripps: "The prospects before the young people of this country are very bad. When victory is won they will have to concentrate all their energies and powers upon the wise building of a new and better world. Unless they play their full part in this great post-war effort, we shall be in danger of falling back into the old ways which have brought so much suffering into the world."

So we will have to see that there is no slackening in the hatred of British students for Fascism in all its forms and manifestations.

It is not specifically a German creed; there are dangerous manifestations of it among the most reactionary sections in this country.

"Their bodies were all our defences while we wrought our defences."

These Chinese soldiers are in a more grave position than this. Agnes Smedley, who left China in 1941, wrote of the tragic lack of medical supplies and doctors. Coolies might be conscripted as cannon-fodder but wealthy or idle doctors would have no compulsion on them to care for the desperate plight of the sick, starved and maimed Chinese soldiers.

Certainly the health and medical authorities have made a terrific effort to bring the scientific treatment of wounded possible. In *The Place of Science in China* by Yap Pow-Meng the writer has little to say of science in wartime China. Certainly Chinese need of trained medical personnel is very vast, but the impression is gained that the government should consider this more seriously than hitherto.

J'accuse

The lack of co-operation of the Central Chinese government cannot be dismissed as a purely internal Chinese matter, for it vitally affects every member of the United Nations, including, of course, New Zealand, with so many of her soldiers fighting the Japanese in the Pacific. Reaction in China is sabotage to the Allied cause.

"The elders are not keen on publicizing disputes within the family," explained a government official on refusing to allow a foreign newspaper correspondent to go to Yennan, capital of the Border region. Perhaps that is how they feel. But regimented education and repression cannot keep China in a state of feudalism indefinitely. It is not without grave fears we see this weakening of democracy in China and of the Chinese government.

OVERSEAS STUDENT CONGRESS UNIVERSITY LABOUR FEDERATION

Students in New Zealand have never hesitated to perform their role in the fight against Fascism, nevertheless there is a definite lack of co-operation between the more progressive-minded forces of the various Colleges. These should be able to work collectively through a federal student organisation. In England such a body does exist, the University Labour Federation. It comprises some 3,000 active members, who represent over thirty Colleges throughout the British Isles.

Their immediate aim is to unite the forward elements of the labour movement for the complete obliteration of Fascism and an establishment of a free and democratic Europe.

Recently the U.L.F. held its twenty-fourth annual conference in London. There were 129 people present who represented 33 universities. Many of the demands put forward have been voiced by other progressive movements throughout the world, e.g., the opening of a second front, the re-internment of Mosley and the granting of independence to India. Their weekly magazine "The Bulletin" published the following statement:—

For over 150 years India has represented Paradise for British Imperialists. For over 150 years Britain has exploited India, has oppressed her people, prevented her industrial development, crushed her culture. This has been done sometimes in the name of a divine crusading spirit. The more truthful admit to having pursued this policy because "India is the brightest

jewel in the British Crown." For a handful of Imperialists in this country, India has throughout the years stood for millions of pounds sterling, huge profits, a safe market for exports and a veritable gold mine for raw materials. In the face of all this, the health and happiness of India's 400,000,000 has meant less than a flea-bite. The people of India are anti-Fascist; given the chance the nation would prove itself, as a whole, to be capable of the same bravery and determination in fighting the enemy as has been shown by those individual members of Indian regiments who fought with outstanding bravery in North Africa."

In accordance with this policy the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

"The U.L.F. protests strongly at the reactionary and repressive policy of the Government towards India. Not only does British rule deny the principles of the Atlantic Charter, but it has even failed to provide the necessities of life for the people." It also included the removal of the arch-

Students—

Cappicade

ON SALE TODAY

We know you will buy one. But will you help to sell it?

It contains

Full Extrav. Programme
Comments on Graduates
Songs Cartoons
Verse Story

PRICE: ONE BOB—WORTH TEN!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who would not be on mutton fed
To save his own, his native land!
Whose palate shrinks, whose stomach
turns,
Who his official ration spurns,
Who asks for beef when beef is banned!

Tuesday - Send your relatives to it

THE WORM TURNS

Dear Sir,—I was most disappointed to see such a lamentable display of harsh and showy criticism as appeared in the film and stage reviews of your issue of April 13th. Surely intelligent University students should have learnt to criticise wisely without completely derating. And how could "Sallent's" editorial staff present three such offensive criticisms in one issue?

Of the film criticisms, that of "In Which We Serve" was the less obnoxious though it scarcely did credit even to Mr. Coward's opinions in producing such a detrimental picture of the crew. Some of the "Random Harvest" criticism, for and against, was earned, but the writer seems singularly afraid of appearing over-sentimental or of placing too much credence on the adage relating truth and fiction. He forgets also that much of the story is told only in part and that a couple who have comfortably boarded in the country on the girl's income or savings might quite possibly rent a "pretty little cottage" with their original means of support augmented to a small degree by the earnings of the husband.

