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Salient

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

Vol. 15, No. 7

Wellington, May 1, 1952.

By Subscription

SALIENT

Special Eight
Pages

By Subscription
6d. a Copy

WOMEN & SEX

A comparative study, by an American in New Zealand

(Reprinted by courtesy of the Weir House Magazine Committee.)

AS many of my Weir friends, who have been subject to my critical joking remarks about New Zealand girls, know, there is a rather sharp contrast between the appearance and personality of the American and the New Zealand female. I thought, therefore, that an analysis of some of the differences, as I see them, might perhaps prove of interest to your readers. Considering the fact that I shall be gone when the magazine appears, I hope that you will permit the release of a few aggressive impulses which result from the sexual frustration I have felt this year.

To understand these differences one must consider the dating system in the United States—a social phenomenon of which most New Zealanders seem to have a fairly accurate but somewhat over-elaborate impression. It is highly organised in the sense that informal, implicit norms exist for most aspects of behaviour. The norms continually change, however, and as a result dating "rules" are not rigid and often ambiguous; that it cannot be thought of as a system as such. Because of, and as a result of, extensive dating, the girl's prestige is largely measured in terms of her popularity—the number of dates she has, her beauty, her sex-appeal, her personality, and other, indefinable, date-getting qualities. Dates are not merely a means to marriage—they are methods of having a good time and of achieving status in a larger world that is more highly competitive than New Zealand. This type of life has resulted in some definite over-all differences in the femininity of these two nations.

Perhaps we could start by the use of a few adjectives sprinkled liberally without discretion:

THE AMERICAN GIRL is best described as sophisticated; she is also coy, seductive, superficial, feminine, careful in dress, subject to fads, dominant in a very subtle manner, outwardly competitive, "catty," attractive in natural beauty, figure and personal care, resourceful, self-assured to the point of conceit, vivacious, subtle in the "use" of sex, independent, adaptable, versatile, impractical, shrewd, scheming.

THE NEW ZEALAND GIRL is best typified by the word "simple"; she is also obvious, considerate, naive, careless in personal care, relatively indifferent in dress, less superficial, lacking in self-confidence, not adaptable, reserved, unable to "use" sex except by obvious expression, insecure in a dating situation, submissive, fair-minded, outwardly complacent, more cultured in the arts, more educated academically.

If I should be accused of being prejudiced I can only repeat that I am an American seven months from home. Actually of course neither description is typical completely to the extremes, one way or the other.

But to illustrate the contrast, pretend that you are at an American university of about ten thousand males and three thousand females.

If you want a date for Saturday week, you'd better get busy for if she's good looking you're already too late. As you look out of the dorm window you can see couples walking or lying on the grass. The greater number of these couples, you can statistically calculate, do not "go steady" and certainly will never be married, for the females, especially in their first years of college life, are looking for variety and a good time.

You phone—the line is busy—you phone again ten minutes later and the line is still busy, and so you hold the dial down for seven minutes, hoping that the six other guys who are trying to "get in" are not doing the same. At length you're successful; you're lucky she's there for the chances are greater than she is out for a coke with someone else or is at her sorority house. She could be out playing tennis—but not hockey—but it is unlikely for athletics, while indulging in, are not feminine.

You open with casual conversation and attempt to guess from her voice whether she's glad you phoned. Then you ask, worked into the conversation as casually as possible, if she

FOSTER was a gifted American—or as he would have it Texan—Student studying Psychology under the Fulbright scheme. It is therefore to be presumed that he knew what he was talking about. The above article first appeared in the 1951 Weir House Magazine from which it is reprinted by kind permission of the proprietors.

will go to the Puny Man's Ball with you Saturday week. You do NOT ask "Are you busy Saturday week," for this may necessitate her being untruthful and is not "proper." As well she wants to know where you are taking her for the importance of the occasion may influence her decision. You're in luck—she accepts by saying "I'd love to"; the last time you had to call five different women. You want her to leave her dorm by 8.0 so you tell her to be ready at 7.30.

The day arrives she comes down at 8.15 saying, "I'm terribly sorry but . . ." She is wearing the £1 (the lowest price) corsege you sent her. It is only a few blocks away but you get a taxi, for to walk or take a tram is unheard of in formal dress. You enter the hall proudly for she walks gracefully and she is dressed skilfully and carefully—her femininity can never be challenged.

She seems confident and self-assured during the evening but talks to you as if you're the authority. When she talks to others—either by the use of her eyes, body or mouth—you can't help but feel that this mass of glamour and the chatter which comes out is a little superficial and about one inch deep; but that's the female way and you let it go at that—

You dance in dim lights, cheek to cheek, to slow music without a pronounced rhythmic beat. There is an occasional break for Latin music or

Liquor License For Caf?

AT a meeting held in a well-known Willis St. establishment last night it is reported that a society to be known as the S.L.C. (Society for the Licensing of the Cafeteria) was formed. Very little is actually known of the meeting itself but several shrewd observers state that they have already formed opinions as to the society's object. One of the more prominent members, when approached by Salient, told the reporter that a patron and a president had already been elected.

a fast dance, but dancing in the U.S. is not an athletic event; there is no race around the outside track.

She carries a "bag of tricks" around with her; socially she is skilful and well-poised—with the techniques she endeavours to satisfy her desire and usually does even at your expense. You even enjoy it—sometimes. Due to the competitive element and to the lack of institutionalisation in dancing, the situation is somewhat ambiguous. You are careful to listen during the evening for any second meaning in her conversation; you reply in an equally vague way, but it is useless for she can read you like a book—but you don't know it. If she asks about your room-mate in "that" way, chances are you're out—you're just a fool. If she subtly mentions next Saturday is free that's your cue, and you stand a chance for the time being anyway. You try to find out her interests and secrets in a blow for blow, cat-and-mouse sort of a struggle of hints, jokes and serious conversation. Neither is sure what the other means; each is trying to feel the other out. You admire her poise and social skill for seldom, if ever, is she caught off her guard or not knowing exactly what to do.

The dance is over. You might go straight home or you might take a detour—chances are she knows which it will be but you "decide" never knowing that you didn't. Having spent the whole night accumulating the courage, you try to kiss her good-night: you might as well have saved yourself the anxiety for there is little for you to decide. At least her refusal is pleasant—she has had practice—you can tell that. She says she has had a wonderful time; you think that she may mean a little more than that . . . but you're never sure. You leave pleased, anxious, wondering, frustrated.

Space and safety will not allow a description of the New Zealand scene. Weir Housemen can make the comparison for themselves—but don't make any assumptions! I like them both; after all there are some things that all women have in common.

R. J. FOSTER.

Somewhat reluctantly, he stated that Mr. Win Stevens was elected patron unanimously and cumclamatu. The fight for president, he said, was most closely contested, resulting finally in a win for Mr. Dick Siddells from Mr. Lance Robinson. The polling in this election went as follows:—

Siddells:

12 hiccups,
1 pint of beer,
1 inebriated barmaid,
2 policemen.

Robinson:

8 belches (pardon!),
3 broken glasses,
1 beer-soaked tobacco packet,
1 magistrate,
£1 and costs.

Mr. Con Bollinger, it is understood, declined nomination for this post on the grounds that he considered the responsibility would outweigh the pleasure. As yet, there is no women's president, but we believe that Mrs. Tilly Piper will be offered the job.

Our communicant said that his knowledge of the remainder of the meeting was hazy, but he seemed to recollect the chairman saying something about an adjournment, immediate cries of "Beer, beer," and the meeting breaking up in consumption.

When asked to comment on this society Mr. D. B. Horseley said that he was hazy about almost the whole thing, while Mr. L. B. Piper believed that it would subsequently become affiliated to the Peace Movement. Perhaps their slogan could be "Here it is!"

At future meetings, our reporter will endeavour to be present and give our readers a first-hand description of this interesting and praiseworthy society.

AN APOLOGY

IN column three, lines 26 and 27 of Prof. Hughes' letter in last week's issue the phrase "the most impeccably orthodox statement of atheism," should read "the most impeccably orthodox statement of theism."

We realise that mistake altered the sense of the phrase and therefore apologise to the author and the readers of the article.



Darkly foreboding, Weir House stands grimly menacing against the sombre skyline. Behind the electric fence live half-men, half-beasts. The room where our contributor was interned has just recently been converted to a debauchatorium. This interesting social phenomenon may only be visited under escort of the warden.

Salient

AVE ET VALE

AS the first editor who was appointed without coming up from the ranks, without the approval of the staff with an editorial announcing my appointment as a break with Salient's tradition I found that being Editor is not easy even if all the staff do approve.

