

FRESHERS' BALL

in the Gym,
March 7, 8 p.m.

FRESHERS FREE

Salient

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

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Extrav Scripts
must be handed
in to the Exec.
Room as soon as
possible

Let's Liven Up Our Faculties

Every student, at some stage in his career, finds occasion to groan about something, whether it be because of the way he was quined by two marks in last term's Greek mystery paper, or simply because he can't stand the rolling of Dr. Stulpnagel's glass eye in Harmony II. Generally, if the groan is only a small one, it fizzles itself out in the gasworks and hot air division of the Common Room. On the other hand, it may become an incubus of terrible domination, racking the student's waking hours and reducing him to a condition of nervous impotency. In such case, if he is sufficiently independent, our undergraduate hies off with his grievance to his professor, and lays the whole weary story before him. The latter interrupts his work of cooking up snooters for the weekly test, hears his alumnus with kindliness, and sends him away happy.

But all professors and their ilk are exceptionally busy men, especially in these days of classes a hundred strong, and many students are reluctant to approach them with problems in this personal, barge-in-barge-out way. So for every personal problem which is brought to the teacher's notice, there are probably a hundred more unsolved simmering and stewing in the minds of his back-benchers, upsetting their application and reducing the efficiency of their work.

The Solution!

Realising that there is nothing more annoying to the student than these niggling problems which can only be settled by discussion between pupil and teacher, some members of the present student executive long ago came to the conclusion that there should be provision in the College's academic constitution for regular formal discussion of problems between students and staff, and the idea of Faculty Committees composed of representatives of both bodies was envisaged. In this respect, Victoria, which has acquired the reputation of being perhaps the most intellectually progressive of the New Zealand Colleges, was well behind Auckland and the Australian Universities.

So the subject was proposed to the Executive, a sub-committee was set up to outline the scheme and collate information from institutions where these student-staff committees are functioning successfully, and a report was submitted recommending that the system be introduced in our own college if students are sufficiently of opinion that it will be of assistance to them. This opinion can be ascertained at a general meeting to be held soon after the first term begins, but the purpose of this article is generally to introduce the subject and to give students an idea of what faculty committees are, and how they work.

In brief, their purpose is, of course, to foster co-operation between staff and students. In a university, where the teacher's function tends to be of a more advisory nature than in earlier educational institutions, there are clearly obvious grounds for such co-operation. It is possible that students may have ideas about the teaching of their subjects which could with profit be considered by the staff, but which are not communicated to it for lack of just such the opportunity which the proposed committees would afford. The immediate function of the committees, therefore, would be co-operative discussion not only on curricula as set down in the Calendar, but also on the method of dealing with the curricula—i.e., discussion of the subjects and of their method of presentation.

Concrete Proposals

It is proposed that students in each department in the College should elect three representatives to a Departmental Committee, of which all members of the department's staff should also be members *ipso facto*, and that a quorum should consist of at least four members. The student members should be elected on the basis of one each from Stage II, Stage III, and Honours classes, the Executive having agreed with the opinion of the sub-committee that the ideas of Stage I students on subjects and methods of teaching are not likely to crystallize until the completion of their Stage I year. In cases this raises heat under freshman collars, however, it is proposed that as soon as any Departmental Committee is elected, it should go to a Stage I lecture, explain its function, and state that it will take recommendations, for which purpose it should call a meeting of Stage I students once a term. The Committees in the normal course of events should be elected at one of the first lectures of the session, in the presence of a

member of the Staff and a member of the Executive.

Those who originally proposed this scheme are not starry-eyed dreamers, nor even prospectus-happy bottlenoses rejoicing in the prospect of an intricate infinity of new committees, all getting no place fast. Equally do they realise that the proposed institution is bound to fail if students don't want it. But they are all students who have spent several years at University, who are familiar with the problems which arise in connection with every course, and who feel that the closer co-operation between staff and students which the proposed committees will provide, will be in the best interests of everyone in the College. When representatives of students and staff can meet at recognised regular intervals to discuss their work and the problems arising from it, in such a way that the point of view not only of one or two stu-

dents but of all the students concerned can be ascertained, progress will really have been made in the task of making ever greater the place occupied by our University in the cultural life of the community. The sentiment inspiring those who propose the introduction of Faculty Committees because they wish to see such progress made, is in the widest sense contained in the following words from the first report of the Executive's sub-committee on the question:—

"The University is profoundly suited to be a model of human educational and cultural organisation. With the breaking down of the very real barrier between staff and students by the growth of co-operation in a sphere of clear mutual interest, we are on the way to achieving such an organisation."

LONDON LETTER . . .

—by Sinbad

The food situation here is not nearly as black as one would imagine from reading the newspapers. The job of a newspaper is to sell news to the public and a critical appraisal of the whole situation is not news; it is anything out of the ordinary which appeals to the imagination of the reader. We get the truth (usually) but not the whole truth. Shortages, failures, mistakes, crimes are news; sufficiency, successes, correct decisions, honesty are taken for granted.

In fact we are not starving. We get enough of everything to feel satisfied, if not bloated. The rations are sufficient to maintain us all in health; probably there are people healthier now than ever before, having had to renounce gluttony; many millions for the first time are getting enough to eat. The chief difficulty is in the lack of variety. One cannot have what one wants when one wants it. One must make do with what is available. Take meat for example. You can't say to yourself as you're walking down the street: "I'll have a chop for tea tonight;" that would use up your whole week's meat ration. But you could have rather crumbly sausages, or fish, or a tin of meat and vegetable stew, any of which would supply the nourishment you needed, and at a comparable price. The diet is much more fish and vegetables than the "meat-three-times-a-day" N.Zer. is used to. Shortage of cooking fats, also, lessens the variety of treatment, frying, boiling, roasting, baking, etc.

This monotony is balanced to a certain extent by a wide selection of delicacies and titbits. Salmon and sardines, dried fruits, different jams and cheeses, can be had at reasonable prices and with not-too great a sacrificing of rationing points. If you can pay you can get poultry, grapes, pineapples, marron glacés, etc. To make full use of these extras involves care on the part of the housewife, both with her budget and her coupons. She must decide whether to buy first, second, or third grade salmon, dried eggs or sardines, bread or cake according to her taste and pocket. If she is intelligent about it, she can prepare meals that will compare favourably with those at Weir House, say, that is adequate if not especially inspiring.

