

# Salient

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## (JUDGMENT DAY)<sup>2</sup> THE CHANGING UNIVERSITY The Village Concert

SPLENDID PRODUCTION

Since news first filtered through—well over a year ago—many of us have been guessing about "Judgment Day."

Some reports made it a world-beater. From Auckland came the hastily delivered dispatch that, like the Black Sea, it wasn't "all it's cracked up to be." We were eager on Thursday night to watch it present its credentials. Of them later.

First let us congratulate the Training College Drama Club, and Mr. Scott, on the splendid production. "Judgment Day" is a play which demands an almost professional standard both in staging and acting. It could so easily relapse into second-rate pantomime. That they succeeded so well in "putting it across" is all the evidence needed.

Mr. Cowan's set was brilliantly conceived and executed. (He should patent his coat-of-arms just in case New Zealand ever goes Fascist.) If of nothing else, the State Government could be proud of the interior design of its Palace of Justice.

### IN HIGH RELIEF.

And now for the cast of 31.

Singled out for special mention:—

Cecil O'Halloran  
Margaret Lawson  
Margaret Freeman  
Guy Bliss  
J. McCreary  
D. Feeny  
E. Latham  
K. R. Hutcheson.

The play was a triumph and a gesture between Cecil O'Halloran and Guy Bliss, and the way in which they identified themselves with every movement of the story was outstanding. Their sustained acting had a telling effect on the audience.

High marks go to J. McCreary, who played Count Siatarski with an intelligence and emotional exactness that made his part the most memorable of the evening.

Margaret Lawson's spontaneity, Margaret Freeman's hauteur, D. Feeny's deliberateness, E. Latham's bravado, and K. Hutcheson's sincerity were also not easily forgotten.

Most of the effects were well contrived—the explosion especially. But the judges were only spot-lighted from the armpits down—after all, their faces are their most important parts, at least on the stage. And sometimes the crowd was vociferous in a trifle too realistic a way—mainly on the second night.

About the revolver. Our condolences. We know them of old. If it did nothing else it proved in a final manner that the revolver is an instrument of reaction and decay.

### GENESIS.

And now the play itself. It was, of course, based very directly on the Reichstag Fire Trial. George Khitov in the play representing George Dimitrov; General Rakovski representing General Goering; and Kurt Schneider representing Van der Lubbe.

The story of the three months' struggle at Leipzig is well known. In the words of Dimitrov: "All the corruption of German Fascism with its judges, defence attorneys, prosecuting attorney, policemen, police commissars and all other police officials was exposed at the trial."

Treated by a mind of real depth and integrity, the Reichstag Fire Trial could have been the subject of a tremendous play; instead, Elmer Rice has a flashy though highly competent melodrama. Content in the technical sense. Elmer Rice is an experienced dramatist—entrance, exit, situation, climax—everything is well lubricated.

### ST. AUDRY'S FAIR.

In structure the play was sentimental. The division between justice and oppression was made on the familiar black and white formula. Most of the characters were turned in to well-worn types—so that often they lost objectivity and ceased being human. The diction was polished: the repeated phrase, the editorial simile.

Towards the end—what with attempted suicide, bomb throwings, and bogus monks—the melodrama very

(Continued in Col. 4)

### WHAT KIND OF INSTITUTION MAY CALL ITSELF A UNIVERSITY?

Can faculties of archaeology and butter-making flourish side by side? In this article FRANK DARVALL discusses the relations between the University idea and current practice

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It is a nice question, what has been the most dangerous invention of the human race. It is very arguable that words are going to prove the most destructive. They have a habit of changing under one, as the steps of a moving stairway change, so that suddenly they are no longer steps and one trips over nothing. Our incurable habit of charging our intellectual fences encourages words in their perversity. We rush on in defence of a theory when all that has been challenged is our definition of a word. The plague of "isms" bids fair to be more dangerous than cancer. We forget that words are symbols and that symbols may be misused, misunderstood, or not understood at all. Words are as unstable a vehicle for our ideas as veal is an uncertain meat for travellers on the Continent. And most unstable of all vehicles is the word "University."

### WHERE IS CULTURE?

What is a University? Is it a centre of intellectual life? It was in the middle ages, in the first fine flush which created the University alongside the cathedral as the twin embodiment of the spirit of the age, in Paris, in Oxford, in Seville, in Padua. It is, perhaps, to-day in Prague, as it was in the days of Charles V, when Bohemia held out the lamp of learning to the Slav shadow in the east. But it was not in the 18th century Oxford or 19th century Harvard, and is not in many places throughout Europe and America to-day.

If Cambridge is a University, what is Columbia with its 30,000 students pouring tumultuously in and out of its great lecture rooms as the crowds

of provincial Universities there is diversity, well understood. But there are more than two types. Amongst the "pro-Sleepy, theological Durham in its grim mediaeval castle would wish to multiply its 100 years to mark its difference from later, cruder, southern upstarts. London, proud also of its century, forgets that it is not a University, but many other things and possibly one or two Universities, as we use the term to-day. Beyond these two, the new aristocracy, there is still diversity. The great industrial Universities, with a student population drawn by suburban trains from a thousand scattered homes, with great technical faculties, with an obvious local character, differ profoundly from the smaller Universities in county towns which, having no local population, have to be residential and strive to be national. Reading is neither Oxford nor is it Manchester. A University in Exeter will never be like one in London, but it will equally never be like Cambridge.