Salient is not any easy job and I say that not in defence but for the benefit of all editors past and to come. Unlike a paper at another university our staff is usually no more than a dozen while theirs is usually thirty. Finances are a difficulty and time is limited. Printing costs continue to rise and student interest is not yet sufficient to ensure that Salient is a real organ of student opinion. It could better be headed "an organ of opinion of a few students."

Salient should not exist to put forward a party point of view even if it can have its own views. It has already been my view that the editor stuck for copy should only reprint as a last resort and should never reprint articles which favoured his political view but were rather of interest to the general body of the students.

For many reasons I am glad that at last the old staggers of Salient and the old identities of Victoria are disappearing from Salient. Too long an association with Salient and with the College removes the staff from the student mind, creates a clique and takes Salient too far out of the College.

It may have appeared that for the last year Salient has ascended again into an Ivory Tower and if it has that appearance I regret it. Nevertheless if Salient devotes too much space to the world and too little to the University it fails in my opinion to do its first duty. Let Salient promote the thinking mind, the intellectually vigorous university and the students will themselves make outside affairs their concern.

I must thank those who differed with me and tolerated me. Staffers sometimes disliked my editorials but a composite editorial on which all the staff agree would necessarily in most cases be a colourless thing. To the staff my thanks for their increased interest. I regret that I have to leave Salient and although Editors rarely write editorials such as this I have because I hope that Salient did not depart so far from its tradition while I was its editor but rather found it again and attempted to make that tradition a vital thing known to all students.

MAURICE McINTYRE

[This issue of Salient was edited by the interim editor, T. H. Hill, as Mr. McIntyre's approaching marriage prevented his editorship continuing. The best wishes of Salient to the newly married couple.—T.H.H.]

CONTRIBUTORS ARE ASKED TO REMEMBER THAT COPY SHOULD BE LEFT IN THE MEN'S COMMON-ROOM RACK BY 7.30 FRIDAY, OR 3 p.m. SUNDAY PRECEDING THURSDAY OF ISSUE.—Editor.

You're in the Army Now

(Continued from Page 6.)

They do tell us though, that there is a new weapon called "Nerve Gas" which is colourless, odourless and tasteless, and the symptoms of which are running eyes, hacking cough, the jitters and loss of control—shouldn't the authorities keep a sharp look-out for an attack of this sort over Capping Week?

"TANKIES"

When we finally came to corps training the fortunate ones were placed in the Royal N.Z. Armoured Corps, while the privileged of those went into the N.Z. Scottish Regiment. We learnt in those four and a half week of specialist training, wireless procedure and maintenance, gunnery, driving and tank maintenance. Day as far as we were concerned was the day we moved out of camp to engage the enemy on "Operation Twelve and Six," which was a three-day manoeuvre out in the desert. About thirty Valentine tanks, five carriers and two Daimler scout cars (manned by the Scottish), and numerous other jeeps, lorries, and breakdown trucks were engaged on the scheme and yet all but two vehicles came back under their own power, but there were of course countless delays while broken tracks were mended, feed pipes renewed or radiators plugged. Even many seasons of sleep-out around the shores of Lake Taupo did not harden one to the rigours of sleeping beside a tank on nights so frosty that the blankets would be hard by morning (and this was the summer!!). There was tremendous practical value in this three-day scheme, not only of keeping one's vehicles in running order, but also of living together as four men teams inside the tanks, and this last was perhaps the most essential of all. Once the victors had returned to base there remained only the cleaning up

HELP!

NO, that's not what the young maiden shouted when the Haka Party closed in on her with that old, old look in its collective eye. Actually it is the despairing cry of the Cappicade Editorial Committee, which is in dire need of an unscrupulous gang of thugs and blackjack artists who will not take "No" for an answer and who, with an awe-inspiring zeal and energy, will not give up the grim struggle of preventing the general public from paying more than 1/6 for their copy of our version of the New Zealand Woman's Weekly. Remember, if you sell more than 250 Cappicades you automatically become entitled to a free clean and a

FREE BALL TICKET.

More details and a photo next week.

to do before we were ready for home. Military training need not be dreaded; there is good food and a good time provided one is willing to accept the situation. The life is perhaps, rather sterile for university intellectuals, but if all our "ivory-towerists" were to spend only a few weeks in a military camp they would soon learn that co-operation is essential in community life, everyone must pull his weight. Here we ought to have a community life, and who knows, by the time we have all experienced the Army, maybe we will.

"SLIDEX 365694."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Critic Answers

Back

SIR,—If it was possible to do so, Mr. E. H. Belford in a letter to the Editor which was printed in the last issue exceeded his usual low level of criticism. I think that the Editor should have exercised his editorial function and refused to print such a travesty of the critic's art. However, in reply to Mr. Belford allow me to make the following six points.

Firstly, Mr. Belford has confused criticism of his report with criticism of himself as an individual. I called his criticism "pretentious, childish, and stupid"—not Mr. Belford. Although of course if the report was stupid it is possible if not probable that the critic is stupid also—but I never said so.

Secondly, I definitely did not misquote Mr. Belford's report. I quoted him twice, directly from the "Evening Post," and upon checking I have found my quotations correct in every detail.

Thirdly, I did not attribute Mr. Belford with a high regard for any third-rate poet—indeed I doubt if Mr. Belford would know the difference between a first- and a second- or third-rate poet. I merely arrived at a farcical conclusion of an example of reasoning based on Mr. Belford's absurd comments as premises.

Fourthly, it was not my intention to use my space criticising the "Post's" review. To use words from Mr. Belford's letter, I "made better use of the considerable space allowed" me by making "a fair job of the review."

Fifthly, although according to Mr. Belford I have not been specific, I quoted and commented on two of Mr. Belford's inane comments, and that despite the fact it was not my primary aim to criticise the "Post's" report.

In conclusion, allow me to point out that poetry readings are not held to provide entertainment for a theatre audience, but for an audience peculiarly and especially equipped culturally for the appreciation of poetry.

—T. H. HILL.

Moans From the Tory Towers

SIR,—Have you ever posted a letter in the mailbox in the main entrance? If so don't be fooled by the notice stating the clearing times as 11.30, 2.30 and 4.30. The person responsible for clearing the box is either too lazy to clear it more than once a day or else if he is now only meant to clear it this often, too lazy to change the notice on the box stating the new clearance time. The box is never cleared Saturday morning.

For good clean sport I suggest you take a stroll around by the incinerator and watch the half dozen rats and other vermin playing in the unburned rubbish—rumour has it that this free entertainment is provided for us because the Biology Department staff object to the smoke.

And then again to raise another ghost of the past—where's the drinking-fountain we have often been promised, the clean towels, soap and toilet paper in the men's lavatory?

—Truscott II.

[To Truscott II a laurel—he smelt a rat and wishes with Salient to nip it in the bud.—Ed.]



ERIC BROWN (Canterbury) who put up the fastest time of 2.2 secs. for the Drinking Horn.

A Drama of Drama

SIR,—As a general rule, an actor has not the right of reply to a newspaper critic, asking for criticism as he does, by appearing on stage. I would like to make it clear that I write not as a member of the cast of The Rivals, but as a member of the Drama Club pleading for a higher standard of criticism. Actors are keenly interested in their reviews, as authoritative opinions on their performances, and are entitled to valid and worthwhile Press notices. It is the practice in England and on the Continent that the dramatic critic is not per se the dictator of half a column. Categorical statements of opinion by authorities on theatre, such as J. C. Trewin, or in this country, W. J. Mountjoy, Jr., or Frederick Farley, are to be accepted. But I feel very strongly that, in justice to our actors, your reviewer, in Salient of March 27, should reveal either the wide theatrical experience and knowledge that enables him to make strong criticisms without explaining his reasons, or the reasons themselves. For example, I refute the statement that the cast were restricted by the director's conception of their characterisation, and in particular, that Anne Flannery languished too much.

Such an observation as this last, should spring only from a sound understanding and experience of the play, if not backed up with good reasons—has your critic seen this particular character on the stage before? Your anonymous authority mentions how easy it is to pick a play to pieces—and proceeds happily to do so. I earnestly hope he knows this is not his simple function. Constructive advice, from a non-technical, spectator's viewpoint should not include relatively unimportant observations upon an elevated eyebrow, a precarious wig or a slamming door—valid criticisms, perhaps, but not to the exclusion of such canons of criticism as meaning, form, expression, movement, timing, setting, dressing, production, audibility, characterisation, realism and so on. I am inclined to feel, also, that one member of the cast whose performance was entirely neglected, warranted mention above the "notables" present in the audience. And that reference to Coriolanus and Lucrece, which implied that The Rivals does not constitute serious dramatic art, betrays your critic's ignorance of the purpose of the theatre. Sorry to be scathing but it is high time amateur actors were accorded the standard of criticism they deserve.—Yours cheerfully.

Paul Treadwell.

