

Salient

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

VOL. 6, No. 9.

WELLINGTON, JULY 14, 1943

Price: THREEPENCE

A.G.M.—1943

The annual general meeting of the Student's Association was held in the gym on Wednesday, June 30th. There were about seventy of the more responsible elements among the students, i.e. ones sufficiently interested in V.U.C. to spend a couple of hours considering the major issues of the year. Mr. M. L. Boyd, the retiring president, was in the chair.

The annual report and balance were distributed among the students.

Motions put to the meeting by Mrs. Boyd, making a smaller quorum for the blues committee and to allow the exec. to nominate the women's common room committee, were passed.

The routine business over, Mr. M. Boyd brought down the report on faculty committees, recommending the incoming exec. to approach Sir Thomas and the staff. The main suggestions of the report were:

- (1) Ensured co-operation of staff and students.
- (2) Student voice in courses of study. (Committee to consist of four students and representatives of the Dean).
- (4) Committees to be elected by faculties in second term.
- (5) Vacancies to be filled by the exec.
- (6) Annual elections.
- (7) Investigation of curriculum.
- (8) Periodic faculty combined meetings.
- (9) Publicity required.

Mr. J. W. Winchester referred to the success achieved elsewhere, particularly in science faculties. Mr. P. de la Mare objected that the committees would be dependent on the goodwill of the Dean. (However, they were set up with the approval of the prof. board.)

A P. and T. officer gave a brief and competent talk on the Liberty Loan, and was fortunately tolerant in answering questions. The speaker commended those students, particularly Mr. O'Brien, for the work put into the V.U.C. Liberty Loan Drive, and for the money raised.

The results of the election to the 1943-4 exec. were then announced (see page 2).

Mr. Macaskill, reminding his hearers of the stirring address on liberty and the loan, suggested that four bob would see a raffle for a Liberty Bond closed. The audience obliged and Mr. Macaskill subsided.

Mr. S. Campbell called the attention of the incoming exec. to the need for a "fresher" information bureau and lower cafeteria prices.

Mr. Rosenberg stated that the cafeteria still needed more equipment and greater staff facilities both for staff convenience and improved service, and referred to the grand work of cafeteria workers, including the voluntary workers.

Mr. Macaskill, indefatigable, rose again to catch the chairman's eyes, and with the air of a professional

(Continued on page 2)

BLOOD FROM A STONE?

£600 for the Second Front

That anti-fascist "minority" has been at it again—hundreds of them! Blinded by political prejudice or perhaps just dazzled by hopes of untold wealth, several hundred V.U.C. students contributed approximately £600 to the four-day Liberty Loan campaign held in the College two weeks ago. This is a magnificent response from the 900 students at the College, for many of them had already subscribed heavily to the loan in the various offices where they work. The poverty of students is traditional, and while today few if any at Victoria exist on bread-crusts and water in dim garrets, they are still a relatively impoverished section of the community. However, students of Victoria have shown themselves willing to make sacrifices, for they remember an even greater tradition which claims that students are always in the vanguard when it is freedom that is being fought for. To such people it was hardly necessary

to reiterate the purpose of the loan, the vital urgency to spur on the war effort in order that fascism may be overcome throughout the world, but the posters displayed in the College and the leaflets distributed left no room for doubt in anybody's mind.

Conceived in the first place by Jim Winchester, the idea was taken up by an enthusiastic committee headed by "Irish" O'Brien and Hylton Burt, all of whom put in much hard work before the campaign was opened and also during its progress. Dozens of students helped during the four days to sell bonds and distribute leaflets, though a promised campaign by Mr. Te Punga in Weir House fell through.

Besides all these workers, the organisers wish to thank the principal and staff, the post office authorities, the executive, and Mr. Lopdell and the T.C. students, all of whom co-operated so willingly in making the campaign a success.

MUSIC AND PICTORIAL ART

The relation between music and painting, a subject providing scope for slender allusions and never-very-deep examination was lightly and charmingly treated by Mr. T. J. Young (Training College) in a talk given in the series sponsored by the Stud. Ass. Exec.

Mr. Young had brought along coloured reproductions of paintings of several periods and records from the Columbia History of Music (whose compiler, Percy Scholes, makes frequent allusions to the parallels between the two arts).

