

Salient

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Basis for Faith S.C.M. ADDRESS

"Are Communism and Fascism radical enough?" was the question put by the Rev. James Linton, M.A., travelling Secretary of the S.C.M., to a meeting on Thursday night. Man's efforts in the past to change society had been a sorry failure and we were beginning to see that changes of a more radical and fundamental kind than those offered by either Communism or Fascism were necessary. If we were going to face social questions in a spirit of realism, we must demand a revolution—a revolution in human personality. Around us we could see the signs of the beginnings of that revolution. All over the world men and women were being changed. Selfishness was being changed into unselfishness, impurity into purity, pride into humility.

SIMPLE—BUT PROFOUND.

"What is the Christian faith? If we ask this question of a selection of people, we get a variety of answers; and, many people would think, rightly so. In the interpretation of Christianity, it is said, everyone is entitled to his own opinion. I question the validity of that view. Everyone is not so entitled. We have listened to judgments of scientists on the structure of the atom and the nature of wireless waves, and we would not dream of querying their opinions. But these complicated things are simple compared with the profundity of the Christian faith, which is so profound that only simple people can understand it. We are not simple these days—only clever.

The simplicity and definiteness of Christianity lie in these two aspects of it: first, the centre of Christianity is Jesus Christ. He lived and died and rose again from the dead. This is a fact and we can either accept or reject it. The New Testament says Christ died for us. Provided that is true, we can either accept it or turn our backs. We cannot argue about facts—it is only the interpretation of facts on which people differ. It is said that Jesus died for us as the Son of God. It is for us to say whether there is a God or not.

"A second fact solves this problem. In an argument with a disbeliever, the Christian may be asked for proof that there is a God. He can, in reply, ask for proof that there is no God. Both stand on exactly the same ground, and they both have their faith. The disbeliever's faith is that there is no God.

THE EVIDENCE.

"As evidence for his faith, the Christian can say 'the essence of my faith, is that God has taken hold of me, and I have answered Him. I know something has happened, and that is the basis of my faith that there is a God. This "something" has quite visible manifestations and knowable results. My life has been completely changed."

"The Christian faith is proved by the fact that when a person embraces Christianity, he knows that God has got hold of him. And, included in that experience, he knows that it is God in Christ, Christ can change men and human nature, and give a new purpose and raise a man from the depths of despair to the heights of joy. When that happens to a person, the truth of Christianity is confirmed to him.

"There may be some of you here who find this thought obscure. The reason you do not understand this change is that you have not acceded to God's demands. God will change your whole life, but only if you desire Him to. You must desire this so much that you are willing to give up your independence, perhaps your best friends, and your whole life, and let Him run your life for you. That," concluded Mr. Linton, "is a revolution. That is the solution of the world's problems."

GOD VERSUS SWOT.

At the conclusion of his address, Mr. Linton discussed questions put to him by some of those present. One question was:

"Can students whose lives are

GET TOGETHER, GERMANY AND ENGLAND—says VON LUCKNER COMIC OPERA COUNT TALKS

"I am not here to talk propaganda," said Count Von Luckner recently in a newspaper interview. In accordance with its debunking policy, "Salient" arranged an interview with the redoubtable Count in order to get him to talk propaganda. And we were not disappointed.

Without any leading questions or encouragement, the Count, in guttural and emphatic semi-English, recounted with elaborate gesture the story of his life, traversing all subjects from the Salvation Army to the Battle of Jutland. But it was not until we descended the stairs together that we heard in our gushing outburst Von Luckner's dream, Germany's foreign policy, and the real object of the Count's "mission of goodwill."

The interview was rather like a nightmare.

I was shown into the Count's rooms by the Countess herself, a tall, pleasant-looking lady whom I met outside farewelling an acquaintance with the words "Auf Wiedersehen."

"Oh, yes," she said, "You are ze gentleman to see ze Count. Oh, we are in such a great hurry. Do come in—and be seated."

I became seated. "Ze Count will be a few minutes. You do not mind? We are going away, you see. And, oh, so many people—you will excuse me please."

She disappeared. A glance round the room showed me several interesting objects. First, a pair of enormous black shoes sprawling beneath a chair. And second, the famous Von Luckner pipe lying in state upon a table beside a huge tin of rank tobacco.

In a moment, after a muttered colloquy with the Count on the other side of the door, the Countess emerged, looked anxiously round the room, and then pounced on the shoes.

"Ach! He's so untidy—and in such a hurry!" she beamed, carrying the shoes to the inner room once more.

At last the Count himself appeared. A tall, burly, bronzed man, very effusive and hearty, typically German, burst through the door, wrung my hand, sat down opposite me, and began to tell me the story of his life.

It is difficult to reproduce the Count's speech. Wandering from subject to subject with bewildering rapidity, gesticulating wildly, using terrific emphasis and spitting frightfully, the Count must be seen to be believed.

"I lectured in every University in the United States when I was there," he boomed. "I was seven years in America. I went there in 1927 on my mission of goodwill. By Jove, it is a wonderful place. But I had nothing to do with Universities. I run away when I was little. Do you know why I run away? Because I had difficulties in passing my examinations. So I run away—you see?"