[As the Editor I must also lay claim to the dramatic (?) criticism—my name was omitted for space reasons. Experience as a critic?—constant theatre going and constant reading of my critic's bible—the works of James Agate. My view that the director may have directed a little too much has since been confirmed by a member of the cast. As to The Rivals—has Mr. Treadwell seen it on the stage? I did not mean to imply that The Rivals is not dramatic art but I did mean to imply that it is not serious . . . in the sense that Coriolanus is. I agree that the dramatic criticism in our dailies is low and should be raised.]

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The Socialist Club Reports

Bollinger and Monroe Speak

ON April 2 the club held its AGM in the Common Common Room. Mrs. Piper, the retiring treasurer read the financial statement and the retiring secretary H. MacNeill read the club report for the past season. The club's activities had largely centred upon the campaign for civil liberties during 1951 and it was a clear fact that a large body of students, many of them very far distant from the ideals of Socialism, in their own persuasion, were nevertheless prepared to co-operate in joint activity with the club members to stop the attacks on present freedoms. It was the general feeling of the meeting that the struggles to retain basic rights, should not be allowed to wane now that the Police Offences Bill had become law. Even in its revised form this legislation meant exceptionally serious limitations of civil liberties.

Two other fields of the club's activity forecast for 1952 session, were the maintenance and extension of international understanding and the continuation of the struggle for improved student conditions. It was stressed that civil liberties, student conditions, education facilities and access, etc., were all very closely linked to the central need, a peaceful world. In connection with student needs, the incoming committee was recommended to take as a basis for its work the revised Bursary scheme of the Student Labour Federation. It was felt too, that the club should resist the increased exam fees and hostel accommodation charges until students received higher bursaries and salaries. Members of an opposition political club came along at the conclusion of their own meeting and took part in the discussion. Proceedings however, continued on a high note of cordiality. Club members and adversaries alike stayed on after the conclusion of business to attend a showing of two films—"Man One Family" and "The Wastage of Human Resources."

On April 22 Conrad Bollinger, Student Labour Federation delegate to the Sydney Carnival of Youth for Peace reported back to the club. Marjorie Monroe, another Victoria Student, who attended the same event, as the delegate of an independent group of students also gave her impressions. The most revealing aspect of the addresses were the insight they gave into the breadth and strength of the Peace Movement in other countries. Precisely because of this strength were such frenzied and despicable efforts made to wreck it. The incident of a "brawl" was freely reported in the Press yet how few people are aware that it was a complete fake staged for the benefit of opposition Press. Most people also are not aware that low flying aeroplanes were employed to fly round the carnival grounds to drown out with the noise of their engines the speeches of the delegates. All these efforts failed and the carnival ended with a very large procession through the streets of Sydney.

What is perhaps more interesting to students at Victoria College, is the attempts that were made, right here, to stop this report back meeting. Club notices giving the time and place of the meeting were torn down and another purporting to cancel the meeting substituted. In spite of this effort to deny students at Victoria the right to hear for themselves what happened at Sydney, the club has great pleasure in pointing out to those responsible that this was the best attended meeting the club has organised for over a year. This vandalism has however not gone unnoticed and the Student Exec. has been informed of the matter. It is expected that some action will take place.

The type of delinquent moron responsible for this action is obviously incapable of benefiting from a university education and the sooner he leaves this place the better it will be, both for his poor befuddled wits, and also for the rest of the students who have to put up with his odious presence. Of course the Socialist Club has encountered opposition in the past, but usually this has taken the form of free open debate where both sides have stated their case, and left the audience to judge. Because this individual fears the result of FREE debate, he attempts to sabotage ANY discussion. It is quite certain that students of all opinion, including those who have most bitterly opposed our policy in the past, will join with us in deploring this action and assisting the Students Assn. to ensure that it does not occur again.

It is necessary to record the club's thanks and appreciation to those

Dear Prof Hughes and Others . . .

A Defence and an Explanation

I HAVE read Professor Hughes' letter with care and I am sure that he and I (if I may be presumptuous) in great measure agree. May he excuse me if, in replying to him, I include some answers to other critics.

There are two accusations I must deny emphatically: first that I wish to tamper with academic objectivity; secondly that I wish the staff to inculcate the students with their ideas. Nothing I have written supports those two views. Academic objectivity must be preserved for it is the basis of all learning. As to inculcation to quote an editorial of mine "nor is the inculcation of absolute values desired." This should have made my attitude clear. I would go further and say that inculcation of anything is undesirable.

Another suggestion that I support a university wedded to a certain point of view needs comment. In my opinion universities so wedded are desirable only in a country where the population is sufficiently large to ensure that diversity of educational character is not imperilled. I would not, at the moment, support a religious university of any persuasion in New Zealand. Denominational colleges as they exist in Australian university would be desirable but I would oppose any move which would segregate any particular body of opinion entirely from the rest of the community.

It should now be obvious that the suspicion that I want a university to set out to convert students to a particular viewpoint is without foundation. It may be that universities wedded to a particular viewpoint may convert students to their beliefs but is this any worse than the present system which converts students to indifference.

NO RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE

Several years ago I published in *Charta* an address by Mortimer Adler entitled "God and the Professors." I am still accused, perhaps because of that fact, of not having thought out these thoughts for myself, of stating only what I have read or been told. This accusation makes my views no less valid. To this is added the criticism that my religion also prejudices me. Of course my reading and my religion do influence me, as they should. As far as my religion is concerned my critics seem to be continually unaware of the controversies which are part of the life of the Church to which I belong. Papal infallibility is their cry. That belief is a great thing concerned with very limited issues, as George Bernard Shaw so clearly perceived in the preface to his *St. Joan*. The resemblance to Stalinist infallibility is superficial for in that philosophy control is far reaching enough to dictate the very trivia of life. To the views expressed in the address by Mortimer Adler I stick. If I cannot convince my friends the dogmatic positivists that my views are considered views I cannot prove it to them. They must take my word as I would take theirs.

It is presumptuous to use we and therefore I must repeat my accusation that since I have been at this

members of the Fencing and Soccer Clubs, whose willing co-operation made possible a film showing and supper, after the meeting.

H. C. MacNeill.

university it has been unusual to encounter members of the staff who have any more than an historical approach to vital problems. Admittedly there is the danger that by revealing their own views the staff will run the risk of having them taken by the students as the approved views. There is also the danger that students will not think out their own solutions to problems—but do they under the present system? Is there not a great danger that lectured to by a staff who appear indifferent to basic issues students will feel solutions are not important or not possible?

This does not mean that taking sides for the sake of taking sides has my approval. What I doubt is that the staff (students are equally to blame but should not this vicious circle be interrupted at its responsible level?) examine the issues with a view to taking sides. Do they ever realise that there are issues? Almost complete silence on such matters for so long tends to confirm my impression that most of the staff don't see the issues.

If any authorities are needed for my views they are Mortimer Adler, Sir William Moberly and Frederic Lilje (The Abuse of Learning) who are not Catholics. They see the danger in the present crisis of hiding lights under the bushels labelled "liberal impartiality." Our New Zealand universities are not notable for intellectual controversy or staff and student activity, unity or even disunity. Their teaching methods are, in my opinion, open for improvement. These failures stem from this overall attitude of indifference which is a negation of the tradition of universities.

To all my critics and to Professor Hughes particularly, my thanks, for without them I would not have been able to have my say. Probably I have, as usual, said too much without qualification, but at least discussion has been provoked at long last and for that St. Thomas and the Lord be praised.

Maurice McIntyre.



DAVE LEECH, who threw the hammer 141ft. 3in. to break the record of 140ft 3in. set up by J. G. Leckie, of Otago, in 1928. Later he again exceeded the record to reach 145ft. 3 1/2 in.

Potted Pars . . .

Around the Campus

Hi-de-hi for Do-se-do

LAST Friday night I attended lectures in square dancing and am enthusiastic about keeping terms. The lecturer was Mr. Roger Harris, B.Sid., who delivered his notes fluently and in language with enough technicality to be interesting but sufficiently plain to be intelligible.

I have been critical of the craze on account of the lurid dress usually worn but on Friday night all were more or less respectable and none of the women present wore jeans—except possibly Jean herself.

The class was promoted by the Socialist Club and although no mention was made of a time-table there is no doubt that if there is enough interest further classes, possibly to the honours stage, will be held. That means at least twice as many as attended on Friday, including three times as many freshers.

SCARED TO TAKE SIDES?

At a very pleasant get together on Saturday evening a number of members of the Socialist Club discussed student affairs in the comfort of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Grange. Salient (?—Ed.) was there so that all I want to say is that one young lady raised the point of view that perhaps students were reluctant to label themselves any colour but the palest of pink or blue. Personally I believe that for general safety traffic must keep as far as possible to the left without actually going off the road altogether and taking a left turning. And the answer given to the young lady was reassuring—that the Socialist Club was more concerned with keeping in contact with development affecting students than in reorganising society at large. Very necessary, because developments can be sudden, and seriously affect the student.