He compared a Bach rondeau in its pristine formality to a classical Italian painting which is probably familiar to far more people than the Bach rondeau, but whose painter I regret to say I forget. Or wasn't it Raphael? Anyway it was a pertinent parallel of a sort, though I might have chosen something more rococo myself. Then he came forward to the romantics, and immediately felt at home, for there are no flies on Mr. Young, and he can debunk sentimental romanticism as well as anyone we know. A choice of cheap and nasty pictures typical of the nineteenth century at its worst gave him the chance to overstate the case on which he has strong feelings—the case of a practical musician who daily sees

cellent move which, we hope, will lead to even closer co-operation between T.C. and Varsity and eventually to affiliation.

Another fine thing is the creation of a cyclostyled news bulletin for the information and enjoyment (we hope) of V.U.C. students overseas.

what harm the romantic movement did to the popular conception of music. Here he was getting on to something vital, and I would very much like to hear him speak more fully of the reaction of the present generation against music in general because (a) they are in no mood for the sentimentality of the 19th century music, (b) they see little good in the "modern music" that resulted from the rebellion against romanticism, (c) they are not fortunate enough to be fully equipped to understand and value the music of the classical and renaissance periods.

Mr. Young made out a case against romanticism which he would put more mildly in another context, but which it is proper for any musician to prosecute if he has the welfare of present-day music at heart.

Then we had some impressionist paintings and some impressionist music, a more specific and allowable parallel than those so far drawn, because it is easier to pin down. And finally some modern music (Edgar Varese) of the unbelievable kind, and some impressionist painting (Kadinsky and others) all of which Mr. Young sanely presented without the stupid guffaws of the philistine or the adulation of the arty maniac who believes in the moderns alone.

—A.A.

NEW EXEC MEET

An important occasion and one which merits more space than we have available. However, to make a short story shorter . . .

The I.S.S., as you all know is an international organisation for the collection of books and funds for refugees or prisoner of war students in all countries. The New Zealand end has now been put on a more workmanlike basis by the formation of a permanent committee. Our part in this is to provide three V.U.C. members and a chairman from Exec. (Miss Pam Wilton elected). Three T.C. students are also to be elected.

So much difficulty has been experienced over the proposed "Tunisia" parcels that these have had to be dropped and a permanent committee is to be formed under Miss Durie Maysmore to put some heartfelt endeavour into the Christmas batch. The patriotic packing department have run out of tin and chocolate, and biscuits are unobtainable; the only method will be to buy small quantities right from the jump—the more helpers in this the better—how about giving a hand?

The report of the annual general meeting was deferred, but in order to keep matters moving Mr. Jim Winchester, whose lead and helping hand seems to be strongly missed, has been put in charge of National Savings. The group organisation will be published when complete.

N.Z.U.S.A. Work.

Miss Ann Eichelbaum next reported on the N.Z.U.S.A. Exec. meeting.

As the Student Congress is being pushed by Victoria, we are to set up the necessary machinery. The date is to be Easter, 1944, and there is no end of spade work to be put in. Here's hoping that the committee—Mrs. Mary Boyd, Mr. Morrie Boyd, and Mr. Jim Winchester—get adequate support.

The Long Vacation Committee of N.Z.U.S.A. find it a sticky problem to draft a scheme applicable to all colleges, and therefore ask individual Execs. to prepare reports (such things as workshop practice, clinical years, part-time jobs, etc., confuse the issue) on the vacation activities of their colleges and to suggest more profitable jobs. For science students at least, V.U.C.'s recommendation will probably be for a straight-out fourth term. The responsibility for preparing this report is again Mr. J. Winchester's.

Sub-committee appointments and co-optings were the next item (see page 4 and N.B.).

New Moves.

The president was worried at a rumour that the new Exec. was anti-Training College and immediately proved any such rumour groundless by asking that T.C. Exec. be requested to select a liaison officer to attend V.U.C. Exec. meetings—an excellent move.

(Continued on column 2)

OUR BETTERS

President: O. J. CREED.
 Men's Vice-President: L. STARKE. Women's Vice-President: DAISY FILMER.
 Secretary: Mrs. MARY BOYD. Asst. Secretary: J. W. WINCHESTER.
 Treasurer: J. BARR.
 Men's Committee: ROBIN OLIVER, MARTIN TE PUNGA.
 Women's Committee: ANN EICHELBAUM, JANET GRANT, PAM WILTON.

EDITORIAL

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO O.U. EXEC.?

