

Salient

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Glory Road

"The Anatomy of Unbelief." Such a gruesome title for a S.C.M. address led the unbeliever to expect arguments full of body and blood. But all the pagan got to chew on were a few odds and ends of viscera testifying to the eusepy of one believer.

I don't think the Rev. J. A. Linton will object to this summary of his position: "I believe in Jesus because the pleasure, strength and support I experience from belief proves His existence to me." In other words, until you are a believer, you have no grounds for belief.

If you don't know Mr. Linton, you might think my report biased. I dislike religion and to a conventional Christian I should probably be extremely unfair. But toward anyone so frank as Mr. Linton, it is impossible to be unfair. I maintain religious belief is utterly unscientific and logically groundless and so does he.

BEING GOT HOLD OF

"Once Christ has got hold of you, he said, "you have to look at everything, including unbelief, from an entirely new angle—from the Christian point of view."

Primarily, Christianity is not a system of beliefs, a world view, or a code of morals. It involves these, but primarily it is an experienced personal relationship between Man and God.

The mistake of agnostics, in requiring proof of God's existence lies in the fact that God is not an object, but a personality. We can observe and study objects externally, but before we know anything about a personality, it must be revealed to us. People are partly objects and partly personality, but God is outside the world of objects. We cannot prove His personality—it must be revealed. In Christianity we have that revelation of God without which it is impossible to know Him. We must give ourselves to God as He gives Himself to us. Once this fellowship is established, Christian convictions begin.

"We cannot blame agnostics for not accepting the tenets of the Christian faith, because they have not experienced this fellowship. In this case, scepticism is the only honest attitude."

GOD AND DR. STOPES

"What causes this lack of fellowship between God and Man which leads to unbelief? The answer is self-centredness. Two self-centred people cannot have a personal relationship with each other or with God. Just as lack of fellowship with God prevents fellowship with Man, so lack of fellowship with Man separates us from God."

Mr. Linton went on to show that conflict in the world and in ourselves was due to this lack of fellowship. Without it, harmony was impossible. He instanced emotional difficulties, possessive parenthood and sexual maladjustments and incompatibilities as results of and causes that perpetuate the absence of this fellowship.

For sexually incompatible married unbelievers hear what uncomfortable words Mr. Linton saith (in effect): "For you, scepticism is the only honest attitude. Yet only fellowship with God and your good woman (or good man) can alleviate the trouble."

CRITICISM

If Mr. Linton reflects the S.C.M. attitude, the movement is to be commended for its honesty. S.C.M. Christianity has at last got down to uncomfortable sharp brass tacks. We know where we stand, and why. "I believe because of the joy and strength (i.e. the kick) I get from belief." One may also get joy and an illusion of strength from alcohol, callisthenics, Nazism, or adultery. And the addict of any may be quite sincere in believing his kick to be the noblest. Reason itself may be an illusion; it gives no kick; but for ordinary living, reason seems to provide the most reliable results. We like our art, breakfast and law to be guided by reason, and in personal and political relationships—"why not try God?" asks Mary Pickford.

Why not try reason? Then, if you want a kick, drink the beer advertised in "Salient."
—H.W.G.

SPLIT IN THE LABOUR PARTY?

"When the tumbrils roll down Lambton Quay,
And the power's in the hands of J. A. Lee."
—Old Song.

Since Labour was so completely victorious in the last General Election, the conservative press, unable to discredit the Government's policy, has mainly concentrated on hinting at disruption within the party's ranks. Most of the rumours have centred about Mr. J. A. Lee, who is credited with a vast ambition and marked as Mr. Savage's fiercest rival. "Salient" decided to interview this sinister personage, and find out as many of his views as possible. Mr. Lee was found to be far different from the sinister, fanatical bogey-man of the conservative press, but rather to be humorous, friendly and distinctly anxious to help, although not exactly informative. But he said, "I have not the slightest doubt that the policy of the Labour Party will be most satisfactory to all the people who voted for it."

"Salient" entered the abode of our rulers and, after asking his way two or three times, at last reached the Ministry of Housing. For nearly half an hour an empty corridor was the only subject for an interview, but at last the portals of Olympus opened and "Salient" was in the presence of the great. The great, however, was so affable and friendly he inspired no awe but rather a sincere and spontaneous admiration.

At first it was rather difficult to realise that here was the original of those rare but always disagreeable, photographs that one sees in the morning paper.

He seemed kindly disposed towards the University's remarking that he had sometimes debated here years ago.

Asked if the Government was apprehensive of widespread rural insolvency (from "Socialism in New Zealand") he replied that as one member he certainly was not, and when asked if he was in favour of a guaranteed price for wool, he said, "I should be delighted to see the Government extend its system of guaranteed prices until it had established a commodity basis for farmers."

Still on the land question, he was asked, "Are you in favour of the extension of banking facilities so as to enable farmers to secure their stores

and stock on better terms than are at present paid to stock and station agents?" The reply was, "Yes."

