Mlle. Delmas Reviews Student Resistance Movement

"At that time, when the Germans wished to show the whole world that France had been crushed and that the upper government circles were collaborating in the creation of the New Europe, it was once again the students of Paris who went out into the streets to cry out their indignation, showing the whole world that they were still the bearers of a great revolutionary tradition: On November 11, 1940, seonning danger, the students of the Sorbonne, led by the communists among them, walked up the Avenue des Champs Elysees in a demonstration..."

Any form of Arnuistie Day parade had been strictly forbidden by the Nazis, but the students went out and marched in procession to the Arc de Triomphe, demonstrating for de Gaulle and a free France. Twelve of them were killed that day and an immediate order sent out for the arrest of all communist students. Those who did not succeed in "taking the maquis" were imprisoned and shot at the infamous Chateaubriant concentration camp at the beginning of 1942.

This was the stirring beginning to the story of French students and the war, as told to "Salent" by Mlle. Ginette Delmas, who is in charge of the French press bureau in Wellington. Herself a student, Mlle. Delmas received a diploma in medical radiology in December, 1929, and was attached to work in a military hospital from May to July 1940. During the years 1941 to 1943 she graduated from the Sorbonne in mathematics, calculus, mechanics and physics. Her attention was then completely given to full-time resistance work with the headquarters of the united resistance movements in Paris. In October 1943, a week after the French elections, she left France to take up her present position in New Zealand.

Pre-War Activity

Back in the pre-war days, and during the period of the "phony" war, Mlle. Delmas told us, students were largely apathetic about the European situation. It was, however, an apathy which varied considerably according to Faculty. Students in science and medicine were especially lacking in interest, largely because their courses had little contact with the political scene. The two great communist professors, Freant and Langueau, were forced by a corrupt government to confine their political activity to meetings outside the University. In the arts faculty, on the other hand, there was considerable political activity among students, especially among those engaged in the study of history and philosophy. Probably 50% of these, said Mlle. Delmas, were communists. Student organisations largely consisted of the various Christian Youth movements, strictly divided into Catholic and protestant, the Communist groups forming part of the nation-wide Communist Youth Movement, and the Socialist Party Youth Movement, almost entirely Reactionary and future Fascist organisations like the Croix de Feu and the Action Francaise had little influence in the universities, but drew a considerable following from the écoles superieures and the military academy at Saint-Cyr, the Ecole polytechnique, and the Naval Academy at Brest. On the whole, students were not very interested, the effects of the defeat of the progressives' cause in Spain being largely pesimistic.

The Occupation

Occupation, however, changed the picture almost immediately, and the above mentioned demonstrations took place. This, said Louise Aragon, from whom our initial quotation comes, was the signal for the resistance movement to start. Communist students, of course, had immediately to go underground. With everyone, "prendre le maquis" became a normal everyday phrase. But the maquis, as Mlle. Delmas carefully pointed out, was often Paris, and very successfully so, too. The first two months after disappearance meant almost complete inactivity, in order, fully to allay the suspicions as to a person's whereabouts. Then activity could begin.

Early in the occupation, in 1940, Pierre Pestis, a National Party member of long standing, was arrested by the Nazis and kept under arrest for six months. His activity under such circumstances was nil. There was a great rallying point for students, and Mlle. Delmas tells us that at least mentioned in the clandestine newspapers of the occupation years.

University work largely lapsed, but some continued, and research, for example, was still carried on, although in secret, and its results never reached German ears.

A University National Front was organised by the Communists and largely directed towards the 15-18 year olds. Those older than 18 had already decided their course of action and were already at work. The basic necessity was to train the younger ones to extend the work of the resistance and to take the place of those who fell. The education of this section of French youth was carried out by teachers and school and college staffs generally, not however in the schoolroom, but by action in the resistance movement—a policy which proved its worth a hundredfold.

In 1934 the Forces Unies Jeunesse Politique was founded, and quickly won great respect in the resistance movement. On one occasion it even gained 15 seats in the Consultative Assembly as youth representatives. November 25, 1943, the Nazis gave proof of the important part students were playing in the resistance, and wrote another foul page in their records. Back in 1939 the University of Strasbourg had been moved south-west to Clermont-Ferrand, in the "unoccupied zone." Now the Nazis acted. They surrounded the University, shot any students or members of the staff who did not immediately obey their orders, and arrested 4,500 persons. An eyewitness reported that during "proceedings" he saw a Gestapo agent rub his head in "our resistance" through the time, "This time, I think, the gooses of Strasbourg: University was all. But he name Gestapo were greatly aided in this act by a traitor.

