

THE MAGNET

For Men's Wear

144 Featherston St.
Wellington

Salient

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

Vol. 13, No. 8.9 Wellington, May 25, 1950.

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Exec Censure Motion Defeated

THE NIGHT of May 3 saw the double quick changing censure motion against the Exec. tossed out into the cold. The meeting gave it a courteous hearing, but showed it the door in a decisive vote. On the whole, the thing started quietly, but some of the later motions caused some upheavals.

Chairman and President Alison Pearce found that the original motion was sliding from under her; the movers wished it withdrawn as it was inaccurate: there was some objection from the meeting to this, as it had been requisitioned for this matter, but no one could be found to move it, so the next move was:

"That this Association censures its Executive for its ill-advised action in approving of an invitation being sent to the Dean of Canterbury without first consulting the wishes of the student body."

Pros . . .

First it was noted that two irrelevances had nothing to do with the case (according to Mr. Curtin). The first was that the resignation of the ex-president had nothing to do with it. The second that the amended motion referred to approving the action, and did not take account of whether the Dean was actually invited or not.

The arguments in order were:

1. That the Executive had exceeded its duty.
2. That the Executive had brought disrepute on the name of the college.
3. That it had engaged in party politics.

These three, raised by mover Frank Curtin, were the backbone of the case. They were amplified by him, when he said that the first was not to suggest no-confidence, but to direct future policy; that the second suggested the action should have been left to one of the clubs, and was not one for the Executive; and the third argued that the Executive, by inviting the Dean here, had sponsored his views—and had therefore been guilty of partisan action.

Other arguments—some of which were supplementary, some unnecessary, and some repetitive—added to these. The chief ones were that the gesture had been "most imprudent" (Mr. McIntyre) under the circumstances, considering that people down town who had just paid for our building would probably not like to think we were inviting the Dean here; that the course the Executive took was "unwise" and not in line with the policy of the Association (Mr. Newenham); that the Dean was not an accredited official of any organisation (lively objection to this from Mr. Milburn, who was "most concerned lest a dignity of my church should be maligned by these remarks"); that the people who supported the Exec's decision were in two camps and he didn't know which to tackle.

and cons . . .

Necessarily, Exec. members were given priority in replying, and Lance Robinson used the right first. An interjector had earlier read the Exec's duty—" . . . shall have power to and may do all things necessary or expedient for the fulfilment of any of the objects of the Association." The cry that the Exec. was exceeding its duty couldn't be sustained. The majority of students wanted to hear the Dean: the Exec. was aiming to please. The argument about disrepute was "footling": the responsibility lay with the arouseurs of publicity, whoever they were.

Chris Pottinger, succeeding, pointed out that it would be ludicrous if every time a Speaker were to be invited the Association had to express its views—which would presumably mean a special meeting. How many people would attend? On the question of policy, he was explicit—it should be, he considered, the stated policy of the Association to invite such speakers; the fact that the Dean was coming to Wellington and the fact that he was a world figure were the reasons why he had supported the motion. In no way could it be said to imply sponsorship, and in no way did it imply that the students agreed with the views to be expressed.

Vance Henderson raised a fundamental issue. The Dean, he said, had apparently succeeded to his own satisfaction in reconciling the opposing—we were told—views of Christianity and Communism. Now as this was clearly the most fundamental breach in the present world, it seemed to him vital that students should be able to hear a man who could express this synthesis, even if they did not agree with him.

Pip Piper, in a downright fashion, argued that the Executive was committed by successive special general meetings to interest in peace and therefore they had no option but to invite one whose views could be heard on that subject. The action by the Executive was certainly not "ill-considered." If fifteen hundred students at Sydney could hear the Dean, then surely VUC should not be behind in listening.

Camp followers

There were still arguments on both sides to be run over.

