

Salient

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VISITORS' DEBATE Labour or Not

A terrific crowd surged into the gym for the annual visitors' debate, including a row of Parliamentary gentlemen who had come to see a couple of their friends carry on with the day's work, and a refreshing number of strangers. The place was crammed to the back stairs, and Mr. Hatherley seized the opportunity to put over a little obvious propaganda with regard to better accommodation in the future. And then, with their minds made up, everyone settled down to discuss whether or not the Labour Government merits the continued support of the country.

Opening for the affirmative, Dr. Macmillan dwelt rapidly and briefly with the many tangible and psychological advantages which have resulted from the administration of the Labour Government during the last few years—a familiar enough recital which was still greeted with approval, and statements such as "The present government does not believe in conscription, but if necessary would conscript both men and wealth," and "Taxation has increased. We don't deny it. But the increase in the collective income is far higher than the increase in taxation" were greeted with as much applause as the startling statement that "We must keep one eye on the past and one on the future."

Seconding for the affirmative a very vigorous and at times flowery Mr. Lewin contrasted the past and present states of New Zealand in rather more detail, and also dealt at length with education as it was and as it is, probably in deference to his audience, and sat down like a gladiator who has killed his lion.

Mr. Holland's arguments for the negative hung together excellently well if one could admit their premises. The basis of his dissatisfaction with Labour's policy was their "tinkering with the money system" and their promotion of class hatred. Believing that the farmer is the backbone of the country, he was antagonistic to a policy which, by "making the relief camps more attractive than the farms" had enticed the necessary man power from primary production. Farmers had in consequence to decrease the numbers of their dairy herds, which would in turn result in fewer exports and disturb our balance of trade.

Furthering this side of the argument, Mr. Edgley said that Labour could take no credit for the present prosperity of New Zealand, and mentioned various promises which had not been kept—that there would be no more strikes, for example.

FROM THE FLOOR

The most outstanding speaker of the evening was undoubtedly Miss Carver. With a confidence that was superb, and a stago presence unequalled since the days of Margaret Shortall, she created a sensation. Her arguments were not new (neither were anyone else's, of course) but she presented them with force and vigour. Interjection could not stop her, nor the pun dismay, and she certainly had an effect upon her audience. The only other speaker from the floor to compare with her was Mr. Stacey, whose arguments eluded this reporter, but whose remarks (painstakingly taken down and preserved) were of the following nature: "Labour—a fallacious, fanatical creed covered with honeyed words was fed to the voters—they fell for it—suckers all! But already the house is falling down—the basement is flooded, there are holes in the walls!" Now that Mr. McDonald is unfortunately very quiet, Mr. Stacey is a welcome addition to any debate.

Messrs. Foley and O'Connor contributed some unremarkable remarks, and then Mr. Perry pointed out that if we don't plan and go ahead we must slide back into Fascism. Mr. Renouf adopted an economic approach, Mr. Simpson represented the middle view, and Mr. Castle assured those present that he was against the government's policy solely because, instead of going too far, it had not gone far enough with its unrivalled

(Continued in column 4.)

VIEW, COUNTER-VIEW Which is the Truth?

The subject of the articles below is a well-debated one, and in view of its relative importance "Salient" has decided to publish them. They are offered without further comment.

Dear "Salient,"—Russia has done many dubious things, but it takes Mr. Chamberlain to accuse her of sharing equally with Britain in the Munich Agreement.

The undisputed facts are that Mr. Chamberlain was the prime mover in the organisation of the concessions which meant the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. There is much evidence to show that some action of the kind was contemplated long before September 30th.

Russia did not desert Czechoslovakia. The Czech government never appealed to Russia for help. Russia had no part at all in either the planning or the signing or the carrying out of the Munich Agreement. The terms of the alliance stated that the U.S.S.R. was to come to the help of Czechoslovakia if France did so, too. The Russian government repeatedly declared their determination to fulfil these obligations. Large forces were mobilised and held in readiness. (There were headlines "3,000,000 men near Russian frontier.") The air force could have been immediately useful. Some Czech authorities also say that Russia was willing to help even without France, as a part of her obligations as a League member if Czechoslovakia was attacked. But when Daladier joined with Chamberlain in forcing the Munich Agreement on the Czechs, the Czech government was forced to yield without attempting to fight.

The Czech official report of the Agreement says that when the British representatives' attention had been called "to the consequences of such a plan from the internal political, economic and financial aspect," the reply was, "If you do not accept, you will have to settle your affairs with the Germans absolutely alone. Perhaps the French may tell you this more gently, but you can believe me that they share our (i.e., the British) views."

OUR RADICALS

The third matter on which enlightenment is sought is a wide one. I do not believe that there is a single one of the Victoria College Communists, Socialists and other "leftists" who would condone the shooting of priests, merely as priests, or any "massacres" perpetrated by Reds or anyone else. But they would, on sound authority, say that "Communist atrocities" have been much exaggerated and that they are by no means an essential part of the communist or socialist economic system (nor if democracy were a world-wide reality would violence be a necessary part of revolution).

The Communist attitude of behaviour to priests is fundamentally different from the Fascist attitude to Communists. Communists are opposed to religion both because it is politically an anti-socialist force, historically on the side of authority against reform, and because they consider it false, contrary to science. But they consider that education and reason will gradually overcome religious ideas. Priests were not executed on purely religious grounds, either in Spain or Russia. Doubtless many were killed by small groups of fanatics, or by enraged peasants and town mobs where individual priests were especially detested, and others were executed for political reasons, i.e., "counter-revolutionary" (in Russia) or rebellious activities. This is deplorable—so are all political executions. (It is said that 14 Basque priests were executed by the Spanish Fascists for supporting the Government.) Nevertheless in Russia about 1934 W. H. Chamberlain reports that some 38,000 churches were open, about 70 per cent. of those existing before the Revolution. The Constitution of 1936 enfranchised in the U.S.S.R. nearly 50,000 practising priests of the Greek Orthodox Church alone. This rather discredits the charge that Communism means the

wholesale massacre of priests. At present religious persecution consists, according to Chamberlain (an anti-Soviet writer), in the Government's refusal to print or import religious books, in the prohibition of organised religious teaching of children (though parents may teach religion in the home and children may be taken to church), and in the refusal to allow churches to carry on charitable and recreational work. Priests are also sometimes "arrested and deported on grounds that they do not understand." Nearly all seminaries for training priests have been closed. Since 1929 public religious propaganda, apart from services and sermons, has not been allowed. On the other hand the constitution guarantees freedom of worship. Of recent years the Government has ceased to allow village meetings to close down a church by a bare majority; the vote must be overwhelming, while in cities, except for street-widening, churches may not be demolished or taken over, unless no congregation can be found to keep the building in repair and pay the ordinary taxes. No rent is charged.