On being asked about the number of collaborators among students, Mlle. Delmas told us "Salent" that there were very few, among either students or staffs. Writers on the other hand probably showed a greater tendency. The shooting of Max Jacob by the Nazis, and the sterling reputation of Aragon and many other writers however, shows that this was by no means always the case.

(Continued on page 4)
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With little doubt it can be said that Victoria College contains the best university library in New Zealand. We alone are favoured by the Carnegie bequest—the Atkinson bequest has also helped considerably; but in comparison with European and American standards our 60,000 volumes must show up in a poor light. If a University is the fountain of knowledge, then the library must be its reservoir. A student in England in his quest for information might have some 250,000 books at his disposal—from the stack room a book may be produced almost at will. Many VUC students search in vain for those which they require.

Typical is the French book selection. For those students of classical French literature the collection is excellent; but few additions have been made over the past thirty years. Similarly the English class library has had few acessions made since the day of the foundation professor. Neither do conditions improve with time. The newly formed Geography Department recently handed in suggestions for books which will cost some hundreds of pounds. By the time these additions are finally made the problem of space will be acute. It will be remembered last year how crowded the library became before the final exam. Already in 1946 we have a packed library in the first term. Unless temporary relief is afforded October may well see seating accommodation available for only a small fraction of those seeking it.

The present librarian, realising the limitations, has in view plans for a separate library building, but it will be unlikely that present students will see its erection. Meanwhile what steps should be taken?

The provision of substantial temporary accommodation is absolutely necessary. Professors should further their interest in current publications and see that their classes are provided with all manner of literature—this applies even more so to graduate classes. Finally—the education grant in New Zealand has never yet been adequate—it is of little surprise that after five years of war we should find the effects of prolonged starvation rapidly provoking a crisis.

With the College roll swollen to a record level, the question of board has become more acute than ever and emergency measures are clearly indicated. In order to gauge the extent and gravity of the problem "Salient" is preparing a questionnaire which will be available shortly in the entrance hall. All students, satisfied or otherwise, male or female or otherwise, are requested to fill one in, on pain of being filed in themselves.

A suggestion has been made as to one possible remedy, that is, the erection of a transit camp adjacent to Wairua House. There is a type of Air Force hut partitioned in rooms which would be eminently suitable for this purpose. The huts have showers and conveniences attached and furniture could be obtained from the War Assets Realisation Board at negligible cost. The building would more than pay for itself during the short period it would be required.

Priority would certainly be obtainable for erection and there is the further advantage that erected, Spartan living, so doubtless conducive to high thinking and the economy in living costs should be welcomed. Servicemen, remembering some of the more pleasant features of communal life, may support this project.

Once we get the facts, we can attempt to persuade the College Council and the Rehabilitation Department to get mobile—B.L.L.
**FILM AND STAGE**

For the person whose imagination and dramatic sensibility is restricted by logic, the Gilbertian comedy is undoubtedly an acquired taste. A taste, moreover, which it is recommended to indulge at long intervals, lest one become somewhat dazed by the satirical mode which characterizes such examples as the MIKADO.

The great term mace advisedly since the body blown of Gilbertian satire belong to an age when there were forms of social criticism were not in vogue in the other world. While the words may be naïve in content it has, certainly, that succulent poetry which is the essence of all the operas. Gilbert and Sullivan seasons are so infrequent that in giving judgment there is a danger of setting up arbitrary standards of comparison. This danger is accentuated if it is not recognized that here is a unique type to which the traditional criteria of musical comedy are inapplicable. For safety then, the Mikado may be viewed entirely from the standpoint of the spectator, hoping for his four shillings worth. The two clearest characteristics were given by Kojo. Pooh Bah and Yum Yum and the dimmest by Nanl Poo. The latter especially reminded me of a hulking adolescent reciting THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK. Undoubtedly, the most unassuming were the only ones who were consistently audible towards the back rows. I was perhaps more impressed by the upper dumbfounded Yum Yum’s say “Hay! bid,” the Englishman’s repressed face will relax into a coy expression that is more becoming that behind it all he really wants to be cheery and happy to the world in general. The great terminal moron who batters up the way to the forefront of knowledge and a panacea of art, music and the melancholy hammering and blundering amour.

