

Photo of a soldier Salient this is war

Over the past decade the world's press has chronicled the progress of man's many wars with the use of well chosen words and pictures. To a very great extent much of the horror and agony has been lost and the misery of thousands forgotten. War has become nothing more than some kind of morbid entertainment. Pictures showing death, starvation, victory, defeat have been used to excite our placid and routine lives instead of being used to shock us into realizing that war is evil and barbaric.

Irrespective of the ways in which the magazines and newspapers use the photographs sent to them, one thing is undeniable - war photographers are brave men. From this small select band one photographer's pictures have appeared in virtually every major newspaper or news magazine. His name is Don McCullin. For the past few years he has successfully gambled his life in an attempt to bring back meaningful pictures of war in all its aspects. In his pictures he captures the horror and pathos of suffering nations. Some of his photographs repulse the viewer, others bring all the humanity of man bubbling to the surface. Unfortunately, humanity in our day and age does not stop wars. The people of the world must be shocked into realizing that war is totally pointless. The tragedy of this situation is that the photographs which can shock us and make us realize the futility of war never reach the pages of the mass media. They are stopped by conscientious picture editors who are either afraid or are told not to publish them for fear of 'offending' readers.

Surely, if our society, is prepared to support and accelerate war then we should similarly be prepared to face the results.

In this issue you must do just this. You will find some of the most shocking and heart-breaking pictures ever published. They have not been printed to satisfy your morbid curiosity. They are there for two reasons: first, to show the brutality that is going on this moment in the world and secondly, to give an indication of the environment that photographers, such as Don McCullin, work in. In the interview McCullin tells of his experiences, his career, technique and his attitude towards his work. There is no doubt that these pages will offend some people and cause adverse comments. Before anyone puts pen to paper to object, remember that the photographs you look at were taken months, maybe years, ago, but similar photographs will be taken as you read this feature—and they will go on being taken until we do something to stop it!

Photo of a corpse

photographer's war

Through the Sixties McCullin steadily forged a reputation as a great war photographer, a reckless hunter after action in the awful places of the world: Cyprus in the Troubles; first cameraman to the Wailing Wall, Jerusalem, in the Six Day War, with Arab bullets kicking dust across his lens; the Congo in the killing time; bloody Biafra; Vietnam again and again, as if that sad holocaust were a personal crusade.

In the darkrooms of "Paris Match", Don McCullin hotfoot from Vietnam - scanned strip after strip of negs. He was looking for one picture in particular, but it wasn't there. McCullin can describe that missing photograph. It was the one that really counted out of a whole roll of 35mm shots.

"This picture still keeps flashing through my mind," he says.

We're sitting in his house in Hampstead Garden Suburb, with prints of freshwater fish framed on the wall, and a series of etchings of Nelson dying heroically at Trafalgar. Vietnam is on the other side of the world, but McCullin has been there - and been back three more times - to let his cameras show us what it is like.

"We'd made an attack, and suddenly I was way out in front with the marines, and all the others had run back. We were up there, exposed, and there were Vietcong on the houses. Well, we were an easy kind of target. We lost three men in the first move. The VC's just twanged them down, one after the other, you know? And everyone who moved got hit.

"The marine lieutenant had a bullet through the neck, and he was screaming orders, his hand right in his neck, and beside his face were two boots—they belonged to two different soldiers, lying on their stomachs, but their boots were entwined like lovers, you know?"

McCullin composed that picture on the ground glass of the Nikon viewfinder and took it. Lying on his back he changed the film in his camera, and stuffed the exposed roll in his pocket.

"The lieutenant had a bullet right through his leg, and one that took half the other part of his leg out. We were moving on our elbows, and I was dragging him, trying to help him and hold him, and then the film must have dropped out.

"We lay 40 minutes in this hole, and he was lying on top of me with his legs under my shoulders, and the bullets were winging across, hitting a wall just above our heads. My cameras were being ground into the dirt underneath me, and I thought this is bloody silly, because I can't even take a picture here..."

They waited until the marines radioed a tank up to get them out, and while they waited the lieutenant said

to McCullin: "You're a fool. You're a bloody fool," because McCullin didn't have to be there, being shot at by VC's, and McCullin answered: "Yes I know, but what can we do about it?"

There is a terrible inevitability about the way this one English photographer has become a chronicler of wars to a world that is sickened by them. To hear him talk is like picking up a volume of Kipling and matching with the infantry of scores of years ago, or reading Hemingway's staccato prose about the Spanish Civil war, or sitting in the cinema watching "Zulu", with red-coated soliders dying at Rourkes Drift.

Or it is like looking at pictures by Robert Capa, who also knew how to photograph war.

McCullin has become a soldier, armed with three Nikon bodies, a 28mm, a 35mm and a 135mm lens.

"If I'm with soldiers, I think like a soldier, I move around in a ruffian kind of way, and live like a dog, and stink - but I feel for what is happening, and I shoot pictures..."

He knows the disgust of war, and he knows the heroics.

"I get a very great thrill out of being with soldiers and moving up to the front. It's very exciting, everybody smoking a lot and trembling and people keep peeing on the side of the road because they're nervous and that - it's a reaction. The blokes are offering you cigarettes and being nice and everybody's smiling, but it's a front, you know.

"Soldiers are very interesting people. If you're in a section of a dozen men, each of these men is a real person, with different things he's thinking about just before he's going to go over there and get killed or wounded, and to be with these people is really living to the fullest, because I might not make it either.

