

Sallient

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DEFENCE LEAGUE

Congratulations, Mr. Perry, on the freedom which you so wish to preserve! At a meeting of the Defence League last week, pacifists who spoke contrary to the tone of the meeting were struck at with umbrellas by hysterical women.

We left the meeting in a spirit of bitter irony. Mr. Perry's incessant recriminations about the Totalitarian states (and his faulty history), Mr. Reeve's hypocritical platitudes, and Mr. Lucky's beautiful sequel to "Our Nation's Story" (standard VI classic), were not entitled to arouse our admiration. But this crowning insult to freedom, while the speaker looked cynically on, this open indication that the Defence League resembled Fascism in a minor key, sickened us.

"NOR THE YEARS CONDEMN"

It was noticeable that by far in the majority were those who exceeded military age. It was noticeable that the applause was greatest when they themselves were praised, and when sacrifice was demanded of the young, whose voice was not there to be heard.

One gentleman, who seemed to have seen one war, and unlike Mr. Perry, seemed to have no desire ever to see another, asked the speaker whether anything had been achieved in his campaign but words.

"We have been up and down the country," said Mr. Perry.

"Enjoy yourself?" asked the interjector.

IMMACULATE?

Mr. Perry's arguments concentrated on the ever-growing power of the Totalitarian states. Successively he dealt with Japan, Italy, and Germany, revealing their blackest intentions, which showed up marvellously against the immaculate white of Britain's "Disarmament policy" according to the 5:5:3 ratio. He dealt with broken treaties. Scarcely any treaty which the Totalitarian states had made, survived. He dealt with British defence, which for him appeared to mean the complete supremacy of Britain throughout the world. He was horrified that Britain had spent only two thousand millions, against Germany's four thousand. It did not matter to him that eighteen millions of men in England are on the verge of starvation while this colossal waste goes on.

NEVER ENDING.

And so it went on. Why did we fight the Peninsular War? Where is Gibraltar to-day? Where was New Zealand's navy in the crisis? Are we going to let Anzac down? Such cryptic and incomprehensible questions were a feature of the speaker's policy of appealing to national pride and prejudice. He repeated the things the papers repeat, day by day, and hour by hour. Never the other side—never a stain on ourselves—never a treaty that could never be kept! But defence! Arms! Recruits! Women and Red Cross! Soldiers! and we shall add, Blood and Bayonets!

"I am not a war-monger," said Mr. Perry.

"WHERE'S THAT BOMB?"

Mr. Perry thought that a territorial army was sure to be the main line of defence for New Zealand. A country is not conquered "until the last man is dug out with a bayonet from the last trench." The crowd keenly relished this piece of realistic description. But he then proceeded to prove quite conclusively that the Japanese could lay off the coast and bomb towns to smithereens. What of the land army? Where was the defence to come in? We all wondered.

We are still wondering. If defence means compulsory military training, we are, in imitation of the Totalitarian states, instituting the first measure of Fascism. But will it end there? "Fascism is what we are up against," said Mr. Perry, "and they are going to be hard to beat."

Hysterical women with umbrellas, and fervent brass bands, women's auxiliary committees, do not appeal to our idea of defence.

—D.S.

CAME THE DAWN CAPPICADE 1939

This year's Cappicade is made up of four pieces—"Comes the Dawn," "Adam in Wonderland," "The Dinkum Oil," and "The Vikings." All things considered, it is the best Extravaganza for several years past. In so far as it is especially memorable, corrosive and mordant, attacking mercilessly the accepted attitude.

The following review was written as a result of the opening performance on Saturday, April 22nd.

That the argument of "Comes the Dawn" was obviously clever, and worthy of an appropriately finished production must have impressed everyone who read it beforehand. To present the "hits" of past Extravaganzas, as instances of things to come, was an eminently reliable way of beginning a new programme. The judgment of past audiences made that certain and what better aid, in this century of Science and Aspro Year Books, than the Supernatural!

The production of this "spectral prelude" was thoroughly effective, the ballet of attendant ghosts being especially striking and novel—a real credit to Hilary Henderson who "created" it. The tortured and unearthly contortions of the dancers, together with R. L. Hutchens' splendidly tremulous music had the audience in thrall almost before they became aware of it.

The ballet, of course, was not unexpected. For during the visit of the Covent Garden Russian Ballet, Hilary took lessons from the renowned Anton Dolin himself. His teachings, in this case at least, did not fall on stoney ground.

SPOTTED.

Five ghosts during their eerie lament told of "the pale green light of the moon" and pale green it was. During the ballet and the cavorting of the shades the greenness doubtless helped to disquiet us, but when the ghosts shed their shrouds and relieved their parts, the moon, in sympathy, should have behaved herself and shone with a bright white light instead.

To have been able to recognise the characters' former costumes, as well as their voices, would probably have been worth while.

Other remembered incidents—Mr. Nemesis' sulphur which threatened to cloud the issue, Mr. Bliss's almost too authentic cock-a-doodle-doo, and the slightly drunken and uncertain sun branded "Cappicade 1939."

