Exec Censure Motion Defeated

The issue of censure had been set...
OPEN LETTER TO A NITWIT

Dear Nitwit,

YOU were one of the people who attended the special general meeting in the gym on the night of May 3 last. You were one of the mob who very seldom come along to these meetings unless you think there is a chance for some "fun," and we suppose you came along to this meeting for that reason.

We haven't any objection whatever to people coming along to meetings—our chief bind for years has been the fact that not enough people attend Stud. Ass. meetings. But we do like to think that when students come along, they are prepared to behave like adults.

You were one of the mob at the back of whose behaviour the ex-president remarked, "While I do not myself agree with hardly a word the speaker was saying, I can see no possible justification for such barbaric behaviour."—

May we get to the point by remarking that children like you have no place in a university? This is a place where no matter what opinion anyone holds, he may express it; it is not a university.

The name "student" is one which has some real dignity attached to it. It means one who is prepared to learn, and is humble enough about his own knowledge to realize that he can learn something from pretty nearly anyone. We don't think you have any right to the name "student.

May we suggest that you either grow up, quickly, or get out, quickly: this is no place for you.

Your behaviour—apart from reflecting little credit on your upbringing—was a studied insult to the chairman, to the speaker, to the meeting, and most of all to the very tradition of this university. Louts like you spoil this place for adults: your ilk also ruins our reputation by hooliganism around (but never daring to do it) in extrav. parties. This sort of arrested adolescence just doesn't fit here.

Under the circumstances, it's unfortunate that you probably won't dare publicise yourself by making an open apology to the president—which is what you would do if you had any guts. But in future, if you can't grow, we suggest you go.

Your respectfully,
D.G.

Salient Staff, 1950

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SEAWEED AND NEW MUSIC

AND SO the whole grizzly business of Capping Week, Process and Extrav has ended for another year. And by one of those ironies of fate some there be who lift up their small voices in a fervent "Thank God!"

It seemed at first as though we would have a reasonably good Process. A lot of people spent a lot of time preparing for it—the Weir house mob and the Chemb boys in particular—the weather was good enough, the distribution of Cappi- cades was very successful—thanks to the labours of Meaee, Hurley and Cook and their many friends. The crowd of citizens lined out to watch the fun, and yet despite all these favourable portents, the whole affair tended to leave rather a bad taste in many mouths... due to the efforts of those nameless irresponsible who bespattered the not so anxious bystanders with flour, water and the occasional coat of seaweed. Someone should have remembered that flour and water form a paste which is apt to spoil people clothing.

Oversight

It is perhaps typical of this year's Extrav that its most important feature, its almost sole virtue, should have originally been omitted from Cappi-cades—a fact which was partially remedied by a small and often illegible hand-stamping. "Original music by Jeff Steward." This music was very good: from the intriguing variations on the minor scale which made up the Atmosphere Music to the Sanctum of the Spirit, the Philip Chorus, the luting "Jungle Style" and the "Woody Allen's Praxis On." But in some cases these tunes were marred by insubstantial or forgetful arrangement, occasionally inert and pointless lyrics.

The plot, alas yes the plot! To speak generously, this had, if possible, just a little less point than a rubber ball, and much less bounce. It began well adrift from the atmosphere of mild anticipation, a feeling that surely something, something would happen but that the certainty came down this half-premise of action went unfulfilled. The descent to the incredible dulness of the Garden Party scene was rather sudden. The Jungle scene had been quite entertaining, if quite irrelevant (a common failing with Extrav scenes) but surely the authors, who knew this line of follow, could have picked up the end of this scene a bit, so that the audience would not be quite so prepared for its ghastly sequel.

The pan, not the man

Extrav has been produced for long enough that any standing author should now know that an Extrav must take some pointed criticism and exaggeration of the contemporary political machine to obtain a maximum of audience appreciation. The audience which resulted when a man cried up to Peter Fraser merely walked onto the stage should be further proof of this. And though lave- ratory humour in to some extent a sub- ject for wit it should not be so much encouraged on the stage of the Opera House. Again, of course, a falling of past Extravas, but un- fortunately not a falling which it is worthwhile perpetuating.