**Music Column**

This is intended as the first of a series of missives and is, I hope, will appear regularly in the future. These will take, whether dissertative, critical, or merely appreciative, I do not yet know; however, the aim is to emphasize and further personal realizations of the considerable influence, both direct and indirect, music has on our everyday lives. It is my hope that my message will be received and indeed absorbed to deny this force. Music is characterized by its ubiquity, and the continuity of its effects on our lives is often overlooked. Paradoxically enough, music has become so much absorbed into the general background of our regular social intercourse that we tend to forget its presence. Consequently it seems odd that so little mention is given in these columns. We have had occasional reports of recitals, but, more often than not, notable musical events have been ignored. There has never been anything in the nature of a regular musical “corner” such as we have in "Creations." We intend to include in this column notes on music of all types. As far as possible we will avoid the usual terms, in order to benefit the tastes of the relatively unfamiliar with musical jargon. Any contributions from our readers, as well as next issue will probably contain solicited notes, just to give us an idea of what we want.—L.A.P.

**Forever Amber**

I am one of the few people who were presented with a facsimile copy of this illustrious work of art. My American friend remarked to me: ‘It’s really groovy!” So with an acute sense of expectancy I settled comfortably to follow the exploits of red-haired Miss Amber, alias Luspecu. The life of a simple but beautiful country girl who works her passage all the way from Maryland to Whitehall. Great is the exploit with plenty of stimulation for the adolescent reader. A book which glorifies the inferior economic position of the young woman in American society for the beautiful ones with compass. A book brilliant in this position. My compliments to the British censor, but why has The Old Curiosity Shop. The novel has certainly presented greater values to the reading public than Miss Kath. I thought that Miss Amber surely would recommend a change of heat.—G.W.

In the early stages the embryonic broussier falls in love with the good girl of the story, and it is early assured that her hallmark admiralty will yet him in the end; so there is no interest here. However, it becomes evident that John L. is marrying the ambitions engendered by an over-active penitentiary. It seems to attempt to persuade him to lead a life of sobriety, and is thrown out in favour of the BASS GIRL who is more amenable to boxing ideals. It seems that the story is to stave in the prominent chin men of the day in order to re-establish his uneasy tranquility. The numerous changes of fiches in which the hero batters down the other heroines is indeed no bulwark against the American moron who batters up the way to the forefront of knowledge and a panacea of art, music and the melancholy hammering and blundering amour.

**Objection**

Assuming that the contributions to "Rostrum" for 1945 are a representative selection, I cannot but feel very keenly, from the above, grown out of touch with some currents of thought in the University. Using the writer’s own quaint inferences of shared social lull, I have tried to bring to an article on the metaphysical of interestingness of Mr. J. Witten-Hannah, to be found on page 28 of the above periodical.

In the midst of a welter of normal prose, “The First Page of my Journal” shines out with short, essential statements, each one of which sends me on a trance of contemplation, an extraordinarily sustained volley of staggering sentences, the culmination, it seems, in the juxtagosition of every term and phrase in the vocabulary of philosophy. One must concede that the writer has crystallized a great deal of thought into the pages of his journal, and it is a source of some regret to me that in this and my previous column I find no significance whatever.

The path I am following is straightforward and wide, and I realize that at some future date I am likely to be the target for some heavy metaphysics. I refer to Mr. W. H. and those who publish excerpts from their own unassisted essay. They will perhaps feel justified in answering that such an article does not impress influence, or have any meaning for me, because I am not intimately familiar with its heavily charged philosophical jargon. While I am tempted to dismiss this with the scorn which it deserves, I must never-}
DEBATING CLUB ELECT OFFICERS

HAIL CREDIT BALANCE

The well-attended Annual Meeting of the VUC Debating Society, held in the Gym on Wednesday, March 6, marked the opening of what promises to be a very successful debating year. The swiftness and harmony with which the business of the meeting was conducted even surprised the retiring chairman, Mr. S. Campbell.