What really rankles, however, is the bad taste displayed in the criticism of what was, for the most part, an excellent amateur production. The whole presentation of "As You Like It" (with the admitted exception of Rosalind) showed an admirable treatment of a play rendered difficult by its many now-hackneyed lines and by the tendency of the public to look upon Shakespeare as unpleasant medicine. But Jacques' rendering of "All the world's a stage" could well be appreciated for the naturalness and meaning restored to a speech which is so often parrotted. Nor does a comedy set to music lose in entertainment value by being treated much as a musical comedy. Must Shakespeare always be "Shakespeare"?—in deprecatory tones—or may we enjoy his comedies as did many of his contemporaries and as have thousands of not unintelligent people through passing centuries?

Now may I justly sign myself, Yours,
etc.,
CRITICS' CRITIC.

(May I bring to the notice of Critics' Critic the following points:

(a) In two or three hundred words it is difficult to put forward any more than the main impression gained from the film.

(b) It is quite coincidental that three unfavourable reviews appeared in one issue.

(c) There are very few film reviewers, consequently there is little diversity in the reviews.

We appreciate your criticism and hope that it will extend to one of the current outstanding films.—Ed.)

As films are in short supply due to war requirements, it is necessary to make the best use of them. To this end the Photographic Club intends holding fortnightly meetings throughout the year. Students will be able to hear lectures by recognised authorities who will in most cases exhibit their own work as examples. As in the past members of the club will be able to have their work criticised; much valuable help will thus be obtained.

The club is fortunate in possessing an excellent enlarger and we have full facilities for developing and printing films.

Watch the Notice Boards!

The Silver Fleet

Have you ever known Ralph Richardson to appear in a poor film? Possibly, but it would be poor in spite of, never because of him. *The Silver Fleet* without Richardson would be a stirring film of Dutch resistance to the occupying forces. His restrained and polished performance adds subtlety, wit, and tragedy.

That underground work unites the forces of very wide classes of society is not generally realised. Van Leyden, manager of a Dutch shipyard, re-opens it after the occupation to build U-boats for the conquerors; lets himself be reviled as an outcast and quisling, plays the part of an active collaborator and assistant to the Nazis. Behind this he maintains anonymous contact with the shipyard hands, warns them of the approaching trials of the submarine, and aids the mechanics who are to accompany the crew to smuggle arms aboard. Result—U-107 arrives in Britain with a cargo of German captives.

Portrayal of occupying officials is good; a slight tendency to buffoonery perhaps, but well controlled. The only noticeable flaw in the scenario may perhaps be explained by a misconception of chivalry in the mind of the writer. Van Leyden kept his secret well, even from his wife. Her knowledge and assistance could have been invaluable, her reliability was obvious. In the closing scenes the blind trust of Helene in the good faith of her husband broke down; she refused to see him. Van Leyden met death with his dearest possession, the love of his wife, shattered. The tragedy of this sacrifice rang a little false. The days of blindly trusting wives are gone; for ever, let us hope.

R.N.Z.A.F. REVUE

It's a pity in a way that the R.N.Z.A.F. Band chose to have their Revue so near to Extrav., especially since the city has been craving for such flesh-and-blood entertainment for a long time. However, it was a good show, under the able guidance of Theo. Walters, well-known to swing fans. From the word go—announced unconventionally by a large explosion "to make sure that everyone is awake"—things went without scarcely a hitch. I say "scarcely" because we have yet to see the perfect show. Maybe Extrav. will fill that bill!

To begin with, the xylophonist, Eric Sundberg, deserves special praise. His items showed excellent technique, particularly his three-part playing. Then the Symphonic Swing suite was a gem; so good in fact that a sufferer from jazz-phobia had to admit that he enjoyed it thoroughly. The orchestra was a well-balanced combination which could hand it out both straight and jived, with Theo. and the boys going to town properly in "Swinging the Blues."

So much for the bouquets—now for a couple of brickbats. (a) It's just about time the Band realised that the Warsaw Concerto has had it. Keeble Thurkettle must be itching to give us something new for a change—his boredom was obvious. And (b) Ray Trewern was let down rather badly by the male choir. They should have sung either in harmony or in unison, not a mixture of both.

Anyway, all things considered, you Extrav-ites will have to fly high to beat the standard set in last week's Revue.

—MACALL

ORSON WELLES AGAIN His Films and the Mercury Players

The Magnificent Ambersons was due to screen at a first run theatre in Wellington at Christmas. It was delayed because Amalgamated Theatres considered that there would be no audience for such a dull and tedious film. *Journey Into Fear* was not even given any advance billing; it just appeared. And so both films, not very new Orson Welles productions, were screened to somewhat goggle-eyed audiences at a third-run bughouse.

What happened to these two films, and to *Citizen Kane*, and *Our Town*, and *The Long Voyage Home*, and *Tobacco Road*? All these have been high grade productions of an experimental type. I suppose they are too good for movie audiences. A correspondent of the *Listener* suggested that Gordon Mirams, the *Listener* critic, is slowly improving the taste and discrimination of New Zealand moviegoers with his intelligent film reviews. Well, much as I admire G.M. as a critic, I feel that even he can't raise the standard. It is sunk deep in the B-grade films and bogged there.

True Art?