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

"I read 'when a boy of the great Buffalo Bill—of wild and self-made men. They did not go to school and did not have to pass examinations. So, by Jove, I run away and go to Australia. But I had promised my father I would be a lieutenant—and be a lieutenant I must! You see, you cannot break a promise. So I joined the Salvation Army. I did not know what it was—but I knew it had lieutenants so I joined. You see—I thought that would satisfy my father. Then I travelled with a Hindu magle-

ian for a while—you know, juggling and suchlike. But I always thought of Buffalo Bill, and when I was in France years later, I went a long way specially to meet him—he was there with his wild west show. But then I learned that he had left France and was in Germany—and he had stayed in my own native village for three days as a guest of my father. By Jove, it was the greatest disappointment I have ever had in all my life."

The Countess burst in upon us. "Remember Felix," she said, "at ten to we must go."

The Count waved her a cheery hand and continued.

"And when I went home again from Australia, I found that I had run away in vain—I had to go to school again. I passed my examinations as a navigator."

The Count said numerous interruptions from the Countess, the telephone, and people walking in and out and being welcomed and dismissed, continued, in a fascinating disjointed manner, the story of his remarkable career.

He told of his wartime experiences, his capture and imprisonment in New Zealand. He became melancholy as he told of the prison official who had suffered because of the Count's amazing escape from prison. "It was not he who was to blame, oh no! You see (the Count confidently tapped me on the chest) always they have to look for a goat." He became lyrical as he talked of comradeship during the war.

"I have come to see the war," he said, "not from a narrow-minded standpoint; I have seen how it brings out qualities of comradeship among men."

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND.

"I fought in the battle of Jutland," the Count continued, and punctuated the following words with violent gestures and explosive emphasis, relieving the scene again in all its grandeur and horror. "You have never seen anything like it. By Jove, it was not to be believed! You people at home do not know—you cannot imagine it. There were six hundred ships fighting—six hundred! And we pumped thousands of pounds of steel into the English ships—pumped, oh so many thousands of pounds of steel. And each side was fighting for a new tradition. But though the ships were destroyed, you could not destroy the energies of the two nations fighting—oh no! There was no question of a victory—no hate between those fighting. There was no victory because there was nothing to defeat. Let us

shake hands in admiration of each other, we said. And the flame bursting from the guns—by Jove, it was terrible."

LET'S GET TOGETHER.

"We've got to get together, Germany and Great Britain," urged the Count. "You're already letting us in through the back door—the back door, you see? That's where you let your friends in! You wait a few years, and—by Jove!—you will see."

The Countess burst in again. "Come, Felix, you must get ready. We must go!" she said. The telephone was ringing insistently but no one seemed to take any notice. The Count, still talking and waving his arms, turned to go. "Here, look at this," he said, handing me a telegram. "See what they say about me!"

The telegram read as follows:—
Count Von Luckner,
Opera House,
Wellington.

Unable to attend, accept assurance that French veterans consider you the whitest, most gentleman-like and humane enemy ever God bless you.

Alexander Epstein,
French Reserve.

"Ach," said the Countess, rushing into the room, "you have to carry this man to get him anywhere."

"Come," said the Count, coming into the room with a coat under his arm and an officer's cap on his head. "we will walk downstairs."

So we walked downstairs and the Count talked propaganda.

"Do you realise that there are six million Germans under foreign domination? You English—you have never been under a foreign power—you do not know what it is like. By Jove, it is terrible! But Germany and England will get together—you wait!—and everything will be fixed. If Germany and England combine, there will be no League of Nations and no war—and the world will be ruled by the two whitest nations. And, by Jove, Chamberlain knows it—he knows how to do it!"

And as I walked away, I had a strange vision—of Hitler and Neville Chamberlain sitting on a double throne like twin kings of Barataria, ruling the world. And the throne was set on top of the world, and round it were millions of people with their arms upraised and shouting "Heil!"

And as the vision faded, I thanked whatever gods may be that this was only a vision, and that the man who had dreamed it was a hearty, happy-go-lucky German sailor, who had read Lowell Thomas's book about himself so much that he had begun to believe in it.

—R.L.M.

Madame Chairman LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Time was (1937 to be exact) when debaters railed bitterly against the apathy of their audiences. They could certainly make no such accusation last Friday night when a large and boisterous crowd gathered (allegedly) to learn whether or not the British Government's foreign policy is pro-Fascist. It was a night out for the hecklers, and few were the speakers who could boast that they held the undivided attention of their audience for more than a few moments at a time. Indeed, there were intervals when the atmosphere was more suited to a wrestling match than the serious discussion of a political subject. At the close of the evening both Mr. Ahners and Mr. Scotney voiced the opinion that the debate had very definitely suffered in consequence of this. Mr. Tabiwi disagreed and brought strong arguments forward to prove the value of interjections at Varsity debates. Few at V.U.C. would disagree with this but it would seem that a very clear distinction should be drawn between "interjections" and a running commentary audible only to the surrounding few.

PROS AND CONS.