A question which has been pending for some time. Unity in the present crisis surely demands close co-operation with Training College, up-to-the-limit participation in Liberty Loans, etc., and intensive all-round work in aid of the war effort. We ask of Otago Exec., as we asked of our own Exec. at Undergraduate Supper, "How do they measure up?" The answer is disappointing.

In T.C. they see only a "lesser breed without the law," an academically inferior article, and dismiss the subject with a resolution, "That this Executive is unaware of any reasons why Training College should affiliate . . ."

Surely Victoria presented adequate reasons at the N.Z.U.S.A. Conference. Surely our own Exec. has good grounds for appointment of a liaison officer. And yet the friendly advances of O.U. Training College seem to be regarded "more as the importunate scratching of a puppy at the door than as the just request of a corporation of equal footing," as an incensed member writes to "Critic." Enough of this side-stepping—Wake up, O.U.! Take a lesson from those students who also teach.

The following extraordinary statement also appears in "Critic":—

"This Executive has been given no mandate by the Association to make a financial contribution to the war effort. . . ." Has it ever thought of asking for that mandate? Victoria has recently put £1,234 into the Third Liberty Loan. £634 of this was ratified, unanimously, by the Annual General Meeting; the other £600, campaign proceeds, adequately demonstrates the spirit with which V.U.C. students meet the call for funds. Surely Otago students would show the same, if not a better, response. Why not ask them?

Hitherto the only voice of criticism and constructive comment has been that of "Critic," the O.U. newspaper. In spite of severe censorship (imagine an Exec.-appointed editor working under the eye of an Exec. censor) they appear, to us at least, to have attempted that leadership which the Executive lacked. Even "Critic," however, has now been silenced. Editor and staff have been forced into resignation. For this the Executive must answer, not in words, but in an attempt to rectify past mishaps and to rally Otago students behind the war effort. —K.T.F.

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN BY BEAUTY

*Beauty is Alive
 That once to me was only Sweet . . .
 I've heard the scream of braked wheels
 And seen time-tied faces weighted by aching feet.
 I've smelt soot
 And felt its smirching fingers
 In suburban trains
 That rock and grind and creak and hiss . . .
 What could make me ache for beauty more than this?
 Ugliness Ugliness everywhere
 Rusting iron and city dirt
 Painted faces superficially bright
 That pucker when exposed to light
 High-heeled shoes pecking at the pavement
 Drooping shoulders, hollow cheeks
 Clanging trams, bulging with bodies
 After five o'clock; People
 Streaming into the railway station
 Like sheep from the yards at shearing time
 Yes, Beauty is Alive
 That once to me was only Sweet.*

(Continued from column 1, page 1)
 conjuror requested a young lady from the audience to draw a number from his hat to announce the happy winner of a Liberty Bond—Gunter Waschner was the winner.—Applause!

Mrs. Boyd supported Mr. Rosenberg's remarks and added that helpers—men and women—were welcome in the caf.

Mr. Starke spoke of two hundred odd pounds accrued from an old ac-

count and the meeting allowed that this money should go into the building fund.

Mr. J. Winchester moved that £400 available should go into the Liberty Loan. Messrs. Creed and Starke spoke for an amendment to tie the proceeds to the building fund on maturity. The meeting passed the original motion with two dissentient voices. The exec., new and old, retired to supper.

No-Man's Land

We wish to draw the attention of all contributors to this paper that name and address must accompany each contribution—even where the writer desires only a pseudonym to be published.

Dear Miss Crompton,

I would like to congratulate you and all the other members of the *Salient* staff on the excellent paper you are now turning out. Having read through most of the issues from 1934 onwards and having occasionally been pressed into service for some "subbing" or a story when the deadline was near, I'm in a fair position to judge its merit.

In my opinion, there are two main reasons for this:—

1. You are printing far more concrete facts written in a reasonably interesting manner. In the past one might have to skim through three paragraphs of platitudinous empty verbiage before coming even to some minor thought.

2. It also seems that at last a reasonable balance has been struck between the parties of the Right and the Left and the paper is really an organ of average student opinion. As such the matter in it must be more authoritative than when most of the copy is written by some group or groups—and of more interest to the average student for whose benefit it is published.

Memory is but a fickle jade, yet your last two issues, especially that of June 23rd, are among the best I can ever remember reading—and I don't agree with quite a few of the views expressed. Good luck to you and keep up the good work.—Yours sincerely,

J. V. ILOTT.

(Mr. J. V. Ilott was a student at V.U.C. 1934-8 and was prominent in social activities, extras and tournaments; he debated and took an active part in sports, winning an N.Z.U. blue, and now sits on Blues Committee, and, we hope, is in a position to adjudge our worth!)