Polling in this opening speech was come, Mr. Campbell asked secretary Marie Marshall to read the annual report. This showed that 1945 had been a very successful year for the society, highlacetnng debates with WTCJ, Junior Chamber of Commerce, and SCM. Mr. Roy Jack had won the Union Prize 1945 convincingly, and the New Speaker’s Prize had been recently visited by Jockie Patrick. The criticism of returned men and Miss Hilary Wilton’s publicity had contributed in no small degree to the year’s success.

Mr. O’Brien, with customary lightning speed, presented the balance sheet which showed a surplus of £19/5/-—the first, from any year. There was no question. It could be said that he needed it not to have a grant from the overburdened Ministry of Education. Officers for 1946 were then elected as follows:
- Patron: His Excellency the Governor-General
- President: Prof. Lipson
- Chairman: Mr. N. Taylor
- Vice-Chairman: Mr. D. Cohen
- Secretary: Miss E. Leitch
- Treasurer: Mr. K. O’Brien
- Committee: Mr. H. Dowrick, J. Zimam, Miss J. Friest, Miss J. Patrick.

Malta and God

(Substance of an address given by Mr. Howard Wedman to the Student Christian Movement.)

Two fine Christian men have recently visited New Zealand—General Sir William Dobble and the Bishop of Singapore. They both come from lands that were vital to be the nation’s system, one of which fell, while the other did not. The General comes to tell us that in his view Malta did not fail because God prevented it. This was a problem which, for it was better not to dodge. Are we really to believe that God intervened for places that held the Stalag and Toul, and for places that fell, like Malta and the Channel Islands? Does God win battles for us?

I suggest that the truth of our own success in war, or any other enterprise, is synonymous with the will of God is at the utmost and on the worst possible. It leads to the kind of prayer which is the mere naked assertion of our own will. This is illustrated with peculiar poignancy when parents pray for the safety of a soldier son. If he comes back they feel that their prayers were answered, but if not it raises one of our imperfections and our wrong choices we run into defeat, defeats and arrests.

Credits: "Student Resistance"

(Continued from page 1)

The French Workers Party, based on the 6,000,000 membership of the Trade Union Movement, was elected at the last Socialist Party Congress by only a 55% majority. The MRP was not a sectional or an immediate movement, but was formed with the backing of General de Gaulle after the liberation of France. Basic support comes from those areas which were not badly hit by the occupation, and from the wealthy agricultural provinces which were, because of their value, largely spared by the Nazis. Previously it had three Cabinet Ministers, but now its only representative is M. Bidault, the Foreign Minister. Its aims seem to have been to prevent a Communist-Socialist alliance, by appealing to the Socialists as democrats and liberals to oppose the Communists as would-be dictators.

De Gaulle, Mila. Delmas points out, that France had a reputation as a political leader that he united abroad—the successes of the Free French forces were written up and appreciated in the clandestine press, but these were not too big a success. The French were too busy fighting Nazis to worry over the political views of the French leader outside France. The French, with a small political elite, while materially affecting the influence of the MRP, has not affected the other two parties. There is every possibility that the proposed merging of the two main parties will have taken place by the next elections. In this the students of France, in alliance with the whole Youth Movement, will have played no small part.

TRAMPERS SALUTE IN HUTT VALLEY

—ABDUCT “SALIENT” TO “CHATEAU”

The Tramping Club has got to a good start this year, having already run a Sunday trip over Cannon Point to Karapoti and back to Akatarawa, and a two-day trip to the Tauererikau Valley. The annual meeting will be held within the next week and after that a detailed syllabus for the rest of the year will be published.

Fresh Fields

A new trip for this club was chosen for the harmonious in the early days of March. As an easy walk, the route climbs the Wellington fault near Upper Hutt to Cannon Point, which provides an excellent panorama of the Tararua Range and the Hutt and Mangorao Valleys. Unfortunately for the easy walkers, the lead was taken by Geoff Milne, sometime student guide at the Hermitage, and by Peter Coleman, Milford Track repairer. Unfortunately, because the initiates felt their duty to keep up with the leaders, and arrived at the top red-faced and panting; only regaining their wind in time to enjoy the ride at the club committee, who had ambled lazily up the hill, far behind the main party. After lunch on top of the hill and a headlong descent to the Campbell’s Mill stream, a short swim was very welcome until various small boys and canterous females on the bridge above began to hurl insults on the apple cores at the bathers. A bill of tea was made, not without a certain amount of resistance. Subsequently two Forest Rangers declared the fire well and truly extinguished. The club then returned to Taurarawa on the road, some on the milk lorry, some on the feet. A wheelbarrow (which was on the road as far has been thrown away as a antiquated.