As to the debate itself, the heavy majority who voted for the motion proved that the weight of argument lay with the affirmative. Messrs. Perry and Simpson, for the motion, argued vigorously that the British Government, as the mouthpiece of a capitalistic-imperialistic state, must by its very nature do all in its power to oppose the spread of Socialism. In so doing it inevitably allied itself with Fascist powers either by granting them actual assistance or by turning an official blind eye on their activities. Mr. Edgley, for the opposition, claimed that Great Britain pursued an independent policy in favour of peace and democracy. Miss Millar, in a speech which won her fourth place, carried the argument further and said that Britain's foreign policy was, as it had always been, purely a policy of self-interest, enlightened or otherwise. This too seemed to be the line taken by subsequent negative speakers. Only Mr. Wah (who comes to us with a fine Southern reputation as a University debater) took any very idealistic view of the British Government's activities in the international field. Affirmative speakers from the floor pounced on the "self-interest" argument and proved, as Mr. Tabiwi put it, that such a policy inevitably led to parleying with Fascist aggressor states.

As usual, some of the speakers found it by no means easy to keep strictly to the point at issue, and at times the line taken was ingenious rather than clear. There was, for instance, Mr. Onley's Semitic argument—or was it anti-Semitic? Actual speaking (when it could be heard!) was good, and the several new speakers who spoke reached a promisingly high standard. The judge, Mr. Luxford, S.M., placed Messrs. Tabiwi and Myers first equal, with Mr. Wah in third place.

—M.S.

REMINDER

In the first issue of "Salient" it was stated in a direct and unequivocal manner that any unexpressed opinion would be published. Provided, of course, that it was accompanied by the writer's full name and was in the hands of the staff by 7 p.m. on the Thursday prior to publication.

Needless to say, this policy still stands.

In these circumstances, if anyone complains concerning the subject matter of "Salient," it can only be considered as a commentary on such a person's reluctance or inability to express his opinions coherently.

changed affect students who are not changed, and yet continue with their studies?"

"The question of how much time to give to study and how much to Christian activity is a question many students find difficult to decide," said Mr. Linton. Obviously it is God's will that there should be a balance. There should be no struggle. We can work for God and study as well, doing as much of both as we think God wants us to."

GOD VERSUS MARX.

Other questions referred to the difficulty of arguing religion with a communist, with his apparent water-tight philosophy based on dialectic materialism. The general opinion was that argument was useless; the

Christian could only witness to the actual changes within himself and others, and their results, as evidence for Christianity. Mr. A. B. Cochran, lecturer in English, said:

"The only thing Christians can do is to testify to the work Christianity has done for them. I have found in Christianity a completely satisfying revelation of the character of God. I have found God a complete answer to the problems of evil, in my own life and in the world. Finally I have found in Him something to live for. Some will devote their lives to Fascism, tennis, or Esperanto. To me as a Christian, such things are simply not big enough. What really matters is the kingdom of God."

"If Christianity does solve the con-

dict in a man's mind, it gives him a big advantage over one who is continually suffering from a mental struggle."

VERDICT

The management of the Cafeteria has pleasure in announcing the result of the Limerick competition. An entry from 120 The Terrace was judged by a Committee of Gentlemen to be the most succinct.

A starting youngster named Joe
Was regrettably short as to dough,
Said he with a laugh,
Boys, I'm off to the Caf.
Just a bob, but crisp! what a blow!
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Says Jim Gentry:

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A Critical View of Atrocities

Reports and propaganda about atrocities are intriguing. It is a common occurrence in every war, rebellion, or political campaign for each faction to hold the other responsible for appalling murders and amazing indecencies. Whether it be a war of peace or martial aggression, all seem to breed these ubiquitous hosts of brutal attacks and accusations. An incident occurs—it passes to the first hand—magnified—to the second, the third—ad infinitum until it becomes a colossal crime against a party, against a nation, a world, humanity! Then after the flurry it bursts and collapses like a pricked balloon, to sink into oblivion—when the truth leaks out. But this is only one aspect.

Another peculiar and vital point is found on closer examination of atrocity news, and that is in the majority of cases the accuser stands on equal footing with the accused. Too few men and women are capable of looking at themselves, their own community or race, and saying: "Am I free of the same guilt or am I guilty?" Most plunge in and accuse—and accuse, and accuse until retraction is impossible and they are caught up in a web of their own making.

Britain stands aghast at Franco's air raids in Spain, his slaughter of women and children, and his smashing of the cities of that country. Britain deplores the land-grabbing actions of the Japanese in China, their merciless extermination of thousands of non-combatants. Abyssinia conveniently lives in the past. Yet British Justice on the North-west Indian Frontier receives scant publicity. Proclamations such as this were dropped during air operations in Kurdistan over a rebel area:—

"You, your villages, and your flocks will be attacked with machine-gun fire and bombs. . . . These operations will continue until all opposition has ceased."

And an eye-witness writes in the "News Chronicle" of the effect of these manifestations of British Justice:—

"On such occasions non-combatants are usually the chief victims. When our troops enter a bombed village the pariah dogs are already at work eating the corpses of the babies and the old women who have been killed. Many suffering from ghastly wounds, especially young children, are found still alive, covered with flies and crying for water."

As Pandit Nehru puts it:—
"It is not a pleasant or an easy thing for them to continue to suffer the terrible hardships which modern war with its aeroplanes and bombings brings. They would like an honourable way out, but they would not look at anything which involves their subjection."