SWING

The motion: "That swing and jazz music has no place in the cultural life of this College," was well and truly defeated on the vote of members present at the Debating Club's meet on Friday night, 25th June. Mr. Rosenberg led off on behalf of the Classists, putting up quite an effective smoke screen of sex and classical music, but Mr. Fowler soon blew this screen away with a neat analysis and dissertation on "Swing."

The judge, Mr. Scott of Training College, in his summing up and criticism, stated that he had been dazed by the arguments put forward by both sides. In his opinion neither side had really tackled the subject in the correct manner, and the debate had developed, wrongly, into a Jazz v. Classics argument. Mr. Scott's placings were as follows: 1st, Mr. Rosenberg; 2nd, Mr. Campbell; 3rd, Mr. Fowler; and Mr. B. O'Connor (equal); 4th, Miss O'Flynn.

The next debate is scheduled for Friday, 16th July, when V.U.C. debating club will hold the floor against Hutt Valley team. This debate is held under the auspices of the Wellington Debating Union, and we hope that students will on this occasion fill the Gynnasium to capacity and give the visiting speakers a hearty welcome. The subject: "That the workers of New Zealand have not pulled their weight in the war effort"—our motion.

Dear Sir,

Although not a member of Victoria University College, I am a frequent reader of *Salient*, and am considerably disquieted by the political views of the majority of its contributors.

Universities throughout the world are recognised centres of unrest and discontent, and V.U.C. shows no sign of deviating from the rule. Nazism was reared from pulling infant to lusty youth within the walls of German Universities; student riots are the prelude of revolution and its accompanying turmoil of hate and blood.

Humorous and idiotic though the drivelling of your contributors may now appear, they will prove dangerous to the internal peace of this country, unless they tear down their red flags. I am, Sir,

"B19."

Dear Sir,

I would draw your attention to a highly unwarranted attack upon the English public school system which appeared in the last edition of *Salient* under the guise of a review of "A Yank at Eton."

Your critic obviously knows nothing about the English public school, nor of its New Zealand counterpart. He piously brings forth the usual catch-phrases about class distinctions which are supposedly fostered in these public schools. As an old boy of one of them, and as one who has come into contact with old boys of many others, from both England and New Zealand, I would assure him that his assertions must be entirely groundless. In fact, the only place where I have noticed the snobbery of which he complains is amongst certain of those who have the means of acquiring this form of education, but have failed to do so. This feeling, I presume, must be attributed partly to an inferiority complex, which they would hide by a show of aggressiveness, and partly to jealousy of those whom they fear might be better off than themselves.—I am, sir,

P. L. R. ABRAHAM.

Dear Madam,

May I be permitted to reply to my two critics, "J.W." and "Not Very Very Amused."

I have not a copy of my own letter beside me, but I believe that my reference was to "a small minority, very, very anti-Fascist conscious, who, having deified Russia in their own minds, seek to bring others to worship with them." Neither of your correspondents took the trouble to quote me correctly, with the result that there is no point to either of their criticisms—and no reason for further comment on my part.

May I, in conclusion, congratulate J. M. Ziman on his review of the motion picture, "A Yank at Eton." Seldom have I seen so much irrelevant eyewash (Weir House has another word for it) concentrated in such a small space. Yours faithfully,

LAW STUDENT.

University Calender needed urgently by student overseas. Please communicate:

Calendar, c/o "Salient."

BOOKS THAT STAND AGAINST HITLER

Writers Measure Up To The War

At last the War is getting into the books. After three and a half years novels are now being turned out that reflect the temper of the people and our times. But the surprising thing is not that novels of the War have been so long in appearing but that they have appeared at all. And despite the complete blackout of cultural activity over the greater part of Europe and Eastern Asia, despite the unprecedented calls which the all-in nature of the War has made on the time of writers in the free world, novels have been written which not only take their place among the novels of the century but which summon the people to stouter and stouter blows against our bestial Fascist enemy. Ehrenburg's and Pozner's books are books of this kind.