A LIQUID LIABILITY

Some disturbance was caused by a student in Economics I last Friday night. He had obviously been drinking something considerably stronger than Socialist Club tea. Lecturer Mr. Scott turned the contretemps to good account when he showed how easily a liquid asset could be disposed of. The same lecturer earlier in the week touched briefly on the economics of hitch-hiking (N.Z. Motor World please note) when he explained that the train service to Tawa Flat did not leave him much time to answer questions after the lecture. Car owners travelling in that direction could be assured of every attention, he said.

O.K. ON THE NOTICE BOARD

The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit—can persuade it to come back again in about a week's time to remove the notice it put up on the board.

A PATHETIC INFLECTION

Part-time students are warned of the necessity for remaining away from college grounds until five minutes before lectures commence (i.e., until ten minutes after the hour) and disappearing as quickly as possible after the lecture. This is essential; otherwise they will be affected by Student Apathy and, as a result, take no interest in student affairs. The correspondent around the Campus for this and another 17 issues has been involuntarily inoculated against the scourge and compelled to hang around at odd moments. Anyone wishing to contact the writer should look for a leather satchel inscribed in gold—P. SHAW.

E.U.

End of Term

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QUAE SUNT CAESARIS, CAESARIS

"... resistance to the encroachments of power is essential to freedom because it is the habit of power continuously if it can, to enlarge the boundaries of its authority. . ."

—H. LASKI "Liberty in the Modern State."

We cannot afford to observe with indifference the growing tendency for responsible persons and bodies to presume without argument that the state has some moral right to conscript its citizens and to direct them into various occupations whenever it seems that the efficient functioning of certain social institutions and services would benefit thereby. Within recent weeks there have been two such suggestions, one with regard to the direction of eighteen-year-old girls to some form of nursing service, and the other, perhaps more significant as coming from a Royal Commission, concerning the possibility of directing labour to the Railways.

In neither of those cases has there been any attempt at justification of the principle of conscription; it has been tacitly assumed that the public mind will assent to it provided that some worthy or useful social institution is to be provided with labour by this means. This is surely a sinister attitude to be taken by persons of any eminence in a democracy, and indicates that there are in their minds assumptions which, if clarified and uttered publicly would undoubtedly be forced to conflict with those general ideas now usually designated by the word democracy. We are not concerned here to defend the thing called democracy, but to assert some of the values which the term may be presumed to subsume against certain attitudes which, as yet may properly be considered opposed to the word and the reality equally.

Perhaps one justification for the principle of conscription may vulgarly be presumed to be an analogy between universal military training, which has been approved by referendum and general direction to other forms of labour; if this is a common assumption it is a false one.

Military training in the present situation, is a privileged case from which no parallels can validly be drawn; it is justified on two principles, one following from the other. The first is that a standing army seems in the present international situation essential to the safety of the state. In the case of war inadequate defence would mean defeat and the consequent destruction of the State (and all the values which it is supposed to safeguard).

The second is that an army adequate to the needs of defence can only be developed through universal military training (this is of course a question of fact as well as discipline)—thus, the argument goes, it is better to forgo one of these values—freedom from interference in the private life of the individual—for a stated period and thereby build up an army, than to run the risk of someday through inadequate defence being deprived of all such values by a conquering power. Now this argument may perhaps be sound (and the decision of the people of New Zealand in the referendum seems to support it)—this is not the place to discuss it or to consider the opinions of those who dissent; it is sufficient here to state the nature of the case which is held to justify universal military training; there is what appears as a pressing necessity in a matter concerning the whole state, and there

seems one and one only means adequate to meet this necessity.

Now, in neither of the cases that have recently been put forward has there been any question at all of the state (and of all the values it exists to safeguard) being in danger; both the necessities are perhaps pressing, but they are by no means of a universal kind, they affect only part not all of the activity of the social organism.

In the second place, it is doubtful in at least one case—that of conscription of girls for nursing—whether other ways have been sufficiently explored. Here it seems to have been the motive of economy, the totally false analogy from the conscription of eighteen-year-old youths which we have just criticised, and irrelevant (and erroneous) arguments that "it would do these girls good" that have largely determined this fantastic solution.

With regard to the nursing profession at least, surely the more normal device of improving wages could be tried. If we cannot at present afford to pay more—which I take leave to doubt—perhaps an extra hospital tax might be put on all beds in horse races in New Zealand. Even if it became necessary to increase direct taxation it is surely better to pay out in money rather than compromise a principle of liberty.

Universal military training is an exception which must be kept from arrogating the status of a rule.

If the idea that conscription is no more than a useful, if admittedly drastic, means to a number of yet unspecified ends, is already prevalent, then the substance of it and not the word for liberty has changed. If this change has occurred the matter ought to be faced and the principals involved, however distasteful, be enunciated. If however, as one believes—and hopes—the universal attitude on this question is not one already of uncritical acceptance of the principle that the state has a right of conscription subject only to consideration of utility, it is the duty of the more perceptive to object when just such a principle is being foisted off on to the public. Once the idea that the state can justly conscript for anything less than the defence of the sum total of the values of the society which it orders becomes accepted, any real but limited emergency will bring forth just such devastatingly simple "solutions" as hospital boards and Royal Commissions are at present suggesting—but this is a constant practice and a general rule! When the principle of conscription is admitted we will have it in heaven-knows-what vain and fatuous pretexts, merely because it will become an accepted and simple way out of any difficulties to which the inevitable mismanagement of corporate affairs may give rise. It is a matter which goes to the very bone of the concept of liberty. We must not be misled by any pleas of urgency to compromise a principle; once the principle has gone any sort of practice can follow.

One may profitably close with the quotation, famous in at least part, that reiterates a fundamental, and therefore unexciting but necessary, for citizens of any sort of a democracy:

"The condition upon which God hath given for man is eternal vigilance, which condition if he breaks, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."—John Philpot Curran.

—F.J.R.C.

THE GORDON WATSON SCHOLARSHIP . . . IN MEMORY OF A GREAT NEW ZEALANDER

ONE of the facts that most distinguishes the University of New Zealand from its old-world counterparts is its paucity of endowments. Big bequests from wealthy New Zealanders for things academic are rare. Thus the Senate's announcement early in December of Miss Evelyn Watson's £14,000 bequest was a major event.

Miss Watson was for sometime a lecturer at V.U.C., and was well known in Wellington organisations of the Church of England. She bequeathed an estimated £14,000 to institute a scholarship for graduates with a Master's degree to study overseas for 2 years, in questions of international relationships, and social and economic conditions. The holders will spend the first year at a British, the second year at a European, Asian or American university.

This generous scholarship is to be called the "Gordon Watson Scholarship" in memory Miss Watson's nephew, a brilliant V.U.C. graduate, who was killed in Italy, April, 1945.

He studied at V.U.C. from 1930 to 1934, graduating M.A. with honours in English and Latin in the latter year. But not only was he a first-class scholar—he was also an all-round student—fond of tramping in the hills, keen on chess, a writer of extravaganzas, a poet, and a leader of College political thought.

The Ivory tower was never for Gordon Watson. He was continually active in student organisations, always broadening the vision of his acquaintances, turning their attention to the real world of which the college should be an integral part. In the V.U.C. Free Discussions Club, he influenced students against scabbing in the Seamen's Strike of 1934, and being "specials" against the unemployed. He fought for academic freedom against the victimisation of progressive staff-members. He edited the socialist newsletter "The Student"—"exposed" by "N.Z. Truth" in



CLEMENT GORDON WATSON

an article headed "New Zealand Universities Hotbeds of Revolution!" He waited in a deputation on the German Consul to protest against the phoney Reichstag Fire Trial. (While the deputation was being heard, the Swastika on the flagpole above was mysteriously replaced by a Red Flag). He brought the dynamic of Marxism into student discussions of their academic work. He helped form Labour Clubs in all the colleges.

In her memoir of Watson at the beginning of the memorial volume "Gordon Watson, his Life and Writings," Mrs. Elsie Locke describes him at this time:

"I first met Gordon Watson in September 1933, when arrangements had been made for students associated with the efforts to form Labour Clubs at Auckland University College and Otago University to meet these militants of Victoria who were in the van. 'Ah, Watson—that's the man,' I had been told at Auckland. I can see him yet as he came through the doorway into the home of some friends, with that keen look of interest and inquiry on his genial face, assured, unconcerned with himself, more in a hurry to learn from others than to lay down his own point of view. There was nothing 'impressive' in the way he halted, with shy informality, until he was introduced to the newcomers. Plainly everyone present looked to him with unforced devotion and confidence.