But these are only a few obnoxious marauding natives, who, like the leaders of the Indian Congress Party, have to be put out of the way because the freedom of 400,000,000 of their fellows is involved.

Franco and the Japanese—destroyers of life and happiness! It is surprising, and perhaps a little pathetic, how the gross perpetuations of a nation are tolerated within its boundaries when that nation's "own" interests are at stake. Maybe it is because people become so accustomed to the routine course of affairs within their own spheres that they become hardened and impervious to any little abnormalities, and tend to shirk responsibility, shifting it on to the government of the day, which becomes, as a result, the scape-goat of to-morrow.

On the other hand, should a non-belligerent view the affairs of an unfavourable belligerent they acquire a completely different meaning, and the "atrocitist" becomes a party to tremendous crimes and fabulous scandals with the greatest of ease. Atrocity is piled upon atrocity until it appears that they are naturally disposed towards wanton slaughter and destruction. In some instances it is pursued to such a degree as to become almost farcical.

Moralising is all very well, but when passing judgment on a person, a party, a nation do not become an accuser from the start and do not let the conception of "Distance and Beauty" (or Distortion) mislead you, but rather discount all preposterous and overwhelming evidences, and what is most important—examine three cases, that of the combatants—and your own. It might prove rather awkward for you if you pass judgment and then find yourself guilty of similar malpractices. —M.L.B.

On Reading Editorials

Nobody ever reads leaders. I know that. But I have allowed myself to cherish the fond hope that there may be one or two people who, attracted by the novelty of a new publication, have even been led by natural curiosity to the lengths of reading the editorials.

There are nearly 1,000 students at V.U.C., and the number of interests which they represent is considerable. No doubt it will not be possible for all these to read these columns with an equal degree of pleasure, but serious attempts are being made to cater for as many of the students as is possible.

To obtain variety "Salient" is going to try two ideas. Firstly, there will be a "guest editor"—a student or a recently graduated student will run the paper for a week and so give you something fresh. Secondly, students should not forget the words written in white on the first page. In order to make "Salient" what that statement proclaims it to be, any student who would like to do so, and who has material which he thinks would be suitable for a leading article, is asked to let us have it when the spirit moves.

There is no reason for reticence. There are many of you who can do the job. We want your ideas, so let us have them.

If this is done, the paper will gain in value in many ways.

You are not asked to accept all the ideas put forward as gospel truth. But we will try to make them interesting, and upon subjects of importance. —A.H.S.

EXTRAVAGANZA

"Salient" has now perused the shows selected for this year's "Cappicade," and finds that they are definitely the best written for some years.

"Adam Baba and the Forty Leagues," by the author of "Bob," is a brilliant satire, surpassing even "Bob" in its excellence. The setting of the play is in Baghdad, and the story concerns the attempts of the Fascionists (later to become Fascionists) to gain power. To do this they form innumerable Leagues, including the Smellfare League, the Offence League, and Half a League, but in a startling denouement, the League's real nature is disclosed, and the Party is cast into the Political Wilderness. The dialogue is witty and scintillating, and the songs promise to be excellent.

The inimitable John Carrad has perpetrated another Interlewd, entitled: "Port Nick Iniquity." This little show has several good songs and the usual burlesque ballet. It deals with the efforts of Brick Bradford, the hero of the comic strip, to find the treasure hidden by Mick Ravage, the Terror of the Caribbean. Look out for "Treasure Trove"—it's a "hit" song in the best Carrad tradition.

"Olympian Nights," or "The Wisdom of the Gods," described as "A Musical Whimsicality In Three Paroxysms," has been written by Ronald L. Meek. This show far surpasses this author's previous Extravaganzas, "Brave New Zealand" and "The Plutoerats," depending more for its effect on witty dialogue than on its songs, and its humour being satirical rather than broadly farcical. The play is set in the Roman city of Polonia, ruled by the Emperor Asparagus, and opens in the Polonian Art Gallery, where a bevy of mischievous (male) faeries turn the statues of the Roman gods into the gods of two thousand years hence, and then bring them all to life. The efforts of the gods to foster a revolution and make the populace submit to their numerous and vaguely familiar creeds are ruthlessly depicted, and their final downfall is brilliantly satirical. The show contains several splendid songs, choruses, and ballets. If "Rollo the Ravaging Roman" and "One and One Make Two" do not prove to be real "hits," "Salient" will eat its editorial hat.

Tom Meek's curtain-raiser, "A Banned Item," is a clever little show, and contains a beautiful Professors' Chorus. Rehearsals will commence very shortly, and everyone, Freshers included, is invited to participate in what is potentially the best "Cappicade" for years.

N.B.

In future, all contributions to "Salient" must be accompanied by the full name of the writer.

This need not be printed unless desired—initials or pseudonym will do.

But if this provision is neglected, the staff reserves the right to withhold unsigned contributions from publication.

Haeremai Again!

At a meeting called on Monday 14th, it was decided to proceed with the arrangements preliminary to the re-establishment of a men's club somewhat on the lines of the notorious Haeremai—the Haeremai responsible for the banning of the process.

Malcolm Mason was in the chair. The driving force, however, was Bruce Orcheston, a campaigner of many winters, and former president of the Hongi Club at A.U.C. He spoke on the aims and objects of the proposed club, basing suggestions on his experience in Auckland. Organised stunts are to replace the semi-drunken brawls, and instead of roughs, there will be a select fraternity forming the nucleus of student activity at College functions.