"Comes the Dawn" was a first-class first blush—the break of a day worth watching.

A PAT ON THE BACK.

Someone should punish the Seven Pillars, chase them from pillar to post until they wonder where they have landed themselves—a dam on them. A pun, upon my word, is for them the genesis of genius. Still their show was typically palatable in the acknowledged God-given manna. As the years roll by and new roles are revealed and revelled in; the Seven Pillars is becoming a by-word in the by-ways. Bye and bye if they don't watch out, the Seven Pillars of Wisdom will become Seven Columns in the Daily Press.

Let us hope they won't be seven obituary notices—even though it is highly probable they will be. For I have it at first hand, that in the very near future, each of the Seven Pillars intends, in order to save his face, to commit verbiage. A sort of spiritual hari kiri. Verbum (Sat) Sapient!

SCOT KNEE TROUBLE.

To return to more natural things, "Adam in Wonderland" was grand. Some even went so far as to call it topping—vide MacCarthy's.

Mr. A. H. Scotney's Adam was outstandingly good. In fact one is almost tempted to say that it was the "Sallient" feature of the evening's entertainment.

It certainly was the outcome of patient and painstaking study and attention to detail. It stands as a classic instance of metamorphosis.

The satire, without mistake, was bitter. The gruel was cruel—even for a Scotsman. But let us all realise that often, very often, it is kind, most kind, to be cruel.

Mr. Bliss, seeming more at home on the stage than anyone else, played his part and the joker too with equal perfection. The clarity of Mr. Bliss's voice and the manner in which he articulated his words when singing could be, with profit, copied by other Extrav. soloists.

Mr. Corkill's characterisation of "the human borer" was well up to standard. He handled the Pygmalion denouement particularly well. And how tellingly it laid its finger on the repressions of the audience! One wonders just what is the correlation between those three small words and the box office receipts from Shaw's best-selling film.

Mr. Smith and his impeccable accent made a quite believable excellency. As did Mr. Powell as his ungovernable wife. Here again the satire was bitter—as bitter as gall.

A WEAK ENDING.

The plan of having a Prologue and Epilogue and a real gramophone broadcast, looks well on paper. For amateurs its execution is no easy matter. The slightest hitch is noticeable—and if it is more than slight, irritating. The Epilogue, especially, of "Adam in Wonderland" distracted from its total effect.

The piece might be said to have had a false ending. Everyone clapped conclusively at the end of "Sweet Funny Adam" only to be foiled. Either the sound equipment and the stage-play should be far more efficiently co-ordinated, or some alternative ending found. The Dormouse and his admirers could have gloated in triumph while the disconsolate Adam dragged himself from sight—to the sound of Mr. Austin's resonant voice. Thus saving an extra curtain and the enthusiasm of the audience too.

Despite its protracted conclusion, "Adam" moved briskly and with zest in the two central scenes, and must have pleased Mr. J. B. Aimers, the producer, who in one short week worked wonders in Wonderland.

OILS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

John Carrad's interludes are always eagerly awaited.

Like many other things they are an acquired taste—a law unto themselves. "The Dinkum Oil" this year proved especially welcome as a piece of pure and inconsequential farce between two productions which kept one's mind on the alert without ceasing. The audience clearly revelled in all that was offered. The four new songs, however, were none of them quite up to the level of last year.

The male ballet was as usual scrupulously performed—a treat everyone delighted in. The pas de deux was also disturbingly well done. Almost too well.

What makes these male ballets so uproarious is the not-quite-successful attempt to perform intricate movements; all in a mock-serious vein. In this year's ballet, the soloists, in particular, would have done better if they had chosen one or two really difficult movements—the fouetté, the entrechat, etc., to delight us with. The delectable ballerina, by the way, would have been more so if clad in a dress contrasting in hue with the corps de ballet.

PIECE DE RESISTANCE.

"The Vikings" was of course the most cleverly conceived and best written play of the evening. Its plot was precise and explicit and despite the accompanying burlesque, easy to follow. This is a quality not often experienced in extravaganzas.

To those who came expecting a typically contorted cappicade, "The Vikings" may have seemed a little

too straight-forward, a trifle too serious. Let me suggest that, if such be the case, they should reconsider their affiliations with what is worth-while.

Often in the past, Extravaganzas have been a hotch-potch of unconnected wisecracks for which the plot is little more than a half-hearted excuse. Some of them have had no more sense of direction than a packet of crackers.

Such a play as "The Vikings," on the other hand, has a defined purpose, which it carries out with admirable directness and skill. Mr. Meek deserves our congratulations on his accomplishment. "The Vikings" is more than a spectacle to be seen and forgotten; it is meaningful enough to be thought-provoking long after its final curtain. For many who see it, it will be too clever in some ways. But that is not Mr. Meek's fault. One can scarcely blame the marksman when the quarry, though hit, is unaware of the impact.

NOTABLE.

Mr. Simpson as Nev and Mr. Meek as Hit, were splendid counterparts, both exploiting their lines to the full.