Finally, one can feed in restaurants, hotels, and canteens, without sacrifice of coupons. In London, Lyons "Corner Houses" provide a three-course meal for two or three shillings for as good as can be got in Wellington at the same prices. British Restaurants, Government subsidised, give cheaper meals with more meat. All schools and most factories have canteens providing a hot mid-day meal, also with more meat. One can understand that people who have lived under these conditions for seven years should be rather tired of it. They certainly deserve all the food that can be sent them. But for myself, coming from a land of comparative plenty, I am not in the least worried by the prospects at least for a few years.—SINBAD.

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Salient

Friday,
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A New University

In an article "Federalism or Separatism?" appearing in a weekly journal some months ago, some of the University's most active professors expressed their views on University organisation. Professor Gordon said that, to him, a University is "a community of scholars, both young and old, bound together in the pursuit of knowledge by the complementary activities of teaching and research." In order to make our university conform to this admirable ideal, we must have that independence which "is the very lifeblood of University institutions," and also the necessary machinery for closer collaboration between student and lecturing staff.

The Academic Board and individual professors are doing their utmost to end the frustration which the present system offers to the brilliant and original teacher; the Students' Association and individual students must put their whole effort behind the move to establish Faculty Committees. On the front page of this issue are the tentative proposals.

In one University where Faculty Committees have been set up, students report that the lectures, once a set of deadly dictation periods, have now become lively, interesting and friendly because of agreements reached between staff and students as to the amount of material to be cyclostyled and distributed. There is also valuable help and advice handed on by advanced students who "know the ropes" to the not quite so fortunate freshers, etc. But even this is only a beginning.

If all students take this matter up seriously, Victoria will soon lose that odious title of "grown-up night-school" and will become that force in the community so much desired by staff and students alike. But it must be realised that it is an all-in effort. The first decisive step can be made if a large percentage of students turn up at the Special General Meeting which, it is hoped, will be held early in the term. Individual students may also help by submitting suggestions, possibly through the pages of "Salient."

With the large classes which are expected this year, professors will have many seemingly unsolvable problems, and it is just as vital that there shall be an organisation for presenting these problems to the student—so we may be sure that all members of the lecturing staff who really desire University reform will be in entire support of the scheme. So, let students and staff alike co-operate for their mutual benefit, and we shall have a new and rejuvenated University.

Our Regrets

It is regretted that the proposed plans for a "Salient" weekly did not mature. The failure was not due to any lack of enthusiasm on the part of the editorial staff or students, but entirely on account of the Executive's attitude that they were not prepared to meet the £300 annual deficit that the paper would incur.

While this consideration of the students' financial obligations may be commendable, we feel that the proposed expenditure on such a venture would be more than outweighed by the social and cultural advantages that such a weekly publication would have. For the present and for an indefinite time to come, space limitation confines all published material to the bare reports of college activities, a small literary page, and occasional editorial comments and contributed articles. And in none of these ways can the true latent literary powers of students be developed.

We can only hope that future Executives will be kinder, and perhaps that the matter will be discussed by the college during the Annual General Meeting of students in July.

FILM and STAGE

Let us try to be reasonable about the Americans. If all American adults had a mental age of twelve or under, and if they were really all pathetic sex-ridden emotional wrecks, it is clear that many of the great achievements of the United States would have been impossible. Despite their popular films, songs and magazines, despite the "American way of life," yet in almost every large town in the United States individuals can be found who have reached emotional and mental maturity: to deny this is sheer blindness and social chauvinism.

I mention these things lest it be supposed that what I am going to say is prompted by any prejudice against America. My attitude is simply this: that American films, music and literature, at least those supplied to us in any great quantity, are poisonous rubbish which we should not import; and that if we can't avoid importing them, surely we can avoid imitating them. We can easily be neighbourly to our great ally without shamming any false esteem. In the case of films like "The Southerner" we should be ready to make exceptions. A company wide-awake enough to engage a Frenchman to show them how to make a sensible film should be given due credit.

Unfortunately we not only import large quantities of American canned culture; we also absorb it. In our remotest Maori villages the old chants have been forgotten. A pity, but perhaps inevitable. Is it inevitable, though, that they should be superseded by such songs as "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey," translated into Maori? Early in the war some obscure Maori poet wrote a noble battle-hymn, urging the young warriors to take with them, on their journey across the Great Ocean of Kiwa, the battle-cloaks of their ancestors. The words were inspiring, the conception lofty and mythopoetic; the tune was "Gonna Lock My Heart and Throw Away the Key."

If this sort of thing was happening only in New Zealand, we could regard it as a temporary phase, and hope that our own national culture would in time assert itself. But it is happening all over the world. The British soldiers ran the Nazis out of Africa to the tune of "Gonna Buy Mahself a Paper Doll to Call Mah Own."

Fierce, class-conscious Italian partisans in their mountain strongholds crooned "Polvere di Stelle," i.e., "Star-Dust," as they meditated revenge on the invaders. In a gondola on the Grand Canal I gazed across at the Doge's Palace, the Bridge of Sighs, the Cathedral of St. Mark, and wafted on the wave I heard "I Got Spurs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle," played by an Italian orchestra.

That is why it is so refreshing to see a film like "The Overlanders," where the dialogue, the scenery, the characters and the whole atmosphere are Australian. After the film on "Smithy," we needed some reassuring. Here there are no lofty but bogus sentiments, no smiling through tears such as warms the American heart and rouses the normal gorge. When things look black, the hero does not gaze into a technicolour sunset and mouth a spurious sentiment; instead he rallies the despairing with the words "Think of that bonus."

So far, our own New Zealand films on short subjects have set a high standard. When the time comes for us to make our own full-length films, let us make our own mistakes, not American ones.—H.W.G.

Macbeth

It is with some misgivings I attempt to evaluate the recent Ngalo Marsh production of Macbeth. I find in discussing my impressions with others, that they are either very enthusiastic or strongly condemn the performance, while I find neither of these extremes answer my own impressions.

The actual technicalities of production I thought were excellent, the settings were those of an artist, the groupings were tastefully arranged, the banquet scene for its simplicity yet at the same time striking effectiveness must be recognised as one of the best seen in this town for many years. With such a background the play moved with pace, which is, after all, one of the most important things in presenting Shakespeare, for Shakespeare played poorly is bad but Shakespeare played dully is awful. As a play, then, I feel it had pace, vigour and unity, but the question I began to ask myself at the end of the first act was, "Is this Macbeth as I interpret it? Or as it is commonly interpreted? Or have I become too conservative and resent any varying interpretation?"