The meeting elected a committee to consider the drawing up of a constitution. The first general meeting is to be held shortly and great deeds are expected at Capping Week.

Here is a chance for Victoria to put itself on the map in Wellington, and give the public a chance to appreciate Varsity "rags" without cause for complaint on the grounds of hooliganism or vulgarity. What will be the result? It is up to you.

FOUND.

In Peculiar Circumstances, One Lady's Coat.

We have been advised that Mr. B. J. Butchers retrieved a Lady's Coat from his car on the morning after the Freshers' Welcome Dance. After making enquiries from the members of his own party, Mr. Butchers ascertained that the coat did not belong to any of them.

If the lady wishes her coat returned, she may uplift it from the "Salient" room. The staff of "Salient" would prefer her to collect it on Thursday, when they are all present.

BOOK REVIEW LEFT BOOK CLUB

VERY HEAVEN

By Richard Aldington.
(Whitcombe & Tombs, 7/6)

A fine novel. Mr. Aldington writes with the same undeniable invitingness midway between Mrs. Lawrence and Huxley.

The story is almost as contemporary as yesterday's breakfast. It concerns a young man—Chris. Heylin—his bid for life in Mr. Baldwin's England and his affairs du coeur. Heylin's parents are as smirking a pair of middle-class ninnies as you could dread to meet. Blessed, in such circumstances, would be the child gifted with an Electra-Edipus complex. After the dislocation of his academic career Heylin breaks free from his family circle and does his best to exist in London.

ARCHAEOLOGY.

Just as unemployment seems certain he uncovers and marries an attractive and wholly desirable young woman with a flat of her own and £300 a year! Not so fortunate his sister, who is mated, by a devoted mammy, to a bevy baronet, as rich as a pig is fat, and who, like Mr. Hemmingway, goes shooting among the "Green Hills of Africa." Her rewards are aqualor, pregnancy and syphilis—all from her husband.

Mr. Aldington develops these situations clear-headedly and without any side-stepping of individual issues. The book stands as a forceful, piercing denunciation of the values of capitalist England. So far, so good.

REMEDY?

But by way of solution Mr. Aldington can offer no more than a personal re-awakening.

"Against destructive revolution, the revolution of man himself. Against the power of explosive and poison, the power of thought and supple reason. Against their death-worship, our life-worship."

Most certainly the need for Mr. Aldington's "living impulse"—the accepting of life in the way Lawrence accepted it—in the relations of men and women is frighteningly urgent. But can this "revolution of man himself" occur irrespective of economic standing? This is a leading question to which Mr. Aldington always gives a non-committal answer. All Mr. Aldington's people seem to get their groceries and milk-tokens without much trouble; either they have a private income like Anthony Clarendon, or they have wealthy friends like Etta Morrison.

WORTHY OF CONCERN.

Perhaps, though, one is demanding too much; whatever the weaknesses in Mr. Aldington's social analysis, his view of life remains unimplicated, and it is a view which deserves the concern of all manner of social reformers and revolutionaries. Many of them are so pre-occupied with statistics and sliding-rules that they have abandoned the life of the senses—the energy and beauty of existence. Realisation lies not that way.

PRIVILEGE?

Dear "Salient,"—I would like to lodge a protest against the privileges of the College staff in connection with the use of the library. As far as I can gather, both by observation and enquiry, the staff exert a form of Divine Right in the withdrawal of books and periodicals. To all appearances they are subject to no limitations either as to the number of books and periodicals they can obtain, nor to the length of time they may retain them.

I am well aware that it is necessary, and in fact essential, that the staff should have access at all times to such periodicals and books as are necessary for their work. I consider, however, that this privilege is in some cases greatly abused, and that a deplorable selfishness is shown in the manner that books and periodicals are retained. In particular do I consider the system whereby the staff are allowed to appropriate all the latest of those periodicals dealing with current events, most pernicious. It means that by the time these periodicals are available to students a considerable period has elapsed. The disadvantages from the student viewpoint are obvious. To my mind a partial remedy could be effected by the retention in the library of these magazines for at least a fortnight after arrival, subject perhaps to exceptions in cases of vital urgency.

Needless to say it is to the advantage of the whole College that the staff make the fullest use of the library, but I contend that frequently they exercise their Olympian licence at the expense of the student body.

COMPETITION No. 1

Dr. Schuschnigg, while under "protective custody," decides to send Hitler a present of a Bible, in which one sentence is underlined. What sentence would you recommend for the purpose?

Entries close March 30th. No prize.

Starting in London in July, 1936, under the auspices of the publishing house of Victor Gollancz with a membership of about 150, an organisation known as "The Left Book Club" has grown to-day to a membership of over 50,000.

The aim of the club is a simple one. It is to help in the urgent struggle for World Peace and a better social and economic order, and against Fascism, by giving to all who are determined to do their part in this struggle such knowledge as will immensely increase their efficiency.

Ordinary members of the club receive each month the "Book of the Month," which is selected by Prof. Harold Laski, Victor Gollancz, and John Strachey.