Their duet, "Oh, listen, ye of low degree," and the mime-ballet accompanying it were very attractively done.

The other leads, Mr. Braybrooke (Bubbles), Mr. Norman (Borings), Mr. Kellaway (Perry Dactyl) and Miss Berys Ball (So Tight) all performed capably. Mr. Kellaway's caricature of Pinto Pete being especially meritorious. And with it Dick Hutchens' rendering of "Whiffled the Wonder of the West."

The faults to be found in "The Vikings" were few and mainly incidental. The lighting, for instance, in Scene I of Spasm II was far too subdued. Whether this was designed to safeguard the illusion or not I don't know. It would have been better to have provided more light and to have taken the risk of its helping people to see through the magic more clearly.

To everyone who took the trouble to be discerning, "The Vikings" was very obviously a thoroughly produced performance. For this high standard of staging Ralph Hogg may be thanked. It is only to be hoped that future extravaganzas may be as capably directed.

Contributing markedly to the success of "The Vikings" were the costumes and properties. For the hours of conscientious work that made them possible Miss K. Ross and Mr. H. E. P. Downes are responsible. May they gain their just recompense.

A GIFTED COMPOSER.

Another notable feature of this year's "Cappicade" was the music of Dick Hutchins. He has composed original music for no less than six songs (in addition to performing in three of the shows). It is certain that several of his songs will remain the property of University students for generations.

Especially attractive among this year's batch were "When the night is dark" and "I'm a highly respectable man."

The Extravaganza as a whole went off remarkably well when one considers the frenzied haste with which it was thrown together. There is a wise saying printed each year on the inside cover of a certain Xmas Annual. It says—"Slowly to perfection cometh every great and glorious thing."

Whatever else is true, University Extravaganzas don't "cometh slowly." Still the exception, let us hope, proves the rule.

A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

The announcement that "The Criterion" has ceased publication brings students at V.U.C. face to face with two problems—what is the immediate future of creative literature, and what are we to have in the library to replace "The Criterion"?—

"LAST WORDS."

In "Last Words", the editor, T. S. Eliot, says:

"I have wondered whether it would not have been more profitable, instead of trying to maintain literary standards increasingly repudiated in the modern world, to have endeavoured to rally intellectual effort to affirm those principles of life and policy from the lack of which we are suffering disastrous consequences."

As he makes clear elsewhere in the article, Eliot does not mean that literary standards can be left to take care of themselves. He intends, I think, a change of emphasis. "The Criterion" followed a policy in which the emphasis fell on literary criticism. By its termination, Eliot evidently hopes to leave himself and the "Criterion" circle more time for more important work; i.e., affirming principles, not only of literature, but of "life and policy."

PROPAGANDA?

Since it was the threat of war which two years ago first made him think of suspending publication, and since that threat has not decreased, possibly Eliot intends to devote more attention to politics. Otherwise it is hard to say what form his "affirmations of life and policy" will take.

Eliot is a Rightist, but a Rightist with no sympathy for an order "in many respects inferior to that which threatens to supersede it." He stands for monarchism, Anglo-Catholicism, and other causes we may doubt the virtue of; but he also stands for honesty, culture and intelligence, in government as in Art. The affirmation of these values, in a world ruled by people who deny them, is the more important work, it seems to me, for which he has given up "The Criterion."

VALUES.

"Literature," said Matthew Arnold, "is at bottom a criticism of life." It isn't; but the statement serves to indicate one of the most important functions of literature. Criticism of life involves the study and affirmation of values. To-day when genuine values are everywhere disregarded, this function must be the foremost, as Eliot has seen. Does this mean taking sides in politics? We may not know the answer; but we should know that the problem arises.

WHAT ABOUT US?

When "Scrutiny" vanished from the library shelves (why?) "The Criterion" remained the only really first-class literary magazine reaching V.U.C. Accordingly, for those interested in modern English, French and American literature, the loss of "The Criterion" is something of a disaster. The serious students of English cannot afford to neglect modern French and American work because at the top the three cultures meet. For example, two of the foremost figures in literature today, Eliot and Pound, were born in America, wrote considerably in French, and were greatly influenced by French authors. Therefore to those ignorant of French, the greatest English literature of the century may be not quite a closed book, but certainly a book with many leaves uncut. English criticism cannot, and does not, ignore French. Yet how many of our M.A.'s in languages know more than a line or two of Baudelaire and Verlaine, or have even heard of Rimbaud ("the greatest source of pure lyricism since Villon") or de Nerval, Corbiere, Laforgue, Perse, Broton? A paper knife for these uncut leaves was provided by "The Criterion" and "Scrutiny"; we must have the latter back and find a substitute for the former.

(Continued on page 3)

DEBATE

The motion made famous by The Oxford Union:

"THAT A RETURN TO RELIGION IS THE ONLY SOLUTION TO OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS"

Moved by Mr. A. L. McCulloch
Opposed by Mr. J. D. Freeman

FRIDAY, APRIL 28th.
in the Gym.
8 P.m.