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Being a young woman extensively travelled who has men of all types and nationalities, I feel I am well suited to give an opinion of the males of this country. It should be quite clear to any woman with the slightest glimmering of intelligence or fastidiousness that there is something very radically wrong.

The majority are so repellent that one is prejudiced in the first place; only a very few can talk inteligently without being conceited; the rest are nauseatingly egotistical that they would make any self-respecting woman sick.

The average New Zealand male looks like a cross between Herr Goebbels and the average woman having the slighthest claim to good looks automatically having spectacles or false teeth. Their mentality varies, of course, but as a general rule conceit is in direct proportion to the degree of intelligence and pleasantness of appearance.

But it is when these young men are drunk that they really rattle me. Never have I seen more disgusting sights in my life than at one of these New Zealand parties. Never have I seen a more degrading and revolting exhibition than that shown by a young New Zealander at a very correct and proper cocktail party a short time ago. Young men in this country seem to go to parties with one thing on their mind. Not to meet interesting people, not to talk intelligently, not to dance, but to get through as much beer as is humanly possible, and then to get rid of it all over the floor.

Is it fair, I ask you, that the young New Zealand women should be saddled with all these slovenly, uncleanly, grotesque caricatures of a God-patterned being? It is very sad indeed to see lovely girls enduring these men. If they—the girls, had ever met men from other countries, they wouldn’t have anything to do with these youths. They are fundamentally talkers. It provides an outlet for their smutty little minds to be able to indulge in grandiloquent talk about the more fundamental things of life, but I guarantee you that a German corner boy, age fifteen, could knock spots off our students.

It is a well-known fact among the more mature women “in the know” that out of eighty-six boys at Weir House have the beginnings of a polished technique. I can’t give you any more criticism than I have already, and how you make out depends on you, and you alone. As a bit of vague advice try to combustion charm, low cunning The fatal fascination of the polished Ger-

CHAMBER MUSIC
PRELUDE AND FEUD
Dr. J. C. Beagchord said that, as dovetailing hands actually and the skin torn off his knuckles while trying to hold the door against interlopers, during an item,—News Report.

Valley of Decision
—a review

Greer Garson’s newest presents the class struggle in a way calculated to induce the leftist lads to gnaw their dogma books and emit hollos about the Bourgeoisie and that. On just such an issue of class cleavage does Garson make her decision in the valley. She bows to the unbridgable social gulf between the boss and the never have, has and rejects her man for his own social good. A likely story I must say. But the escapist is aghast over it, due I think to G. G.’s rather convincing performance. The plot is long and somewhat involved, but this is what makes it interesting; this element of what next? So I shall avoid too much light on what happens in favour of a general outline.

There is an entrepreneur American family, whose dough is in the steel-works and who possesses the usual handsome son. Greer Garson is the daughter of a worker who blames the entrepreneurs for the loss of his legs and when she goes to their mansion to serve as a housemaid he becomes rather nasty and stays that way throughout the story. When the rich son follows the behaviour pattern, his family refuses to countenance such a marriage; and what with love, and prejudice on both sides, mental conflict, both personal and dual, labour strikes, and even a triangle there is no ingredient lacking for a really grim drama. And having regard for the one or two reservations above the fusion has been passably well done, though the plot is rather confused in parts. Lionel Barrymore wore his Dr. Gillespie coat beneath the clothes of the crippled worker, and very often you can see it. Barrymore’s irascibility is becoming somewhat boring after all these years. But Gregory Peck as the son and Gladys Cooper as a corner of the triangle are quite bearable supporters of the leading lady.

—L. P. Hogan.

