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JULY 23rd
EVENING
FREE

Salient

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By Subscription

VITAL
TALK ON
VITAL
SUBJECT

PLUNKET MEDAL MUDDLE

"They Told Me Heraclitus . . ."

"Sanguinary Shambles"

—Says Cynic

THERE were three people in the Concert Chamber this year who heard Plunket Medal and thought that a speech on Keynes had won the contest. These three were the judges. While it is true that every year there are people who disagree with the adjudicators, there are very few, usually, who would say that the judges were wrong. This year was an exception. Not only did the winner not attempt oratory but, even as a speaker, he did not appeal. When one of the judges advised speakers to consider the effect a speech has on the audience, it was a suggestion which he might well have adopted himself.

Logically I cannot, nor would I disagree with the decision on the ground that it went to a speaker who had not learned his speech off by heart; on this point I am one with Mr. Whitta, whose letter will be found on a later page of this edition, but in all humility I would maintain that a fairly high degree of fluency is required, and that a speaker should not attempt an extempore speech until he is sufficiently experienced to know that his flow of words will not be interrupted while he pauses, either to consider his notes, or to calculate with a fair amount of certainty what should come next. Any break of this nature serves to remind the audience that the speaker is not really immersed in his subject, and that therefore he does not possess the conviction that he would instill in his audience.

It is true that there was no really outstanding oratory presented in the contest, but that cannot justify the judges for going to the opposite extreme.

Unfortunately, all that is said now cannot recall the mistake, but it can serve as a warning to the future, so that the mistake will never occur again. I understand that steps are to be taken at a general meeting of the Debating Society to be held this Friday night to provide safeguards for future contests.

Cold Perfection

A picture as beautiful and delicate as the painted Elizabeth which she was portraying is the best description of Melba O'Reilly's speech on Elizabeth I. Peeling off two vertical strips from her subject she concentrated on her oration around them; the result was an effect which, contrary to the expressed opinion of the speaker, did not go beyond the robes of majesty. The delivery was too much of an elocutionary item to give depth and sincerity to the speech. Nevertheless it was a delightful contribution to the evening, with all the glitter and artistry of a perfectly cut diamond. The speaker sought after and achieved, cold perfection. In my view it deserved second place in the contest. The lurid death scene of Essex appeared as a conscious and fruitless striving after effect. My advice to orators is to treat a death scene with simplicity, sincerity, and above all, with brevity.

The final two sentences of this speech were the best two sentences of the evening. They captured, with magnificent rhetorical effect, more perfectly than this pen can describe, the two opposed facets of Elizabeth's character which Melba set out to illustrate—a monarch and a lonely woman.

In the Blizzardly Cold South

By contrast, John McLean's R. F. Scott, appeared as something less perfect, more human and more sincere. His speech impressed me as

being the best attempt at oratory of the evening. His subject was one which is frequently attempted in an oratory contest and for that reason was not a particularly good choice. However, he handled it reasonably well. His opening gave the keynote: "The very drama of death often makes men famous, but . . ." He went on to illustrate why Scott was, apart altogether from the fact that he died in tragic circumstances, a hero. The quotation from Scott's diary was well handled; a thing which is often quoted becomes trite by repetition, but this quotation is an integral part of Scott's story. His portrait of Scott as a dreamer was skilfully managed while I, at any rate, saw the southern wastes through Scott's eyes when John spoke of the undisclosed regions. These illustrations served to give colour and variety to the speech, and are the principal reasons why I rated him above Bruce Brown.

John's conclusion was good though I felt that more fire could have been impressed into the penultimate sentences. Although he has an excellent voice, he has yet to achieve the full realisation of his talents in this respect. He used little gesture but appealed as being quite at home on the platform. He has a pleasant manner and looks a likely future winner.

The Butcher

Abandoning historical accuracy in favour of euphony (a speech impediment necessitated Stalin's death in 1952) Gordon Cruden gaily set to work on Stalin with a meat chopper. Doubtless this treatment is not unfair but it is a pity that Gordon overdid it; so black was Stalin painted that what would otherwise have been one of the most brilliant conclusions heard in recent years was ruined by the super colossal degradation to which Stalin had sunk earlier in the speech. Had the speaker been more lightly cynical in the body of his oration he would have left his audience roaring instead of stunned. As it was, Cruden found it necessary to abandon his cleaver fairly early in his speech and increased his effect by continuing with a vigorously wielded sledgehammer. The result was the most entertaining speech of the evening, but by no means the best. ("Stalin epitomised the man of steel—he was the only one of a family of five to survive infancy"). With lurid adjectives (wretchedly horrible and violently disgusting) and mixed metaphors ("usurped from the breasts of the people the fruits of the revolution . . .") he thundered onwards, becoming more and more like an advertisement for what not to do with Marmite.

Reaching his climax "stricken with his attacks . . ." were they the pangs of a long suppressed conscience? he cast around for a more striking weapon. His last blows were delivered with a piledriver. When at long last Stalin died ("it was a far far, better things that he did than

than he had ever done") we were told with an apt misquotation from Lincoln—that speech impediment again—that government of, by, for the people "shall not perish from our midst."