Mr. McIntyre (one of whose opinions was referred to earlier) disliked what he felt was an imputation by Mr. Piper that there was a faction in the college opposed to peace. He thought that some people and Mr. Piper might think it a good thing to get the college into hot water in the community (not an indirect reference to Mr. Piper's advocacy of tepid baths in the new building?—Ed.) but he didn't. The motion was there because some thought the Exec's action "imprudent." After this Mr. Goddard thought that he should perhaps offer 30 pieces of silver before speaking. Even if the Exec. had sent an invitation, he thought they would have been within their rights. The voting on the Executive had been almost unanimous, and this could be taken as a fair indication of the opinion in the college. With little of this did Mr. Newenham agree. He "convicted" the people against whom this charge of censure was laid; the course was unwise, the Dean was notorious, the clubs should have done it anyway. It was argued by Mr. Foy that a place with the traditions of a university should never have to think about whether it was likely to agree with a speaker before listening to him—the movers should themselves be oblivious of the purpose of a university. Mr. Cook thought that Mr. Piper should have used his influence to get one of the other interested clubs—SCM or Soc. Club—to do the inviting, but didn't support Mr. Foy's view that past Execs. should be censured for never having invited speakers up here.

When the shouting and the argument ceased, there were a

pretty fair number of students in the hall, and it did look anyone's vote: the result, 162 to 100, was, however, decisive enough for anyone.

Elections

Several other motions had been clamped in to the meeting now that it had been called; some were minor issues, like the small amendment added to section 17, paragraph 4, so that it is now quite clear that when the president's office falls vacant before the end of the year in which he is elected, there will have to be an election. A small matter of the cafeteria got left out at the end and an attempted constitutional amendment (Doug. Foy) to shift the elections of senior officers of the Association from the usual day to several days before those for committee, was defeated. This latter amendment was not, we felt, discussed quite fully enough: there were many good arguments raised by the mover. At present, as he pointed out, while it is possible for any candidate to stand for more than one position, few do so (largely because people would feel so certain that they would be elected for one office, perhaps, that they would leave them off another list?). There are certainly many cases where a presidential candidate who would be most useful on the committee is left off when the elections are finished—and the Association is the poorer for being deprived of his experience.

Objections were raised mostly by ex-returning officer Nell Mountier, who said that while there would be certain advantages, the difficulty of getting 600 people to vote once was bad enough without trying to get them to vote twice. Alarming figures were produced by Mr. Connor to show that the elections would spread under this system over a period of three weeks—or was it three months? It was most alarming, and almost as nonsensical. The motion was lost, but we hope that it isn't gone for good.

Traverse the high seas

The issue of censure had been settled; but the Red Dean lingered on—like John Brown's body. A motion suggesting that we should protest strongly at the action of the U.S. Government which had led to the cancellation of the Dean's N.Z. tour (refusing a visa even to pass through Hawaii on a British plane) was placed before the meeting by Mr. Warner. He showed that it was in complete violation of the obligations of signatories to the Atlantic Charter (article 7, "Peace aims—such peace should enable all men to traverse the high seas without hindrance"). It was over this issue the meeting went to pieces. So far, proponents of all sides had been eminently reasonable and very much prepared to listen to others. There appeared to be a strong rowdy children's corner at the back of the right side of the hall, and as this matter was debated they took less and less notice of the conventions of behaviour in a meeting: when Ron Smith spoke in support of it he was counted out. As was furiously pointed out by Kevin O'Brien, whether one agreed with the speaker or not, such action was inexcusable. The pity was that the meeting didn't move to exclude the idiots from the hall.

. . . and the Council

Since Mr. O'Brien, in his letter of resignation to the Executive (see last issue) had stated that he considered the Exec. to be irresponsible, Mr. Piper felt that his position as a representative on the College Council was peculiar. He was there as the Student representative and the mover felt that if he had such an opinion of the Executive, it would make co-operation difficult; it was suggested that another resignation might be welcome.

The chief case for the motion was put by the mover, who added that since the Association did not consider—by its earlier vote—that the Executive had been irresponsible, it was at variance with its representative. The case again this was: mainly that the representative does not stand for the Executive, but for the Association, and that the rep. had disagreed over one issue only. The meeting preferred the latter interpretation apparently, and the motion was lost. Mr. Jenkins raised the point that this whole thing brought up—that we in fact appoint a representative on the Council who is then there without direct responsibility to the Association.