It was largely in the question of pace that I found myself most disturbed and disappointed. The pace was so well maintained that the scenes for me lacked variation and subtlety; they roared along at an even tempo of desperation, Macbeth attacking his soliloquies with almost the same tempo he used to address the "lily livered loon." One instance which struck me particularly was his "tomorrow and tomorrow" speech. He has just heard the Queen is dead; he is, I feel, in a thoughtful mood which is interrupted by the messenger. Our Macbeth, instead of despairing, attacked the lines with a vicious impatience. Perhaps this is the correct interpretation but I did not like it.

—and his Lady

Lady Macbeth, too, I found surprising. To me she has always been a swiftly moving, well organised, and intensely efficient woman, until, of course, her breakdown. She has powerful passions, certainly, but they are exultant, rising rapidly towards intense climaxes. That was my preconceived picture of Lady Macbeth, but instead I found a slim girl with an amazingly deep voice giving slow pause and emphasis to every syllable. I cannot help feeling that had she emphasised thoughts and not words the character would have been more convincing.

It is, however, only too easy to find fault with any performance. I could possibly fill another column on the way I feel Macbeth's character should develop from the simple soldier to the scheming tyrant, and how I feel that development of character was missing from the play presented at the Concert Chamber, but such a neg-

ative attitude is a poor reward for the obvious effort and sincere enthusiasm which must have gone into the production which gave me and many others an enjoyable night's entertainment.—J. R. McCREARY.

The Southerner

Going to the pictures is so much a business of twisting one or two banal themes that when a masterpiece of production is displayed one's critical faculties are so blunted that full appreciation is well nigh impossible. There is little savouring of the technical virtuosity of good photography, skilful selection of scenes, the blending of contrasting personalities into the framework of the story.

This condition is engendered by a moribund capitalist philosophy whose *raison d'être* is individual selfishness. The moving spirit in the film world is the box office. This disharmony results in a false identification of gain with merit. Lavish spectacles rivalling those of the Arabian Nights are very often the main criteria of a picture's worth. It often appears that Hollywood has not learned that sheer magnitude is insufficient. Co-existent with this belief is the ridiculous one which insists that the everyday shall be portrayed as life among the upper-bracket bourgeois. John Citizen is, according to screen standards, revealed as an immutable constant, resplendent in dinner suit, nonchalantly tossing down whiskies and sodas between sentences and valiantly striving to withstand the daring wiles of Hay's Office Sinners.

In this welter of confusion and peculiar unreality the screening of the struggles and pursuits of the average individual is an outstanding achievement. The Southerner attempts to do this and makes a good contribution to knowledge on contemporary economic disorders. Apart from the human interest attached to the story of the Tuckers' hardships the film is of particular interest in that it reveals the conditions under which the poor white and negro worker eke out a precarious existence under a degrading form of slavery. Allegedly freedom and private enterprise! The Southerner is a blurred glimpse into the lives of people in the cotton lands of the States. It is a tale of people tottering on the breadline between starvation and bare subsistence. This story of real life seems quite bizarre and fantastic by comparison with current movie entertainment. In this respect the hard bitten, senile grandmother soured by a fruitless struggle against a pitiless nature, though a vivid character, nevertheless jars the senses because of her strangeness on the screen. A refreshing factor in this picture is the complete absence of jingoism and false sentiment. The strain under which the producer must have been labouring hot to break forth into current clichés is shown by one venial lapse. It occurred in the rather melodramatic scene where Tucker's neighbour, an embittered old misanthrope, dates him for the pugilist's waltz. That brand-new wickedly gleaming clasp-knife really makes one's eyes bulge and that standard position with the villain astride Tucker's prostrate body with the razor-sharp knife trembling an inch above the heart makes one ponder on the ways of would-be murderers. It seems as though they were all issued with knives for their foul purposes from the same chain-store.

Philosopher's Song

*I would be glad if I could be
Less like the blasted Bourgeoisie;
Yet I am happy when I snooze
Or see a film, or talk or booze.*

*Like you, I think it would be good
To work for human brotherhood;
And yet a girl with well-shaped knees
Disturbs my ideologies.*

—ANTON VOGT.

BOOK REVIEW

Thieves in the Night. A Chronicle of an Experiment, by Arthur Koestler. (Published by MacMillan, London, 1946.)

The story of "Thieves in the Night" is placed between 1937 and the proclamation of the White Paper, 1939, whilst the experiment described therein concerns a collective Jewish settlement, a Kvutzah, in Galilee, called Ezra's Tower. The founding and development, and consolidation of Ezra's Tower, forms the framework within which a concise analysis of the spiritual process and ultimate fate of certain members with "the thing to forget," which seems to be the driving impulse of several of the communal members, is given. Koestler describes how and why some of the members of the settlement join the Terrorist organisation, the Irgun Zvai Leumi. He paints a brief picture of the efficiency of this organisation as compared with the peaceful modes of compromise adopted by the Jishuv, which eventually led to a mob riot in Jerusalem. The opposing ideals of the socialist Kvutzah and the Fascistic terrorist group are admirably demonstrated in the dialogue between Reuben and Joseph. His description of the role of the English civil servant of both higher and lower ranks, and the Arabs of both town and country, is a realistic one, whilst the causes for the continual immigration of Jews to Palestine which he analyses into three categories, heroism, materialism and persecution, could have brought enlightenment to thousands.

The difficulty of the book lies in the coupling of fiction and fact. Nobody nowadays will distinguish between Koestler's dramatic inventions and the facts. Herein lies the book's danger. It is all too easy for the reader to generalize from the particular incidents described in the book. Thus, after having read the book many would, and do, erroneously conclude that those who live in Palestine settlements are sex ridden authoritarian maniacs; that the Irgun Zvai Leumi is a heroic band of people retaliating only when Arabs rape Jewesses; that the religious inhabitants of Jerusalem are crazy neurotics; that all Arabs are against Jewish settlements. The general impression created by this book is that Koestler is attracted by the sentimentality of violence. In the words of D. R. Elston, "the profound purpose with which this book seems to have set out, the purpose chronicling The Return, is gradually lost as the book proceeds." This is a modern novel, in which an entire society, composed of disparate elements is vibrantly but often too convincingly, set forth.