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The introduction was, to say the least, highly unconventional, but then, by all standards, he was an unpredictable character. The small room was suddenly possessed by a presence, the powers of darkness pressed in on us, there was a crash of thunder and a blinding light, and the unspeakable one manifested himself, top-hatted, impeccable, with umbrellas poised in delicate fingers of hell. When the screaming was over, neurosis—always aggravated by unreality of the situation became minimized it none too soon for us.

It seems the Celtic twilight is traditionally thronged with uncanny influences, from leprechauns to what have you, and the excuse for the whole action is that anything can happen in the highlands and this time it did. However, it is rather unreasonable for us to believe that a combination of little dog-latin and chaisel, a chalk circle executed charmingly in reverse by Jean, and a modicum of 'hocus-pocus' has made a moon dream up nothing so impressively positive as Mr. Bolfrey, lead to a Titanic struggle with a Calvinist of course for the souls of four people, and finally vaporise no small portion of the ocean off the Western Isles.

The point we should like to make is that the play has no connection with any religion, but nevertheless is not intended to be a fantasy in the strict sense. This is obvious from the device of Mr. Bolfrey's umbrella, which discovered the following morning and inexplicably it existed out of a window, taking with it our last hope that the extraordinary events of the night were the figments of a dream. One realises, however, that this was necessary to point the moral, which is the German word for Faith over the powers of evil within us and without, and the fact is, that the play cannot be judged on a basis of reason, and will already have been dismissed by the materialists. For example, Mr. McCrimmon, in expounding his basis for religious faith, exhorts us to look around for evidence and makes the statement that reason is a poor instrument for the apprehension of spiritual truths. We agree with him, and are reminded of how Heine said that Kant's Critique of Pure Reason is the sword with which he decapitated the Deity.

For all that I say I feel that it played remarkably well, and we congratulate P's Hurrel and his charming cast for a production which, with a little more polish and publicity, could draw packed houses outside VUC. Bruce Mason as Bolfrey enjoys himself hugely in an outstanding interpretation of an excelling role, and we want to see a lot more of him. The Calvinist minister McCrimmon is portrayed with deep conviction by John McCreary, whose acting is better than ever, and we like Betty Ayn as Mrs. McCrimmon. Geoff Datsen's clothing is original and good, though we think his technique of escaping isn't up to much. Changing the Cats Cradle agreed with us. Diana Mason as the sophisticated Jean is altogether charming, and her position is a great deal to the success of the production. We present a bunch of the St. Pete-nuts to Huddy Will-iamson for creating the Manse.

This collection of talented players is the best in a long time, and we think Whither Goes Your Stud. Ass. Fee?

"Where does the Students' Association fee go?"

This, a question which is often asked by freshers and is of interest to all students.

The revenue from this source, after a small deduction by the College office of a collection fee, is administered by the Executive which is elected annually by students. A predetermined part of each fee goes automatically to the Building Fund, which one day will be spent on a Students' Union.

The major portion is used in grants for sports and cultural clubs: running social functions (including tournaments, tea dances, balls, undergraduates' supper, Extrav., Capping, etc.); the issue of College publications (Sailorn and Spikes); and in administering the cafeteria. The wages of the office assistants and payments for upkeep of the gym, etc., are also charged off this money.

The Students' Association caters for a wide diversity of student interests as will be noted from the list of Clubs given below.

Victoria's fee is extremely reasonable when compared with other NZ Universities, where extra fees are paid for joining each club.

On payment of the Student's Assn. fee you automatically become a member of all the following clubs, all clubs welcome new members.

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Culture, etc.

Biological Society Chem. Society Debating Society Dramatic Club Gramophone Club International Relations Club Lew Faculty Club Matha. and Physics Society Musicians' Club Photography Club

Watch the notice boards and the cafeteria for announcements of meetings, and practices.

* Biological Society

A meeting of the Biological Society will be held at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, March 25. This will be followed by a talk at 8 p.m. by Dr. Hamilton of D.S.I.R. He will speak on "Herb Improvement Methods and Their Results." In this talk he will discuss such subjects as Herb Insemination, Disease Control, Breeding, Nutrition.

C. A. BRADSTOCK.
For the Committee
Swimming Club Looks Up

Starting with a spectacular win by default at water-polo on Thursday night, the club was followed up with a decisive victory in the four-side relay at Riddiford Baths the following Saturday.