Maureen Rose-Smith, Bill Short and Jeff carried the show along appearing with an enthusiasm which about the other members of the cast could have well imitated. Maureen especially gave the whole thing a dash and gusto which it really did not deserve. A magnificent performance. The voices of all three could have benefited from a micro- phone, and someone should have realised that a key which suits Jeff's voice will not necessarily suit Bill's voice.

Pomchoy, Carstena, and Colonel Carruthers spoke their sometimes witty, sometimes stale and sometimes stilted lines with empirical efficiency, and sang and danced adequately enough. They appeared to best ad- vantage on the Monday night, when they came on impromptu and told Poldo Club stories for about ten minutes. But people will persist in saying that recognition of homo- sexuals, and avoidance of the appearance of a nation. And any reference to Ledismatism, however brief, as in the St. Vitus scene, were totally under-de- plored. Very few people seemed to think this funny.

Unruly ballet

The male ballet was well up to its usual standard; but it was a shame that they were allowed to clown around. This may have been such a result of the prompter manner during the school scene, they may have been highly organized in their clowning, the whole thing may have been carefully planned out, but it didn't look like it. It looked far more as if someone had at the last moment told them to go on and try and make fools of them. Although this was bad enough, it was worse that they should have been so idle and disorderly while Jeff was singing one of his best songs, "The Rhythm of the Sadheadmaster's Song." It would have been easier for the audi- ence if they had appreciated this song, their attention had not been diverted by the insistent antics of the little folk at the back of the stage. The usual smooth performance of the big band was somewhat impaired on the last night. What Mr. Prater intuited may well have been a source of amusement to his intimates, but not to an Extrav audience.

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AND CAPPI-CAFE

THIS YEAR'S CAPPI-CADE is an event on last year's. To some extent, this is possibly due to a slight change in the setup of appointment; this year, the Exec. appointed an editor and business manager instead of a whole committee. The editor could then choose a crew to write most of the copy in committee.

On the whole, this means that the book tends to be a more organic unity. It is all very well if you have a great number of contributions from students: but it tends to make the thing look a little too much like a third form magazine that way.

Cappi-fifti-CADE manages to avoid that pitfall of many previous editors. Behind the page of Otago's gem for '49, we see that it stands up well—except on the ads. These are far too pedestrian, too dull. They break up the flow too much. This last: the fruit of the editor, all of whom have realized it—it's mostly lack of time in getting ads out.
The appointment of next year's editor now might improve on this side. There are parts throughout the book where a slightly pedantic flavour rots the humour—unusual at V.U.C. There are perhaps more parts where the humour is a little too deliciously harrowed, the several stories by F.L.C. and C.W.S. Briefly, remarked Donny Fawley. To the soul of lingerie: it improves Cappi-Cade also.
The title of the show is certainly the first section. Once the band and his boys had decided to parody the Listener, they kept it admirably. The theme wouldn't have been possible unless a committee had been doing it—and it's well done. From the excellent takes, the band is ready to go to a higher gage, it rolls well with the sales and the sales value getting higher all the time.

The blocks accompanying the first section are better than the text, but the captions in places are genius. This reminds us that the whole issue is the better for a great increase in the proportion of blocks used. This could be raised even more, yet, these were jokers cut down in length. The exception to this was the rather boring "Bako's Progress," all blocks, and all boring.

For our money, the highlight of the thing, as of last year's, was the parody—Caudleman-of archie and meatmeal. This work, coming probably from the same pen as last year, was a honey. The best committee effort was certainly the letter at the front, and the best cartoon one of Mitchell's—"One 2nd return and one single to the Mchaka Viaduct, please.