The Welles films are examples of true cinema art. I don't pretend for a moment that I understood the implications of *Journey Into Fear*—it was a difficult film—and consequently I thought that *The Magnificent Ambersons* was slightly the better film. Each, of course, depended strongly upon atmosphere, and got it over, too. As in *Kane*, the story was subordinate to the acting, and the acting, by the Mercury Players, superb. Welles himself appeared in *Journey Into Fear*, playing a dipsomaniacal, cunning, Turkish police chief. Incidentally, the story concerns the endeavours of the Turkish Government to get an American munitions man out of the country without assassination by Fascist agents—seems rather lacking in point at the moment.

The Magnificent Ambersons, a strong psychological drama, is in very different vein. The story is the old one about the woman who has to choose between son and lover, but it certainly is not trite. The technique, again, is that of atmosphere; some of the individual frames in the early part of the film might have come straight from your grandma's photograph album.

The Welles Technique

In both films all the old *Kane* tricks are tried out again, with just as much success. There are the odd camera angles—a most remarkable shot comes to mind of Joseph Cotten leaving a tramp steamer at a Russian port; there are the curious facial shots, and of course the idea—and only Welles seems to have thought of it—of having both back- and foreground in focus at the same time; and the extraordinary dialogue (for films) in which people pause, and cut in, and overlap as we do in ordinary life. The speech in a Welles film is vital and alive.

Perhaps the main feature in these Mercury films is that all the characters are exactly right, down to the briefest appearance. Obviously good actors, those who are interested in acting as an art, will play in the best films; to have people of the calibre of

Joseph Cotten and Dolores Costello makes a film worth while at once. It is interesting, too, to see how good and intelligent direction can bring out good acting. Dolores del Rio, believe it or not, plays in *Journey Into Fear*, and is quite amazingly good.

These films should be seen; they are satisfying. And if you don't like "screwy" films, at least see them, and acknowledge Orson Welles's brilliance in experiment.—WHUI.

N.Z.U.S.A.

I would like to begin this message by extending to all Students' Association Executives, and to individual students of the University of New Zealand, greetings and best wishes for a successful year from N.Z.U.S.A.

Next, I would like to bring to your notice a matter which has been causing us some concern at Headquarters, and that is the furnishing of detailed and accurate information to help us in representing matters affecting students to the authorities.

As you know, the N.Z.U.S.A. executive in Wellington is expected to carry out the policy laid down by Colleges at the annual general meeting, or during the year by correspondence, and this frequently involves making representations to Ministers of the Crown, Government officials or the University authorities. Such representations depend for their effectiveness on the amount of detailed and accurate information we are able to furnish to support our case. Some matters in the past have been delayed or have fallen through because of lack of information from Colleges.

I would appeal to students, therefore, to co-operate with their executives by furnishing information when asked for. In giving such information all relevant details should be mentioned, and it is better to err on the side of over-elaboration of detail. The accuracy of such information is most important, as a case built up on inaccurate information collapses when closely investigated, to the detriment of any future representations. Vague and unauthenticated statements, though sometimes understandable, are worse than useless.

I would urge all students to take an interest in, and support their College Students' Associations, their affiliated clubs and societies, and student activity generally. And, finally, I would remind all New Zealand students of their fortunate position when compared with that of students in the occupied countries of Europe and Asia, especially those in prisoner-of-war, refugee, and internee camps. The comfort and security enjoyed by students in this country carries with it the responsibility of working and studying as never before.

J. B. C. TAYLOR,
President, N.Z.U.S.A.

A rather extreme vegetarian,
Looked down from his summit
Bavarian;

He said: It's not odd
I'm superior to God,
For the latter's not even an Aryan.

Wednesday - Come to Extrav. yourself

REHEARSALS PROCEEDING ACCORDING TO PLAN

Foremost among College activities to be reported are, of course, Extrav. rehearsals. These can, in fact, be summed up in one word, excellent. Many people with experience of revues, both here and at other colleges, have remarked that they have never seen rehearsals so well organised, or so enthusiastically attended. Credit must go to both the cast and the producers for this.

To come down to details. The casting meeting opened with a bang, that is, a great number of enthusiastic people turned up, and Ron Meek gave them a lot of dope on the show, and many general hints on Extrav. Then the casting began in earnest. It must be admitted that a tactical error was committed here, in that the women, who had turned up in good numbers, were not allotted their parts first. This would have been quite simple, since there are, unfortunately, no leading female roles, and the choruses could have been made up quickly on the spot. As it was, many of the girls were fed up at hanging round till 10 o'clock, and withdrew before their names had been taken. Fortunately, their places were filled at subsequent rehearsals, for, as Ron said, you can't have too many women in an Extrav. They help the morale. The casting of the male parts was done, more or less haphazardly owing to the shortage of time, on the performance of volunteers in reading a part of the script or singing a song. Actually, so much talent was displayed that it was very difficult to choose, but the job was done pretty well, as rehearsals have shown.