"Salient" then asked him if he considered there was any likelihood of a radical change in the Labour Party's policy after the Easter Conference, but received only the stock answer.

"The policy of the Labour Party for the next three years is that presented to the people of New Zealand at the last General Election."

When asked if he thought that Hitler's latest coup is the logical outcome of Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, he replied,

"Yes; we can appease the dictators until we have surrendered the last man, the last shilling, and the last acre."

Recently there have been circulated from a source unknown, several thousand anonymous typewritten sheets, which are supposed to be copies of a circular sent to the Labour M.P.s by Mr. J. A. Lee at the last Parliamentary caucus. This document consists of a virulent attack on Mr. Nash and all his works, presumably by Mr. Lee.

What a titbit these would be for the great newspapers of this land!

It is as though the press were all sitting round a great luscious oyster which they are unable to swallow; for here is a "proof" of all this disruption; but the stupid laws of this benighted land prevent its publication and subsequent exploitation.

For their appearance can only be explained by the presence of a thief in Mr. Lee's office, or an M.P. who sold the circular to his opponents.

In the case of an M.P. he would have to be produced or else the publisher would acknowledge the theft of the papers (which by the way bear no printer's mark).

So it is the fate of these remarkable compositions to run their course and do perhaps a little damage, but soon to languish for lack of the boost which the miserable law-bound press would so dearly love to give them. For if these papers are what they purport to be, then Mr. Lee has the copyright and even were that forthcoming there is always the consideration that the papers themselves are libellous.

"Salient" is pleased to present the above statement; we have perused the circular carefully, and had our doubts at the time that it was actually written by Mr. Lee. "Salient" is glad to present its readers with the above statement received from an official source, in advance of any mention by the daily papers.
—D.C.

Dover Road

The V.U.C. Dramatic Club presented A. A. Milne's comedy, "The Dover Road," for a season of two nights in the College Gymnasium. Anyone not knowing conditions and circumstances at Victoria College, and judging the play purely as a public performance, would not find very much to commend. I write this review very conscious of the fact that, as a past member of the committee, I was associated with the presentation of other plays of Milne of just as little value as "The Dover Road." I am also well aware of the limitations of the gymnasium as a hall in which to present plays.

The Dramatic Club probably chose this comedy as it would present few difficulties, and would give the club a flying start for the year, capture interest, gain new members, and pave the way for something better later in the year. If that was the motive then the club is in good company, for almost every amateur dramatic society does exactly the same thing; witness the two plays that are being offered in Wellington this month—lan Hay's "Housemaster," and the comedy-thriller which I saw on Saturday night, "Someone at the Door." This constant underestimating of the intelligence of the audience and the flattering of the low-brows is playing into the hands of the "talkies," and is driving from our audiences the very people we should be interesting. The pitiful part of this type of policy is that the better plays which are to follow very rarely make their appearance. I hope "Salient" and the Dramatic Club will excuse me for getting this invective off my chest at their expense, but the thoughts were prompted by my visit to the production which is under consideration. Such drama of escape, where delightful old "Mr. Pim" characters, living in fanciful "sort of" inns, straighten out our tangles for us, should, in my opinion, have no place in a Varsity Dramatic Club programme.

I have said the foregoing because I hope that the club members will look upon their first effort as a pipe-opener and use their efforts to a better end next time. The actors scarcely conveyed the impression that they themselves believed in the parts they were playing, and what success they did achieve was, I believe, in spite of the play and not because of it. The stage business was very creditably managed in a very cramped space. Serving a meal on the stage is never easily done, but two were smoothly served in the course of the evening, and one character contrived to shave successfully in full view of the audience. Occasional pieces of by-play by Miss Cummins, Mr. Macaskill and Mr. Bliss were good, but some speakers were almost inaudible. The whole production needed knitting together. Many scenes should have been brisker and played in a higher key. However, in fairness to all concerned, it must still be stated that the audience seemed thoroughly to enjoy the performance, and the laughter was spontaneous.

The co-operation and willingness to work that were evident through the production, the supper and the dance that followed, show that the club has enthusiastic members who should do useful work in the course of the year. As a past member of the club may I express to them my best wishes.
—R. HOGG.

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. . . . This peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it.—John Stuart Mill.

(Continued from column 4)

race on a small coral atoll in the Pacific. Last Christmas he visited Samoa, in order to investigate the customs of the natives.

So remember next Tuesday—7 p.m. in Room C.I.

ESPRIT DE CORPS

The Haeremai Club is still thriving, in spite of the fact that it is exclusively male. The annual general meeting on Monday night seemed to satisfy; although it was held in the restrictive atmosphere of a classroom, a fact which seriously incommodeed the president, Mr. Anderson, who had to be content with smoking a pencil instead of his customary weed.