—E.R.R.

Apart from this minor blemish the whole show was characterised by an astonishing attention to the more unpleasant facts of the social organism and a finely balanced restraint in scenes that could very easily have been over-emotionalised.

—P. JOHANSEN.

WILL THE TRUTH PREVAIL?

—an Important Questionnaire

The forces of reaction are well served in New Zealand by certain sections of our "free" press. Since the last issue of Salient we have had a recurrence of a type of virulent attack on progressive movements—a type of attack which has become too common in this country.

New Zealanders have advanced beyond the stage where they can be swayed by such a violently emotional attack as was made recently in the pages of "Truth" on a questionnaire which was issued to sixth form pupils at Wellington College.

Although most thinking people are probably familiar with the circumstances of the case we shall briefly restate the main facts.

1. The "quiz" gives all the evidence of being a carefully constructed, unbiased and scientific instrument designed to discover to what degree sixth form boys were class-conscious.

2. There was no compulsion involved in answering the "quiz" in whole or in part.

3. There was practically no chance of the discovery of the identity of those who completed the questionnaire.

4. The prior permission of a responsible authority (The Principal of Wellington College) had been obtained.

The author of the attack claims glibly that such an investigation "is a negation of all that democracy is supposed to represent and all that soldiers fought, suffered and died for in World Wars I and II!" If he was one of these soldiers surely he must know that many of those who fought and died in the battle against fascism were young men within the age groups represented by the sixth formers who were invited to complete the questionnaire. Not only have they opinions of their own but they are by no means so "impressionable" as he would have us believe. A fact sufficiently attested by their letters in reply to his rabid criticism.

Without being in possession of sufficient facts and with a temerity found only in the ignorant, the anonymous author rushes into print to attack a genuine and valuable attempt at social inquiry, thereby revealing himself as an uninforming layman with some gift for second-rate abuse and puerile alliteration.

Journalism may have its claim to recognition when used to further the aims of the cheap sensationalism dear to a certain type of scribbler: it is certainly out of place when used merely as a means of demonstrating

its author's complete failure to appreciate the real value of such an investigation designed by wiser men than he.

To the unknown perpetrator of the vituperative splurge under discussion, the questionnaire is "the product of a tenth-rate mind with little or no reasoning powers." How strange. To those versed in the study of psychology and sociology the questionnaire seems to have been carefully and scientifically constructed. But the opinion of experts is apparently as nothing compared with the appeal of sensational "copy."

Wot, No Classes?

But besides displaying a naiveté which might be charming in a two-year-old, the critic makes many assertions which are quite unjustifiable. For example, he claims that in a democratic community there should be no classes, disregarding the fact that in

Exchange Article

RUSSIAN RELATIONS

The following article is taken from "The Daily Trojan," which is the daily newspaper of the students of the University of Southern California, U.S.A. This newspaper, together with those of many other Universities all over the world, may be read on application to "Salient" Room in the Upper Gym.

College students interested in better Russian-American relations should inform themselves on what is really happening in Russia and should complain to newspapers and radio stations which misrepresent facts, said Ella Winter in an interview with a Trojan reporter this week.

Miss Winter, a writer and lecturer, was in Russia for six months in 1944 as a "New York Post" correspondent. Now married to Donald Ogden Stewart, she was the wife of the late Lincoln Steffens. In 1930 she visited Russia with Sherwood Eddy and a United States delegation and returned to the Soviet Union in 1931 to study social and economic changes. Upon return from her third trip to Russia she wrote the recently published book, "I Saw The Russian People."

A Lesson from Hitler

The Hitlerian lesson, "the bigger the lie the more likely people are to believe it," is being employed by some of the American press today, and big lies are being repeated again and again, she said.

"Russia is a geographical entity, a form of society in which 200,000,000 people get up in the morning, eat three meals (if they are lucky), and fall in love and go to college, and like theatres and dancing and are human beings, just as you and I.

"We in this country, have to remind

the community in which we live at present there is not only in fact a division of society into classes but that that division is rigidly enforced—as the labourer would soon discover if he desired to attend a government house ball or a garden party of the wealthy. This despite the fact that our journalist claims that Christ has dignified manual labour for all time. All the questionnaire set out to do was to find to what extent the pupils concerned were conscious of these distinctions actually existing, and the consensus of expert opinion is that it was well-designed for this purpose without in any way tending to imply the existence of such division or influence at all the opinions of those who were given the opportunity to answer it.

Here we may quote from a letter by the President of the New Zealand Association of Scientific Workers—

"It (the questionnaire) was properly designed and of a nature by no means unsuitable for distribution to senior pupils—as was the case. The mischief from such a questionnaire comes through inflammatory, uninformed, intolerant attack such as was made in the article in 'Truth's' pages."

Discussion with the boys concerned proves that they understood the conditions of the questionnaire; while dis-

ourselves of this because of the barrage of attacks using words of high emotional content," she said.

She described "the policy abroad to confound us with confusion."

Commenting on Admiral William H. Standley's recent statement that the Russian people did not know of the extent of American help during the war, Miss Winter said, "I don't know why some American officials say what some American officials say."

"Everyone I met in Russia expressed much love and appreciation to America for the aid they received. Wherever I went, people asked me to please tell Americans how they valued the assistance of America and that they hoped we could be allies in peace as well as in war," she added.

The Russian War Relief Association was called the American Aid Society in Russia, so that the people would know America was sending help, she said.

The Russians are very aware that they helped to preserve the freedom of the world, said Miss Winter, who noted that nearly 25,000,000 Russians were slain by the Nazis.

"The first thing the Nazis did in most of the Russian towns they captured was to kill the librarians and school teachers because they were carriers of culture," she added.

Russia's main weapon in the war was secrecy; therefore correspondents were not allowed to visit the front. But, as a parallel to Russian secrecy, she pointed out that shortly before her trip to Russia, she tried to visit the Ford plant in Detroit so that she could have a basis for comparing Russian and American factories. Officials in the Ford plant told her it would be "completely impossible."

Medical treatment in Russia is free to everyone, according to Miss Winter. Mothers are required to attend clinics regularly for nine months before until

discussion with parents indicates that they are NOT "concerned that there should be no repetition of this pernicious business."

It may be the policy of some papers to attack any kind of scientific social investigation but the public is at least entitled to demand that they shall previously have adequate knowledge of the subject involved, or, if that is too much to expect, that they have their articles on specialized subjects written by someone qualified to do so.