"To him in particular is due the fact that left-wing opinion did not remain vague and formless, but was led into active channels. The Socialist Club of Victoria College . . . is a lineal descendant of that band of militants which aligned itself with the working class during the depression and threw down the challenge of 'The Student'."

Leaving varsity in 1935, he spurned the "successful" careers offered to

the man of intellect by a capitalist environment. His extraordinary gifts he devoted to the New Zealand working class, first as editor of the Friends of the Soviet Union magazine, and later as National Secretary of the New Zealand Communist Party, and editor of the "People's Voice." He was still a full-time Communist Party worker when he joined the Army in 1941, and fought first in the Pacific and then in Italy. Never a man of sterile theory, he always believed in testing his ideas in the fire of practice. At Faenza, on April 17, 1945, he gave his life fighting against fascism, the avowed enemy of all that he believed in and cherished.

The Company Commander of the 27th Battalion wrote of him: "Under my command, Gordon Watson conducted himself in a fashion worthy of the best New Zealanders, acquitted himself well in action, and was killed in hand to hand combat . . . His personality automatically made him a leader among his actual platoon mates, and the willing spirit and discipline that existed in his platoon was undoubtedly due in part to his presence."

"Possibly a greater tribute than any of his officers could write was accorded by the shock and deep regret registered by his death on all his acquaintances, not only in our unit, but everywhere that he was known, and that among men who were unnaturally accustomed to death. I felt at the time that a great New Zealander had been lost, and I wished too late that I could have known him even better."

The veteran Socialist and respected educationalist, F. L. Combs, wrote these words of Watson: "Single-minded, high-minded and fearless, he attained a higher intellectual and moral standard than any other man it has been my privilege to know. He deliberately espoused a cause that meant the forgoing of what most would have regarded as a career, and accepted as all in the day's work the heavy material and social penalties for so doing. More, the rougher the going, the more steadfastly did he adhere to what he believed was the truth. And he was a very good judge of the truth."

A fellow-soldier described the simple reaction of an Italian partisan who had fought alongside him, when he heard of Gordon Watson's death: "Then Giuseppe's remark, made very softly in his own tongue—'Ma suo lavoro continua—But his work goes on.'"

And his work does go on. The Gordon Watson Scholarship, left by his devoted friend and aunt who disagreed with him on some questions, is a fitting tribute to this man.

C.B.

STOP PRESS . . .

THE following new records were established at the Easter Tournament:—

SWIMMING:

100yds. Men's Backstroke—P. HEIM (O), 53.4 (59secs.)

ATHLETICS:

Hammer Throw—D. LEECH (C), 141ft. 3ins. (140ft. 3in.)

Javelin—W. NEWTON (C), 178ft. 9½in. (171ft. 11in.)

Shot Put—C. ORMSBY (A), 43ft. 4in. (42ft. 6in.)

Women's High Jump—M. FALCK (C), 5ft. 4ft. 11in.)

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Old Extravite Protests "Drastic Action Heeded"

SIR.—It has come to my notice that the management of the Opera House has refused to allow Extravaganza to be held there this year, and that it is highly unlikely that the association will get the Opera House in future years. Although I cannot claim to be fully conversant with all the facts I gather that in view of the practice extending over many years of holding Extravaganzas in the Opera House this action constitutes a grave discourtesy towards the association and possibly a breach of good faith.

It seems that the management of the Opera House has been largely motivated by the prospects of greater pecuniary gain to be obtained from other shows than the Extravaganza. I would therefore suggest for the consideration of the executive that it might be advisable for the association to take appropriate steps to minimise such gain. I would further suggest that this might be done by endeavouring to enlist the sympathy of as many members of the public as possible so as to dissuade them from attending the Opera House during the period when the Extravaganza would normally be staged.

There are two courses which might be taken simultaneously: Firstly, the publication in the popular press of carefully worded letters or notices, inter alia, setting out the true facts and the objects of the proposed action, and pointing out how inconvenient it will be for the members of the public to have to tramp up the hill to the Little Theatre when they wish to see an Extravaganza; and, secondly, the organisation and maintenance during the above-mentioned period of peaceful pickets in front of the Opera House to remonstrate with and endeavour to dissuade persons who attempt to purchase tickets or attend performances. Such pickets might kill two birds with one stone by selling tickets for the alternative show which I understand is to be held in the Little Theatre.

I am inclined to think that the course which I have outlined may, if carried into execution, achieve some measure of success, from my experience in selling Cappicades last year when many of the persons who bought them indicated that they would not have done so if it had not

Mr. Patterson, who was one of the principals in last year's Extrav, has given us permission to print this letter to the Executive. While we do not agree with Mr. Patterson's proposals, we must admire the resurgence of the crusading spirit which caused it.

been for the sympathy aroused in them by hearing of the police ban on the procession. The present situation is in many respects similar, and it seems probable that by its skilful handling a large degree of public sympathy may be engendered.

I would point out that the worst possible result of following my suggestions is that students will be banned from using all the theatres in the city forever, which seems to be not much worse than the probable outcome of doing nothing, while there is at least some possibility of inducing the management of the Opera House to act in a less obnoxious manner in future.

If the association requires volunteers to act as pickets I am willing to offer my services. I can act alone if necessary provided I have the authority of the association behind me, but I would prefer to have some company.—Yours faithfully,

J. F. D. PATTERSON.

The Gen on Extrav Gloomy Forebodings

SOUND now the doleful dirge—ring now the muffled bells. For Extravaganza 1952 is still-born, and whom can be blamed? No one. The Executive has tried its utmost to secure bookings in all the Wellington theatres and halls that were possibilities. President Dave Horsley pounded the footpath for days, inspecting facilities and interviewing managers but all in vain. Extrav this year is dead. Whether the show is to be produced in the Little Theatre in the first week of the next term depends on you. One thing is certain though—a show to be produced in the Little Theatre can never be called an Extrav. Old Extrav hands will bear me out in this.

The whole question was thrashed out during the past two exec. meetings. On Tuesday 22 Mr. Horsley reported that there were no dates available at the Opera House until well into June; that no more flesh and blood shows at the Paramount were permitted by the City Council; that the St. James was booked out; that the Town Hall was unsuitable for facilities and date; that the Concert Chamber was too small and booked up; St. Francis Hall and all the others were unsuitable for similar grounds. What was available was the Little Theatre, with seating for two hundred, and facilities for a cast of thirty.

The only show which could be produced under such conditions was the Sheat-Stewart script, "Shamlet." This script was selected by the Selection Committee (Messrs. Horsley, Cohen, MacCreary, Braybrooke, and Arch Barclay, the producer) as the one most suitable for the limited type of show which could be produced in the Little Theatre. According to the association's secretary, Frank

Curtin, this type of show is "in strict accordance with tradition—the grandiose shows that have been presented during the last few years are not." Now Salient cannot believe that the Extrav, dating through the Meek and Carrad eras are the tradition upon which all Extravites in modern Extravs base the justification of their abandoned revels. To produce in the Little Theatre means none of that behind curtain jollity of past years; a smaller cast means less communal spirits, fewer friends are made, and there are few behind curtain romances. The whole esprit de corps of Extrav-times will be absent. No doubt the cast will be a friendly little group (or perhaps a select group of friends); they will know their lines well and doubtless the whole level will be (as it should be) very much higher than usual—but despite that, this review will not be an Extrav. Perhaps this is a good thing—perhaps not.

But despite Salient's gloomy despairings this show will be a success—with your help and co-operation. Its up to you, so turn up and be in.

More Jottings . . .

Maurice O'Brien (V.U.C.) introduced most of the troubles that have ever plagued anybody. Advertising for publications is almost impossible to obtain and Salient is expected to cost £200 to run. Several extraordinary general meetings failed for want of a quorum, including one called to discuss an increase of the Students' Association fee. The new union building cannot be started until the Chemistry block is built because the Government will not allow two large contracts at once.

BOOKS AND BURSARIES

The only concession available on the purchase of text-books is for a bulk order. A discount of 15 per cent. is allowed to educational institutions and may be obtained if the various Students' Associations are prepared to organise a similar scheme to that operating at Canterbury. An alternative arrangement by certain departments of V.U.C. for a supply of books for the following year direct from England has the advantage of a discount which can go as high as 25 per cent.

Negotiations extending over some nine months for a 15 per cent. increase in bursaries have resulted only in an undertaking to bring the matter before the Minister of Education on his return to Wellington.

TRAVEL TO NORTH AMERICA
The following remit from A.U.C. was considered and approved:

"That a sub-committee of resident executive explore the possibility of a travel and exchange scheme to operate between New Zealand and Canada and/or U.S.A., with reference to the following points:—

(a) That a fare concession be obtained from the shipping and/or air companies (possibly Pan-American Airways).