Yaroslavsky's recent statement, probably based on the census, shows that out of just over 100 million adults, 30 million are "believers." Naturally, Communist persecution of religion is far less severe than Fascist persecution of Communism. Fascists would not risk leaving Communism to die out gradually from the efforts of counter-propaganda, official restrictions and discouragement.

MASSACRES

"Massacre" is a good word, which may be defined as large-scale killing of the defenceless perpetrated in a cause of which one disapproves. Technically it can be used of one's own side but somehow that doesn't happen. Both in Spain and in Russia "massacres" took place on both sides. Since by the accident of history we are civilised people with a democratic tradition, not troubled much by passions of fear, bitter frustration, hatred and revenge, we don't understand murder except as a kind of madness. Besides in our part of the world we see little of the daily massacre and torture inflicted by Poverty, more deadly than war and a hundred times more deadly than all the revolutions the world has ever seen. We are not complacent about any massacres. In Russia and Spain the working people faced armed insurrection, supported soon by foreign troops, foreign munitions, and foreign money. Even in Russia it was not democracy they expected if they were beaten. The excesses of the Nazis cannot be excused by danger from abroad (—for anyone would admit that armed aggression by Russia against Germany or Italy would have found nearly all the rest of Europe supporting the nations attacked).

Atrocities are too often red herrings dragged across the trail of truth by those who do not want the real trail followed. It is occasionally possible but usually impossible to compare one great movement's record with another. Christians in religious wars and peacetime persecutions have committed "atrocities" certainly as bad and probably worse than those of the Communists. How many of us would like the stories of the Albigenses, the Thirty Years' War, Cromwell in Ireland, the Spaniards in Holland, and other gruesome tales to dominate men's ideas of Christianity, as much as the true and false stories of Red terror dominate the usual Christian attitude to Communism?

THE O.G.P.U.

Curiously enough the very people who are most horrified at the dark doings of the O.G.P.U. show a fervent enthusiasm for mass murder in warfare—defensive, of course, but so do the O.G.P.U. regard themselves as a defensive force. The Russians

could well consider themselves more humane than the gallant imperialist soldier—their executions are comparatively rapid and painless; their victims are not total strangers driven against them by compulsion; and the number of them is only a rivulet beside the ocean of the victims of capitalist wars.

Dear "Salient,"—I noticed that at a recent debate the following was carried: "That Russia is the spearhead of modern civilisation."

It is hard to understand how, in the light of facts published regarding Russia, such a motion could ever have received consideration in a University, let alone endorsement.

Even Socialists must know that Socialism in Russia has failed, that liberty is non-existent, and that there exists a ruthless atheistic dictatorship which, coupled with the proverbial Russian inefficiency, has made the country one of the most backward in the world.

However, the question that concerns one is whether those who sponsored and supported the motion are advocates of an alliance between Britain and Russia. It is no use mining matters on this subject. If Britain desires a coalition of peace-loving nations, then Russia is the last country with which she should ally herself.

It cannot be denied that the Soviet's objective is world revolution. Moscow admits it, so it is useless for our best-vested Communist to try to tell us anything different. The only basis of Communism lies in a world war, upon which the chance may come for it to build a monstrous international and God-hating state. The only hope for peace lies in Christianity something for which the Soviet has no use. I would refer your readers to the London "Times" of April 15 last, in which Professor H. A. Smith, Professor of International Law at London University, gave the remedy for the international chaos as "an openly avowed return by the remaining Christian powers to Christian principles of State action both in internal and external affairs." He declared that the principles of international law could only be found in the common acceptance of the Christian faith.

Under those circumstances it is illogical to suppose that peace could possibly come from an alliance with the Soviet, which has militant atheism as the very fundamental of its philosophy, and which aims at destroying religion and spreading Communism through the world. If Britain fights in military alliance with Russia then every Christian worthy of the name must be a conscientious objector.—I am, etc.

—ALBION.

An additional article on this topic is to be found on page 3.

We call "revolutionary" those whose philosophy is different from our own; "immoral" those who do not hold our own moral code; and "acceptal," those who have not our personal illusions, without even troubling ourselves to find out if they have any of their own.

—Anatole France.

"According to the National Socialist principle, what guarantees the maximum formation of state power is Right. The feeling of Right is brought into relation to the State, not to the individual. Therefore nothing is 'safe' from State interference. Right is not a matter of agreement: it is determined by the Fuhrer. It is based, not on contract but on command. We have no longer any competition between ideas; only ideas that are made good, and ideas that are expunged."

—W. Stapel.

JOYNT SCROLL "A Little Lenin—"

"Does education in New Zealand equip us for everyday life?" This was the question which teams from the six University Colleges debated at Dunedin last Friday. A reasonable person, looking at the subject dispassionately, would have thought that Victoria's team, which had to prove that education does equip us for life, would find it rather difficult to prove. Nevertheless, Messrs. Edgley and Meek returned with the Joynt Scroll on Sunday morning.

