

Salient

An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria University, Wellington.

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SAPIENTIA MAGIS



AURO DESIDERANDA

SEX ACT OR ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY STUDENTS PREFER SEXUAL INTERCOURSE TO ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

Does Victoria University want artificial insemination to replace sexual intercourse? This was the question the Victoria University Debating Society had to answer on April 14, 1961. The debate was described by adjudicator Mr George Joseph as the "frankest debate" he had ever heard. It seems that Victoria University students prefer to remain in the Victorian era. Needless to say, advocates of artificial insemination lost by a heavy majority—despite the brilliant efforts of Messrs Hogg, Middleton and several other gentlemen (and women). Although the topic debated upon gave rise to many laughs—unlike previous "sex debates" held in the past—the evening may be classed as one which inspires much serious thinking.

The Speakers

Speakers for the affirmative—that "Artificial insemination should replace Sexual Intercourse"—were Messrs. Middleton, Hogg, Dawkins, Ross, Fatalonga, Lewis, Dewhurst and Miss Younger. Those who objected to the motion were: Messrs. Tamesese, Roberts, Daniel, Butler, O'Brien, Bromby, Hamlin and McBride. SALIENT reporter Janet Anderson and Miss Griffin were also among those who spoke against the motion.

Law Text Quoted

Aided by statistics from an unknown source and a textbook on Family Law—Mr Hogg earnestly put forward his ideas—the desirability of artificial insemination. Our old system—marriage, and all that follows—is already outmoded. The problems which arise in "Ingils on Family Law" show this; statistics showing the frequency of bastardy prove beyond all doubt that a change is needed. Ignoring the many interjections from the floor, particularly those from a Mr O'Brien, the speaker assured the audience that there was nothing to be lost if the idea were to be carried out.

Deprivation of Pleasure

He said: "This motion will not deprive you of the VARIOUS LIBERTIES which are already indulged in. You are quite at liberty to DO IT IN PLEASURE." Furthermore, his colleague would "later on show that there is an answer to (the world's) most pressing problems." (At this point, freshers fidgetted uncomfortably. Others cheered wildly.) Anyway, Mr Hogg pointed out, artificial insemination is ALREADY WIDELY PRACTISED (Interjection: "Among cattle!")

A Race of Supermen?

This really works! We select the best specimen. We would take the precaution of excluding Irishmen. Soon, sub-standard intellects and poor physique are eliminated. Eventually, there will (from this system of widespread artificial insemination) emanate a race of SUPERMEN!

Tamesese Objects Violently

Leader for the opposing team, Mr Tamesese hinted darkly that Mr Hogg's statistics came from an unreliable source. "I can tell you that New Zealand women are not as sexually consistent as they are in the United States of America. It is perhaps a very admirable reflection on their energy. I . . . (ABRIDGED, Editor) . . ."

Artificial insemination is an outrage against the natural law of things. Artificial insemination requires that men must masturbate. It is necessary to . . . (ABRIDGED, Editor) . . . Anyway, he will not go into the biological mechanics of the thing. Men who prefer artificial insemination to the sex act must have "an unhealthy sense of individualism!"

The SITUATION of artificial insemination is ENTIRELY ABSURD AND EMBARRASSING. Who would . . . (ABRIDGED, Editor) . . . be willing to subject herself to the many risks attached to artificial insemination? "The whole motion smacks of irresponsibility."

Mr Middleton Tells A (Dirty?) Story

"We all do it; we all have done it; therefore we should do it in the future." This he claimed was the attitude of those who do not want to adopt new ideas and new changes.

To illustrate his point, he cited the case of a noble savage who would not eat his fellow men. It was a compact little story. Progress! Progress! Man must progress! he hammered into his audience. And to progress, we must remove our conventional ideas.

On the question of morals, Mr Middleton pointed out that while we have a right to mess-up our lives, we have no right to ruin those who will come after us. (He was speaking on the assumption that artificial insemination will in fact better our living.) "Ladies and gentlemen, have you ever thought that your birth was an accident?" A hushed interval followed this

query. Someone recovered himself in time to yell out: "Yours was a mistake"

Finally, he stated that "Man is eternally curious." Sounding like something extracted from a psychology text, he went on: "We must adjust ourselves to our environment; to new situations." We cannot possibly resist change.

More Authority Quoted

"Mr Chairman," Mr Roberts said, "even I have a conscience!" He quoted some findings by some professor or other and told his audience of some of the dangers inherent in artificial insemination. Legally, artificial insemination can be a ground for divorce in some countries. Socially, artificial insemination is undesirable because of the evil consequences which result once the family unit is destroyed. And artificial insemination—if it is going to replace sexual intercourse—is the very thing which is going to cause disruption in our social order. If artificial insemination is going to be made compulsory, OUR LAST STRONGHOLD OF PRIVACY—THE DOUBLE BED IS GOING TO BE LOST FOREVER!

Purpose of Life Not in a Bottle

Unblushing, Miss Anderson told her listeners: "The purpose of life is not in a bottle!" . . . (ABRIDGED, Editor) . . . " . . . people would become frustrated . . ." (Some people thought that this was hilariously funny). Very wisely, in a confidential tone, she said: "According to FREUD, many of our mental frustrations have a SEXUAL ORIGIN!" From her remarks, we drew the inference that Miss Anderson does not think much of artificial insemination. Pretty law student, Miss Younger, thought otherwise. Stolidly, she maintained that "new ideas are not always welcomed." To her, the problems of the world—prejudice, war, suspicion, poverty—can all be solved by this new, exciting process—artificial insemination. Then came an unusual view:

"Sexual intercourse is too personal," she thought. Miss Younger went on . . . (ABRIDGED, Editor).

The Idea Repulsive

A Mr Terrilee probably revealed the true feelings of most of those in the gathering when he said that the idea of artificial insemination is repulsive to most of us—and that this points out that there is something wrong with the plan proposed in the motion debated that night.

The Final Fatal Blow

The members of the affirmative suffered a final, fatal blow from Mr Hamlin when he summarised very neatly the arguments against the motion. Mr Hamlin had vacated his chair and exercised his privilege of speaking as a floor member. Despite Mr Hogg's courageous retreat—his talks of "emotionalism, sentimentalism," and all, Mr Hamlin's objections struck home.

A Frivolous Evening?

SALIENT estimated the crowd at 250—all after good, clean (?) fun. Apart from a burst of good debating technique from Mr Hamlin, SALIENT feels that some of the other speakers could have prepared their arguments better had they so wished. Better speeches have been presented in the past by some of the speakers. Mr Ross managed to capture the attention of his audience in his quiet manner and probably appeared in time to stop the debate from turning into a riotous evening. Anyway, we all had our fun. Weren't you there? A pity.

Quotable Quotes

"Mr Maxwell (a married man) has spent YEARS OF PATIENT RESEARCH. He was going to bombard you with a deluge of facts."—Mr Hogg.

"You are all familiar—undoubtedly—with the matter."—Tamesese.

"What a cold way of treating a hot topic!"

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Editorial

THIS WEEK, we received a letter complaining about the large amount of space "wasted" on President Hercus and the Executive. The person who wrote that letter may have had two things in mind: the reporting on the Executive meeting was bad, or Executive meetings just do not interest him at all.

If the sole complaint were that Executive activities are of no interest whatever, then it is precisely our intention that ALL students should be made to become interested. We shall do our utmost to see that everyone pays better attention to what our Executive does.

SALIENT feels that it is our duty to generate "Executive-consciousness" because the Executive is our responsibility. We voted the members in; and through the medium of SALIENT we should be able to check on the usefulness of those who purport to be a true representation of Victoria University students.

New Zealand is a democratic country. And we may even say that our student elections have always been conducted along democratic lines. But NO DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN WORK UNLESS THE PEOPLE MAKE USE OF THE SYSTEM. A dictionary defines democracy as "governing by the people." So how can our democratic system work when we refuse to be interested, refuse to exercise the rights we have? And to exercise our rights properly, we have to know what we are talking about—this is where SALIENT comes in. Hence, we try our best to create individual awareness. We "waste" space reporting on our Executive.

So readers, no matter who you vote in, REMEMBER THAT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY DOES NOT STOP THERE. Trace the steps of your successful candidate. Is he fulfilling his function? And always remember this: it is not always fun administrating student affairs 1 a.m. in the morning while a pig-headed, apathetic mob slumbers peacefully.

Readers Reckon

ON TUTORIALS MY MIND HAS MEANDERED (Why Not?)

Sir,—In a Stage 2 English tutorial, on two occasions recently, the class has been set a written exercise to be done in the tutorial hour. I acknowledge that this type of exercise may be very beneficial to the student, and excellent preparation for planning examination answers. But surely this is defeating the purpose of tutorials, in which it is intended that the student voices his opinion to the inevitable enlightenment of his class-mates. The tutorial hour is supposed (and it is the English Department that puts forward this supposition) to be the hour of informal discussion, both of the material brought up during the lectures, and of the new and personal ideas that emerge from the student's own subtle contemplation and interpretation of the works in hand. This sort of impromptu written exercise is a practice of secondary school English teachers, and is right and proper there—but why should the University student, whose hours of instruction and guidance are few, have to put up with it while sacrificing the sole opportunity for personal discussion?

Yours faithfully,

ROGER ASHAM.

Sir,—There is a deep incongruity arising out of the fact of our "animal shadow" and soul existing in conjugation while our "animal shadow" remains practically undeveloped.

"Higher" intelligence in the human being is only now, at an intermediate stage between non-thinking and full comprehension of the environment. Until our conjunction of "animal shadow" and spirit can evolve into perfect control of its environment we will not begin to develop the capacity of our soul.

At present, our embryo souls are isolated in their plane. Their development is impaired until they can gain the ability of joining, two willing, in a direct relationship that gives something nearer to supreme consummation. (This direct spiritual consummation would raise the quality of love to its logical peak).

The star of complete control of our environment is enmeshed in the universe of the future. Our souls (being immortal) will only enjoy a reincarnation in this idyllic environment of balanced spiritual fulfillment IF — our

DEIST'S FINAL SAY

Sir,—The principal objection to my recent article on deism seems to have been my discussion on the Bible. While recognising that the Bible's origins are shrouded in mystery, my critics still emphasise that it is God's self-revelation to Man. They say that mechanical "proof" of this is not necessary, and base their argument upon the experiences which do not necessarily stem from the source that they describe.

I do believe B.T.D.'s sincerity, when he testifies to this experience, but I defy him to define it. Could it be that his experience is partly the result of an attitude of mind instilled from birth? Many people go through the motions of Christian living without experiencing anything. I prefer to be honest. I HAVE, MANY TIMES, ATTEMPTED TO ENTER INTO THIS EXPERIENCE, AND HAVE BEEN DISILLUSIONED.

Your correspondents draw upon scientific fact to establish the divine origins of the Bible. Yet, many of these ancient conclusions exceed the power of intelligent observation. The Bible records the phenomenon of the Great Flood and is supported by archeology—but this is not difficult to accept when we learn of the physical changes that have occurred in ages past. Primitive tribal genealogy tells of a similar event, which hardly supports the Bible story that all mankind was wiped out, save a chosen few. Thus if we are to use the example of "proof," we must concern ourselves with the interpretation of fact, not just the facts themselves, and satisfy ourselves, whether or not, God or merely nature was responsible.

If B.D.G. had read my article carefully he would have found that I defined a Christian as one who wholly accepts the scriptures, and adheres to its two main commands i.e. (1) Love God; (2) Love thy neighbour. I find great difficulty in accepting the first requirement. I cannot see what tangible good results from it in terms of raising standards of living. I feel that if society is to expend its material efforts upon the glorification of God, the ideal of brotherly love is jeopardised. That is, I consider that the two principal commandments are, to some extent, incompatible.

A great inconsistency is that, whereas Man did enter into direct communion with Him, and Man did receive the benefits of His benevolence, GOD DOES NOTHING AT THE PRESENT TIME. Hence I agree with B.D.G. that God cannot (or does not) enforce his will upon Man, and does not concern himself with the eradication of evil, which is surely the deist contention. Is it right that we should owe allegiance to this kind of God? I am prepared to sacrifice any unsubstantiated pro-

amoebic "animal shadow" flows into conformity around a developing bud of knowledge and soul.