The first feature was an inquisition of all intending members, who were shown in one by one, questioned, and shown the door until a decision re his eligibility was made. Such questions as: "Can you drink beer?" "How do you spell your name?" "What's your faculty?" were asked at first, but interest soon languished and questioners had to fall back on the old favourite, "What are your reasons for wishing to join?" The only notable reply to this was "I heard it was a hell of a good club."

The actual elections were farcical, for all comers were unanimously accepted, this only qualified by the resolution: "We can kick them out afterwards if we don't like them."

Finance was the last item; it was disclosed that the club had a whole shilling in the P.O.S.B. to tide it over future financial storms; but a surprisingly successful levy was held, enabling the club's chief creditor—its President—to be paid off.

After the meeting Mr. Anderson said: "It is well known throughout the College that the main function of the club is to create a strong spirit of esprit de corps among the men students of the College; and it is with this end in view that we are organising several functions during the coming year. We hope that we will get whole-hearted co-operation, not only from those in the club, but also from other men in the College."

Although the Haeremai Club is not yet re-affiliated, we sincerely hope that it will flourish.

GRAMOPHONE

Some thirty music-lovers gathered in B.2 last Thursday to hear the first evening recital of the year on the Carnegie Gramophone. The programme, arranged by the gramophone committee and conducted by Dr. John Beaglehole, consisted of Beethoven's "Archduke" Trio and De Falla's "Spanish Gardens" Suite.

"Salient" only heard the first work, but what we heard was magnificent. The Trio is one of Beethoven's later works, and, while not as deep as the late Quartets (the second and last movements are very bright), at times it approaches them in intensity of emotion.

Of the two weekly recitals, that on Monday midday will be short and made up from students' suggestions. The Thursday night recitals, however, will be arranged into short series, each dealing with some aspect of music—the Russians, the development of the symphony, etc. It is now possible for students to make up programmes for themselves, and have them played any night, provided a member of the gramophone committee can be found to superintend. Remember, anyone can do this; there's not much we haven't got, so go to it and let's have your suggestions.

It is, of course, a job of science, which has caused so much of this chaos, to analyse our own relations, forgetting all about ideals and abstractions, describing and arranging only ascertained facts. It is outside the realm of science to pass moral judgments; the scientist does not condemn the skunk for its smell.—Maas Observation.

SYNOD

Witness here a flock of sages
Marooned upon the rock of ages;
Each eye upcast at heaven's brim,
This foul-ward full of seraphim.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Dr. Ernest Beaglehole is giving a series of lectures on Anthropology every Tuesday at 7 p.m.

We think it necessary to state this fact, as Dr. Beaglehole's first lecture was not nearly as well attended as it ought to have been; despite the fact that the lecturer stated he was flattered by the attendance, the room should have been packed to the doors.

Anthropology, the science of Man, is one of the most important of the sciences, because so many of the other sciences depend upon it for important data. Economics, psychology, political science, education, ethics—almost every important body of thought must go to anthropology for comparative purposes and as a basis for its teachings.

Dr. Beaglehole's lectures promise to be extremely informative, and every student who thinks should make a point of taking this course, which is free to all except freshers. Dr. Beaglehole's quiet, unassuming style, coupled with the driest humour we have ever had the pleasure of listening to, make his lectures entertaining as well as useful. We will remember for a long time his joke about the future of the cow cockles.

After a brief introduction showing the nature and scope of the study, Dr. Beaglehole gave an interesting historical survey of the science of anthropology, discussing the reasons which first led men to study the habits of their fellows.

The various methods of approach were then discussed—racial characteristics, language, social anthropology or ethnology, and archaeology. The lectures obviously could not cover all branches of the science, so the most important branch, ethnology, would be covered by the twenty lectures.

Dr. Beaglehole is admirably qualified to speak on the subject; he has written an excellent treatise on the habits and customs of the Pukapukas, a native

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OBITUARY

"Herr Hitler has taken the Czech people under the protection of the German Reich. The autonomous development of Czech national life will be guaranteed by the German Reich." In the short period of six months, from the date of the signing of the Munich Agreement, treaties have been broken, mutual assistance pacts swept away, and a sturdy nationality with short-won independence has been reduced to subservience. Can Britain be blamed? Can France be blamed? Admittedly the procrastinations of the diplomats of these two countries were considerable contributing factors. But they are understandable from one point of view, namely, at the present time France and Britain are "capitalistically sated." They have little desire for further expansion as vast profitable fields for the investment of surpluses still remain in their colonial possessions. Germany, on the other hand, is highly developed industrially but she was, until recently, in a watertight compartment. Her home market was already saturated with capital products and the Eastern markets monopolised by Britain and France. She had two alternatives.

