

Salient

An Organ of Student Opinion at Victoria College, Wellington, N.Z.

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WELLINGTON, MARCH 23, 1938

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CHICKEN AND CHICANERIE

In re the Law Dinner

One of the motions passed last year at a University Debate was that "the legal profession deserves the disrespect of the community," and the most powerful objection levelled against the lawyers was that they tend to become preoccupied with the law and oblivious of progress, dwelling alone, hermit-like, in an arid legal environment. "Salient" was therefore glad to note that at the Law Faculty Club's Annual Law Dinner, held recently at the Empire Hotel, each of the student speakers referred to some aspect of changing society and emphasised the importance of the legal fraternity's keeping up with these changes.

Proceedings opened with the usual difficulty—what was the correct way in which to consume Oyster Cocktails? Sub rosa whispers and hurried glances towards Sir Michael Myers and the other members of the Official Party elicited the fact that one should drink them. Accordingly they were drunk, and five further courses were satisfactorily disposed of. "Salient" enjoyed especially the "Fried young chicken a la Maryland."

Mr. Perry, assisted by Professor Laski, Carlotoz J. Holmes J., and numerous "Hear, hears" from Mr. H. H. Cornish, K.C., made an eloquent appeal for the independence of the Bench, in moving the Toast to the Judiciary. The judicial systems of certain modern states were corrupt and politically prejudiced; once independence disappeared justice became a mere mockery. Sir Michael Myers in reply re-emphasised this point and also stressed the need for mutual respect between bench and bar. He also appealed to law students to reject the Latin pronunciation they were taught at University; when asking for a writ of certiorari they should ask for certiorari and not "kurtseorari." Professor Adamson was observed to become a little uncomfortable at this juncture.

Amid tumultuous applause Professor Adamson arose to reply to Mr. N. A. Morrison's toast to the Staff, and delivered a homily on examinations, case-law, and Mr. Morrison's speech. We do not think he fully appreciated Mr. Morrison's brilliant words. "All appeals with regard to examinations have fallen on barren ground—or, shall we say, on Scotch Thistles."

"Salient" then noticed Professor Williams' shirt front, and, hypnotised by its weird, ruffled grandeur, was not able fully to appreciate Mr. Cornish's able speech and Dick Simpson's effective reply.

The Law Faculty Club is to be congratulated on providing good fare both for dinner and after dinner.

AN URGENT APPEAL

"CAPPICADE," 1938

Capping week with its usual gaiety is very near, but well before these welcome days come round, "Cappicade" has to be published and distributed. The poor response to the appeal for contributions, however, is causing the Editor much concern. The Editor therefore requests "Salient" to make this special appeal to all students.

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

ANOTHER URGENT REQUEST.

"Cappicade's" Staff is not yet complete. There are vacancies for two important members—an Advertising Manager and an Artist. Students desirous of helping the Capping Committee in this direction are requested to interview the Editor who is present at the Students' Association Executive Room on most evenings after 7 o'clock.

The Editor,
"Cappicade."

BACK FROM SPAIN CURTAIN!

LOYALIST LIEUTENANT INTERVIEWED

In accordance with its policy of trying to link up the University and the World, "Salient's" representative waited upon Mr. Tom Spiller, who has recently temporarily returned from Spain, where he has spent twelve months as a Lieutenant fighting for the Spanish Government in the International Brigade, and requested an interview.

"From the University! Oh yes, certainly," replied Mr. Spiller with a broad smile (he doesn't smile easily). "As a matter of fact I've been wanting to get in there for a long time." Then fumbling in his most unlikely pocket, "I believe I've got a letter of introduction here somewhere." I magnanimously waived my claims to the letter and got down to business.

THE MAN.

First impressions were of a young man, a little older than his years (thirty-five we guessed) with a real "scrapper's" face, carelessly dressed, bronzed skin, steady brown eyes, hands hanging unusually loosely at his sides (due we discovered later, to the effects of a bullet through the right shoulder). Didn't mind being called Tom. I had not asked him many questions before realising that this was a man in a thousand; not only a fighter but well informed, clear-thinking, and the possessor of firm convictions.

STUDENTS IN SPAIN.

"Yes there's plenty of students fighting for the Loyalists (Government), mostly from America," was the reply to our first question. "Not only students but professors. I met Prof. (now Colonel) Merriman from Harvard, Prof. (now Colonel) Dunbar, and several other American students as well as Sprigg (Christopher St. John) the young English poet. The political education of the American students is on a pretty high level."

Tom Spiller hadn't much faith in the proposed scheme for the withdrawal of "volunteers." "I feel sure there's no sincere motive behind the proposal as far as Germany and Italy are concerned," he said. "It seems to me that this talk of withdrawal is put up to blind the democracies while Hitler and Mussolini pile in more men and arms for a big spring offensive. Then when they're ready they'll say non-intervention is a failure and withdraw from the agreement."

"The Spanish People's Army. The Loyalist army must have improved considerably since the beginning of the invasion," I suggested. "Since it first went into action a little over twelve months ago (I mean the properly re-organised Spanish Army) it has never suffered a major defeat. Remember Brihuega and the storming of Brunete? Brunete had never been captured before by an invading force—even Napoleon couldn't do it. The equipment is there now, too. Barcelona is manufacturing guns, rifles, tanks (as many as 15 a day) and aeroplanes as well."