V.U.C.'s victory was due to the excellence both of the matter and the manner of our representatives. Mr. Edgley commenced a fine speech by admitting that almost all the arguments of the affirmative were unassailable, and developed a thesis, turning on the meaning of "everyday life," which used the affirmative's arguments in its own support. This thesis, which was explained in greater detail by Mr. Meek, was the typical Marxist view of education. "Everyday life," said our speakers, "doesn't mean an ideal or a Utopian life; it means life as it is lived to-day—wage slavery, materialistic in outlook, regimented. Now, the fact that our educational system is basically and fundamentally unsound, is due primarily to the prevailing social philosophy. The form and content of education are dependent on and determined by society—that is, by everyday life, and thus education can never do otherwise than fit us for everyday life. No radical reform in education is possible without a radical change in the social system."

This ingenious argument was entirely unexpected by the Otago team, Messrs. Tichenor and Smith, against whom V.U.C. debated. Despite an excellent summing-up by their leader, Otago failed to shake the logic and meticulous accuracy of our speakers. Mr. Edgley's summing-up was one of the best "Salient" has ever heard delivered on a debating platform. Both speakers made full use of irony and wit, culminating in Mr. Meek's inspired maxim: "A little Lenin is a dangerous thing!"

The judges, representing the law, the church, and the university, placed Victoria first and Massey second, while of the individual speakers Mr. Meek was placed first and Mr. Smith of Massey second.

Reports of the other two debates, which "Salient" was unfortunately unable to hear, will, we hope, be published later when material comes to hand from the N.Z.U. Press Bureau.

Our speakers wish "Salient" to place on record their sincere appreciation of the courtesy and kindness afforded to them by Otago.

By the way, why did Mr. Edgley visit the Law Courts on Saturday morning?

—X.Y.Z.

None but fools refuse to read—or recommend—a book merely because its theme does not agree with the reader's, or recommends his own views of the subject. Rather does the fact of disagreement constitute a reason why the book should be very carefully examined and digested.

—Norman Angell.

(Continued from column 1)

opportunities. Mr. Ongley's speech was memorable principally because it brought forth the worst pun of the evening: Mr. Ongley: "The wharflies are going slow." Voice (perfectly recognizable): "How wharfual?"

THEY MUST KNOW HIM.

Mr. Scotney ascended the platform in the midst of an ovation, which prompted one of the Parliamentary gentlemen to enquire who he was, and proceeded to prove with his customary efficiency that the Labour Party is necessary in the world today. "At least Labour is sincere," he said, "and one cannot help doubting the good faith of propagandists on the other side who put out those pamphlets which we saw in the last election."

Mr. Rollings judged with commendable speed and efficiency, but the most interesting event of the latter part of the evening was the vote. In what is usually a labour stronghold a vote of 100 votes to 81 in favour of the motion gives one to think.—K.R.

GOSSIP

THE THINGS THEY SAY:

King Braybrooke: Dancing is just walking with a woman in the way.

Hep Downes, concluding a letter: Yours till Hitler founds a synagogue.

Ernest Beaglehole: If only people were born as conventional as adults and grew up with the originality and curiosity of children. . . .

Jack Johanneson: The monetary system of the world is breaking down. You can tell that by Mr. Naah's visit to London.

And from the new speakers' debate on free medical attention.

One young lady: And what are we going to do about maternity services? Do they expect babies to be born between 9 and 5?

Elma Johnson: Well, you might have a 40-hour week for labour.

We liked that interjection in the Russian debate some time ago, too.

Mr. Scotney, summing up fiercely: There's been a lot of talk to-night about the number of peasants who have been liquidated. Can you tell me the name of one single peasant who has been liquidated?

Gerth Higgin: Can you tell me the name of one who hasn't?

Truth Poster: Alleged Whisky Still in Mountains.

Harold Gretton: Which just goes to prove the old, old legend 'There's bars in them thar hills.'

Curious Soul: What do you think of Salient?

John Bullock: There isn't enough to read in it.

Curious Soul: ?

John Bullock: Well, you can whip thro' it in 20 minutes, and then what are you going to do with the other 30 minutes?

Have you heard the story about Bill Mitchell's trousers?

Who is 'The Tall Waving Cornstalk' growing in the desert?

It is understood that the proposal to establish at the College a group for the study of International Relations has received the most distinguished support. —K.K.

Tomorrow and the Pacifist

A recent debate at Training College provided one of the most interesting situations I have ever witnessed. Six Socialists debated the motion: "That complete pacifism is the only creed for the modern citizen." Their identity of political label was fortuitous: the debate was between present students and past students, and the best speakers available for each side happened to be Socialists. Because of this we enjoyed a debate comparatively free from the confusion and misunderstanding of terms so frequent between people whose mental make-up is widely dissimilar. Words like Capitalism and Fascism meant the same thing to either side. The debate had a further value in that many of the audience went along without previously formed opinions. They were ready to be convinced, and therefore there was some likelihood that the side putting up the better case would win the vote. In my opinion, that is what happened.

There was a time when it was easy for the Socialist to feel he could be a Pacifist as well. Wars were Imperialist affairs he need not take part in—Fascism's threat to the democracies was not so alarmingly apparent. Then Munich provided the final proof that, so far from offering any obstacle to Fascism, the democracies were speedily adopting Fascist methods and co-operating in their own downfall. The process now seems so fast and so certain that the best the Socialist can hope for is the maintenance of that "democracy" he once hated. He has, in fact, become a Conservative, while the Conservatives of the past, in the desire to safeguard their personal wealth, plan the overthrow of Britain. They fear British Socialists more than they do foreign Fascists. Unless the present trend is arrested, war is inevitable; and unless Socialism is organised and armed, Britain will emerge from the war in an infinitely worse state than Germany is today. And if most of the Socialists are jailed or shot as conscientious objectors, they will be neither armed nor organised.