As the final chords of the peroration were momentarily replaced by a numbed silence, all that remained of Marshal Stalin trickled across the stage and dripped on to the floor.

Hardy Annual

That hardy annual, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, came up for review once more, this time at the hands of Graham Hubbard. With this speech, I thought there was too much narrative and uninteresting detail. Graham has potentially a good voice but did not use it well. He was, unfortunately, somewhat hesitant, and did not remember his speech as well as he would have wished. It was a speech which had no peaks, though the speaker seemed to warm up to his subject about half way through. He related Schweitzer to missionaries in general, their work and their troubles, but did not attempt oratory. He fell into the old trap of telling a funny story; it was quite a good funny story, but the audience sensed it coming and waited to see how it illustrated Schweitzer's character; the audience was disappointed. The two lessons to be learned from this are: (a) don't let your audience know a "joke" is coming; and (b) only use a joke when it illustrates your theme—the theme in this case being

Schweitzer's character. Highlight of the speech, I thought, was the description of Schweitzer as a man, "trying to be part of the answer, not part of the problem."

J.F.D. . . .

It was a pity that Marjorie Munro had to take her speech on to the platform with her, though it is understandable, as her oration had been completely recast that morning. She has a pleasant voice and used it quite well, but lacked experience. There were regular breaks in the continuity, as she followed the track of the speech from the pages in her hand. Her nervousness showed at one point where she made a self-conscious moue as she was searching for her place. These are things which a little more confidence and experience will overcome.

A critical treatment of John Foster Dulles, though, must be carefully done before a New Zealand audience, otherwise the listeners will grow unsympathetic. I felt she lost a little ground by the choice of her subject.

Of Presidents and Things

Bruce Brown had a quiet, effective opening, in his subject, Woodrow Wilson, and he carried on his speech equally effectively. His use of gesture was good and natural, and his conclusion was well framed. His chief fault was in his voice produc-

(Continued on Page 2)

New Exec. Goes To Blazers

RAPTURE—Slightly Modified

THE first meeting of the new exec., as usual, started late. All members of the new regime arrived early (or rather, on time)—with the notable exception of the present (absent) President, Malcolm McCaw. Eventually he arrived, however, and those lucky people sat down, prepared to spend the whole evening if necessary in getting the agenda removed from their paling visages. Among the correspondence was a letter from a local body, protesting lightly against, apparently, something that occurred in the precincts of the cable car on Capping Day—of course gasps of unbelief and flabbergastion (?) were heard all round, but all recovered equilibrium. Mr. Galvin was chuckling uncontrollably for a while, but assured us that he was as much in the dark as anyone.

Appointments

Came appointment time, and the following were made:

Assistant Secretary: Miss Diana Lescher (seconded by the secretary with much gusto).

Finance Committee: Misses Foote and Thom.

Publications Committee: Messrs. Hill and Sheat, with Mr. Galvin as ex officio exec. ember.

Blues Committee: Messrs. Free, McLean and Chatwin.

Gym. Controller: Mr. Trev. Turner.

Social Committee Convener: Miss Diana Lescher (who has held this post since her co-option early this year).

Common Room Controllers: Women—Miss Mary Williment (Mr. Galvin was not eligible). Men—Mr. Ian Free.

Corresponding Member: Mr. Peter Chatwin.

Representative on Resident Exec. N.Z.U.S.A.: Mr. J. D. Dalgety.

Building Planning Committee: Messrs. McCaw and Beaglehole.

Public Relations Officer: Mr. McLean.

Cafeteria Controller: Miss Peggy Thom.

Stationery Controlling (Did you read that, Mr. Middleton?) Sub-

Committee: Miss D. Lescher and Mr. Terry.

Business Manager, "Salient": Mr. J. Whitta.

Most of the recommendations from the out-gone exec. were referred to sub-committees as is their wont. When the matter of retail selling through the Association was being considered, Mr. Free suggested an open-air bazaar. No doubt this would prove to be a very popular innovation.

A.G.M. Motions

Dealing flippantly with the recommendations from the A.G.M., a reviser of the Constitution was appointed in the person of Mr. Chatwin, in preparation for the cyclo-styling of the Constitution. The said Mr. Chatwin looked so pleased with this that the word "revise" was deleted and the words "bring up to date" substituted. Ever heard of the grin on the face of the Cheshire cat? It disappeared. As a lawyer, Mr. Chatwin would, of course, appreciate the significance of the amendment.

Significant Note

Discussing the future of Extrav. and Cappicade profits, Miss Lescher sounded a significant note when she suggested that a collection for

(Continued on Page 1)

Salient

THIS IS OUR TASK

WINTER Tournament this year is in Auckland: it is still a month away, but already people are saying that we are once more due for the wooden spoon. So convinced are these people of Vic's ineptitude that to suggest to them that we could actually win a tournament is to bring down upon the optimist's head a large quantity of undeserved scorn. For it is a fact: we can win a Tournament if we go about it with the unity of purpose that characterises the efforts of other Colleges.

We are not as puny as the heathen would have us believe: our weakness lies in our own lack of comprehension of the situation. Some, believing we have no chance, will make no sacrifices to go to tournament, while others who do go [often without sacrifice] will not make the necessary effort to ensure that they turn on a top performance when they compete. There are others of course who think that tournament is not worth anything anyway.