"I feel that to show the romantic side of war is justified too, because these people are human beings and they might cease to become human beings within a short space of time...."

He is 32, and the toughness which is his trademark has a blue-eyed, gentle look to it.

"A lot of things I've seen would have driven other people crazy. Like seeing men executed, burnt children, men dying and weeping. I've got a very soft kind of heart really, but I can take all that.

"I got to Vietnam and say I mustn't take sides—I'm here purely as a photographer. Then somebody presents me

why them and not me?

Photo of three soldiers

At the beginning of June Don McCullin was hit by mortar fire while on assignment south of Phnom Penh covering the war in Cambodia. He was hit in both legs. This is his account of what happened.

"There was a bit battle at Preyveng in Cambodia at the end of May. Preyveng was just outside Nixon's 30-mile limit, so the South Vietnamese went in with a sprinkling of Cambodians to relieve it from the Vietcong while the American marine advisers stayed behind. I hired a big white Mercedes-Benz in Phnom Penh and drove to the front. (Hertz had lost three hired cars to the VC - their prices went up according to the fatality rate of journalists.) I had to cross the Mekong and reach a ferry over a tributary river about an hour's ride from Phnom Penh. It was a hot sticky day, with a monsoon approaching. I reached the ferry at 2 p.m. and asked a Cambodian captain under a smoking sausage-stall if I could cross. He said all the bridges were down, so I got on the crowded ferry. It was a pleasure to ride this stinking hole because of the breeze: the heat buffets you, the smell of dired fish seems to hum in the sultry air like the mosquitoes.

"On the other side it was like a Hollywood scene: "Back to Bataan" played by little gold-teethed, throat-clearing spitters. American barges were landing troops and ammunition, and helicopters were lifting them into the re-supply zone. I asked a Vietnamese General with a huge cigar and a baseball cap if I could have a ride in a helicopter: he said "Sure, no sweat." He radioed for permission and I waited among the dust and dirt, the palm trees and bulldozers. You could see the Vietnamisation of Cambodia like before you'd seen the Americanisation of Vietnam: boys were cadging chewing-gum and cigarettes. A rainstorm lashed and belted the helicopters as they lifted shakily up like steel dragonflies. We flew into the last of the light, in a formation of five, carrying rations and ammunition to the re-supply base, and landed in a field with purple smoke grenades to mark our landing-zone. You could hear the crump of the mortars. A Vietnamese with a radio said "This way" and we ran over a couple of rice fields gone dry and cracked before the rain. I was told there was another foreigner, called John, in a field' and I saw this huge blond American sitting by a couple of figures who seemed uncomfortable in their seating arrangements - two Vietcong prisoners. The American said he was a construction engineer who'd got bored with Vietnam, but I thought he might be a CIA spook. I sat down by the prisoners: one was 16 and one was 17. I was slightly honoured to sit next to them. They seemed resigned in a pallid way to their fate. I gave them some chewing-gum and cigarettes - think they took them out of courtesy.

"The Vietnamese battalion I was with were called the Crazy Buffaloes: they were all about 4ft.9in. in their socks. Some of them were pulling back because night was drawing in and there's usually some evening action

like spooky gunships or close air and artillery support. The evening seemed to centre round our little group. One Arvan (Vietnamese marine) drew his bayonet out and pointed to the prisoners and said "Number Ten", which means like "Rotten bum", and the American told him to push off. I felt ashamed to face the prisoners: we were the imperialists to them. I don't speak Vietnamese so there was no rapport beyond respect on my side. It's always the very young that are captured.

"We bedded down two by two. The Vietnamese are very superstitious about night and ghosts: one said to me "Eh you, you want to sleep me?" So we paired off in the stubble of the last crop of rice, little twosomes all over the field. My partner took out his 'indigenous ration' - two plastic bags of pre-cooked rice - and spread his ground sheet over us. By 8 p.m. it was intensely dark; you could hear tracer bullets from Preyveng, B40 rockets and 120 millimetre Chinese mortars. Then a droning old-fashioned aeroplane appeared in the sky with a faint red undercarriage which suddenly burst into an incredible yellow, like a huge sunflower in the sky, and the night became day only yellow. This parachut flare glided slowly to earth lighting up the evening and all the little twosomes restlessly moving to avoid the bumps in the field. Then the sky filled with an army of shooting stars directed towards the earth. The sound came afterwards. "It's O.K., it's old Spooky" - a gunship which fires 6000 rounds a minute. It stayed up an hour and a half, going round in a circle picking out targets by the light of the flare. The night had become the greatest theatre in the world: the Americans have turned humanity into a play. I couldn't sleep, but my Vietnamese slept deeply, moaning and chattering to himself.