If the Left can be brought to realise this, they can make themselves strong enough to force the British Government to abandon its present Fascist tendency and make some serious attempts to obtain a military alliance with Russia. The present negotiations are fizzling out—the newspapers seem anxious to forget them. If they can be revived on a new basis, there may be still time to avert war, because the Fascist danger would speedily wither in the face of an alliance between Britain, France, and Russia.

But just now such an alliance is but a castle in the air. What will be the position of the Socialists if, despite intensified pressure from the Left and the public, Chamberlain and his Government dodge the alliance? It is certainly not worth while to fight for British Fascism against foreign versions—one is as bad as the other.

Let us consider the possible courses of action for the Socialist if Britain goes to war as a Fascistic power, against other Fascist powers or against Russia. If he enlists, it is to fight for a completely different object than that of his Government. It is in order to obtain arms and to have the chance of beginning a revolt when the moment is favourable, as Lenin did—but this time a revolt against a Fascist regime. The chance of a world Socialist revolution arising from another world war seems to me extremely probable. Every friend of every Jew exiled from Germany, every family with a son in a concentration camp (and there are thousands) are against Hitler—saying nothing but waiting their chance. The German revolutionaries of 1918 have not all forgotten what they then mutinied for. In that year there were two million active Communists—they have not all been converted or imprisoned. And the Penguin Book "Britain," by Mass Observation, indicates that many millions in Britain are opposed to the recent trends of their Government: not enough to win an election perhaps, but enough to make things very awkward during a war. The belligerent nations might well be forced to unite (as in 1918) to oppose a common enemy—Socialism.

"But," says the Pacifist, or the reader of "Ends and Means," "what kind of Socialism will it be, coming after a period of violence, and brought into being by the violent? Look at Russia!"

"Certainly," says the Socialist. "Look at Russia!"

But it would be a mistake to boil the problem down to the question of whether the Russian revolution, judged on the position of Russia today, was worth while. Because Russia has had to undergo constant interference from Capitalist Powers, and has had to spend an enormous amount on armaments because of the danger of attack by Germany, Italy, and Japan, which nations would probably have the benevolent neutrality of the British Government, as Stalin has long recognised. But in the problem we have been discussing, we must consider how much of Russia's iniquity can be discounted on the grounds of interference from outside. With the lesson of the last war still in their minds, the revolutionaries in the next war will not put down their arms until Socialism is established in the other countries as well as their own. The new society will no doubt be tainted by the means adopted in bringing it about. How much we cannot tell, but it is not hard to see that for the other side to win would be infinitely worse. We must choose the faction with the less bloody aspect.

Now let us suppose that the revolutionaries are defeated. The end of the struggle will see the nations governed by Fascist gangs, possibly something like the war-survivors in "The Shape of Things to Come." If he is not already dead, what will be the position of the Pacifist? If he preaches Pacifism, he will be executed, and his children will grow up subject to the full power of Fascist schools, press and radio; all that they can do, know, or understand dictated by the rulers. The victory of Fascism means the end of all the Pacifist stands for. He had better choose the lesser evil.—H.W.G.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

batling against it, as they did when feelings of jealousy at the success of the Anglo-Saxon in the tillage of his own land caused teh tribes to combine to check our progress."

—"The Defenders of N.Z."

A short biography of colonists who distinguished themselves in upholding H. Majesty's supremacy in these islands.

Moreover, the picture has Miss Bergner playing the roles of twin sisters, so that from a strictly accurate point of view the film gives the audience two Bergners for the price of one.

—"Evening Post."

"If they" (the Maoris) "had been better instructed in the facts of history they would have understood how impossible it was to stay the progress of civilisation; that the only way left to savage nations of escaping the doom of extinction and living in enjoyment is by floating with the current instead of



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A PARALLEL WUTHERING HEIGHTS "THE NOT-FREE"

To-day, even in New Zealand, the terms Fascism and Communism are being hurled about by political parties and newspapers with such vehemence that the casual reader is apt to conclude that the ultimate solution of our problems lies in the acceptance of one of these systems. Little does he realise that these systems, separated so widely by personal enmity, are, in reality, basically connected and, like Liberalism, are obnoxious to a rational being. Here permit me to parallel these systems from a political viewpoint:

A.—
Fascism: Totalitarian.
Communism: Totalitarian.
 There are only two basic theories of Government to-day—Totalitarianism as underlying Communism and Fascism, and the theory of "Natural Rights," as seen, at least in the structure, in a Democracy. The philosophy underlying Totalitarianism is simply that all rights have their origin in and, therefore, can be modified by, or destroyed, at the will of the omnipotent State. The individual exists for the State, not the State for the individual. Thus personal rights, as life and liberty; political rights, as freedom of speech, press, and assembly; economic rights, family rights, and religious rights, all have their origin in the State, which can abrogate them at will. If this be the logic which underlies these principles as seen by the ruthless European dictators, are we desirous of imitating these?

B.—
Fascism: Dictatorship.
Communism: Dictatorship.
 Dictatorship is the very essence of these systems. The totalitarian concept demands for its efficient functioning; the centralisation of all power—executive, legislative, judicial—in one man, viz.: the Dictator. Communism blandly denies this assertion and insists that the workingman governs himself. Such assertion even though held by Webb in "Soviet Communism," is an insult to an intelligent reader.

C.—
Fascism: "End justifies the means."
Communism: "End justifies the means."
 This pernicious doctrine again has its logical deduction from the Totalitarian State. If all rights proceed from the State then the State cannot commit an unethical act. Thus, confiscation of property, forced labour, etc., are all ethical because the norm of morality is the will of the State. You may argue that this is not applicable to Russia, but let me quote you from "Problems of Leninism," by Stalin, page 26: "The scientific concept dictatorship means nothing more or less than power which directly rests on violence and is not limited by any law or any absolute rule. Dictatorship means unlimited power resting on violence, not law."