At the same time prospects for Tournament have looked up considerably. At the club night on Wednesday, May 14, some promising performances were seen. Neville Turnbull, old V.C. man, came back from the war to swim 50 yards in, at most, 26 secs. Dick Daniel was timing three people with one watch, so complete accuracy was not possible.

The same evening Margaret McKenzie swam 50 yards in 33 secs. With some practice on the start, and turn, she should better this figure, which compares favourably with the average club swimmer at 36 secs.

Sickness has so far prevented Pat Cummins (N.Z.U. 50 yds. title-holder) from attending club nights.

Club members will be glad to know that Mr. Bob Hall (ex V.C. Student) has consented to come to club nights on Wednesdays at 8 p.m. to coach our swimmers.

The Club will hold its annual Carnival on Wednesday, March 27 at Thornton Baths. If possible it will start at 7-30 p.m., but the Wellington League to Swim Campaign may stand in the way, in which case the Carnival will start at 8 p.m.

A highly attractive programme of events has been devised including:

- Men's 50 yards Invitation scratch, men's 100 yards championship, women's 50 yards championship, open 100 yards breaststroke handicap, open 100 yards backstroke handicap, scratch width and back, dive (standing, running, and awkward entry).
- Feet first width (very funny!!!)
- 32½ yards freestyle handicap, inter-faculty relay (2 men and 2 women).
- Water polo game will be arranged if enough keen players are available.

Finally the spectators will be permitted to enter the water.

All this entertainment will cost only sixpence.

Defence Rifle Club

After six years' recess the Defence Rifle Club shot again on Saturday. Vance Henderson dug out the records and a number of old .303 stalwarts last week and called a social meeting, which elected the following committee:

- President: R. H. Johnstone.
- Vice-President: A. T. S. Howarth.
- Secretary: D. V. Henderson.
- Committee: H. M. Sanham.

Their immediate aim is to produce a team to shoot for the Bastion Shield at Redcliffs this Easter. With the aid of a number of club members from pre-war days the club should soon be launching out with all its old vigour.

There is a match shoot this Saturday, the first club fixture. Last week they shot as guests of the Suburbs Rifle Club at Trentham. The club's rifles have returned to the army and have been put into good order again. Ammunition is available from the army.

This club is run by misgivings, and they refer all would-be marksmen to the Miniature Rifle Club.

Easter Tournament will show whether V.C. riflemen can recapture the Shield which we held in 1937 and 1938.

Basketball Under New Management

At the first practice of the Club held on Monday, 11th, the following committee for 1946 was elected:

- Capt.: Shirley Cole.
- Vice-Capt.: Avis Reed.
- Sec.: Tress.: Pat Cummins.

The Club is busy preparing for Tournament and would like to see more players attending practices in the Gym on Mondays at 7 p.m.

We are very fortunate in having Mrs. Lorna Smith as coach this year. Mrs. Smith started coaching from scratch the Island Bay team which is now among the leaders in Wellington Association matches.

The team for Tournament will be a strong contender for the Basketball Shield, which they held for three years in succession.

The Club will be entering at least two teams in the local Association competition.

This year the Club will be extending its social activities, which should draw the members closer together.

An invitation is extended to all basketball clubs to roll up to practices in large numbers, where they will be very welcome.

En Garde

The Victoria College Swords Club is in action; this year the Club should be able to increase its membership to approximately 60 members.

During 1945 a small number of foils were obtained; this year, however, there is a strong possibility that we will be able to obtain a certain amount of new equipment.

Despite handicaps, the first year of the club was definitely successful. In Winter Tournament, where we had to meet the experienced teams from other Colleges, the team performed creditably in winning 22 foils to the 27 won by the winners of the competition, Otago, to whom we extend our congratulations. The result was far above expectations and augurs well for the future of fencing in the College.

The club started operations in June, and to have a team ready to go into action by August was an example of the keenness and excellence of our instructor Mr. Norman Dixon, whose energetic interest and support has carried the club over its most difficult period. Fencing was continued through the long vacation and there is already keen competition for places in the team for Auckland in August this year.

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[Note: The page contains multiple advertisements and announcements, not directly related to the main text.]