The first, the "blocked mark" system, formulated by Dr. Schacht proved effective for a time. The gist of this system is as follows: Germany purchased primary products from the Eastern European countries at higher prices than the ruling market rate—but the catch was that these countries could only purchase German goods at German prices. The result was then instead of the traditional freedom of exchange, by which country A may sell to country B and purchase, with the credits obtained, from country C, these selling countries are virtually bound, economically if not politically, to the apron strings of Germany where they are compelled to maintain large credits of blocked marks. But the weakness here lay in the fact that Britain and France by means of loans (Turkey, Roumania, Czechoslovakia, etc.) were able to counter and to a certain extent, surmount the "mark blockade." This was not palatable to German imperialists.

The second and most effective course open to Germany was by the inclusion of the eastern states within the Reich. This would ensure both political and economic control. Hence the annexation of Austria, and now after "appeasements," Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia—to all intents and purposes the whole of Czechoslovakia. Hitler's dream of a "Mittel Europa" is becoming a reality. The Czechs will no longer have a minority problem, they themselves will be a minority.

What next? Are we to expect a demand for colonies or are we to expect still further expansion of the Reich in Eastern Europe. To look at the future we must look at Hitler's "Mein Kampf" (so much of which has been realised) for the next step. The colonies question will probably be left in abeyance if Britain and France can appear sufficiently pugnacious. Eastern Europe is still pregnant with possibilities. From "Mein Kampf" (unexpurgated edition) come these words:

"We stop the eternal march of Germans towards the south and south east of Europe, and we turn our eyes towards the east.

But today when we talk of more territory in Europe we can, in the first place, think only of Russia and the border states dependent on her . . ."

My emphasis on the last sentence is important for it is in Poland that we find a plum ripe for Nazi hands. Poland has an Ukrainian minority of 3½ millions forming 10 per cent. of the total population and occupying one-third of the country's total area. This minority up till 1935 had been severely repressed and its Galician-Diet dissolved. Exactly as in the Sudetenland. Polish soldiers and citizens colonised the frontier districts, monopolised official posts, imposed linguistic restrictions, and Ukrainian political and cultural organisations were subject to the menace of the concentration camp. As a result there is an extremely nationalistic movement in Poland demanding autonomy and home rule. There have been riots and clashes. Is Poland to be a second Czechoslovakia?

Dr. Alfred Rosenberg has said: "The attention of Germany in all that concerns eastern questions should be turned . . . towards the strong separatist movement in the Ukraine and the Caucasus . . ."

If we have now understood that the removal of the Polish State is Germany's foremost demand, an alliance between Kiev and Berlin and the creation of a common frontier becomes a national . . . necessity for Germany's future policy!"

Finally, Herr Hitler at the Nernberg Parfeist, 1936, "If the Urals with their incalculable wealth of raw materials, the rich forest of Siberia and the unending cornfields of the Ukraine lay within Germany, under National Socialist leadership, the country would swim in plenty."*

First Austria, now Czechoslovakia, then—watch Poland!

—M.L.B.

*"The Bulletin of International News," January 14, 1939.

EXTRAVAGANZA

WE NEED YOUR HELP!

The first meeting for casting and preliminary rehearsal of the Extrav. will be held in the Gym. on Sunday next, 26th March, at 2.30 p.m.

Extrav. time is nearly here again and all students (freshers and old hands alike) who can act, dance, sing, sew or carpenter are invited and urged to help make it an even bigger success than last year. Even if you have no special talent a place will be found for you.

Extrav. isn't the same if you haven't had a hand in pushing it on to the stage, so be sure to come along. The show is going on a week earlier this year, beginning on Saturday, 22nd April. There is no time to waste. Come to the preliminary rehearsal on Wednesday night.

If you can't be at the first meeting, leave a note with your name and address in the rack or in the Executive Room for the Extrav. Organiser.
IN THE GYM, SUNDAY, 26th, AT 2.30 P.M.

"CAPPICADE," 1939

AN URGENT APPEAL

Capping week with all its gaiety is very near once again, but well before those welcome days come round, "Cappicade" has to be published and distributed. The poor response to the appeal for contributions, however, is not very encouraging, and the Editor therefore requests "Salient" to make this special appeal to all students.

Bright and humorous articles, limericks or verses will be most welcome and drawings, cartoons and caricatures always add to the appeal of the book. So if you can write or draw, commence today and leave your contribution in the letter rack, addressed to the Editor, "Cappicade."

"The dream of the Imperialist was of a greater Britain beyond the seas; his one desire was to make the map of the world redder and redder. Yet when a few people tried to make England really red they threw them into prison."—Dr. Beaglehole on "Colonial Expansion."

TOURNAMENT

The Chance of a Lifetime

The more observant members of the College may have noticed that certain decorations which have rested for the past year in the vestibule, are missing from the glass case. Those ornaments, some of which were paying a visit overdue to the extent of some eight years, were the trophies won by our successful representation at Auckland last Easter.

