

# *Salient*

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

SPECIAL EXTRAVAGANZA PROGRAMME ISSUE

*Victoria University College  
Students' Association*

*presents*

## **"MARSQUERAID"**

or

"IN DUTCH"



PRODUCED BY

**JEFF STEWART**

OPERA HOUSE, WELLINGTON—JUNE 1st to 6th 1953

STANDARD PRESS, WELLINGTON

# The New Zealand Players

At last we have seen the eagerly awaited debut of New Zealand's first completely professional theatrical company. Unfortunately when I saw "The Young Elizabeth" I had no intention of reviewing anything, so I can only give you with confidence, my most vivid impressions and points which were borne out by subsequent discussion.

My impression after the first of the twelve scenes was one of disappointment. However the feeling did not last and once the players warmed to their parts these were few lapses, and I came away feeling satisfied and full of confidence in our National Theatre. Perhaps it is a little unfair of me to demand a standard as high as that set by the Stratford Players, for example, but the New Zealand Players have set themselves up as a professional theatre and I can see no alternative but to judge them by the exacting standards required of professionals.

The production, costumes, and deciano by Michael Cotterill. I half cor left little to be desired and I was particularly impressed by the speed of the scene changes. More dramatic effect could have been achieved, however, with better pointing of climaxes. In the moving final scene, for example, when Elizabeth was awaiting the portentous news from London, the required tension was not maintained. The acting, particularly at the start had a staccato character which did not help the continuity of the play.

The outstanding performance was that of Rilla Stephens as Mary Tudor. She portrayed with true sincerity the passionately serious minded girl and her development into the distracted queen whose religious frenzy finally ended in her death.

Edith Campion as Elizabeth Tudor had the most difficult of tasks. She had to portray the metamorphosis of a tomboyish girl into a dignified mature woman, destined to be one of England's greatest monarchs. She certainly did not make her task any easier in her characterisation of child Elizabeth; when she was young, Elizabeth, though a hoyden, was a supremely graceful one. Edith Campion, in the opening scenes, moved with the grace of a carthorse. It was brilliantly histrionically, but bad historically.

Gay Dean played Catherine Parr very beautifully, and was sadly mourned after her untimely death in an early scene. She was too good for Roy Patrick as Thomas Seymour, who was competent but about as interesting as a wet Sunday morning. In spite of his physical attributes Patrick lacks colour and stage presence.

Perhaps one of our female acquaintances summed him up rather well when she said, "He was not sexy enough!"

A Wellington amateur group recently tried very hard to entertain us with John Webster's tragedy "The White Devil." One of the few redeeming features of this presentation was the excellent portrayal of Duke Brac-

ediano by Michael Cotterill. I half expected to see the name of this young actor in the list of The New Zealand Players, and was very pleased when I did. The high standard of his previous performance was maintained, indeed bettered, in his interpretation of the repulsive Lord Tyrwhitt. With more professional experience he will hold his own on any stage.

Bernard Kearns gave a convincing performance of William Cecil and John Carson-Parker played probably the best of the smaller parts as Robert Dudley. ONE of the highlights of the play was his tense scene with Elizabeth in the Tower. Barry Lineham is a born comedian. Nevertheless his characterisation of the elderly Thomas Parry was not overdone. Delme Hope needs to learn economy of gesture. She insisted on rocking backwards and forwards in an exaggerated manner while speaking her lines. Apart from this defect she gave a satisfying performance of Catherine Ashley. The minor parts were all well handled. A pretty little thing that fluttered on and off the stage occasionally was Diane Rhodes, as the servant girl Amy.

I was disappointed in "Dandy Dick." I think the person mostly to blame was Gay Dean. She was trying so hard to be "in character" as the jovial Georgiana Tidman that she sacrificed the dialogue to that end. She slapped backs, she poked people in the pylorus with her umbrella, and she laughed and talked heartily as was expected of the "horsey" George Tid.

But her voice lacked inflection and she pointed the wrong words thus losing the subtlety of them. It seemed she had studied Georgiana so well, but the dialogue, so little. It may be that she is no comedienne, but in a play as brilliantly written as this of Piner's burlesquing, though it may be appropriate, even demanded in some parts, is dangerous and can be overdone.

Edith Campion was unhappily cast

as Salome, the Dean's daughter, and though she tried hard and did all that could be expected of her, she had neither the voice nor the appearance for the part. She is perhaps unfortunate in having such a distinctive voice, as one tends to detect Edith Campion in every part she plays.

Diane Rhodes, I was pleased to see, was given a bigger part in this production and she filled it exceedingly well. As Salome's sister, Sheba, she was sweet, simpering and coquettish. Her acting has not yet the polish of Edith Campion's but I am quite confident that that will come.

The Dean himself, played by John Gordon, was a very lovable character. Though his voice was at times a little too soft for the Opera House, and the piano, most of the lines that I had difficulty in hearing were not vital ones. If any but a superlative actor had been in his place, the production would have fallen quite flat.

I can say nothing about Roy Patrick, as Sir Tristram Mardon, that I have not already said about him as Lord Seymour.

Michael Cotterill was somewhat overshadowed by John Carson-Parker. These two managed to make complete asses of themselves as Major Tarver and Lieutenant Darbey, as was expected of them.

As any one who had acted in comedy will know it is often very difficult to draw the line between acting a funny part so that the audience laugh at the character of the person the artist portrays, and overburlesquing so that if they laugh at all they only laugh at the actor for being such a fool. Bernard Kearns came close to that line at times, but he got away with his caricature of Biore the butler exceeding well.

The best comedian on the stage, however, I thought, was Barry Lineham, as the boorish policeman, Noah Topping. Piner has drawn another delightful caricature (I hope I am not prejudiced by recent events in the city) and though his dialect did make him a little incoherent at times, Lineham rendered it hilariously.

Keith Bracey as the stable boy Hatcham made the most of his small, though important part.

Rilla Stephens again was a joy to behold as living Hannah Topping, providing a perfect contrast to her ponderous, slow witted husband.

Once again the settings were well done, especially the Deanery parlour scene. The costumes, as in "The Young Elizabeth," were excellent, in fact the only notable technical fault was the piano which was too obtrusive and at times almost engulfed the dialogue. At the matinee performances in particular there was some bad fumbling of lines, particularly by the Dean.

The New Zealand Players are, potentially, a good company. I was

(Continued on next page)

# FROM SOLOS TO CHORUSES

## FIFTY YEARS OF EXTRAV

**M**ARSQUERAID—the monicker of Extravaganza 1953—and such a brisk, crisp and risqué 120 minutes of medley saturated with songs and dripping with puns the maligned public of Wellington will have to suffer.