We must perpetuate any transmutation that would make man a more balanced combination of an improved "animal shadow" and of an understanding soul BECAUSE HERE LIES ULTIMATE FULFILLMENT.

So please nobody destroy either man or our environment for the process of development will be lengthy even if allowed to take its natural course.

—D. CRUN.

[We advise readers who use this paper to wrap their fish and chips in to use a lot of salt here.]

mise of salvation for the little extra good I can render in a practical sense.

I am, etc.,

—DEIST.

(Abridged).

[In view of the many letters received answering Deist, we have decided to close this subject for a short period. Thank you, all Deist readers.—Ed.]

IN TOILETS

Sir,—The Evangelical Union is a very active organisation. They have notices all over the place—on noticeboards, in passages, everywhere. They even have notices stuck up in the men's conveniences.

It is deplorable that you should waste money printing a supplement which is of interest to only a minority of our student population—the Evangelical Union.

Yours, etc.,

—PUZZLED.

(Abridged).

[Editor's note: The costs for the supplement which appeared in SALIENT, issue 4, is to be paid by the Evangelical Union itself. We assure our readers that neither the Evangelical Union nor any other religious group or Student body is going to be able to use SALIENT as a propaganda machine.]

MIDDLEWAY AGAIN

Sir,—Religious Legalist and J. K. Murphy have misinterpreted the letter I signed "Middle Way." They associated "Middle Way," which was a reference to Buddhist doctrine, with the wonderful Kiwi cult of mediocrity. In fact I was trying to point out that certain behaviour-patterns needed to be recognised by their authors as plain immaturity.

For example, excessive drinking and complete abstinence from alcohol are, in most cases, I feel, both immature behaviour-patterns. The mature individual being the one who follows the middle way with regard to drink.

Likewise blind devotion to a political system or to the principle of nuclear disarmament, or to sectarian ritual, is just fanaticism; while complete apathy is vegetative refusal to face reality.

The genuine beatnik is indeed an individual, but for every one of these, there are a dozen phony beats. My plea was: Don't conform to unconformity—try being yourself without laying on a coat of eccentricity—the individual emerging from the coat may be 10 times more eccentric—give him a go.

These behaviour patterns are often necessary stages to pass through on the road to individuality, being an exploration of new freedoms, but are not to be confused with individuality itself, as is done by "Religious Legalist."

To suppress such behaviour is the last thing I would dream of advocating; to have it recognised for what it is would be enough. Like William Blake I say "If the fool persists in his own folly he will become wise."

A "religious legalist" is, I feel, one who clothes himself in a code of living—a beautiful protection from reality—and the more noble the ideals in that code, the greater the protection; and the greater the imprisonment of the individual in conformity. The pity is that he justifies his legalism by inventing the doctrine of original sin.

Yours, etc.,

—MIDDLEWAY.

CRITICISM!

Dear Sir,—The lackadaisical interest shown towards University activities and SALIENT by the majority of students is well known. It appears to me that the feature on the cover of your fourth issue is little calculated to improve the position. The Editor may be fascinated by the unique position of Mr Hercus, but I am not. Yours, etc.,

—B. W. BEGLEY.

[Abridged]

WITCH-HUNT

Dear Sir,—Now that the hunt for ex-Nazis is in full cry, it is strange that no such popular pursuit is being followed in New Zealand. Why do we not join in the game and organise a full-scale witch-hunt?

I see no reason why such worthwhile organisations (such as the Federated Farmers, the Editorial Board of Cappicade, the patrons of the private bar of the St. George, the N.Z.R.U. Inner Council, the Save the Taj Mahal Sub-committee) cannot be persuaded to pool their resources for the welfare of the community in ridding us of these cruel criminals.

The unspeakable horror brought to mind arouses our deepest concern that those who have sinned against humanity should escape rightful retribution.

I call upon the readers of this far-sighted newspaper to take with both hands the flame of liberty and eradicate these bigoted humbugs who so inhumanly stamp out the remaining survival of pre-sewage—our dear midges.

Yours, with a swollen tongue,
H. McDONALD.

[Abridged]

President Hercus Stayed On

As indicated in last issue's Stop Press, Mr Hercus persuaded executive to allow him to stay on till the end of his term as President of the Students' Association. An informal meeting was held with him during Easter Tournament at Dunedin. Present with Mr Hercus were Miss Picton and Miss Frost, Messrs. Mitchell, Fisher, O'Regan and Watts. (Mr O'Brien couldn't be present but he had talked to Mr Hercus beforehand). They each told Mr Hercus their attitude. The conversation was quite open and frank.

Mr Hercus intimated that he might have taken the wrong step originally in not resigning immediately upon being posted to Waihi and said that if he was asked, he would resign.

But he made it clear that his sole reason for not resigning was that there was so little time before the presidential elections that he felt it would be "absurd" to resign. He agreed that a president could be elected by executive, but he pointed out that this had never been done before, and that a president elected in this way might be less representative than he was himself.

All agreed that a full election for a president could not be undertaken only three weeks away from the annual presidential elections, and that a president elected by executive, although a constitutional president, would really have no more authority or prestige than had Acting-President Mitchell already.

At this point the more intransigent members were willing to allow the practical aspect to dictate to their principles. They agreed it would be poor administration, that is, a waste of students' money, to ask for his resignation now.

Messrs. O'Regan and Watts (and presumably O'Brien) agreed that although they could not, in principle, vote for the acceptance of Mr Hercus's apology, they would not vote against it.

Accordingly, when Mr Hercus's apology was accepted at the last executive meeting, there were no dissenters, but Messrs. O'Brien, Watts and Tannahill recorded their abstentions.



These four beauties represented Victoria in tennis last Easter. From the left: Anita Greig, Sandra Parsons, Jenny Parker and Margaret Thompson.

The Changing Face of Fencing

In the good old days the firm of Ellis & Co. could be relied on to win the fencing shield at Winter Tournament, preserving at least some tattered shreds of pride for us. In time, however, the old firm disbanded, for even the greatest academic longevity falls prey to the ravages of old age. With the new decade there was a new team to represent Vic., and thereby hangs a sorry tale: at Christchurch, August 1960 (a date that will be remembered by future generations along with Thermopylae and The Somme), tragedy struck, as our team were smitten to the ground by Canterbury.

From the Olympian Heights of their (enforced) retirement, the old firm blasphemed: Tony Ellis himself, aroused from his state of corpulent senility, fulminated long and wrathfully; he had always won by inveigling his opponents into a Bacchanalian orgy before the match, and the same thing should have been done this time; alcohol was cheap, and results well repaid the initial investment. Chris Beeby, rusticated from Victoria, but still determined to finish his Home Science course at London University, was prostrated by news of the catastrophe, as was "Pom," who is still recovering in a Stokes Valley Darby and Joan Retreat. Kent Beard was so upset that at the recent National Drinking Horn Championships he swallowed glass and all, thus setting up a new National Record.

But already a brighter day has dawned, and the present Vic. team await with confidence the onslaught of the visiting Australian team this May. Star attraction is Richard D. Peterson himself, the only person in the club to take himself seriously. Second-in-agility is Ross Martin, who dashes into the fray to his family motto of "A Beer, A Beer!" This fencer is being closely watched by National Selectors, who have hope that this season will see him score his first point against an opponent. Chris. Horne can be relied on to introduce an element of farce to the gathering; recently returned from the Pole, where he was coached by Professor Dotti Pilotti, we believe that this year he will be able to distinguish between the President and his opponent. Richard Hall provides entertainment of a totally different nature; unhandicapped by a petty observance of any rules of style or technique, and apparently unswayed by considerations of humanity, he proceeds to carve his victims with a detached air that belies the fires of insatiable ambition that consume his soul. In strong support of these stalwarts are Graeme Scott, Selwyn Churcher and Geoff. Low, whose main handicap is a childish belief that in a Varsity team ability is more important than capacity.

Among the females of the species come sabreur Gerda Buch-

ler, who at a pinch can also fight foil, although her technique is the same for both weapons. Lorna MacKenzie, the baby of the party, has a youthful bloom that lulls her opponents into somnolence or enchantment (depending on their sex), making them easy meat. Dale Youren, straight from the country, gallops into battle with stock-whip and foil, while Sarah Tidey, in spite of a preference for Vodka and Russian fashion magazines, fights orthodox Italian style with energy that fully compensates for lack of efficiency.

In short, the Vic. team has arisen from the ashes to still greater heights than before, and we assure all interested non-participants that the honour of our University rests safely in its hands.

People

At the end of this term the classics department is to lose one of its lecturers, Mr McKay, who has been at Victoria University for four and a half years.

On May 12 he will return to Australia, to take the position of Senior Lecturer in Classics at the School of General Studies, Australian National University, Canberra.

Mr McKay won a scholarship from Sydney University which took him to Queen's College, Cambridge, for two years. On leaving England he took a position at the University College in Ibadan, Nigeria, where he stayed for the next six years.

After being required to shoulder full responsibilities of the department in his last two years in Nigeria, Mr McKay told SALIENT how pleased he was to be working with Professor Murray, who was (to no small extent) responsible for making Mr McKay's stay at Victoria most enjoyable.

Mr McKay is looking forward to beginning his work in Canberra, for he says that the university there is much smaller than Victoria but is growing rapidly.

For all I care, Mr ——— can practice artificial insemination on the steps of the P.O.

Election Blurb

Having known our Armour Mitchell for many years, it gives me much pride and pleasure to nominate him for the office of President of the Students' Association of the Victoria University of Wellington.

Mr Mitchell has always taken a keen interest in all aspects of student affairs.

1957 He was the "Dr. Danie Boy" in Extravaganza.

1958 Member of the Executive men's committee, procession controller, Winter Tournament, and Weir House capping controller.

1959 Wellington City Council Public Relations Advisory Committee, V.U.W. Public Relations Officer, Extravaganza organiser, senior delegate to Easter Tournament (Sports Union).

1960 Easter Tournament secretary, stunts controller, men's vice-president.

1961 Acting-President, senior delegate to the New Zealand Universities' Students' Association at Easter Tournament, Students' Union building management committee.

It can be seen from this record that over the last four years Mr Mitchell has had experience in three of the four aspects of university life:—

- (1) Sport,
- (2) Extra-curricular,
- (3) Administrative.

In regard to the fourth aspect—Educational—Mr Mitchell is this year completing his B.Sc. degree in Mathematics. During most of his years of study he has been both a full-time and a part-time student and has a full knowledge and awareness of the difficulties and problems besetting both categories of students.

With sound ideas and a keen reasoning ability to the fore, a "Mitchell presidency" would be a "go-ahead" presidency, offering prudent and efficient administration, backed by wide experience and a keen interest in student welfare. Mr Mitchell is particularly aware of the administrative problems that are likely to arise in the near future with the opening of Victoria's Student Union Building.

Mr Mitchell, therefore, stands on his record, his experience, his innate interest in 'Varsity life. He offers no rash promises, no hand-outs or ex gratia payments. Neither will he adopt a sitting-on-the-fence attitude, but will ensure the V.U.W. students' affairs are economically and carefully run.

N.B.—He, however, does promise that there will be no need to mention the words "Parkinson's Law" at Exec. meetings again!

—JULIAN J. WATTS.

ON BEING ACCUSED OF APATHY

There was once a young lady of Vique

Who said to him "You make me sique,

And despite your attire,

You don't really at all arouse me*,

And I can't stand the rest of your clique."

*You don't set me on fire.

"OMOW."

"Heaven forbid the day when, in reply to the query: "Mummy, where did I come from?" we have to say—not "A stork brought you here"—but, "you came by the postman, in a test-tube."

It's Capping Again

From May 3, when a certain notorious book termed "Cappicade," is issued to sellers, until May 20, the last night of Extravaganza, 1961, in Wellington, Capping festivities will take place. Somehow, much responsibility will fall on the Capping Controller.