### MONK v. ECONOMIST.

Always one must return to London. London has as yet no personality. It is not one, but 48. It has hardly yet the external symbols of unity. It does not yet quite know if it is nobler to be the University of London or the University of everyone. In the Empire who goes to no other University. Its Colleges are very different from, and often very jealous of, one another. University College is, as truly as anything north of Cambridge, a University. So I suppose is King's. The London School of Economics, the most alive College in the land, is unique and indescribable. The wo-

men's Colleges, aristocratic islands midway between one century and the next, preserve a rather aloof femininity. There are Colleges with only day students, and Colleges like Birkbeck with only night. There are Colleges with every faculty and Colleges like Wye with only one. And over them all, like a hen brooding over her chicks, the University crest and the University idea.

### POULTRY AND THE POET.

Our Universities differ so profoundly from one another. Even where the type is the same, the local imprint is so clear that the character of the institution must be different. How can a University in Manchester escape, the character of Manchester? But the University is not a unity within itself. We think of the University student as a person spending three or four leisurely years in intellectual work. Even if we allow that a course in some small section of a technically fulfils that condition, what are we to say of people who come to a University for four weeks to study butter-making, or for ten for poultry-keeping, or for six months for agricultural practice, or for a year for domestic science, or for two years for the principles of commerce? There are schools of art, there are commercial institutes, there are instructional schools, there are professional schools of every kind and utilitarian instructors of every grade, inside Universities as well as outside. Institutions that we should not dream of calling Universities exist inside, are integral parts of, are essential to the life of, institutions that we should not dare to call anything else. Such institutions, people taking such courses,

### HERE IS AN ARTICLE WORTH READING

## Universities Cover the World!

DON'T MISS IT

of New York's typists pour in and out of their offices? America likes to confine the word University to a place which has a Graduate School, though it has not a complete success in its limitation. But its 18,000 men and women in graduate school differ as much from the English conception of University as does the little college with its 800 boys and girls doing Liberal Arts. All English and American types differ from the Continental "technical high school" as that differs from the complete University with its bearded Doctors of Philosophy to be. I presume, though I do not know, that all these western types shade away into incompatibilities as one goes East (except in so far as the Eastern University is but an artificial importation from the West).

### BUSINESS AND THEOLOGY.

Differences in space are not so misleading as differences in time. Shanghai and Sheffield can both be called Universities without it being necessary to wear intellectual pigtail in the latter place. There is no need, and I hope no attempt, to force on Kiev the organisation of Kalamazoo. But it is otherwise with time. We associate with the word University a cloistered calm, undisturbed by any noise other than the rattle of an occasional cart across the cobble stones, and reverend scholars giving lectures on logic, mathematics and theology in the sunlight that slants in from the gothic window near the roof. We try to fit that dress on to the modern industrial University with its restless noise, its clatter of perpetual back-firing, its "big business" council, its town hall-like facade, and its technology and education.

There are in England (Scotland has of course a quite different educational system of its own) generally recognised to be two types of University—the old and the new—Oxford and Cambridge and the "provincial" University. The difference between them is recognised, has to be recognised, and its externals are tolerably

constitute a great part of the activity of what we are pleased to call "the University world." I do not deny the excellence of such things. It is admirable to learn how to make butter, and I am perpetually grateful to the housewives of the world; but I do deny that these things fit into the picture that I have of a University.

### PLUS C.A. CHANGE. . .

This diversity of type in the University world is probably well recognised nominally, but it does not seem to be accepted as a basis of thought upon University matters. We still accept the standards of Oxford and Cambridge in the last century and use them to judge the very different types of institution to which we have since given the same name. We recognise that technical necessities require us to develop new courses and live under rather different conditions, but we do it grudgingly as if we were departing from the decor of the old. We still strive after the traditional technique, the lectures and examinations, the monkish conduct, the scholastic habits of thought, are good for the old and for the new, for the artist and the engineer, for Leeds and for Exeter. We assume also that Unions, Presidents, debates and magazines, must be the central features of student life in all these different types of institution. We accept everywhere the old ideal of the student life. Even where the University has put on the clothes of the town, the student will retain the gown of the student. We may find it difficult to foster the gentler arts in the newer and harsher atmosphere, but we organise them and make up societies for their encouragement. We assume that this is good. Flowers have grown in Cambridge, then flowers shall grow in Leeds. We are all Universities, University students have societies. University societies are concerned with talking and writing and acting and running things, then we must run things, and talk, and have societies and be really University

There are twenty odd institutions in England which think of themselves as Universities, and to some extent each ought to think of itself as different and evolve different standards, a different objective, a different organisation. Each of these twenty institutions has developed functions and absorbed people which would have had no place in the old University, which have only a fortuitous association with the other functions and people at their side, and which should be regarded as having different problems, should be regarded in some cases as unassimilable. A teachers' training college or a technical school in a University may differ very little from one outside, may have no more real connection with the other activities in the same University. It is a mistake to expect of its members enthusiasm for the things which are proper, or were proper, to those who are really members of the University in the old sense.