—S. T. H. SCOONES.

• CAPPICADE!

The Editors will be most grateful for any really funny stories you may dare to give them

four years after their children are born, and they are provided with layettes free of charge.

One of Miss Winter's friends, hearing of this, said it was too much regimentation and asked if she didn't like adventure.

"I told him I liked adventure, but when I was having a baby, I also liked having a doctor around," she said.

The ideal of the Soviet Union is to be able to provide every person with an opportunity to be examined by a doctor twice yearly, but the war toll of doctors has retarded this.

Every store in the Soviet Union has a complaint book in which customers who have had bad service or to whom salespeople have been discourteous may enter grievances, Miss Winter said.

"It is the job of everyone in the Soviet Union to help everyone else if he can," she pointed out, "and you have a sense of the community working together for the common good."

Student Life

Students in Russia may choose whatever field they wish to enter, and all education is free except the last two years of high school, for which a fee of 200 roubles has been required recently, Miss Winter said. College education is free for everyone who desires it, she added.

The Russian press differs from the American press in that the Russians consider their press a medium of education as well as information. There is more interpretative handling of the news in Russia than there is in America, she said.

The reason that there are no strikes in Russia is that management and labour have a common interest, whereas American management and labour constantly conflict regarding distribution of profits, Miss Winter added.

Asked about private capital in Russia, Miss Winter pointed out that Russians may sell or barter goods but they cannot hire anyone and make a profit on his work. One may hire someone to perform services for him, but one may not "exploit" another person, she said.

The greatest fear of Russian people today is another war, and as a result Russia is watching the form of Government of adjoining nations very carefully.

"Fascism in Europe is a very real thing to the Russian—a thing which came into the country and almost wiped them out," she declared.

Russia wants to be a peaceful country living in a peaceful world," she concluded.

No student may bring liquor on to College Premises or into the Gymnasium. Offenders will be reported to the Professorial Board and are liable to be "sent down" forthwith. H. I. Dowrick,
Hon. Sec. VUCSA

Logic Chopping

At Victoria, debating ranks high as a popular indoor sport. In fact, if we have developed any traditions at all, then debating is one of them. In the gymnasium, important issues have been hammered at for many years now. But in order that it may carry on, the Debating Society always requires fresh members, whether speaking or listening. It appeals to all freshers to take as active a part as possible in its activities. If you have an opinion on a subject, let's hear it, because it may throw a fresh light on the issue. Don't be frightened out by hearing better speakers than yourself. They all started sometime, and most were probably worse than you at first.

All shades of thought will find their representatives in the VUC Debating Society, but don't expect it ever to decide something once and for all. That is not its function. It aims at getting all aspects of a subject so that a broad whole may emerge. If you have any subject you think should be debated, hand it in to the committee for consideration. If you desire to speak, hand your name in. This year an attempt will be made to stage freshers' debates on pre-war lines in order that new speakers may gain courage in a quieter atmosphere than usually obtains.

This year the demand for space in the gym. exceeds previous years, so it may not be easy to stage a full programme. Those wanting to qualify for Plunket Medal are urged to take part in as many debates as possible early in the year. The Annual Meeting will be held on the second Wednesday in term, March 12, at eight o'clock in the downstairs gym. The first debate will be held on March 28.

The committee will have a good topical subject and looks forward to out-doing last year's opening, when 350 strained the tea and biscuit supply at the opening debate.

For those who hope to shine at talking there are various inducements. A copy of the rules will be available later for those wanting them, but there are the Union and New Speaker's Prizes for debating and the Plunket Medal for oratory. The Concert Chamber has been booked for July 12 for the Plunket Medal. Later in the year, Wellington will be host for the annual New Zealand Joyn't Scroll debating contest and triennial Bledisloe Medal Oratory Contest.

The Society's committee can only plan according to the support it receives, so come along in force to ensure that 1947 ranks as an outstanding year in debating history at VUC.

Maths and Fizz

During the year, the Maths. and Physics Society will hold its usual series of lectures and demonstrations. Freshers may be interested to know that many of these lectures are of a semi-popular nature, and that the society will be pleased to see members of any faculty who are interested. The first meeting for 1947 will be held on Thursday, March 13th, when Mr. G. A. Elby, of the Dominion Observatory, will talk on "The Measurement of Time and Frequency." A brief business meeting and election of officers will precede the talk, which will be followed by discussion and supper.

Hob Nobbing

All social functions at Victoria are organised by a Social Committee which is appointed by the Executive. This year's convener is Hilary Wilton who can be contacted by the letter-rack. The secretary pro tem is Allan Martin. The first major function of the year is Fresher's Welcome to be held in the Gym. this Friday, 7th. There will be dancing from 9 p.m. and an informal welcome in the lower gym. at 8 p.m. Old students (Weir House please note) are asked to come and sing to the freshers. Free tickets for all freshers may be obtained at the Exec. Room.

Capping, Winter Sports (Tournament) and Finals Ball are the formal functions of the year. There will be several Bob Hops and Tea Dances. These will be held approximately every Saturday fortnight from 5-30 p.m.

A sub-committee of the social committee runs jam sessions every alternate Sunday evening in the gym. The social committee is a small one and more numbers, both men and women, are urgently needed. If you are interested please see a committee member of leave your name at the exec. room. Dish washers are ever welcome.

Details of all functions are posted on the notice board well in advance.

Professor Rankine-Brown

—a Tribute

Although it is now ten years since I took my first lecture in Greek from Professor Brown, as he was then, so that I can hardly be ranked as one of his most recent students, yet I could wish to have known him at an earlier time. My generation recalls the kindness of Professor Brown, his great willingness to assist young people, his sane and accurate judgments. But had we come to the University at an earlier period, I fancy there would have been much more to flood the gates of memory.

There would have been a mind more vigorous, more apt to understand and grapple with the problems of his students, more incisive to elucidate them, more insistent upon a wider field, a greater search for comparison between the ancient world and our own. This was our loss. Our opinion might easily be coloured by it. But we need only consider the long period of service and his relentless driving of himself in the fulfilment of his duties for such a prejudice to be removed.

It was this devotion to his task that was his greatness. I remember our astonishment when, as an old man of eighty, he had been knocked down by a passing car. We expected him to have several days at least in bed, recovering. But next day the Professor was back, a little tape over one eye, a little tired looking, but that was all. He seemed indestructible.