Rehearsals have gone ahead since, punctually to timetable, which is rather unusual in an Extrav. (Mr. Macaskill informs us it was done in 1936.) Whilst some part of the play is done in full, upstairs, watched critically by Ron and those of the cast not otherwise engaged, others are downstairs practising ballets or songs. The noise of hammers is to be heard all the time from the property men, whilst the wardrobe team work quietly in their room. Now and then, the whole cast adjourn downstairs for a song practice. At teatime everyone eats poloneys, and there is an impromptu dance or sing song. Altogether, it is quite a social affair, and many little groups can be seen, chatting about

Organ Recitals

The N.B.S. in co-operation with the City Council has arranged a series of Organ Recitals on the Town Hall organ. The next one will be on Sunday, May 7th at 2.30 p.m., when the recitalist will be W. Lawrence Haggitt (from St. John's Presbyterian Church). His main works will be:

First two movements of Phantasie-Sonata (No. 12) in D flat (Rheinberger).

Grand Chorus in D major (Gullmant à la Handel).

Finale from First Symphony (Vierne).

The remainder of the programme will include five transcriptions.

Organ-lovers, here's your chance to support an endeavour to revive the place of music in Wellington's civic life.

events of the day, the next act, or a new joke they have thought of.

The cast need little introduction. Dennis Hartley is too well known to require any comment. A definite "find" is Geoffrey Datson, who shows considerable talent as a singer and actor. Although this is his first year, he has had quite a lot of experience at acting, and his part as Johnnie is well deserved. Gib. Bogle plays Scrimgeour-ella very nicely, and sings in tune, if not very loudly. Stan. Campbell, as usual, is without inhibitions, and clowns the Minx abandonedly. K. T. Fowler, a man pink in hue, takes some pleasure in depicting Capitalism in Decline. As for the men's chorus, tremendous; as for the women's chorus, fascinating.

TURMOIL AND TERROR

How often have I envied those reporters who were able to write eye-witness news of great events and happenings. Now I no longer envy them, as I too have been an eye-witness to a great event—THE EXTRAVAGANZA.

The day is Sunday, the time 1 p.m., the forces are massed and Generalissimo Meek is haranguing the troops preparatory to action. Principals, Zombies, Blondies, Gremlins and Bolsheviks all listen with rapt and intent countenances. Well may the show be entitled the "ZEALOUS ZOMBIES." Judging by the performances today the title should be "over-zealous."

The Generalissimo starts by saying "quiet please"—he ends the day by yelling "quiet dam' it." He is hoarse of throat, bleary of eye, and damp with exertion. The Principals no longer have any principles; the Zombies no longer zoom; the Blondies look like a blot; the Gremlins are grave; and the Bolsheviks are completely blown. Why? Because they have been rehearsing for the past eight hours.

What a hive of activity; something for everyone to do. If you are not in this scene you are practising your ballet. If you are not in the ballet, you're practising your song. If you have no song you are practising your lines. If you have no lines, you're helping the property man. No rest; no peace; what a life!

"Anyone got any smelling salts?" this cry goes up. The Ballet Mistress has gone into hysterics. The men are hopeless. No rhythm—no balance—no poise. It all looks so hopeless. The six men (wives of King Henry VIII) look sad, sheepish and sweaty. The Ballet Mistress recovers and the show goes on. Always "the show goes on."

Lieutenant General McCaskill confers with the Generalissimo. Both wear the scars of battle. A halt is called. The battle for today is over. Lights out is sounded, and the troops troop off to bed. Heigh-ho, what a day. Down the hill we go. The only one still alive is "Scuttler." We still hear his voice ringing in our ears. "Hell Scuttler"—"Sig Hell". Yes, the show must go on. It will go on. AND WHAT A SHOW!!!!

—D.S.C.

We Continue a Great Tradition

For some reason (probably quite a sound one) every writer on this theme goes back to Aristophanes as the Father of the Extravaganza. This intensely amusing and pungent satirist of contemporary Athenian affairs is an incontrovertible proof that even in those days the Greeks had a word for it; and many a script simply packed with Attic salt has been salted down in the world's attics.

Anyhow apart from Aristophanes the V.U.C. Extravaganza has a tradition of its own.

There's no type of entertainment like Extrav. It's typically pungent and often delightfully insulting, but those prominent personalities who have for so long smiled tolerantly upon student criticism are generally prepared to take it in the spirit it's meant. In fact records reveal that some Prominent Figures have even written to thank those who have so cheerfully guyed them.

V.U.C. has always boasted of its freedom of speech. And that freedom is even more unrestricted in Capping Week.

And there's another point. The public gets an almost unrestricted view of the Student Body in action. "So that's what V.U.C.S.A. means," one old gentleman was heard to remark. "What magnificent *esprit de corps!*"