And then the world has changed.

(Continued from Col. 1)

nearly became pantomime—and any personal identification with the plot was foregone in the interests of self-respect. The staginess and the make-believe broke through. One began to think of Robin Hood and grease paint.

Even though Elmer Rice sacrificed truth for melodrama—he could have avoided such a heavy poultice.

Still, it was well worth the seeing; understandable and entertaining. —J.D.F.

### HIGH JINKS IN THE OLD BARN

There was a delightful air of spontaneity about the Glee Club Concert presented in the Gym. last Friday. Had the Club set out to satirise the traditional Village Concert it could scarcely have done better; if Mr. Christensen had been dressed as a Vicar the illusion would have been complete. A standard of singing seldom attained to in rural areas, however, constantly reminded us that we were still in the Gym.

It is only fair that the report should commence with a tribute to the conductor, Mr. Denzil A. S. Ward. The work of the choir showed a marked improvement on last year's effort, especially in the female department. It was obvious that Mr. Ward has spent a great deal of time and trouble in training the choir, which consisted in the main of somewhat intractable material.

I suppose it is the task of a conductor in such cases to convert a number of mediocre voices into a pleasing and harmonious whole, and in this Mr. Ward certainly succeeded admirably. Despite a marked weakness in the male section, a conspicuous absence of basses, and a few errors in timing, the effect was, on the whole, excellent.

One small point—could the singers either learn their songs by heart or be provided with a sufficient number of scripts? It was very annoying to see singers looking over their companions' shoulders all the time.

### STAR PERFORMANCE.

Laurels for the best individual performance of the evening undoubtedly go to Mr. Christensen, whose name was, owing no doubt to a typographical error, omitted from the programme. Various addresses were given by Mr. Christensen through the evening, from several different parts of the hall and in a number of different attitudes. With his lower portions enveloped in the somewhat unruly curtain, Derek's bust announced the items and corrected the mistakes in the programme; and his delightful up-and-down, Jack-in-the-box movements during the Glee Club songs were a joy to behold.

The Club is to be congratulated on its enterprise in obtaining the services of Mr. Lawrence Tibbet, complete with moustache, who gave a short lecture on Turkey, and then sang "Largo al Factotum" from "The Barber of Seville," in his usual rich and finely modulated baritone, though in a slightly slower tempo than usual. Owing to an error in the programme the singer's name was put down as Martin Liddle.

After a bright opening chorus, followed by Dvorak's beautiful "Slavonic Cradle Song" (one of the best items of the evening, by the way), speculation was rife as to the nature of item number 2, which was stated on the programme to be a "Comet Duo," entitled "Ida and Dot." Of course, we expected something like Elsie and Doris Waters, and were rather disappointed to see two youths, dressed exactly alike, playing cornets with a bored expression and in a very constrained attitude.

### INCREASED APPLAUSE.

From this time on the audience's applause increased considerably, the stamping of feet at the end of each item being very loud and prolonged. The artists, of course, politely responded with encores, but we think that the coldness of the atmosphere as well as the audience's appreciation of their efforts, was perhaps responsible.

The unaccompanied duet, "Sweet and Low," was not good, and two artists of a much higher standard who followed were a welcome relief.

J. Sutherland played two intricate piano-accordeon solos with an amazing deftness of touch, and Mrs. Denzil Ward sang a Schumann song and an encore very sweetly.

An ancient but well-delivered monologue—the "Inevitable" Monty—was performed by a red-haired stranger, Mr. Nat Beatus, who in the second half perpetrated another equally ancient "Borram" speech.

We really did like "The Little Sandman." This lovely little Brahms (Continued on Page 4)

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easily have been describing some of the things obtainable at

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## THE DANGER OF INTELLIGENCE

Increasing emphasis is being placed on education in the modern civilized world. Leading educational authorities advocate the adoption of a wider knowledge course, the development of free discussion, and the discarding of the old stereotyped vehicle that runs in the ruts of yesterday. Children are becoming more cosmopolitan in their views; they are seeing life from new angles through new windows of knowledge. There is an appeal to reason rather than force. The old schoolmaster bogey of the cane slave driver is becoming a thing of the past. The true wealth of the world's knowledge is being placed within their grasp by improvements in accessibility to books, to leading current opinions. The universal medium of the radio has provided youth with a new era in music, in drama, and the spoken word. The cinema has shown them the luxuries of civilization, provided an amazing welter of emotional fodder, has introduced fresh ideas of using life. There are few children to-day that will not go to any lengths to obtain a few pennies to attend the Saturday afternoon matinee. Variety and excitement are essential features in the mental makeup of the modern youth.

But where is this development of intelligence leading? Is it creating dangerous desires in the young mind? Is it detrimental or beneficial? The fate of these questions lies in a consideration of possible effects of new education.