(b) That a financial arrangement be made such that a certain sum in dollars be banked in Canada/U.S.A. by a student coming to New Zealand from there and an equal amount in sterling be banked in New Zealand by an equal number of students going to Canada/U.S.A.

(c) The time of the exchange to be probably longer than three months, say one university year.

(d) The possibility of New Zealand students being allowed to earn money in Canada or U.S.A. to be investigated.

(e) That particular attention be paid to the student exchange side of such a scheme, i.e., that an exchange of student accommodation (homes and hostel facilities) be arranged and that enrolment for short-term course be encouraged."

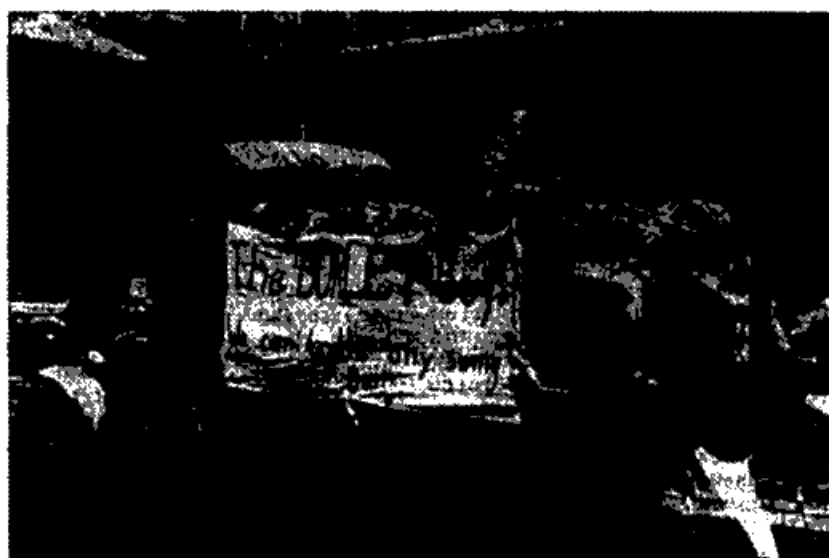
Sid Clay (C.A.C.) thought that the scheme would be of particular interest to graduates, while Kevin O'Brien (V.U.C.) saw difficulties in the fact that there is six months' difference in the academic years. Liam Wright (O.U.) also saw difficulties—at the present rate of exchange the amount needed to keep an American student in New Zealand would not support a New Zealand student in America.



QUIET—The producer wants to tell you to join in the fun—turn up for a try-out next rehearsal.

(By courtesy of "CANTA" who did the work)

PROCESH!



Help your Club make this year's procession a beaut.—It won't be long.

JOTTINGS FROM N.Z.U.S.A.

Liam Wright (O.U.) commented on the adverse publicity received by recent initiation ceremonies and said that although exec. had no power to abolish such proceedings, steps had been taken to modify them. Kevin O'Brien suggested that medical schools should be abolished as their initiations always lead to accidents.

Residents of Tamaki have petitioned their M.P. asking that the new Auckland University College be not established there. No reasons were given.

Other items regarding A.U.C. were mainly monetary. On a matter of indebtedness, Frances Spence disclaimed responsibility—"We have not been informed of this recently." It also appears that Auckland has not yet produced the 1951 Easter Tournament accounts, a situation described by Liam Wright as "a clear case of efficient administration struggling with student apathy."

The C.A.C. report, according to Dugald Mackenzie, was "mainly concerned with liquor." With a reduced student roll and an income of £300 to the Students' Association, finance is a problem. Dave Horsley (V.U.C.) wanted to know if the reduction in the roll were a deliberate action. The reply was that it seems to proceed from natural causes as there are unoccupied buildings at the moment.

Duncan Stewart (C.U.C.) ventured the opinion that because of sales of stationery at 15 to 20 per cent. below town prices, Canterbury does more office trading than the other colleges. Regarding Ilam, "it gives us a melancholy pleasure to recount our troubles." The College Council had told the Students' Association to proceed with the preparation of sports grounds on the new site without mentioning the fact that they had already leased the land to a grazier.

Orientation week had not been entirely satisfactory and the third week of term is now recommended.

You're in the Army Now Straight From the Horse's Mouth

"WHAT was it like in camp?" For eighteen months every one of us had been asking all the C.M.T. veterans that we had met this one question. (C.M.T.—Compulsory Military Training—N.B. compulsory.—Ed.) Answers had varied. The majority had been warmly enthusiastic about it, but never without some spine-chilling qualifying remark on one aspect (or other) of the training.

It was now February 3, 1952, and ever since November of the previous year these spivishly dressed apprentices, demurely dressed "just-left-school" types, smartly dressed wool princes, and the down at heel, worn at cuff university students had realised that they were advancing steadily towards their period of service. Each little envelope that had arrived with that all embracing phrase "On His Majesty's Service," had meant one pace nearer that parade-ground, whether by medical examination or travelling warrant.

We had all arrived at the Wellington station in a bewildered mob, carefully labelled with identification tags like kids at a Sunday school picnic, but we did not realise that in a few hours all our individuality would be submerged in the drab oneness of khaki.

Naturally enough there were long clothing queues, plenty of forms to be filled in and a lot of waiting about. One of the first forms to be filled in allowed for expression of preference as to what corps or unit one would like to be posted to. When completed these forms were taken and sorted immediately by a long table of officers (at this stage they stirred no particular emotions). Units available for the individual to choose from were governed by the locality he happened to come from. We were then taken to a theatre to watch films while waiting for our postings. For two and a half hours many of us watched and waited—except that every few minutes or so the film would be interrupted while an n.c.o. would read out the names of the latest postings. Those whose names had not been called filed out and left the remainder in that bored optimistic attitude one develops when waiting for a trolley-bus that always seems to be just around the corner. Eventually about half past eight that night the last of us moved out and followed the corporal for about half a mile until we came to a dim row of tents.

TALLY HO, S.C.M.

The three days of being under canvas in Linton Camp were three days of sheer chaos. We did not know what to wear at what time or how to wear it, neither did we know what to do or how to do it. While we were at Linton we went through the formalities of swearing allegiance, and one of the questions involved was what each man's religion was. Men both in front and behind me in the queue and the Waac clerk worried when they told her they could not tell what religion they belonged to as they were certain that they had never been to any church (tally-ho SCM !). Also we spent an afternoon on personal aptitude tests, and it was during a break from one of these tests that one of our fellow Victorians made himself a noted personality. He strolled out of one of the classrooms with both hands thrust casually in his trouser pockets only to be met with a bellow from the small statur-ed but powerfully voiced sergeant.

"Hey, son! Did you walk about like that at college?"

"Yes, sergeant."—The sergeant looked slightly ruffled.

"What's yer name, son?"

"Beaglehole T, sergeant."

"Good, I'll remember that."—But after all the whole family is noted anyway.

On Monday, January 7, reveille for our section of the camp was at 4.30 a.m. As members of either the Artillery or the Royal N.Z. Armoured Corps we were on the move, and the destination was Waiouru for the remainder of the period in camp. Getting up at that hour was quite an effort. The "wordly" types in our tent rolled over and moaned that they should perhaps be going to bed at that hour but certainly not getting up. The train from Palmerston was a slow, slow train with carriages so antiquated they could have been the originals from the Atchafson Topeka and the Santa Fe. We stopped at every little tin shed along the line as long as it was painted in the faded regimental colours of the N.Z. Govt. Railways. It took us six and a half hours to travel the 70 miles.

"IS THIS THE REGION . . . ?" To the motorist speeding past in his car it is generally agreed that

Waiouru looks a rather desolate, wind-swept spot. But, when it comes to facing nearly three months of living there one feels as if one has been deposited on another planet. The unrelieved monotony of the tussle is rather depressing, but excellent for the purposes of a military camp.

The basic training is interesting, but basic can also be very hard. The day starts at 6.15 a.m. and finishes at 10.15 p.m. The official working hours are divided into eight three-quarter hour periods. I have said "official" because all spare-time, especially during basic, is generally taken up with cleaning brass, or cleaning a rifle, or cleaning web gear, or cleaning out the barracks. As one of our sergeants put it, "the Army is a full-time job." Every day without fail there was one period of drill in the "bull-ring"—no more no less. The drill period was cursed and dreaded, but what did we have to complain of when we read that Major-General Gentry was trained on ten weeks of solid foot-drill even after four years at Duntroon.



This isn't Sudex having weapon training but two Canterbury types on the range during Turnament.

