

Salient

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SIDELIGHTS ON SEPTEMBER

Views and Reviews

Britain breathed freely once more! The war scare had passed—Mr. Chamberlain had saved Europe! But at what a price! Czechoslovakia, the greatest strategic stronghold of democracy in Europe, surrendered to the tender mercies of the Nazis. On Mr. Chamberlain's return he was cheered by an hysterical mob, which, safe in the reflection that its own skin was saved, did not spare a thought for the tens of thousands of unfortunate Jews, Social Democrats, Communists and Liberals, who had been surrendered without a blow, to Herr Hitler. One of the really great peoples of Europe, who had fought through the centuries for the freedom they held so dear, to be bartered in a sort of diplomatic market to the highest bidder, after a short, fruitful and peaceful republic which had not quite gained its majority. Mr. Chamberlain stated that the new Czechoslovakia would enjoy a freedom it had never known before. Perhaps he meant the freedom apparently enjoyed by Thaelmann, Niemöller and Schuschnigg. The execution of Peter Forster was an excellent definition of Mr. Chamberlain's "freedom." Forster, a young Social Democrat, escaped with a companion from the worst of Germany's concentration camps, the Buchenwald, a task equal to that of escaping from the much-publicised Alcatraz Prison. His companion was captured, and as a penalty for the knocking-out of a guard during the escape, he was immediately beheaded. However, Forster, after great hardships, carrying his life in his hands, as immediate beheading would be his reward if caught, managed to cross the closely-guarded frontier into Czechoslovakia. Germany demanded his immediate extradition, but Czechoslovakia was still a free country, and the German demand was refused—for a time. Forster paced the aerodrome at Prague. The plane which was to carry him to Switzerland and freedom was late. Terror-stricken, Forster gazed at the empty horizon. But it was too late. A squad of soldiers rushed on to the field, Forster was arrested and entrained under heavy guard for Germany. The top-hatted executioner in the prison courtyard swung his axe, and one of the first of the victims of the Nazi terror met a ghastly fate. For Mr. Chamberlain had betrayed Czechoslovakia, had betrayed the democratic peoples of the world, at the "triumph of peace" at Munich.—P.A.M.

IN VAIN?

"If war had broken out last September, Czechoslovakia would have been annihilated," is the boast of German leaders, and the explanation by English politicians of their lamentable action, which caused the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. But would this have happened?

The two nations were separated by a mountain barrier, pierced by several passes. Thus lightning invasion was impossible. Behind these mountains lay the main line of Czech defence—the Maginot Line. The invincibility of these fortifications against direct attack was amply demonstrated in tests carried out after the German occupation. Moreover the rebellious Sudeten territory lay in front of the Maginot Line. Full mobilisation would furnish 1,000,000 troops, a figure which could be quickly increased in time of war. In this connection the semi-militarised Sokol organisations would have proved invaluable. The country had a reserve of arms and military transport unrivalled in Europe. She was particularly strong in artillery and mechanised units. Official statistics placed her air strength at 1600 planes.

Is it possible that a nation with these resources would have crumpled before the German onslaught? Could not Czechoslovakia resist until France had launched an offensive across the Rhine, which would have successfully diverted German attention, for the Selfreid Line was far from completion. Moreover Russian and Rumanian support would have

been forthcoming. Remember that in 1914 a small, "contemptible" nation stemmed the German advance and enabled the Allies to mobilise. Under leaders like Sirovy and Benes and imbued with the fierce nationalism which has been born out of centuries of oppression, the Czechs could have halted the Nazi wave, and to perish fighting would have been preferable to slavery.

But all is not lost for these brave people, for some day out of the anarchy and chaos that was Europe they will rise again a free virile nation. Long Live Czechoslovakia! —C.M.H.

LETTER

We heard about the Munich crisis through the distorting glass of a B.B.C. broadcast and censored cable messages. Afterwards our impression of it has been effectively confused by numerous "experts," all spouting different contradictory versions per medium of the capitalist press.

But last week a letter arrived in New Zealand which gives us at last clear, first-hand, uncensored, information, written by a Czechoslovakian boy of sixteen to his pen-friend here. "Salient" is glad to print this exclusive message. The English is a little crude and the grammar faulty, but this, we think, serves to heighten the pathos. It runs:

"My Dear —
" . . . So by now you will have advanced from the school branch and are drawing salary, well, much joy to you. My prospects are not so bright, as our Government, staggering under the burden of our national catastrophe, has decreed that no employees will be admitted for the next two years. The standard of living has been lowered down, while things have gone up in price. On the surface our life goes on as before, but if you should pay attention to the rumours, they are of the worst. The gangster demands one-third of our gold treasure what backs our currency (he has none and his mark is valueless). But the debt for the stolen territory only wants to pay with 5 per cent. He wants a third of our army to help him (irony, what he will never get). He is draining our country of commodities, what we have to sell at his price. We have 180,000 refugees we have to feed, house and try to create work for them. He stole our fortified frontiers, broke up our army, our locomotives, denuded the stolen territories of all the woods, what he cut down with the greatest haste. Now he ordered that we have to open all former German high schools, colleges, etc., and sent his Sudeten German students here in order to create a new German minority. So now we have more Huns here than before. And if there will be no war between the Democracies and the Dictators, so we will be swallowed up entirely. The impending war is our only hope.

"So you see, dear R—, how fortunate you are if you do live in that remote corner of the Earth. So our motto: Through war to independence. —George."

WITHOUT COMMENT

"I was greatly impressed by the manner in which the people of the United States idolized the British Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain, because of his efforts for peace during the recent European crisis," said Mr. L. C. Rolls, general manager of Williams and Kettle Ltd., wool and stock brokers, Napier, who returned from overseas by the Mariposa to day.

"All the people in the United States and Canada with whom I came in contact were unanimous in their praise of Mr. Chamberlain," Mr. Rolls said. "It makes one feel proud to belong to a nation which breeds men of his calibre. The general opinion is that the present British Government is the finest the country has had since the war."

—Dominion.

RUNNING SHOES?