Such anecdotes could be multiplied indefinitely, and perhaps when the forthcoming history of the College appears, we shall see them preserved for all to read. Here it only remains for me to add a sincere appreciation of the Professor's scholarship, which was deep, practical and always humane. He had begun by being a devotee of Rome, and ended with an abiding love of Greece. For myself, I can see no greater indication of intellectual progress than this.—D.M.S.

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THE HOUSE ON 92nd STREET OR LIFE WITH THE FBI

Recently in the daily press we were treated to the story of how a man named Eisler has been engaged simultaneously in "directing the work of Red propagandists in the U.S.A.," "running the American Communist Party," supervising "a monumental attempt to steal America's atom bomb secrets," and "aiming to overthrow the American government." Some man! The witch-hunt was started by a former Communist named Budenz who is now Professor of Anti-Communism at Notre Dame University and chief discoverer of Red plots for the McCormick, Patterson and Hearst newspaper chains.

Below is reprinted a letter from Eisler's wife to a New York publication.

To New Masses.—Many things happen in a person's lifetime, and many things happened to me, too. But what is going on right now is quite unusual, and that is why I want to write about it.

There was a time, way back in Germany, when I was trailed by the Gestapo. They came across some pamphlets in a working-class district, denouncing their Fuehrer and his ideas, and they got a hunch I might have something to do with it. So they followed me wherever I went, and young and inexperienced as I was, I was completely unaware of the shadows that followed my path. It was quite a surprise and a shock to me when later one of the bandits told me that on such and such a day he and his colleague ate in a certain restaurant at the same time as I did. Well, to make a long story short, it did cost me a bad time in Hitler's prison, and looking back I was certainly lucky to have got away so "cheaply."

I found asylum in many countries, but wherever I went Hitler went too, and finally I had to cross the ocean and came to the U.S. With Hitler Germany defeated and the Nazis crushed I thought it might be a good idea to go back there and work in the ranks of decent, democratic Germans in their terrific job despite the fact that I am Jewish, and that it was from the hands of Germans that my family met their most cruel fate.

There were very exciting days of saying goodbye to all my dear American friends, and it was not easy to say farewell to New York, which I love and which was home to me for so many years. But one morning I woke up and found myself the wife of a super-duper "Kremlin agent," with my name and picture in all the papers and all the fanfare the American press gives so-called "sensations."

I must have had a very naive notion of the FBI, thinking of it as a kind of secret police that follows one very discreetly and in such a way that one is not aware that all his movements are watched. I learned better these last days. I and the whole street on which I live can watch them. I know all their habits, their gestures and their peculiarities. There are about six to eight FBI men attached to us day and night, posted at strategic points. Two in the courtyard, two half a flight above our apartment, sitting on our stairs, sticking their heads out as soon as the door opens or someone rings the bell. The rest sit in two, sometimes even three cars, always ready to turn the motor on. When we leave the house, the employees of that great American educator, J. Edgar Hoover, go with us. When we go shopping they post themselves right in

front of the door, frightening the storekeepers who would like to talk to us a little. When we go to a restaurant they occupy the table next to us; when we go to the movies they sit in the row behind us. The other day we thought they should get something good for their money and we went to see the picture "Russia on Parade."

My husband likes to take long walks, and whether they like it or not (chances are they do not like it) they have to walk with him quite a few city blocks. I think they like restaurants and movies best. We, of course, do what we can for them. Sometimes they get bored standing around downstairs, so they play with the children in my street. The most popular game with the children now is "FBI." They sing in a chorus and print the three letters on the sidewalk.

There is sightseeing, too. People from the neighbouring streets come around and the natives show them where the "Moscow Spy" lives. I don't blame the people in my street for keeping the vigil with the FBI. They have the time of their lives. After all, how often does it happen that a neighbour, whom they thought to be a nice, mild-mannered man, turns out to be the boss of all the Reds? That sensation has to be enjoyed to the last drop. But they are kind of bewildered by our behaviour. We walk through the street, go to the grocer as if nothing happened. One woman expressed the good instinct of the common people and their sense of justice when she asked the simple question: Why were the Communists good enough to help us win the war, and why are they persecuted now?

Why that psychological warfare against us? What kind of "ersatz" prison is this supposed to be? Even if "Life With Father" had a run of several years, I hope our "Life With the FBI" will end soon. We bore each other to death.

HILDE EISLER,
Queens, New York.

Maths and Physics Society

★

A popular talk on

THE MEASUREMENT OF TIME AND FREQUENCY

by Mr. George A. Elby
of Dominion Observatory

THURSDAY, MARCH 13 . . . 8 p.m.

En Travail

In the western democracies, contrary to the theories expounded by Political Scientists, the determination of policy has almost exclusively become the domain of a few. Political parties have been reduced to mere electioneering bodies whose function it is to return every three or five years respectively, a majority of their members to the Legislature. The New Zealand Labour Party has not failed to fit itself into this respectable Parliamentary pattern.

The recent general election has shown to what extent this once militant political body has lost its contact with the people and the trade union movement. With it the Labour Party has sacrificed its independence of action and its leaders have deliberately repudiated the pledges which brought them into power 12 years ago. The election was conducted in a spirit of complete political apathy, as it was difficult for the voter to detect any essential differences between the two major political parties. On the one hand the Labour Party was drawing attention to its past achievements, while the Tories merely promised to maintain them.

The National Party accused the Prime Minister of aiming at "Ultimate Socialism," an aim which Mr. Fraser could not repudiate quickly enough. Only three months prior to November 27, Prime Minister Attlee re-affirmed his party's determination to lead Britain towards Socialism—ultimately. Socialists in the country would be pleased to know what the present leaders of the Labour Party have in mind. Is the Fabian programme of ultimate socialism which, we believe, has been the basis of Labour policy for the last 45 years, to be discarded in favour of MacDonaldism? Are we being prepared for still greater respectability in order to maintain and not even reform a vicious economic system?

The record of the Labour Governments in New Zealand, Britain and Australia has been a splendid one. In their internal policy they have had until now the whole-hearted support of worker, small farmer, and, incidentally, not an inconsiderable number of intellectuals. The main criticism from their own ranks has arisen chiefly on issues of foreign policy. Here, the essential weakness of a Reformist party has been more clearly demonstrated. A party which is pledged to maintain and administer a capitalist state cannot be expected to have a progressive, socialist foreign policy aimed at the strengthening of the democratic and socialist organisations abroad. The next few years will be decisive ones for the British Labour movement. The Labour Party will only be able to maintain its leadership if it succeeds in regaining its former militancy by adopting "Socialism" as its aim in action.