CAPPICADE 1939

The Greatest Capping Show in the History of Wellington

"ADAM IN WONDERLAND"
Written by Seven Pillars and Produced by Jack Aimers

"THE DINKUM OIL"
Written and Produced by John Carrad

"THE VIKINGS"
Written by Ronald L. Meek and Produced by Ralph Hogg

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SNUGGLING UP TO RUSSIA GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

The world learns with feelings of amazement tinged with a little doubt that the British National Government, faced with a 20th century Nazi Partition of Poland, and the Italian absorption of Albania, has completely altered the basis of its foreign policy. That policy, this paper has previously pointed out, was to facilitate Hitler's attack on the U.S.S.R., hoping thereby to avert the threat to the Empire. In concrete terms this meant "avoiding commitments in Central and Eastern Europe, alliance with France to secure the Western frontier," thus localising any possible dispute and conflagration. Its policy was, in a word, pro-Fascist.

Why, then, this sudden change? Is England at last "ready"? This surely cannot be the explanation, for Hitler's acquisition of Czechoslovakia's arms can only have had the reverse effect—to make Britain comparatively less prepared than before Munich. No. This cannot explain it.

It is no secret that the previous line in foreign affairs was strongly disapproved of by important Government supporters, including Cabinet ministers, who were alive to the risks it involved to British "national interests" (i.e., investments and trade), who saw, as Mr. J. M. Keynes said some months ago, that "Mr. Chamberlain is not escaping the risks of war. He is only making sure that, when it comes, we shall have no friends, and no common cause." It now appears that the counsels of this section of the Tory party have prevailed. Mr. Chamberlain and some of the more international-capitalist members thought that to cede Czechoslovakia without allowing Fascism to run the risk of war and economic collapse (which was what they most feared) was a good piece of work. They, and others, saw in it also the opening of the gateway to the Ukraine. That, too, was good. Still others, however, seem to have realised that it was also opening the way to Turkey, Palestine, Iraq, Arabia and India. This was not so good. In short, the first reason for the change is probably that the policy of building up Fascism to attack the Soviet has been deemed to involve too many risks to their own interests.

In the second place there have plainly been increasing differences between Chamberlain's Government and the axis powers over Spain. Although willing to keep the ring clear whilst they throttled Spanish democracy, the National Government is (not unnaturally) disturbed (somewhat belatedly, alas!) at the continued arrival of Italian troops. In the closing stages of the war it made some attempt to obtain more active influence over General Franco and to exclude that of Italy and Germany. It will be recalled that following the fall of Barcelona H.M.S. Devonshire was placed at Franco's disposal to convey his representatives to the Balearic Islands, where negotiations resulted in their surrender. British assistance had succeeded where two years of warfare had failed. The Defence Committee which overthrew the Negrin Government and arranged the capitulation of the rest of Spain, contained two leading members who had shown themselves to be fairly susceptible to British influence. So we need not consider it wholly an accident if the Nazi and Fascist press reports scornfully denouncing British attempts to rob them of their prize have a basis of fact. Here, perhaps, is the second reason for the change of policy.

The third reason is very interesting. You will recollect that Nazi threats to Poland drew the guarantees which inaugurated the new policy. Apparently then, only three weeks ago Hitler was still pushing eastwards. But it must be admitted that two interpretations can be placed on this eastward drive. It may be the preface to an attack on Russia, but it may also be regarded as creating adequate protection from Czech or Russian or Polish attacks in the event of a Fascist attack on France. Recent events seem to indicate that such an attack was quite probable. Only a fortnight ago Dutch ports on the North

Only a fortnight ago Dutch ports on the North Sea subjected all vessels arriving during the night to a searchlight inspection, and both in Switzerland and Holland military precautions were taken against a surprise attack. There were considerable movements of Italian troops in Spain. In his speech to the Communist Party Congress a month ago Stalin declared that Germany would not dare to attack the Soviet Union. Events since then support that view, and it appears from the Mediterranean movements of fleets and troops that the Ukraine plan has, for the moment at any rate, most unexpectedly been shelved in favour of an attack westward, as in 1914.

If this is so, we have a third reason for the change of policy. Mr. Chamberlain's much-praised sense of realism seems to have led him astray, and the Godesberg negotiations between the Fuhrer and the Premier seem to have been more in the nature of the negotiations between a weasel and its quarry.

The last and most important reason is domestic. It should not be forgotten that in less than a year Mr. Chamberlain will be facing the usual election campaign in England. His previous policy was, of course, likely to spell his well-earned downfall. In place of the solid support of the League and Covenant which the National Government had promised the British electors, he would have had nothing to produce but the broken pledges of two notorious gamblers and the doubtful satisfaction of having passed the hat round for their Fascist Benefit Fund more frequently than anyone else. Signs are not wanting that a considerable swing-over of public opinion towards the National Government has already taken place.