Have the Tooley Street "Bigshots" got Mr. Nash on the run? That is the question being asked at present by devotees to the political game. It would appear that Sir Harry Batterbee has been having quite a number of "informal" little talks lately with our wizard of finance. What does it all mean? Surely they are not all in the nature of business calls. Our Minister is far too busy a man for that we are told and if he isn't, well, to put it politely, he's been fooling us. No, I don't think it is because Sir Harry particularly enjoys the Minister's company or his charming personality. The Minister for Mines is the man he should go to for entertainment. "Paddy" and his mares are nearly as well known as Paddy and his pig. Besides, West Coasters are known all over the country for their hospitality while their "long handles" have become legendary. Of course, Sir Harry might not like this type of entertainment. Very well then surely it is up to Members of the Opposition to do their share in entertaining our guest. The solitude of the Wallace district embracing as it does the wonderful Sounds country pictures of which we see plastered over railway waiting sheds, would be an ideal spot for entertainment for long periods of say six months to a year.

GRAND NASHIONAL

Then too, there is the sudden departure recently of Mr. Nash for the "Old Country." Surely this is not just for the purpose of seeing the "Derby" or "The Grand National?" No, Mr. Nash would hardly have needed a private secretary for that, nor indeed had he intended making merry with the "boys" over on the "other side" would he have taken his wife, a restraining influence, along with him. Now, having satisfactorily disposed of any ulterior motives the minister may have had, let us return to the question of politics.

It appears that by 1940, our big year, there is a debt of roughly £10,000,000 falling due which is owed to the afore-mentioned "Big Shots" of Tooley Street. Now it is possible that these English gentlemen may become peeved if we do not meet these payments on due date. This is the point that is giving some people such concern and others such satisfaction, although I cannot see why either should be the case. Surely if our little country is in need of money badly then it should be the concern of everybody to co-operate and find means of raising the necessary cash. But the outlook is not hopeless, far from it. We have several remedies and I am going to attempt to explain them as they appear to me. Firstly, we could impose another small levy of say 3d per person per week till the debt is due. By this method we might have collected sufficient money if there hadn't been a civil war or revolution in the meantime.

WHAT OFFERS?

The next method suggested would be to put little N.Z. lock, stock and barrel on the World's market. Surely, with what we have spent on Public Works in improvements and with what we possess in the way of sheep and horseflesh we could demand a good price. In fact it seems an ideal time to transact such a deal. Most of our best material and talent goes abroad in any case so we might as well sell the lot at a fair profit, pay off our debts, and at the same time have a little pocket money of our own. It is either a question of doing the selling ourselves or of being "sold" and it is up to everyone of us to decide which it is going to be.

R.W.R.

Readers of "Salient" might be interested to re-read the interview with Sir Harry Batterbee published on March 29th last in the light of the above article.

LORD CLIVE

What I like about Clive is that he is no longer alive. There is a great deal to be said for being dead.

—Edmund Clerihew Bentley.

MORAL REARMAMENT

The Fifth University

Mr. R. L. Harry, a former editor of "Togatus," and now sub-editor of the Oxford "Isis," typed out the article appearing below for "Salient" in a train running between Undersaker and Stockholm.

We have heard a great deal about "M.R.A."—the outlay of tenpence ensures us a perfect knowledge of its principles—and we are glad to publish this article on the practical application of these principles.

A NEW UNIVERSITY.

On 2nd April Sweden had four universities: next day there were five. A new "university" had sprung up overnight, and was working at full pressure at Undersaker, a little skiing village in the mountains of the north.

Among the two hundred members of the new "university" are students from twenty-five universities in the four Scandinavian countries, Holland, Switzerland, Bulgaria, England, Scotland, Canada and Australia. There are four lecturers and seven professors—H. Lindroth, Göteborg (Languages), E. Skard, Oslo (Classics), H. Gran, Oslo (Botany), J. Pedersen, Trondheim (Architecture), A. Bentzen, Copenhagen (Theology), H. Turnbull, St. Andrews (Mathematics), and E. Cunningham, Cambridge (Mathematics).

In the log houses where "lectures" are held, while outside the temperature is below zero, the Undersaker "University" is studying hard. There is only one subject—Education: But it is being studied from every possible aspect and in an entirely novel way. The informal "lectures" are delivered in five languages for one thing. Then the walls of the "lecture theatre" are decorated with the flags of the ten nations which are represented. In the afternoon professors and students together leave for the hills on skis. But that is not the most remarkable thing in the relations of these students with their professors. The really amazing thing is that absolute equality is combined with absolute frankness. At what other university could a student say to his professor: "If you professors will get off your pedestals and out of your libraries we will gladly learn from you, both about work and about living."

A NEW TYPE OF MAN.

Mr. A. Tauson-Hassler, President of the Göteborg "Nation," or students club, at Uppsala University, aptly expressed the purpose of the assembly at the opening session:

"In face of the world's need," he said, "our task is to build something creative, something absolutely new, a new civilisation through a new type of man. The purpose of the Nordic Assembly is that professors, lecturers, teachers, parents and students shall together take responsibility for an educational system that shall meet the needs of the nation. The greatest task of our generation is to teach people to live together."

The phrase "a new type of man" is a familiar one in Sweden to-day as the result of the writing of Sven Hedin, one of Sweden's greatest living authors, whose whole outlook was recently changed from cynicism and despair to constructive hope through the forces of Moral Re-Armament. The "Ny Manniskotyp" is: "The man whose instincts are to live and work in fellowship, the man who is open, free and fearless, and takes responsibility for the needs of his nation who loves his country and obeys God."

The new type of man is contrasted with those types which make up the negative forces of the world to-day—the "protest man," who is critical without being constructive—the "masked man," who is afraid to show his feelings—the "caretaker man," who is unwilling to take responsibility. "In every age," said Professor Skard, "man has survived only if he could adapt himself to a changed environment. We have reached a new stage in civilisation, but mankind seems morally unfitted to survive. We must make a deliberate step in evolution

and produce the kind of man who is adapted to the new conditions."

NEW RELATIONSHIPS.

The urgent need in the face of the threat of war in Europe and the conflict and fear which exist everywhere was seen to be new human relationships, based on co-operation instead of competition. Small teams therefore worked on the different relationships of the educational system—between professor and student, professor and colleague, teacher and pupil, teacher and parent—to see what was the application of the fundamental principles of moral re-armament, absolute honesty and openness, absolute love and caring.