"You wake with a rotten taste in your mouth and your heart speeds up. The soldiers unpacked their bags of rice and boiled up water in a little dirty black kettle on a fire made from old C-ration cardboard boxes. They eat all the time, they'd stop the bloody war to eat. One after the other took a spoonful of Vietnamese breakfast. Then somebody gave me a mug of hot cocoa and I felt I could take on the world. The Commander said they were going to send a platoon (which could be from 15 to 40 men) on a probing party to let the Cambodians know we were going to try to relieve them. "Don't go with them as these soldiers may break and run and you'll be in terrible trouble." It was 7 o'clock, the sun was up, light and crisp. Then the Cambodian element suddenly appeared behind us. They looked like a Gilbert and Sullivan army compared to the Vietnamese: gym shoes, old-fashioned army hats with ear-flaps, baggy trousers and ill-fitting shirts, they had AK47 Springfield rifles, and a standard-bearer proudly carrying the Cambodian flag. We lined up and the patrol moved forward as it to the seaside, the Vietnamese mocking at the Cambodians and calling out Number Ten!", walking with heads high and flag waving towards the enemy.

salient Rip-out news

Salient banner
Fat Freddy's Cat cartoon

Law Students Urged to Boycott Classes on April 30th.

The Law Faculty Club Committee has called on all Law Faculty students and staff to boycott lectures on Friday April 30th, as a gesture of support for the National Anti-war Mobilisation on that day.

At the first meeting of the newly-elected executive on Thursday April 15th, a motion to this effect was passed unanimously. A further motion calling on staff and students of all faculties to support a boycott was passed with one abstention.

Letter on S.A.L.

An article entitled "A True Life Confession Trots Eat Shit" appeared in Salient of 21/4/71. This article purported to be the "inside story of the Socialist Action League as told to Salient" by a former member of the League who (a) made a loan to the League of \$80 (b) contributed \$4 a week to party funds (c) spent weekends typing and mailing at "H.Q." and (d) resigned the week after "Harry North." As I am the only person who conforms to each of these particulars, twisted though they are, I conclude that the writer wished to give the impression that the article was told to Salient" by me.

I have at no time been connected with any article appearing in Salient, nor would I wish to do so as I consider that the present editor is a bloody prick, devoid of manners, good taste, literary ability and elementary standards of journalistic ethic, and it would seem unlikely that any former member of Socialist Action would wish to be associated with such shit (the editor or the article) either.

The latter part of the article presents a Stalinist viewpoint peculiar to a certain member of the English Department whose knowledge of "Scientific Socialism" (Marxism to you) is largely confined to Friedrich

Engels' "Condition of the Working Class of England in 1844" which, however excellent it may be as reading for students of Charles Dickens, hardly qualifies him as a Marxist.

Although I have left the Socialist Action League I remain in general agreement with the revolutionary transitional programme of the Fourth International, the World Party of Socialist Revolution founded by Leon Trotsky.

Like some crap from the John Birch Society Monthly the article is a lying twisted fabrication from beginning to end; a dirty fucking smear, which can only be of grave disservice to the New Zealand revolutionary movement as a whole, and which says little for the Leftist posturing of the editor of Salient and others connected with its concoction.

John Trezise

Wright on, S.A.L.

This is to certify that I was the author of the article "Trots eat Shit" published in Salient.

I make this declaration because the article has been taken as genuine by members of the S.A.L., who have accused various ex-members of having written it.

I believe it is obvious that the article is fictional from the fact that it is labelled as "a true life confession."

However all the statements in the article that purport to be facts are in fact true, as is evident by the fact that S.A.L. members took them as such. These facts came to my knowledge from a number of sources.

As is well known, members of S.A.L. are sworn to total secrecy about the internal affairs of the League, but from my experience it is evident that this secrecy is not observed.

I have reason to believe that S.A.L. has been infiltrated by various other groups, since reports of their meetings have reached me within hours of a meeting.

I wrote the article in the form it took because an earlier form of the article as straight reportage was declined by the editor of Salient, as were 38 other articles written by me for Salient this year. In view of these rejections I have adopted the practice of writing pseudonymous or anonymous articles. I was anxious to see the material in "Trots eat Shit" in Salient because it is in the interests of students to know what is involved in membership of the S.A.L.

Niel Wright

Revolutionary Debate

The lunchtime debate "That New Zealand is ripe for revolution" could have been good. The topic lent itself to a clearcut division of sides and forceful argument. Neil Wright offered a plausible if over-optimistic affirmation; Conrad Bollinger attempted an academic reply. The subject had good potential for cutting interchange between both sides.

Audience interference ruined the chance for any serious discussion. The usual egotists were there: Cruickshank with his weedy, penetrating voice; Arnold with his throaty roar; Women's Lib members with their high-pitched screams. Together they rained their usual stock of interjections on the hapless speakers over-used four-letter words, tired puns on the term "maiden speaker," mere earpiercing noise. Their disruption was sufficient to turn what should have been a serious topic into a shouting spectacle.

With unfortunate ease a mere dozen individuals were able to divert attention from the arguments of the platform speakers to their own ego-starved selves. They had no intention of presenting a coherent case. No floor speech came from any of the protesting interjectors. In all no worthwhile contribution from these people whatever. In the endless stream of heckling, only one vaguely clever interjection was forthcoming and that an old pun on the name "Wright."

It could have been a good debate, but the actions of a selfish few allowed it to degenerate to the tedium of yet another 'forum.'

hung-up debator

next term DIARY OF A POLICE-WOMAN edited by Solomon Porridge "Cock" Correspondent in the Justice Department, how she worked her way through the ranks:

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Cappicade

Cappicade sellers are needed in Taranaki, Hawkes Bay and Marlborough - 20% commission (6 cents a copy) - on May 6th and 7th. Some Wellington sellers are still required for this Thursday (commission 15% - 4½ cents a copy.) If you haven't filled in a form do so or come to the Board Room at 5p.m. tonight (Wednesday.)