Descending late from their daily terrors, the weary and bleary have of late detected something of a minor seismological disturbance epi-centred near the Gym. Close investigation has revealed that once sombre edifice is in the apparent throes of chronic diarrhoea, pulsating violently to the rhythm of varied and eerie sounds emitted at intervals through shattered windows and splintered weather boards. But only the men of steel who have penetrated the fog and grog, the mist and the schist of the upper floor will realise the brutal truth—rehearsals are on.

Veteran of Extravaganzas and producer of former shows, Jeff Stewart, foaming at the larynx and blasting from the lungs, when interviewed had this to say: "Quiet please!"

Confusion, chaos. It is obvious that the process of panic has begun. But when did Extrav itself begin. It may be interesting to glance back over the years, so with our time-machine in reverse, off we go.

Back in 1903—the days of the "New Look"—we find a slim issue marked sedately: "Students' Carnival"—the precursor of Cappicades yet unborn. In this we read that Diploma Day is Wednesday, June 24, and a carnival is to be held in the Sydney Street Schoolroom at which the whole thirteen graduates will be capped! Peeping inside we find a

### THE NEW ZEALAND PLAYERS

very pleased to see young players like Michael Cotterill, Diana Rhodes and Rilla Stephens being trusted with important parts and using their opportunities so well. Judging by what I have seen of the amateur theatre in Dunedin and Wellington, and other parts of the country, there seems to be an ample reservoir of talent available. The amateur players of New Zealand are of a higher standard than many people think, as has been shown in recent years by such competent producers as John V. Trevor, Ngaio Marsh and Richard Campion. This, in spite of the rampant cultural snobbery such as was illustrated by the difference in size of the audiences seen at the Stratford Players' performances and these efforts by New Zealanders to show that the greatest of all arts is very much alive at home. They are a long way from perfection yet, though they are good, and if they obtain the public backing they deserve, we who wish the future of the Arts in New Zealand well, need have no fears.

\*Name and address supplied.

programme including, in part one, the Victoria College song, a piano-forte solo, a love song and a plantation song. Part two represents the beginning of Extrav. It is a farce called "My Turn Next," set in a country chemist's shop parlour.

The farce disappears from the scene until 1906, when it again makes its appearance as a two-night stand. There is no trace of this noble script so we must travel on to 1911. In this year the show is now full length, Part One (with songs) having died a well-deserved death. In "Reform" or "The Metamorphosis of the Evolutions" we note that the part of Herlock Sholmes was taken by A. E. Caddick, a bloke who has since written a text book on English or something. In this year another change has taken place. The Extravaganza (yes, it really was called an Extrav that year) has moved to the concert chamber of the Town Hall. Also, the odd types which haunt the backstage are appearing—the properties manager and stage manager.

Now, strangely enough, in 1912, Part One of the earlier programmes is resurrected and again we are entertained with violin solos, glees and the rest. The main show was "Wumpty Dumpty" with a distinguished cast featuring Messrs Caddick, Hall-Jones and Stewwright.

### Modern Era

By 1914 the persistent Part One has been interred forever and Extravaganza seems to be an established word for capping shows.

At the end of World War I a full length show is presented in the Town Hall, "Der Tag" or "The Path of Progress," with a cast including Harold Miller and A. J. Mazengarb.

Now we come to the modern era; 1920 marked the first show held in the Opera House, with all the present accessories, orchestra, props, stage manager, business manager and the rest.

The Thirties—"G.G." in 1929, "William the Conk" in 1930. Of the early examples of the "modern" type of script, Redmond Phillips deserves mention. He wrote some excellent shows such as "Coax and Hoax" (1932), "Murder in the Common Room" (1934) and probably his best "Medea and Soda" (1932). The latter contained the song "Karitane Blues," which is still sometimes heard in Extrav dressing rooms after the show.

The late nineteen-thirties produced another set of brilliant and prolific script writers—the Seven Pillars of Wisdom and Ron Meek. Of the Pillars' efforts the best were probably "Hell's Bells" (1936), "The Book of Bob" (1937) and "Adam in Wonderland" (1939), starring "The Voice," Mr W. S. Austin (not L.D.).

Next come John Carrad's delightful variety shows with their inconsequential nonsense and catchy songs, "Daze Bay Nights," "Port Nick Iniquity" and "The Dinkum Oil."

Then in 1936 begins the great Ron Meek series: "Brave New Zealand" (1936), "The Plutocrats" (1937), "Olympia Nights" (1938), "Centennial Scandals" (1940). In 1944 the dead awakes and Extrav is reborn with "Zealous Zombies," followed by "Peter in Blunderland" (1945) which spent two nights at Palmerston North. This period was also marked by the appearance of John McCready and W. J. Mountjoy Jr. as producers and our present stage manager, Huddy Williamson who has either assisted or stage managed since 1936.

The "Corny Combines" took over in 1946 with "Peter Pansy," in which Jeff Stewart, the present producer, took a part. He also provided words and music for 1947's "Utopanella," a story of some bods who wanted to build a Utopia on the wrecked Wanganella. Jeff's first production was "Vot-Thu Halls," which he also wrote in 1948 with Jean Melling.

Jubilee year was 1949 with "Jubileevit" as the Extravaganza. This featured Walter Snatch and Sid Holley-lu-lu brilliantly brought to life by scripwriter T. Cecil Rauparaha and produced by Dave Cohen. The theme, as usual, was very close to the events of the community. The year 1950 brought a show from Paul Cotton, Frank Curtin, Richard Rainey (alas, now married), Bill Sheat and Jeff Stewart—"Hollandaze." Messrs Curtin, Sheat and Stewart are still with us and have ably held up the show in the Atlasian sense, of course. "Siderella" was the show for 1951, produced by Dave Cohen and scripped by Con Bollinger and others.

Last year, 1952, there was no Extravaganza. What was an event of capping week was sacrificed because the Opera House was not available.

So here we are up to 1953. The curtain is about to go up. The stage is set—the producer lolling in the gallery, the audience goggling in the pit and stage manager Huddy Williamson jiving in the wings. Let the curtain rise on "Marsqueraid," Extravaganza 1953.

(Grateful thanks must go to Huddy Williamson for his valuable help in the writing of this article.)



Ian Rich

## A YEAR'S FILMGOING

### From Renoir to Gene Kelly

THE year in films has been a good one apart from the acute shortage of original stories. There have been too many adaptations from successful plays an always risky process. 1952, therefore, was the year of the Director who has given us fewer obvious vehicles for stars, and a more purposeful aim at unity of conception. The directors of full maturity, Ford, Renoir, Chaplin have concentrated on truth and simplicity of presentation. The lesser directors such as Stevens, Wyler, Kanin have often sacrificed truth in favour of polished brilliance of technique. Of the British directors, Powell and Pressburger, Asquith and Carol Reed have produced their second-best; work of craftsmen rather than artists. Only David Lean, in spite of a poor script, made a film that was up to his usual standard.