The professors had many examples from their own experience of the way in which new confidence had grown up between them and their students when they had been willing to acknowledge their own needs and had been honest in all relationships. Students told how they had been learning to be open with their tutors, and how that had resulted in co-operation. Other groups analysed the evidence of team-work between home and school, between members of university and school staffs when the elements of fear and selfishness had been removed. Many examples were given of the way in which this new spirit has begun to have an effect on national life, especially in reconciling the traditional enemies, the Finnish and Swedish elements in Finland.

NEW RESEARCH.

It was soon realised that the work which has been begun must be continued by intensive research and experiment in every country, but as Professor Cunningham stated:

"We believe that the results we have found through the application of Moral Re-Armament to Education are concrete enough to suggest a universal principle of which the results could be multiplied indefinitely."

Like everyone else, Julian shuffled round clasping various corkscrew torsos in the crush, which limited the range of bodily movements.

"Could anything be more idiotic?" Pamela Porter, the niece of Canon Fuge, remarked as she rubbed her belly against his.

"Is it more idiotic than a Church service, a meeting of the League of Nations, a battle, a trial by jury, or a Royal Coronation?" Julian asked. "It is at least more innocuous and less portentous."

Robert Briffault "Europa in Limbo."

"Changes in the population of primitive societies are caused by war, famine, plague, and contact with Europeans."—Dr. E. Beaglehole.

No man is so void of understanding as to prefer war before peace; for in the latter, children bury their fathers; in the former, fathers bury their children."—Herodotus.

Mr. E. C. Simpson will speak on "Modern Art" to the Phoenix Club. The talk will be illustrated with a fine set of slides. Thursday, June 8th.

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ALL IS NOT LOST

Amidst the tumultuous chorus of praise which rose to greet this year's Extravaganza, foremost of all were the sweet, cool wood-notes of Mr. Trevor Lane.

Need it be said we were deeply touched?

We have long admired that great instrument of emancipation and enlightenment. Long admired that noble, that high-principled, that (if we may say it) Miltonic mind which, heedless of popular opinion, never panders to convention, never dabbles in sentimentality, never traffics in sensationalism.

Because of this admiration, heart-felt as it is, we were deeply moved by Mr. Lane's restrained and liberal laudation of ourselves. Such a tribute is all the more touching in that it was quite spontaneous.

"What a pity," writes Mr. Lane, "that these callow youths, whose manners and outlook have been conditioned by a too-tolerant and kindly democracy, couldn't be transported to Europe, disciplined under a Nazi flag, controlled in word and thought and deed by a Hitler or a Mussolini or a Stalin."

Before such moderation, such forbearance, one is well-nigh speechless. Seldom, in all the wide sweep of history, is one privileged to encounter so exalted and magnanimous a tolerance. Reminiscent it is of Milton, of Shelley, of John Stuart Mill. Reminiscent of Voltaire and his famous aphorism, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," which, together with Mr. Lane's impassioned words, will stand for all ages as the perfect utterance of the tolerant ideal.

In a world rampant with oppression and tyranny, Mr. Lane's words stand as a beacon in the darkness. We need but glance at Italy and Germany to realise how precious the virtue of tolerance has become to us, and how desperately we must struggle to keep it alive.

But all is not lost. Mr. Lane is yet with us. Let us rejoice that he at least can not be numbered among those unenlightened people, so constantly in our midst, who are notoriously confident that they have a monopoly on all truth—those who deny to others the right of freedom in speech.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

"It is not too late yet to save a headlong financial slide if the Government will drastically curtail expenditure on unproductive luxuries and get men into reproductive employment."

Letter in "The Evening Post," 11/5/39.

"I don't know how we are going to get on about Lent next year," said another grocer. "Tinned fish is always in demand during Lent and our sales before Easter were very heavy. We have this to be thankful for; the Government waited till Lent was over before announcing the 100 per cent. restriction on tinned fish."

—"Dominion," 27/4/39.

"You boys are getting far too much. If you had to work for every penny of it, it would be different," said Mr. Justice Reed, in the Supreme Court, Hamilton, when a young witness gave evidence about a drinking party held in his hotel room. When his Honour asked the youth what wages he was receiving, he replied that he was earning £3/1/6 a week."

—"Dominion," 5/5/39.

"When I think of the men to-day who want the nation to do everything for them, it gives me the cold shivers," said the Minister of Public Works, the Hon. R. Semple, in opening the Whirokino trestle bridge, near Foxton. Mr. Semple had just asked the assembly to bow heads in memory of the pioneers who had blazed the trail from Wellington to Wanganui 100 years ago. "Our trials in life are infinitesimal compared with their battle against the forces of nature," he said. "May God in His wisdom grant them a generous corner in His Great Haven of Rest. Those to-day who want the nation to do everything for them will get short shrift from me," the Minister continued. "I often wonder where they come from. . . I don't think they were born at all, but just happened under a wet blanket on a cold winter's morning."—"New Zealander," 8/5/39.

"A significant local incident marking the wreck of Marasyk's life-work was the picture of Professor R. M. Aigle, Consul for Czechoslovakia in Auckland and New Zealand's new apostle of freedom, taking down the arms of the Republic on orders from Berlin, and in its place we will see the hooked cross of the unspeakable Nazis."

—"N.Z. National Review," 15/4/39.

It is a tradition that British Royalty does not grant interviews to journalists. This rule is observed strictly in the United Kingdom, and in the rare moments when reporters talk with members of the Royal Family they refrain from obeying the instinct of their calling and treating the privilege as an "interview."

—"Dominion" Editorial, 27/5/39.

DEAR PROFESSOR

Subterranean groans fitfully issue from our Auckland Freedom King. He reminds one rather of a nearly extinct volcano that rumbles in its stomach—emits a jet of dirty, black smoke, and then relaxes on its archaic foundations of rubble and dust. But perhaps it is not surprising for a minor eruption to occur occasionally in a city built on dormant, volcanic cones.

What is this "Glorious Freedom" that Professor Aigle craves? Is it the freedom that demands of one—the waving of flags—God and King—the honour of dashing across the grassy plain to stick a bayonet in the man in the swamp? "Our Leader" is peculiarly adept at flag waving, as are numerous of his satellites. Or is it the "stimulating freedom" of private enterprise—the still glorious opportunities of men and women to be free to do as they like? To work in the happy harmony of law, peace and order—order such as "Thou shalt not steal," etc., etc. (even though the belt is a little loose and the mind active with inactivity).