Political conditions change rapidly. So rapidly, in fact, that before one party can consolidate its constructive works, another appears and grasps the reins of government and either destroys or has a retarding influence on these works. The searching and enquiring spirit of knowledge has always outstripped concrete social reform. Increased social amenities are slow to materialise because although the average man may voice opinions ad lib he thinks twice before dipping his hand into his pocket. Hence there is always a gap between the want and the actual realisation of that want. This time lag between education and social reform appears to me to be highly dangerous. Educational methods are aimed, or rather should be aimed, at elevating taste and desire, together with the provision of some means whereby the individual can earn his living. Now, if you feed a dog on milk and water he will remain passive and docile, but give him raw meat and he will change and become active and will bite you if you don't give him exercise. Although this analogy may not be strictly accurate, a similar case is found in modern youth. New education creates a desire for better social amenities and if the desire of the mass is not sated, in the short run, community life attains a dangerous point. Desire exceeds reason and a social upheaval may result.

Sir Herbert Samuel, speaking of "Wars of Ideas," expresses a similar view. "A mixture of misery and education is highly explosive. If the people are ignorant as well as wretched, they are likely to be apathetic, or if they become turbulent they will certainly be ineffective. But the proletariat that suffers and has some measure of education, which believes it knows of some possible way of escape, may be formidable. The hardships suffered by tens of millions of people in the campaigns of the Great War, and during the depression that followed it, in an age when vast numbers of men and women have learned something at least of what the social system is, and their own place in it, these factors have brought Europe into a dangerously explosive condition. Add to this that, for more than 100 years the discoveries of science have been steadily undermining the old religious orthodoxies, that the ecclesiastical supports of the old way of thought have been gradually weakening, that in some countries clericalism has tried to invoke supernatural authority to defend political and economic systems which the masses of people regard as hostile to their progress, so arousing anger and resentment, add all this and flash point is near."

Unemployed youth, especially the unemployed student, has an infinite capacity for responding to idealistic appeals. The utilisation of a dissatisfied youth mass, which is ready to sacrifice itself to any cause that envisages a change in current conditions, can become a formidable enemy of free institutions and a powerful ally of dictatorships.

Education can become a potent intoxicant if communal conditions do not measure up to the standards it demands. The importance of this fact can be found by observation of the methods used in some European countries, namely those of strict regulation of universities and party education. The conclusion to be drawn therefore is that in a "free" country the prudent statesman will endeavour to maintain an equilibrium between educational progress and social reform, and make every effort to lessen the true lag between the two. Neglect to do so is fatal, and the constructive work of a decade may be lost in a morass of reaction.

—M.L.B.

### Gramophone Recitals

In future recitals will be held on  
Monday evenings at 8 p.m. in B.2, and  
on Fridays as hitherto in the Library  
at 1.15 p.m.

Friday, Aug. 5—Mozart: Pianoforte  
Concerto in D minor.

Monday, Aug. 8—Wagner: Tristan  
and Isolde, Act I.

Friday, August 12—Mendelssohn:  
"Italian" Symphony in A major.  
Overture to "Midsummer Night's  
Dream."

Monday, Aug. 15—Schubert: Octet in  
F major, Op. 166.

Each: Brandenburg Concerto No. 5  
in D major.

Friday, August 19—Tchakowsky:  
Violin Concerto in D major.

Whatever may be said against the  
present age it is certain the age of  
good advice.—Ivor Brown.

If you live in the land of Milk and  
Honey you'll probably get kicked by a  
cow, or stung by a bee.

### South African Students Show the Way

(Press Bureau News Special.)

An interesting and recent develop-  
ment in South African Universities  
has been the extension of the activi-  
ties of the various University Depart-  
ments of Social Science.

Students in the Social Science fac-  
ulty are doing excellent work  
throughout the country in investigat-  
ing and studying at first hand some  
of the most complicated and urgent  
social problems as part of their practical  
work.

What many observers of our New  
Zealand University deprecate is the  
fact that our students tend to isolate  
themselves in their University centre,  
and cut themselves adrift from the  
perhaps more practical, more realistic  
outer world.

That our Sociology and Political  
Science Students should link the Uni-  
versities with what might be the harsh  
realities, but nevertheless existing  
realities, cannot be denied.

Sport: The unspeakable in pursuit of  
the inedible.—Oscar Wilde.

## THE JUDAS

There is no place where I may go  
And rest like other men,  
When bitter winter winds are here,  
And darkness comes again,  
When Spring and Summer's gladness  
goes  
And Autumn's peace is gone,  
There is no heart will think of me  
When I'm alone.

One law there is of man and God  
That binds the earth and sun;  
One law of love for everything,  
All laws that are but one.  
And who may sell his friend for  
drink,  
Or pawn his heart for gold,  
Will be alone when winter's by,  
Alone and old.

For men will drink with anyone,  
And with their lips they jest,  
But men will love within their hearts  
As God has shown them best,  
And men will read another's tale,  
Or sense a murdered friend,  
And shut and bar their doors and  
hearts  
Toward the end.

And some will whore their wives for  
drink,  
Or kill a foe in fear,  
And there's no sin in body lust,  
Or shame in sword and spear,  
But who'd betray another's love,  
And sell a heart for gold,  
Will find no friend when winter's by  
And he is old.

—LEON COAD.

## VOLTAIRE

once said:

"If I had a  
son who wanted  
to write,  
I should wring  
his neck  
out of sheer  
paternal affection"

but—

Voltaire's been  
rotting in his grave  
these many years.