I am taking this opportunity to ask all who may in any way be involved in Capping activities (over the 17-day "week") to act with some measure of responsibility and civility. Enjoy yourself. Let your hair down, "let off steam," (I'll be doing all three), but do so within certain limits. Over the last two years your Executive has endeavoured to foster better relations with the City Fathers and the business community. At last we seem to be getting somewhere, as witness the appreciation shown by the City Council of our efforts in selling Treasure Charts.

Any repetition of what may be called less pleasant episodes associated with Capping, a few years ago, will result in a drastic deterioration in our civic standing. **Be amusing and witty, but not insulting!**

Floats

Up to the time of writing only six floats had been registered with the Procession Controller, Mr Paul Spender. If a Procession is going to be held at all the Capping Committee is of the opinion that at least 10 floats must be registered by Saturday, April 29. **If we are going to present a procession to the people of Wellington we must make it a good and adequate one. The procession controller has intimated that if sufficient floats are not registered by April 29 he will have no hesitation in calling off the Procession.** In this he has the backing of the Capping Committee. We therefore call for your support. Get your groups together now, register your float, inform Paul Spender of the materials required, these will then be delivered to you and you can get on with the job of building. The Procession Controller is arranging the trucks.

Cappicade Distribution

25,000 copies of Cappicade at a price of 2/6 per copy are being printed. The editors have laboured many long hours to produce an excellent magazine. **Two hundred (200) sellers are essential. At the moment the Cappicade Distribution Manager has the names of only 21. This is an appalling situation! I appeal to all students to get off their great fat backsides, to go down town and meet the public, and sell your own Capping magazine.** All who are able to help, be it only for an hour, are asked to leave their name and address with Lindsay Cornford, Alister Robb or myself, or with Mrs Dunmore, the Association's secretary, in the Executive Office in the Old Little Theatre Block.

Extravaganza 1961 "WELL FAIR LADDIE"

A Winner All The Way!

If you're passing the Little Theatre Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday nights, or anytime Sunday—chances are you'll hear a sneak preview of this year's Extravaganza, "Well Fair Laddie." A month ago the casual observer would have hardly credited that these were actually rehearsals for a show commencing on May 10! But now, the songs, the sounds, the gags that are Extrav. issue forth in such abundance you'd think the show was opening tomorrow.

Extremely generous commissions are to be paid both to individual sellers and to club groups.

- a 15/- per 100 with a minimum of 300 sold, or
- b a double ticket for Capping Ball plus 20/-.
- c Club rates—25/- per 100.
- d a Prize of £5 for highest sales-tally for the individual and for the Club.

A meeting of all sellers will be held in C3 on Tuesday, May 2 at 7.30 p.m. A pep-talk on Cappicade salesmanship will be given. **BE THERE!**

Charity Collection

A collection will again be held this year during Procession for the **Wellington After-care Association.** This association looks after about 35 intellectually retarded persons, who are cared for at 111 Brougham St. by unpaid workers. Those attending are all intellectually retarded—some are also physically retarded in some way. All are incapable of taking a remunerative job in society and have been classed as non-educable. The ages of most are over 18 years. The aim of the association is to give these people some sense of achievement and some interest in life. To this end they arrange such activities as sewing, films, music, games, folk dances, etc.

The Wellington After-care Association must not be confused with the Intellectually Handicapped Children's Parents' Association, a national, government-supported body. The W.A.C. Association does not receive any direct governmental assistance, although it does receive a small grant from the McCarthy Trust.

At present the Association is planning to buy a beach house at Paraparaumu to enable mothers to stay with their handicapped children free of charge.

Your Capping Committee feels that this is a local Association that is worthy of our support. I would ask all students who can possibly give a hand on May 5 to contact Bob Stewart the Collection Controller, or myself.

I think that's the lot, go to it now,

SUPPORT YOUR UNIVERSITY.

ENJOY YOURSELF!

JULIAN J. WATTS,
(Capping Controller, 1961).

Extravaganza Producer Jeff Stewart is the man to thank for keeping the cast organised, occupied and on schedule for the first night. Jeff's been working like a Trojan, and has done a wonderful job. The cast too, the orchestra, the organisers, the male ballet, and backstage crew; everyone is doing a fine job preparing Extrav. '61, "Well Fair Laddie" for the Gala Premiere.

What have you done? Gone to any trouble? You should! Proceeds from Extrav. go straight to the Students' Association to help pay for things like the S.U. Building, etc. So how about it? Spread the good word on Extrav. to everyone you know.

The villain throughout the show and in the dream scenes is Lord Cholmondeley-Featherstonehaugh (pronounced Chumley-Fanshawe). Ma meets Lord C. (no relation to Lady C.), and realises what a good match he would make for her daughter—here Harry's troubles really begin.

The show progresses from here through a series of hilarious "live" and "dream" adventures. A courtroom drama, a Government Department, a Roman Orgy.

Chorus sing
"Orgies are gorgeous."
... "There's a dozen courses
With strong wine and sauces
And a slave-girl from Gaul as a
kind of hors d'oeuvre."
And gags like—
In a little bar off the Via Flaminia;
"Gimme a martinus."
"Don't you mean martini?"
"If I want two I'll ask for them!" Ouch!

So that's the way it goes in Extravaganza 1961, "Well Fair Laddie." Make sure you see Extrav. As they say in New Zealand, "It's a beaut." "Well Fair Laddie's" playing a 10-night season, so you won't actually have to go with them. See you at the Opera House between Wednesday May 10 and Saturday, May 20. By the way, booking opens at the D.I.C. on Tuesday, May 2.

—A.W.K.

The Birthday Party

Harold Pinter belongs to the new generation of playwrights, and his plays are nothing if not unorthodox. They need to be seen in a sympathetic intellectual atmosphere. When I arrived for Unity Theatre's production of Harold Pinter's **The Birthday Party**, at the Wellington Concert Chamber, I thought that I was plunging into the very cream of the Wellingtonian intelligentsia: the place was thick with renowned amateur actors, keen student types, and members of sundry faculties. I personally sat within hitting range of two identifiable professors and three lecturers.

It grieves me to report, therefore, that much of this cream was thick-skinned and coagulated. "I came to the theatre to be entertained," one lecturer was overheard to declare, presumably regretting he had had to miss Jimmy Edwards and his trombone, and as another trooped out for the first interval, he sighed to a colleague across the aisle: "Still two acts to go through!"

Had this play been ill-produced, badly acted, and incomprehensible rubbish, one might have forgiven

Executive officers of the New Zealand Universities' Press Council 1961-1962 will be as follows:—

President: D. P. Billings.
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Vice-President: Steve O'Regan.
Secretary-Treasurer: D. Jamieson.
Assistant-Secretary-Treasurer: A. Robb.

(With Steve as Vice-President it seems that this year we will be having a really hard-working man on the job.)

"There is a presupposition that the child must be created by the woman . . ."

Voice: "I can't believe it!"

"For some years now, I have been interested in the breeding of dogs."—Mr Daniels . . . "I HAVE FOUND SOME THINGS OUT."

Voice: "Dogs and sheep don't go together!"

or sympathised; but let me hasten to declare that this was one of Unity's best productions for years (all due praise to producer George Webby); that the acting was often superb; and that this play contains some of the funniest, as well as some of the most gripping, dialogue we have heard for a long time.

It is not for nothing that Pinter, although in his early thirties, has acquired such a reputation, and I fearlessly predict that one day his plays will be studied at V.U.W. among others of the same generation—plays by Osborne, Kops, Wesker, Simpson, Beckett.

For those who did not have the good fortune to see **The Birthday Party**, let me say that it presents a couple of simple boarding-house keepers, leading a gentle life of dullness and non-communication, superbly acted by Pat Evison and Ronald Lynn. Into this sad, comic, dull, repetitive world, two half-sinister, half-comic, representatives of a pseudo-I.R.A. organisation arrive, and begin brain-washing another guest, with a technique that is all the more terrifying in that Pinter never explains what the poor man's crime really was. Having reduced him to a cringing zombie, they depart with him, and the sad, comic dialogue of the first act returns. For those faculty members who did not understand it, the play is a mirror of the ordinary man who continued to spoon down his cornflakes and read his paper while Eichmann planned his gas-ovens, while Beria built his labour-camps, and while South African policemen wield their bullwhips. What, after all, can one do?—except make a suicidal gesture of protest? asks Pinter. "Why don't you come with us?" asks the brainwasher, as they drag away the limp body of their mentally-dead victim; but the little man who had raised a mild protest at this action shambles back to his seat and lets them go. He picks up his **Daily Mirror**, and starts to read it: what, after all, can one do?

Special praise to Grant Tilly and Ralph McAllister for their parts as the interrogators, and one might also mention Russell Duncan in a very exacting role as the victim, and Mary Stephenson for a skilful portraying of "the girl next door."

A.Y.M.

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Public Demonstrations

It is not suggested that the following story is true in detail, for it is obvious that it may only be postulated. However, it is my thesis that there may be a good deal of truth in the broad outline. If anyone has any violent objections to the idea, no doubt SALIENT should be glad to hear them.

In a certain country which has professed her policy to be to win the world to their own ideology, I think it is fair to suggest that somewhere in the bureaucratic labyrinths common to modern governments there is a State Department of some such title as "Ministry for Advancement of World Domination." Let us imagine that we can see the manager for the New Zealand section briefing a superior on the situation in New Zealand. It is sometime over a year ago.

"Ivan," says the manager, "I've been in this job for several years

and I've got nothing to show for it. The Party has its usual dedicated handful, but it has no mass appeal. In elections a few candidates get only a handful of votes. There seems to be no way of getting even one candidate to capture a seat. The workers are complacent on their full stomachs and do not believe that capitalistic heels are grinding their faces in the dust. The only things they think of are football and the price of beer."

"Never mind, Sergei," replies the sympathetic superior, "we aren't thinking of having you volunteer for pioneer work in Siberia yet."

"Yours is a tough job and we've watched you organise strikes and disturbances without much success. I've got another approach, even football can be used. I've asked the South Africa manager to come here. He's a very busy man now, but he should be here soon."

Just then, in came a jubilant South Africa manager.

"Now then, you two," says Ivan, "you can work together in this. We've just heard that the New Zealand Rugby Union is not sending Maoris to play with the All Blacks. Sergei, here's your chance. We've always been unsuccessful in the past because there has never been a big enough issue."

"Now, football, the sacred shrine, can be used. Some people there think that the Maoris ought to go to South Africa. As usual, they mustn't know who's behind this. Encourage someone to form a protest committee to organise rallies and marches, collect a million signatures in a petition."

"We might be able to get ministers to preach, and even interest a few of those students."

Sergei is delighted. He knows that the Maoris are unlikely to go anyway, but here is a chance to prick the fat body of undemonstrative New Zealanders.

Soon an executive decision of a private body has become a national and an international issue. A few weeks later, all is forgotten, and an issue dies. But some New Zealanders have found that they can be "progressive" and stand up for their principles in public. New-found enthusiasm awaits another opportunity to assert itself.

Later, opportunity takes the shape of a protest march through the city against nuclear warfare. A few months later again, a march over the Rimutakas to "ban the bomb." And that which before was a novelty is now becoming a hobby and a habit.

It is my thesis that there will be further demonstrations in the future on other issues, all of which can be justified on humanitarian grounds. The pattern will be repeated; idealists and zealots and their hangers-on will create more noise.

Lest anyone should gain the impression that I am now going to advocate Macarthy-style witch-hunts, let me state that I don't doubt the sincerity or integrity of the organisers involved. It is all good, clean fun and I am sure that much physical benefit was derived for many in the recent Easter march.

LET US BEWARE THOUGH, OF BREEDING A PACK OF HOT-HEADS WHO WILL RACE PROTESTING IN THE STREETS JUST BECAUSE THERE IS AN ISSUE WHICH THEY MAY OR MAY NOT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO UNDERSTAND. SUCH A PACK WOULD BE OF GREAT ADVANTAGE TO ANY UNSCRUPULOUS ORGANISER IN THE FUTURE.