WFDY stays

Mr. Ashton Cook wielded the sledge-hammer for the split, and Mr. Clayton held the wedge. The job was just too tough for them, and the voting went (we understand from the scrutineers who differed) either 70 plus or 80 plus, or just over 70 to over 80—according to the way you look at it.

WFDY, said Mr. Cook, had failed to carry out its objects. He didn't want to secede because it was Communist dominated, but because the interests of the Soviet were placed above all other considerations. Though we had tried—and in such things as getting representation had not been able to succeed as we wished—we had failed to get any true good out of it. Narrowly last year the Exec. voted in favour of it: this year he thought might be the turning-out point. Mr. Clayton agreed with him, and indirectly perhaps, quoted the "Truth" line on the subject.

. . . because

Mr. Piper by no means agreed with him, or with Mr. Cook, while Mr. Milburn was pleased to hear that the usual red-baiting was to be left out. He said that WFDY meant more than just a political matter—it meant that our choice was either to say in international organisations and try to make them work, or start now to get ready for the next war.

Mr. Cresswell thought this was all rather emotional. Was it to be peace at any price, peace rather than Communism? WFDY was a political body, and he was in favour of pulling out for that reason.

Mr. Bollinger reminded him that he had overlooked the fact that this was one of the few organisations left in which representatives from both sides of the so-called Iron Curtain could meet, where they were brought together as human beings. That was important. Students should be interested in world problems—how could such things be other than political?

Mr. O'Brien felt that the WFDY itself was not so keen on looking back towards its early stages which most of the speakers were instancing. If WFDY were no longer truly
(Continued Foot Col. 2, Page Four.)

Salient

The Official Student Opinion of Victoria College, Wellington

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1950.

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; or it is no 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 realise 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 chairwoman, 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 regretfully,

D.G.

Salient Staff, 1950

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1. Letter writers are reminded that no letters will normally be published which exceed 250 words. They will stop at the 249th, followed by the word "cut" in brackets.
2. Copy for any issue closes on the Saturday before its publication.

NO MAN'S LAND

Vulgar, low, obscene . . .

SIR,—In this, my second year at college, I paid my first visit to the Debating Society. Many old pupils had recommended the debates and I looked forward to it—in spite of adverse comment by some present pupils.

The subject ("That Socialism in the Western Democracies had had its day") left nothing to be desired—but the debaters were not of the required mental development to turn it into an even reasonable effort. With interjections flowing freely, the result was a wordy shambles, of at times a vulgar, low and obscene variety, which was downright insulting to the judge in particular and the audience in general (small as it was—no doubt through past experience).

Of the four chosen speakers, three at least made a genuine effort to produce something worthwhile; the fourth was at least inoffensive. Throughout these speeches and the speeches from the floor there was a constant flow of interjections (as "interjections" implies something intelligent, the word is euphemistic.)

The gentleman at my right sat stiff on the edge of his seat throughout the entire two and a half hours of the debate endeavouring to keep up to his schedule of two (2) funny remarks every seven minutes. The "character" on my left chewed gum or tobacco, gulped in smoke and possibly spat on the floor and a remark "... bloody free love" was typical of his contribution to the evening.

(J.B.T. cannot have attended the debate on April 21: the standard was very high, as the judge commented. Some people can't learn from experience either, because there was an attendance of about 70. Could we point out that we usually refer to "students" rather than "pupils?" When J.B.T. has been away from high school a little longer he may perhaps not take life in such deadly earnest.—Ed.)

... and Treacherous

SIR,—Your reporter J.D.M. urges all freshmen to seek fellowship in the College clubs. In the same issue they were warmly invited to join the Debating Society. But both these invitations conceal a sinister purpose. Old debaters take a sadistic pleasure in bullying freshmen and they are ever anxious for fresh victims. Two children, eager for fellowship, went to the Debating A.G.M. where they were warmly welcomed. For the first hour they enjoyed themselves immensely. They helped elect a new president, secretary, and committee, returning the treasurer; but later the new secre-

tary (no doubt eager to show that despite his youth he was fully capable), together with the outgoing president (who was having a final fling) seized upon these two bewildered babes, forced them on to their feet and out to the front for impromptu debating. Then came the last bitter blow—they were to contest the motion that "Chivalry is not dead, but sleeping." Both now agree that they could have said many things about the unchivalrous types who forced them into speaking had they not been petrified. Happily they are now learning to forget that Night of Terror.