In deciding our own attitude towards the question we would do well to remember that whilst the new alignment is, from our point of view, highly desirable, the whole war scare, armaments race, and hectic diplomatic manoeuvring is the result of the Nationalist Government's willing assistance in helping Germany to rearm. "I cannot give you an assurance in definite terms," replied the chairman of Vickers Ltd., Sir Herbert Lawrence, when questioned as to whether it was not true that his firm was helping to rearm Germany (1934), "but I can tell you that nothing is done without the complete sanction and approval of our own Government." Now, having created the trouble, the National Government expects us to applaud when, faced with a war of its own making, it makes for itself the most favourable grouping of nations and snuggles up to Russia, only too glad to obtain the assistance of the most powerful war machine in the world—produced without profits by an economic system which for years that same National Government said "wouldn't work." The contradictions of its own interests are growing too complicated for it to handle. Its policy "wouldn't work."

Surely the moral for us as students is to work for a society where the term "national interests" means the welfare of the many and not the power or investments of the few. —A.H.S.

"We Britishers are proud of the part we have played in native administration, and we cannot for a moment contemplate falling below the high ideal set by the statesmen of our Empire."
—Mr. Milner, "Dominion," 30/3/38.

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is not only centrally situated but is also located in a quiet and secluded part of Hereford Street.
—Advertisement in "Press," Christchurch, 27/8/38.

"While listening to the broadcast speech of Mr. Neville Chamberlain last Thursday evening the thought that came uppermost in my mind was how thankful we should all be that there is such a great statesman at the helm of the British Empire just now. . . . the secret of his power lies in his straightforwardness, honesty and breath of vision. And also to the fact that he can see and appreciate the other fellow's point of view."
—Letter to "Dominion," 12/11/38.

DEBATE

"That a return to religion is the only solution to our present discontents."

FRIDAY, 28th APRIL
IN THE GYM.

"If it were not so serious, is it not supremely ludicrous to hear how the United States Press is raging about Britain not going to war. . . . America is full of Germans, and naturally they are mad at being deprived of the profits on munitions, as was the case in the last war."
—Letter to "Dominion."

"A motion by the chairman, Mr. N. G. Armstrong, to dismantle cottages in Castlecliff, the property of the Wanganui Harbour Board, was carried at the board's meeting to-day. . . . 'I do not want to see Maoris in Castlecliff. They should not be there at all; they are a menace,' said Mr. D. Ross, a member of the board. 'I have seen the Government houses near Raetihi for Maoris. They should make application to be housed there. The place for Maoris is up the Wanganui River. The further they keep away from the city the better for them.'"
—"Dominion" Special Service, 20/2/39.

"Informed of Auckland's pretensions to having supplied the Wellington Zoo with its emu blood-stock, and so vicariously sharing in the glory of the Wellington cock emu's recent brooding record and high paternity average, the curator of the Zoo, Mr. J. Langridge, last night effectively disposed of any such claims. He said that both the adult emus at present at Newtown were originally imported from Australia. The emus obtained from Auckland, like so many other Auckland emus, had died."

"As a matter of fact, the good health enjoyed by these delicate and high-spirited birds in the rigours of a climate far different from that of their natural habitat in the arid and sun-scorched interior of Australia, is ascribed entirely to Wellington's bracing and invigorating atmosphere, and not to any accident of birth or origin."
—"Dominion" Special Service, 26/9/38.

"To his dog, every man is a Napoleon; hence the popularity of dogs."
—Aldous Huxley.

"Civilisation means food and literature all round. Beef-steaks and fiction magazines for all. First-class proteins for the body, fourth-class love stories for the spirit."—From "Eyeglass in Gaza," Aldous Huxley.

KNOW THIS PLACE?

"These views I ventured now and then to express, but I had to be cautious, for the patriotism of the colonists was inflammable as gun-powder. To be against war was to be lukewarm to our country, and half-a-dozen regiments could have been raised with ease in New Zealand alone, to march to Herat. . . . Auckland wearied me with its valiant talk. We had an officer there—an excellent fellow in his way—who had fought in our own Afghanistan wars, who knew the ground, and had maps, and posed as an authority. He proved to us, by argument completely satisfactory to himself, that unless we seized Russia by the throat and hurled her back upon the Caspian we were a ruined nation. Everybody seemed to agree with him, and I was a minority of one. I was relieved, therefore, when a message came from Sir George Grey that he was at his island and was expecting us to go to him without delay."

—J. A. FROUDE, "Oceana."
(Published 1886.)

DOES IT MATTER?

*Does it matter?—losing your legs? . . .
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.*

*Does it matter?—losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the
blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.*

*Do they matter?—those dreams from
the pit? . . .
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you're fought for
your country,
And no one will worry a bit.*
—Siegfried Sassoon, 1917.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER WAYS

During the year 1934, before the advent to power of the Labour Party, Margaret Macpherson, a visiting English journalist, collected and edited a Symposium Against War.

The Symposium was made up of quotations selected by various New Zealanders. Among the contributors was ROBERT SEMPLE, M.P.

Here is the quotation he selected:

War is a sin, a corrupter of the public morals. It is a practical denial of Christianity, a violation of God's eternal law of love. . . . In war the laws are suspended, violence and cunning rule everywhere.

Men are systematically trained to burn towns, to murder fathers and sons; taught to consider it 'glory' to do so.