A few hints for sellers: offer it to people, don't just stand there; pubs at night are always good selling places (pays to ask the barman first); if you go up country take a bird - she'll sell a power.

Letter: MSA

It would seem to me that the AGM did itself no honour in passing a motion purporting to refuse the Malaysian Students' Association the right to use any of the Union facilities.

I seem to have been under the illusion that the Union was to be regarded as a Forum of free speech, and that means anybody can say anything—whether that person has been told to say it, or speaks of himself. I therefore regard, with a great deal of suspicion, the argument that we should not allow the MSA the use of the building because we would be advancing or endorsing or whatever the Malaysian Government's propaganda machine.

The Malaysian Government's attitude on certain issues (including the right of freedom of speech) approaches that of South Africa. But is that any reason why we should follow their lead and refuse a group, not only the right to use the building for its meetings, but also to refuse it for dances and other social activities.

I am disappointed, to say the least, at those Association members who saw fit, without hearing the MSA's viewpoint, to try and prevent the MSA using the facilities—which are provided for every student, individually and collectively.

Do I support the Malaysian Government and its coercive and repugnant attempts to set up a mouthpiece (if this is in fact the case)? I do not but then neither do I find acceptable the measures which the AGM saw fit to take.

Anyone should be permitted a fair hearing. Appreciate the disgust I feel for those who deny it.
Graeme Collins President VUWSA

Balls

It's a hard job putting on balls successfully but this year's organisers seem to have them firmly in hand and they promise to be swinging. The main one for the average student is the Capping Ball on Friday April 30th. Both top and bottom floors of the U.U.B. will be used. A band will be playing on one floor Joshua's Mobile Discotheque will feature on the other. Don't ask what it is, come and find out. There are reported to be abundant supplies of piss of all varieties: tickets are selling fast.

There are two Grad Balls - Arts on Wednesday May 5th, other faculties on Thursday 6th. Graduates contemplating a last chunder on Union property should buy now as ticket sales are limited.

Letter: Rock Reviews

Wow! A whole pages worth of rock record reviews!

Mr McLatchie wasn't too bad; only half-a-dozen sticky moments (what was he writing - a record review or the introductory chapter of a theology treatise?) but Mr Forsman got lost somewhere between his first phrase ("Once upon a time") and his last sentence ("The balance is there, it's just that we must find and accept it"). That last sentence of his is quite good. Where did Mr Forsman go wrong? Talking about the Moody Blues he says "their music ... reflected the deceptively simple yet terribly complex attitudes that they had to life and to music. These two records were essentially a search for truth .. " and "I get the feeling that the 'Moody Blues' ... deliberately insulated themselves from the modern world or from reality - yet were attempting to communicate

with the world a message or judgement on reality" or later "the lyrics are really great."

Hells bloody bells, boy, what does it mean? I mean hell, I have a private "audio-video dialogue?" and "meaningful" words haven't been with us for years, I thought.

Are view should be just that, not an advertisement, and especially not a bad advertisement. O.K., so it's hard to write a review, but does it have to be just another nauseating exercise in superlatives.

Chris Clayton

University

So the revolution has come - at least in the Anthropology department (even if it was only leftovers from the one in Sociology I) and not it's in the chaotic stage characteristic of most revolutions. It's a pity that two quite different interests have got mixed up in it all. Both stem from the frustration at the poor quality and boredom of lectures and tutorials, but the moderates want to hold weekly seminars on things not dealt with adequately in lectures, while the radicals want to put pressure on the department/university/all N.Z. to change our whole education system. The second idea was presented in an inarticulate way during a 25 minute interruption of an Anthro I lecture, largely by someone who wasn't even doing Anthropology.

At a follow-up meeting on Thursday night discussion tended to concentrate on diffuse, abstract issues rather than on specific means of action - a characteristic of all student discussions from SCM seminars to 'forum.' At times the topics seemed only an excuse to air other hang-ups and the group got so obsessed with bureaucracy-hatred at one point that it nearly degenerated into anarchy. Some of the feelings about exams stemmed from paranoia on the part of some first-year students more, I suspect, than from a desire to improve our educational experience. It is interesting to note that only 23 of the 50-odd people present actually spoke, and while this is a good figure in itself, it does mean that over half the people there showed that same unwillingness to talk which the meeting as a whole condemned in the present lecture system.

The meeting didn't come up with anything concrete [unclear: the] opposite in fact, than [unclear: re] anarchist elements [unclear: with the] group. It was vaguely [unclear: decided], however, to combine the interests of both radicals and moderates so that interested students from all social sciences would be catered for. The old cliché "more research is needed" was heard in different form when they avoided having to make a decision by arranging another talk-session this Thursday.

To a prejudiced critic like myself, the intentions of the radicals (majority) are sincere but too woolly to be much use. All the discussion centered around abstract and extremist views without trying to work out practical ways to change things. Does this stem from unwillingness to work for the cause they so ardently preach or just from inability to come down to ground level? So I don't think constructive proposals will come from the group in its present state until they realise that words without practical action cannot achieve anything, except perhaps more words.

S. F. Maclean

[The same event prompted a more positive contribution]

Amid the current conflict over reassessment of the marking system, the abolition of exams and the general dissatisfaction with university course emphasis students met last Thursday to discuss mutual problems. The usual percentage of enrolled students attended - 0.1%.