Perhaps J.D.M., the Society's acknowledged leader, can explain this treacherous conduct?

Cicerones Non Sumus.

Bad Taste

SIR,—The Committee of the Athletic Club does not associate itself with the article appearing in "Salient" of April 13, entitled "Runner Mortis." It considers that this article is not only destructive, but is also in extremely bad taste, and is not true in fact. The performances of D. R. Batten and Misses Burr and Hill both at Tournament and during the season were more than satisfactory and all three contributed points to the two Tournament Athletic Shields.

In fact, the Athletic Club as a whole performed more creditably at Tournament and gained more points than any other VUC club.

—For and on behalf of the Committee of the Athletic Club.

G. I. FOX, Secretary.

(The person who wrote the article is more than competent to pass the comments he did pass. The assertion that "the article is in extremely bad taste" is the sheerest nonsense.

The people referred to, were stated to have done insufficient training: this is not denied. It was not stated that—nor was it suggested—the Committee associated itself with the article. If criticism such as this is regarded as "destructive" when it sought only to point the moral that training had to be taken seriously, then the Committee must differ from us on the interpretation of "destructive" criticism. No personal remarks were made which could possibly be regarded as "in bad taste"; such comments as were made were well within the bounds of criticism, and could only be objected to if they were totally inaccurate. We doubt, from the writer's knowledge, whether this is possible.

Salient will agree that the Club did very well indeed in getting more points than any other club. But this is certainly not to say that the performances can't be improved.—Ed.)

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SEAWEED AND NEW MUSIC

AND SO the whole grisly business of Capping Week, Proceh and Extrav has ended for another year. And 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 Proceh. A lot of people spent a lot of time preparing their floats—the Weir house mob and the Chem boys in particular—the weather was good enough, the distribution of Cappicades was very successful—thanks to the labours of Messrs. Hurley and Cook and their many helpers—a fair crowd of citizens turned 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 irresponsibles who bespattered the not so amused bystanders with flour, water and the occasional coil of seaweed. Someone should have remembered that flour and water form a paste which is apt to spoil people's 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 Cappicade: a fact which was partially remedied by a small and often illegible hand-stamping, "Original music by Jeff Stewart." This music was very good: from the intriguing variations on the minor scale which made up the Atmosphere Music to the complicated pastiche of the Final Chorus, the lilting "Jungle Style" and the resuscitated "Man to Practise On." But in some cases these tunes were marred by inaudible or forgetful singing, and occasionally inept and pointless lyrics.

The plot, ah 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 admittedly, it built up an atmosphere of mild anticipation, a feeling that surely something, something would happen, but when the curtain came down this half-promise of action went unfulfilled. The descent to the incredible dullness 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 what was to follow, could have loused up the end of this scene a bit, so that the audience could be more prepared for its ghastly sequel.

The pan, not the man

Extrav have been produced for long enough now for intending authors to know that an Extrav must take some pointed criticism and exaggeration of the contemporary political machine to obtain a maximum of audience appreciation. The ap-

plause which resulted when a man made up as Peter Fraser merely walked onto the stage should be further proof of this. And though lavatory humour is to some extent a substitute for wit it should not be so much encouraged on the stage of the Opera House. Again, of course, a failing of past Extrav, but unfortunately not a failing which it is worthwhile perpetuating.

Maureen Ross-Smith, Bill Short and Jeff carried the show along, appearing with an enthusiasm which some of 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 microphone, and someone should have realised that a key which suits Jeff's voice will not necessarily suit Bill's voice.

Ponsonby, Carstairs and Colonel Carruthers spoke their sometimes witty, sometimes stale and sometimes stalling lines with empirical efficiency, and sang and danced adequately enough. They appeared to best advantage on the Monday night, when they came on impromptu and told Polo Club stories for about ten minutes. But people will persist in saying that recognition of homosexuality is a symptom of the decadence of a nation. And any reference to Lesbianism, however brief, as in the St. Vitus scene, can only be deplored. Very few people seemed to think it funny.