Vladimir Pozner's "The Edge of the Sword" is not just another book about the fall of France. It is one of the great novels of our time. More, there are passages in it which are among the great things in Literature. Pozner takes Frenchmen, a bee keeper, a bargeman, a boxer, a metal-worker—privates in the Army—a Colonel, detective, women. They have one thing in common. They are all getting away from the Germans—they cross the Seine, the Loire. It is a picture of a nation breaking up. Pozner claims no inside dope and yet he gives all the dope. After reading "The Edge of the Sword" you know why, when Paris was evacuated, there were left behind the gas, the electricity and the police.

There is a wonderful scene where the remaining fifteen men of an infantry regiment which had entered Belgium five days before—to leave it three days later—come to a bridge over a river, pitch camp by it and—fish.

"It was pleasant to be there with one hand on the pole, the other resting in the cool grass, watching the bobbing of the float, reflecting harmless gestures which did not imply death—pleasant and restful. They were learning anew the natural use of their hands, of their eyes. And the bridge, standing there intact, was in itself agreeable."

Suddenly there comes up an old man, small and lean. He bellows out "Nation of fishermen! You cold-blooded men! Nothing can stir you up, you pikes! The only thing you can get excited about is a stiff Pernod."

They shoo him away and he comes back later, wearing his Sunday best and rows of old ribbons that must have gone back to the war of 1870. His whole body trembled.

"Do you know what France is, I wonder? The France of Jeanne d'Arc and the Commune!"

"Suddenly he burst out singing in a cracked voice:

'Contre Nous de la tyrannie,
L'etendard sanglant est levé!'

"The banner of tyranny is waving," he said, quivering with emotion. "We've been sold out, betrayed, by the Chouans, by the Cagoullards. The bloody banner waves over France. You've forgotten the soldiers of Valmy!" he screamed in such a piercing voice that the fishermen jumped. "What do you do at night? You sleep! I meditate. 1789," he said, ecstatically, "was a glorious year! And so was 1930. What have you left of all that, you freshwater fishermen? What have you left?"

The book is filled with passages like this. Another is where the old Colonel and his chauffeur—the Communist "underground" worker—look back on Paris!

"The two men looked in silence at the city where they had been born,

and without knowing their eyes divided it between the two of them. For Colonel Carvin, the gilded glory of the dome of the Invalides, the towers of Notre Dame, the gardens of Neuilly and Auteuil, the palaces of the Champs-Elysees, the Opera, and the Bourse, the Madeline and the Sacré-Cœur, which his equals had erected, frequented, admired, sung, delivered to the enemy; for Private Caillol the Bastille and the Republique, Belleville and Menilmontant, the canal Saint-Martin, the Faubourg Sainte-Antoine, the suburbs, the houses without elevators, the stairs without carpets, the basements without lights, the gutters where one plays, the shops where one works, the corners behind doorways where one makes love, the benches where one sleeps; all the joys, all the hardships and the struggles, all the pent-up anger of his comrades, his contemporaries and their children, who had Paris to reconquer."

(Our copy courtesy of Modern Books)

Fall of Paris

"The Fall of Paris" is written by Ilya Ehrenburg, who received the Stalin Prize for his dramatic analysis of the struggle of the French people for peace and security.

The novel begins with the People's Front elections of 1936. For the first time in its history Fascism has received a spontaneous rejection from the people whose ancestors had manned the barricades in the great days of the Commune. We witness a sit-down strike in one of the aircraft factories in Paris. The workers press forward their demands for better wages and hours. The strike spreads like wildfire and becomes overnight a forceful demonstration of the workers' support for the Government. Leon Blum, however, is anxious to assure the employers that strong action will be taken to restore normal conditions, and although the workers gain their immediate objectives they very soon realise that they have been betrayed. It is their government which first proposes "non-intervention" in Spain. Ehrenburg describes particularly well the reception given to their Spanish comrades by the workers of France. But the Spaniards needed more than cheers to help them in their defence of democracy. Aeroplanes, munitions, food, is wanted, but the best that the Spanish delegates can get from the Blum Government is polite refusals. The Spanish drama comes to an end early in 1939. The stage is set for World War No. 2. France enters the war in a state of utter confusion. The ruling class are afraid of civil war. "Communism is the enemy" becomes the slogan of the daily press. They confess openly that they would welcome Hitler rather than have a people's government. Workers are arrested by the thousands. Munition factories are being deprived of their ablest men. Daladier is determined

to wage war against his own people first. Meanwhile General de Gaulle has warned against France's shortage of tanks and aircraft, but the general staff simply ignores his warnings. "France," they say, "is protected by the Maginot line, which no power on earth can break." The rest is known to the whole world. Paris falls without a fight. London, Malta, Leningrad and Stalingrad fight back and triumph.