All this stems from the underlying acceptance of defeat. This attitude must be met and destroyed. For this year we must be given an excellent chance at least in soccer, table-tennis, miniature rifles, cross country running, and men's basketball, while our chances in other sports are not as remote as they may appear. If we were to win in these alone, we could come back with the shield. But we will not win if we do not want to.

In 1952 our Easter Tournament team should have been at least within half a point of the winners.

With a little extra effort in one sport we could have won. We failed badly because in two sports our opportunities were thrown away with victory in our grasp. The important thing to realise is this. In 1952 the men and women who represented us ought to have won us the shield, because they were good enough. This is not a fanciful conclusion: it is one which is supported by facts and figures and is something which must be recognised.

Those of you who bother to read this, are, for the most part, people who are active in the University: to you we say this. If you are going to tournament take it seriously. You are there primarily for the good of the college. And whether you are going to tournament or not there is a job for you. Get out and sell tournament to those who are wavering: from now until August 15th direct yourselves to the task of winning. See that those who did not bother to go last year do go this year. And above all see that those who are to represent us are prepared to represent us properly.

In these columns we can only call attention to these ideas. It is for all of us, working as a unit, to put that driving force into our efforts that can bring us success. This is our purpose, our goal—"to fight, to strive, and not to yield." This is for everyone.

—F.L.C.

PLUNKET MEDAL (Cont. from P. 1)

tion; too often at the end of a sentence or clause, he dropped his voice to such an extent that it was a strain to listen to pick up what he said. I formed the opinion that his speech was not sufficiently varied, although his material content was the soundest of the evening. He said more about his subject than did any other speaker. Had he made more use of contrast and light and shade, I think he would have scored more heavily than John McLean.

Medallist

What am I to say of Dave Mummery, the winner? I thought, to start with, that he had an extraordinarily difficult subject. An economist sounds too coldly calculating a person to arouse much emotion, and I felt, when Dave had finished, that we had had a mathematical analysis of the man, rather than an oration.

I thought his opening was faulty—he seemed to sidle into his speech before the audience was expecting him. His material, though good, lacked highlights, and seemed all very much the same.

While it is true that there was no attempt to stir the emotions in Dave's delivery, he did appear quite enthusiastic, in an unobtrusive way, towards the conclusion.

In manner he was hesitant and often stumbled over words, I thought that he did not have the platform presence that he ought to have had. Constantly speaking from an angle, he spoke to his audience with his head resting coyly, first on one shoulder, and then the other.

I don't want to appear unfairly critical of Dave, but I commenced this report by saying that I thought the judges were wrong, and it is therefore my duty to give my reasons. I think that had Dave not won the Medal this year, he would have done so either next year or the year after, with a much better subject, and a much better speech, because I know that he is capable of it. In this respect he has my sympathy; he will never know how well he might have spoken.

Improved Speaker

To Anne Olsen must go the prize for the most improved speaker. Her delivery was vastly improved on last year, though she still has quite a few faults to correct. Unfortunately ill health this year prevented her from doing full justice to herself and it was only three days before the contest that her speech was completed. Her treatment of Nehru was sym-

pathetic and sincere. She linked her subject with world problems in a way that gave her speech more meaning than many other speeches of the evening, and this is an aspect of her speech which could well be studied with profit by future Plunket Medal aspirants. I noticed the same approach in some of the other speeches but found it most pronounced in this one. She has a slight speech impediment which might be overcome with training, but it has the unfortunate effect of blurring some of her words. She held her audience well, but her conclusion I considered a trifle abrupt. She will improve a great deal in the next year or two, and with more time to prepare, I believe she has an excellent chance of winning the medal in the future.

And Comments

I have criticised both judges and speakers, and because I have done so, I shall not attempt to hide behind the veil of anonymity. Naturally my remarks are open to criticism but they are, to my knowledge, generally supported by three past Plunket Medallists, though some have disagreed with some of my comments on individual speakers. I may appear to have been a trifle harsh, but if so it is because I feel that a wrong has been done—not to any particular speaker, because any of three might reasonably have expected to win; but it was not right that something which was not an attempt at oratory should win an oratory contest. It was an injustice to all the contestants and an injury to the contest itself. To say that I was amazed when the decision was announced, would be an understatement; I was paralysed. I scarcely remember what happened afterwards, but felt like the poet, when he wrote:

"They told me Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed."

—F. L. CURTIN.

Last summer the Durham University Exploration Society undertook its biggest programme to date, organising three expeditions outside the British Isles, the principal one being to French Morocco. There were two four-men expeditions—the one going to Norway and the other one to Iceland—each of which was concerned chiefly with geology, and surveying relative to glaciological observations. (The Northerner, Newcastle). (A.P.)

LETTERS

Applied Maths

SIR.—As a keen follower of the Rugby Union code, I find the intricacies of Soccer even more unintelligible to me on reading your sports results in "Salient" of June 25. It appears that after playing eight games, V.U.C. contrived to win six, lose four and draw two. Obviously the game demands great mathematical dexterity as well as the usual physical attributes.