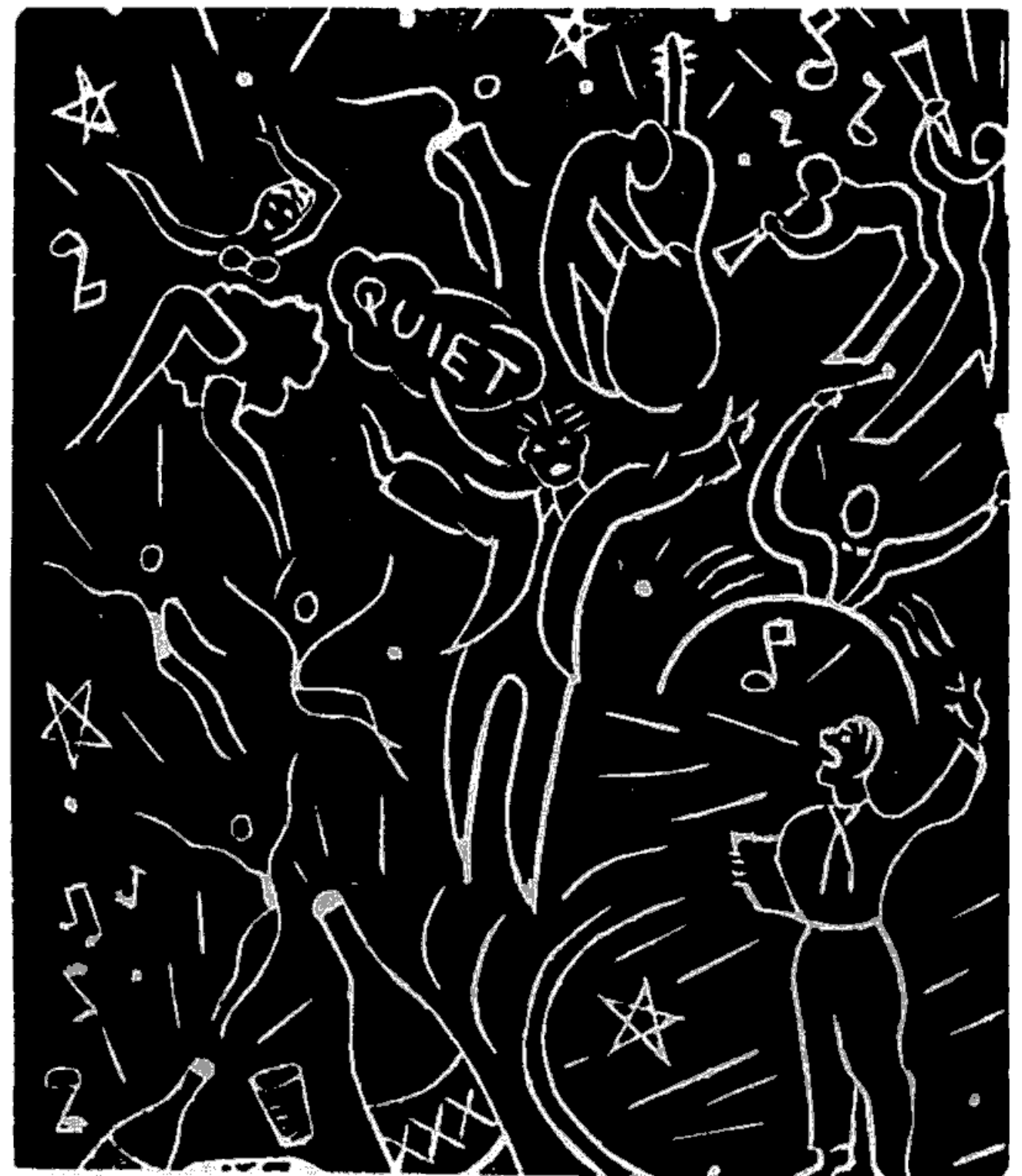
But we digress. There isn't room in *Salient* for a Survey of Extrav Through the Ages. Many readers will remember past shows—yes, and many of those staid professional folk in the stalls could tell a tale or two of their undergraduate antics. Because it isn't just putting on a show. It's the rehearsal.

sals, the hours spent trembling and sweating beneath the vituperative tongues of inexorable producers, the nights spent devising props, cadging clothes and furniture from long-suffering families, those Sunday rehearsals in the Gym with tea and saveloy interludes where flourished that sensitive plant the Extrav romance. Then, after sleepless nights, the Dress Rehearsal, 6 to 11 p.m. (D.V.). And a despondent Producer—Processions—Gods Parties—The Haeremai Club. It all comes back.

Then the production, with all the glamour of back-stage and the very real satisfaction of having put over a good team effort. It was hard work. Yes. But see how many come back for more next year.

Ron Meek has weighed in with his best script to date, and that's saying something. "The Zealous Zombies" has probably made history for speed of production as a full-length show and it'll certainly make the headlines as an Extravaganza in the best V.U.C. tradition. Political Zombies, raised from the Graveyard of Reaction by a thinly disguised dictator, strive for Disunity in Waydown Undah. They even visit a strangely reminiscent figure, the Minx of the Kremlin. Nor is the action restricted to national affairs. The wider field of municipal politics is also exploited and the Council Meeting is not so far from a Mare's Nest as one would think. However, the end is up to standard and throughout the Dominion the people's voice will acclaim the Zealous Zombies as the hit of the year.

Extrav Rehearsals—An Impression



Thursday - Undergrad. Supper To-night

COMMENTS FROM CHRISTCHURCH

When I was invited by your Editor to subscribe an article to an issue of "Silent" devoted mainly to Extrav. I was pleased to accept the offer as an opportunity for expressing a few views on such University productions. Unfortunately, as a graduate of C.U.C. and while writer and participant of shows there, I have not a very deep background and tradition of the style and thought of your Extrav. at V.U.C. may be of interest, as far as the above-mentioned limitation permits, to contrast the differences that exist between the shows of the two Colleges.