It may be that I am just being cynical when I see local events in line with overseas events and a certain pattern emerging which may set a trend for the future. I hope that I am.

—PETER PHIPPS.

Notice to Contributors

All copy for SALIENT 7 must be in BEFORE 12 NOON MAY 12, 1961.

—G.J.N.

FASCISM

S.C.M. — 30 YEARS AGO

On September 10, came Signor Formichella, under the auspices of the S.C.M., to speak on "Some Aspects of Fascism."

In introducing him to the meeting Prof. Cornish expressed the interest which everyone must feel in the social experiment at present being tried in Italy. He regarded Mussolini as the greatest living man of affairs, a great contrast to such men as Lenin in his sanity, justice to all classes, and his efforts to build up a nation. He suggested the loan of Il Duce to the British Empire for a short period when Italy had finished with him.

Signor Formichella outlined the political history of Italy from 1861 to the present day, describing the disunity and backwardness of the country, and her corrupt politicians. Even after political unity had been achieved there was no national unity. In spite of these difficulties Fascism has developed a national consciousness—has "created Italians"—and Italian politicians are now actuated by a desire to promote the prosperity of their country. In 1914 Italy entered the war on the side of the Allies and Benito Mussolini left his editorial chair to fight for his country. At the close of hostilities Italy had 600,000 killed, a million and a half wounded, and half her total wealth destroyed. There was much unemployment, and a spirit of unrest was abroad, making Italy a favourable field for the Communist propaganda. The Communists tried to get control of the State, and there was much lawlessness and bloodshed. In 1918 loyal Italians in Milan, under the leadership of Mussolini, began the movement to stem the tide, and to regenerate Italy. Then came the famous march on Rome, after which the King of Italy called Mussolini to form a government.

The first consideration of the Fascist government was the restoration of financial stability. The Budget, which showed a deficit of £15,000,000 was balanced, and has since shown a surplus. Satisfactory arrangements were made regarding war debts, and the railways were turned into a paying proposition. Many public works were begun, including extensive road-building, irrigation, afforestation, and draining of marshes. Italy has a larger percentage of its population on the land than any other country, and special efforts were made to improve agriculture. The tide of emigration was arrested, the educational system completely revised. Arbitration Courts were established, aiming at the prevention of disputes and social disorders.

Fascism, said Signor Formichella, stands for law and order, and peace both at home and abroad. Evidence of this is seen in Italy's readiness to reduce armaments, and in the settlement of the Roman question.

Mussolini represented democracy in the highest sense of the word. He was a democrat of democrats, an Italian of Italians, and Italy was proud of him.

In reply to a question as to the trouble between Church and State, Signor Formichella explained that the Holy See requested the suppression of all religious propaganda except that of the Catholic faith. The refusal of the State

(continued on page 7)

JAZZ COMMENTS

The Wellington scene: At the moment, three places in town have groups playing Jazz. They are the Picasso, Downtown and the Studio Jazz Club.

The Omega traditional Jazz Band plays at the Downtown on Wednesday and Sunday nights. I intend discussing this group in more detail later.

The Picasso has a basic group of singer, Val Baker, pianist, Johnny McGlauchan, bassist, Bram Chapman, and drummer, Dave Fraser. This is filled out by any other musicians who may drop in. They are usually in attendance from 10 o'clock onwards on Friday and Saturday nights. Val Baker has a strong voice and a very nice sense of intonation. Her voice however, lacks jazz feeling.

Johnny McGlauchan is a very fluent and technical pianist. His accomplishments are many in the classical field also. His style is a little brittle and lacks strength. He uses a lot of fill-ins, running up and down the piano to compensate for emptiness. A few good ideas come out but his feeling seems to be fairly superficial. All his solos however have a live swinging quality that makes them very pleasant to listen to.

Dave Fraser plays drums and sometimes piano, displaying a competent assurance in everything he does. He plays a swinging funky piano with humorous interpolations and an insistent dynamic rhythm. He keeps a steady beat on drums and helps maintain the listener's interest.

The Studio Jazz Club is situated in Manners Street on the First Floor of Fanning's Building, opposite the Regent Hotel. It is open Wednesday through Saturday from 8.30 p.m. The musicians are young and virile and full of ideas. The groups vary from night to night, and when they have a spell, jazz records are played. The present music for the musician as well as the listener. The music ranges from hard swinging post bop to a cooler exploratory modern sound. A yearly subscription of £1/10/- is available, and for more infrequent listeners a nightly subscription of two shillings is necessary. The club is devoted entirely to jazz, and, providing the rent is met each week, it should flourish for some time to come.

—R.M.

Science Column

Interest in solar phenomena has grown tremendously in the last few years among scientists working in the most diverse fields. In particular the "terrestrial" sciences are making broader use of astronomical information, and geophysicists, biologists and doctors have shown much interest. Of course, astronomers do not forecast the weather by the changes in sunspots, or frame hypotheses upon the influence of solar eruptions on the health of human beings; but they are deeply interested in the relationships between phenomena on the sun and on earth.

It has long been recognised that the state of the upper layers of the Earth's atmosphere is controlled by solar activity. There is no doubt whatsoever that magnetic storms and also the Aurorae, are created by torrents of charged particles — corpuscles — ejected from the Sun, from time to time, at a velocity of 1500 km. per sec. These, in a sense, can be regarded as a continuation of the outer and most rarefied envelope of the Sun — the corona — where the temperature reaches 1,000,000 degrees. The state of the Earth's ionosphere, so vital for radio communications, also depends on the Sun's ultra-violet and Roentgen radiations.

The relationships between solar activity and the weather, are more confusing. Although such relationships undoubtedly do exist, the same solar phenomenon, say, a chromospheric eruption, can lead to different consequences in different parts of the world. Solar activity influences the Earth's atmosphere as a whole, altering the nature of big atmospheric cyclones. It has been established that increased solar activity intensified both cyclones and anticyclones on Earth. Investigations by climatologists indicate that the decline of solar activity should lead to more stable weather in the next few years.

Recently a conference in Brussels discussed questions of relationships between physio-chemical and biological phenomena. Eminent chemists and biologists unanimously upheld the view that solar phenomena cause complicated chemical processes on the Earth. Their influence on living creatures, they stressed, should not be ignored. The future will show how correct these conclusions are.

FINE ARTS SECTION

MASS IN C. MAJOR, Opus 86 (Beethoven). Jennifer Vyvyan (Soprano), Monica Sinclair (Contralto), Richard Lewis (Tenor), Marian Nowakowski (Bass), The Beecham Choral Society, The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., C.H. World Record (Mono) TZ 134.

In the past I have been rather sceptical about some World Record Club releases—they have been a pretty mixed bunch on the whole, but for this record I can find nothing but praise.

The performance is remarkably exciting. Beecham seems to have used Beethoven's remark as a guiding principle—"it lies especially close to my heart" and knits both soloists, chorus and instrumental forces into an integrated and triumphal whole. There are one or two moments when the soloists do no sound entirely sure of themselves, but it is the way that the orchestra is never thrust into the role of accompanist that pleases me; the music flows forth in a steady, effortless stream in which there is no prima donna highlighting of any one executant. It's teamwork all the way.

The recording is almost as good as it could be; the only flaw is a very slight hiss, but I mention this only for the file, for there is a welcome absence of extraneous surface noises. The one overall adjective to describe it is "clean," for even the most massive climaxes are reproduced without strain or distortion, while the vocal and orchestral lines are clear, being neither blurred nor drowned by each other.

To round off the disc's virtues, there is a particularly good sleeve note which has more information and less emotional clichés than most commercial issues, even if the cover design is not noticeably inspired. My one regret is that I could not hear the stereo version for comparison—if it is as good in its field as the mono, it will be very good indeed.

—A.W.E.

SCHUBERT. Symphonies No. 2 in B flat major, D.125; No. 8 in B minor, D.759, "UNFINISHED." Vienna Philharmonic Orch./Karl Muenchinger. Decca LX TM 5528.

Schubert's Second Symphony was written in the composer's seventeenth year. It is a delightful work and receives here an excellent performance from Muenchinger and the Vienna players. Firstly, there is a slight tendency to portamento in the strings; the Largo suffers here in particular. Not that I am discrediting the fine phrasing that comes from this section. The strings are remarkably good throughout: though—and this is the second point—there is another tendency, for them to overcloud the woodwind in some places (but not, fortunately, to any great deleterious effect). Balance between brass, woodwind and strings is exceptionally well defined. The "Unfinished," too, is given a polished performance: it indeed repudiates much of what has been said about Muenchinger—that he is a conductor of limited capacity and style. He does not achieve any greatness

in his interpretation for sure, but neither does he display any flashy techniques or unnecessary idiosyncrasies in style, which have marred many other recordings of this work. The orchestra plays marvelously, the cellos have a rich full sound, all the Vienna Philharmonic's own; the brass is brilliant, but not too forward; only the horns seem to suffer—their sound being at times both fuzzy and far away. Muenchinger has given careful thought to the detail in both symphonies—it is a disc to be thoroughly recommended.

—M.J.W.

STRAVINSKY. L'Oiseau de Feu. **BIZET**. Jeux d'enfants. **RAVEL**. Ma Mere l'Oye. Philharmonia Orch./Giulini. World Record Club, TZ 135.

This record can be recommended with only one or two reservations: namely, the recurrent tape hiss and surface noise, which intrudes on so many World Record Club recordings, and the rather haphazard tempi of some of the playing. However, neither is sufficient cause to detract attention from the extremely brilliant playing of the Philharmonia and the lyrical, plush reading of Carlo Maria Giulini. Stravinsky's L'Oiseau de Feu perhaps attracts more notice than the other two suites. Yet it is not the most successful on the disc. The tautness of Stravinsky or Ansermet is missing; the tempi are not consistent; and the colouring between woodwind and strings in sections II, III and IV is not what it can be, either (cf. Monteux). But this is concerning oneself too much with trivialities; apart from one or two other versions this is the best Oiseau to date. The suite is the 1919 concert edition.

Of the Ravel and Bizet, I unhesitatingly say these are the best played performances of the suites to yet appear. The woodwind is magnificently clear and unobtrusive, well balanced with the rest of the orchestra; the brass is likewise, outstanding. The strings have for once a most un-English sheen and subdued beauty. Giulini has certainly excelled himself in these two pieces; the Mere l'Oye is an especially lovely performance. The disc, on the whole, is the finest World Record Club has so far produced.

—M.J.W.

VIENNA CARNIVAL. Eljen a Magyar. Spharenklänge. Banditen. Kunsterleben. Unter Donner und Blitzen. Morgenblätter. Plappermaulchen. Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust (Johann and Joseph Strauss). The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Willi Boskovsky. Decca (Mono) LXTM 5535.

I am almost tempted to say "the mixture as before" except that the playing lifts it above the routine. Strauss, the V.P.O., and Decca have always made a good triumvirate. I checked some of the above items with versions in my three discs set of the same orchestra in the New Year Concerts, under Clemens Krauss, now some years old but beautifully played.

Boskovsky, enjoying the advantages of more modern recording, has

OSTATNI ETAP



See below—"Of Glory and Infamy"

Of Glory and Infamy

The peculiar phenomenon of war films is that they are consistent in their imagery of the feelings and prevalent policy of one particular country towards another—at any time. The genuine war dramatisation and its great popularity has only developed since the last war. Three main trends of development may be distinguished. (a) the pre-war movie; (b) the film made during the war, concerned chiefly with enlistment, and the glory of one's own country, and (c) the post-war film. The last-named is the most serious development, and has covered a quite remarkably lengthy period of time. Many films have been made, treating war as a necessary evil.