It must rid itself of "MacDonaldism" and its obscure dogma and it must realise fully that compromise with the Tories will lead to its own destruction as a political party of the working class. The New Zealand Labour Party must take up the challenge and again become a dynamic force in the life of this country, instead of being merely an electioneering body whose functions are inadequate, uninspiring and in the end—negative.—SOCIALIST.

CHRISTIAN MOVEMENTS

—Where and When

To 50-odd students last year, the end of finals meant not only an opportunity for letting off steam, but also for rounding off the year's work and thought.

The theme of the Post-exam. camp held at Wallis House, was based on the "Aims and Objects" of the N.Z.S.C.M.—a theme which we felt would bring us into close recognition of the fundamentals of our Christian faith. Speakers, who included Rev. J. M. Bates, Mrs. A. B. Cochran, Rev. M. Sullivan, Mr. Dowsett and Miss Joan Benton, dealt simply and forcefully with such problems as the Divinity and the Humanity of Christ, the Reality of Sin, the Power of the Holy Spirit and the position of the S.C.M. in the world. Questions flowed thick and fast, proving that these were problems on which students, whether Christians or Agnostics, had thought extensively.

In keeping with the theme was an open-air play-reading of Mark Connelly's "Green Pastures"—a play which outlines wittily, dramatically, and often movingly the Negro conception of religion.

Post-exam. camp also gave us an opportunity to meet Rev. Martin Sullivan, newly-appointed chaplain to the S.C.M. at V.U.C. His contacts with students at camp and later at Conference have already proved his interest in students and his keen desire to meet and talk with them.

The climax of all S.C.M. activities for the year, however, was the Annual Conference held at Ngatawa College, Marton. Informality was the keynote of the Conference, and a live sense of fellowship, of common endeavour, whether in study or in washing dishes rapidly unified the 120 students who attended.

The theme of the Conference was as topical and as vital as it could have been—"The Church in the World, in Idea, and in History," with special emphasis on the S.C.M. motto "*Ut omnes unum sint*"—That all may be one. The programme included a series of panel addresses—"The Meaning of History" (Mr. O. E. Burton), "The Significance of Theology" (Rev. J. M. Bates), "The Claims of Science" (Mr. D. Patterson), "The Place of Politics" (Miss P. Evans), and a co-ordinating address by Rev. E. Simpson—"From Theory to Practice." Of intense interest were a series of tutorials on Church History by Mr. H. Miller. A study written by Rev. B. Nottage prompted keen discussion on every aspect of the Church and its relationship to the modern world.

Shooting the Bull

As you have been made aware, the Victoria University College Students' Association levy a compulsory sports fee which enables students to join any of the University Clubs. Are you desirous of participating in an attractive year-round sport, which makes the least drain on your valuable time? It is a sport with world-wide following and has associated with it a large body of tradition. The Sport of Target Shooting is recognised as one of the most truly international of all sports and competitions of this nature have been held since Robin Hood alias Locksley shot at the willow wand. But fairy tales and folk lore apart, Victoria College, can, through the Victoria University Defence Rifle Club, supply all the necessary gear and instruction to enable you to participate in this sport. The Club is very anxious to obtain your support and remember you can represent Victoria twice each year in this sport and this itself is unique at V.U.C.

The school chapel was perfectly fitted for the devotional side of the Conference, and here Rev. J. A. Jermy conducted a School of Prayer, a World Student Christian Federation service, and finally a service of Praise.

As each afternoon was left free, we had ample time to indulge in swimming sports, a tennis tournament, a N. v. S. Universities cricket match and an all-day picnic. And of course, in every free moment there was talk—at meals, in the dormitories, over the sink, or sprawling on the lawn—for you can always find someone differing from you in some beliefs but with the same sense of studentship and above all, the same awareness of Christianity.

Viewed as a totality, however, Conference leaves a confused mass of memories—drinking cocoa and arguing on predestination, howling with laughter at meal-time, kneeling in the chapel, swimming at 6 a.m.—a whole kaleidoscope of talk, laughter and action mingled with moments of deep reverence, of a new awareness of firmer faith and belief. Words cannot convey the simplicity and the complexity of Conference life; its best advertisement is simply the fact that once experienced it is impossible to miss another Conference.

This year begins with a tea followed by an Opening Service at St. John's Church, Willis Street, on Sunday, March 9. The following Saturday there will be a Freshers' Welcome Picnic (probably at Wilton's Bush) and it is hoped that every Fresher will roll up on both these occasions. Watch the notice-boards for further details and make a point of being there.

Full particulars can be obtained from the following.—Vic. McKenzie, Tom Howarth, or Vance Henderson. A note left in the rack will suffice.

Drama Club Active

The scarcity of talent during this early part of the year, certain economic barriers, and difficulties with properties, have prevented the Club from staging its big production, "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The hope was to stage this at the St. James.

Instead, in the second week of March, the Club will present Coward's "Private Lives," in the gym. The play is light and amusing and (to save unnecessary strain during the performance and embarrassment afterwards), has no hidden meaning.

For freshers, this play will serve as an introduction to the Club, and the Club hopes that intending members will contact the Secretary as soon as possible.—G.J.

A Socialist Club —and Why

The V.U.C. Socialist Club is now entering its second year, in which it hopes to progress still further with the work begun last year. The need for such a club, to strive for a progressive policy in this college, and above all to work for co-operation between progressive students everywhere, has been recognised for many years, and particularly at the present when the foundations of international brotherhood and unity must be laid, if ever. This is the principle which activates the Socialist Club; and it is the principle which was recognised by the 70 students, many of them ex-servicemen, who founded it.

In an institution such as this College, which has traditionally remained isolated to a large extent from the community around it, and particularly in a country like this, untouched by fascist invasion and remote from the fierce struggles which today grip Europe and Asia, it is all too easy to become heedless of the terrible seriousness of the recent war, and of the threat of recurrence which surely remains. It is not easy to remember always that half of the world is starving, that the students of the war-stricken countries are often without books, without buildings, even without food, and in many countries are still subject to savage political oppression. It is not easy to realise, but it is true. It is our duty to remember it, and to do our utmost to aid those less fortunate people—not only by material and moral assistance, but by securing democracy in our own country.