See Society in Satire

As far as I can see, the predominant trend of V.U.C. Extrav. is that of political and social lampoonery and satire. At C.U.C. this tendency was generally nearly so pronounced. The difference is probably due to the different outlooks of the student bodies of the two Colleges. V.U.C. seems to lean far more towards the political and social sciences than C.U.C. The latter (in my opinion and probably more so now) was very largely influenced by a strong and vigorous body of full-time students whose number counted a big percentage of science and engineering students. It is a well-known and deplorable phenomenon that scientists and engineers do not interest themselves in social and political problems to the extent their scientific and technological activities and the reactions thereof on the everyday life of the community warrant. When, in the very distant future, the University of New Zealand realises that no graduate worthy of the name has the right to a degree in science or engineering without at least a general idea of the social functions and implications of his profession, we may witness a difference in the outlook of Extrav. at C.U.C.

At present the Extrav. (Revue, they call them at C.U.C.) are of the farcical, musical comedy type. Generally, political and social satire figures quite largely, but only incidentally as compared with V.U.C., where, as far as I can see, the tendency is for this criticism to be the fundamental tenor. Indicative of this is the recent preliminary announcement in a recent issue of the "Dominion" advertising Extrav., which ends with the tag, "See Society in Satire."

Budding Playwrights?

The other point I wish to raise is that, in my opinion, it is a great pity that the scripts of the College shows are not preserved, at least, in the libraries of the respective Colleges. It is a disturbing but nevertheless true that the bulk of original stage-writing composed in New Zealand and produced in our local theatres is comprised of the annual Capping Shows of our University Colleges. They are the only medium of expression a budding New Zealand playwright has available and which will provide a reasonable chance of his efforts being publicly performed. True, they are often immature; not unnaturally, they sometimes indicate a lack of appreciation of stage-craft and technique; "Colonel Blimps" naturally fulminate against the degeneracy of the budding intellectuals of the country; some even think that student shows are a disgrace and should be suppressed. But this must be remembered. No other organisation seems to possess

Undergraduates' Supper Capping Ball

On Thursday, May 11, at 8 o'clock, Varsity is going to expect everyone to do his/her duty by turning up in the Gym for the historic occasion of the Undergraduates' Supper. Traditionally, undergraduates (freshers excepted), you fete the illustrious few on the night before their big ordeal. This is your show, to demonstrate an appreciation of their long labours in the Halls of Learning, and to farewell most of them into the bargain. It's your last chance to see them (and they will all be there as "Graduands Free" is the slogan) before they go onwards and upwards to bigger and brighter things. Undergraduates' Supper is part of the tradition of V.U.C. and therefore has its serious and its brighter side—traditional toasts give the various atmosphere—the brighter side is the eating, the items and invariably also in the speeches replying to the toasts, delivered by ancient but eminent members of the Staff and student bodies. It's the one show you don't want to miss. Tickets (two shillings) will be on sale in the Exec. Room from 5 to 7 p.m. They may also be obtained at the Cafeteria.

Toast List

- The King Chairman
- The Professorial Board: R. M. Daniell
- Reply Sir Thomas Hunter
- The Graduands Miss C. Crompton
- Reply M. M. Goldstone
- The Executive K. T. Fowler
- Reply Chairman

- The Ladies G. Bogle
- Reply Miss D. Filmer
- Absent Friends F. M. Todd

The Ceremony

On Friday, May 12th, all the grads will be capped, and the ceremony is scheduled to be held at eight o'clock in the Town Hall. It is a great moment for the ninety-odd grads when they are handed their diplomas in the presence of Principal, Professors and the assembled multitude. All the paraphernalia of learning is apparent—the Professors sport lots of red, blues and golds in their academic dress and even the smallest Bachelor of Arts is decked out in a pink hood edged with ermine—of a kind. It is meant to be a very impressive and dignified ceremony, but there are some who do not see it that way but rather as just another excuse for some crazy capers. These bright sparks generally have an excess of jubilant spirits to work off, and cabbage bouquets, wierd whoops, and backstairs manoeuvres become part of the ceremony. Those responsible for this are quite disassociated from the following officials: Professor Gordon, who will take charge of professorial arrangements; Jack Barr, the Exec. Controller of Capping; and Ann Elchelbaum, supervisor of the flowergirls. It's a big thing, so come along and see how it all goes—at eight o'clock in the Town Hall on Friday, May 12th.

Wanted—A Chair of Music

With the formation of the Training Orchestra, the revival of the Scola Cantorum Choir, and of Sunday afternoon organ recitals in the Town Hall, a question has arisen which for a long time has lain dormant in the minds of many students of V.U.C.—why is it that we have no Chair of Music in our College? Perhaps the lack of enthusiasm which Wellingtonians have shown in the past towards things musical can in part be attributed to this very fact; or else, is it purely coincidental that the other three cities in New Zealand which boast University Colleges—all of which teach Music—can also boast active symphony orchestras, a high standard of choral work, and enthusiastic support for recitals? An illustration of this: A few years ago organ recitals in our Town Hall ceased because of the apathy of the citizens; on the other hand, the Sunday evening recitals by Prof. Galway in the Dunedin Town Hall are one of the highlights of that city's cultural life; Otago University has an alert School of Music—surely there is an obvious connection between these facts.