WE'S AND DEMOCRACIES.

The Professor is a man who undoubtedly believes what he says. To have freedom we must have no restrictions that are contrary to the concepts of true democracy. But the analysis of "we" and "democracy" is most important. "We" may imply the right of a few—as it has from the break-up of feudalism when it was coupled with the latter. And "democracy" may mean the practice of self-government by the passive will of a majority, who hand over the reins to the "we" minority.

What I think our dear professor objects to is a reversal of these traditional ideas, and an "active" government by a majority "we."

DOGS.

Thus, instead of the government legislating to protect and amplify the power of a minority class (of owners of the means of production) they are protecting the majority of producers. But is this right? Should dog eat dog or should slender dogs eat one dog? The latter should prove the popular theory, and this is what our dear professor dislikes. Ethics and business will not mix for any great length of time—neither will Professor Aigle and majorities.

However, we must be tolerant with him—stroke him—pat him in the same way that we would stroke and pat a little puppy on whose foot we have trodden, patiently hoping that he will stop his yelping and become a nice, calm, grown-up dog!—M.L.B.

PEAS

"I always eat peas with honey I've done it all my life, They do taste kind of funny, But it keeps them on the knife."

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

A LESSON IN COMPREHENSION

Those who saw "The Vikings" in this year's extravaganza will remember the first act in which Nev. sells to Hit. a number of coloured cloths—the Austrian, the Spanish and the Czech clothes are all of them mentioned. Finally Nev. pulls from his portmanteau marked "Munich," a piece of "red, white and blue bunting."

This incident troubled many, including Mr. Trevor Lane, who commented on it in his "Radio Record."

"Last night," writes Mr. Lane, "I watched the antics of a coming generation in a Varsity revue in Wellington. I saw with disgust a caricature of Chamberlain sell a British flag to a stage Hitler. Perhaps it was meant to be funny, but it misfired as it deserved to."

LEAP IN THE DARK.

The inference from these remarks is that the depicting of such an act on the stage was unpatriotic.

That anyone with intelligence and an understanding of international affairs and the dictionary meaning of "satire," could have jumped at such a false conclusion is not easy to understand. Actually it is the very reverse of unpatriotic.

In the opinion of many of the most reputable of authorities—Sir Norman Angel, Mr. Eden, "Vigilantes" author of "Between Two Wars," Mr. Douglas Reed, author of "Insanity Fair" and "Disgrace Abounding" and a host of others—Mr. Chamberlain by his foreign policy is jeopardising not only the peace of Europe, but also the welfare of the very nation of which he is Prime Minister.

END AND AIM.

The purpose of "The Vikings" was to attack Chamberlain's foreign policy, to demonstrate its danger, and to indicate the direction in which it was leading—contrary to the welfare of the British Empire.

In other words "The Vikings" suggested that if Mr. Chamberlain's Munich policy was continued long enough he would before long be in fact "selling the British flag." Exactly the same view-point is expressed in Mr. Douglas Reed's new book "Disgrace Abounding."

The purpose of "The Vikings" was, by the use of satire, to impress upon those who saw it the wrongness of such a policy as Mr. Chamberlain was pursuing.

Mr. Meek's extravaganza was then, if properly comprehended (and surely an author can at least expect that from his audience) the very opposite of unpatriotic.

PIOUS HOPE.

Let us hope that in future Mr. Trevor Lane will do us the signal honour of attempting to understand our extravaganza before he embarks on a campaign of "red"-baiting and intolerance.

GOSSIP

Do you suppose a certain Wellington columnist liked the people who, singing the National Anthem, dogged his footsteps at Capping Ball?

It seems a sad thing, but Mr. Bullock and Mr. O'Flynn seem to enjoy being photographed in a state of intoxication.

For a couple of days Brookie was besieged by gentlemen anxious to learn the identity of the girls who advertised for partners for the Ball. He kept his counsel—but they saw you, Mr. Bliss.

So—Norman Morrison and Syd Agar are about to bare those rugged knees to an astonished world.

Have you heard about Sandy's scene? Which was a currant bun—

Messrs. A. Collin, Powell, and Scotney have now qualified as elks.

Indoor pastime at the Brown House: Do several prominent girls round Varsity know just how narrowly they escaped being drawn in the great ballot as a Capping Ball partner for one of the inmates?

There is a fine collection of beer bottle caps at the top of the hill leading into the Tauherenikau Valley. Many? Very many. Placed there by whom? By Mr. Scotney. Why? Because he thought that was where folks felt thirstiest. There is no denying that this is not the behaviour of a true friend of humanity.

Do you know why Mr. Saker's favourite song is "Johnny's so long at the fair?"

There is no truth in the rumour that Miss June Cummins intends to establish a Games Club at the University for the fostering of the playing of Dominoes.

K.K.

REVALUATIONS

"The Mikado" and "All Quiet"

Conceive an emasculated stage "Mikado" with an American crooner in the leading role, prefaced by an utterly unnecessary prologue, containing no contralto solos and no "little list" song, presented with lavish settings on a revolving stage, and you have an accurate picture of the film version of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera.

"The Mikado" was first produced at the Savoy Theatre fifty-four years ago, and has remained one of the most popular of the series. Yet, despite its elegant tradition, despite Kenny Baker and the prologue, we are reluctantly forced to say that we enjoyed the film version more than the actual opera.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The principals (except Kenny Baker) were excellent, and Koko's Gilbertian foolery was a joy to behold. Though we missed seven good songs and heard half only of six others, the best were there, all beautifully sung in the traditional Savoy manner (except "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring," in which Sullivan was incontinent murdered). The subtle dialogue was shortened only, and not "adapted," and it was interesting to watch how much of it was far above the intellectual capacity of the audience, which appreciated Koko but was a little doubtful about Pooh-Bah.

The London Symphony Orchestra, the D'Oyly Carte chorus, lavish and not too realistic settings, a pretty Yum-Yum, and a magnificent Katisha (whose left shoulder-blade wasn't mentioned), enhanced the illusion that we were really seeing a Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

But why Kenny Baker? If he could learn to sing the songs and speak the lines, he might in time become an acceptable G. and S. artist. Was it to make the film "sell" to the Great American Public? Or because he's got Japanese eyes?