Acting, under the direction of Ford and Renoir, has become naturalistic but somehow, mainly with Renoir, less dynamic. Otherwise, the standard and type of acting has remained much the same, with some excellent performances from not only people like Marion Brando, Clair Bloom, Chaplin, Bogart, Wayne and Kirk Douglas, but also from supporting players like Anthony Quinn and Gloria Grahame. There has been more care taken with the supporting cast, a fact that backs up my belief that there has been an aim at greater unity.

What do I think are the best films of the year? And how have I judged them? I said in an article at the beginning of the year, that I have three main considerations when assessing the value of a film:—

1. Have the script-writers and director shown the subject sympathy? Is their film truthful and sincere?

(2) Has the director used appropriate technical resources with taste and restraint?

3. Apart from technical considerations, have the actors keyed their performances to fit into the director's conceptions?

With these headings in mind I shall discuss the five best films and the best of the rest.

"Limelight" by a fair margin heads the list. From the pathos and the

comedy to the simple telling of this story of the ageing musical hall comedian very anxious to make a come back, "Limelight" is the full-flowering of Chaplin as an artist and technician. We have not Chaplin, the fighter against Fascism and the defender of the underdog; but Chaplin, the sympathetic and tolerant observer of human beings. This is reflected in the great acting in the part of Calvero. He gives the drink-sodden comic something of Charlie the Tramp, his goodness, compassion and chivalry, but also some of the elements of the real Chaplin. I have already reviewed this film, but I can not do so again. "Limelight" has countless subtleties and beauties; I would take a whole page. Nothing else could possibly do it justice.

"La Ronde" is next because of its cynical, mocking, romantic revelation of the deceptions of love. Max Ophuls is the supreme figure of the film. He, with Anton Walbrook as assistant guide, shows us around the merry-go-round of love with a commentary that is witty and wise, penetrating and polished. His actors, apart from Gerakl Philips as the Count and Isa Miranda as the actress, support him with delicate and apprehensive performances. Some may have been disgusted with what they portrayed, but for me such feelings were dispelled by the gaiety and tenderness of the observation. And after all, is not the main element of the film so much a part of our everyday lives?

"The River" is Renoir's lyrical, lovely film of India, with the people's colourful ceremonies emphasising the markings of the River of Time, which brings all and takes all. We are shown how time and experience affects the child of an English family in Bengal, which has the Indian ceremonies and rituals so much interwoven into its life. Renoir gives the life of this family without bitterness or satire, without haste or over-fussy camerawork. If there is any criticism of the film, it is that it was a mistake to illustrate the Time theme within the narrow confinements of one family, or that the acting was naturalistic when there should have been more fire. Nevertheless, "The River" remains a sympathetic, sometimes moving, poem of the cinema.

In "The Quiet Man" John Ford leaves the Wild West to go to Idle

Inesfree. He is at home there and knows the characters like brothers and sister. As with "The River," Ford's story of a woman striving for independence is told with warmth and sympathy, but, unlike "The River" there is a touch of satire. Again, like "The River" and "Limelight," the presentation is simple but poetic, with moments of symbolism and suggestion. The public of Wellington have recognised "The Quiet Man" as grand entertainment, but the film also bears witness that Ford, over and above the sincere sentimentality, has joined Chaplin and Renoir in their search for truth rather than technical ingenuity.

The choice for fifth place is difficult. "Les Enfants du Paradis" is disqualified because it is a return, while "A Place in the Sun" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" are too technique conscious. "Miss Julie," I think, has the best qualifications, mainly because of its almost perfect combination of technical brilliance, insight into psychology of motives and social comment. It is pictorially beautiful, well acted and directed, and because it sticks faithfully to the original story has enough "guts" to carry it to the top five best films. But "Miss Julie" cannot go any higher, because there are too many times when it lapses into mere melodrama.

Now to the best of the rest. "Detective Story," "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Born Yesterday" and "Cyrano de Bergerac" are all adapted plays and remain essentially works of the stage. Pure cinema, being primarily a visual art, cannot come from "words, words, words," which are the narrative means of a play. Although well directed and acted, "Detective Story" is too static and retains the emptiness of the original; "Born Yesterday" drags because of too much talk of books, learnin' and democratic government. "Cyrano de Bergerac" apart from shabby and unimaginative direction has too much wit of the verbal type. The best of these "A Streetcar Named Desire" seldom moves from the Kowalski's flat, being content to remain there to project Tennessee Williams's characterisation and social comment through his dialogue alone.

Adapting books is a far easier process, as can be seen from Steven's  
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*Introducing Extravaganza '53 ...*

# "MARSQUERAID"

SO much has been done to the show in the past four weeks that it is now no longer to say with any certainty just who it was who wrote it. It has been added to, deleted from, and rewritten by the producers, the typistes, the cast, and the Department of Agriculture. The original plot was devised by Patricia Burns, Gill Lescher and Frank Curtin. The Forest Scene was added later by the producers working in collaboration with Conrad Bollinger, Dave Cohen and others. The Hospital Bored Scene remains as it always was and is always likely to be . . . .

The rest is silence.



## Arts and Crafts Department

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ASSOCIATE PRODUCER - - - - - W. N. SHEAT  
INTERVAL ENTERTAINMENT - - - - - C. V. BOLLINGER  
CHARACTER MAKEUP - - - - - BUNNY ROSS



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STAGE MANAGER - - - - H. WILLIAMSON	PROGRAMME EDITOR - - - - F. L. CURTIN

# PROGRAMME

## OVERTURE

### ACT 1 SCENE 1: A Hall in Smollington Castle

MARSQUERAID: Opening Chorus. *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Belle of the Ball.*  
ELECTRA'S SONG - - - - *Lyrics, Bill Sheat; Original Music, Jeff Stewart.*  
PRIME MINISTER'S SONG - - - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Traditional.*  
ADVERTISERS' CHORUS *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Powder your face with sunshine.*  
CABINET MINISTERS' SONG - - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, Father O'Flyn.*  
FLYING SOURCERERS' SONG - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Alabama Jubilee.*

### ACT 1 SCENE 2: Murapara Forest

CHIP CHIP - - - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, The hot canary.*  
PAPER MILLS TRIO - - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger; Air, Paper Doll.*  
SWEETLY SINGING - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger; Air, Cock o' the North.*

## INTERVAL

### ACT 2 SCENE 1: Hospital Bored Room

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE QUITE O.K.? - - - *Lyrics, Gill Lescher; Air, Jeff.*  
THE PLACE TO HAVE A WAGER - - - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin; Air, The Pawnshop.*  
TE ARO: Jim (Flannegan) Hutchison and Dave (Allen) Crowe  
*Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Tir, Manhattan.*  
WE'VE GOT A FOUNTAIN - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, The Girl Friend.*  
IT'S GREAT TO BE A COUNCILLOR - *Lyrics, Frank Curtin, Air, Traditional.*