The result was a proposal for an open university existing independently of the present system along the lines that one can study what one likes.

Tomorrow the group will meet at an advertised place and time to discuss the structure of such an open university. Come along!

Printed by the Wanganui Chronicle Company Limited, P.O. Box 433, Wanganui and published by the Victoria University Students' Association, P.O. Box 196, Wellington.

Lion with everything with chips, salami, sabs, gherkins, birds, Beatles, poker... you name it and Brown is mighty

Sport

with peter winter

Summer Tournament

So Vic craps out again, while Otago wins the Easter Tournament Sheild.... for the eighth year in succession.

Once more the relatively small groups of student sportsmen at Vic must languish in self-pity and mutter bitterly about 'apathy' and 'disinterest' within their university. For, the number of people who made themselves available for selection this year was again far too small; once more only the usual stalwarts were prepared to get off their arses and do things. It is a great pity that sports-wise there is little depth in most of our university clubs. Deep within a university of Vic's size there must be the sporting talent somewhere....

To what factors can Otago attribute its success? Undoubtedly the greater interest in sport generated by the Phys. Ed. and Med. Schools plays a large part in the development of sport within Dunedin's university. But perhaps it is more the spirit inherent in the activities of this university which constitutes the major factor for its successes on the sports field. Anyone associated with Otago in any way will know this.

The programme at Summer Tournament this year comprised twelve sports; Cricket, Tennis, Athletics, Rowing, Yachting, Shooting, Waterpolo, Swimming, Underwater Swimming, Volleyball, Billiards/Snooker, and Surfing. If you by any chance read the relevant issue of Salient, (pardon the presumption), you would know that Vic was represented in all but Surfing. It eventuated however that the Otago Underwater Club decided to forego competition because of recent shark scares, and so the underwater team did not travel down either.

Nor did the Volleyball team, who pulled out at the last minute, without leaving time for another squad to be arranged.

Consequently, Vic had no representation in the surfing, underwater and volleyball competitions; this is the main reason for the gap between Otago (who finished with 54 points) and Vic, who finished third with 20 points. (Canterbury Uni totalled 25 points and so came second overall.)

Perhaps the best feature of Tournament from our point of view was the success of the cricket team, who won their competition by consistent playing of bright, positive sport. They were rewarded by having four players selected for the N.Z. Universities Eleven; these players were Richard Priest, Tim Druce, Peter Reid and John Greenwood. The success of the cricket team was especially heartening after their disappointing showing last season.

Socially the Tournament was from all accounts a big success! (Even our revered police force joined in the fun on the way down.) And, despite our mediocre showing, we still finished third, and so our team must be congratulated for the manner in which they approached Easter Tournament 1971. And so must Otago Uni be congratulated for the hospitable and well organised way in which they ran it. The results for each of our teams were:

Athletics:

Though the athletics team was the smallest for some years, it gained third place in the mens' competition and some creditable individual placings.

Victoria took first two places in the mens high jump with Colin Banks and national champion Ian Finlayson, while veteran tournament performer Graeme Sutherland, threw (the shot) just under 38 feet to win the shot put. Phil Kear ran .3 sec. inside the N.Z.U. blues standard to win the 400 metres, but later in the afternoon was beaten into second place in the 200 metres by Otago's Terry Morrison, who repeated his last Year's double by also winning the 100 metres.

Both relay teams (4 × 100 metres, and 4 × 400 metres) gained third places and harrier rep, Eric Cairns ran a creditable third in the 10,000 metres.

Mary Belsey the solitary woman member of Vic's team, hurdled well to take second place in the 100 metres hurdles.

Ian Finlayson, Colin Banks and Phil Kear were selected to compete for N.Z.U. against an Australian Universities team on Easter Monday. Since the visiting team was given the choice of events, the Australians were able to almost completely dominate the test match. A notable exception was a very powerful run by Auckland's Wayne Madden in the 800 metres to win in an N.Z.U. record time of 1 minute 49.8 seconds.

An impromptu meeting held in conjunction with the test saw several more fine performances from Vic athletes. Most notable were Bernie O'Donnell's win in the 400 metres hurdles and Bruce Batten's run in the 800 metres, with one of the fastest time by a New Zealand junior this season.

Classified Ads

Gasoline cartoon

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GLENVALE

Phil Kear, from Victoria University, is beaten into second place by Otago's Terry Morrison, in the 200 metres.

Photo of athletics

Rifle Shooting:

Vic's team left with high hopes of bringing back the Haslam Shield so rudely swiped by Massey last year, and with a team of considerable combined experience we were in a good position to do so. However, Massey were able to produce virtually a repetition of last year's top-scoring team, and the battle was on.

The Pelichet Bay range provided excellent conditions for Vic's John Whiteman to open the scoring with a possible 50 at 300yds, but Massey were able to get 10 points ahead by the end of the 300 yds. But then two 50's, from Whiteman and Neville Wynn, helped reduce Massey's lead to only 5 after 500 yds., and the first 100yd. shoot in the afternoon put Vic ahead by 2 points. Whether it was the pressure, or just the night before, Vic cracked up at this stage, though it was anybody's match till the last shooters. However the second 600 yd. shoot gave Massey a total of 1123 (1200 possible), Vic 1114, Otago 1076, Lincoln 1027 (Canterbury's team was incomplete).

Top scorer for the day was J. Whiteman, with 197 (200 possible), with J. McLaren (Massey) on 195 and M. Adlam (Canterbury) on 189.