So

don't be afraid.

WRITE

FOR

"SPIKE"

## AL CAPONE COMES OUT FOR TRUTH AND BEAUTY

"Bolshevism is knocking at our  
gates. We cannot afford to let it in.  
We have to organise ourselves against  
it, and put our shoulders together  
and hold fast. We must keep America  
whole and safe and unspoiled. We  
must keep the workers away from  
red literature and red ruses. We must  
see that his mind remains healthy."

—Al Capone.

## EQUALITY

The law in its majestic equality  
forbids the rich as well as the poor  
to sleep under bridges, to beg in the  
streets and to steal bread.—Anatole  
France.

It is only by inventing rules about  
it which can be broken, it is only by  
investing it with an almost super-  
natural importance, that love can be  
made interesting.—Aldous Huxley.

Opening the morning paper is part  
of a social act; if we never do more  
for the community than that, at least  
we have betrayed some concern for its  
welfare.—H. M. Tomlinson.

Indoor games that are popular with  
members of the Indian Hockey team  
are Table Tennis and Badminton. No  
finer game for keeping fit could be  
found than badminton, and if you  
play Table Tennis the Hungarian way,  
that game, too, will make exacting  
demands on your stamina.

## ROYAL AIR FORCE

—Deluge of New Zealand Applications. (News Placards.)

"I'd like to be an airman," said little Johnny Brown:  
"I'd like to shoot a German, and to watch him falling down. . . . I'd like to have a 'Circus' (he was born to be a clown—  
Though I am sure he doesn't know it!)—  
Little Johnny Brown.

"I'd like to be a 'bird-man' . . . (their sweet an engine sings: They're better'n canaries, an' nightingales an' things!)  
I'd feel just like an angel, sprouting aluminium wings . . .  
Though I think I'd join the Force just for the uniform it brings."  
Said Little Johnny Brown.

"I'd like to be a flying 'Ace': to stick the Cards of Fate  
At six miles to the minute—or perhaps a greater rate . . .  
"I'd like to be an eagle . . ." (Can't you see the eagles mate  
Laying little rounded irons for the glory of the state?)  
"I'd like to be a hero, and to be among the great."  
Said Little Johnny Brown.

"I'd like to be 'A' Pilot, with a joy-stick in my hand:  
I'd like to soar the heavens—I am sure it must be grand  
To feel myself above it: it's no stuffy on the land . . .  
And if I learnt to play the trombone, I might get into the Band!"  
Said Little Johnny Brown.

"I'd like to be an airman," little Johnny still affirms:  
"I'd like to fool the other lads with aeronautic terms. . . ."

(And it seems I am the only one who—like a sissy—squirms  
At the thought of Little Johnny as the Heritage of Worms.)  
—ANTON VOGT.

## RED ARMY SONG

From the Film  
"China Strikes Back"

Brothers, it is midsummer, the hours are still warm,  
And the fields are gathered in the North.  
I remember our life, the shining grain in the sunlight,  
The dogs in our villages quarrelling far off.  
The dogs are silent, greedy and fat in the ruins.

The village is dead in the summer sunlight.  
The crop is gathered in the black barns, the crop of ashes;  
The fruits of death lie on the endless road.

We have no honies, the Japanese stand on Manchuria,  
The men without mouths, that speak out of guns.  
Where their voice is heard, there are many peasants already dead.  
With words and tears we assailed the enemy.  
The Japanese, the locusts with human faces.

Brothers, the wind as we fled was bitter with smoke.  
Scattered are the families, the children without care,  
The homeless people scattered like leaves,  
The children like dead leaves on the freezing stream.

I have heard that many are locked in the Japanese mills.  
Where are you, O younger sister, where are you?  
The families work in slavery.  
Hunger mays them—hunger makes them weak.

Stand up, brothers, do not stoop.  
As you bend the Japanese climb on your backs.  
Stand up, look, a lion rears in the sky.  
It is me flying.  
Look up, I am armed.  
My hands are friends to the rifle.

Look up, brothers and sisters,  
I am coming with planes to defend you.

## ON LITERACY

We are glad to learn that such an energetic interest in being taken in "SPIKE".

"Spike" has a long and distinguished tradition behind it.  
The students of 1938 are soon to take their place in that tradition.  
Let us make sure that we are worthily represented.

Every self-respecting and literate student should accept this responsibility.

Whatever you do don't forget to write for "Spike".

## CONTINENTAL COCKTAIL

Here is a story to please everyone—the elite, the gossips, the low-brows, the "serious students of world affairs." Max Brown (V.U.C. and Oxford) wrote it. His pen is facile as of yore.