### ACT 2 SCENE 2: The Carillion (Upstairs)

### ACT 2 SCENE 3: National Film Studios

PENGUINS CHORUS - - - - - *Lyrics, Jeff Stewart; Air, Charleston.*  
AUCKLAND PETITIONERS' SONG - - - *Lyrics, Bob O'Brien; Air, Traditional.*  
UNCLE SAM'S SONG - - - - - *Lyrics, Con Bollinger.*  
FOREVER AND ANON - - - - *Lyrics, Gill and Frank; Air, Easter Parade.*  
AIRWAY TO PARADISE - - *Lyrics, Gill Lescher; Air, Stairway to Paradise.*

# CAST

POP POPULO - - - J. (Beerbohm) Hutchison

## CABINET

HOLLYBEECH - - - - - Tony Courtenay  
 KILDA BOSS - - - - - Bob O'Brien  
 ALLERGY - - - - - Ron Polson  
 GOOSEWOMAN - - - - J. F. D. Patterson  
 SIDNEY - - - - - Dave Crowe

ELECTRA - - - - - Bill Sheat  
 ADVERTISERS - Michael Edwards, Mrs. Bagwash  
 WALTHER - - - - - Frank Curtin  
 UNCLE CHRIS - - - - - Bruce Hilyard

## FLYING SOURCERERS

DEPRESSION - - - - - Barry Waite  
 HUNGER - - - - - Peter Crowe  
 POVERTY - - - - - Ian Free

## THE FLATFOOT PLAYERS

FALSTAFF - - - - - Roger Harris  
 SHAKESPEARE - - - - - Bruce Hilyard  
 OPHELIA - - - - - Pauline Kermode  
 OVERDONE - - - - - Brian Shaw  
 ANNE HATHAWAY - - - - Diana Lescher  
 LADY MacBETH - - - - - Mrs. Bagwash  
 IAGO - - - - - John Treadwell  
 DESDEMONA - - - - - Dave Powell

## THE HOSPITAL BAWD

CHAIRMAN BASTILLE - - - - - Ian Free  
 MRS. ROUSE - - - - - Kath Slocombe  
 GLADD - - - - - Peter Crowe  
 DAME LISBETH - - - - - Cora Johnson  
 BARKUS - - - - - Mike Dunn  
 ARCHSPALDING - - - - - Herb Taylor  
 MAYOR - - - - - Michael Edwards  
 MISS SONGRIEF - - - - - Diana Lescher  
 DR. DURANTE - - - - -

CHORUSES: Jill Kaken, Eric Lamb, Marjorie Munro, Marg. McClellan, Thomas Ord, Michael Edwards, G. Paris, Graeme Gemmell, Norma Ledgerwood, Old Uncle Tom Cobbley and all.

MALE BALLET: Peter Rennie, Dick Hopkirk, Colin Gordon, Gerald Aitken, David Somerset, Merv Saunders, Bryce Evans, Max Donnellan, Graham McFarlane, Carl McCann, Trevor Hill.

## BEFORE THE PUBLIC

### ORCHESTRA

MUSICAL DIRECTOR AND PIANIST *Garth Young*  
 VIOLIN - *Gill Lescher, Dan Donovan, Noleen Parker, Byron Parker, Nan O'Shea*  
 STRING BASS - - - - - *Ben Gunn*  
 TRUMPET - - - - - *Fred Hoffman, Rod Grubi*

TROMBONE - - - - - *Ken Bryan*  
 TENOR SAX - - - - - *Rod Giddons*  
 ALTO SAX - - - - - *Bart Stokes*  
 CLARINET - - - - - *Jahn Doran, John Tucker*  
 DRUMS - - - - - *Vic Smethurst*

## BEHIND THE SCENES

PROPERTIES: P. Andrews, P. Brockie, W. Harris, B. Hilyard, Gill Lescher, J. Marchant, C. Patchett, R. Read, D. Bridges, B. Evans, P. Hampton, Guisseppi Mozzetti, R. O'Rourke, G. Powles, T. Schroeder, Ian Rich.

WARDROBE: Margaret Hunt, Jan Martin, Judith Goodwin, Anne Shields-Brown, Shirley Robson, Bobby Petersen, Elaine Rapson, Peggy Thom.

PUBLICITY: Bill Sheat, Dave Mummery, Guy Powles.

# SONGS FROM "MARSQUERAID"

## Marsqueraid

Join us in our Marsqueraid  
Won't you come on and join us  
And sing in the chorus  
Enjoy yourselves in our own Marsqueraid.

### CHORUS:

Oh what a night, what a delight to be shared  
Come and join us in our Marsqueraid  
Love is the theme its supreme. We've prepared  
You a tale of two men and a maid  
The men in this story you know  
As the two beaux Sid and Walter  
And they both have but one aim  
To win the name get her to the altar  
Love is contrary, a merry-go-round  
And with lots of surprises in store  
And its no joke when a bloke comes around  
Whom they haven't considered before.  
And though its not's very nice  
Somehow they fail to entice her away from him  
She was a maid, tricks she played them in our  
Masqueraid.

This tale that we tell is an old one  
It's one that has gone on for years  
In truth it's a quite often told one  
But we hope we won't bore you to tears  
At first they've success with their wooing  
But who's going to win they can't say  
And just as it seems something's doing  
Then another comes by  
And she finds he's a guy whose got influence, and  
affluence  
He calls her honey, it's funny, but she loves his  
money and  
Oh what a night, what delight to be shared  
Come and join us in our Marsqueraid.

## Prime Minister's Song

I've been overseas at the country's expense  
At all the best meetings I sat on the fence  
Visiting diplomats thought I was swell  
For though I said nothing I said it quite well.

### (Refrain)

I saw Freddy Doidge at a London hotel  
I'm happy to tell you he's feeling quite well  
And when I was there, too, I saw the princess  
She asked me to buy her a new evening dress.

I met Winston Churchill, a very old friend  
Went with him to Chequers to spend a weekend  
What places to visit I wanted to know  
He told me politely just where I could go.

They thought me a Christian they know better now  
I told them quite frankly I worship the cow  
I said they'd have butter and heaven's above  
We won't ask for money we'll do it for love.

I went to the States and I told dear old Ike  
To come to New Zealand and take what he'd like  
He said he eats crayfish and wants to catch trout  
Now all us poor fishes had better watch out.

New Zealand's a nice place, of that there's no doubt  
But as for Sid Holland we're better without  
You've been overseas and alas and alack  
Why did you, why did you ever come back?

## Cabinet Minister's Song

The story that's current that Cabinet Ministers  
Polish their trousers by sliding down bannisters  
Burning their bottoms until they raise blisters is  
Something I'm happy to tell you's untrue.