An N.Z.U. team was selected to shoot on Monday, against an Otago Assn. team which wasn't able to turn up, and a North v South Universities match was held simultaneously.

The N Z.U. team, with total scores on Monday over 300, 500, 600, 600 yds:

Remaining Vic shooters N. Wynn, M. Apthorp and K. McGregor shot for North Island (1449) which lost to South Island (1474).

Although not victorious in the shooting the team were fully represented in all social events, special credit going to Jim McKinlay for helping Massey to not win the Drinking Horn, after a busy morning during which

Vic won the Canterbury University Newts Trophy for the fastest drinking shooters.

Congratulations are also due on the award of N.Z.U. Blues to John Whiteman (Vic) and John McLaren (Massey), while still under consideration at time of writing are Jim McKinlay (Vic) and Ian Warrington (Massey).

Billiards and Snooker:

This year, for the first time in the history of Easter Tournament, billiards and snooker were included in the itinerary, but only as "Invitation Sports". In other words, the points tally for these games did not count in the final total of each university.

An eight man team represented Vic and it is interesting to note that they were billeted above the Capt. Cook Hotel. However this devious piece of sabotage by the Otago organisers Failed!

Victoria excelled itself in both sports. We won the snooker with a total of 1,056 points; Otago was the nearest rival with 952 points. Vic also won the billiards, Otago again running out in second place. Bill Marshall, of the billiards team, managed 215 points in one hour, and both B. Bridson and Greg Keene won all their four snooker games.

On the Monday night Doug Beagle was presented with the E.E. Hopewell cup as captain of the winning team, and W.B. Anderson collected the L.J. Hopewell Cup for the highest break in billiards. Final points were:

- Billiards—Victoria 27, Otago 18, Canterbury 15.
- Snooker—Victoria 54, Otago 28, Lincoln 12.

Cricket:

One day games were played:

So the final points were:

Victoria 45.87, Lincoln 39.21, Otago 33.71, Auckland 30.76, Canterbury 25.28, Massey 21.95.

The Victoria Team was:

J. Fluker (capt.). R. Priest, T. Druce, M. Brown, N. Kenning, P. Reid, R. Deyell. I. Storkey, T. Shand, J. Greenwood, P. Beaven, N. Thorne.

Congratulations to the only Vic team to gain a first placing.

Yachting

The yachting events were held on Otago harbour, in reasonable conditions conducive to good yachting. Victoria's Gary Coleman did very well by scoring three wins, a second and a third in the five races held for the Moth class. He won this class, second place going to Otago, and third to Canterbury.

The Cherubs team from Victoria. R. Dykes and P. Taylor, came fourth in that class, after three third and two fourth placings.

The overall points tally showed Otago 1st, Victoria 2nd, and Auckland 3rd.

Swimming

Although Victoria was not too successful in the swimming, this part of Tournament was interesting because several N.Z.U. records were broken. Besides Canterbury University's national champion A. Kindred slashing 7.3 secs, off the 440 yds. free style, other records broken were: 220 yds. medley relay - Otago; 2mins. 6.2 secs. 110 yds. freestyle M. Borrie; 57.5 secs. 110 yds. butterfly - M. Toomey; 1min. 2.6 secs. 220 yds. medley - B. Bond; 2 mins. 29.6 secs. Women's 220 yd. freestyle - H. Cambridge; 2mins. 39.2 secs.

All these record breakers represented Otago University. N. Hope of Victoria came third in the 110 yds. butterfly, the 110 yds. backstroke and the 220 yds. medley. Miss C. Spoor, also of Vic, came third in both the 220 yds. women's medley, and the women's 110 yds. breaststroke, while M. Haymen scored a second placing in the 110 yds. breaststroke.

Otago took the swimming shield, with Canterbury a close second.

Water Polo

Victoria's team featured in some good games here; perhaps the best was our beating of the Massey team, 11-3. B. Britten, G. Stevens, and M. McKinley all won berths in the N.Z.U. rep. waterpolo team. Our loss to Auckland, 5 goals to 3, meant that once again we had to accept second placing to Otago, with whom we drew 1-1.

Rowing

Vic was at a big disadvantage here, for the rowing team had only been formed three weeks before Tournament and so was not in the best of conditions for competition. Because the various teams had not practiced together very much, their performance suffered at Dunedin, where they came up against some very fit and experienced opposition. However, the ladies novice fours must be congratulated for their third placing in the Ladies 1000m. invitation Fours!

In scoring its victory at Easter Tournament, Otago won in tennis, water polo, swimming, and yachting, and gained a third placing in the cricket, to give it another easy shield win. Canterbury retained their second placing by finishing runners-up to Otago in the tennis and swimming, and third in the water polo. Vic did creditably to win the cricket and take second placings in the water polo and yachting, and thence finish third, our best effort for some time.

The Vic contingent wish to thank Otago for making the Tournament such a success, and for giving us such a good time.