Ilya Ehrenburg has made a supreme contribution to the cause of freedom. He has given a warning that concerns all of us.

Above all things—Unity in the face of Fascist aggression!

Lewis—Last Inspection

Here is a record of cynicism, frustration, despair and hopelessness. It is the story of the Army in England during the two years after Dunkirk. And there is no doubt at all that these short stories, these trivial tales of petty adulteries, boredom and browning off generally do reflect the mood and temper of that time. The author, a young Army officer, points out that "the only deaths in these stories are from Air raids and accidents, the main motif is the rootless life of soldiers having no enemies and always somehow under a shadow."

If you want a picture of what happens to an army inactive when every fibre of its being is crying out for action you have it here in these tales of the British Army in England sitting waiting, while they read in their newspapers every day the story of their comrades of the Red Army fighting the greatest battles in all history.

We Carry On

This collection of modern Russian short stories, "tales of the war" published in 1942) has conviction and spontaneity, combined with the honesty of true experience. It is vigorous and very real. But is it an expression of the nation's temper and outlook? I hope not, for many of the thoughts expressed are short-sighted, petty, and immature in their intense hatred. Hatred of the system and way of life imposed on a nation can be a life-giving impetus to those fighting against it. This aspect is in "We Carry On" largely taken for granted, and far overshadowed by fierce antagonism towards the German people as individuals. "Not human beings, but vile, malicious monsters, savages..." "You cannot defeat an enemy without having learned to hate him from the bottom of your heart." Surely the real enemy is a social system, not a race; the psychology of personal hatred is necessary only when there is no ideology inspiring those who fight. This is certainly not the case with Russians, so that emphasis on vicious anti-Germanism seems false and unjust. Russian soldiers must have a profound belief in the philosophy they defend, and hatred of Fascism—it is a disappointment to find the smaller and ignobler aspect emphasised.

The book suffers from awkwardness and unevenness of style, evidently the result of translation; but achieves a kind of *gauche* clarity. It makes an interesting record, but scarcely a lasting contribution to literature.

FILMS

HOLLYWOOD RECIPE

It shows what Hollywood, given a good book, can do when it really tries. Steinbeck saw concisely on Tortilla Flat the common aspects of human life. He wrote down what he saw. In his book there were friendship, sentiment, humanity. There were also dirt, ugliness, brutality, lust and death. And in the whole thing there was beauty. That was the point. Hollywood has cleaned the whole thing up. It has removed the dirt, the ugliness, the brutality, the lust and the death. Instead of a trollop, Hollywood gives us a glamorous, prophylactic maiden; instead of lust, Romance; instead of a drunken brawl, a couple of rousing choruses with guitar accompaniment; instead of a paisano, either a colourful gypsy or an American boy, wayward but clean at heart; instead of sentiment, sentimentality; instead of death, a wedding. On this nice, clean canvas it has sprinkled a pinch of sterilised dust for the sake of quaintness. There is no beauty left. The fish no longer shimmers, flickers, moves. The Hollywood morticians have done their job. It is gutted, stuffed and dead. And it stinks of disinfectant.

MEET JOHN DOE

Frank Capra has presented to us one of the most outstanding pictures of the year. It is a well-timed warning against the open and hidden activities of the Fascist Fifth Column. For the first time Hollywood has succeeded in exposing the criminal methods Fascists have applied in their ruthless attempt to capture power.

The story could happen in almost any country. An obscure newspaper reporter invents the letter of a man called John Doe, in which he accuses the politicians and financiers to be the cause of all the poverty and misery in the country. In protest John announces his intention to commit suicide on Christmas Eve. The story is given a huge amount of publicity. John Doe Clubs are formed all over America. All that is needed now is the man John Doe himself. Out of the nameless army of unemployed a young man is hired by the newspaper magnates for the job and he is made to adopt the fictitious name.

However, all the clubs have only been organised with the aim of snatching the votes of the now hopeful petty-bourgeoisie in the forthcoming presidential election. The small clique of bankers and oil magnates have pulled just another gag in their attempt to come to power. But John Doe saves the day. The moment he tries to expose the criminal masters for whom he has unconsciously been working, he becomes the victim of all the brutal persecution Fascism uses against an enemy. Yet in spite of all John Doe is prepared to sacrifice his life in the struggle for truth and freedom.