Probably many part-time students do not realise that out of all the subjects that part-timers would normally take at a University College in New Zealand, music is the only one not taught at V.U.C., which is essentially a "part-time" College. Music, perhaps the most popular of all cultural subjects, is not taught at a College which should aim to provide the cultural background of a student's career. Surely the evidence is overwhelming. Music plays an essential part in many students' lives. A Music Faculty is a necessity.

It may not be necessary to provide facilities for completing a Mus.B. degree, but many students would welcome the chance to take music to at least one stage for Arts.

Again, many part-timers at V.U.C. have come from other Colleges in the seemingly inevitable drift to the Capital City, and so lament the fact that music is now out of reach—a forbidden subject. May it not be too far distant when this anomaly of University education in Victoria is a forgotten thing of the past.

HAKA PARTY

If you join Sallent's staff and the rest of the hol-polloi in the queue to see Extrav from the gods, you won't mind going down at six p.m. for the show. Why? Because you can always count on a few novel diversions from the Weir House haka party, even if you do have to brave a chorus of, "We see you, Mr. Hisleton!"

The gods of the Opera House hold many memories for Wellingtonians, and along with echoes of "Scherzade," "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" and "Faust," some of us can still hear frantic hakas reverberating from the walls, along with the belly laughs which now forgotten outbursts of foolishness produced.

When we go along to Extrav again we may not see Paul Te Punga swooping over the heads of the plutocrats in the stalls on the end of a long but desperately thin rope, but we will hear the old Varsity songs together with some new ones. Whether the bone-racking structure which supports the common hordes at those dizzying heights can withstand further shocks is open to doubt.

However, we are sure that you will be there to see.—R.M.D.

the originality, the spontaneity and the willingness to blaze the trail of a truly New Zealand theatre and still show a reasonable profit over a period of years because of, not in spite of, its appeal to John Citizen. IAN DICK.

WEIR HOUSE

Amendment of the constitution was the main issue discussed at a recent meeting of Weir House residents.

Experience has shown that there is not room in the House for both a Warden's Committee and a House Committee; the deliberations consequently resulted in the amalgamation of the two. In the future, discipline and organisation of the House will be the responsibility of the joint committee as a whole, the House Committee thus taking on a more important function than ever before.

It is hoped that the new arrangement will result in a more co-ordinated House and it will certainly give more even distribution of the work.

The recent House meeting at Weir offered an opportunity for the residents to meet their new matron.

Although Mrs. Veitch has been with us for some weeks now, it was not possible to arrange an earlier official meeting.

The president said a few words of welcome and in extending best wishes to Mrs. Veitch in her new position expressed the belief that she would continue the co-operation and good feeling that has been established between matron and students.

In a brief reply Mrs. Veitch related her early interest in Weir House and offered to do everything possible for the welfare of the residents.

MAJESTIC CABARET

FRIDAY, MAY 12

9 p.m. — 2 a.m.

CAPPING BALL

Subscription - 15/- Double Dress: Formal

Tickets available daily between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. from Monday, May 1st, to Friday, May 5th. Apply at Executive Room.

A definitely limited number of tickets will be issued.

Friday - Capping Ceremony and Ball

SPORT

Prayer, Profanity and Praise

Most winter sports will have begun the season by the time this appears to a grateful public. The blood lust will have aroused our footballers and hockey players to inflict crude barbarities upon their fellows in order to prove that they have a sound mind in a healthy body. Others, inadequately dressed, will prove they have at least a healthy body by running through gorse bushes up and down the local hillsides. Harriers assure us this is the best of sports—we, however, retain a firm belief in the cable car for uphill work.

These alluring pastimes require very high standards of physical fitness and team work. No rugby or hockey team, for instance, can hope for success unless its players are fit, and play as a team. Yet there are many players at Varsity who do not train with their team, but who nevertheless become very disgruntled if they are not chosen for the top teams. Fine players though many of them are, they would be infinitely better if they practised regularly. "We keep fit to play rugby rather than play rugby to keep fit" is a saying which applies equally well to all winter sports—outdoor variety, at any rate. Apart altogether from the fitness angle, what is the use of a coach spending hours teaching manoeuvres requiring good team work only to see them ruined in match play by some "expert" who does not think it necessary to attend practice? Through bitter experience we have found it is usually these players who are responsible for the second factor in that most successful of coaching methods referred to above—a mixture of prayer, profanity and praise.—A. O'B.

They Came to Scoff but Remained to Play

The hockey season started off enthusiastically by a practice game at Karori Park. The keenness of the beginners was particularly noticeable and should be an indication that they will emerge from their apprenticeship as proficient players.