When we're not working, we're drinking from kegs  
Use a wet blanket to mop up the dregs  
When you're consulting us  
Don't be insulting as  
Members of Parliament never suck eggs.

Into our seats every morning we tatter, we  
Look just as though we'd been won in a lottery  
Mopping it up like a second-hand blotter  
(We've been at a party the evening before.)

Alcohol takers need not be afraid  
This is no place if you drink lemonade  
For teetotal grouchers  
And old maids and wowsers  
No Parliament Houses have even been made.

Backing our fancies we find it a pleasure we  
Lose all our money but make up our measure we  
Alter the Budget and borrow from Treasury  
It doesn't affect it or matter a damn.

Voters are chasing us, we're on the run  
Queries are put as to what we've begun  
With high sounding phrases  
We'll sing our own praises  
To hell and to blazes with getting things done!



### We Want a Paper Mill

We're going to build a paper mill that we can call  
our own  
A mill that no one else at all can steal,  
For we've got timber here galore  
And a Geothermal bore,  
The Yanks have even offered us a deal,  
When we come home at night they're always waiting,  
When we refuse, you ought to hear them yell—  
We're going to build a paper mill that we can call  
our own  
And tell the rest of them to go to hell.

We're going to build a paper mill that we can call  
our own  
To send the paper rolling out in streams,  
And the weighty World Bank wallahs  
With their weighty wads of dollars  
Will have to tear up paper in their dreams,  
We'll keep the daily papers of the nation  
Supplied for all their news and comic-strips,  
With paper from the mill that we shall call our own—  
To wrap up all the nation's fish-and-chips.

### The Fountain

It's really great  
A parthenon  
We reckon it's second  
To no other one  
The pride of the city  
It's so exquisite we  
Have our fountain  
Others may claim  
They have one too  
That's great, a first rater  
And really surtout  
But one thing is certain  
That their's is a squirt 'n  
Not a fountain  
We say there's no art in  
Spouting red or blue  
Our one plays in tartan  
And that's something new  
It's really great  
It takes the prize  
It's splendour will render  
The others to sighs  
The pride of the city  
We've got to admit we  
Have our fountain.

### Murupara Song

Chip chip. In the woods at Murupara,  
Chip chip. At our job we're very thorough.  
Chip chip. Always chopping trees down for the  
Paper Mills.

Chip chip. We won't let a tree escape us.  
Chip chip. Nobody can imitate us.  
Chip chip. Cutting trees and cutting capers  
With a will.

But we don't only produce paper  
From the Murupara woods.  
We can also manufacture  
Lots of other wooden goods.

Chip chip. Special wobbly bowls for bowlers.  
Chip chip. Floorboards for the holy rollers  
Chip chip. Toothpicks for the holing molars  
At our paper mill.

### Electra's Song

I never came out at Government House  
Socially I'm just a louse  
But I bet you I'll be getting myself a spouse  
And that's good enough for me.

I'm being wooed by Walter and Sid,  
They're trying to buy me with their no good quid  
I guess I'll knock myself down to the highest bid  
If that's good enough for me.

It's not my intention to stick to convention  
To blaze with Emily Post  
I make Sophie Tucker look like a sucker  
And she sure has plenty to boast.

### Flying Sourcerors' Song

We've just come down from the stars,  
From our home up in Mars.  
We're going to give you some nasty jars.  
Next year when we three have taken control.  
Things will get really hep,  
Watch your step, watch your step.  
You'll never stop us from running the land  
We'll rule the population with an iron hand  
And Everyone's sure to live in fear  
When the Flying Sourcerors are here.

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"SALIENT" Does Contain—  
**Articles of General Interest**

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Write:  
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Polish your teeth with Huckleys  
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Don't be afraid of in laws  
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With some Talifig  
Why don't you start the day right with Deepol  
You will have sparkling eyes  
For body odour  
Use caustic soda  
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Grease up your car with Pamite  
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You never need be hungry  
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Than a three course meal  
There's only one simple way of slimming  
If you are oversize  
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Zimedra Corsets.  
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Powder your face with Hornies  
You get an extra thrill  
Bad breath needn't spoil your chances  
Twenty lovely flavours can be  
Yours with Chlorophyll.  
Beware of girls with charms like Venus  
You'll have to realise  
It's not the girlie  
It's done by Burly.  
ADVERTISE!

### Are You Sure You're Quite O.K.?

Do you feel a pumping, thumping?  
All your innards into play?  
Your intestines bumping? jumping?  
Stomach ulcers under way? Good  
Heavens did you feel that quiver?  
Are they threatening your liver?  
If you feel O.K.

Can you resist our invitation?  
You cannot keep disease at bay  
Bring it to us for confirmation  
We don't mind we like to play For  
If you have no irritation,  
Mastication, inflammation  
Where would be our conversation?  
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

Do you feel all spotty? dotty?  
Just a bit off form today?  
Do you think you're going potty?  
If you do then don't delay. But  
Go on reeling, peeling, squealing  
Going wrong but never healing  
Only tell us how you're feeling  
If you feel O.K.

We are nurses full of vigour  
Of assistance come what may  
We can show you how we figure  
We can serve you—here's the way, we  
Want suggestions, we are humble  
How's your latest tummy rumble  
What is life without a grumble! \*  
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

Do you feel a bit off colour  
Do you wobble at the knees?  
Are you just a fraction duller  
Do you hiccup, sneeze or wheeze, our  
Pennicillin isn't fillin'  
But imaginations willin'  
Minus ills could life be thrillin'  
If you feel O.K.

Do you suffer jiggles, wiggles?  
Do your nerves begin to fray?  
Do you get the wriggles, giggles?  
Don't take risks it does not pay. Per  
haps you feel a little iffy  
Creaky? Coughy? Sniffy? Squiffy?  
We can fix you in a jiffy  
Are you sure you're quite O.K.?

### Te Aro

VERSE:

We are proud of this fair city  
But we really must admit we  
Have our slums too.  
More than a few.  
And we really must assert we  
Hate the sight of all these dirty  
Houses in town.  
We'll tear them down.

CHORUS:

We'll take Te Aro  
And all its narrow  
Alleyways  
Relics of former days  
We'll raze  
A honky tonk street  
With ferro concrete  
We'll replace.  
The city's disgrace,  
't seems we must efface  
What's not naice,  
If shacks lack polish  
We'll just demolish  
Them someday  
We'll clear old Haining Street  
Away.  
A ton of nitro or gelignite,  
Will soon put the whole place right.  
We'll turn Te Aro  
Into a Para-  
Dise.

### Airway to Paradise

Who's downhearted?  
For we know our Cabinet's barely started  
We'll escape all harm in the Jet we've charted  
We can always carry you through  
We'll do down Walter.

It's fitting  
To be firm and never look like quitting  
In a fight your Cabinet won't be sitting  
We'll be standing up for the right  
So down with Walther.