There is one disturbing feature at present, however. This College has always had the finest reputation for the excellence of their supporters in numbers and enthusiasm. V.U.C. hakas have always been loud and best and V.U.C. verve has often added life to functions which have been threatened with failure. Indeed, we have always supplied all that is brightest and best in Tournament, despite the fact that we frequently received disappointments as far as the results of the contests were concerned.

At present the list of supporters who intend to travel is woefully small and it betokens poor support at Easter. Remember, this is the best Tournament of them all. Southern hospitality is renowned. And if you wish to fill in a spare afternoon, you have only to ask some old-timer about the last Tournament held in Dunedin.

The fare is cheap and the chance one in a lifetime; so please supporters rally round. Dig deep into the old sock—it will be well worth it.

N. A. MORRISON.

R. J. CORKILL.

Tournament Delegates.

Special Meeting

of the

V.U.C.S.A.

In the Gym. at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, 23rd MARCH.

BUSINESS:

1. Constitutional Amendments.
2. V.U.C. policy regarding Student Relief: (a) Shall Students be relieved en masse abroad? or (b) Shall a single Student be brought to New Zealand and benefited here?
3. Resuscitation of the Procession.
4. Notice Boards & Letter Racks.
5. Any grievance you wish to air.

ALL STUDENTS SHOULD BE THERE.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

BAREFACED NUDISM.

MAGISTRATE'S STERN VIEW.

—"N.Z. Observer" Poster.

"To me there is something very appealing about public school questions and the links that bind us together, school tie or no school tie. Personally I frequently wear my old school tie and am not in the least ashamed to do it."
 —H. E. Viscount Galway

"There will be no reprisals," said General Franco. "A court-martial will sit on 300 traitors to-morrow."
 —"Evening Post."

"I shall put no propaganda in my lectures; when I have completed the course, you will be quite in the dark as to my own personal views."
 —Prof. B. E. Murphy.

... defendant did not belong to a nudist club but had practised nudism ever since she could remember.

"I do not know why that should make any difference," said the Magistrate. "There is not very much difference between nudism and the latest bathing costumes. Why did you not wear a costume?"
 —Press Association Message, March 10.

LAPSES OF THE GREAT

"When socialism is a dictatorship of the lower classes, it is called Communism; when it is a dictatorship of the middle classes, it is called Fascism."
 —Prof. B. E. Murphy.

UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND

"UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND"—Alpine Travel in the Canterbury and Westland Ranges, Southern Alps. By John Pascoe.—George Allen and Unwin Ltd. (Whitecombe & Tombs, 19/6).

Mountaineering, in its brief and unimpeded history, has gathered about it a tangible literary tradition. Climber upon climber has gone into the "high hills," and having known the impassive embrace of rock, and the intolerable undiluted brightness of the snowfields, has returned to pay the voluntary homage of the living to the unqualified and dangerous dead." From Whympere and Tyndall to Smythe and Tilman—the list is long and distinguished.

The Alps, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, have each in turn been climbed and chronicled.

We in New Zealand have had the writings of men like Mannering, Ross, Fitzgerald, Turner and Harper—the story of the opening-up of the great central peaks of the Southern Alps.

We have grown familiar with accounts of the early onslaught on Cook and its neighbours; but what of the rest of those vast interlocking ranges? Of them little has been heard except in the pages of semi-private alpine journals.

with snow-grass basins and scraggy ridges. The glacial sources of the dominant rivers are found in the region of the Main Divide, beyond which lies Westland. . . .

"Settled weather in this region is seldom met with. A climbing season is a matter of brief spells between incessant nor-westers. Peaks wooed with patience are only won by quickly-grasped opportunity. Many defeats are prelude to every single victory. Innate skill is subordinate to stubborn determination. Some mountains have yielded with unexpected grace, others have resisted with unexpected dangers. If the ice-cap is not sheathed with the taciturn mantle of freshly-fallen snow, or if the loose rock is not glazed with perilous ice, it is the treachery of the flooded river that repels advance."

Or again:—

"Below, the prospects were curiously dismal. Slopes on right were wicked with incoherent masses of ice ready to fling insults on mortal men."



It is of these other areas—the headwaters of the Waimakariri, the Rakata, and the Rangitata, that John Pascoe writes in "Unclimbed New Zealand."

Few people realize how truthful that title is. Up till ten years ago, although the main peaks had been triangulated, scores of them were virgin, and detail of ridge and valley was inexact and apocryphal, in numerous instances even non-existent.

Face to face with this lavish field of pioneer adventure came the newly-formed Canterbury Mountaineering Club.

John Pascoe's book tells of how this opportunity was met, of how unknown gorges, peaks and glaciers were encountered and overcome, until to-day only a slender and dwindling list of unvisited valleys remains.