Each book is a book never before published, and is, indeed, generally written specially for the club. The standard of the books is particularly high from the point of view of literary merit, news interest, and educative value.

Notable successes in the past have been "Walls Have Mouths," by W. F. McCartney, an autobiography of English prison life; "Man's Worldly Goods," by Leo Huberman, an American schoolmaster, giving an excellent and most readable account of the Economic History of Europe; "Red Star Over China," a first-hand account of the Soviet districts in China and of the Chinese Red Army written by the only journalist ever to penetrate the Red areas, which is of first-rate importance in understanding news from China to-day, and many others which there is not space to discuss.

In the College Library:

The New Statesman and Nation—A liberal, left-wing paper, which always has something important to say and says it well. A first-rate guide to current affairs.

The New Republic—Yankee counterpart to the "New Statesman"—with a deal more punch. *Manchester Guardian Weekly*—The essence of reliability.

Criticism—Edited by J. S. Eliot—demands coherent reading. In matters of literature and culture its standards are unsurpassed.

Scrutiny—A tangible quarterly review, with sound and scrupulously reasoned attitudes on literature and life.

The London Mercury—Worthwhile literary magazine of more popular appeal, adopts no special viewpoint.

Life and Letters To-day—Substantial literary journal of the Left; has a cosmopolitan and distinguished list of contributors.

To-morrow—Independent critique on God's Own Country. A fortnightly you mustn't miss.

The New Era—The mouthpiece of what's most progressive in education.

Theatre World—Full of pretty pictures and succinct articles that cover the contemporary stage in detail.

The Book of the Month costs 2/6 for English members, but by the addition of exchange and postage the New Zealand price is 3/6. The price in the bookshops is not less than 7/6, and in the case of "Red Star Over China" was as high as 25/. Members cannot select their own Book of the Month.

There is no subscription beyond undertaking to pay for the book (after receipt of it).

The club is strongly recommended to all students. The books cater for every interest. Each month, with the book is included a 20-page magazine, "The Left News," which contains several very interesting articles by such people as Sir Stafford Cripps, John Strachey, and Mr. Attlee. In a world which seems shrouded in gloom and foreboding, the vitality and growth of a really progressive movement which the "Left News" indicates, is like a bright clear light of reason. Play Groups, Kino-Groups, Public Meetings, tell clearly that the "Left Book Club" will play no small part in the future of England.

There are over a dozen students of V.U.C. who are members. All are unanimous in saying that the club is the best investment they have ever made. Students interested should either write to Paul's Book Arcade, Hamilton, mentioning this publication, or see the Editor of "Salient."—A.H.S.

VERSE

Ode to a Schoolmaster

O least adventures of all living things,
Like fungus standing rooted till you rot
And end a poisonous life in stinking death,
Discused with bitterness and self-contempt,
That kills all power of passion in your heart
And leaves you dead to every touch of life,
You have no better cage than futile spite,
Nor humours but to peer at others' pain,
No pride but love of greasy flattery,
And no affection even for yourself,
Pitiful, perverse, cowardly, inert,
Afraid to live, afraid to think or speak,
Lest those who deal your wretched pillance out
Should thrust you out into that world where men
Must toil and dare to earn their daily bread,
You wreck your hatred and your fear of these
On little quivering hands that flush and swell
Beneath your savage blows and take revenge
For your self-bathing on a weeping child!

WHEN FIRST I CAME

When first I came, plain-dweller, lover
Of sunlit levels, dreaming distances
To this your city of the hills,
I loved it not,
Abrupt, forbidding, hills rose dark
above me,
Crowding out the sky;
And huddled on their savaged slopes
A thousand dingy dwellings peered
into the streets below,
Hot, and hideous with the noise
The feverish, futile business
of man.

But I have since wandered on wholy
hill-tops
Under a splendour of blue;
Blot of gold around me,
Its warm breath sweet in my face;
I have stood in the sun's benediction,
The wind's embrace,
Far, far around, the fields of heaven
lay below the blue sea waters, shimmering
Unto the utmost verge.
Oh! here have I found
Plains that are limitless,
Distances royally free!
And here, in the eye of the sun,
Alone with the endless view,
Peace has returned to me,
And freedom's quietude.

BALKED

Because some of the greatest men
took their heavy sorrow and set about
fashioning wondrous music from it—
and the poet in his hopeless grief
was able to set up mighty worded
monuments,
I thought that I having suffered hell
of pain
and soul torn into shreds,
I thought because of this
life would have tormented my heart
long enough
to writing out some utterances
worthy to blaze ever in the sight of
men—
And convinced, I set about with new
fury and hope
to mould a masterpiece (from jagged
thoughts and words)
undreamt of—to fashion beauty from
ugliness—
But I was like a poor tree
taxing on turbulent floods,
wrenched out, roots broken, useless.

In the air was the reeking smell
Of burnt fat, fried onions—
in the air was interminable sound
of jungling trains, raucous radio,
and traffic of the screaming street.
God! my heart stuck there and mocked,
listening, jeering—
I was hemmed in by some cell of noise
that had stolen loveliness from living.
I could not write . . .

By KATHARIN ROLL.

ALOES

I found you growing on a hill
And thought you like a daffodil;
You threw your gay hair back, and
then
I thought you like a cyclamen,
And falling for your horns-bolus,
Thought you like a gladiolus.