D.—
Fascism: Essentially Undemocratic.
Communism: Essentially Undemocratic.
 Basically both Fascism and Communism are undemocratic. The former openly scoffs at Democracy, the latter diabolically boasts of it and has incorporated the term in its constitution. However, we must deal with facts, not propaganda. Common to Italy and Russia there is a one-party government, admitting of no others. This is contrary to the very essence of Democracy, which consists in the power of the people to turn the incumbent party out of office. Hence it logically follows that as Russia will not permit opposition, it denies the very essence of Democracy. Moreover, common to Fascism and Communism, we find as is logical in perpetuating a dictator, the complete suppression of liberties. In Russia, they are presumed to be granted to the people, who can discuss such things as gospel and their latest operation, but not the vitally important problem—Communism.

E.—
Fascism: Exalts war to regain lost pre-eminence.
Communism: Preaches peace but erects the world's greatest war machine for a world revolution.
 Italy dreams and aspires to "Roma Renata"; her Ethiopian campaign, whether factually true or morally justifiable, is at least logical in her philosophical outlook. Hitler's rise was based on (1) the dangers of Communism; (2) the Jewish influences; (3) the desperation of the people. But Nazism is national, and is the exaltation of the German people. Communism is international and has the desire for world revolution. Let Stalin speak in his book, "Problems of Leninism," page 9: "This is the greatest difficulty of the Russian Revolution, its greatest historical problem, the necessity of solve international problems, the necessity to call forth the world revolution." Certainly she poses as the angel of peace—a fallen angel if she continues to build her world's greatest war machine. In the above, I have attempted to crystallise the essence of Fascism and Communism from a political viewpoint. Scarcely a Communist will agree with (Continued in column 3)

Don't believe it! Sam Goldwyn has NOT done it again. He hasn't, as Alexander Woolcott says, "treated our Emily right." Not that the Great Goldwyn has made a complete failure of the Bronte classic. Rather has he sought the aid of a galaxy of actors and actresses, his director, William Wyler, and a large technical staff, that in this film transcription of Emily Bronte, the genius of Goldwyn has been buried under a crust of convention that conceals too the genius of Emily Bronte. Consequently "Wuthering Heights" seemed somewhat of a cross between the extravagant emptiness of his "Marco Polo," the hideous patchwork of many hands, and the realism and pathos of Goldwyn's individual masterpiece, "Stella Dallas."

Into a story poorly adapted for the screen by Hecht and MacArthur, Sam has thrust Laurence Olivier and injected Merle Oberon. The capable Olivier merits praise for his performance but Merle Oberon fails to satisfy the demands made upon her by the role of Cathy. She splits her role in two, portraying in some scenes a Cathie that is the passionate, admiring lover of a princely Heathcliff, in others a Cathie that is the selfish, satisfied mistress of the Grange. Nowhere does she succeed in her attempts to weld the two opposing figures into the one character. Mind you, the task is hard, the attempt creditable, but her study has no unity, her emotion seems untrue. Her struggles with this complex character even seemed to lessen appreciation of Laurence Olivier's superb interpretation of the sultry Heathcliff. Indeed, both were handicapped in their many love scenes by an almost incredible fault in such a film—the everlasting accompaniment of a wailing fiddle that intruded from the musical background, stood on a par with the players' voices and almost ordered the audience to sob and snuffle.

Discounting these defects were the unsurpassed artistic settings of James Basevi, the masterly photography, the skilful and tense opening. But not these, not even Laurence Olivier, nor those beautiful shots of wind in the heather, of lovers beneath their castle crag, of horses racing against the grey sky, nor that atmosphere of obsessing vengeance, of passion nurtured in cold wind and cruel rain, of love frozen by life—none were enough to redeem "Wuthering Heights." Not enough to redeem it from false emotion, poor adaptation, that plaintive violin, and Merle Oberon.

ONE-ACT PLAYS

Great activity has been proceeding in the Dramatic Club camp during the past few weeks. Rehearsal is a herculean task under the conditions that prevail in the gymnasium these days, but the club is confident of putting on one of the brightest three one-act shows in its history this week.

To begin with we have a modern thriller, produced by H. W. Williamson, a play tense and dramatic in the way only thrillers can be. Following will be that uproarious political super-farce, "Where's That Bomb?" produced by Alan Gordon. Burlesque and drama combine in this rather naturalistic perpetration by Roger Gullan and Buckley Roberts. Third on the programme is that most artistic fragment by Richard Hughes, "Danger," which, though short, is unrivalled in its class for sheer beauty of conception and gripping reality. This play will be produced by Miss June Cummins.

The show will run two nights, Thursday and Friday, with the usual Students' Night on Friday with supper and dance to follow. But rather than risk not getting a seat on Friday, we advise you to be there on Thursday at 8 p.m. Admission on both nights will be 1/6.

CHICKS' OWN

What is all this red tape in the Library, anyhow?

There was an old lady named Russell, Who insisted on wearing a bustle;

When I was put wise, I exclaimed with surprise, "My goodness, I thought it was muscle."

A German went into a Dutch restaurant.

"Hell, Hitler!" he shouted at the waiter. The waiter made no reply.

"Don't you know that you should always reply to that salute?" demanded the German.

"Why? Hitler doesn't mean a thing to us here in Holland," replied the waiter.

"He may not now, but one of these days you may have our Leader in your country."

"That is quite likely. We already have your Kaiser."

Perhaps you know what Thoreau said. He was being frightfully economic about everything while living by that pond of his, and he said that a man might even have as his abode one of those long boxes that are left by the roadside to hold the tools of workmen at night. (I believe they make them just long enough for a man to lie down in.) He must have meant—yes, I fancy he said—"sleep there at night" only. I forget whether he mentioned boring holes . . . As if for a moth in a cardboard box.

My family is not such that likes to sleep in the Public Works Department's tool-boxes beside the road. (Of course Thoreau would have carried it away to somewhere picturesque.) They would say "Carrying things too far," or "A bit over the edge," and regard as being a little different from everyone else, even slightly mad, anyone who did.