Back in 1939, when Germany was already at war with Britain, and each country pressing its propaganda output to the limit, America was still technically a neutral country. And so when *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* and films on related topics (this one dealt with the dangers of a Nazi "fifth column" in America) came out in that year, a shocked Congress set up a special House Un-American Activities Committee, to investigate rising amounts of anti-Fascist material in American films. Naturally, America was not alone in its "hate campaign." Britain, Russia, Germany and Japan, were all exploiting the medium to the full. American films like *Hitler's Children* (1943) or *Days of Glory* (1944) might show the Germans as being ignorant, cruel and militaristic, and the Russians as excellent friends and allies, but on the other side of the conflict a film such as *Oom Paul* (1939) would stir up as much hate against the British. A film like *Sieg im*

Westen (1941) shows just as much glory in the Wehrmacht and Reich, as *We Dive at Dawn* (1944) could praise the R.A.F. and British fortitude.

The marked distinction is that in one case, the countries in question must accept material made only by their own people, whilst in the other, a certain amount is available from both sides. Thus, people will digest virtually any trash you give them—so long as it is patriotic—one would not expect a reasonably sober post-war audience to assimilate the incredible abilities of the *Days of Glory* or *Oom Paul*. The post-war war film had to become realistic. Initially, this was undertaken with remarkable success by some countries. The Polish *Ostatni Etap* (1946) gave a very accurate account of life in a concentration camp, and showed the full horror of war. *Ostatni Etap* was the recipient of many awards. The documentary approach here, has been distinguished by the disinterest shown in capitalising on such horror. Conversely, most American and British war productions dating from 1945 have been nothing but cheap and bloody excuses for making a few quick shekels. The post-war war film has taken on a new turn; and one attempts some evaluation of problems and causes—*Best Years of Our Lives* (1946), *Paths of Glory* (1956)—for the most part, they are sordid, pathological essays in men's baseness—*Camp on Blood Island* (1958), *Young Lions* (1958), etc.

The emphasis is on the sub-human, animal-like propensities of the enemy. The stereotype of the German; of the Japanese, all come out in the war film—the two mentioned immediately above, for instance. It is interesting to note the efforts of the Germans and Japanese themselves to correct some of this defamatory material. During the past six or seven years, there has been an ever increasing amount of films attempting to show that not all Germans were

(Continued on page 9)

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the advantage over Krauss. This is apparent not only in the "special effects department" of *Plappermaulchen* and *Banditen*, but also in the sheen of the strings, the snarl of the brass and, especially in *Unter Donner und Blitzen*, the vivid presence of the percussion—deep, full of presence, but never boomy.

I find the *Eljen a Magyar* polka too synthetic for my taste (a kind of pseudo-Hungarian Rhapsody type of concoction), but there is no doubt about the lilt in the start of the main theme of *Mein Lebenslauf ist Lieb' und Lust*—this is vin-

tage Strauss. There is not a vast amount of difference in the style of these performances from the Krauss discs. They are all excellent. Strauss seems to find the Vienna Philharmonic always at the top of its impressive form, as though they played it by instinct.

And this is the way it should be played—with that attention to minute detail and tricky twists in the rhythm which so many lesser musicians miss. Any one of the V.P.O.'s versions is worth a dozen of the truncated and distorted efforts that Melachrino, Mantovani and the like perpetrate.

—A.W.E.



A scene from the 1960-1961 V.U.W. Antarctic Expedition.

THE START

By
NAIRB SYNKVAD

And so it was raining. You know, it looked okay when I left home but 10 minutes from shelter hut, Dewey (a minor deity in the pantheon presided over by Hewey) turned it on. Not too bad, but enough to cheese one off. So shelter hut saw me just a weeney bit disconsolate. I looked up towards the Marchant and thought I could see through the swirl dirty patches of snow. "Hell," I thought, "this low!" Up the puffer and a pause at the Turnoff. I pondered. This was my first time up the Marchant and I shivered. It was cold. I slopped along—brushing through wet undergrowth—and despite the weather, began to enjoy the solitude. A stop to listen to the silence, and a sort of micro-cosmic sound of mist enveloped me. Away there, down there, I think, is the sound of water. Just a trickle, but it enlarges the scene, with its towers of earth, and rock, stalking through the mists around me. I felt warm and happy—a strange happiness. Onward relaxed and confident, despite a chilling lapse in my sense of direction. Is that the water shed down there

and down there? I must, I have changed my direction. I know it! I have. But onward, up through ancient forests. No sunny spots of greenery, these. At once home and not home.

Another pause, and I wriggle in my shoulder straps, and think, think back to times before. What had these hills seen. This tree, just here, from sapling to megalith. A thought strikes me. Lithos (Gk) stone. What the hell? Again onward, climbing steadily. The sounds, now, of a great river valley, brushing my ears, more sense than sound. I have, of course, denied myself time, and I am lolling in an hour which is not an hour—an exquisite vase shaped by Poust, Elliot, Constable and a myriad others.

Dobson's and shelter. I slosh thru' the swamp and burst unbelievably on to the hut. Inside, and the wind creaks around, with me rumaging around. Out with the primus (Boy Scouts model) and some cocoa is soon on the boil—bread, butter and jam, and Bugger! The handle of the mug was warm—very warm and I look ruefully at my finger. An angry red spot glares back, and I absently lick it as I mop up spilt cocoa with an old "Post." Self-preservation had not permitted me to drop the entire contents of the mug, and I sip the remains, staring out the window, down into the valley. Somewhere, down there, is the Tauwharenikau Hut. Rain rattles petulantly against the glass, inches from my nose, and I turn back to the cold of the hut. Up there, and I am now outside, is the Marchant, black and uncompromising. Yes, there's snow all right. Into the traces again and now the trial starts. Boots into snow crust, crisp and, as yet, clean, the myriad insects entombed in crystal are not there.

That was only a patch though, and now I'm climbing. I am moving very easily and very fast, time no longer mattered, and I knew I was fit. A fallen tree, and a detour, a scramble up a near vertical mud slide. I pause to clean my hands and legs with fern froids dripping ice crystals. And then suddenly, I'm in the snow. The slope eases off and I follow the slight depression which indicates the track, over ancient logs, and thru' a stalacmite forest. Vapours wreath the slopes and from the forest lands, thousands of miles beneath me, comes a slush of water and leaves.

A steep bit on hands and knees and my feet suddenly feel cold. I move a little faster. What's that? A snowflake, and another. It's snowing, but not for long. I look at the sky which beats to within a few microns of self, and wonder whether I'll have to dive off into the valley.

On, on, on. I lose the track, and beat painfully up hill again. Ah, here we are. By now, ice is buried in every fold of my parka and I pause for some dates and sugar. On, on, on. Through stunted beech and pines with time halted and I am alone with myself and the macabre beauty of frozen hills, crouching around me, but below me and I survey them momentarily and plunge on.

A thought. Will I miss the turn-off? Slowly this thought swells until I have to thrust it violently away. But it's there. It's still there. Maybe you should go down here, say, or here? What about over there? You could go down there you know. You could. I won't, won't . . . The metallic echo vanishes quickly, so quickly and I'm alone again. I shout again,

—MOI.

(continued on page 9)

FASCISM

(continued from page 5)

caused dissatisfaction in Catholic circles, and Catholic clubs began to meddle in politics. As the Pope had promised that this would never occur, measures were taken to restrain them. Signor Formichella also said that all Masonic societies had been suppressed, as in Italy they were anti-religious, and against the State, not merely the social societies of other countries. He explained the system of electing representatives to the Italian parliament by saying that the nation is divided into unions. The unions elect a federation, which nominates candidates. These are voted for by the whole nation.

In moving a vote of thanks Mr A. E. Hurley said that the S.C.M. tried to promote better feeling between countries. The enthusiasm behind the Fascist movement stood out in Signor Formichella's address, the Signor himself being an outstanding example of that enthusiasm. The motion was carried with acclamation.—SMAD, 1931.

Hell is a place where one can only drink black coffee and beer, and all the toilets are those of the opposite sex.

—Art La Roche.

* * *

Justice is blindfolded in a vain attempt to disguise the fact that she has only one eye.

—Art La Roche.

* * *

Law is a mythical beast which arose like Pegasus from Medusa's blood. It is horrifying to behold, having the fore-parts of a gibbon, large kangaroo-like flat hind feet, a serpentine tail, and the head of an ass. Its voice is loud and menacing, and it prefaces all its remarks with an ancient curse "Thou shalt not." Of all the monsters spawned to torment Man it is the most evil and powerful, and because it has been neither killed nor subdued, is believed to be immortal.

—Art La Roche.

"IN APPRECIATION OF ERSKINE CALDWELL"

Young Steve rode up to the house and tossed his bridle over the rail of the verandah. He leaped from his horse and bounded up the wide, wooden steps in two gigantic strides, almost falling over the sleeping form of his mother as she lay across the doorway. Undisturbed, she slumbered on, as Steve thundered down the hall, through the kitchen, out the back door, round again to the front of the house, on to his horse, and rode madly off across the plain. As the dust raised by his departure slowly settled, an ageing grey head appeared slowly from behind the ash tree beside the house. It oscillated slowly from side to side in a despairing fashion, and withdrew again behind the tree. Quiet once more settled like dust, on the scene. The sun continued to beat down on the hard, cracked ground, a vulture or two wheeled slowly overhead and the paint continued to blister off the old weatherboards of the house.

As it inevitably must, time passed, and that evening the elderly couple sat sipping their tea from Wedgewood cups, around the butterbox table.

"Have some more caviare, Ma," he wheezed.

"No more, Pa. I've had too much already."

And they sipped their tea.

From afar came the sound of galloping hooves, growing louder as the rider raced towards the house. The table shook as the front door was flung open, and feet pounded down the hall. Steve raced furiously in through the kitchen, out the back door, round again to the front of the house, then leaped on to his horse and rode madly off across the plain. In his wake came silence once more.

"More tea, Pa?"

"Thanks."

The night passed, taking with it the darkness. Pa rose early in the light of dawn, washed under the pump and sat down to breakfast. Ma stayed in bed watching the T.V., but Pa took her some

caviare and tea on a tray. He collected his shovel from the barn and went round the front to dig a new well. By the time he'd dug 20 feet or so, the sun was high in the sky. Ma called from the steps "Lunch, Pa," and he went in.

As they stacked the plates in the Dishmaster, Steve burst into the kitchen, raced out the back door, round to the front of the house, leaped on to his horse and rode madly off across the plain. Only the hum of the machine was heard.

"Didn't hear him coming that time," said Pa.

"Nope," said Ma.

Since Pa was tired from his morning's exertions, Ma went out to dig during the afternoon and Pa settled in behind his ash tree.

Ma shovelled away incessantly, groaning now and then as the dirt rolled back down on her. About sundown she climbed out of the hole in time to see a small cloud of dust rapidly approaching the house. Steve pulled his horse up at the steps, raced in the front door, through the kitchen, out the back, round again to the front of the house, leaped on to his horse and rode madly off across the plain.

"Dinner, Pa," said Ma, and they went in.

Next day, after breakfast, Pa went back down the well and shovelled, while Ma scrubbed the house out. About noon Pa climbed out of the hole and went in to lunch at the butterbox table. Ma served him with caviare and they ate in silence. Through a crack in the wall, Ma saw a horseman approaching at high speed from across the plain. The front door crashed open, footsteps pounded down the hall, a stranger burst through the kitchen, out the back, round again to the front of the house, then on to his horse and rode madly off across the plain. Silence resumed.

"T'weren't Steve, Pa," said Ma.

"Nope. More tea?"

ACCOMPLISHMENT

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Discount does not apply to Sales.

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For the most complete range of Text Books. Discounts available to Students for Text Book Purchases.

SERVICE PAGE

This year SALIENT again introduces a Service Page for students. We have, we hope, provided a full list of the goods and services you will be needing this year. Freshers especially should find it useful. By shopping with the downtown firms which advertise on this page you will be returning some of the goodwill they have shown to students.

By using this page you will have a better chance in the long run of getting value for what you spend.

MEN'S WEAR

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In Lambton Quay, hard by the Cable Car Lane. Offer men's wear exclusively—durable stuffs at good prices. University blazers at £6.19.6. Weir blazers at £8.0.0. Also made to measure if required.