Next year's editor will have something to work for. Technically there is a vast improvement over the last two years; this is welcome. Get those ads up to shape, and we may well give something worth reading a good. Auckland's 98 per cent plagiaristic effort for this year is nothing to compare anything with, but Cappi-Cade is possibly better than any of the others this year.

—Jimmy Critte.

DRAMA CLUB

1—Play Writing Competition.
2—Prize, three guineas.
The closing date is July 8. The time must not exceed 60 minutes; it must contain one scene or more than eight characters with not less than two women; the rest is up to you.

2—One Act Plays.
3—Casting meeting.
4—Tuesday, July 16.
5—Next Readings.
6—June 1: "Importance of Being Earnest." The Reader: Donny Fawley.
7—Friday, June 8: "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Christopher Fry).

Censure Motion Defeated

From Page One.

International, then we should not be here at all.

Our records at this stage are somewhat sketchy. Our reports on the job then for over three hours; other speakers may have been over—looked—they couldn't have been very important.

The meeting didn't long survive the closing of the debate on the motion—the numbers had dwindled then already down by half of the original attendance—and it packed up after 11:30 p.m. Chairman Allison Pearson had got through a stiff test as a novice. The meeting had been pretty nasty—the Exec., if no one else could, felt fairly satisfied with the evening's work.

I'd like to note that for the first time we know of, Salient manager got a verbatim shorthand report of this meeting: our very sincerest thanks go to the lady, an usual member of the staff—who took down 3½ hours of this in shorthand.

IS THIS SWOT GETTING YOU DOWN?

Beginning of Term Dance
This Friday, May 27—
8 p.m.—1 a.m.
In the Gym.
Norm Hull-Brown's Orchestra
AN APPETISING SUPPER
Under the auspices of the Social Committee

What Is A Tea Dance?

It has been some time since the Tea Dance has been a regular event in the social life of this College. It might be judged from the fact that crowds of people failed to turn up at the first one of these put on by the Social Committee this year (on Saturday, 29th April last) that there are few in college who realize the nature of these functions and the many advantages to be derived from them. (Incidentally, the eleven people who attended this function, which was held in the Women's Common Room, all agreed that it was quite a pleasant little party.

For the sake of those people who may not be acquainted with the social side of life in the Department of Higher Learning, here are a few definitions:

A Tea dance is:

1—A social function held between the hours of 5 and 8 p.m. on a Saturday evening, entailing any person on payment admission of ½/- to three hours dancing (free tuition if desired, for the females), and a generous, appetizing and substantial meal (special sandwiches given to Weiss Heilman, guaranteed to keep the wolf from the door) from anything served or, down town for twice the price.

2—A place to go when you're cleaned up after football (or basketball, hockey, harriers, golf, billes, poker or whatever it is) and you got that 'where-shall-I-iejast' and that 'what'll-we-do-this evening', feeling or.

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3.—An ideal jumping-off place for the evening activities, or
4.—Somewhere to fill up with solids when your liquid capacity nears repletion, or
5.—A place to go where you can get to know members of the opposite sex in an informal and friendly atmosphere (as recommended by George Anthiel and the "Ladies' Home Journal"), or
6.—A quiet place where you can sit and read the "Sports Post" in solitude.

The Social Committee proposes to run a Tea Dance once a fortnight this term, so watch this paper and the notice boards for the time and the place.

"...We've just heard that the next tea dance will be held on Saturday of next week—that is, June 3. This is your chance to see what one is really like, and we suggest that you come along if you're not going out for the evening, drop in first.

LOST...500 CAPPI-CADES

No, this is not a joke. Five hundred Cappi-Cades went out on Process, Day and so far, not a single copy is visible. That makes some £5, or not much below the cost of each one, the total sales on the day.

Wanted: a pound or two of this money—if so, would you please pay it in to the exec. room as soon as possible.

Don't renew Cappi-Cade last lost just on 50p on that day; this year we won't let it go going so bad.

Have you got a conscience?

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