Thank God, anyway, that Hollywood didn't produce the show. Otherwise we might have seen Stan Laurel as Koko, Oliver Hardy as Pooh-Bah, Joe, E. Brown as Pish-Tush, and Clark Gable as Nanki-Poo.

Unless, of course, the Marx Brothers and Bing Crosby were available.

NOT SO QUIET.

To some it may seem sacrilegious to couple "The Mikado" with "All Quiet on the Western Front." Yet "All Quiet" must be subjected to a similar revaluation to "The Mikado." Both shows had a definite aim and object when they were first produced; what is their value to-day? "The Mikado" succeeds to-day as entertainment pure and simple; is the lesson of "All Quiet" relevant now?

Since the rise of aggressive Fascism, with its first manifestation in 1931, absolute pacifists have been strangely uneasy. Being sensitive people, they cannot view with equanimity the plight of the Austrian, Spanish and Czechoslovakian peoples; being intelligent they look at Fascism with abhorrence; and being pacifists they shrink from taking military measures against the aggressors. They realise, quite rightly, that no war has ever brought about the ostensible objects for which it has been fought, that the conception of sovereign states is flagrantly immoral, that belligerence has no survival value either in a single organism or in a community, and that the theories of Hegel, Bosanquet, and Mussolini as to the nature of the relationship between the State and the individual are amoral and false. Thus there is dissonance in the pacifist ranks in times of crisis. For instance, Mr. C. E. M. Joad, in his latest book, "Why War?" supports Chamberlain's attitude at Munich with arguments which he presents in a half-hearted manner, and which he himself appears to admit are unconvincing.

DIFFICULTIES.

And if the pacifist is a socialist, his intellectual difficulties are increased. He cannot be content with the present state of society; as no great reform has ever come about except by the use of force, he cannot expect to change society by purely pacifist means; if he succeeds in changing the society, he may provoke a world war. The awful example of Spain is before him.

So the message of "All Quiet" is not as effective as it was. When the picture was first released, it was sufficient to save a person's intellectual conscience if he merely professed unqualified pacifism. Displaying the horrors of war was enough. Surely people would realise that Paul Baumer must not be killed again.

But mankind has gone on buying cheap and selling dear, with the natural result that its desire for peace has had no effect at all on the forces making for war. How often must it be reiterated that "the individual may be a moral individual, the mechanism is entirely amoral and concretely materialistic"? The world will go on joining the Oxford Group till the bombs begin to fall.

WHY THE CUTS?

The problem becomes from its very nature more complex through the (Continued on column 3)

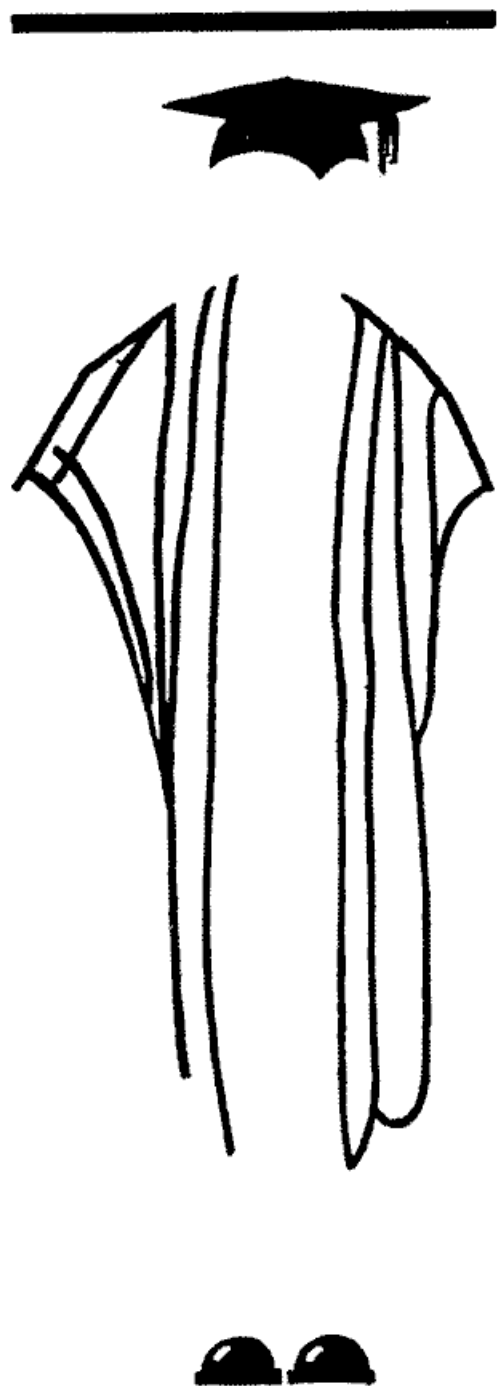
NOAH'S ARK

The black panther was in the sulks—his eyes like lime green acid drops.

A gorilla—like a retired heavyweight boxer, all the strength of his torso slumping down into his belly.

The hippo was soaking in the scum, showing nothing but his periscope eyes.

The sea-lions sat up, begging, bleating like sheep sinuously swaying their bodies like prima donnas in their most voluptuously soulful moments.



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The giraffe, like F. E. Woolley, the cricketer, is one of those over-large creatures which yet have surprising grace.

Two cranes facing each other conferred darkly.

The chimpanzee, Jimmy, with his fingers twined in the wire wall of his cage, and his grey chin resting on his wrist, brooded in utter boredom like an old don supervising an exam.

One old kangaroo, muddied brown with a morning-after expression, held his hands together and hopped like a grown-up taking part in the games at a Sunday-school treat.

One of the chimps, who looks like an unshaven gardener, suddenly clutched the wire with both hands and, snorting, jumped heavily up and down on the flats of his feet, staring across the gardens.

The two baby elephants dancing their stocky pas de deux, nodding their heads sideways and swinging their trunks towards each other, the whole body swaying, the feet in a lazy chasse, the eyes fixed on the gallery.

(From "Zoo," by Louis MacNeice.)

ZOO

("Zoo"—by Louis MacNeice, Michael Joseph. Our copy from Whitcombe and Tombs.—13/6).

Louis MacNeice, who writes this book, is one of the three or four reputable poets writing in English at the present time. For a job, he teaches university students Greek.