Peter and Wendy Haus, Hirscheegg, bei Oberstdorf, in Allgäu, Germany,

March 27th.  
This address looks rather complicated but it is our skiling hut (euphemistically called "chalet") up the side of the Henberg (a mountain) and it is even more complicated as one never knows whether it is in Austria or Germany (particularly now they are joined). Actually we are across the official boundary and in Austria, but the official boundary is so impossible for administrative purposes that the Germans administer this valley and the customs and administrative boundary is further up (it rather shows up the brilliant boundary drawing at Versailles), yet you buy Austrian stamps, and (worse luck) pay Austrian postage rates on letters. We came out here just a day or two after Hitler had marched into Austria and found the Germans very excited about it and pleasantly amazed that there had not been more violent opposition from England. Despite Hitler's message to Mussolini assuring him that he had no designs on the South Tyrol, there were many excited rumours flying round that Mussolini was going to give them back the South Tyrol: the individual Ger-

from Dover to London, where you sink into nice soft cushions that spare the bruises of skiling and attempting to sleep on hard boards. Both going out and coming back we spent the night in the train between Köln and about Ulm or later. Very few got any sleep: the most comfortable place in the train is easily the luggage rack: not being an old campaigner I wasn't quick enough to grab a luggage rack on the way out and so spent the night on the floor as being, if anything, slightly preferable to a seat. However, on the way back I made certain of a luggage rack and by dint of a certain amount of padding got several hours' sleep. The party was very jolly: we learned a lot of German songs and there were several well-trained voices who did some part-singing one or two nights, and we had many thoroughly good evenings playing various sorts of games, old dances, modern dances, everything, even Sir Roger de Coverley for the benefit of some German spectators. Several of them could play instruments, concertinas, mouth organs, pipes, etc. That is one particularly strong contrast between New Zealand students and English ones, that the English have far more varied attainments in these odd little ways.  
For the first ten days we had absolutely solid sunshine, bright, burning



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mans are far from regarding the Brenner as a natural boundary: the South Tyrol they still call a "bleeding sore."

### PROPAGANDA.

This place, I am told, is usually full of English people, but they have been frightened away this year by the march into Austria and so we are surrounded by Germans, but very pleasant skiling Germans. Very now and again German bombers zoom overhead, and troops of Hitler filched march in formation up the valley singing songs. Even in this over-civilised mountain valley if you visit one of the local villages you frequently hear a loudspeaker blaring out at the local population. Sometimes it is just a speech from Berlin, sometimes it is a travelling van from Berlin advertising X's sunburn cream.

Back in London again before I could finish this off, and the mail leaves to-morrow.

### FROM LONDON.

It has been a marvellous holiday. Twenty-four hours' (continuous) travelling to get from there to London is not exactly comfortable, especially when you spend some 18 of these hours on the hard wooden benches that Germans seem to think good enough for seats. You have no idea what absolute luxury it seems to get on to the southern railway sunshine. My nose of course peeled at once and my face is as dark as it has ever been. The difficult thing about skiling is turning, for on the steeper slopes you have to twist and turn about to keep your speed under control at all; however, I picked up rather shakily one or two versions of stem and christie turns

though I still fall over with them as often as they come off. It seems jolly funny at first on skis; they run about all over the place and you can't stop them however much you concentrate on them; then later, doing turns, you are taught to do everything with your shoulders and hips and forget about the skis altogether—look after the shoulders and the skis look after themselves sort of idon.

### SKING.

On the fine days we would either practice on the slopes near the hut in the morning, eat, and then go for a ski down to one of the villages in the valley, tea and dance, and then walk back for dinner—or go for a tour on ski to one of the neighbouring vantage points, carrying our ski up if the ways were steep, picnic, lunch, and then running down. It was absolutely ideal; it is a marvellous position when you just put your ski on at the hut and ski right down over very different types of slopes, first steep, then long and even, practically right on to the village main street.

The last four days it snowed practically continuously. We stayed in side for a while, but when it became lighter we did a bit in the soft powdery snow, which is completely different to ski on, but all good experience I suppose. Now back in London, and I must get some thesis done.

I suppose it was a fairly historic time to be right on the border of Germany and Austria (two days after Hitler's march) and the Germans were fairly (not hilariously) excited, but we were too busy skiling to do much about it.



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## S P O R T Second Hockey Test INTERESTING BUT NOT SPECTACULAR

### WIN FOR VICTORIA

The annual match against Canterbury College resulted in a win for Victoria by 27 points to 8. In spite of rain and the heavy ground, play was very bright and open, both sets of backs throwing the ball around and handling well. Except for a period at the beginning of the second spell, the Victoria forwards were in the ascendancy and secured by far the greater share of the ball in set scrums and line-outs. Altogether, the Victoria team played one of its best games of the season.

McNicol, Thomas and Hansen were again a very efficient front row, and also played with plenty of dash in the loose and the rucks. Meads was one of the hardest toilers on the ground and played a very fine game, especially in the tight work and the line-out. Russell also shone in the line-outs, and was very lively in the loose; he goes better in each game.

The backs turned on bright passing movements and all handled well. Larkin, at half, had a feast of the ball from the forwards and gave good service to the backs. From a scrum near the line, he slipped over for a nice try. Wild and Bryers used their speed to give the attack thrust and made the openings for many of the movements. Bryers was again very solid on defence. The three-quarters, Eastwood, Tricklebank and O'Regan, were fast and ran strongly. Eastwood's two tries were fine efforts. The first resulted from a blind side dash by Wild, and the second came at the end of a chain passing movement. Tricklebank slipping through at centre and handing on to Eastwood, who ran over at the corner just as he was tackled. O'Regan did not see as much ball as Eastwood, but gave everything a go, and scored one try by picking up neatly after the forwards had dribbled the ball to the line. Buddie, in a new role as full-back, was very sound in his handling and kicking.