SCRUMMAGE

[We have asked the Soccer Club to play some more games.—Ed.]

Misquotation

SIR.—An apology is owing to Mr. Sheat, whom I misquoted in the report of this year's A.G.M. When Mr. Piper rose to speak on his motion and spake these words, "This motion arose from . . ." Mr. Sheat DID NOT interject . . . "A Horoscope." What he did say was, "Moscow."

BRIAN C. SHAW

Be In, Girls

SIR.—Why don't women wear glamorous clothes to Vic. parties any more? One really has to go out to the suburbs or to Public Service staff parties to find women wearing pretty party dresses.

I have been interested to see all the amazing materials in the shops these days from which stunning dresses could be made, but Vic. women seem to prefer hard tailored suits, and even . . . SLACKS! I don't want to be unkind but I do not consider slacks to be suitable garb for parties.

So, sir, may I put in a quiet plea for some more of those shiny, rustly sort of dresses, or some of that stuff you can see right through (I notice our women wear another complete dress underneath).

I hope my complaint will be heard in the right circles. As the guy at my elbow says, "If the women must wear clothes to parties, at least let 'em be glamorous."

HOPEFUL

(Your letter has been referred to the bachelors' club.—Ed.)

Plunket Medal

SIR.—The judges' decision upon the Plunket Medal contest has been the subject of much adverse comment. I believe this is because the Debating Society has formulated over the past few years some sort of "set standard" of what is expected from Plunket Medal speakers. And from the efforts of the recent contestants it seems that this "set standard" is not correctly based.

Writing, memorising and then "acting" a speech is not oratory. The language used tends to be stilted and artificial; no chance is given for adaptation to unforeseen circumstances in the occasion or audience;

NEW EXEC. (Contd. from Page 1)

charity be taken during Proceh. This matter was adjourned till the next meeting of the Exec., Monday the 13th. It is to be hoped that the exec. will seriously consider this question, as it is timely evidence of our non-parochial attitude, which has unfortunately been belated in coming to the fore in the matter of public relations.

D.I.C. came in for criticism regarding the supply of College blazers, and it would appear that anyone could buy a V.U.C. blue for the asking. In all the other colleges in New Zealand, a hit from the Secretary of the Association was required as evidence of good faith. It was decided to write to both D.I.C. and Hallenstein Bros. to ascertain the quality of cloth, price, time required for delivery, etc., with regard to a possible sole supplier contract.

Witicisms

General business found a motion by Mr. McCaw on the books regarding the present state of the gym. The controllers of the gym, and common rooms were requested to submit reports on suggested improvements and repairs. The estimated cost of re-wiring the gym was considered to be an excessive amount to leave on the shoulders of the Gym. Controller, and so he was authorised to have the place reasonably well rejuvenated, as was possible with a material grant of £20. This has since been done.

gestures are likely to be ill-timed; and above all the appeal of sincerity is lost almost entirely. Consequently the audience is not receiving the speaker's best appeal, which could be made if the speaker with his outline or path of thought carefully prepared speaks extempore.

The memoriter style may be of use in training a speaker, but it should be quickly abandoned before it gets too strong a hold.

I cannot say whether Mr. Mummery's speech was extemporaneous or not, but he certainly gave the impression of "thinking on his feet" and this must have been the deciding factor with the adjudicators.

It is perhaps a pity that it was necessary to disallow the entry of new speakers in this year's contest, as they must now feel, even if only sub-consciously, the weight of the "set standard."

However, congratulations Mr. Mummery!

J. WHITTA

SIR.—Like all but three members of last Saturday night's Plunket Medal audience (they unfortunately for the good name of the contest had been appointed judges), I was horrified by the very immature placing of the speakers. Fortunately the audience were more critical of the speakers than cows apparently are of His Grace's curates.

The winner, D. Mummery, tried hard but he wasn't good enough. His speech could never have been described as an oration, a defect shared certainly by most of the other entrants. But its content was also most disappointing. He relied for his information obviously on someone's "Life of Keynes" and made no attempt to consider Keynes' economic theories or the criticisms of them which have grown in volume and validity with passing years. These he had not studied, nor did he evaluate correctly the relative influences of the Keynes and World War I Plans on the formation of the I.M.F. and the World Bank, nor the comparatively small part that these two organisations have played in post war financial assistance. And it must be remembered that the economic theories of Keynes are of as much importance to an evaluation of him as the conquest of Antarctica is to Scott and World War I and Versailles to Wilson, and probably of more importance than "virginity" to Elizabeth I.

Could the committee of the Debating Society ensure that in future the judges understand what the contest is all about? Can we be assured that they will not take this decision as a green light to select Messrs. Mummery and McLean as the Joynt Scroll team if the same judges could also be provided?

One further point—could future committees ensure that the rules of the contest are observed in that when more than eight students desire to enter, those selected should have participated in two-thirds of the debates of the society.