"Zoo" is a literary diversion; a sort of sideline; an immensely entertaining book, without 'motive,' existing by its own right.

Louis MacNeice is writing about the Zoo merely because he likes writing about the Zoo—for its own sake. And if the Zoo should prove the raison d'être of a discussion of the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon or of a dog show, is it not a thoroughly sufficient one?

Twenty-four hours a day of what- ever is branded as serious—panphletereering, preaching, praying, goose-stepping, grinding axes—would soon kill off the human race.

The writing throughout is civilized, sensitive, intelligent, delightful. Here is Mr MacNeice being typically himself.

"The pleasure of dappled things, the beauty of adaption to purpose, the glory of extravagance, classic elegance or romantic nonsense and grotesquerie—all these we get from the Zoo. We react to these with the same delight as to new potatoes speckled with chopped parsley or to the lights at night on the Thames of Battersea Power House, or to cars sweeping their shadows from lamp-post to lamp-post down Haverstock Hill or to brewers' drays or to lighthouses and searchlights or to a newly cut lawn or a hot towel or a friction at the barber's or to Moran's two classic tries at Twickenham in 1937 or to the smell of dusting powder in a warm bathroom on to the fun of shelling peas into a china bowl or of shuffling ones feet through dead leaves when they are crisp or to the noise of rain or the crackling of a newly lit fire or the jokes of a street hawker or the silence of snow in moonlight or the purring of a powerful car."

Any single page has good things like this on it—an image, an anecdote, or a turn of phrase.

Animal after animal is particularised and transformed. They become the seeing—smelling—hearing inhabitants of a world that is a cross between a music hall and a museum, a world that excites our intellectual curiosity and our physical sympathy. And in this enchantingly real world there are people as well as animals—and they come in for just as exacting observation.

Besides Louis MacNeice's writing there are drawings by Nancy Sharp. These are realist precise, inimitable. The supercilious Llama, the phlegmatic wart-hog, the affable polar bear are all there alive between the pages.

"Zoo" is a book to read and relish, now and in the days to come. —J.D.F.

CHICK'S OWN

THE HORSE.

I know two things about the horse And one of them is rather coarse. Anon.: 20th Cent.

FREE-WILL.

There was a young man who said "Damn!"

It appears to me now that I am Just a being that moves In predestinate grooves— Not a bus, not a bus, but a tram." Maurice Hare.

SAVONAROLA.

Savonarola Declined to wear a bowler, Expressing the view that it was gammon. To talk of serving God and mammon. —Edmund Clerihew Bentley.

There was an old party of Lyme Who married three wives at one time. When asked: "Why the third?" He replied: "One's absurd, And bigamy, sir, is a crime."

(Continued from column 1) years; "All Quiet" illuminates to-day only a small portion of that problem, but its light is dazzling.

It was interesting to note that several powerful scenes were cut—notably the scene with the dying Frenchman in the shell-hole; that Kat's remark about kicking someone in the backside was unspoken, that the audience laughed just as loudly in the wrong places and clapped when the British troops were first seen advancing over the battlefield, and that the eyes of the small boys going out of the theatre still shone with the glory of it all.

The photography was surprisingly good; the interlude with the three French girls still strangely beautiful; and the final scene artistically powerful.

And didn't the small boys love it! —R.L.M.



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SPORT

VACATION RESULTS POOR

Rugby and Hockey teams gained few victories during the vacation. Beginning the season well by defeating Eastbourne 19-3, the Rugby seniors then sustained three successive defeats—by Marist 8-10, Ponake 3-22, and Wellington 3-17. Last Saturday they drew with Athletic, 6-all. The team can do better than this.

Opening by drawing with Wesley, no score, the hockey seniors then lost to Technical 2-5, defeated Wellington 3-2, but last week, much weakened by the absence of prominent players at the Inter-College Tournament at Christchurch, they lost to Karori 0-8.—L.B.S.

HARRIERS

Although attendances have been affected by the vacation, the harriers have had some good runs over the last four Saturdays, including two races.

On 6th May a course of about six miles was covered at Island Bay. Afterwards members adjourned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Shorland, where an enjoyable afternoon tea was served.

The following Saturday the novice race of 2½ miles at Worser Bay resulted:—Newall 1st, Northey 2nd, O'Flynn 3rd. Newall won by about 75 yards, Northey passing O'Flynn over the last fifty yards.

This race was followed on 20th May by a rather strenuous run at Karori.

Sherwood Cup.

Last Saturday the annual sealed handicap race for the Sherwood Cup was held over a course of three miles at Paekakariki. On the revised times, C. G. Wilson proved the winner of the Cup, S. K. Newall being first man home. In this race Newall took the lead after about ½ a mile, with Northey and O'Flynn following him. About halfway along the road Newall was joined by Scrymgeour, who had come up fast, the former going to the front over the rough country that followed. At the finish Newall was about 100 yards ahead of Scrymgeour, a similar distance separating him from Northey.

The actual placings were:—Newall, 1st; Scrymgeour, 2nd; Northey, 3rd. Newall's time was 19m. 17secs.

The revised times resulted:—C. G. Wilson (2m. 30s.) 19m. 06s., 1st; Newall (scr.) 19m. 17s., 2nd; C. J. V. Wilson (1m. 40s.) 19m. 29s., 3rd.

After the race the runners were the guests of Mr. G. C. Sherwood at afternoon tea, when the cup was presented to the winner.

C. G. Wilson finished in 14th place. It is to be hoped that his success will spur him to further efforts. Oliver, another newcomer to the club, was unfortunately not eligible to compete for the handicap trophy, but showed some of the stalwarts his heels in finishing eighth. Dick Daniell, too, was well up and seems to be improving fast.

BASKETBALL

Reporting on the commencement of the basketball season is most pleasant from the personal angle but very dismal from the point of view of results in Saturday competitions. Three teams will be maintained with relative ease and practices, which have been well attended, are making for a good spirit amongst the members. But Saturdays have been rather woe-filled so far.

Holidays and sickness have affected the Senior A team so seriously that the same nine has not been on the court in two games. Results—three defeats. The last game against Awatea, however, was heartening and the two goal loss (with three B players in the nine) promised some success later in the season when the whole team is at College and without changes. The B players gave a very good account of themselves indeed in all games.

A third grade game in the vacation resulted in a 10-8 loss. When their ranks are settled there might be some upsets for teams in this division. The fresher members of the Club took like business.