To merely record this story of exploration would be adequate justification for such a book as "Unclimbed New Zealand," but Mr. Pascoe has done far more. Besides being an able and self-possessed mountaineer he is a discriminating and sensitive user of words. He has the unaccustomed knack of joining words so cleverly together as to transmit with sureness a sudden throb both of pleasure and surprise. And with this goes a discernible precision in observation and statement.

"The plains of Canterbury are flanked by sultry foothills. Further inland stretches the sheep country

This animistic device is constantly resorted to—it is seldom ineffective.

One thing that can be justly held against Mr. Pascoe's book is its unduly miscellaneous make-up. Towards the end the subject-matter begins to become slightly patchy, and the central theme becomes a little threadbare. This, though, is only a minor point, and looking back, the whole book forms an entirely consistent and understandable mosaic.

It is to be hoped that when the proper time arrives, Mr. Pascoe will write us another book on New Zealand mountains—one which is at once more comprehensive and more unified.

For the present, "Unclimbed New Zealand" is a splendid beginning. Chapter after chapter is immensely readable—even to those who have never seen a rope uncoiling, and never heard the ring of an axe on the final slope. Those who pick up this book, if they are not completely anaesthetic to the pioneer virtues, will find in it a more than surface entertainment and a palpable satisfaction.—J.D.F.

*The mosquito knows full well,
small as he is,
he's a beast of prey.
But after all
he only takes his bellyful,
he doesn't put my blood in the bank.*
—D. H. Lawrence.

Ends and Means

Dear "Salient,"

"Every road towards a better state of society is blocked, sooner or later, by war, by threats of war, by preparations for war."

Recognising this principle, and "convinced that war and militarism are inherently brutalising forces, destructive of all that is valuable in civilisation and human personality," the representatives of the youth of 54 countries present at the Second World Youth Congress signed the New York Peace Pact. Unfortunately the terms in which the rest of the Pact were couched hold out little hope for the elimination of those "brutalising forces" so unanimously condemned.

Binding themselves never to participate in a war of "aggression," the signatories reserved, it appears, the right to use the instruments of aggression in the sacred name of "defence." Through their willingness "to give effective assistance to the victims of treaty violations and aggression," they eliminated the whole spirit of a Peace Pact, reducing the same to a jumble of meaningless resolutions.

Modern warfare—whether under the name of aggression or of defence—must entail "the bombardment of open towns and civilian populations." How do these idealists propose to "give effective assistance to the victims of aggression" unless they are prepared to "violate the canons of humanity" to the extent of bombarding the open towns of the aggressor? If the end of the Congress representatives is the elimination of war, surely they cannot employ these very same means to achieve that end. The Great War has revealed only too clearly the fallacy of such a conception.

The true peace lover would have wished for a bolder, more realistic stand to have been taken by the representatives of 40 million intelligent young people—a stand advocating total disarmament, the education of the masses in the technique of non-violent resistance and the renunciation of the war method under all circumstances.

We are living in critical days. It is not enough to desire peace, to sign peace pacts, to talk peace. We must strive continuously to live peace. I am, etc., A.C.

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CLOSING DATE:

Thursday, APRIL 13th

Mountain Philosophy

In contemplation of the infinite I find no fear,
for in the twilight after Death
The secret of Nirvana will be clear.
Why therefore of the Morrow should I care?

TODAY, with clinging hands
I climb athwart the granite face of Time.

TODAY, I strive for Beauty, Truth and Comradeship sublime.
If I must fuse with Time
And plunge ere the crest is won,
Upon the Morrow,
I shall mount singing in the dawn,
And yet find Beauty, having conquered Sorrow.

—P.S.P.

Portrait of a Prodigy

"If we want to keep reasonably sane nowadays we have to play the fashionable game of escapology—escaping from serious thinking and deep questions by cluttering up our lives with all sorts of trivial little things.

"I know I do . . . frivolling away an hour here and an hour there and saying at the end of the day—'Well, that's another day gone and nothing very terrible has happened. War hasn't broken out, I haven't caught measles or pneumonia, I haven't gone bankrupt, nor has my neighbour murdered his wife.'"

—Trevor Lane, in the "Radio Record," March 10, 1939.



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SPORT

ATHLETICS IMPROVEMENT

Judging by performances at the Inter-Faculty sports last Saturday, V.U.C. will be represented at Tournament by a much stronger athletics team than was the case last year, when we were able to gain only three of the twenty points allotted.

It will be recalled that we fared badly at Auckland in swimming, boxing and athletics. The swimmers, in fact, failed to secure a point, while the boxers gained only one and a quarter of the ten to be won in their sphere. For Dunedin, however, swimming prospects are much better, and a useful band of boxers has been selected.

The athletics team will be chosen during the course of this week. Our three N.Z.U. title-holders, E. M. Irving, D. R. Scrymgeour and C. V. Adams, are again certain of inclusion. At last, too, there is ground for hope of success in field events. Inter-faculty showed that in this department, so weak in the past, Victoria will be represented by some good men.—L.B.S.