D. FOY

The "usual letter" to the Registrar was sent, drawing his attention to the "usual state of affairs" in the men's convenience, and requesting that better lighting be installed in both cloakrooms. Said someone who had best remain anonymous, stirring from his slumber, "I have been observing these two places for some time now. . . . Ian Free called touche, and "persona" would be willing to run a raffle to provide Lux toilet soap in the (men's @n.) . . . to replace those bricks made with straw and droppings of . . ." Here we left. (Anticipation?) He also suggested HEATED TOWEL RACKS! Revolutionary! Other business was of a more or less formal nature, and the motions passed can be seen on the main noticeboard, by the Chem. wing. The meeting closed at the very early hour of 10.15 p.m. with a refreshing supper served by that metaphysical Hercules, Miss Paddy Dougherty.

Post-Script

The Hon. Secretary was seen at the Vic. House B Ball in the gym, night of Friday, July 3, and was obviously enjoying himself to the full. (Was he?) So were others. Kevin O'Brien was also there—but that's another story, and besides, this is no place for idle gossip, is it? Congratulations of the first magnitude go to the organisers of this unforgettable evening—and delicious supper. Is this a foretaste of things to come? I hope so.

—BRIAN C. SHAW



By
Ian Rich

MR. GILBERT and **Mr. Sullivan**, you presume. No, this film is misnamed. We do not meet these two men; at least, we do not get to know them very well. The intimate facts of their private lives are not revealed. The operettas the thing and thank God Mr. Launder and Mr. Gilbert have thought fit to think so. They cannot be blamed for being affected by Savoyites, when we consider that the lives of G. and S. were centred around that illustrious theatre.

What we do meet are Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan, the artists. I love their operas. I wanted to see something of the minds and circumstances that produced such works. What can it matter to Shakespeare whose work is going to live for ever that he should already be twenty-six legs of mutton in arrears with the butcher? Why should we worry about it. So be it with Gilbert and Sullivan. It is time that we see a love affair, but wasn't it so much to do with Sullivan's spiritual conflict of the artist. We have the famous story of the carpet—the story of a break in a triumphant artistic alliance. But we always find our way back to the Savoy. Let's call the film "Gilbert and Sullivan" then Launder and Gilbert have every justification to concentrate on the operas themselves. The artists come next. Let's leave out the men of the world—with their finance, marriages, home decoration, gardening, social life, domestic wranglings.

The director does a grand job. I liked watching the ballet of the horses in the parks, keeping strict time to the rhythm of Sullivan's music; I liked hearing the common crowd, the bands, the organ grinders revelling in the top hit tunes of the day. The gradual dawning of the fact that G. and S. were becoming

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan

"as much as an institution as Westminster Abbey itself." The gay Victoria spirit, the captured atmosphere. I was both amused and moved when the stories of the operas were paralleled with the stories of their creators. I was pleased with the deft handling, the occasional tricks in the photographs, the willingness to allow the singers and actors to do this stuff without interference, the dramatic cutting, the work of the choruses. Above all I was grateful for the good taste.

Maurice Evans was effective in a quiet, unpretentious way. I fully understood his picture of a discontented artist—the composer mocked by an appreciative Savoy audience in the failure of his life's deepest aspirations. A Jack Point who wanted to "sing a song-o" in the higher realms of art.

What of the other actors "A critic's life is extremely flat when there's nothing whatever to grumble at," and I must have a grumble at Robert Morley as W.S. Gilbert. What exactly he was trying to do I don't know. Obviously his performance was not thought out in the study beforehand. (It would be unjust to say that probably Morley hasn't a study.) It is rambling and hazy. Morley says his lines in the typical Morley manner—and the result is a kindly wit who occasionally acts like a bad-tempered child. In fact he seemed a bit looney. "A private buffoon is a lighthearted loon." One of Gilbert's own lines but I am sure he would have died of rage if it was suggested that it could ever apply to himself. Eileen Herlie and Peter Finch are good as Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. And, of course, my old friend, Wilfred Hyde-White, the old troupier of such films as "The Third Man," "The Outcast of the Islands" and "The Browning Version." A tribute to you, Mr. Headmaster.

The technicolour is magnificent. No raspberry sauce pinks, sealing-wax reds, washtub blues. All bold and gay, fitting in with the sets and costumes of Heim Hockrath, who fully reclaims his fallen reputation of "The Tales of Hoffman." Visually the public is well catered for, but advice to the blind man. Malcolm Sargeant and the D'Oyly Carte company, headed by Martyn Green, are very much

in the picture. So don't miss it.

A very good production, worthy of a 21st birthday present from any film company let alone London films. Launder and Gilbert must have quoted from G. and S. themselves: "Here's a first rate opportunity. We must not miss our opportunity." They haven't. Their film has faults (a question of ambition overleaping itself, and then hastening back again) but they are so minor and do not spoil the overall excellence so I will be fair and not mention them. Of course some will say that it is frustrating, that the G. and S. selection is not enough, that the selections are not the best. For me it is not frustrating because the film provides me with a compensating outlet for a desire to see a Gilbertian and Sullivan opera at least once every quarter. The selection does not satisfy me—I would like to have seen more of "Patience" and "The Pirates of Penzance," less of "Trial by Jury"—but on the other hand it may have suited someone else.

But of course, if you can't stand Gilbert and Sullivan don't go to see the film. If you love 'em, I'm sure you will go more than once.

Grading: **** (**)

King Lear

LAURENCE OLIVIER is preparing a technicolor version with himself as Lear. I hope it is a better effort than "Hamlet."