It is unfortunate for the one who seems by some perversity of nature to be different from the rest of the family . . . Now I am not going to disappoint you by telling you I am one of the mad sort who believes in living in P.W.D. tool-boxes. Those sort of things are always full of spiders. . . . But I make no bones about telling you I believe in what Thoreau meant—and that is something quite obscure: simplicity.

For a long time past I have been thinking of—no, not a house, because that means four solid walls, and doors and windows and most probably a fence six-feet-four high, just to frustrate the tallest men, who are six-feet-two—but of an "abode". Ah, you guessed: Thoreau's influence. For an abode can be anything from an upturned boat—think how happy they were in Dickens—to a platform in a tree—or yes, a tool-box. (That blessed tool-box!)

If I had a cave I should want to hang a lion-skin over the mouth of it, and as there are no lions, let alone their skins, in this country, the cave idea must be given up. I once saw a picture of a house in a tree builded like a big dovecote, only I can't remember where it was, and as it had the directions with it, that is no use either. I have explained about the tool-box before. Spiders, wasn't it?

Now, something like Yeats' cabin "of clay and wattles made," with its bean-rows and its bee-hives is very fascinating. This sort of thing you think of at night when you lie down on your bed to sleep, with a blister on either heel from tramping round town interviewing women to ask them how they make their pancakes, so that every other woman may make pancakes the way they do. Only the snag here is that beans won't grow in this country. They push up from the soil and then, bingo! the white butterflies have eaten them right away. And besides, if I actually lived in Yeats' poetic house, what should I have to think of when I got into bed?

No, I have not disposed of everything yet. Then why am I not living in this one? Well, it's only a short story. . . .

Near my home is a beach—I mean a real one with yellow sand-dunes and grasses, and you just lie on it and look at the blue sea, and dream. Really dream. It is marvellous. My friend and I often go to this beach.

In the dunes and grasses is a boat-shed, quite alone there, looking through a dip in the mounds of sand. And there is a pair of big wheels for pushing a boat down on, in front, and there's one window, and the doors—ah, those doors! Double doors like in a garage, and they just open wide back and the sea and sky and sand seem to flow right in and the shed seems to float away on them. . . .

There's where I would live. How I would live! Juliet and I lie out on the sand, and we peer at it through the shimmer as if it were a mirage. Ah, how solemn I am suddenly become!

"Let's. Let's live there. Why not? Aren't we free to live our own lives?"

No, we're not. We are not free. . . . Because—what ever would people say? Yes, we are that sort.

—Celia Frederick.

RING - A - RING - A - ROSARY
 Who cares whose prayers I say.

to-day he finds lines harder the fool 'll cool his ardour and lose his books to a doxy's looks.

beware of the thrust unparried, heigh-ho for the sins of the married.

(Continued from column 1) the presentation, but the facts are still the same, and I think they have been presented with some rationality and not like the above systems of propaganda, with the emotion that warps analysis and befores facts. —PAX.

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S P O R T R U G B Y

Women's Hockey Improvement

With victories at Rugby, Basketball and Men's Hockey, and a creditable performance by the Women's Hockey team, there was more cause for satisfaction than usual over last Saturday's results. In wintry weather St. Patrick's Old Boys were somewhat luckily beaten by a point at Rugby, Tricklebank pulling the game out of the fire with a splendid solo effort a minute before time. The Hockey seniors, playing in the second division of the Senior grade, gained another victory, their fifth of the season; Island Bay O.S. were beaten at Basketball, 16/10; but most to be commended was the Women's Hockey team, for the four goals they scored against T.O.G. (2) made the match their most productive for several seasons. —L.B.S.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

The Women's Hockey Team has improved a great deal since the beginning of the season. Although one short on Saturday, the girls fought hard, to be beaten only 5-4. The forwards are showing better combination and attack so that the game was not as defensive as usual. The left wing is considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Lorna Metcalf, a fast player with tricky stick-work. Dorothy Wimpenny, as left inner, played a good fast game combining well with her wing.

High praise must be given to Mary Frankish who came from the forward line to play her first game in goal. But for her hard hitting and sound tackling the score would have been higher.

The halves and backs were tackling better than usual though most of them still need practice in hard-hitting. The result, however, was most encouraging. It is a pity that there are but two more matches before the end of the season.

TED BLACKER An Appreciation

Looking at the Wellington College first fifteen against Otago Boys' High School, and prompted by the excellence of the Wellington College team's play, memories of the 1926 Wellington College fifteen came quickly to mind. For that fifteen was one of the best fielded by the college for many a day.

Looking at the scrum in that 1926 fifteen was Ted Blacker who showed even then the ability that afterwards earned him representative honours on numerous occasions and also his New Zealand University Bage.

From the 1926 Wellington College team came two of Varsity's stalwarts in the team which first won the Championship for the Club—F. S. Hanson and Ted Blacker.

In 1927, when he joined the Club, Ted Blacker played Senior B, for the lack of the Senior A fifteen was the famous 166 Martin-Smith, then at the end of a long and meritorious Rugby career. But from the Senior B team Ted Blacker gained Wellington representative honours and the next season when Bob Martin-Smith retired he locked the Varsity scrum in the team which won the championship, and again represented Wellington. When Varsity won the championship again in 1929 he was the man that held the diamond scrum together and he locked the scrum for the New Zealand University in the Tests against the visiting Australian Universities team.

ELEVEN SEASONS

Ted Blacker played for the University side through all its ups and downs of the last ten years. He was therefore a member of the Senior A side from 1928 to 1938—eleven seasons. When other players less noted than himself deserted the Club to chase the fickle Goddess of Personal Fame on Varsity's relegation, Ted Blacker stuck by the ship even though the vessel didn't seem too seaworthy at times, and personal recognition in representative sides for Ted Blacker suffered accordingly. Despite this Ted Blacker represented Wellington during four separate seasons.