The greatest weakness in all teams is in the forward third. Partly poor shooting and partly slow and unsure positional work account for extra hard work for the whole team and discouraging scores. The A team with Joy Osborn back and Pixie Higgins trying her hand at goalie seemed a little better on the last Saturday and may yet reproduce last season's excellent form.

The Club Gym night is still Tuesday at 8 p.m. All girls are welcome for a run-round, whether eager for team games or not.

RUGBY

A full review of rugby form will appear in next week's issue.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Comments on the form of the players who represented Victoria at the annual Inter-College Hockey Tournament, this year held at Christchurch, will appear in next week's issue. The team did fairly well until its last match, in which it was swamped by Otago by 14 goals to 2.

Fielding six teams each Saturday, one more than last year, the club is not short of players. Varsity invariably begins the hockey season badly. The chief cause is lack of practice and training before competition matches start. But by the third or fourth Saturday it is usual to find that all the teams are doing much better. Perhaps next week, the fifth Saturday, V.U.C. teams will show better form. In palliation of their failure to win more than one game out of six last Saturday, it can perhaps be advanced that some teams were disorganised through the absence of prominent players in Christchurch.

But to take the teams in the three top grades—the Senior 1st Division team, the Senior 2nd Division team, and the Senior Reserve team. Each has played four matches. The Seniors have won 1, drawn 1, and lost 2. They have scored five goals altogether, and fifteen (including eight in the last game, when the team played short) have been scored against them. Sharp, formerly captain of the Southland representatives, has proved a valuable acquisition and has been playing consistently well at centre-half.

TEAM-WORK NEEDED.

Neither the Senior Seconds nor the Senior Reserves have had much chance to develop combination. Good individual play has been nullified by weakness in team-work. As far as is practicable, the same players should be allowed to play together for at least the next two or three matches. Each team has been handicapped by a constantly changing personnel.

The Senior Seconds have won one of their four matches, scoring six goals against eighteen, but the other team has yet to break the ice. The goal tally is only four, to set against thirteen by opponents.

SHOULD WIN MATCHES.

The Second Senior team should win more matches than it loses from now on. Like the Senior Reserve team, it has been handicapped by a changing personnel, particularly in the forward line. Bryan, right-wing, is fast and experienced, and when in form, Renouf at centre-forward has good ball control. Wallace, left-wing, attracted attention by speedy runs last Saturday. The team should develop strength on defence. Olive's judgment in goal is seldom at fault. Walker and Sandford, the full-backs, combine well, and the halves, McIntosh, Good and Purdie, are sound, experienced players. For several seasons I. Purdie has been one of the most consistent and reliable half-backs in the club. His tackling and stopping are particularly effective. Whitham, a promising half-back last season, is now playing in the forwards, where his excellent stick-work may prove of equal value.

TABLE TENNIS

Now affiliated to the Wellington Table Tennis Association, the V.U.C. Club has entered four teams in the competition—one in C Grade, two in D Grade, and one in the E Grade.

The C grade team has won its matches so far. "Enap" was defeated by 11 games to 9 in the first one and in the second, against Social Security Department, we gained an excellent victory by 18 games to 2.

Matches in the other grades have resulted in the first D Grade team defeating P. and T. Workshops by 11 games to 9, the second D Grade team drawing with Rintoul Street, and the E Grades losing to Shipping by 8 games to 12.

SPORT at OXFORD

FAR FROM DECADENT

(This article was written for "Salient" by a former Rhodes Scholar now residing in Wellington.)

There are 26 men's colleges at Oxford and each of them has its own sports grounds. My own college, St. John's, had ten grass tennis courts and four hard courts, as well as a hockey ground, a Rugby ground, and a soccer ground. Besides the college grounds, the University Sports Clubs have their own grounds, and there are also squash and badminton courts, golf courses, lacrosse grounds, and a large ice rink. Almost every known sport is the subject of contest between the colleges, and between Oxford and Cambridge. As well as the more obvious sports, there are point-to-point races, motor car rallies, polo, and alpine-climbing contests.

Sport at Oxford is the very reverse of "decadent," because almost every one plays some game three or four afternoons a week, and there are few spectators. All undergraduates are full-time students.

The Inter-College matches in Rugby, hockey, tennis, etc., arranged for two or three afternoons each week, are the main sporting events, and these are for no trophy or competition but purely for the game's sake. There are always a number of "away" matches arranged between each college team and such institutions as Sandhurst, the Hospitals, Eton and other public schools. In addition to all this, the comparatively few in line for University representative teams are members of University clubs in addition to the College clubs.

The Inter-University contests and other gladiatorial sporting efforts are a quantitatively insignificant part of the sporting activity of the undergraduate. Since the Oxford vacations amount in all to six months of the year, many itinerant tours are arranged, and also most undergraduates associate themselves with local clubs in their own districts, composed of leisured people almost entirely.

It will be seen from the above that Oxford life for a sportsman approaches the Paradisiacal.

BOOTS AND PACK

Once again boots and packs were given an airing when tramps visited the ever popular Tauherenikau Valley. If the trip had been made during the term, no doubt the party would have been considerably larger. But even so the leader had his time fully occupied in feeding 30 hungry faces.

At the outset, many found that the first hill had not been misnamed "The Puffer." On arriving at the hut, four of the party with appropriate rations disappeared in a northerly direction to make acquaintance with Alpha, under the able leadership of Ron Meek. The rumour goes that they slept soundly on Saturday night. Led by Bonk Scotney, five others made a strenuous week-end of it by tramping to the Waiohina River only to find it impassable.

After lunch the main party went for a scramble in the precipitous Tauherenikau Gorge and returned early to find the hut invaded by 23 new arrivals. During the evening the V.U.C. performed their parlour tricks; namely a few hakas and the best known Extrav songs. The Hutt Valley Club followed up by leading many popular numbers.

A RAINY SUNDAY.

Sunday was heralded by the heavy tread of boots, the crackling of wood and the incessant patter of rain. Despite the downpour the leader, backed by seven undaunted stalwarts, paid a short call on Top Hut only to find that large portions of the walls had been used to light fires. At this point the Alpha party surprised themselves by finding Top Hut in the middle of the track so the 12 joined forces and retraced their steps towards base camp. On returning, they were welcomed royally and fed on old faithful—the sausage.