### LOCAL RUGBY

On Saturday, against Athletic, the Seniors did not play as consistently good football as against Canterbury College last Wednesday. They started off quite brightly and ran up a lead of 13 points, then slipped badly and allowed Athletic to equalise. Two converted tries towards the end of the game gave Varsity a win 23-13, but it was a patchy performance.

The forwards were rather sluggish and, in the scrums, failed to break even for possession of the ball. Hansen played a very good game and was the best of the forwards. Russell was conspicuous in the loose rushes, and Eade's game was an improvement on his recent performances.

The backs were not impressive in combined movements, but made occasional bright bursts individually. Eastwood was right on form and made some good runs down the line. Wild made a brilliant cut-in early in the game, but thereafter appeared to run into a trap prepared by Athletic, and was caught in possession. However, he made several good dashes round the blind side in conjunction with Eastwood. Tricklebank also made several good runs. Kiesel, apart from one lapse—a tackle missed under the posts—played a good game. He kicked very well, converting four of the five tries scored.

### JUNIOR B.

Mention should be made of the first win to go to the credit of the Junior B (Social) team. On Saturday they defeated Ponoka 13-0, their previous best being two drawn games. Sheehan, half-back, scored a fine try with a tricky run from a scrum on the 25 yards line. Wills, who hooked well, scored from a line-out, and R. Jeffs ran over to score from a combined movement among the backs. J. Jeffs converted two of the tries. Tossman kept well in the forwards, particularly in the loose.

### TABLE TENNIS

A Table Tennis Championship Tournament is now in progress. There are five events consisting of Ladies' Singles and Doubles, Men's Singles and Doubles, and Combined Doubles. Good entries have been received for all events, and the games are being keenly contested.

A Table Tennis Ladder will be started immediately, and the committee hope that this will give them some idea of the respective merits of the players.

A match against Training College has been arranged, and will be played early in the Third Term, two or three teams from each College competing.

The V.U.C. players are very keen, and both tables are in use every night during the week, and quite often in the week-ends.

### BASKETBALL N.Z. v. WELLINGTON

The Victoria College patrons of the game at the Town Hall on Saturday between the New Zealand basketball team for Australia and the Wellington Representative team saw the unexpected occur. Outplaying the All Blacks in every department of the game, the local lasses trounced them to the tune of 22 to 13. For no more than five minutes did Wellington lose complete command of the game. Especially in the forward third did they give an exhibition of speed and combination that augurs well for the Timaru Tournament this month.

Leading 3-2 after five minutes the Blacks seemed to be superior, as would naturally be expected. The N.Z.C. Blue, Meg Matangi, who captains the New Zealand team, appeared to have the edge on Wellington. But then a change came about. Wellington rapidly ran to a 10-3 lead! Our own Janet Grainger, captain of Wellington, showed up to great advantage and the other V.U.C. player, Marie Walker, was doing her share in keeping the New Zealand forwards away from the goal. A change of position of two girls somewhat strengthened New Zealand, and the spell finished 11-7.

The second spell was a repetition of the first except that Wellington increased its lead by five more goals.

### DEFENCE PLUS SPEED.

The whole game was a lesson in the essential factors of good Basketball. Based on sound defence and having greater speed, the Wellington girls had to win. Fancy touches such as jumping spectacularly after receiving the ball and odd flashes of brilliant individual efforts can never make a team really successful. The basic ability to stick to the girl in defence was illustrated by Wellington, whereas the occasional speedy intercept was more typical of New Zealand. Again, the local team was faster through the centres and between thirds. There was some hold-up on one wing of the Wellington forwards that made us wonder if Erlee Overton would not be an aid, but only further trials and the hard games in Timaru will determine the final best nine.

Certainly the New Zealand team will have to get more practice together and concentrate on becoming a well-knit unit rather than a collection of very brilliant girls. In the forward third they have shooting ability, but lack real combination. This will come, and we confidently hope that they will meet with considerable success in the Australian Tournament. The team leaves on Thursday. Kin Ora!

### V.U.C. v. W.E.O.G.

On Saturday next those interested in seeing first-class basketball will have an opportunity when Victoria meets Wellington East Old Girls at Mount Cook School. In the first round the Greens went down 27-23 in a spectacular game. They are expected to turn the tables this week. "Salient" will be there hoping so, anyway. The Greens are practising against the New Zealand team this week and may benefit considerably. Good luck, Victoria!

### (Per N.Z.U. Press Bureau.)

At the annual meeting of the New Zealand Universities' Hockey Council, Mr. A. W. Sutherland (Otago) occupied the chair.

The report and balance-sheet were adopted without discussion.

After a discussion on the question of the position arising when two teams were level at the conclusion of a tournament, it was decided that, in such an event, the teams concerned should play off. If a draw resulted no extra time should be played, but the colleges should hold the trophy for six months each.

Appreciation was expressed at the success attending Otago's efforts to arrange a match between the Universities' team and the touring Indian team.

It was decided that the Otago B team should be allowed to compete officially in the tournament, but without creating a precedent in this connection.