We are most grateful to Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck and Edgar Arnold for their magnificent performance.

"SPIKE"

WRITE FOR IT

SPORTS

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

At the end of the qualifying round the senior team, with nine points, is second equal to T.O.G. with 12. Thus the team is certain of playing Senior A after regrading. This is a real achievement on which the team is to be congratulated. It is years since a Varsity team played in this grade, and still more since one as good as the present was fielded. It has improved steadily and is showing the benefit gained from practices in much improved combination, especially among the forwards. Myra Baker has shown herself an outstanding goalkeeper in the games she has played.

The juniors finished the round about half-way up the grade, which is creditable considering the inexperience of its players. Elsie Bannister, Brenda Perry and Rosemary Watt are playing well in this team.

The intermediate never field the same team twice, but they have won two games out of four. The team needs more coaching, as many of the players know little of the game. Doreen Dore, who has been playing for this team, is obviously too good for this grade.

Last Saturday two fairly even teams were entered in the seven-a-side tournament. The A's won two games and lost one in their section, and the B's won one and lost two, neither qualifying for the semi-final.

SCOTS WHA HAE!

Twenty-one runners, the largest of all the eight teams entered, represented Varsity at the first inter-club race of the season. Unfortunately in the teams race the best we could manage was a very poor second to our old rivals, Scottish Harriers. Doug Olson was first home for V.U.C., being placed sixth. Considering the fast pace set by the leaders Doug did remarkably well. Others well placed were Rowberry (13th), de la Mare (14th), Collins (19th), Daniell (20th), and Hunt (23rd). Bernie Swedlund wishes it to be recorded that he was not last. He is rather vague as to just where he did come.

The next run was long and fast. Starting from Thorndon, we climbed up to Wadestown, slithered down to Kaiwarra, climbed up to Ngalo and Khandallah and then ran like —er Scottish Harriers down Onslow Road and home along the Hutt Road.

Last Saturday the prospect of further inter-club races and the N.Z.U. cross-country race in August was enough to make the club captain lead his pack away from the Petone Rowing Club building at little less than a gallop. Up in the Korokoro hills the pace slackened up a little except some spirited running when a farmer with several useful-looking dogs objected to our ill-treatment of his fences.

DISCUSSIONS

TOPICAL — 7.30 — SUNDAY

Will interested students please contact Bev. Williamson, A. V. O'Brien, or Hylton Burt?

BASKETBALL

Despite the fact that for only one half-match has V.U.C. been able to field their full senior A team, they manage to extend the opposing side fairly well. Against Wellington East Old Girls, V.U.C. started well, Margaret Beattie scoring three goals before East forwards settled down. Keen play kept the ball flashing from one end of the field to the other, East finally winning 18 to 12. Mira Parsons, playing defence for the first time, played an outstanding game. Joyce Carter fitted in well in the forward third, her field-work being of value. Lack of understanding in the centre third lost V.U.C. the ball several times from the throw-off.

Against Tech. O.G., V.U.C., even with emergencies, put up their finest showing this season—playing Norma Henderson and Joyce Carter as fielding forwards to get the ball to Margaret Beattie to score 13 goals, and also scoring one each themselves. Mira Parsons again showed up well in defence and the centre worked smoothly. At half-time V.U.C. were leading by 11-9, but in the second half Tech. rapidly gained a lead, winning 18-15. Improved ball-handling made the passing stronger and consequently the team showed more confidence.

Mira Parsons, Thea Muir, Joyce Strange and Margaret Beattie have been selected for Senior A Wellington rep. trials, and Norma Henderson for Senior B grade. We congratulate them.

After the previous Saturday's improved performance hopes were held of at least giving Aspro a hard game, but Varsity lost 25-5.

Despite once again playing short, the B team showed much improvement in their field-work, especially in the defence third. During the second half, Varsity settled down but were unable to make up a 6 goal lead and lost by 11 goals to 4.

UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN

Once a year the V.U.C. Tramping Club has run a trip which has not returned to schedule. The four stalwarts on the winter Arete trip kept up the tradition. They had an adventurous time, although conditions hardly warranted the alarm and rumours that flourished at Varsity on the afternoon of Monday, June 28.