To Victoria College the name of Ted Blacker must always recall one who above all others stood for what is necessary to enable any club to prosper—loyalty. His interests were wide and extended to many spheres of University life; he was a member of the executive, the captain of the famous social cricket team since its inception, and a performer in Extrav. The Club and the College would therefore be assured of success in most of their activities could they be assured of a supply of men of the calibre of Ted, and now that he leaves Wellington it is fitting to say that Ted Blacker truly departs with the best and sincerest wishes of every Wikitorian for his success in the future. —J.A.C.

MEN'S HOCKEY

Winning again on Saturday, 3-2 against Hutt, the seniors retain their 2-point lead in the Senior grade, Second Division. They seem assured of promotion next season.

In the Senior Reserve grade the University (1) team is 3 points behind Island Bay and a point behind Wellington. In mud and rain it gained a good win against Taubmans on Saturday, 3-2. The margin should have been greater, for the three penalty bullies against Taubmans were all lost and Naidu, playing in an unaccustomed position on the right wing, was several times unlucky with shots at goal. In the wretched conditions, A. McIntosh was the best of the Varsity players. He well deserved his two goals. A newcomer to the team in Wickham played soundly at left-half, and D. Good was resolute and untiring at centre-half. In goal Mason saved well on several occasions.

The improved Senior Reserve II team scored another win by defeating Petone II, 8-0 at Hutt Park. Conditions were wet and muddy, but this did not rob the game of its interest. Eric Brewster at centre forward was quite at home in his new position and from excellent penetrative play secured four goals. Other scorers were Wallis, Chisholm, Tahiti and Ives, one each. The forwards generally combined better than usual, and there was less wild hitting in the circle. Hetherington and Wallis were much improved, although the latter still has a tendency to lose position. Dr. Campbell and Arthur Long were outstanding among the halves, while Till varied his play cleverly to suit the conditions. Tahiti and Kirkham were sound on defence and showed some speed among the forwards. Allan in goal was not called upon to defend during the game.

2ND XV RUGBY

After its fine performance against Training College, the 2nd XV gave a disappointing display against Upper Hutt. This was redeemed to some extent last Saturday by a good win over Petone under atrocious ground conditions. With the completion of the first round the team has had eight wins, four losses and a draw—a record which might easily have been improved upon.

Against Upper Hutt, the team lacked the energy and initiative necessary to counteract the hard rucking and loose forward rushes of the opposing forwards who dominated the second half. It was otherwise against Petone. The forwards took charge of the game from the outset and worried the defence with well-controlled dribbling rushes. Gander was prominent but must curb his off-side play which has meant many penalties to opposing teams. Taylor did much solid work and Bannister played his usual consistent game—backing up and tackling well. Two faults have been apparent among the forwards throughout the season. First is their inability to get round on the opposing half-back, and to protect their own half-back. Carey—the latter has received some severe buffeting in recent games which have tended to slow up his service. Second is the number of infringements given in dangerous positions—every week sees opposing teams gaining winning points from penalties.

COMBINATION WANTED

The backs have speed and solidity but lack the essential of good football—combination. On Saturday with a greasy ball and conditions all against them they gave a convincing showing—the handling and penetrating being first class. McVeagh played his best football since his return after an injury. Both wings, Ekdahl and McLeod, scored good tries after determined runs. On the whole the backs' defence is solid—their tackling is good but there is a tendency to hold off before loose rushes.

The team has had bad luck with injuries throughout the season. This has resulted in some disorganisation, especially among the backs, some of whom have had to play out of position. However, the team has good prospects for its remaining matches against the leaders of their grade.

What promised in the first spell to be a fast and open game was turned into a battle in the mud by a down-pour in the second spell, and Varsity were a little lucky to win against St. Patrick's College Old Boys when Tricklebank scored a magnificent try on the call of time.

Several rulings of the referee during the game were hard to follow but they effected both sides about equally. Nevertheless the repeated scrum penalties caused the game to become somewhat ragged.

Varsity's forwards appeared in a much better light than against Hutt and with Burke in good form the team played up well throughout. McNicol, Hansen, and Ray Shannon were again well in the limelight and Ende played a heady game in the loose. The rest of the pack battled gamely and the forward play in the second spell when both sides were fighting hard in the heavy rain was of a very rugged nature.

In the backs Rae played really well despite one or two mistakes and made several fine runs. At first five-eighths Parker was good, but he stood too deep for the conditions prevailing and his play was thus handicapped. Larkin was sound on defence and Tricklebank playing this time on the wing was good. Kissell played better than he has usually done this season, but was still a little uncertain. He fielded the ball brilliantly however on several occasions. Young was again somewhat "lifty" on defence and took risks on several occasions that were not warranted.

The game was a good spectacle and the closeness of the scores kept the interest up to the end. Despite the lack of brilliant inside backs, Varsity this season have put up a showing which should ensure their retention of Senior A status next season, and considering that this is the first season the Club has been in the first division for several years, their performance so far has been one of merit. —J.A.C.

HARRIERS

Rather bleak conditions again prevailed for the Harrier Club's run from the Varsity gymnasium on Saturday last. The course followed was practically the same as that for the Endeavour Cup race. The runners went along Upland Road and the viaduct, then turned off up to the Tinarori hill. Thence a descent was made to Wadestown, and the road was followed back to Karori, the return being through Kelburn again. It was gratifying to see that Fenton and Henderson are now running in the fast pack. Bowyer and Collingwood were also out after a few weeks' absence and also joined the ranks of the fast men. A surprise performance was given by McCullough, who joined the fast pack during the run and ran in great style all the way.

Members were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by Mr. and Mrs. R. T. McLean.

NEXT SATURDAY

Provincial Championships at Silverstream. Non-competitors will run from the Varsity gymnasium.

The teams for the Championships are as follows:—

A Team:—Scrymgeour, Newall, de la Mare, Burge, Henderson, O'Flynn.
B Team:—Morpeth, Farquar, Oliver, Fenton, S. J. Wilson, Bowyer.
Junior:—C. G. Wilson, Canter, Hillyer.