Photo of a soldier running

We crossed three dry rice fields, then hit some full of water. Suddenly we were met by a hail of rifle fire and the water splashed up like fountains. Bullets started hitting the ridge where we were and I lay in the water with my head almost under and my hand holding my cameras on the ridge. This bugger waving the Cambodian flag had brought AK47 fire down on us: a bullet burst my Nikon. I thought I was going to die. Nobody moved. I smelled something on the other side of me and there were three dead VCs, killed the day before, lying in their black outfits face down in the water. Nearby I saw one of their shoes made of car-tyre - "Ho Chi Miner 1000 milers" they're called. The Cambodian flag-bearer lay down beside the radio-operator to shelter under his steel helmet. The radio-operator said "Back up" so I crawled about 300 yards on my back through the water. When I got up to run it was like in a bad dream, my legs were like two sacks of heavy weights. Mortar fire was hitting the ground all round me, the earth was going up in the air and exploding in huge cascades. We waded through another canal with 400 Vietnamese in foxholes watching us: they were all laughing when we got back. The Vietnamese don't respect the wounded, like the Americans do.

"The Cambodians found their way back, one had been killed and some were hit in the face. The marines tried to go round the right but they got clobbered as well. Everybody got hit in the face. Then they brought in close air support, old Skyraider aeroplanes, and dropped two bombs. The Vietnamese Major said "Right ho, we go in now." This time I had a helmet. About two or three hundred yards from the town we dropped into a bowl where the VC couldn't see us. I lay down and didn't move, with Vietnamese running past me at a crouch. Before we knew where we were we were running along a road into the town, one at a time, 400 men of the Crazy Buffalo battalion. As we were going in Skyriders were bombing the flanks of the town to keep the VCs' heads down.

"Inside the compound there was a French colonial house with a big verandah and a steep red-tiled roof. There were three or four old French aimed vehicles with 50 millimetre machine guns. The Cambodians looked very worried. It was like Noah's Ark, with chickens and human beings, all seemed to be in pairs. The Cambodian commander was very lively; he was wearing an American bullet-proof glass-fibre vest. He was the only one who looked like a professional soldier. It was only 10.10 but it seemed like the whole day had gone by. The marines poured in and took up strategic positions. The Cambodians looked like the gypsy fair on Epsom Downs. Then the VC started dropping mortars and I was ushered into the big colonial house. Wounded men were lying on the concrete floor with blood-stained bandages. I heard a curious wailing noise and a Cambodian indicated '20' with his fingers: I found a huge rice store full of women and children, crying. They seemed pleased to see me. I

"They brought up a huge open lorry and loaded (he wounded blokes on it. I knew the man beside me had died when his toes next to my face went lifeless and began to move with the jolting of the truck. I looked over at the Captain—his head was being cradled by one man and he was being fanned by another. He died later in the hospital."

Photo of two Vietnamese soldiers

"Two Cambodians dragged out a great big antitank gun, a 106 Recoiler Rifle, and began loading it. It makes an incredible bang. I think they were trying to impress the Vietnamese marines."

"Before we knew where we were we were running along a road into the town, one at a time, 400 men of the Crazy Buffalo battalion."

Photo of soldiers loading a weapon

Photo of soldiers lying down

felt naked in front of them. I pulled out two pockets of fruit Polos. Some kids resented touching me, they

thought I was evil, but others began to lick and got the message, their faces became smiling and you could hear 20 sucking mouths. I felt in a way like tearful; I was much happier outside.

"One Vietnamese marine got shot in the balls. That is the most humiliating thing to see. You walk away, you don't want to contaminate your thoughts. Two Cambodians dragged out a great big anti-tank gun, a 106 Recoiler Rifle, and began loading it. They ran this cumbersome thing into the road to fire three or four rounds. It makes an incredible bang. I thought this proved nothing - I hid because I couldn't stand the noise. They took the rifle back to the compound under a hail of cover fire. Then some men ran across the road and dragged a dead VC body back and pulled it about a bit. I think they were trying to impress the Vietnamese marines.

"The VC went on trying to rub us out. The wounded were being dragged into the houses. Then in the distance another marine battalion could be seen coming across where we had been that morning: about 500 of them - tiny black spots all over the plain. It was very exciting. It didn't seem modern, they looked more like a print from the Kaiser's war. By five in the evening they were all in, 1500 men inside the compound. After nightfall the Vietnamese started to spread out from the compound, giving us more elbow room. I suggested to the Cambodians that they find beds for the wounded who were lying on concrete, but they didn't listen so I found a bed for myself.

"About 2 a.m. there was a fantastic crumble: I woke up stiffly and reached for my helmet. Howls were echoing round, then screaming. Two mortar shells had landed in the compound and clobbered the Cambodians who were sleeping on the surface of walls: they didn't know to sleep in holes, like the Vietnamese. They brought in about 10 of them. I walked away again, I didn't want to know. That was the last of the action.

"When I woke up it was sunlight and I could hear birds. Funny thing about war, if you hear birds you hear normality. Helicopters were droning around: all the VC had gone. I looked into a big room where the wounded were: one man had a face like a minstrel show, with white foam all round his mouth, and a hideous head wound you could see right into. He was moaning. Others were asking for cigarettes. Outside a man who'd been hurt the previous night had died of very superficial wounds, probably from shock. He was on a bed under a white sheet; two feet were sticking out beside him, and I saw they belonged to a little girl with dead staring eyes.

"By now the place was a hive of activity so I thought I'd have a walk over and see that dead VC and it was then I found this

Photo of a man and injured child

Photo of soldiers

pit with two dead men in it. They looked like exhausted lovers in a bed. The man on the left had had his leg blown away and had crudely tried to bandage it. To the others these men were just part of the 'body count': the Vietnamese claimed a body count of 150 VC but I'd only seen about 30; they always overcount on their bodies, they count civilians as well. There were two ordinary criminal Cambodian prisoners who'd been tied up and left out in the open all night throughout the battle without any cover. Now they were untied and made to gather up all the Cambodian dead and heap them up in a funeral pyre and burn them.