Unruly ballet

The male ballet was well up to its usual standard: but it was a shame that they were allowed to clown about in such an apparently impromptu manner during the school scene. They may have been highly organised 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 themselves. Though 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 "Headmistress's Song." It would have been easier for the audience to have appreciated this song if their attention had not been diverted by the pleasant antics of the little folk at the back of the stage. The usual smooth performance of the Bop Ballet was somewhat impaired on the last night. What Mr. Prater intruded may well have been a source of amusement to his intimates, but not to an Extrav. audience.

Aussie Exchange

THE SCHEME for exchanging students with Aussie during the long vacation worked well enough last year, and is to be continued this year. NZUSA have asked us to print preliminary details of this scheme—the dates are there, and if you are thinking of going, or thinking about thinking of it, then you should start worrying about your money now.

The total cost of transit from New Zealand to Australia return will be £38, payable thus: £1 deposit at time of application (this is not refundable); £6 payable by August 31; £18/10/- payable by November 1, 1950; the rest (£13/10/- in N.Z. currency) payable in Australia when uplifting return tickets. This latter may be paid in New Zealand if preferred. Reservations are made on the following ships: Monowai, Wellington to Sydney, leaving November 17. Wanganella, Wellington to Syd-

ney, leaving November 23. Monowai, Auckland to Sydney, leaving December 1. Wanganella, Wellington to Sydney, December 7. Return bookings will be made for about February 20.

Applications have not yet opened; a notice will appear in Salient when this is done: the closing date will definitely be June 30. There will be only 100 passages available, and if there are more students applying, a ballot will be held.

Think it over now.

Win Stevens appeared in the male ballet as a soloist. One of the high spots of the show. Very good. Pity you missed it, Aunt Ermintrude.

The girls' ballet was good. Possibly a few more year's experience will teach them to keep smiling through. Their singing was much better than usual. They looked alright too.

It was a shame to confine the Incredible Melford to such a small part as Alladin. It would have been better to have given him much more to act, and a little less to sing.

Ham and corn

It has been the practice in past Extrav to give the audience some entertainment during the interval. But doubtless with regard to the general character of the show it was all for the best that this practice should have been abandoned. Instead we had an untropical and uninteresting parody of the National Orchestra. Corny posturing, and dubbed-in music which somehow managed to be at once very out of tune, and yet not all funny. And this year there was no liquor allowed in the Opera House. But the interval "entertainers" did their alcoholic best to turn the basement of the theatre into the anteroom of a bawdy-house: with wild drunken shouting and brandishing of bottles. Not the best way to ensure our being able to hire the Opera House for next year. . . .

It seems only fair to the stage crew to say that on at least two nights they did not sound like a herd of elephants in the throes of some immense conga-line. The technicians were remarkable only for a positive genius for misplaced explosions.

A few people were apprehensive over the appointment of Ken Avery as Musical Director. Perhaps they had heard "Paekakariki." But be this as it may, the fact is that Ken turned in one of the best jobs in this line that has been seen for some time. His job was not made easier by the number of original tunes, many of which had to be completely orches-

trated, not an easy task, but one which he discharged very well. At the cast rehearsals which he attended he helped clean up the endings of some of the choruses, and his conducting was an adequate substitute for that of the more experienced Cohen. The orchestra was if anything a little more polished than in times past, but the overall effect was at times marred by the same old unregenerate blurs from the trombone section.

The true glory

Most of the honours for the presentation of Extrav must go again, as usual, to Dave Cohen, who left what should have been a well-earned retirement to produce another show. Under his direction the Thing took some form, until a slick competency of action was achieved on the stage. Dave had the usual producer's troubles to overcome: it is puzzling how so many people can go to so many rehearsals and yet know so little about what they are supposed to be saying and doing.

The Wardrobe people had a hard time of it, because many actors had more than one role, and so needed more than one costume. (Elementary, isn't it?). But these difficulties were eventually overcome, and anyone who saw the show will realise the importance of the costumes to the atmosphere of the show. Ephra Garrett and Daphne Fletcher may take their curtsies here.