### MANAVARDAR INDIANS 4, N.Z. 0.

The New Zealand team showed greatly improved form on their showing in Christchurch; in fact, one of the Indians did not recognise Hart the goal-keeper as the same man he had played against in Christchurch the week before. The same applied to the remainder of the team, who showed that they had overcome their nervousness of the First Test.

In neither side were there any particularly outstanding players, all working together with no playing to the gallery. The New Zealand side used the push stroke to advantage, but, unfortunately, that great weakness of New Zealand hockey—hitting the ball to one of the opponents instead of taking more care with placing their passes. This, indeed, was the great fault of the team; their stickwork, positional play (especially in the second spell), and combination were good, although not up to the visitors' standard. The Indian forwards do not wait for the ball to come to them from their backs, but move about until they are opposite an opening in the opposing defence through which they can see their own players.

### PENALTIES NUMEROUS.

As far as penalties were concerned, these were numerous, in equal proportion on both sides, but with a somewhat greasy ground breaches are always likely. It was noticeable that even the Indians are capable of occasional mild body-play and are inclined to give any breach when pressed in the circle in order to prevent a score, by having a penalty corner given against them. A penalty bully was given in each spell against the New Zealand team, Hart winning his and Clark losing, thus making the score 4-0.

On the New Zealand side, the two University players, Botting (Otago) and "Scotty" Watson (Auckland) acquitted themselves with distinction. Of the others, Hart, as goal-keeper, was brilliant, as the goals he let through were very difficult shots, but it is doubtful if he is any better than Les Hercules, the Otago University goalie, who gave such a fine display against the Indians a week or two ago. The two full-backs, Jones and Clark, played well, keeping contact with their halves and not, as with the backs on the occasion of the Wellington debacle, keeping to the edge of the circle all the time. Loder, at centre-half, was outstanding, while W. Bowden, at right-half, by heady tackling, kept Fernandez and Sultan Khan from becoming brilliant. There were no shining lights in the forwards and the forward line was the weakest part of the team. The local forward, Maurie Browne, was a great worker, but, as with the others, too often did his passes go on to one of the opposition's pads.

### THE INDIANS.

For the Indians, the centre-forward and inside-right were most dangerous. With Feroz Khan a non-starter through injuries and Sultan Khan nursing an injured leg, they were not so brilliant as when in Wellington before or against the Universities' side in Dunedin.

Shahoor Khan, at centre-half, together with the full-backs, Hussain and Gurannin Singh, were the mainstays of the defence. Unfortunately, towards the end of the game Hussain slipped and sprained his ankle badly, which means that the team now has three of its stars partly disabled through injuries.

It is the definite opinion of those in a position to judge that this Indian team is definitely superior as a team to the 1935 one. Lacking a Ruph Singh, a Dyan Chand and a Mahsoud, the team becomes a team of eleven men which always requires watching, and not three or four. Unless the side has particularly bad luck it is most unlikely that they will be beaten in New Zealand, and the fact that only eight goals have been scored against them gives an indication of their quality.

From the "Auckland Weekly News":—"There is a Second Division wing-three-quarter in Wellington who would probably develop into something really good if given a chance in representative company. He is H. J. Eastwood, of Victoria College. He has pace to burn—a crack, track runner, he is probably the fastest three-quarter in New Zealand to-day—a good swerve, and perhaps what is more important, he gives everything a go. There is no hesitation about Eastwood. He smashes through attempted tackles. But he has one dangerous habit. He frequently hurls opponents, and, if he persists, he is only asking for trouble."

### HOCKEY

The Senior B1 team have been unfortunate in being unable to keep its members together week by week, chiefly through sickness and the fact that the Senior A draws on it when necessary. This was particularly the case on Saturday last, when we found we were four short; luckily we were able to draw on the Thirds for three players, but the team-work suffered as a consequence. Two members who had advised that they would be available failed to appear, with the result that three of the Thirds played a second game. They did well, particularly O'Donnell and Bowyer.

Allan, in goal, returned after sickness, was unreliable, but made some good saves. MacMurray was a tower of strength at left full-back, particularly in the second spell. Dale played well in patches, but should vary his play more. The left-half played a sound game, but generally the half line lacked strength and often failed to keep contact with the forwards. Long and Bryan played well, although up against superior players. Both are keen and are conspicuous in fast following up. With more accuracy Bryan would have scored on several occasions. Topp played a much improved game, but must further improve his positional play.

The score 10-0 against us was a fair indication of the run of play. Wellington were sound on defence and attack, although in the second spell Varsity looked like scoring on several occasions, but the movements always seemed to break down in the circle. The ground was heavy and badly cut up. This made accurate hitting difficult and flick shots almost impossible.

Varsity lacked cohesion and understanding and will continue to do so if it fails to keep its team together. Members of Senior B1, take this to heart!

—I.E.A.

In sport, what ball travels the fastest? Probably a golf ball, when driven from the tee. Americans have timed tennis balls in matches to travel up to 131 miles per hour. Very fast shots in table tennis will cleave the air at speeds up to 100 miles an hour. The speed of fast deliveries by Larwood, the great English fast bowler, was computed at 90 miles per hour, and crack baseball pitchers would probably achieve that speed, too.

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