"I got the first helicopter out of Prey Veng back to Phnom Penh. It's a beautiful town, still very cheap, and life was pleasant there. But there was a certain amount of tension as three American TV men had got killed in a jeep south of the town and cables kept arriving telling journalists not to leave. Then after two or three days somebody at the Roayl Hotel told me there was a battle going on at Setbo, a village 10 miles south of Phnom Penh, so another journalist and I jumped into a car and set off. We passed various road-blocks, oil-drums, barbed-wire entanglements - the soldiers at the checkpoints were very friendly - then on to a green road. After eight miles we saw a load of old buses, like like children's toys, full of Cambodian soldiers wearing yellow scarves. They were a battalion of para-troopers. It all seemed very casual, more like a beano with crates of beer than a convoy carrying ammunition. There was a slight breeze, and a little spotter plane buzzed above us looking for Vietcong. I felt safe because I was with paras who are always the elite in a war. The commander told me that were we were going there were "beaucoup VC". The bloke I was with went back to town for a press conference with Marshal Ky. I was pleased I wasn't going back to the hotel swimming-pool: I'd told them I'd be back there for tea.

"They unloaded the buses (Russian light machine guns on wheels, mortar-tubes and bipods) and spread out on either side of the road and started marching forward and everything seemed to be great. A few hundred yards from the village it was quiet as anything, there were two gun-boats coming up the river with flags waving, the paras were dragging their equipment along in a lolling fashion. We passed through the village and came to a wooden bridge, and it seemed the VC had been watching our every move all the time, they opened up with everything they had.

"Everybody was afraid, and I thought, I'm going to get my tail out of here because what does one picture mean if it's going to cost you your life; so I thought for the first time my nerve went and I ran off down the road and I dropped my hat and I thought, was it worth going back for the hat and wouldn't it be stupid if I got injured? And I thought, no, blow it, I won't go; so I ran back again to the side of a house. I jumped down in a

hole, and there was about 10 men all lying down there and I was simply terrified. I thought to myself, well, if a mortar drops in among this lot they'll get everybody, so I moved out, and there was a truck parked in the middle of the road, a jeep, and I crouched down behind the truck and I thought, what the hell am I doing?

"And then there was a tremendous explosion and I knew what it was right away, and I expected to be drenched from head to foot. This thing had dropped right in front of me. And all my past seemed to come before me, I thought, this is it, I'm going to die; I looked down and saw blood pouring out of my trousers, both legs, and I almost panicked. And I tried to be efficient and I put my cameras in my bag. I thought, I'm going to try and run for it, and I stumbled through some houses and fell down the side and begged these people to take me back, kept saying 'We go, we go.' And they couldn't understand me and they said 'Restez,' and I said 'No, I want to go.

"And I kept putting my camera in the bag and getting all the straps mixed up, and when I pulled them over I was covered in these big red ants and they were biting me to death, and I thought what a hideous situation, to be hurt and nobody understands you, and I really felt sorry for myself. So anyway, I set out to crawl back. I found a lot of men had been wounded, and the medics were rushing about. They had my trousers off, and they kept pinching my legs and then a man rushed from nowhere and stuck a needle in my thigh, and then he went on and stuck a needle in somebody else's thigh, and the confusion was incredible. They then put me up on this filthy old lorry which had all cooking pots and things on and instead of throwing them off we had to try and lay round them. And then they filled the lorry up with about half a dozen soldiers, who were wounded. They backed the lorry back up the road where I got injured, and kept waiting there for someone to be picked up, and to and behold a whole hail of mortars started coming in on the lorry, the driver ran off to take cover and left us on the back and we were all screaming for them to get us out. There's nothing worse than being hurt and being mortared, and when the VC start they throw everything.

"Anyway they threw some more men on the truck, and the medics were treading on my legs and making me holler and there was a man they put on the truck and he was in a very bad way; he kept sitting up trying to fight people who were holding him down. I tried to say, 'tell him to lie down.' but you're stupid at times like that."

Photo of an injured child

Photo of soldiers

Six weeks ago the helicopter carrying photographer Larry Burrows was shot down over Laos, with no survivors reported. In 1965 Burrows photographed one of the most vivid stories of the war - the tale of a single, bloody mission of Marine helicopter "Yankee Papa 13". Airlifting troops to a suspected enemy staging area, the chopper ran into ground fire as it approached the landing zone. Crew Chief James Farley, aged 21, returned the fire and the chopper successfully dropped off its first load of troops. On its second run, "Yankee Papa" set down close to a downed chopper. Farley tried to rescue the unconscious pilot, but he could not drag him from his seat, and in the end only two wounded crewmen made it across to "Yankee Papa". As "Yankee Papa" took off, Farley turned to one of the wounded crewmen and started to bandage a wound under his right armpit. But blood came from the man's mouth and he died. Aghast, Farley rose and 20 minutes later, after the chopper had landed at Danang, he bowed his head in an empty supply shack and wept.

Photo of soldiers in a helicopter

Photo of a soldier shooting out of an aircraft

Photo of soldiers running in a field

Photo of a crying soldier