Weapon training started with the rifle, and for two weeks we were certainly given plenty of firing at all ranges. A whole morning at the range could be very pleasant indeed just sitting down behind the firing point, gazing at Ruapehu glistening in the sun, and perhaps even imagining oneself trying to ski down those slopes in the winter. There was meant to be a certain amount of range discipline observed, but one time when we were evidently rather lax the Brigadier paid a stealthy visit in his car. Of course our junior officer in charge got the blast which was handed on to us in the form. "That was a bloody awful display. To say it was a poor show would be an exaggeration. We have got one corporal where there should be eight, but the instructors are prepared to give you a fair go provided you give them a fair go too; otherwise you can expect no extra consideration!"—And that is the Army's dilemma in a nutshell.

After rifle we moved onto Bren gun training. Each man fired ninety rounds from the Bren which was of course no effort and good fun into the bargain. Next weapon was the Sten. Firing this gun from the hip at fifteen paces looks easy, but a surprising number missed the target altogether. All the same if ever you want to get an instructor in a flaming temper just turn around with a loaded Sten gun at the ready—well naturally! During basic there were also courses in camouflage (camouflage, etc.), gas warfare and mines, but these were cut to a minimum because of shortage of time in the new ten and a half week programme.

(Refer back to Page 2.)

STAFF-STUDENT DEBATE Hopelessly Turgid

THE first debate of the year was a disappointment in many ways and it cannot be said that the fault lay entirely on one side. To begin with, a sort of hopeless turgidity seemed to render every speaker completely incapable of sticking to the point and presenting a coherent line of argument.

Mr. O'Brien opened the case for the affirmative in a promising way, but he very soon broke down. He said quite a bit about mathematical reasoning, and stated that since you can prove (?) that $2 + 2 = 4$ (or was it $5 + 2 = 7$?), and in particular, that the square on the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares on the other two sides of a right-angled triangle, then such a process of reasoning, properly applied to all problems which we, as representatives of the rising academic generation, are likely to encounter, would yield just as satisfactory an answer in every case. Just as one might have been justified in thinking that a satisfying wrangle would shortly be developing, the whole subject was dropped. The point, if point it was, was just abandoned. Not that the relevance of it was ever terribly noticeable. Mr. O'Brien seemed convinced that if the staff were to teach to us the dark inner secrets of this method of mathematical reasoning, then all would be well. Just why, it is difficult to say. The rest of the opening speech, though illumined by occasional flashes of hope, was far too dis-

the question, the staff were inclined to take the matter as settled, in their favour, and talk down in a careless manner, rather as though they were patronising just another "adolescent bun-fight"—which it apparently was to some people. Be that as it may, a debate should not be conducted in this atmosphere, and the fact that the majority decision was for the negative is no indication of the quality of the arguments put forward, or rather sneeringly hinted at, by the staff, rather is it a reflection of the confusion which characterised the speeches of the students.

"Plato" neglected to mention that the motion was "That the staff of this college is failing in its duty as university teachers," which motion was lost by 50 votes to 24.

One extremely important factor which has no small influence on the amount of respect accorded to our academic community, and thus indirectly to the students, was hinted at by several, on both sides, but was never quite brought out into the open, as it should certainly have been. This is the very great difference between the social organisation, past and present, of New Zealand, and that of Europe and Britain. Several times our University was compared, adversely with older institutions. But the reasons for our different, and lower, standing, for our lack of tradition, were never mentioned. Of course, there is our comparative youth; but it is doubtful whether a society such as ours would accord any high and trusting respect to the University in a thousand years. Democracy, which makes Churchill and the crossing-sweeper equal, does not encourage the development of a hierarchy of learning. We have lost respect in this way, as much as in any other, and the point of view which regards the University degree as the road to a better job is as much the natural result of our society as the fault of the teaching staffs in our University—who, it may be useful to readers to know, were accused of not making any effort to gain the respect of the community. Sweeping comparisons between our University and those overseas cannot be made without a careful examination of social conditions.

Lastly, let us express a pious hope that the standard of the next debate will be considerably higher. It is fairly safe to predict that audiences will once more be small, if we cannot do better than that very poor, if mildly amusing, effort of last Friday. We haven't said whom we think was really right. It wouldn't be fair to do so on the evidence we heard. But this much we can say: no one is going to benefit as far as the respect of the community is concerned if another such debate is held with the same flippant and altogether to be deplored approach that was evident on both sides. The staff especially will not have risen in the estimation of such of the general public who attended this year's staff-student debate.

"PLATO."

DEBATE
This Friday
See
NOTICE BOARDS
In
LITTLE THEATRE

A Good Show
So Turn Up

There was a definite lack of preparation evident in all the speeches. No one denies that the negative side should leave some room for answering the arguments of the affirmative but that does not mean that a certain amount of effort should not be put into the preparation of a framework. Reliance should not be put wholly in wit, flippancy and a diluted sarcastic invective of the cheaper sort; for although the students were confused, irrelevant, and unconvincing, they did at least give an impression of sincerity and earnestness. Although Miss Stevens made a real effort to deal seriously with

Classical Music . . .

Suite No. 1 in G, for Solo Cello
—Bach.Sonata Op. 11 No. 3 for Cello
and Piano—Hindemith.Sonata Op. 69 for Cello and
Piano—Beethoven.

IT is a pity that whenever a Bach work is performed it almost invariably opens the programme, no matter what the nature of the concert. At that time the performer is scarcely ever warmed up to his work and when the enormous technical difficulties of the Bach unaccompanied suites is taken into account it may be realised that the performance was not flawless.

Fortunately, there is not nearly so much double stopping and chords as in the violin solo sonatas which make performances of these works with a modern bow, even by virtuosi, a torture to the ear. Despite some technical flaws Marie Vanderwart played this suite very expressively and brought out a great deal of the beauty of the music, too often obscured in works of this nature by virtuoso display. The ample prelude was taken at a leisurely pace allowing time for the broadly-spaced harmonies to be effective. Of the dances the courante and the sarabande made the most impression.

The sonata by Hindemith, new to nearly all the audience, revealed him in quite a different light from the "gebrauchmusik" which was for a time associated with his name. This sonata's richness and lyrical beauty are in marked contrast to the aridity of "gebrauchmusik" and it has more in common with Hindemith's later music. The texture is largely contrapuntal, sometimes polytonal, with strongly marked rhythms in the piano part. Particularly impressive was the slow marchlike section at the beginning of the second movement and the lyrical theme immedi-

ately following the dissonant opening. Both performers were at their best in this work, the tone of the cello being very beautiful in the high passages on the A strings.

Beethoven's Sonata in A is, in my opinion, the most enjoyable of his cello sonatas to hear—more logical and concise than the early Op. 5 sonatas, and less obscure than the two from Op. 102, which are rather transitional works. The greater portion of the cello's extended compass is employed in this sonata, from the opening theme on the lower strings unaccompanied, to above the treble staff. Beethoven in his cello sonatas avoided the problem of a slow movement until the last sonata, its place being taken in this work by an introduction to the last movement, which, with its melodious first theme, seemed to me to be the crown of the sonata. The cantabile was well brought out by Marie Vanderwart in the lyrical themes with which this work abounds. The piano writing is clear and forceful, but was not always made so by Dorothy Davies, who tended to smudge some of the rapid passages.

AGAPANTHUS.

Film Review . . .

'SEAL ISLAND'

INEVITABLY this film must be compared with the other Disney production "Beaver Valley" which appeared in Wellington theatres some months ago. Of the two I think "Seal Island" is the better. For one thing the area chosen, that of an island in the Aleutians, was a less promising one, from a photographic point of view. There are few days in the year when the photographs for this remarkable film could have been taken, yet each "shot" is perfect, the photography is clear, well-balanced and sympathetically human.

Perhaps the highlight of the film is the competent close-up photography of various types of sea-birds. Every detail of colouring and design is brought out in a flawless and immaculate manner. The photographer had obviously taken great pains to get his material, yet the scenes were not overdrawn as so often is the case. Incidental music played a large part. Added with deft restraint it gives a charming touch of ironic humour which I had long thought quite beyond Disney's capabilities. It succeeds in changing the seals from animate protoplasm into fascinating animals with almost human qualities and traits.

Restraint was the keynote of the whole film. When, for instance, a young seal became lost and subsequently found by its mother, or when an old male was driven from the herd, we were not dragged through the whole gamut of emotional anguish that American producers love to inflict upon their audiences.

Throughout, the film was neat and compact. The colouring seemed a little overdone in places, but I suspect that after the film was completed someone felt that primitive urge of the artist who, after examining the completed picture, finds that he still has a brushful of paint left.

However, full marks to Walt Disney for ignoring the strident clamour of the American dollar and producing a really worthwhile film.

—D.B.S.

KNOW YOUR
UNIVERSITY

HAS it ever occurred to you who wear the college coat of arms or at least see it each day that all that twaddle might mean something? No it is not a dirty story in the language of *Heraldry* but it has some bearing on the college.