Varsity should be able to do better in the Provincial Championships than was the case in the Dorne Cup race in June. This race, which is run at Silverstream, is over a distance of 6½ miles, the same as that for the New Zealand University Championships at Auckland next month. This year the old B grade race has been abolished, but has been replaced by a handicap event. This is a new departure for Wellington harriers, but it is hoped that Varsity men like Henderson and others of the medium runners should profit by the new system. In addition a shorter Junior race of three miles has been introduced, in which the under 19 class will be given a chance.

PENCARROW RUN

Of recent years the club has made a feature of its annual run to the Pencarrow Lighthouse from Eastbourne. The run ten days ago, held under perfect weather conditions, was notable for the number of runners who made the full distance. Unfortunately, having reached the lighthouse, there is no short-cut home and runners were faced with about five miles of hard going along the beach back to civilisation. The fast pack, who had a welcome visitor in the person of A. G. Bagnall, 1932 and 1935 Club Champion, made good pace along the hill-tops, and after a brief spell, turned homewards along the beach. The pack showed an excellent uniform standard considering the varied nature of the country. It consisted of Newall, Bagnall, Palmer, de la Mare, Brewer, Burge, Scrymgeour. Some of the slow pack also went the

full distance, and in company with the former, were pleased to see the houses of Eastbourne again. It was pleasing to see the good form displayed by all, for a run such as Saturday's is a severe test. It augurs well for a good display in the Wellington Provincial Championships to be held at Silverstream on July 29th.

Members are again reminded of training held at Weir House on Wednesday nights at 7.30 p.m. We have the services of an excellent trainer in Mr. G. C. Sherwood. Let us encourage him with a good attendance.

BASKETBALL RULES

Until this year, Australia and New Zealand have played entirely different codes of basketball, Australia playing a seven-a-side game, and New Zealand a nine-a-side. These were not the only differences, however, the Australian game being more akin to the game which was played in New Zealand 20 years ago—a much less scientific game than the one now played. The time when the player who could throw the ball the farthest distance was the best player has long gone by in New Zealand, and present day representative players need brains as well as brawn.

When the New Zealand team visited Australia last year, great praise of their type of play was received everywhere they appeared, and as a result of the visit, Australia decided to practically revolutionise her games—with the main exception that, in line with England, they retained the seven-a-side. Provision being made for a nine-a-side team also, New Zealand decided to retain her own number for internal games, but must play the seven-a-side for international games. With the playing rules otherwise the same, this is not difficult, as proof of which, the interesting King's Birthday tournament for Senior A grade in Wellington this year. This was played under international rules, and when questioned afterwards, nearly all teams said that, once accustomed to the territorial alteration, they enjoyed the game.

The main changes for New Zealand players were the elimination of guarding, and the "one shot at goal only" for forwards.

As a result of the "No guarding" play is faster and even, with less personal contact, and the "one shot only" has improved the accuracy of the forwards, besides keeping the ball in play more.

The visit of the Australian Team to the Centennial tournament which is to be held in Wellington next Easter should show both codes at their best, each N.Z. team playing each other nine-a-side, and each meeting Australia in a seven-a-side game. The outcome of the conference on rules which will be held at the same time will be awaited with interest.

—Mrs. H. D. MUIR.

Pres., N.Z.B. Assn.

It is not reason never to yield to reason.

In flood-time you can see how some trees bend, and because they bend, even their twigs are safe.

While stubborn trees are torn up, roots and all. And the same thing happens in sailing:

Make your sheet fast, never slacken—and over you go.

Head over heels and under: and there's your voyage.

—"Sophocles' Antigone."

TE MATAWAI ARETE 8-9th July

We are deposited at Levin Pipe just after mid-day and limber up across open paddocks and plunge into the bush near Ohau Lower Gorge. A short dash through the "greenhouse," and Ohau hut waits green and red at the foot of the Gable and ridge. Refuelled, we head at a moderate pace upstream and reach the confluence of the North and South Ohau. We thread a miniature gorge, where whistlesilence breathes frosty breath as we wade towards the foot of Yeate's track. Here five of the party chink ahead up a third gear grade. In the grey dusk we miss the Richard's Knob turnout, but after consultations we struggle Eastward Ho, over windfalls, white and cold. Vivas, Slickitorias, and thoughts of steaming fleshpots as we near Te Matawai. Temperature 26 deg. F. but no wind. . . .

ALPHA.

Alarums—excursions—the alarm rattles off at 1.30 a.m. Lights sicker—a low wind sighs round the hut—drowsy questions before dawn.

Shades of Watson-Munro and Powell cursing at the idea of an early start. Spluttering—and then the brazen roar of premises—"brekker" is served amid the rattling of plates—stolid silence of munching.

We emerge like cocooned grubs and wriggle for the leatherwood line. We furrow on up towards Pukematawai, shrinking into woolly skins as ol' man Southerly blusters up—we skirt the windward side of the ridge where the snow-drifts are less deep—snow plumes and whorls flare in the east, lights of Levin and Shannon pulse in the west—full dawn on Pukematawai.

South and North, a maze of ridges and peaks all flaunting long snow pennants—the last long ridge and Arete welcomes us at 20 deg. F. Camera shutters click, we pass round dates and chocolate and peer at the horizon thro' icicle eyelids—not so tropical, so we romp yodelling down to the saddle; the suns warm as we plug up Pukematawai. Over the top we wander down drowsy to Te Matawai, 9.25, and the snow falls thickly again. We eat, yarn and head off in groups for Yeate's track.

Past the junction we wander down to the forks of South Ohau and Butcher's Creek. Snow falls heavily as we wade down to the confluence.

At the entrance to the "greenhouse" we scoff biscuits sprinkled with snow—then slope off thro' dripping bush tunnels.

We sing as we cross open paddocks while black swans whistle past, glowing arrowshafts pulsing east. We face west—silent—Alpha and Omega. The lorry lights are ahead. —P.G.P.

SOME FIGURES

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