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THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND

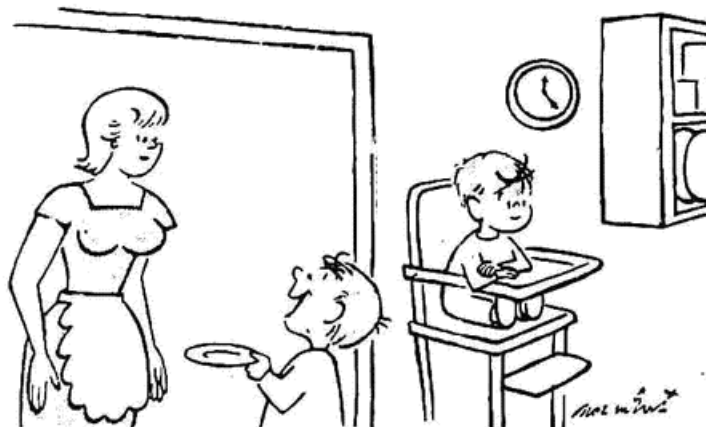
Comes a degree. Comes a wife, child and bank account. Get in early with a BNZ cheque account. Pay by cheque. Get the record of your statement. Control your spending.



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"I finally persuaded Joey to eat all his spaghetti. I told him it was worms"

STOP PRESS

Editing "Critic" is a difficult job at the best; when the O.U.S.A. Executive exercises its power of censorship, the position becomes intolerable. There was to have been, in this issue, a highly critical article on lecturing standards. The Executive ordered its withdrawal. In addition, the Union article on page two had to be cut in parts.

In protest, I have resigned. "Critic" should not be controlled and ordered by Executive. If "Critic" is not allowed to print perfectly fair articles of opinion, then I am wasting my time as Editor. My resignation takes immediate effect.

A. J. BROWN
"Critic"

DRINKING

BARRETT'S HOTEL

At the bottom of the Plimmer Steps. Handy to the 'Varsity, to eating places and shops. Students and student teachers found here. Only bar in town with a choice of beers on tap. Red Band Draught and Tui Draught.

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Nearest to the University, on the corner of Willis and Manners Streets. Many like the Back Bar. Never too crowded and comfortably twilit. Handy to eating places. Red Band Draught, drawn from a refrigerated tank room.

GETTING ABOUT

CITY TRANSPORT

A network covered by trams, diesel buses and trolley buses, will take you anywhere in the City. Timetables can be procured at the Lambton Quay and Courtenay Place terminals at 6d. per copy. The sight-seeing tours are truly remarkable and will make you familiar with the terrain of Wellington. Telephone 42-719 for further information.

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In the T. & G. Building, opp. Cable Car Lane. A most handy shop with the usual range of soaps, cosmetics, ointments and soothing balms. Prompt prescription service.

INNER MAN

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In Willis Street, near Stewart Dawson's Corner, and

THE MISSOURI

In Lambton Quay, opp. the D.I.C. Two of a kind. Good food cooked with a light touch. Just the place for business girls. The salads are special. Prices good.

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4 Roxburgh Street, off Marjoribanks Street, past the Embassy Theatre. Serves a delectable plat du jour at 3/6. Home-made cakes. Coffee, of course. Praise-worthy.

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In 10 Willis Street above S. P. Andrew's, near Stewart Dawson's Corner. Hair styles for girls. Highly individual attention and plenty of fashion ideas.

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In Manners Street, beside the Post Office. An entirely new, well-designed little saloon with 3 chairs and a good standard of cutting. Continental haircuts a speciality. Tatoo tickets.

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22 Manners Street. Toughen up for the football season, loosen up for the cricket season, tone up for the sweating season. Personal individual tuition. There is a significant reduction in fees for groups of four or more. This is a special, for students only, and Library Cards must be produced.

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ZEAL

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16, The Terrace. Phone 42-035. Angle-poise lamps, drawing instruments, precision slide rules, etc. Serving science for over 70 years. Watvic offers students the most comprehensive range of scientific equipment.

THE START

(Continued from page 7)

to hear my voice, anybody's voice. A metallic ring — diminishing rapidly and gone.

I draw a deep breath and go on. Ah, what's this? H.V.T.C. in track markers, crucified to a tree. Maybe the track is around here? Down there? Nope, not down here. Back to the tree. Maybe the track is going down now anyway. I stop and a cold panic clutches me. I'm on a ridge and I look over and down into the watershed. And then back into the Tauwharenikau. Down there, I must go down there, out of this fiendish cold, to warmth, food, rest. And so I mindlessly stumble down.

Down into a creek, I instinctively descend, into the bed and now the trial starts in earnest. Wind-falls, absolutely impassable, choke the bed. And I clamber up the bank, and down again, picking my way over boulders, then up on to a ridge to be precipitated brutally back into the stream. Going is easy for a while but soon the bed reverts to its impassive but savage resistance and I am engrossed in a struggle for . . . life. Down, plunging down—a waterfall, a detour, and—a fall. I regain my feet, panting slightly, no broken bones, just shaken up and now I know I'm fighting. The surrounding ridges loom about me and lurch easily into the depths of the valley. By now I have descended beneath the snow-line but I'm wet, a chilling sort of wetness that seems to have a disturbing permanence. My parka, is just a limp rag on my shoulders and my pack is torn, and somehow a comforting friend. Another slip, and this time not so lucky. Another inch perhaps meant serious injury. As it was, a torn muscle resulted. I limp on, now in an unbelievable haze, punctuated sharply by agonising cramp in my calf. I madly pound and massage my legs and career onward. Each turn of the stream, each waterfall, promises something, but no, another stretch. Another wind-fall, and I (treading paths unknown to man) am enveloped in a miasmal gloom and am dazed by the enormity of my environment.

A billion, billion things there are in the universe and I am at once proud and humble to be face to face with such a sweeping outline of their being. I exist and am, they exist and are, and about me their manifestation tend to the unheard symphony of farce which is crushing me at this moment. I reel and stagger on, until a flat appears and I leave the bed and plunge through the forest.

A startled stag. We confront one another with eyes dazed—mine with exhaustion, and his with wonder. Time stops and we two, for an instant, become comrades. Then he is off. And I, I too am off. But to what? Suddenly, a garage. I start to clamber down but reason prevails, and I return to the easier going on top. Then a turn, and on my dulled senses, a fact beats, beats—I am saved. The Tauwharenikau!

* * *

"What is good enough for Mr ———'s father is not good enough for Mr ———!"

What's On and Where

Tuesday, May 2—

Cappicade Distribution meeting in C3 at 7.30 p.m. All intending Cappicade sellers to attend if at all possible.

Wednesday, May 3—

Cappicade is issued to sellers.

Thursday, May 4—

a Cappicade on sale in Wellington and environs.

b Graduands Supper, 8 p.m., in Student Union Building, Common Common room.

Friday, May 5—

a Cappicade on sale in Wellington and further north.

b 10 a.m. (we hope!) Process moves off from Cambridge Terrace at a walking pace, via Courtenay Place, Cuba Street, Hunter Street, Victoria Street, Lambton Quay.

c Charity Collection commences at 10 a.m.

d Graduation Ceremony (the function which originally caused all these other innovations) at 8 p.m. in the Town Hall.

e Capping Ball!! in the Town Hall commencing at 10 p.m. Tickets (25/- a double) on sale in the Exec. Office.

Saturday, May 6—

Blank—just as your head will feel!

Tuesday, May 9—

Presentation of the Collection proceeds.

Wednesday, May 10—

World Premiere of Extravaganza, 1961—"Well Fair Ladie" in the Grand Opera House at 8 p.m.

Saturday, May 20—

Last night of Extravaganza. If you have any enquiries, here are the people to contact.

- 1 Cappicade Distribution
Lindsay Cornford or Alister Robb, 41-490.
- 2 Procession
Paul Spender, 58-000/6405D.
- 3 Capping Ball and Graduands Supper
Cecilia ("Trusty") Frost, 44-853 or 46-241.
- 4 Extravaganza
Nathan Stubbs, 48-760.
- 5 Overall Control and General Enquiries
Julian J. Watts, 45-060.

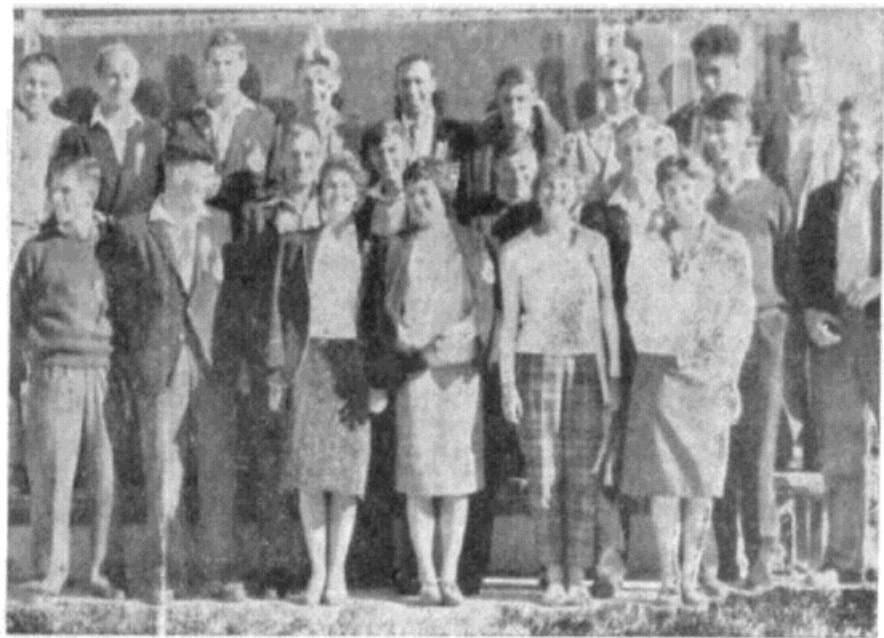
JULIAN J. WATTS,
(Capping Controller, 1961).

FILMS

(Continued from page 6)

brutal, that not all Japanese were malicious, e.g. *Des Teufels General* and *Kinder, Mutter und ein General*, from the former country and *Ningen no Joken*. No one is ever held responsible in these "white-washing movies"—it is always some other person. But foreign war films do tend to balance the scales somewhat — though people will still sooner believe a Hollywood "typed" German, than a German "typed" German. One would have supposed, 15 years after the war's end, America would have forgiven and forgotten the Japanese sufficiently, to put a stop to the making of trash like *Hell to Eternity*. Who would have thought that in 1961, Americans would still be bayonetting "Nips" and Germans killing Britishers?

The Polish *Ostatni Etap*, mentioned above was recently screened by the Film Society, here at Victoria University. *Des Teufels General*, is on the programme of the V.U.F.S. for the second term.



This light-hearted band of fellows gained many athletic and social honours during their short stay in Dunedin.

Sports Notes

[. . . They were cast into darkness and there was much weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.]

Why, I don't know, but we got the Wooden Spoon again. Victoria was last in Defence Rifles, Yachting, Women's Athletics, Rowing, third in Cricket, Women's Outdoor Basketball and Swimming, with Men's Athletics, Water Polo and Tennis notching second place (all to Otago incidentally). No wins, notice.

Yachting

The boys had a bad time and more than their fair share of bad luck. Two hours in water as cold as washes the Dunedin coastline would be enough for anyone, not to mention the odd breakage, so the yachting boys are excused.

Cricket

The Victoria Cricket team, needless to say, was not the team that annexed the Wellington Senior Championship. They played well and hard, but despite their unfortunate declaration against Lincoln, were not an inspiring team to watch. The loss to Lincoln was indeed an epic one, and one which most people would not have foreseen at the beginning of the last innings, with Lincoln requiring something like 119 runs to win. The situation see-sawed until with two overs remaining, Lincoln were nine runs in arrears, with nine wickets down. The result is now common knowledge.

ON STUDENT APATHY

Considering Committees, Exec., the producing of "SALIENT," organising of meetings, marching in marches (either as a hairy marcher or a baldwin), organising evangelist meetings, etc. This much becursed apathy Has reason in, and rhyme, Considering the alternatives Take so much GODDAMN TIME. —FRED SPIT.