SWIMMING

So the swimming season is almost over. There is now only the final club night to-night, and Tournament—and the swimming costumes will be put away among the moth balls, except for those hardy annuals who may be seen every lunch hour through the year at Te Aro Baths.

The carnival last week was very successful, though the meagre attendance was somewhat disappointing. Some promising talent was disclosed in the Freshers' Champs., and several new ladies appeared from nowhere to give quite creditable performances—notably Misses Walton, Spiers, and Wympeny. Andy Taylor, as was expected, won the 100 yards Club Champ, with comparative ease from Frank O'Flynn, though if Taylor does not learn to swim straight, he will certainly be disqualified.

The novelty event was lovely. Entrants had to swim one width under water, climb out, run round the baths and sing a popular song loudly, dive in again, and race to the other side. Mr. Shannon's rendering of "Popeye the Sailor," and Mr. O'Flynn's delicate tenor in "Rollo the Ravaging Roman," delighted the watchers. Shannon won, after a close struggle for supremacy.

The water-polo match—Law and Commerce v. Arts and Science, resulted in a win for Law and Commerce by three goals to nil. Owing to Mr. Hurdle's gentle refereeing, foul play was reduced to a minimum, and no one was ordered out of the water.

The diving was spectacular, especially Mr. Jowett's exhibition, and resulted in a win for Miss Spiers, with Shannon a close second. Mr. Jowett, disappointed in not gaining a place, gave a further exhibition, and was duly awarded a special booby prize.

Shanahan, the club's new breast-stroke swimmer, was in good form, and almost caught up with Sylvia Hefford. Sylvia did not break 100 secs., which she will have to do if she is to gain us a title at Tournament this year. Shanahan is a potential title winner. Davies will not be representing much longer, and, as he is still young, Shanahan should stand a good chance in a year or two.

As the club night to-night is the last of the season, it is to be hoped that every member will turn out, and make it a real miniature carnival.

CRICKET

To supporters of University in club cricket, the 1939 season has been extremely disappointing. Strong on paper and possessing cricketers of marked ability, the senior team is finishing the season with a very poor record.

Not the least of W. Tricklebank's troubles as captain has been a lack of variety in bowling at his command. Medium paced right-handers have at times proved an embarrassment and the team has often felt the lack of a good slow right-hander, although the slow left-hander, Harpur, has done fairly well.

Opponents have been presented with scores of runs through slovenly fielding, and several lost games can be directly attributed to dropped catches. The last match against Wellington is an instance.

At times the side has scored heavily. But frequently inexplicable breakdowns have occurred, perhaps partly due to the fact that throughout the season practice wickets on Kelburn Park have been ill-prepared and practice on them has sometimes been more harmful than beneficial.

AVERAGES

With one match to play, J. A. Ongley heads the batting averages with 301 runs at 30.10. Then follow T. A. Harpur with 300 at 25, N. H. McMillan 189 at 23.6, W. F. Vietmeyer, 180 at 22.5, W. Tricklebank, 279 at 22.4 and P. D. Wilson, 278 at 24.5.

W. Tricklebank has been the best bowler with 29 wickets at an average of 21.5, followed by Harpur (20 at 21.9), and J. B. Stephenson (18 at 24.4). —L.B.S.

ROWING

The final crew for Tournament this year has not yet been decided upon, but the following eight has been out on the water on several occasions: Mahood (str.), Hansen (7), Bullock (6), Bannister (5), Rose (4), Ryan (3), Bryan (2), Gray (bow), with Jack as a spare part.

All these men have had experience in regatta rowing throughout the season and the crew should be little more experienced than last year's.

There are five men of last year's victorious eight still in the boat, though only one is in the same position; this is Hansen at seven—an important position and one which he is well qualified to fill. He has rowed in four previous Tournaments and has been the foundation round which recent crews have been built.

MAHOOD STROKE

Stroke will be Tom Mahood—last year's three. If he will get the utmost out of the finish, with a steadiness in recovery he should make a success of the position. Bannister is new blood, but has been coached well at school and is showing good form. The other new men are Ryan, who has had a good season in a lightweight crew and Gray whose neatness will be useful in the bow seat.

Coach Spurdle is pleased with the crew—"I am concentrating on balance at present, and when we get that we can put on a bit of power," he has observed.

AT WEIR

The philosophy of many Weir House residents being that an assiduous application to sport is in itself sufficient guarantee of success in Varsity exams it occasions little surprise to find that all varieties of sporting activity are in full swing at that institution.

A review of billiards form is at present impossible as the regular devotees have not yet settled down to steady practice. At the moment, new residents and moths are vying in peck-marking the cloth, and a later sports flash may give a progress report of this competition.

The rattle of ping-pong balls continues to a late hour and engages those few who are not attracted by the nearby tennis courts and cricket practice pitches. A table-tennis tournament will shortly be in progress. Present form suggests that last year's victor, de la Mare, may again carry off the laurels. There are, however, several old residents with the experience born of long devotion and many freshers of unknown capacity who may be capable of providing an upset.