—I.R.

Come Back Little Sheba

CONGRATULATIONS, Shirley Booth! To a mediocre story she brings an acting ability unequalled in years. She it is who holds the story together, and gives it a magnetic attraction to warm even the most critical heart. Burt Lancaster is also good; some say he was miscast; but it is the actor's job to act, and the "doctor" is a person who is aloof to all emotions save that of charity. He painfully lives through each day, not daring to look back on his past. A reformed dipsomaniac, he

SPRING 1600

EMLYN WILLIAMS, the author of "Spring 1600," is a born writer, his characters and dialogue in all his plays are immediately convincing; and he has a Celtic command of atmosphere—altogether a competent but not over-exciting dramatist. This play was first produced in London in 1945 and is almost an essay in the comedy of humours. It is light and crisp and was produced and acted as such. There is little plot but the play is such that it needs only a few threads to hold the comedy together. It was a good choice for the club as its life and movement provided plenty of scope for comedy acting from the main characters. The main characters are clearly drawn and generally well cast, though in this play one had better not speak of "type-casting."

We encounter the names of famous persons and historical events on every side—Richard Burbage and the Lord Chamberlain's men; Master Alleyn and the Admirals' Men; Tourneur, Nashe, Drake, Essex and a "fellow that writes plays"—Shakespeare. All of them, to a student, "familiar in his mouth as household words."

Honours for acting ability must go to Gavin Yates as Burbage, the original player of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello" and "Richard III"), the chief tragedian of his age. The play really took on some life when Mr. Yates began in scene 2 to act the "greatest Englishman now living" as his wife says he is. Many of the other males in the cast could well take note of his stage movement and voice control. One of the best

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and more serious scenes in the play is where Burbage tells "Jack Beeston"—the country girl in disguise—of his plans for his new theatre, the Globe. You could almost hear his "flutter of immortality."

There was, as usual, a high standard of acting from the distaff side, with the best coming from Bernadette Canty as Jack Beeston, Rosemary Lovegrove as Winifred, Burbage's wife, and Charmian Patterson in a fine piece of characterisation as Lady Copperario. This "Lady" is an Italian gentlewoman, born and bred in Islington, London, who would seem to be an old-fashioned version of a "gold-digger." The rest, while not having such large parts, were able to keep up the high standard.

The male cast were uneven in quality and it was lack of teamwork among some of them that made the play drag in spots. David Bridges showed skill and a good sense of comedy as Ned Pope, an old female impersonator. Others who entered well into the spirit of the play were Ian Rich, Perry Stevenson, Laury Sinclair and Bruce Ross. The latter had a tendency to emphasise the wrong words and to use the same inflections—a thing which he could control. John Marchant gave a sincere portrayal as Kit Cooper, the cousin who comes to take the girl home. He moved and acted well in a difficult part which was fairly "straight" as contrasted to the comedy parts of the others. Hal Nash, Terrance Corbett and John Wiles did not come up to the standard of the others due mainly to lack of experience and teamwork. There is a song sometimes heard on the radio from one of Noel Coward's musicals, "The Ace of Clubs" called "Three Juvenik Delinquents."

Mrs. Lloyd, the producer, brought out the comedy side of the play extremely well; the subtle humour was appreciated by the audience. She got the best out of her cast and the production seemed to be carefully planned. The setting was effective.

(Continued on Page 4)

plays his part with the restraint demanded of him.

But it is Shirley, as his wife, who gives to the audience the background of the couple. A middle-aged wife, pathetic, day-dreaming, love-starved and pining for some sign of affection from her husband; she condones a love affair between a glamorous college student and a hefty, senous athlete, which revives the past for Burt, including his seduction of the girl who is now his wife through force of circumstances—"You cannot defy convention or the laws of God," he says at one stage, reflecting perhaps his own regret at the failure of his forced marriage. He is driven to drink again, and when he recovers and returns home he finds love awaiting him; and at last it is reciprocated.

Every verbal rambling by the wife, every silly word, every gesture is full of expression, telling to the audience the tragic story of the marriage about to go on the rocks. Yes, Shirley, you well deserve your Oscar.

The director of the film, Daniel Mann, is also to be congratulated for the way in which he builds up the story skilfully to its climax. He was also the producer of the play, written by William Inge.

We would dearly like to see more acting of this calibre.

Grading: ****

In other words, GREAT!

—BRIAN C. SHAW.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

THE Jazz Club got off to a very good start this year with its combined A.C.M. and concert on Tuesday, June 30. The formal part of the meeting was mercifully short, and the following is the list of members of this year's committee:—President, Trev. King; secretary, Ken Brian; treasurer, Garth Young; assistant secretary, John Doran; committee, George Fraser, Peter Donovan, Dan Donovan. Ex-president John Doran explained that many difficulties had prevented an early start this year, including the lack of a suitable room. Last year's committee collapsed, and John was left to organise his concert almost singlehanded. He introduced the guest band, which plays under the name of "Johnny Tucker's Steamboat Stompers."