"The Government collects ruffians and cut-throats. It compels better men to serve with these and become cut-throats. It appoints chaplains to blaspheme Christianity; teaching the ruffians how to pray for the destruction of the enemy, the burning of his towns, and to do this in the name of Christ and God. I do not censure all the men who serve; some of them know no better; they have heard that a man would 'perish everlastingly' if he did not believe the Athanasian Creed. . . . They never heard that war was a sin, that to create a war was treason, and to fight in it a wrong. They never thought of thinking for themselves. Their thinking was to read a newspaper, or sleep through a sermon. They counted it their duty to obey the Government without thinking if that Government be right or wrong. I deny not the noble, manly character of many a soldier, his heroism, self-denial and personal sacrifice. . . . Still, after all proper allowance is made for a few individuals, the whole system of war is un-Christian and sinful. It lives only by evil passions. It can be defended only by what is low, selfish and animal. It absorbs the scum of the cities, pirates, robbers, murderers. It makes them worse—and better men like them. To take one life is murder; what is it to practise killing as an art, a trade, to do it by thousands?"

"Yet I think better of the hands that do the butchering than of the ambitious heads, the cold, remorseless hearts, that plunge the nation into war."—Written in 1846.

GUNS OR BUTTER?

The German regime is of the opinion that guns are more important than butter. Probably most English people were extremely shocked at such a bald and unvarnished statement, but it would do Britishers good to reflect that their own Minister of Health, Mr. Walter Elliott, made much the same sort of statement, although it was couched in much more diplomatic language. In a speech at Sheffield, he stated that in order to pay for the huge rearmament programme, the social services would have to be curtailed. The Government later attempted to gloss over Mr. Elliott's mistake, but the fact remains: the poor will have to pay for the rearmament. There will be no tax on wealth, property, or profits; pensions and medical services, etc., will be cut, and the poor will contribute proportionally far more for the defence of the United Kingdom than the so-called "upper classes." And Mr. Cham-

CRUMPLED GOLD

*Ringed laughter and far-calling songs
of youthful voices, happy, gay . . .
a lantern's crumpled gold
flung on waters whispering below,
and sea-bewitching lights
that stream
in wavering green and deepening golds
and crimson richly toned
across the trembling waters,
silken-smooth
and blackly shining rhythmically . . .
cool sea-air upon the silent night;
slim masts pointing past the stars
with white ropes lined in vivid clarity
and rigid-patterned grace
upon the summer sky. . . .*

"My health is good. I lost no one of any importance. I put my losses at three thousand killed and wounded."—From a letter written by Napoleon to Empress Marie Louise in 1813.



WAR MEMORIAL

OR

THE BEAR AND THE FOX

The Bear used to boast of his excessive love for Man, saying he never disturbed him when dead.

The Fox observed, with a smile: "I should have thought more of you if you had as much consideration for the living."

berlain and colleagues make an impassioned appeal for "National Service," and want the co-operation of the workers in such matters as longer hours and greater productivity in the munitions factories. A man must feel very comforted as he slogs away to know that the money, the profits earned by his sweat, together with the cuts in the pensions of his aged parents, or medical benefits for his family, if any, will go to swell the millions of pounds pouring, at the present moment, into the pockets of those very patriotic people, the British armament shareholders. "National Service" is all very well, but such a scheme can be terribly unfair. And so far the British Cabinet has not shown itself as over-zealous in its desire to make "National Service" impartial.—P.A.M.

*Other Days, Other Ways—vix Italia cap
Oh, wouldn't you laugh at the top of
your voice*

*If it ever came to pass,
That Christ came by in His big Rolls-
Royce,
And the Bishop went on his ass!*

—A. R. D. Fairbairn.

(Continued from page 1)
Better still, let us have a complete overhaul of our literary periodicals—we can afford only the best. We could toss out "L'Illustration" and "Les Annales," for example, and take the "Mercure de France" and "Etudes Anglaises" instead, for the same price. The last-named recently had an article on contemporary N.Z. poetry—I wonder whether there is more than one copy of it in this country?

For our library, I suggest:
TRANSITION NEW VERSE
SCRUTINY MERCURE DE FRANCE
TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE
ETUDES ANGLAISES
LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY.

Why not? Most Honours students in English and French won't notice the difference; but those who, taking literature seriously, treat a degree with the contempt it deserves, will appreciate the change.
—H.W.G.



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Winter Sport

During the lull that always follows Easter the various winter sports clubs have time to prepare for their activities. Headed by club captains and secretaries, committees are thoughtful and energetic, the hopes of new and old members run high, and enthusiasm is fanned by the preparations. By the early days of May winter sport is in full swing.

Most students find that active membership of one winter sports club is sufficient. They have a wide choice. For the games players there are the strong Rugby and Men's Hockey Clubs; for others sound in wind and limb, the Harrier and Tramping Clubs; and, for women students only, the Basketball and Women's Hockey Clubs.