Start right away  
Take our advice  
The quickest way to Paradise  
Fly from Walther  
Where's the starting place?  
Rongotai would do well, so

We'll build an airway to Paradise  
Flying sourcerers can't fly there  
Were going to get there at any price  
Though we may not have the fare  
I've got the brains  
And up above it's so fair  
Planes go on and carry me there  
I'll build an Airway to Paradise  
Flying Sourcerers can't fly there.

### The Place to Have a Wager

Oh the place to have a wager is the T.A.B. Agency  
And the best of your dreams will come true  
Yes the place to have a wager is the T.A.B. Agency  
This piece of advice we give you.

Put your shirt on, put your pants on  
And you'll win a King's ransom  
That's just what the T.A.B.'s for  
If your trousers should be shining  
Just look for the silver lining  
Dip into your pocket once more.

If you should be told of a dead certain winner  
But find you have spent all your dough  
Go home get your grate  
And your front door and gate  
There is a place you can go.

To a pawnshop on a corner in Hill Street  
next to Bellamy's  
Where they soon let you have five or ten  
But you won't see your money again  
No, you won't see your money again.

### It's Great to be a Councillor

I am the Mayor as you can see,  
Just pull my chain and you'll drown me.  
With Elections near I'll keep my seat  
Make the road to power a one-way street.

You'll never fly high from Rongotai  
It won't be built until you die.  
Now homes aren't scare round here today  
We're building them in Evans Bay.

Don't take your girl out in the dark,  
'Cos you won't find a place to park.  
We've done a lot and that's not all  
We've just built half a new Town Hall.

If you've no brains there's jobs galore.  
You can easily be a councillor.

### Forever and Anon

Forever and anon is  
Prosperity upon us  
The future full of promise  
For Electra today . . . and  
Though in years advancing  
The world we find entrancing  
And all our hearts are dancing  
For Electra today.  
Full of joy we'll go . . .  
Happiness we'll know . . .  
No sorrow . . . tomorrow . . .  
No longer a song or  
A dance we'll delay . . . come on!  
Let's all be singing  
The evening's just beginning  
To start the joybells ringing  
For Electra today!

### Uncle Sam's Song

There's a man called Uncle Sam  
And he wears a leer all day  
If you ask him why he grins  
He replies this way:  
I just call the tune, and you will croon  
Old Uncle Sam's Song  
Long as I've a dollar, I know you'll holler  
Uncle Sam's song.  
Nothin' in their guts, drives 'em nuts  
Old Uncle Sam's song.  
Still they don't complain, in spite of the pain  
(I'll do for 'em if they do)  
The Regimental Band in every land  
Plays Uncle Sam's Song.  
Though they don't agree (as you will see)  
So forget your troubles and wear a smile  
You'll all agree  
That's it's a grand song.  
And pretend things never go wrong.  
While I call the tune, You'll have to croon  
Old Uncle Sam's song.

## Short Story . . .

# THE PROFESSIONAL TOUCH

IT was the other Friday that I met him—this man from Auckland I mean. The fellow sat down at my table.

"May I rest here and partake of some victuals with you?" he said, flopping, with a benevolent sort of air, into the chair opposite before I could make any sort of protest.

I became scathing: "Yes, but would you mind removing my hat first?" He guffawed horribly, like a dinosaur choking on a tough cave-man.

"Oh most original eh! Oh very good!" I began to dislike the man. "Humour is one of the features which you Wellingtonians (he stumbled with the word) have so much more of than us. Haw-haw-ha. . . ." Crash! and he disappeared over the back of the chair. I helped him to his feet. The hat looked very weary.

"Hurt yourself?" hopefully.

"No, no, NO—don't worry old man—we Aucklanders are always falling down about something." I began to suspect him as well. "My name is Wetherby, Roger Wetherby. Come from Auckland." That was quite obvious. With a name like that as well he was impossible. No-one can call me a one-eyed, parochialist, but there are limits to what I will stand from an Auckland—especially one who sits on hats. His unused hand dropped back—one must have a little self-respect after all!

"I think it must be your climate that gives you people a surface of gay jocularity." I could see the magistrate giving me three months. "Those light, purifying zephyrs from the cool south sweep the mental soot away. While the odd showers give the keen Wellington minds scope for ever-ready banter on Arks and the weather office."

I looked at him sharply; he seemed serious.

The waitress came and went with our order. He remarked on the beauty of the Wellington girls; somehow he related it to the pure minerals in our soils. We heeded one of the finer things at another table and he developed the subject further. Later he spoke earnestly on our smart dressing.

"You did say Auckland was your home town, didn't you?" For a moment I thought he might have said Orkney or something.

"Ah . . . yes, I must admit it." He sighed sadly. I felt a bond rise between us. "Bad luck Wetherby." A brave little smile faltered below his moustache.

The steaks came. He spoke on their excellence, then on the excel-

lence of our food in general. I began to feel like a proud father. The finer thing left, with our eyes on a short leash; he compared Wellington men with fifty million Frenchmen. We won easily.

"Men here learn the basic quantities of a woman from their youth." I sprang to the defence. "I will admit they pick things up quickly, but all the. . ." He had collapsed into laughter again, burbling into his coffee about "that sense of humour," "that instant appreciation of subtleties." Noel Coward appeared to have something on me. At the door he insisted on paying both bills.

We stepped out, the strong and the weak, into the light, pure southerly. Some wretched woman's hat bounced towards us; I put my foot on it. As she bent to pick it up, Wetherby looked at me admiringly. "Such a thing would never happen in Queen Street. And hear how nicely she thanks you in her native tongue.

"Nothing Roger, nothing at all. Any Wellington man would do the same." I strode recklessly towards James Smiths, knocking old ladies and cripples to either side with characteristic abandon, across "Death Valley," mockingly tempting a three-ton truck, and so, on down to Courtenay Place with Wetherby fighting a sort of relaying action in the rear. The man seemed to be having some trouble with his mouth; it kept twitching into a leering grin. I put it down to the place I'd set.

We sat watching the happy scene. People playing a sort of tag with the cavalier drivers, using the white-crossings as the danger areas; listening to the gay taunts of the tram-men as the odd person fell out; smiling as the schoolboys bunged potatoes into exhaust pipes with shrill cries of joy—as "Nark it Snowy—the coppers are comin'." Reading the romances in the tram-shelters—"Mabel loves Joe" or "Roll on the Revolution;" watching the odd student going fearfully to his shrine.

"What such haven has my city?" murmured Wetherby. I could see he was touched.

A dog with bent ears and a thoughtful mouth drooled towards us. "Dogs are not allowed to walk our streets," he said wistfully, "here they are equals." What perception the man had. He patted the animal's head; it bit him quite severely. On behalf of the city I apologised, but he waved it aside.

"So typical of the spirit of the place," he explained, showing once

again his clear mind. "Besides the beast is allowed one bite."