Nevertheless I found that surprisingly little is known in such sources of authority and wisdom as the Registrar, the Principal, and the college library on this matter, that we all take too much for granted. Thanks are due to the Principal as the major mine of information and with my limited knowledge of *Heraldry* we managed to make some meaning out of it all.

The shield and crest read roughly thus: A place in honour of Queen Victoria at Wellington, New Zealand, Australasia, among the colonies overseas. The green against the gold was suggested as symbolising the gorse (which is not a native of N.Z.) and the "Crowns" are supposedly from Queen Victoria's coat of arms.

Some things still puzzle me—namely that I can find no reference to the use of crowns in *Heraldry* proper, and the shield as we know it is not in strict agreement with the description in the calendar. To quote "Vert on a fesse engrailed between three crowns or, a canton azure charged with four estoilles argent (Southern Cross)." However this concerns a number of minor details that have evolved as a result of manufacturing the lapel badges.

I would be grateful for any other information on the subject and also a note of any other miscellanea about the university that need investigation in the general interest.

—D.A.

Modern Music . . .

A PLACE FOR JAZZ

"JAZZ—what a horrible word! It smacks of the milkbar, of the lower classes, and juke-boxes, and all things which we 'educated' people detest." Is that what you think? Maybe you like to kid yourself that you have good solid reasons for your dislike, but these are probably rationalisations of a prejudice you feel you should have. You like to think yourself educated, but you haven't even learnt the lesson of tolerance and an open mind, which is the first requisite for any discussion.

Nobody will deny that modern music is an important part of our culture. Whether you like it or not, it is sold more, heard more, liked by more people than any other form of music. This does not make it any better but it certainly proves that we can't just ignore it. Why do most people prefer the popular to the classical? Is it because they have never had the opportunity to compare it with anything better? Although classical music is crowded out of radio programmes and concerts, it can still be heard by those who want to listen. Sunday night programmes especially are studded with symphonies, chamber music and nocturnes in mournful procession so that is not the reason. Is it because he follows the fashion hoping to be smart and up to date? It is true that many enthusiasts—almost as many as that parallel group which likes to bask in the reflected glory of the classics—do not understand the modern movement as such. They buy and listen to the latest hits, following like sheep the accepted

leaders of the fashion—to them it is just an excuse to dance. Yet these are not as numerous as may be supposed, because this music is something they understand, and has the power to move the most sub-human of men.

MUSIC JUST RECREATION

There, of course, I have put my finger on the most overworked objection to popular music. "It has nothing intellectual," the critics say. "The words seldom mean anything—it is pure rhythm, and appeals only to the animal in us." They sit back with a smile as if they had completely deflated those who took the opposite view. But those people miss the point completely. Classical music likes to think of itself as an inspiration to the soul, moving men to great deeds, and playing an important role in our very existence. But the popular tradition sees music as something to amuse us, to be played with and then put aside. After all, what is music if it is not just recreation? As for appealing to the animal in us, well, there is nothing morally wrong with modern music so why not enjoy it and let our passions have full sway. Escapism, yes, but only in four-minute doses.

I have tried to show that modern music exists in its own right. It makes no attempt to replace classical music completely, but merely wants to exist side by side with that older form of culture. Since it has won an overwhelming victory in the arena of popular acclaim, it seems a pretty fair request to me.

—R. Polson.

Book Review . . .

The Witch's Thorn

Angus and Robertson

A COUPLE of years ago Ruth Park's weekly feature from Sydney in the "Auckland Star" was among the best printed in New Zealand newspapers. The strange and interesting incidents and people she found around that city, and her reports of everyday life there, were unique in that Sydney came to emerge from her column as a place with a character all its own.

And in her latest book Miss Park has done the same for Te Kano of the twenties. The little town, with its geyser, its whare and Maori huts, its convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and streets hideous in corrugated iron and dust, is drawn clearly and precisely. Miss Park has captured the slovenly Americanised accents, and the attitude of the town to progress and culture—the accounts of Kingsford Smith and of the visit of the Thrush of Erin are among the funniest in the book.

If Te Kano itself is real, and the Wis are one of the best Maori families in our literature, the other characters are less successful. With the exception of the dinkum Aussie, Sister Eucalyptus, they can easily be typed: Mrs. Minogue, the female Pharisee; Mr. Minogue, the male of the species; Jellicoe Minogue, lust

combined with an unfortunate complexion; Johnny Gow, the Good-for-Nothing; Mrs. Hush, the Rough Diamond, or, maintaining the lapidary metaphor, the Heart of Gold . . . and so on. Bethell, the child of the story, and its main character, is not memorable: events are caused by the circumstances of her birth rather than the child herself.

There are many clichés—Bethell's head is frequently "defenceless"—and some awkward situations. Mr. Minogue's accent, and the scene where Johnny Gow, feeling "a surge of comradeship" with a group of small boys, tries to join their game of marbles and is repulsed, are awkwardly conceived and written. Another clumsy, and, I felt, overdone passage, was the opening of the final chapter: it would have been more effective if everyone in the Gow household did not beat Bethell up, all the time.

These are relatively small points, however, and the fact remains that Miss Park's style is considerably more fluent and unselfconscious than that of most New Zealand novelists. This is not the great N.Z. novel; but it is one of those which must be written, with competence, before that is possible.

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Rugby Football . . .

AMAZING UNIVERSITY TEAM

WITH the above words our own first fifteen hit the headlines of the local paper on Saturday night. Athletic Park patrons had an afternoon of thrills as they watched V.U.C.'s backline run through last year's senior championship winners to register a 37-0 victory. With the surprising collection of talent and experience that has been brought together for this year's team the sage old side-line critics predict a successful season (unlike last year's dizzy downward spiral).

The year 1946 was the last occasion that V.U.C. managed to win the senior competition, and in that same year the club's third grade team was first equal, while they won the third division of that grade in 1935-36-37, and the second division in 1950. The third division team of the junior grade had success in 1940 and 1950. The senior team previously won the championship in 1928 and 1929, and in the second division in 1938.

Outstanding successes have been few and far between in the Club's history which, however, is a long one. It was founded in 1903, and soon forged ahead under the leadership of T. A. Hunter (our principal, 1947-50) to reach great heights of fame in 1921 when, in the words of our official history, "...citizens flocked to Athletic Park to gaze with rapture upon the University team, and small boys brooded ecstatically upon the existence of George Aitken; for Aitken was not merely captain of the College team, but also skipper of the All Blacks. . . ." Although such a performance has never since been repeated the Club itself has contributed 89 players to Wellington's senior representative teams and 64 to the New Zealand University teams.

Many of these men have been outstanding personalities. In 1908 there was de la Mare, who was not only a footballer but also a University mile champ., a cricket rep., and a N.Z.U. tennis champion. He is now a life member of the V.U.C.S.A. and a practising lawyer in Hamilton. Sir Wilfred Sim played for Wellington in 1914, the Hutchison brothers (now Doctor in Wanganui, and Justice in Wellington), 1920-21, and in that same year Brigadier Hanson, D.S.O., O.B.E., in 1925, Colonel E. T. Love of the Maori Battalion, while in more recent years we have had our Rhodes Scholar, Platts-Mills, and top-scoring All Black Ron Jarden.

Individuals in the 1952 senior team have every chance of further distinction during this season, so that together with the promising junior and third grade teams, the Rugby Club

might easily give the sporting qualifications of Victoria University a long needed boost in the eyes of the Wellington public.

—J. McL.

LAST WEEKS RUGBY RESULTS

Seniors v. Ponke—won 37—0

Junior "A" v. Air Force—won 32—0

Junior "C" v. St. Pat's O.B.—won 6—3

Third Grade "A" v. Ponke—won 24—0

Third Grade "B" v. Kaiwarra—lost 6—13.

Varsity 37 : Ponke 0 MAGNIFICENT WIN

YOU all know already of the Varsity Football team's great success so there is no need for Salient to praise the team or the individual players who starred on the Saturday. Salient appeals to all of the non-players to turn out every Saturday and give the team good support from the sideline. At last Vic has a team that has a hundred per cent chance of winning the competition. We have been waiting for this for years so turn up and cheer. Remember that they get lonely in the middle of the Park so let them know you are there by yelling until they have won. Good luck Varsity.

There will be a Salient meeting on Monday next at 7.30 in Salient Room in the Upper Gymnasium All are welcome especially freshers.

—T. H. Hill



Auckland defeat Canterbury at Easter Tournament

EDITORIAL NOTE

If you are a sporty type and can write in one syllabled words, apply for the post of Sports Editor.



J. B. Parcell of Canterbury winning the mile in 4min. 26.3sec.

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