Last season we entered three teams. The Seniors showed considerable improvement and were promoted to Senior A Grade where, however, they found the going rather rough. The Juniors' enthusiasm resulted in their attaining a good standard and they finished well up the grade. The Intermediates were hampered by not having enough players, but at the end of the season they all had a sound knowledge of hockey and ought to do well in higher grades.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ralph presented the Club with a trophy for the most improved player. Marie Simpson is to be congratulated on being the first winner.

College Blues were awarded to four senior players—Daisy Filmer, Marlon Marwick, Vivienne Rich and Ruth Russell.

To wind up the season a dance was arranged with the Men's Club. This went off very well, and we hope to see similar functions held in the future.

At this year's Annual Meeting the following officers were elected:—Patron: Mr. G. F. Dixon. President: Mr. B. Kean. Vice-Presidents: Mrs. C. R. Richardson, Miss Betty Rider, Mrs. C. J. Ralph. Club Captain: Daisy Filmer. Secretary: Ruth Russell. Treasurer: Vivienne Rich. Committee: Marlon Marwick.

Freshers will elect their representative when they are better acquainted.

This year weekly practices will be held on Thursday nights in the Gym. We want full teams this year, so even if you don't know which is the business end of a hockey stick, come along and learn.

Soccer

The Soccer Club, born last year, has avoided infant mortality and looks like developing into a lusty infant. With a strong backing of last year's players and some newcomers, who are by no means new to the game, we should be able to field a team at least capable of emulating last season's feat of winning the championship and being runners up for the cup.

Last Saturday the team played a very enjoyable practice game against Training College. The high score, Varsity 6—T.C. 1, was due to the lack of experience rather than of talent in the revived Training College team.

The form shown by all Varsity players was cheering; apparently, too, the combination worked up last year has survived and should get us away to a good start in the championship which begins next Saturday with a game against Tech. Old Boys. Many of us have a special interest in this game.

All members of the team are sorry that we are soon losing the services of Colin Richardson, whose outstanding play last season contributed in no small measure to the club's success.

again (no, they did not run), raced down Orangi Kaupapa Road and followed what was alleged to be the shortest route through the Gardens (no, best-beloved, it was not the shortest route). At the House, a tea fit for better men was waiting and full justice was done to it.

The club expects a most successful season, with good prospects of a trip south later in the year. All those who, after a term's work, are beginning to doubt that life is worth living, are invited to join the harrier club. The committee guarantees that a Saturday's outing will convince them.

May 6.—Harriers run from Wadestown (novice race).

May 13.—Harriers run from Worsley Bay.

Another Southern Crossing

When several members of the V.U.C. Tramping Club had announced their intention of going to Totara Flats last Easter, it was not surprising that they finished up in Otaki. Unlike the Tararua T.C., which keeps to its timetable, the Varsity Club believes in a certain fluidity in its arrangements. As a matter of fact, the five half-drowned trampers that turned up in Tauherenikau Hut late that Thursday night did intend to go to Totara Flats. But it was decided that the Waiohino River would be too high to cross, so instead they slogged it through the mud, a strong northerly and driving rain, up to Alpha Hut, which they reached about three-quarters-drowned. However, the fine welcome given them by Messrs. Bradstock and Young soon revived them, and, when it dawned fine and moderately clear the next morning, they were in a fit state to continue the crossing. When the mist blew away, even Alec McLeod, who has crossed umpteen times before, admitted that he had seldom seen better weather on the tops. Lunch on Mt. Atkinson, in bright sunshine, with the deer roaring in the valleys, was extremely pleasant, and although there was mist on the top of Hector, the rest of the trip to Field's went according to plan. The next day brought more rough weather, so they stayed in the hut and ate, slept, and played cards. However, Monday was a beautiful, sunny day, and after admiring the bulk of Mt. Crawford, they all scrambled down to the Forks, and walked the long, weary miles to Otaki.

Harriers

The season of the Wellington Harrier sub-centre opened at Petone on Saturday, 15th April, with a brisk tour of inspection of Petone and Lower Hutt railway stations, which proved a strenuous pipe-opener for members of the Varsity club. A survey of green-clad runners showed that several stout runners had disappeared between the seasons, notably Giff Rowberry and Bob Hunt. The run was an enjoyable one taken at a fair clip. Other clubs were heard to complain of the frequent halts, but most of our runners were content to emulate the Duke of Plaza Toro and lead the vanguard afterwards. We were hospitably entertained by the Hutt Valley club with tea and biscuits. There were plenty of biscuits. Next week came our own opening. There was a good muster in the Common Room of Weir House, with an encouraging number of new faces. Mr. G. Dixon formally opened the season and the packs went away. The course was the usual one, through Kelburn and Northland to Tinakori Hill, and thence, with some thorny variations, home to the House. The slow pack, those able exponents of laziness well carried out, avoided most of the natural hazards of the wayside and returned home via the Karori tunnel and Upland Road. The fast pack, with Club-captain McDowall at their head, proceeded by fits and starts to Tinakori Hill, where their leader basely lured them into an impenetrable circle of gorse bushes. From this predicament they were extricated by the long experience and hairy legs of a man named Daniell, not without loss of blood and equanimity. Instead of following the beaten track over the viaduct, the pack climbed the hill

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