His mood had become somewhat grimmer during the last few lines, but he brightened again suddenly.

"Let me take you for a ride . . . I mean a drive," he said. As we passed through Te Aro he remarked on the ancient atmosphere of the place. I could see it affected him deeply. "Ah but remember you have Freeman's Bay."

This cheered him a little. "Yes, we have our pale imitations."

At Newtown he commented on the eminently suitable climate we had for polar bears, and of the difficulty they had keeping theirs cool. From Victoria Heights Somes Island received lavish praise for "its fine, sensitive lines" at the expense of Rangitoto—"a monotonous, practical joke of Nature!" One Tree Hill fell before the "unsullied Nature on Tinakori Hill;" the museum reminded him of the Parthenon; the diagonal crossing at Manners Street was a "remarkable innovation" (it was new to me; also, it seemed, to some delirious traffic-officers). Several times I found myself defending Auckland. Once I praised the Ferry service—a fanatical flame came into his eyes, but he said nothing. On the Petone road he got a speed ticket.

"Most efficient fellows—very scientific. Quite nice about the thing weren't they?" I saw them in a new light. At Petone he foresaw a glowing future for "the Ruhr of Wellington," speaking of it as the industrial capital. I mentioned Penrose, he gave a hollow laugh. Passing Parliament, he said what a wise chap Grey had been.

Back in Courtenay Place he parked the car. It was obvious that he was thinking deeply; now and then that leer twitched back.

"I say old man—this is hardly the thing I know—but would you lend me a fiver?" he said.

"But of course, Roger old chap." I had no hesitation. "Sure you wouldn't rather have a tenner?"

Once again he fell into the ghastly laughter. "Haw, haw. No . . . I want more than that . . . I'm going to use the same line, haw, haw, haw . . . on your city council . . . and get a loan for our bridge! We've planned it all out. . . . I was testing it on you . . . if it worked on one of you . . . it will work on the whole town . . . haw, haw . . . you're all the same . . . we're wizards at borrowing . . . haw, haw . . . have been for years . . . so you could say . . . we have the 'professional touch'." —J. ESAM.

## THE UNIVERSITY AND THE CITY

BECAUSE the Psychology Department's survey of the opinions of Newtown and Wadestown about Victoria College weren't collated by capping week, and because the question of our relations with the city has been worrying the editor of this journal for the past three weeks, we very kindly offered to carry out a survey of our own.

We surveyed several people of diverse appearance and activities, but the only one who said anything worthy of being printed was our own landlady, on whom we worked throughout an entire roast dinner. She is a lady of a fairly high standard of intelligence, and, besides, she did not have the opportunity to walk away.

We therefore had the chance of working through our systematic questionnaire. We started off with the initial advantage of not having to ask her age, because it is stated on her marriage licence, which, framed, hangs above the dining room mantelpiece, and thus we were able to get right into the first question, "What do you think of Victoria College?"

Our landlady said, "Those young men who nearly hit me with a fish-head the other day was not what you'd call class." We conceded that point, and repeated the question, but all we achieved was a series of references to the young gentleman who threw the meat bone, and the young gentleman who sprayed her with D.D.T., and the young lady with the hair; and from this we evolved our first great maxim: that on an occasion when the citizens of Wellington should think of Victoria College, they think of undergraduates.

The reason is simple enough: the university as a community of teachers and pupils has no occasion to come before the public, nor have the professors and lecturers in their official capacity. The college does not hold public disputations or lectures, nor does it appoint disciplinary officers to observe the conduct of undergraduates in the city. Extracurricular activities are controlled by student clubs, from ski-ing to philosophical discussion. Inter-college activities such as tournaments or congresses are run by student associations, and so are any other functions held in the city or open to the public, such as Plunket Medal or capping. The most well known of these is the series of celebrations which begins early on the morning of capping day and ends early the following morning.

To all intents and purposes, that is the sole occasion on which we appear as a community of teachers and pupils, or of a student group as such,

as distinguished from groups devoted to specialised affairs like debating or Rugby.

Whether we think it a satisfactory state of affairs or not, it is a fact which we should recognise that we go into town one day in the year; that when the assorted citizenry think of the college, they consider the activities round the railway station, the selling of "Cappicade," the procession, the ceremony in the Town Hall, and the Extrav., which celebrate each year's capping. And at present, when they think of that conglomeration of activities, the majority of the assorted citizenry don't think very much of them.

The main reason, according to our landlady and other experts, is that where the citizenry look for wit from a seat of higher learning they find bombast, and where they look for humour they find that the chief kind we offer is the cheapest variety of the double entendre, or, worse and more frequently, a single dirty entendre.

The noise and the dirty joke we substitute for wit and humour do not get us very far. It is merely being unreasonable to say that that is what the public expects from us, for we have conditioned them to expect to see very little else. It is a comparatively recent phenomena at Victoria, for 20 years back Extrav. and the rest of the activities were recognised as being witty.

One of the chief reasons, I am inclined to think, is laziness. All these activities come at once, and they are left to a very small proportion of the student body, who, with a great deal to do in a short time, take the easy way out and decide that if a laugh is too hard to work for, it's simple enough to raise a snigger. This is true for every aspect of the capping celebrations, of course—those in which we ourselves were involved were notable for their ingenuity and sparkling wit—but on the whole the proceedings at present are characterised by noise and the aforementioned dirty jokes.

It is time that we considered this question seriously. Student activities in the city are at a fairly low ebb at present, and unless more time and trouble is spent on them, and a higher standard aimed at, we will find that we have a reputation for shoddiness which will stick for a long time. Would you yourself, if you had graduated in another city, consider our capping activities worth going any distance to see?

Our landlady certainly doesn't. We said to her, "You think they're ad captandum vulgus?" And she said, "You betcha."

### A YEAR'S FILMGOING

(Continued from page 6)

"A Place in the Sun." Much of the story is told in pictures, with the use of long dissolves and "objective" camera work to add to the dramatic effect. From the acting to the use made of music, "A Place in the Sun" is a brilliant piece of pure cinema. But it falls because of the lamentable "watering down" of Theodore Dreiser's original book. What could have been a film of great significance becomes merely a good love story. "The African Queen" also adapted from a book, is directed with skill by John Huston but does not know whether to enter the realms of fantasy or realism. Conrad's "An Outcast of the Islands" is directed by Carol Reed who makes it into a powerful movie, but as a story it is altogether too cruel and it misses the whole significance of Willem's degradation.

"Singin' in the Rain" was the best musical of the second half of 1952. Gene Kelly once again proves himself to be the supreme artist in this field. He has a sunny personality, and his "Singin' in the Rain" sequence is probably the happiest of my film going experience. Ealing Studios produced two of their best comedies, "The Lavender Hill Mob" and "The Man in the White Suit," in which Alec Guinness once again demonstrates his amazing talents. "The Lavender Hill Mob" overstrained the comedy near the end and "The Man in the White Suit's" last sequence was far from funny, but they both provided the brightest fare for this year.