THE "WEIR WILLOW"

The result of the North versus South cricket match, which was to have been played last Sunday, has not filtered through to us but a stern encounter for the "Weir Willow" was anticipated, the respective teams comprising those educated north or south of Wellington. We know, however, that the affair was attracting considerable talent, fully ten per cent. of the players chosen having played the game before.

Of course, apart from the sports noted above, the many attractions across the harbour claim the attention of several. Those who hie themselves to Day's Bay of a sunny afternoon show obvious zest in their cultivation of swimming, tennis and—well, what are your ideas of sport?

FRANK FORTUNE DEPARTS

With the transfer of F. W. Fortune, B.Com., to Rotorua, V.U.C. has lost a familiar and popular figure. Frank was club captain of the Cricket Club for two years and on the field was a useful all-rounder verging on senior standard. A keen and observant Rugby partisan, he played some games for the Senior B team last season, and lately has been playing a good deal of tennis. Frank's many friends hope that, if his employers have the opportunity, they will send him back to Wellington.—L.B.S.

LIVELY LADDERS

Tennis Flourishing

Active ladders are often a good index of enthusiasm in a tennis club. This season the number of ladder matches played on the concrete courts of V.U.C. has been exceptional. There has probably never been a season when keener competition for places has been evident, especially in the men's section.

THE MEN

Ferkins is still top. There is not much difference between Ferkins and Morrison as doubles players, but in singles the former remains the club's outstanding player. Although he obtains most of his practice on other courts, his willingness to coach and to help the club in any way make him a valuable club member also.

Renouf is second, having displaced Morrison after a close struggle. He must be seriously considered for the singles title at Tournament and next season may be a force to be reckoned with at the National Championships.

Morrison, captain of the Tournament team, is third and R. W. Baird, fourth. Baird joined the club only this season and he has beaten some sound players in attaining his present position. He can regard his record for the season with satisfaction for last Saturday he contested the championship singles final with Ferkins.

Lower down are O'Connor and Hartley, both Tournament representatives. Sandford, Foley and Cope. Baird narrowly missed selection in this year's Tournament team. He and Cope should be serious contenders for places in 1940.

WOMEN'S LADDER

If not quite so active as the men's, the women's ladder is vigorous and hard to climb. Heading it is the 1938 N.Z.U. title-holder, Elizabeth MacLean, whose powerful forehand drive is usually too much for her opponents. In second place is Mary Edwards, with Lorna Mete Kingi third, Kathleen Pears fourth and Pixie Higgin fifth. Potential Tournament players in lower positions include B. Marsh and L. Marshall.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Dropping only one game, R. Ferkins defeated R. W. Baird to take the men's championship once again. Baird was outclassed, but did very well to reach the final.

No other finals have been played, but matches in the three other divisions are so well advanced that the championships will probably be completed before Easter—the earliest for many years. Kathleen Pears and Elizabeth MacLean will again contest the women's singles final. The former has also reached the final in the Combined Doubles and Women's Doubles events. —L.B.S.

TRAMPING

Tauherenikau Hut is not very far from the road; this, perhaps, explains the great number who turned out on the club's week-end trip to the Chateau.

There wasn't very much to do except sleep, eat, swim and sunbathe, and everybody did a great deal of each. Under the capable stewardship of Mr. Bradshaw and Marie Collin, a number of excellent meals were prepared, ranging from Cheerio stew to fried eel. The swimming pool near Smith's Creek was well patronised; Messrs. Meek and Braybrooke will be eternally grateful for the broad-mindedness of Miss Hodge.

Songs in a lorry are always exhilarating; the selection on this trip, although no less hearty than those of previous expeditions, seemed somehow to lack strength, due, no doubt, to the absence of older members whose lusty bawls, while far from musical, lend power to the club songs. Indeed, it was a great pity that more of the older members of the club were not present at the Chateau on Saturday for the new members, while not falling in tramping ability and enthusiasm, lacked the ability to "mix." However, this rugged individualism will no doubt soon wear off and with the return of the older members from their summer hibernation (if there be such a term), club trips should regain their old atmosphere.

Anyway, a good time was had by all (as always) and the enthusiasm shown in all activities—even including actual tramping—augurs well for the coming season.

BEST PERFORMANCES

Inter-Faculty Sports
J. S. Adams (High Jump), 5ft. 9 1/2 in.
E. M. Irving, winner of 120, 220 and 440 yards hurdles.
J. Eastwood, 100 yards in ten, and one-tenth secs. and 220 yards in twenty-two and four-fifth secs.

Debate!

What do YOU think of British Foreign Policy?

- Mr. BRAYBROOK agrees with it.
- "It's hopeless!" says Mr. MEEK.

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