Why, then, a Socialist Club? It is because in every country of the world, both during the recent war and in the present crisis, it is socialism which has offered the most steadfast and determined resistance to fascism; because socialism, through its faith in the fundamental dignity of humanity, today forms the vanguard of political and economic democracy. The socialist students of this College do not forget the example of the socialist students of Europe and Asia; may we at Victoria not prove unworthy of it.—

H.C.E.

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V.U.C. Athletes Shine at International Meeting

After a somewhat inglorious semi-recess, the running, jumping and throwing fraternity of this college are beginning to make their presence felt in Wellington athletic circles in no uncertain fashion. With over fifty active members (and are they active!) the committee are beginning to think that the club can now be reckoned a real force in athletics. This opinion is borne out by the increasing frequency of late with which the green and gold have taken the honours at local meets.

At the recent International Meeting at Athletic Park, Varsity men were well to the fore. Invited to compete against the American athletes, J. Battersby surprised the handicapper (and himself) with a stout effort of 34 ft. 11 ins. to win the invitation shot-put. In the same event, Fred Marshall managed, also with the aid of the handicap, to equal the giant Hershey. In the invitation discus throw, Marshall, again with the aid of a handicap, took second place with Hershey 3rd. At the same meet, B. Pohlen and Dillon registered convincing wins for the Club; Pohlen taking the mile walk and Dillon both the 220 and 100 yards open handicaps.

The conclusion of the first Dewar Shield meeting found Varsity equal second with such well established clubs as Hutt and Wellington. A satisfactory position considering that junior events count for points and Varsity cannot field a junior team in any event.

If the results of the Provincial Championships mean anything, amends will soon be made for the poor showing of our athletes at the last Easter Tournament. D. Tossman started the ball rolling with a clear cut win in the 440 hurdles with G. Fox coming in well to make 1st and 2nd for the green and gold. B. Pohlen made no race of the 3 mile walk while Fred Marshall's winning effort of 121 ft. 9 ins. with the discus was a foot outside the existing Tournament record. The first part of the programme finished with Varsity winning three of the five events decided.

At the finish of the championships, Brian Pohlen won the mile walk in fast time to take the double for the Tournament and Fred Marshall completed his double by winning the shot-put in convincing fashion, with Jim Battersby a fair third. The high-light of the evening was Varsity's effort in the relay; Benjamin came home leading after the 440 but an unfortunate change left Doug. Dillon with a 20 yard deficit against the Wellington furlong champion; he stuck gamely to his task, as did Alan Catt, and the pair pulled really well. Catt handed the baton over to Dave Tossman who gave chase after the Provincial 880 Champ. The crowd felt the drama of the event and everyone was straining, trying to help Dave as he gradually closed the gap and all applauded him heartily as he got within two yards of the other man at the tape.

Juniors Rafter and Lisslenko also performed very well and both show promise of being valuable senior club members in the future. Lisslenko won the junior discus with 121 feet while Rafter took the junior 440 heat quite comfortably on the first day.

On the second day Lisslenko was second in the javelin throw and second in the shot-put; but it was young Pat Rafter who really thrilled the crowd. He won the 880 junior in convincing manner in time which should put him in the front of all juniors in N.Z. His 440 win against older runners was also a sight for sore eyes.

Our club was second in the McVilly Shield (most points for seniors) out of 13 clubs, and second in the Rouse Shield (most points for juniors) out of 14 clubs. This latter effort is quite outstanding as we only have two junior athletes in the club. Their 3 firsts and 2 seconds out of the five events entered for, is a fairly solid basis for building up future Tournament teams.

To date it can be seen that it has been a most successful season for the club but the committee have a complaint to make which is really heart-felt. The club is short of women—athletically speaking, of course. The

VUC SOCCER CLUB

(twice winners of Tournament honours)

invite you to attend their

Annual General Meeting on Tuesday, April 2

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All players or intending players
are invited to attend

WATCH NOTICE BOARD FOR DETAILS

lady membership stands at a solitary one (who never turns out for competitions) so students will see that the need is urgent if we are to be represented by the fair sex at Easter Tournament. So roll up, ladies! Make yourself known at Kelburn Park on Club night (Monday) and you will be assured of a hearty welcome.

The Inter-Faculty Sports are to be held on March 15; any Varsity student (male or female) can compete and from this meeting the Tournament team will be picked. Anybody who wishes to enter should fill in the appropriate particulars on the notice-board.

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Ballet Mistress for Extrav.

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per Exec. Room

SWIMMING SEASON GOING WELL

This year the Swimming Club has, without doubt, had its most successful season for some considerable time as far as centre championships and carnivals are concerned. Des Dowse, our star performer, has won the 100 yards and 220 yards Wellington Breaststroke Champs. (In the latter event he broke the record), while Des Dickson won the 100 yards Wellington Backstroke Champ. In the Peck Shield, the 1½ miles Harbour Swim, we supplied the individual winner, Nanette Broom, while our team finished third in the team's race. Doug. West, Bob Smith, Cath. Eichelbaum and Peter Fleischl have all contributed to our successes at the various carnivals where we have won more than our share of the handicap events, while we are proud to



Nanette Broom



Des Dowse

record that we have the crack medley relay team in Wellington.

Our prospects for tournament look brighter than they have for some years as Dowse should be successful in both the Men's Breaststroke Events while Pip Piver is a likely contender for the diving. Nanette Broom and Gwenda Martin should be worthy representatives in the Women's events.

The date for the Inter-Faculty Tournament has not yet been settled but notices will be posted on the various notice boards in the College. We should like to see a large attendance of freshers at club nights which are held every Thursday night at 8 p.m. in Thorndon Baths.

The Gentle Art . . .

After some effort, sufficient equipment has been acquired to run the Boxing Club successfully, and for some time members have been training in the upper gymnasium. Hopes are high for the Boxing Tournament at Auckland this year, as we have an excellent trainer and keen members. It is also proposed that a local tournament be held early in the term and for this a large new membership is needed. Sparring partners and would-be tournament representatives are both urgently needed.

Training times are 7-9.30, Monday and Thursday nights, and 9.30-11.30 Saturday mornings. Intending members should contact the secretary, John Roberts (53-199) as soon as possible.

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