It should be enough about the bashes to say that the Harbour Board does not appreciate broken bottles over its driveways.

So much for Extrav 1950. It had its bright moments, Maureen, Jeff, and Bill, Roy with his ham, Bruce Hamlin as Dr. Mac, Ponsonby and his cohorts, the idea of the tourists, the ballets and Win Stevens, but it was all very much an expense of spirit in a waste of shame. But there is always the future. — 5.

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AND CAPPI-FIFTY-CADE

THIS YEAR'S CAPPICADE is an improvement on last year's. To some extent, this is possibly due to a small change in the set-up 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 thing in committee.

On the whole, this has meant that the book tends to be a more organic unity. It's all very fine having 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-fifty-CADE manages to avoid that pitfall of many previous editors.

Brickbats first. Comparing this with Otago's gem for '49, we see that it stands up well—except on the ads. These are far too pedantic, too dull. They break up the book too much. This isn't the fault of the editors, all of whom have realised 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 strangely pedantic flavour rots the humour—unusual at VUC. There are perhaps more parts where the humour is a little too deliciously long drawn out: several stories by FLC and CWS. Brevity, remarked Dorothy Parker, is the soul of lingerie: it improves Cappicade also.

The prize of the show is certainly the first section.

Once the editor 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 take off a Listener cover to the final gasps, it rollicks well with the Sale 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, and the stories and jokes cut well down in length. The exception to this was the rather boring "Rake's Progress," all blocks, and all boring.

For our money, the highlight of the thing, as of last year's, was the parody—Gaudeamus—of archie and mehitabel. This work, coming probably from the same pen as last year, was a honey. The best committee effort was certainly the letter page at the front, and the best cartoon the one of Mitchell's—"One 2nd return and one single to the Mohaka 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 yet produce something which is really good. Auckland's 98 per cent plagiaristic effort for this year is nothing to compare anything with, but Cappicade is possibly better than any of the others this year.

—Jimmy Critic.

DRAMA CLUB

1—Play Writing Competition.

Prize, three guineas.

The closing date is July 8. The time must not exceed 40 minutes: it must be one act: there must not be more than eight characters with not less than two women: the rest is up to you.

2—Three One Act Plays.

Casting meeting . . . Tuesday, May 30.

3—Next Readings.

June 1: "Importance of Being Ernest."

Friday, June 9: "The Lady's Not for Burning." (Christopher Fry).

Censure Motion Defeated

(Continued from Page One.)

international, then we should not stay in it at all.

Our records at this stage are somewhat sketchy. Our reporters were on the job then for over three hours; other speakers may have been overlooked—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 anyway to less than half of the original attendance—and it packed up after 11.30 p.m. Chairman Allison Pearce had got through a stiff test as a novice. The meeting had been pretty sane—the Executive, if no one else, could feel fairly satisfied with the evening's work.

[We'd like to note that for the first time we know of, Salient managed to get a verbatim shorthand report of this meeting: our very sincere thanks go to the lass—not a usual member of the staff—who took down 3½ hours of this in shorthand. —Ed.]

IS THE SWOT GETTING
YOU DOWN?

Beginning of Term Dance

This Friday, May 26.

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 now few in the 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, entitling any person on paying admission of 1/- to three hours' dancing (free tuition if desired, for the females), and a generous, appetising and substantial meal (special service given to Weir House men) guaranteed to keep the wolf from the door than 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, billiards, poker or whatever it is) and you get that "where-shall-we eat" 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 peace, or
- 7.—The ideal answer for the student of slender financial resources who wishes to entertain the lady of his heart with dining and dancing, and then take her to the pictures.

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 going out for the evening, drop in first.

LOST . . . 500 CAPPICADES

NO, this is not a joke. Five hundred Cappicades went out on Process. Day and so far, no money has come in for them. That makes some £25, or not much below 10 per cent of the total sales, on the day.

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Last year Cappicade lost just on £20 on that day; this year we hope it isn't going to be so bad.

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