This group has the traditional New Orleans line-up, and interpreted jazz in its original idiom. They gave the enthusiastic audience seventeen numbers of non-stop Dixie, ranging from the slow and dreamy "When Day is Done" to numbers like "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Johnny Tucker with his slow and expressive clarinet breaks made "Up the Lazy River" a pleasant journey, and Nip Spring on the trumpet nearly blew all his tubes in "Steamboat Bill." But these boys are not only energetic, we have it on reliable authority that they play the best Dixie to be heard around Wellington. It must be admitted that they played only well-rehearsed set pieces with no attempt at real collective improvisation but this did not detract from the general exciting effect, rather gave a more polished result.

Garth Young would be an asset in any group judging from his solid piano backing and his Jelly Roll Morton solo in "Hillary's Blues." Trombone man Bruce Foster was also proficient in the choruses and his break in "When You're Smiling" brought applause. Bill Crowe, however, used too much high-hat cymbal and we would rather have seen a drummer who was not so reserved and who could have thrown in an appropriate break.

Future activities of the club include the formation of a band, record evenings, lectures by leading jazzmen, and more concerts by guest bands.

—HARCUS P.

LITERARY ISSUE

Contributions of prose, short stories, verse, critical reviews are called for the production of this year's special "SALIENT LITERARY ISSUE." Contributions need not be typed, although that is preferable, but must be to hand by August 15th.

Contact the Editor, John Cody or Peter Dronko personally, or by the Men's Common Room Letter-rack.

Chess Club

THIS year the club has had very little support from its members. The club nights for the first term were attended by only a few people, the excuse given by the others being that the club nights were not suitable.

The executive then was asked to choose a night suitable to the majority. Thursday evening was chosen. In the second term the attendance to date has been practically nil. As a result, the teams entered by Vic. in the competitions have made a very poor showing, although the club teams were runners-up in the E grade and won the C grade.

The results so far read as follows:—

B grade, V.U.C. c. Wellington, lost 5½-1.

C grade, V.U.C. v. Civic—draw. V.U.C. v. Wellington College, lost 0-2.

These results are a poor reflection on the present members of the club, after last year's record when the

club started in the second term; and we hope we will get more support during the rest of the term from those persons who listed themselves as members earlier.

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Hockey . . . VARSITY OUTPLAY— OUTDRINK MASSEY

THE annual match between Victoria and Massey took place at Palmerston North on Sunday, July 5. It was intended that the game should have been played at the Hokowhitu ground but, owing to the fact that a number of the players seemed to be in danger of drowning as they progressed from the road to the dressing shed, it was decided to play the game at the Massey College ground.

Play started after the sheep had been cleared off the field and the teams settled down to a muddy encounter. After a quarter of an hour's indecisive play, Victoria attacked down the right wing and Calkin sent the ball across for Caldwell to score. By this time the ground resembled a cattleyard and most of the players resorted to the high flick shot to make any progress. After a determined run in the circle Calkin scored Victoria's second goal. Shortly before half-time a shot from Coates rebounded off the Massey goalie's pads and Turner, fishing the ball out of a pile of evidence that sheep had been there, made the score 3-0.

Victoria increased the tally to 5-0 early in the second spell when Coates and Gordon scored. Then Massey showed improved form and neatly

completed two attacking movements to bring the final score to 5-2.

After the game the annual contest for the Crouch Shield was held. Once again the players endeavoured to drown themselves, but not in rain-water. Tension was evident on all faces as the four-man teams lined up. Despite a great start, Victoria gradually lagged and the result was declared a tie. It was agreed to have a re-run and this time, thanks to some good dribbling by Victoria's No. 3 and an improved performance by No. 4, a clear second's margin was gained. Thus Victoria won the handsome shield which is nobly inscribed, "Ergo bibamus."

A most enjoyable and successful day was completed when the team was entertained at afternoon tea by the Massey College team.

Flute, Oboe and Piano

AN instrumental combination which is rarely heard by most people was presented to students by the college Musical Society. Playing works by 17th and 18th century composers were Hans Knoetgen, flute; Ngaire Stead, oboe, and Gabrielle Whitehorn, piano.

Two modern sonatas were also performed, the Sonatina for Flute and Piano by Walter Leigh and Sonata for Oboe and Piano by Paul Hindemith. These two works are rather similar in character and we are told that Leigh studied under Hindemith in Berlin. In the Sonatina, the flautist did not display a sufficient graduation of tone, with the result that the atonality of the work was liable to become monotonous in places. In the Sonata, however, the oboist, who is a member of the National Orchestra, dealt very competently with the finer shades of Hindemith's composition.

Save for the Piano Sonata by C. P. E. Bach the impression gained from the older works was a certain lack of depth. But as a trio, the players nevertheless gave an interesting and capable interpretation of Sonatas by Corbett and Frescobaldi. The most fascinating piece on the programme was the Sonata in B Flat for Flute and Oboe by Telemann. This work, though slight in content, gave the performers an opportunity to explore the possibilities of two wind instruments in harmony and the effect on the audience was most gratifying.

ROBERT H. SMITH

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*SOCCER . . .

VARSITY CHECK THE SETTLERS

AT the Basin Reserve last Saturday Varsity drew with Petone—one of Wellington's top championship teams. The final score was 3-all. Weather conditions for the game were distinctly bad, with the ground very heavy, pools of mud in places and a cold, southerly blowing.