N.Z.U. Blues

We would like to congratulate all Vic. athletes who were selected for N.Z.U. teams, and all those who were awarded N.Z.U. Blues for Easter 1961.

A. D. Ward and J. Martin were selected for the N.Z.U. cricket team.

G. Ward and J. Gamlin were selected for the N.Z.U. Defence Rifles team.

P. Hatch, L. Wylde and P. Perkinson were selected for the N.Z.U. water polo team.

Kino Wills was selected for the N.Z.U. women's basketball team.

N.Z.U. Blues were awarded to Richard Hawkes and John Souter for tennis, and Peter Hatch for swimming.

The A. V. Hill Cup for the athlete nearest to winning a Blue went to Lance Leikis, of the athletic team.

Competition No. 2

A limerick on the subject of somebody from one of the suburbs of Wellington or one of the faculties of V.U.W., preferably meeting an awful fate. Closes May 26.

Results of Competition No. 1:

There was a very small entry, so that it was judged by the Editor, rather than by Professor Stevens. 1st M.D.K.; 2nd Fred Spit; 3rd Omow.

TO THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAKE IT HARD FOR STUDENTS

Wandering around in a trance
Not a chance, not even a dance?
The hall is crowded—move outside,
The cops are waiting with their pride,
To catch poor Student, drunk-in-charge
Of his feelings, expanded large
By that great drink, cool-brown-beer,
Curse to the cops when dances are near.
Humour I must and humour I do,
(The poor young flatfoot's lost so few);
So in the waggon I must climb,
Down to the clink and serve some time.

The moral of this story's light,
Will't make things worse to start a fight?

—M.D.K.

* * *

"It would be a repulsive thing to imagine a woman going to an artificial INSEMINARY."—Hamlin.

Women's Outdoor Basketball

The "young frauleins" Vic. sent south certainly graced the courts of Dunedin. On and off the court they were charming, respectable, also OBEDIENT!

The majority of this ably-chaperoned team were "tucked" into their beds at an appropriately early hour each night.

Needless to say we gave Otago their hardest match in their way to attaining the laurels. We left the court 19-14 down, a loss which was not felt too greatly because of the raucous support of the male athletic team.

"Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, I can no longer stay with you."

Education — "A Burden to Modern Women"

[By MAREN LIDDEN, B.A., LL.B.]
(Courtesy—"Australian Women's Weekly")

"Do women really benefit from a university education?"

I am a non-practising barrister and a graduate in arts with three years' training in psychology, and I have been trying to find the answer to that question.

I have asked those best qualified to reply—the women graduates themselves.

And I have been forced to the conclusion that the answer is very often "No."

Many women graduates feel they have not really benefited by their education.

Indeed, they believe it can prove a distinct disadvantage, both before and after marriage.

REAL PROBLEM

How a university degree can prove a disadvantage to women is little known to the general public. But the problem is nevertheless real.

Do not urge any girl to take a university degree unless her desire for a professional career and her abilities are both outstanding—outstanding to the point where she would be prepared to forgo marriage for her career.

Firstly, you are needlessly handicapping her chances of marriage as well as narrowing the field of possible husbands.

Secondly, once she has married, you are presenting her with a mental conflict to which there is no truly satisfactory conclusion, the conflict of professional life versus family life.

Thirdly, in her professional career itself, you are asking her to overcome still lively prejudices against her because of her sex.

In support of these three main points I am going to quote representative opinions and experience of women graduates I have questioned.

To illustrate my first main point that a university degree handicaps a woman's marriage prospects, I quote this conversation between women with degrees representing four faculties.

Mrs. A., former economist, now married with two children:

"Your university degree is anything but an added attraction to men. How can it be?"

"It makes them think because you are capable of earning a high salary yourself you'll expect them to keep you like a duchess."

"When I met my husband, who is not a professional man, I did not dare to tell him I was earning more than £30 a week—it would frighten him off. So I said I only earned £20."

"He did not like the idea of a working wife, either, and made it quite clear there was room for only one bread-winner in the home."

Miss B., honours arts graduate, now in the teaching profession:

"But I'd be quite happy with an ordinary house. What's wrong with me? Don't men like intelligent women?"

Miss C., a pharmacist:

"Of course not! They pretend to despise you if you're stupid, but they hate you if you're intelligent."

Clearly, all these women believe a university degree has a definite effect in discouraging suitors.

As to how it can also narrow the field of prospective husbands, I quote **Mrs. E.**, a former industrial chemist, now mother of two sons:

"After all, you can't really marry a labourer if you are a scientist yourself, can you?"

"Nor are there all that many professional men who want to marry you."

"If you can earn as much as they do, you mean competition, both professionally and socially, and that is an affront to masculine vanity."

"They don't call it womanly. Australian men, anyway, still think it is feminine to scrub floors, but not feminine to use a slide-rule."

The author of this thought-provoking article, a graduate in Arts and Law, claims that a university education reduces a woman's chances of marriage and, if she does get a husband, confronts her with an unhappy clash between her professional career and family life.

SILLY PARTIES

Place yourself in the position of **Mrs. H.**—

Mrs. H.: "I can't look forward to a future of nothing but housework, broken only by afternoon teas and hit-and-giggle tennis parties."

"I'm prepared to give up my profession till all the children are at school, but surely I can do something then?"

Mr. H.: "If you wanted a career, you should not have married."

"Children are your full-time responsibility till they are adults. I should not permit you to work if I considered our children suffered by it in the slightest degree."

Mrs. H.: "But can't you imagine how I feel?"

"Housework is the most unstimulating routine, hard on your ego, too. Suddenly you feel you've lost all your status."

Mr. H.: "If I had contracted to do a job, as you did when you married, I should do whatever was asked of me, however boring, and to the best of my ability."

That conversation shows the impasse, the essence of the conflict.

The professional woman is constantly torn between her real wish to be a satisfactory wife and mother on the one hand, and her desire to obtain again the status and independence her profession gives.

To this conflict between her two lives, there is no truly happy solution. Only compromises exist, none of which work perfectly.

The married woman graduate may:

- Offload her family responsibilities on to relatives or paid help. But should she?

- Delay return to professional life until her family is grown. But won't her training "get rusty," will she feel too old to try?

- Forget her university training and settle down to domesticity. But won't that mean admitting her training, long and expensive, was thrown away?

In other words, they should choose deliberately in the first place between spinsterhood with a professional career or marriage and children.

DREARY HOUSEWIVES

It is made plain that any reasonably intelligent girl must follow some career. In effect, she must think like a man.

This contradiction, which also suggests that marriage and family do not qualify as a career, ac-

counts largely for attitudes like **Mrs. I's** . . .

Mrs. I.: "I cannot bear to stay at home. The four walls, the monotony drive me mad."

Miss O., an honours arts graduate, now a business executive:

"The whole problem is like driving a car."

"You may be able to drive like Jack Brabham, but because you are a woman you must constantly prove yourself. Or else people say automatically, 'Woman driver!'"

"That is what happens when a woman is in a position of professional responsibility."

"Also in professions like medicine, dentistry, law, you are likely to learn that your own sex is just as prejudiced against you as men are."

"Even socially, you have to tread warily because the average woman suspects you."

"As far as marriage is concerned, I do not think you are much better off."

"Think of the number of girls who would love to marry a lawyer or an executive. Then think of the number of men who would love

to marry a woman doctor or a woman lawyer or a woman executive."

All these opinions show that women graduates see many disadvantages deriving from their university education. Many feel it would have been better if they had never attempted to invade the professional world.

A MAN'S WORLD

Among the women lawyers, scientists, teachers, and psychologists who have talked to me over their "family wash-tubs," all believe they are not fulfilling their obligations to society or themselves; that their costly training is being wasted.

Among the same professional group who are unmarried and working at their careers, many consider their university education has worsened their chances of achieving a "family wash-tub" of their own.

If I have not quoted one woman prepared to state she has wholly benefited by her university training, the reason is simply this—I was unable to find such a woman.

[Abridged, Editor.]

Let's Face It

People! You are at university now. Let's forget that you're a bunch of isolated, unsophisticated New Zealanders. Alright—so you have been brought up to exhibit the mannerisms and accept the ethic of an archly conservative middle class Victorian age culture. Does this mean you have to accept this way of life? Accept its isolationism, its self righteousness, its mental sloth?

And you believe you're civilised, you're well educated and broad-minded, you're mentally and physically ranked with the best in the world.

Ignorant cant!

Wake up and take a look at yourselves. You are well fed. Stuffed and bloated with New Zealand self-righteousness and insularity.

You're at university now. Not night tech. Not the Victoria Training College For Memorisation Of Textbooks And Granting Of Entrance Tickets To Cushy And Regularly Paying Jobs.

Now is the time to take a mental purgative. For just a brief period of your lives you have an opportunity to THINK. Why just calmly accept the ideals and ambitions that are passively stuffed into your heads by parents, schools and press?

Listen people, listen! Gather up the glad news and start shouting it out. YOU CAN PLAN YOUR OWN LIVES!

Sure, you can settle for a reasonable income, marry the girl next door, and all that. But this is not the only ambition going the rounds.

Start now, you 17-year-old sophisticated freshers, you jaded and world-weary part-timers.

First: you want to learn more about the world and the peoples in it. Do you realise that here in this university are people from Canada, Sarawak, Latvia, Malaya, Borneo, Ceylon, Australia, Cook Islands, Samoa.

STOP PRESS:

News from Returning Officer.

Mr McInnes:

ARMOUR MITCHELL

elected President

—unopposed.

He's shy. Get to know him. You'll be glad of it. He **WANTS** to talk with you. And you can learn from him. Learn how it is to live in a country that's crowded, cosmopolitan, and with extremes of wealth and poverty that to you are completely fabulous. Or learn how it is to be dedicated to the service of a country and its peoples, with the renunciation of our own typically selfish and unambitious ideas. Meet Africans, your own age, going home next year to be leaders of their countries.

Come along to international club and have a ball at the most alive club in this university! This means **YOU**. "International" means its a club where you meet **PEOPLE**—it's no exclusive gathering of foreigners—it's a cosmopolitan gathering of **Victoria University Students**—on a level where you can really get to know and have fun with them.

How about university staff? Club secretaries: invite, cajole, intimidate or force them along to your meetings. Let students know that they are human. Not tin gods stuck on a podium delivering oracular proclamations to the mob.

University is not merely a place for the transmitting of ideas. It is a place where ideas are sought for or created, and then analysed, sifted, and considered. Nobody is **RIGHT** in a university. Our information is a living entity, always growing and reforming and **YOU** are a part of that entity. **GROW WITH IT**—don't be part of the deadwood or the excreta.

—J.H.

EASTER TOURNAMENT TENNIS

Easter Tournament this year saw a very high standard of tennis, with several nationally-ranked top intermediate players competing.

Otago fielded very strong teams in both men's and women's sections (led by Grantley Judge and Sally Melrose respectively), and we congratulate them on their well deserved win.

Honours go to Vic's Richard Hawkes, John Souter and Otago's Grantley Judge and Sally Melrose, all of whom gained N.Z.U. Blues. Hawkes turned out to be the giant of the tournament beating Judge in both the teams and individual finals. Considering the time of the season, the standard of tennis was excellent, often brilliant rallies being witnessed by

chance to see top New Zealand intermediates in action.

Our girls played up to standard to beat Canterbury in their first match but then lost to a strong Otago team in the final. On the first day the boys had a walkover 6-0 victory against Massey, and again met Otago in the final. This match (played in cold conditions) saw some close games, Otago winning 4-2.

Hawkes and Souter reached the semi-finals of the individual championships, the former eventually winning while S. Melrose (O.) retained her women's title by defeating S. Sutton (O.).

A riotous tennis dinner rounded off a very successful tournament.

V.U.W.'s team was Men: R. Hawkes, J. Souter, J. Taylor, C. Kerr. Women: M. Thomson, S. Parsons, J. Parker, A. Grieg.