The year has not brought many disappointments. Powell and Pressburger's "Tales of Hoffman" was to speak frankly, a vulgar mess; Asquith's "The Importance of Being Earnest" was unimaginative and too diverse in acting style. Terence Rattigan's script for "The Sound Barrier" blemished an otherwise very good film. As I said in a previous review, "the spirit of exploration and adventure has enthused Lean, the director, to produce an adventurous and exciting film—that is when he is well away from Rattigan's script."

I have given briefly my impressions of the more important films of the past year. Technique has become highly polished, but has there been a corresponding desire on the part of film-makers for truth, for moving? I hope so, for I feel that in future sincere films will be the only films that will drag the public away from their T.V. sets. Will these lesser directors that I have mentioned follow the examples of Ford, Renoir and Chaplin? If they are artists they will not be able to stop themselves, but if they are not they will not succeed in stopping the film industry from being pushed very much into the background. 1952, perhaps has made something of a start along the right road. Now watch for the progress this year.

# The Greatest Club Team I Have Ever Seen

**A** STARTLING statement, but this is the opinion of an ex-manager of the All Blacks, Mr. Parker. What would cause a man so learned in the ways of Rugby football to make such a statement about the present Victoria University College senior fifteen? What does this team possess that makes it so vastly superior to other club teams in N.Z.?

Glance at an Athletic Park programme. The backline of the University team reads like a Who's Who in New Zealand football. Savage, Fitzgerald, Jarden are all All Blacks. Muller has represented Wellington but finds it difficult to retain his place in the side. The forwards make less impressive reading from the point of view of ...predominant personalities. But here we find the essence of great Rugby—indeed of all great team sports. The individual has become subordinate to the playing unit—in this case the forward pack.

This material has been moulded by two of the most successful coaches in Wellington. Dr. Uttley and Mr. Burke are firmly convinced that the only football to play is the bright free-moving game where attack is the key-word. How well they have imbued this spirit into the play is easily seen from the team's performances. The forwards are there to obtain possession for the main scoring unit—the back line. This is the dominating principle. But here again we see the wisdom of the coaches. To follow this principle regardless of conditions is nothing less than bad Rugby. When the state of the ground demands a different type of play to adhere to this principle is sheer folly. You must alter your play to suit the prevailing conditions. Who, after watching the games this season has not been impressed by the manner in which University have adapted their play to the heavy waterlogged ground and slippery snap like ball? In this University has been fortunate in possessing the best wet weather half back in New Zealand—Laurie Savage. For an exhibition of wet weather football by a half-back the game against Hutt must stand as a model. When to pass, how to pass, when to kick, how to kick and when to run with the ball, all were illustrated by Savage on this day.

The captain and leader of the forward Ivan Stuart must first attract our attention. Little is seen of him in open play—the "limelight" for the forward. And because of this his true worth is often underestimated. Chance has smiled again on University in giving her a man of Stuart's type. To bring the team to its present all-round proficiency a forward leader was needed to counteract the tendency of too loose a type of play by the forward. Stuart was the man for the job. He works hard in the tight and has given the front row that element of steel it must

have if the forwards are to secure possession of the ball from scrums, lineouts and rucks.

McHallick, the hooker, has improved greatly over the last season. Their close game with Onslow both last and this year showed that Achilles heel of the team would be possession of the ball. But of late this has been overcome. McHallick, with the aid of a closely-knit scrum, has been able to more than break even with any hooker in Wellington, with the possible exception of Judd.

McLean and Hill, who have occupied the other prop positions, have been sound forwards, their main sphere of activity being the tight play. They have above all been those nameless forwards who have conscientiously each Saturday been content to concentrate on working harmoniously with the rest of the team.

The side row forwards Clark and Fisher have been more prominent in the public eyes. Their position is such that this is not only possible but inevitable. Clark's speed and safe handling have made him an outstanding example of the most predominant characteristic the University forwards have shown. Their ceaseless and speedy backing up. This has resulted in two very beneficial results. Added confidence on the part of the backs and a greater share of the ball from loose play.

Fisher, who is, of course, the other flanker, has combined similar qualities to Clark with something all too rare in Wellington, forward football brains. Last season he was somewhat overawed by Murray in this sphere, who with a few more yards speed could have been another Todd.

The heavy guns of the pack—Smith and Hutchinson—have stabilised the pack. They also have been the main factor in University's securing possession from the lineouts. Both Smith and Hutchinson have played their last games for Victoria and Victoria is weaker through their departure. Smith especially included in his play a touch of opportunism which made him a great danger when near the opponents' line. All have helped make the pack extremely mobile and a potential scoring force in loose passing rushes.

The tactician of the team Savage has fortunately fulfilled the most important position in the team from this respect. Savage has an un-failing instinct as to when to attack

either by running himself or by feeding his backs or to close up play by kicking or going back into his forwards. Parker, who has substituted for Savage, has a well-directed long pass as does Savage, but lacks Savage's experience. It is unfortunate that Parker has not been given the opportunities to gain this experience.

Henley at five-eights has shown himself one of the best wet weather inside backs in Wellington. His penetrating runs have added punch to the backline in a position where it is essential on days on which chain passing is dangerous. It will be interesting to see how he fares on a dry ground where his judgment as to when to run and when to pass will be extremely important.

The main penetrating section of the backline, centre and second five-eights have been the key to the scoring of the University team. Fitzgerald has shown conclusively that he is in All Black class. A side step, prop, change of speed, reliable hands and a sure boot can all be found in this player. Add to this a football brain and you have Fitzgerald. Fitzpatrick has all these attributes but has a flair for the unexpected. He is slightly less reliable in set-play but in loose play he has no equal—remember the try against Athletic. This is the man to have when the side is three points down and only five minutes to go. His daring makes University a hard team to defeat. In fact they are never beaten when Fitzpatrick is on the field.

Jarden this year has had few opportunities. He is an All Black through and through and on his day there is no better wing in New Zealand. He has an individual approach to positional play which sometimes draws criticism—mainly the way in which he stands so far away from the half-back when on the blind-side.

Battell is a most promising three-quarter and more will be seen and said of him in the future.

The full-back berth has found an occupant well up to the standard of the remainder of the team. Osborne has overcome completely his lack of confidence arising from his injuries and is becoming a leading contender for the representative team. Naturally a left-footer he has of late increased his control and power in his right foot kicking. He tackles solidly and is very cool and on occasions has shown qualities which place him in high class.

Surely here we have found the reasons for Mr. Parker's statement. His, as can be seen, is not an unfounded exaggerated statement but one which was made after considerable thought and appreciation of the team's true place. —B.V.G.