Besides this, the trip was notable for other reasons. It has been said that during his short stay, the great Powell distinguished himself twice. Once by bounding animal-like through the undergrowth in an unsuccessful attempt to scare an innocent trampette and on the second occasion by disappearing with a portion of the party's food into the inaccessible woodlands beyond Cone Saddle. The matter is now in the hands of the N.Z. Alpine Club.

Did Shirley Grimington and Marie Collin bathe in the river? We cannot say for certain as there were no official witnesses.

The Cone Saddle-Totara Flats track requiring the attention of the club as it had become overgrown. Derek Freeman and Bonk Scotney donned their size 12 boots and, grasping the club slasher firmly in both hands, rushed over the trail at least three times. The track is now unmistakable.

LEGALISED SLAVERY

To the layman Africa is a land of gold and diamond mines, Zulus and Kaffirs. Ostrich feathers come from there, too, and Rhodes, the "Empire builder," left his legacy to British countries in the shape of scholarships by which the cream of the white race are enabled to grapple with the problems of an Empire. Let us look a little closer at this Africa, this dark and mysterious Africa, and see if we can not illuminate the darkness even though our "Empire builders" do not want us to.

FACTS.

Let us examine a few of the Acts passed by the Anglo-Dutch population who have charge of the Government machinery. To understand these the following data is necessary. The present area of the Union is 417,917 square miles. Of this the white population, numbering about two millions, own about 80 per cent., while nearly seven million Bantu have been allowed less than 10 per cent. The natives are completely segregated from the white population in Reserves and Locations. Those living in rural districts are confined to the Reserves. About two and a half million Africans are now living within these areas. Most of the lands allocated to them are unsuitable for agricultural and pastoral purposes, and are over-congested. To avoid starvation the natives are forced to sell their labour to white farmers and mining companies.

THE FIRST ACT.

The Natives Land Act of 1913 makes it illegal for any native to occupy land except as a farm labourer. Any European farmer permitting a black to graze cattle on his land is liable to a fine of £100 or six months' imprisonment. Legislation additional to this makes it a criminal offence for any native to rent land outside the Reserves. The first was passed because Africans, unable to find room in crowded native areas, were able to buy or rent allotments under individual tenure from white farmers of the Cape, Transvaal and Natal. By this means they established themselves as independent peasant proprietors. But this system deprived employers of a valuable cheap labour market. Hence big landlords and mine owners pressed the Government into the passing of the above Act. The second was passed to prevent the squatting of natives, without land in the Reserves, on the farms of poor whites who were glad to rent a portion of the land in return for share-cropping. By this means the native could raise his tax money. Again, large agrarians and mining companies were denied a source of cheap labour and again the retaliation.

BONDAGES.

The Native Service Contract Act also states that every native living on a European farm must give 180 days' work to his master each year. The right to decide which days the native shall work rests with the employer, and to keep the black permanently to the farm, owners usually spread the term of service over the whole year. No wages are paid, the native is merely given a plot of land, upon which he builds a hut and grows mealie and kaffir corn. Any breach of the Act makes the black liable to criminal prosecution and imprisonment. The African may not terminate his service at his own will but must obtain permission of his employer to leave. On the passing of this Act thousands of independent cultivators became serfs.

An easy method of getting the natives to work is by the tax laws. In South Africa every male native, employer or not, has to pay a tax of £1 to £1/10s. "Poor whites" in the Union are exempt from all forms of direct taxation, and Europeans with incomes of £500 and less pay practically nothing. 18,915 natives were convicted in 1936 for failure to pay their taxes.

Particularly iniquitous are the Pass Laws. A Trek Pass gives the bearer the right to travel and must be obtained before the native leaves his Reserve to go to town. A Travelling Pass must be produced to secure a railway ticket.

A strong deterrent to active protest by natives against their abominable social conditions is the Riotous Assemblies Act. This law empowers the Minister of Justice to order the arrest and banishment without trial of any African "creating feelings of hostility between Europeans and natives."

NO QUARTER.

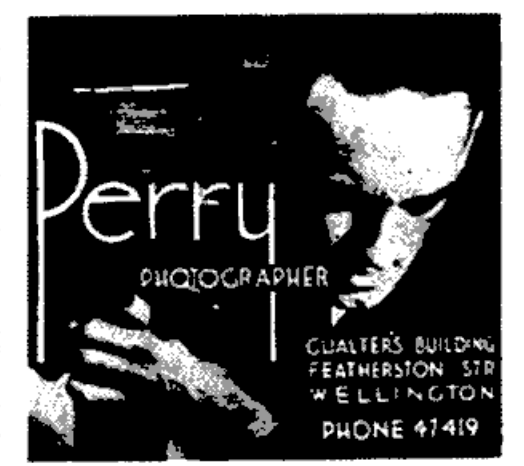
The Colour Bar Act continues racial discrimination into industry, and was the outcome of pressure from the Labour Party and Trade Union movement, membership of which is denied blacks. The establishment of any Trade Union or industrial organisation is prohibited. The natives receive no benefit from most of the social legislation applying to whites, such as unemployment relief and old age pensions, and are excluded from the advantages which the white workers receive under the Industrial Conciliation Act, the Factory Act, Juveniles Act, Wage Act

The Colour Bar regulations make it an offence for natives to be employed in skilled occupations. White workers are guaranteed a minimum of £1 a day in the mines, while the natives on an average receive 1/6.

A LEGAL BASIS.

A final Act disfranchising natives living in the Cape and Natal Provinces, passed in 1936 by Generals Smuts and Hertzog government, meant that the last symbol of citizenship was withdrawn. In a word, segregation is absolute. Even this brief review of the conditions in South Africa will surely reveal that slavery is not non-existent in the British Commonwealth of Nations. In these Acts you have a legal basis for slavery, a legal basis for exploitation, that might be paralleled with the days of slave plantations in Virginia. That such conditions exist in a British country may sound amazing and deplorable, yet they do exist, not only in Africa but in India and the West Indies. Occasional riots may figure in small headlines in our newspapers, but the real meaning, the real cause of them is carefully veiled and concealed by those interests who are concerned with exploitation and profits. If they were not hidden, mass indignation would demand justice and democracy for the subjected natives of the world.

—M.L.B.



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