Berlin Olympic Games Film Released after 6 years

The last Olympic Games were held ten years ago and the film on the subject has been in the country for six years without being made available to the general public. The reason is that it contains a small amount of footage and it was possible that a screening during the war would not have been desirable. However, it is now being made available to sports bodies and other interested organisations.

At the screening I attended a message from Mr. Fraser was delivered beforehand advising the audience to ignore the propaganda aspect but Mr. Fraser need not have worried. Hitler's appearances were greeted with laughter, and the emphasis that was placed on the exploits of the German, Italian and Japanese athletes cut no ice whatever. There was a tendency to underestimate the achievement of the Negroes but their obviously outstanding performances defied the attempts of the propagandists to discriminate between the "White Race" and the "dangerous black element." In any case the English commentary was supplied by announcers from the British and American news services.

The producer of the film was Leni Riefenstahl, a prominent Nazi, but an accomplished artist. She was reported to have been Hitler's mistress at the time and a popular joke among the anti-Nazi's concerned the story that Hitler slept on spring steel, not on a mattress. The name of the lady's name see any German dictionary.

The film begins with the half hour of impressive shots, carrying back over to the Greek Olympic Games and leading up to the carrying of the Olympic torch from Athens to Berlin. For anyone interested in film technique I can recommend this sequence without reservation. However, that includes the speeding up of a scene of the event in Black and White before it was shown in full colour and the events being included in some cases. It soon became obvious that one was more likely to see the event than the men doing it. The camera is able to follow the sprinter right round the track, to climb to the height of the pole vaulters' crossbar, and to go under water to examine the swimmer's style. That would take a whole book to give details of all the events about a few are worth special comment.

Lovejoy's amazing burst of speed in the late stages of the 1950 metres brought a burst of applause in the theatre. The organisers of the games were quite unprepared for it. New Zealand taking a record—the Union Jack was run up on the winners' flagpole, and tife played "God Save The King"—perhaps a reflection on N.Z.'s overseas publicity.

The most spectacular event from the photographic viewpoint is the pole vaulting. The Olympic record in this event is about three feet higher than the New Zealand record, and the grace and precision of the performers astounded the audience.

In the swimming events, the film is not too valuable as a demonstration of technique; one is left to assume that the speed is faithfully represented. However, a number of underwater shots should provide considerable interest to swimmers. The diving was a special thrill, although cutting the shots before the diver hit the water tended to leave the audience hanging in mid-air also.

The film is of unquestionable value to all sportmen and physical education specialists, but the purpose of this article has been to persuade that it is also worth the attention of all who are interested in film as an art.

Our Star Boaters Are in Training

In the past two seasons, and especially during the one now drawing to a close, the University Rowing Club has been steadily building up its position it held prior to the outbreak of war. With many skilled rowers returned, and with a steady influx of newcomers, the club can look forward to its future with some hope. The success of the 1952 Easter Tournament and the holding of various inter-club regattas have played no small part in this revival, and although the club has not as yet been as successful as might be desired, much valuable racing experience has been gained.

As we have not yet attained the dizzy heights of owning a clubhouse of our own, the Star Boating Club plays host to us and our equipment. Varsity members join the Star Club, and are to be found in all Star crews. A perusal of the Star regatta roster for the season would reveal the names of many men from the College, including G. Ward, G. Honors, W. Osten, G. Murratt, B. Thompson, and D. Hume.

The Star Regatta at both Picton and Wanganui regattas was composed entirely of men from Victoria, although neither crew gained the success expected. As usual at all regattas, the traditional hospitality and fellowship of rowing was enjoyed. If duly remembered, by all.

This year's 'Tattie' crew at both Picton and Wanganui regattas was composed entirely of men from Victoria, although neither crew gained the success expected. As usual at all regattas, the traditional hospitality and fellowship of rowing was enjoyed. If duly remembered, by all. The crew at both regattas was recommended for a really rowlocking time.

Our Star Regatta at Wanganui was composed entirely of men from Victoria, although neither crew gained the success expected. As usual at all regattas, the traditional hospitality and fellowship of rowing was enjoyed. If duly remembered, by all.

The crew at both regattas was recommended for a really rowlocking time. The crew was recommended for a really rowlocking time. The crew was recommended for a really rowlocking time.

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