You drugged my senses and my
honour,
Poisoned like the belladonna,
Wrecked my life and drove me silly;
(Still, I thought you like a lily)
Till of wealth my little fund you
Sucked the substance like a sundew.

Now you've gone I haven't got any
Girl or gold or taste-for botany.
—H.W.G.



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April, May

Tuesdays and Fridays at 1.15p.m.

April 1.	Bach:	Sonata for solo violin, No. 1, in G minor.
	Brahms:	Sonata for violin and piano, Op. 78.
April 5.		Works for two pianos by Dvorak, Faure, Arensky and Schuett.
April 8.	Schumann:	Piano quintet in E flat major, Op. 44
		Songs.
April 12.	Mozart:	String Quartet in D.
		Quartet for oboe and strings in F.
April 22.	Haydn:	Quartet in F minor, Op. 20, No. 5.
		Symphony in D major ("Surprise").
April 26.	Mendelssohn:	Overture and incidental music to "Midsummer Night's Dream."
April 29.	Bach:	Suite for orchestra No. 3, in D major.
		Partita No. 2, in C minor.
May 3.	Beethoven:	Violin Sonata in E flat.
		Overture and excerpts from "Fidelio."
May 6.	Brahms:	Sextet for strings in B flat major, Op. 18.
		Songs.
May 10.	Saint Saens:	Carnival of Animals.
		Danse Macabre.
		Rotet d'Omphale.

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S P O R T

Tournament Approaching

Tournament is less than three weeks off. Already the tennis and basketball teams have been chosen and in our next issue we hope to be able to publish the personnel of the other five teams and to compare our prospects in each sport with those of Auckland, Canterbury and Otago. While Tournament is a stimulating experience for the personality and a time to cement friendships and enjoy oneself to the full, it is primarily a meeting of sportsmen held for the purpose of ascertaining at which College the standard of sport is highest. It therefore behoves every representative to regard Tournament from that angle chiefly and to leave no stone unturned in his endeavour to fit himself in every way for the stern contests to come. In short, Tournament representatives, concentrate your mental and physical powers on the problem, not of doing well in your event, but of **WINNING** it.

A STRONG TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team is as follows:—

MEN'S SINGLES:

1. B. M. O'Connor

2. F. H. Renouf

WOMEN'S SINGLES:

1. F. E. MacLean

2. L. Mete Klingl

MEN'S DOUBLES:

1. N. A. Morrison and H. J. Hartley

2. B. M. O'Connor and F. H. Renouf

WOMEN'S DOUBLES:

1. K. Pears and L. Mete Klingl

2. P. M. P. Edwards and M. L. Fletcher

COMBINED DOUBLES:

1. N. A. Morrison and Miss F. E. MacLean

2. H. J. Hartley and Miss P. M. P. Edwards.

Requested by "Salient" to review the players, "Forehand," well-known tennis critic for "The Dominion," comments:—

N. A. Morrison's chief fault is carelessness, or more probably lack of concentration. His strokes are well produced and his knowledge of the game sound. He is often in too great a hurry to win the point and takes the net too often on the wrong ball. His volleying and smashing are most uneven—sometimes excellent but most often uncertain. His doubles play is greatly superior to his singles play.

B. M. O'Connor is a very keen player who does his best at all times. He has improved in his game considerably in the last two seasons. He produces his strokes freely and easily and with rhythm, and uses the court well; his service is well placed. When playing he keeps his mind always on the game.

F. H. Renouf has the makings of the best player of all the Varsity team. He has splendid ideas on the game. He shows that he knows the right stroke to play in particular circumstances, and he goes always for the lines. But his strokes are too laboured, too stiffly produced. He serves far too many double faults. With his height and reach and general build, combined with free and easy hitting, he would develop into an outstanding player, for he has a wide variety of strokes, and an excellent knowledge of the tactics to be employed against a particular opponent.

H. J. Hartley is the Bitsy Grant of the team in build, and emulates that worthy in activity. There is no slacking with Hartley on the court. He is a real trier from first to last. He makes innumerable retrievals because of the speed with which he gets about the court, and he hits a hard ball, particularly in smashing. He strives to play the all-court game, although he is too often caught about mid-court for effective volleying. His service is well placed and calculated to make the opponent move to take it. He plays his strokes correctly, with due regard to footwork.

Miss Elizabeth MacLean has a game so well founded that considerable improvement is possible with more practice. She hits accurately and her footwork and court position are good. She is prone, at times, to hold her racquet too loosely, and this makes for slovenly hitting. Attention to this point alone would improve her game. She is not afraid to play for the lines.

Miss Lorna Mete Klingl has a free style but she is rather careless. She is inclined to hold her racquet too loosely and is too slow in starting after the ball. However, there is no reason why, provided she sharpens up her game in these respects, she should not develop to senior standard.

Miss Pat Edwards is very quick about the court, but her game is not aggressive enough. She is more inclined to hit down court rather than risk the side-lines. She, too, could very well learn to keep a firmer grip on her racquet, and play the ball with a locked wrist. She is inclined, too—and it is a very common fault—to let the ball fall too low before hitting it. She should have her weight going forward into the ball, especially on the backhand. This is a criticism that could be applied to all the women players in the team—there is too much playing off the back foot.