However, the team showed clearly that they could play just as well in the mud as on firm fields, and they give every indication of repeating, perhaps next year, the success which the Rugby fifteen has had this year.

In their game with Petone, Varsity began playing with the wind against them, but they nevertheless attacked strongly with Preston, the inside right, scoring in the first eighteen minutes of play with a good foot shot. As always, Varsity's defence was sound, and full-back Richardson and Aldrich shared honours with Page, the goalie, in holding off Petone's strong attacking side so well. Petone equalised soon, however, with a shot which Page appeared unable to see, because they were several men between him and the ball.

The game was characterised by good passing from the Varsity's forwards, and neat movements by Preston, Hodge, the centre-forward, and Gray, the speedy left winger brought the team close to success several times. Gray, especially, was always elusive, though he had fairly big men marking him.

The last part of the game saw Petone ahead by three goals to two, with Varsity fighting for a draw. From a good-centre by Reddy, the right half, Phillips took a snap kick at the ball and sent it into the left hand side of Petone's goal mouth, much to the surprise of O'Brien, Petone's goalie, and everybody else. In the last few minutes of the game Petone fought back hard for that extra championship point, but Varsity's iron defence obstructed all their efforts. The game ending: University 3; Petone 3.

SPRING 1600 (Contd. from Page 3)
well-designed and with the excellent costumes, lighting and make-up gave the production the right finishing touches.

Some of the comedy lines will stick in my memory . . .
"What's a dowager?" "A woman of no taste."

"Mistress Ann Boylene was twenty-five when she wed and she married Henry VIII." "So did a number of other people."

The production deserved better audiences and especially more support from the students. It would be interesting to know how many students saw it.

Congratulations, Drama Club, for a well-done play.
TONY COURTNEY.

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Rugby . . . SECOND LOSS IN MUD

FOR the second successive week University suffered defeat in the Athletic Park mud. Next week's game against St. Pat's could be won but for some time it has been unofficially "written off." To retain the Cup the seniors must give improved displays against teams which have both competent backs and determined forwards.

Saturday's 6-3 loss was due primarily to the forwards' failure to operate as a pack until the final 30 minutes, and the backs' inability to counter the Heinie Muller tactics of Ponoke's No. 8 forward. Strong packing early in the game would have forced him to take a more active interest in the rucks. It was not until Captain Ivan Stuart stood behind his forwards in the early second spell line-outs and bound them together that the pack really got going. Their efforts were rewarded in Stuart's try which followed the best dribbling rush on the Park this season—a move in which Nepia's intelligent ball control was a feature.

Savage had a torrid time but came through well, while Henley's defence was excellent. Henley surprised by not attempting to find the gap more in the later stages when Ponoke concentrated on the elusive Fitzgerald, who was the outstanding back on the field. The backs tried to open up the game early with the dry ball but their play suffered from one or two misunderstandings. When combining better in the second spell, the greasy ball affected the handling. Fitzpatrick could not make much progress and the wings had little to do. Osborne often saved the day. He may lack O'Callaghan's power but he can be relied upon to get the ball into touch.

It may be policy not to use the stab kick on a fine day but why en-

force such a policy in the mud? The backs were often forced to run across field and lose ground when a short grubber kick would have embarrassed their opponents as much as University were embarrassed at times by similar tactics.

Although Fallen's try for Ponoke was doubtful enough to make their supporters think they were lucky, Ponoke deserved to win as they maintained the pressure from start to finish. Games can be lost as easily in the first spell as in the second and that is what happened on Saturday.

"Salient" wishes Arthur Henley well on his departure for Waimate. This modest five-eighth always plays well and has often, as in the Hutt game, proved a match winner. His place will be hard to fill.

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SALIENT
LITERARY ISSUE
WATCH FOR IT

Harriers Win Vosseller Shield

WITH an outstanding display of team running the V.U.C. Harrier Club confirmed its position as Wellington's leading club by decisively winning the Vosseller Shield, a ten mile race for teams of ten, held on a gruelling course at Lyall Bay on Saturday, July 4.

While the day was cold and drizzly, conditions generally were good, the beach was firm and not as tough going as in some years. In spite of the absence of runners such as Noel Taylor, A. A. Jelly and Brian Derwin there was a strong field of entries including last year's winning team from the Palmerston North Y.M.C.A. Harrier Club.

Ross Rawnsley, last year's winner, had little trouble in repeating that success and in a slightly faster time. Clem Hake closed up on Rawnsley over the last three miles and was about forty yards behind at the finish. Paul Keesing, Colin Candy and Mike Truebridge pushed each other along most of the way to finish fourth, sixth, and seventh. After two outsiders had finished Tim Beaglehole came in to give Vic six men in the first ten, an achievement rarely if ever bettered in Wellington. The other four to count were Peter Joyce (16th) who moved up well after starting too slowly, Dick Gliberd (17th), Tony Gow (22nd) and John Holden, a seasoned veteran of many Vosseller Shield races (28th). There were several other V.U.C. runners who all completed the distance and appeared remarkably fresh at the finish.

The next big event is the Provincial Championships at Trentham on July 25th.