Finally, a word for prospective Varsity tennis club members: Previously club activities have been necessarily limited to interclub teams, championships, and an occasional club day around at Day's Bay. Now, we have our own courts. In playing ability, especially the men's (winner Senior A 1959-60, runner-up 1960-61) the club has been foremost in Wellington, but without any facilities, the amount of social and normal weekend activities have been almost nil. With our new courts and projected pavilion, however, we hope to remedy this position and make the Victoria University Tennis Club a very worthwhile one to belong to.

—J.T.



Concentration as Richard Hawkes (Victoria University, Wellington) plays a return in his universities' tennis tournament match against fellow Wellingtonian J. B. Souter. Hawkes is one of the country's leading intermediate players.

—Courtesy "Otago Daily Times."

reasonably large and appreciative crowds.

An indoor exhibition match evening (Saturday) was arranged, the players participating being Hawkes, Souter, Judge and G. Davidson (O.). These games didn't quite rise to the heights expected, but did give Dunedin people a

Tournament Vs. Victorian Athletes

We Train and Train

Despite unreasonably long hours during which athletes were awake and making merry, Vic. athletes were certainly not disgraced. Besides being a congenial set of travelling companions the athletic team gave a preview of things to come by turning out, almost to a man, at a 7 a.m. run on the Friday. No other Varsity (not even Otago) made use of the facilities which were available on Friday and it was gratifying to see our boys pounding around the track.

Most of them got to bed reasonably early on Friday night and Saturday dawned clear and fine. Saturday's programme consisted mainly of heats but in the finals contested, Janet Davies won the long jump with 16ft. 10ins., L. Clarke won the discus 127ft. 4ins., and A. Howard gained second place in the pole vault with 10ft. 6in.

The Relay

Several other athletes qualified for finals in the course of the afternoon but the highlight of the day was the thrilling victory in the 4 x 110 relay by Lloyd Clarke, Brian Smythe, John Pearce and Lance Leikis. Owing to near perfect baton changing, the Victoria men were only a yard or two in arrears at the last change—the Otago men were faster but they lost ground at the changes. Laurie Leikis had to make up two yards on Otago's Colin Maguire, a 10 second man at best, and consequently produced the finest sprint he had turned in for some time to win by a fraction of an inch in 43.4 seconds.

Relaxation

Sunday saw riotous living. Songs and things were sung to the accompaniment provided by Andy Apeaki and Brian Smythe, both competent guitarists.

Results

Monday was overcast. However, we were out again at 2 p.m. and Vic. athletes made their mark in most finals. Lance Leikis ran into third place in the 100 (time, 10 seconds—that of the winner). Then Joe Pope whipped over the 3ft. 6in. hurdles to gain second place. Time, 15.3 secs. (.1 sec. outside N.Z.U. Blues time). Mark (Alf.) Harris produced his best ever time in taking Vic's third title in the 400 yards hurdles (time, 57.8 secs.). Not up to other years certainly, but outstanding for a fourth attempt at the race. This was a popular success with the team. Janet Davies had by now run second in the 80 metres hurdles, beating last year's winner Ailsa McDonald.

Meanwhile, over by the beaches Lloyd Clarke and Andy Apeaki, the strong men in the team, had gained second in the javelin (approx. 180ft.) and third in the shot putt (approx. 40ft.) respectively.

Janet Davies (again) topped off a magnificent day's athletics with a second in the high jump (4ft. 10in.).

The Haka

At this juncture, the Vic. athletic team, produced an example of its special uniqueness. It injected a touch of real colour into the proceedings by performing its own haka, specially written by Brian Smythe, with able assistance from just about everybody. The haka incident could be classed as the most colourful one at tournament.

Anyway, the crowd loved it. And our 4 x 440 team whom it was intended to inspire ran a fine second to Otago—an excellent performance. The team was Lance Leikis (again), Johnny Pearce (the team mascot), Andy Larkin (the man with the tankard) and Doug. Drysdale, who had previously run very meritoriously in the 440 and 880, gaining a well-deserved fourth in top-class company.

Up, And Up, And Up

However the high jumpers were the heroes of the team. During afternoon Paul von Dadelszen and Arthur Howard had been patiently clearing the bar and waiting for most other competitors to fall out. Finally, all other events finished, only three men remained, Victoria's specialists and the greatest ever University all-round athlete, Murray Speden. During the day, Speden had won the javelin (204ft.), the hop step and jump (47ft.), the 120 hurdles (15.3 secs.) and the 220 hurdles (25.3 secs.).

Paul von Dadelszen dropped out at 5ft. 9in. and with the bar at 5ft. 11in. Speden was out. Arthur was up and over with inches to spare and Vic. had another title. Deathly silence accompanied attempts at N.Z.U. Blue height (6ft. 1in.)—but to no avail. His last attempt was the narrowest of misses, but it was a miss, and Easter, 1961, athletics had finished.

In the final points Otago won by a margin of nearly 30 points.

They certainly had some fine athletes, Stew. McCrostie (nat. 880 yards finalist), Warren Jowett (national placegetter in long jump), Murray Speden (of course), Colin Maguire and umpteen others. A victory was deservedly theirs and we extend our sincerest congratulations to them.

A Tribute

Special note could be made of two things: The suitability of the University Oval in most respects; and the excellent organisation.

The Oval is certainly one of the most picturesque grounds in New Zealand, and any faults were of minor consideration.

The Social Side

Socially, of course, the team had a great time. Another colourful incident was the Pooh-sticking, enjoyed by many throughout the Monday night and Tuesday morning, culminating in finals at 5 a.m. N.Z.U. Blues in Pooh-sticks were awarded to the entire athletic team, together with Anita Greig and Helen Aitken. Appeals are to be lodged in writing on large denomination bank notes, before the next meeting of the council, which will be in Auckland, over Easter, 1962. A super pooh-sticks competition (using logs of a special size) with initiating point on the Harbour Bridge will be run.

The return home was its usual shambles, saved from utter decrepitude by the huge quantities of food supplied by Arthur Howard, Lance Crawford and Brian Dawkins.

"I must confess I do not know what it is like to bear a child."—Dawkins.

"You are all troubled by a sense of guilt."

TODAY'S AGNOSTIC TEXT

"Which is the miracle then, natural law, or infractions of natural law? Religion can claim the laws or the miracles but not both. It is an impossible conception that God is responsible for the laws of nature, but reveals Himself only in exceptions to them. If God is responsible for the miracles, then who is responsible for the laws which the miracles interrupt? If the breaking of the laws is to be taken as evidence for God, then what are the natural laws evidence for?"

—J. K. FEIBLEMAN.



"Kaikoura Ho!" Victoria University (Christmas 1960) tramping trip.

Kapiti

IF 25 PEOPLE ARE TO GO SOMEWHERE BY BOAT, ONE OF THEM IS STATISTICALLY CERTAIN TO MISS IT.

The Tramping Club party set out from Paremata harbour on Easter Thursday one short, all gazing anxiously back to shore. The foamy-necked boat rode upon the gulls' bath, with lashings of spray for the passengers. In the lee of the island there was quite a formidable tide-rip, which threw her about a bit. One peasant made a sudden rush for the rail. The boatman rushed after him. The rail, apparently, was not too strong.

Some time after dark, up in the manuka in the Waiorua Valley, the tents were all pitched and the stew was ready to eat. Then we stayed sitting round the fire, talking and singing, till midnight or so. These sessions got later each night: on Monday till 2 a.m.

Good Friday was Stephenson's birthday, but Saturday being April 1 was a much more appropriate date for the party.

On Friday we scrambled along the sea cliffs to the caretaker's cottage, within the Bird Sanctuary; then up to the summit of the island, Titeremoana. Two beautiful hours were spent sprawling on the top, looking almost vertically down 1700 feet of scrub-dressed cliff, into the gently moving sea. Up to the north, where the cloud was thinner, silver patches glowed on the water.

On the next day we went up to the head of the Waiorua Valley and down the cliff-face to a rocky point, Arapawaiti, where the breakers surged through narrow caves. Back to camp round the shingly north end of the island. All done in a marvellously leisurely fashion.

The kakas and parakeets are increasing, although recently rats and opossums have been on the increase, too. Possum-trappers are at work at the moment. These native parrots and the bush robins can only be found in the very remote parts of the main islands. Wekas stalk round everywhere looking for something exciting to steal.

Two old tri-pots stand on the beach as the only remnants of five flourishing whaling stations. The site of the Maoris' kumara patches can still be seen; and according to custom, in a cave right down in the south, lies the old fighting chief of the island, the brilliant and ruthless Te Rauparaha.

FOR WINTER

TABLE TENNIS
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GOLF

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Press Council Talk

The associate editor of the Otago Daily Times gave Press Council Members a talk during Easter Tournament. In the luxurious surroundings of the women's committee room, Union Building (Otago), student newspaper representatives from all over New Zealand gained in three hours a mass of knowledge which probably took Mr Auben 20 years of experience to accumulate.

Local Interest: According to our guest speaker, the local situation is journalistically speaking more important than overseas events. That which is near to us will concern us more. Thus, a newspaper in Otago can be broken up into sections—Business, Rural, Student, Housewife, etc. The time a local pub closes would be more important than the Congo affair; what happens to our student executive would be more important

than the latest sins of Russia.

Newspaper personality: Indeed, a keen interest in local matters, trivial matters even, soon gives a newspaper a personality. It becomes almost human. So SALIENT could develop a "Student Flavour." Or we can have a "Anti-executive-rightly-or-wrongly" attitude. Readers soon learn to look for these qualities. They like them. And when they are not there, the reader is disappointed. The style of a newspaper becomes personal. What the editorial says can affect public opinion.

Public Opinion and Newspapers: Before we can have public opinion influenced in any way, however, we MUST HAVE AN OPINION THERE BEFOREHAND. (This is what Victoria University students do not have). We must have built up over a number of years a background of informed public opinion. (Editors past and future—please note). Even if we succeed in raising public opinion however the situation today is that editorial opinion is no longer considered seriously. This has been so since the days of the Depression.

Responsibility: Nevertheless newspaper editors should all have a sense of responsibility. They should do what they can to raise the standard of reading. The public trend at the moment is towards sex-infiltrated literature—infiltrated to the point of vulgarity. Someone had said: "The majority of people (now) buy rubbish because they like it." This may seem a cruel thing to say. But it is the truth. Out of economical considerations it is sometimes difficult to resist the public trend. Yet it would be foolish to present a population with one thing when it demands another. Anyway, dear reader, remember this: the corruption is not always within the editor's office.

—SALIENT REPORTER.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA CONCERT

The spirited, lively and precise "Scapino" Overture of William Walton was the opening item in the first programme of the National Orchestra's 1961 subscription series. It was thrilling. From the first spritely phrase the overture bounced along in zestful fashion, a cheeky version of Till Eulenspiegel. This success was due not only to the masterful invention and orchestration of the composer himself, but it also owed a great deal to the precision and rhythmic attack of the orchestra.

The stage then emptied drastically, the Finnish bass-baritone Kim Borg entered, and then began the most spiritually rewarding event of the evening, the Bach cantata No. 82, "Ich Habe Gienug." Unfortunately, the beautiful first aria was spoiled by the soloist's throaty singing, and he lacked the repose this music undoubtedly needs. However, the plaintive oboe playing 'of Guy Henderson gave lustre to a rather weak performance.

But half-way through the second aria Borg's voice took on a new richness and the recapitulation of this piece was lovely to hear. From then on he improved tremendously and the last aria was sung with great verve and style, yet still with dignity.

And now, the tour de force. Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (orchestrated Ravel) is recognised as being one of the luckiest masterpieces ever written—it hardly ever receives less than a very good performance. Certainly Saturday night's rendition was right up to the mark. The orchestration was revealed in all its colour and vividness, the characterisation, and atmosphere of each piece were superbly realised, and virtuosity was revealed in all sections. Particularly notable was the firm, rich brass chording in the opening Promenade, the saxophone in "Old Castle," which, after a weak start, added great colour to the lovely muted string tone.

"I am sure you know what I am talking about."—Mr T.

* * *

"There would be no more illegitimate children."—Miss Younger.

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