Miss Kathleen Pears plays the most studied game of the team. She strives to play all her strokes in the correct manner, and, to a large extent, succeeds. She is a very determined player who never gives in until the last point is played. She places the ball well and is not afraid to take the net to volley. Miss Marie Fletcher, I have not seen in action.

TENNIS FINALS

B. M. O'CONNOR v. F. H. RENOUF.

Once again an attempt to dethrone Ferkins at Singles Champion has failed. Renouf played well but the older man knew too much about the game. He exploited a weakness in Renouf's backhand and held his own service throughout. Renouf gave the finest display of powerful forehand driving seen on the courts for some time. Had he not nervously lost his opening service of the match, he might have won the first set, as he had no difficulty in winning the rest of his service games in that set. In the second set he missed with his first ball too much and Ferkins was able to capture his service for vital games. The splendid retrieving powers of the New Zealand Doubles champion were again much in evidence, and his service, if not so fast, was better placed than his opponent's. Ferkins won 6-4, 6-2.

MISS F. E. MACLEAN v. MISS K. PEARS.

It was fitting that Elizabeth MacLean should win the Singles title, for she has been the Club's outstanding woman player this season. In defeating Kathleen Pears 9-7, 6-4, she did not play quite so well as usual; certainly not so well as she has been playing lately at Miramar. But Kathleen Pears played coolly and well, placed her shots to advantage, and fully tested her more forceful opponent. —L.B.S.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Of most interest at the annual meeting last week was the suggestion made that the Club apply for the use of a ground on Kelburn Park. That is something for which the Club should strive, for with Kelburn Park as a home ground, the standard of hockey at Varsity would undoubtedly improve.

Officers:—
Club Captain: F. L. Newcomb.
Secretary: F. H. Walker.
Treasurer: A. J. McIntosh.
Committee: L. B. Sandford, D. E. Good, A. Dixon.

SHOOTING

Rain showers spoil conditions for shooting when practices for the Haslam Shield matches were continued last week, targets at 600 yards being hard to see. The wind, too, was troublesome, and at one time the riflemen had to aim on the outside edge of the target. Some good scores, however, were registered, three men scoring 30 out of 35.

Too much importance can be attached to application shooting in the match. Most members agree that a competitor's score is good or bad in the match according to whether he does well or badly at snap and rapid firing, since the possible for these two combined is 100 points compared with the possible for application of 75 points.

The Club will have spent four days on the range before the Tournament team is picked on 2nd April. In that time members should be able to show just what they are worth.

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT TEAM

The following are the names of the girls who will represent V.U.C. at Tournament this year.—

FORWARDS:

Erica Overton

Joy Osborn

June Withers

CENTRES:

Nora McLaren

Pixie Higgin

Rosamond Drummond

DEFENCE:

Marie Walker

Sylvia Hefford

Joan Bythell

EMERGENCIES:

Nancy Pullen

Grace Kulevton.

The team is having regular Saturday morning practices and the combination is good and is steadily improving. The understanding between the thirds is good, the ball coming out from the defence especially.

ATHLETICS

The Athletic Club, though it has not shone outstandingly in outside competition, has had a fair amount of success this season. Club meetings are held every Monday night at 5.30 p.m. on Kelburn Park, but the big day of the year will be inter-faculty on Saturday, April 2nd.

This year's meeting should bring forth form of a higher standard than that of last year, especially in the sprints. There are a number of really good sprinters keen to make the Tournament team. C. V. Adams, Provincial 100 yds. Junior Champion (in a time equalling that of the senior final), H. G. Bowyer, present V.U.C. title-holder, E. H. Miller, A. H. Gorringer, and P. M. Taylor are all capable of fast times. J. P. Eastwood, who performed well at the Wellington Provincial Championships and also ran for Wellington at the New Zealand Championships in Christchurch, and J. Sutherland, Provincial 100 yds. title-holder, can both be expected to make things hot. It is no easy matter to pick winners.

The sprints, however, will not capture all the limelight. Rumours have come through of M. H. Oran surprising even himself with the remarkable time of 1 min. 55 secs. for the 880 yds. at a recent meeting in Palmerston. This is barely outside the N.Z.U. record.

In the distances Annear, Scrymgeour and Congalton should perform well, while Irving impresses most for the hurdles.

The standard of all the field events is poor. There must be plenty of chaps at V.U.C. capable of good jumps or throws. Inter-faculty is your opportunity to come forward and lose your shyness.

Freshers take note, too, that your participation will be especially welcome. There are special races for Freshers only, but let not this deter you from entering other events as well.

TRAMPING CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the V.U.C. Tramping Club will be held on Thursday next, the 31st March.

The formal business—the election of officers, the reading of the annual report and balance sheet, will be followed by a talk by Mr. J. D. Pascoe, on "Mountaineering in the Southern Alps." This talk will be illustrated by lantern slides, and everyone interested in tramping is urged to attend.

CRICKET

If the seniors lose to Karori in the match now in progress they will occupy bottom position. They are in a fair position and steady batting should pull them through to a first innings win. McMillan is 41 not out and Harpur, who is having his most successful season since he came to Wellington, is out for 48.

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