All went well until midday on Saturday, when the Tararua's turned on their usual winter weather. Talk of Arete and Dundas died hard, but it died. Sunday's weather was like Saturday's, and we had no choice but retreat. The Ohau river did not disappoint our expectations. It was in good flood, so we spent the afternoon climbing up and down the cliffs on the bank. While we were scrambling round a cliff, Doug Yen became separated from the party. We followed down river for a time until it became obvious firstly that he had taken to the river, and secondly that we had no hope of overtaking him before dark. Three worried trampers then considered whether they ought to take the more dangerous course of following Doug down the river or the safer course of climbing out of the gorge on to the higher ridge of Gable End, and returning later to search if need be. Eventu-

Swing In Session

At Victoria we have heard three programmes of jazz and swing in mixed proportions. The first was a session by Doug Yen. This was not a great session, nevertheless it was a fair start with such items as Louis Armstrong's "Basin St. Blues" and Muggsy Spanier's "The Lonesome Road," etc. Numbers like "Anvil Chorus" and others catering for the rude popular taste fell dead on these ears.

The next was a Training College effort by Mr. Bateman, which promised to be a good show because it was rumoured that a lot of overseas records were to be played. But what records! Harry James' exhibitionism, Gene Krupa's flashiness, hid all that is great in jazz. Duke Ellington's "Warm Valley," a superb platter, was camouflaged by them.

The best session so far was Mr. Yen's recent one. It was labelled as jazz and was jazz. There were but two sides of doubtful quality. Teddy Powell's "Ode to Spring" might well have been included in the session above. Highlights were Louis Armstrong's "Body and Soul," Jimmy McPartland's "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise," and Duke Ellington's "Blue Goose." We need more programmes of this sort. Unfair as it is to criticise the compères, I must say that where Mr. Bateman was strained and awkward, Mr. Yen tended to be too loose. Informality is a characteristic in jazz since the listener's contact with the performers is informal, but Mr. Yen carried it too far. His knowledge of each record seemed to be too extensive for the short time in which he had to speak. Mr. Bateman should check up on some of his concepts of the art. An example of a bad error was: "The march was derived from the Blues." Both are outbranchings from Negro Folk Music.

Mr. Yen's obvious quality in selection of records should qualify him to choose a very fine programme devoid of any bowing to popular taste; devoting more attention to what a university college should at least be conscious—HOT JAZZ. —F.B.

ally we decided not to risk three more lives, so we slept in a wet tent on a narrow ledge high above the Ohau, despite rain, hail and hunger, to dream of fishing a small Chinese corpse from the river.

We arrived at Ohau on Monday to find that an ice-axe and Doug's shoes had disappeared—a hopeful sign! The road was searched before dark, and on arriving at Levin we were relieved to hear that the wanderer had gone on to Wellington.

Later we learned that Doug had slipped on the cliff and been slightly stunned by the fall, but not realising his weakness or injuries had attempted to go on and had fallen into the river. With a combination of swimming, floundering and luck he managed to get safely out. He spent a lonely night in the bush, and despite an injured leg proceeded on his way down the river on Monday, getting out several hours ahead of the others.

It was an ordeal for all of us—at times a nightmare. We all learned something from the trip—including what it is possible to do on a mouthful of bread. To all kind trampers who offered to organise a search party we are very grateful. Flooded rivers in winter are no joke.—R.F.

SALIENT

THINGS TO COME

July 15.—Demonstration of Developing, Printing and Enlarging.

July 16.—Debate against Hutt Valley Debating Club team. "That the workers of N.Z. have not pulled their full weight in the War Effort."

July 19.—Some Contemporary Personalities in Music whom I met abroad. Talk with recordings by Miss Valerie Corliss. 8 p.m., in C6.

July 29.—Visit to Perry's Studio (subject to arrangement).

Aug. 1 and 2.—The Silver Cord, by Sydney Howard. Drama Club, in Gym., 8 p.m.

The gramophone club will have a committee member in attendance on Fridays, 7-8 p.m., to play requests.

Photography

This year the Photographic Club started with a lecture by Mr. C. E. Singleton, one of the Wellington Camera Club's most progressive members. This address touched on all phases of photography and was amply illustrated by competition work which had won high awards for Mr. Singleton. After the meeting had been thrown open to discussion, prints brought along by members were examined and helpful criticism was given.

Unfortunately the shortage of films does not give members as much scope for experimenting. The club has arranged addresses, visits to studios, open competition where members may bring prints taken over the last few years, discussions on the relative merits of different types of cameras, and on "straight" photographs as against "touching up," etc.

The club extends an invitation to all students to attend the meetings held on alternate Thursdays. Watch the notice boards.

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