—L.B.S.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Prospects for Women's Hockey are rather brighter this year, although the club membership is still small. Regular play does not begin till next term, but practices in the Gym, on Monday nights show that some of the newcomers will prove useful members of the team. Moreover even the inexperienced ones appear to be enthusiastic and, under the paternal guidance of Max Christie and other members of the Men's Club, have begun their training by nocturnal running round Kelburn Park.

Only five of last year's team are playing this year, but fortunately several old V.U.C. players have returned to the fray. With Vesta Emmanuel as half-back, and Betty Fraser and Bette Stubbs to strengthen the forward line, we have the nucleus for a fair team. The full-backs are an unknown quantity as yet, although, among the freshers, Winifred Towgood shows promise of being a dependable player. Margaret Wallace, a former C.U.C. player, is a welcome addition to the club.

If the number of beginners is sufficient, it may be possible to enter a Junior as well as a Senior team in the Saturday games. Any other students who wish to learn to play hockey should leave a note in the rack for the club secretary, Betty Rider.

There will be a practice for all players on Saturday, 29th. Watch notice board for further announcement.

HOCKEY ACQUISITIONS

In C. A. Sharp, a former Rhodes Scholar, the Men's Hockey Club has gained a player whose experience and skill should be of much value. A Southland representative, Sharp has had considerable hockey experience in England and India.

Buchanan, a Canterbury College "Blue" for the past two years, should prove another useful acquisition. Souness from the Wesley Club and Hetherington, a Canterbury Junior Rep., are other men who may find places in the senior team.

So far no attempt has been made to finalise teams, but good material is available for sound Senior A and Senior B sides.

Of last year's seniors, all are again available except Eggleton (now at Canterbury), Williams (in Auckland), and Pitt (now on his way to teach the Rarotongan hockey).

Competition for places will be particularly keen, especially amongst the halves. As in previous years, only the wing forwards should occasion any difficulty. Teams will be chosen after the final practice next Saturday when it is hoped to measure the strength of teams with outside clubs.

There are still vacancies in all teams to be filled. Those in doubt about playing—and of course all those who intend to play—are urged to attend at Karori Park next Saturday without fail.

HARRIERS

The College Harrier Club held its first run of the season from Weir House on Saturday, 15th April. After Mr. G. C. Sherwood, vice-president and coach, had officially declared the season open, about thirty runners were started off in two packs. The trial led to the top of Tinakori Hill and back to the starting point via Anderson Park and Salamanca Road.

At the conclusion of the run, the club members were entertained at afternoon tea by Mr. R. D. Bradshaw, warden of Weir House and a vice-president of the club. Mr. F. D. O'Flynn expressed the appreciation of all for the generous hospitality of their host, and thanked him for the assistance he had always given to University harrier activities.

The run on 29th April will be from Wadestown. All members and others who wish to have an afternoon's exercise are asked to meet at the Wadestown tram terminus at 2.15 p.m. sharp.

OLD STUDENTS' DAY

By 95 games to 84 in the aggregate, each team having won six matches, Present Students defeated Past Students at tennis in the annual contest for the Elchebaum Cup last Saturday.

In the top singles F. H. Renouf defeated H. N. Burns 6/3, and N. G. Foley, B. W. Brock and R. Thawley, playing second, third and fourth respectively for the club, also won. But Present Students lost the last four singles, and interest was consequently maintained until the doubles results were known.

Besides the players already mentioned, Present Students were represented by P. G. Pasley, I. F. Bowden, K. J. McNaught and F. D. Christensen. Past Students were represented by the donor of the cup, Mr. S. A. Elchebaum, and Messrs. H. N. Burns, C. E. Evans, Scott, H. R. C. Wild, C. H. Hain, T. Foden, R. St. J. Beere, and Batten.

It is interesting to recall the fact that Col. R. St. J. Beere was a member of the first tennis team to represent V.U.C. at Tournament. That was in 1902, and the other men in the team were Messrs. F. P. Wilson, H. P. Richmond, J. Graham, F. A. de la Mare and A. J. Will. Mr. S. A. Elchebaum himself was treasurer of the infant club away back in 1905. Mr. H. N. Burns, now better known as secretary of the N.Z. Lawn Tennis Association, was secretary of the V.U.C. Tennis Club in 1925.—L.B.S.

SOFTBALL AT V.U.C.?

Will softball—that variant of baseball that is so rapidly attaining popularity—find its way into 'Varsity sport? It cannot be denied that an afternoon at softball is good entertainment, both for players and onlookers. Nor should one scoff at the game as only glorified rounders. It is a game full of action and skill, calls for quick thinking and fitness, is amusing and exciting, and does not take too long to play. One thing noticeable about it is that a duffer or novice can have a stimulating afternoon's fun and exercise just as much as the expert.

Someone may feel inclined to found a club at V.U.C. That it will not be long before the game is played by students is a prediction confidently made. Baseball is popular in Australia and the way it has won favour in England is surprising to the man who imagines it is a purely American game. Lacrosse, that popular Canadian pastime, was started in New Zealand, only to dwindle and die. But softball has become so firmly established (there are several thousand players in New Zealand at present) that it is unlikely to meet the same fate.

FAREWELL!

Leon Pitt has already departed for Rarotonga and Bruce Brock is leaving shortly for Auckland. The Tennis Club thus loses two of its keenest members and the Rugby and Hockey Clubs suffer too.

B. W. Brock was a Tournament representative at tennis in 1937 and L. K. Pitt has represented V.U.C. at the Inter-College Hockey Tournament. Bruce was a nippy half-back for the Senior B Rugby team and Leon a fast forward on the hockey field. Their styles at tennis were among the most attractive in the club.

Two capable and popular sportsmen, they leave behind many friends at V.U.C. who wish them well.

Table Tennis

Formed only last year, the Table Tennis Club had an encouragingly successful first season, and for this winter is proposing to enter teams in the Wellington Table Tennis Association's competition. So far twenty-four students have expressed their desire to play inter-club.

The club possesses two good tables and an energetic committee. Table tennis is so inexpensive a game to play and provides such good fun that the club should soon be one of the most popular in the College.

The most powerful sports club in the College, the Rugby Club, will this season have the satisfaction of having its best men playing senior football from the outset. By many other football followers in Wellington, too, the change will be welcomed, for it is not so many years ago that the 'Varsity side was the most colourful fifteen in local Rugby.

A decade ago University fielded such backs as F. Noble-Adams, J. D. Mackay, F. S. Ransom, R. H. C. Mackenzie, E. T. C. Leys and J. H. Ruru. Mackay, Mackenzie and Leys gained All Black honours, and Ruru, a brilliant player who met an untimely death, was a Maori All Black. Then, too, there were such forwards as P. Martin-Smith, J. Platts-Mills, O'Regan, Blacker, Burns, Diederich, and Weiss.

Last season there was much satisfaction when Burke, McNicol and Eastwood represented Wellington, but in 1929 no fewer than ten V.U.C. men played for the province. Going further back, we find that in 1922 eleven 'Varsity footballers gained the selector's nod. The previous year a V.U.C. footballer, G. G. Aitken, had captained the All Blacks against South Africa.

But 1928 was probably the Club's greatest year, for the team was studded with talent and the senior championship was won for the first time. This feat was repeated in 1929, but in 1930 we occupied bottom position. Three years later came relegation to the second division of the Senior A grade, and we have been struggling to regain senior status ever since. Now we are again to start the season with a team in the top grade, and all 'Varsity sportsmen wish the players well.

—L.B.S.

HOCKEY

Various matters of moment were broached (and left at that in some cases) at the annual general meeting of the Men's Hockey Club, attended by some 40 students. One of them was the question of obtaining permission to practise on Kelburn Park on Saturday mornings before competition matches begin; another was a proposal to amalgamate with the Training College Club; another was to enter a team in Senior B grade composed partly of old-timers and partly of promising colts; and yet another was to form a purely Weir House team to play in one of the lower grades.

Chairman D. Beresford lamented the days when the club flourished with eight teams. But that was when a certain massive Club Captain was wont to grab freshers almost literally by the scruff of the neck, thrust sticks into their apprehensive hands, and make them play a game which they probably knew not at school, but which they soon came to enjoy.

Frank Walker is Secretary again, and Alan Dixon, whose father, G. F. Dixon, is Patron, succeeds Frank Newcombe as Club Captain. Newcombe has been one of the club's finest workers and, as captain of the seniors and of the Wellington representative team last season, no mean player at centre-half as well.

But this club, one of the oldest at the College, needs players for 1939. Outfitting is cheap and the game itself is not too difficult for a fresher to learn to play reasonably well in quite a short space of time. So if you are in doubt about what winter pastime to take up, try hockey. Frank Walker or Alan Dixon will furnish further information. Notes can be left for them in the letter rack.

—L.B.S.

MASSEY'S TENNIS VICTORY

By a margin of three matches Massey College won its return contest with V.U.C. at Palmerston North on Sunday, 16th April. In the first encounter, at Miramar, the Massey men won only one of the nine matches played.

On their arrival the visitors were shown over the Massey College buildings before lunch. Nine matches were played in the afternoon, the V.U.C. men winning two of the singles and one doubles. Playing top, N. G. Foley avenged his defeat of last visit by out-playing Zinzan to win 6/3, 6/2 in a fast-hitting game. Alan Miles, a promising young player, was the other singles victor. He defeated Heays 9/6.

Results (V.U.C. players mentioned first):—

SINGLES.

N. G. Foley beat Zinzan—6/3, 6/2.
S. Braithwaite lost to A. Stewart—5/6, 5/6.
K. J. McNaught (Captain) lost to A. Guild—8/9.
A. Miles beat F. Heays—9/6.
I. McAllister lost to J. Grevatt—3/9.
G. Foote lost to Davis—1/9.

DOUBLES.

Foley and Braithwaite beat Zinzan and Stewart—6/5, 2/6, 6/4.
McNaught and Miles lost to Guild and Heays—6/9.
McAllister and Foote lost to Grevatt and Davis—7/9.

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