THE LOYALIST STRATEGISTS.

We agreed that all this meant much, but pointed out the importance of able leadership. "The Loyalist strategists are as good as the others—in fact, better."

OH! BOY!

"He is not tall, he is a little heavy, his body is timid. Ah! his glance is unforgettable, like that of all rare beings. A troubled and trembling glance, full of sweetness; the man is delicious and mysterious... his forehead is beautiful... with genuine sensitiveness and delicate features. In the smile of this warrior one sees a woman's soul and a child's heart. The ravishing thing about Franco is his purity."

Extract from "Candide," Paris. Quoted by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.

But when I shook hands to leave, an Anarchist worker said: "Tell the workers of England This was a war not of our making. We did not seek it. But if ever the Fascists again rule Barcelona It will be as a heap of ruins with its workers beneath it."

JOHN CORNFORD, member International Brigade, killed on Aragon Front.

said Lieut. Spiller. "Lister and Campesino for example are generals who have proved Franco as a goat. So they did Mola before he died. If Franco had taken the advice of his German assistants and made a flank attack on Madrid through the Valencia road he'd have been in there long ago. But no. Nothing would do Franco but an impressive frontal attack. He lost his chance and lost it forever. November 18, 1936, was the day he said he'd be in Madrid. There's a cafe there where they keep a seat with a notice, 'Reserved for Gen. Franco.' It's been waiting for over eighteen months now and it's still empty. It'll stay empty too!"

"Things must have been pretty close that November," I hazarded. He looked at me for a moment with a quiet smile. "I'll say."

PROPAGANDA WARFARE.

I asked about the use of propaganda by both sides. He told of the Government's efforts first. "A big truck with a powerful loud speaker comes up at night time just behind the lines.

to finish them off when a German officer came along. He spoke English and offered them the chance of standing up in front of a microphone and telling the world how well they were treated by Franco and what a lousy time the Government had given them, or standing up against a wall and being shot. Needless to say they broadcast. American movie operators were brought up by the Fascists and Ted and the others were made to smile and look natural while they talked. What they said created quite a sensation in England. It was used by the Fascists all over the world—the Hearst Press ("Daily Mail") in England especially, featured it. They never said a word later on though when those same chaps escaped from the Fascists and went back to join the Government."

FATE OF PRISONERS.

"What does the Government do with prisoners?" I inquired. "They're treated very well. Those Italian prisoners, for instance, didn't have much idea of the situation in Spain so they were given several weeks

Mr. Spiller told us of seven Basques who'd escaped from Franco's forces round Bilbao and had rowed in an open boat to the nearest French port. Their first question on landing, after tremendous hardships, was: "How soon can we get back to Spain?" Apparently they didn't like Franco.

We could have gone on for hours. Every question clearly answered; no sidestepping, no concealment; but time and space had reached their limits.

—A.H.S.

of political instruction. We explained our view of things pretty carefully and thoroughly. In the end lots of them volunteered quite freely to join the Government's Garibaldi (Italian) Anti-fascist section of the International Brigade. There's lots of Germans and Italians now who've gone back to Spain to 'get a crack' at Hitler and Mussolini.

"But are those volunteers sincere?" "Yes, quite sincere. They made their choice quite freely. Once they found out what was what and were convinced that we were telling them the truth, they just wanted to get a crack at those who'd deceived them. Of course we take precautions in case they're not sincere, but generally that's not necessary."

FRANCO'S PRISONERS.

"What does Franco do with his prisoners?"

"Franco doesn't keep many prisoners. They're generally shot unless they can be used. If the Moors get you it's 'good-night, nurse!' Ted Dickenson and some other 'Aussies' were captured and the Moors were just going

Offered Without Comment

Recently there was published in England a pamphlet called, "AUTHOR'S TAKE SIDES ON THE SPANISH WAR." Its contributors included Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Havelock Ellis, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Rebecca West, Liam O'Flaherty, Eric Linklater, Rose Macaulay and 138 other leading authors.

Following is an extract from a review of the pamphlet by the Editor of the CATHOLIC HERALD. "It makes the saddest reading of my life. I cannot understand the crass ignorance, the stinking conceit, the childish reasoning of men and women who believe themselves to be leaders of British thought. With few honourable exceptions... our poets, artists and writers descend to crude abuse of Franco that would shame a cut-throat's manners and intellect... I doubt whether ever before in the culture of a great nation has its intelligentsia sunk to a lower level of mental degradation and blind rage... if ever I had any doubt that Franco's cause was essentially noble and civilisation-saving, the reading of this miserable exhibition of intellectual and emotional crudity would confirm my faith."

MARCELIÑO DOMINGO, President of the Left Republican Party.

—Former Minister of Education.

"Mr. Pim Passes By"

The University Dramatic Club need have no inferiority complex after the excellent production of this entertaining comedy—all the other dramatic clubs in Wellington start late, anyhow.

Perhaps the worst feature of the evening's entertainment was the boorish behaviour of a certain group of would-be lads occupying a front seat. Their intermittent commentary may have been intended as an improvement to A. A. Milne's play.

The players are to be congratulated—their work was excellent and greatly appreciated by the audience. Of course mistakes occurred, more particularly in exits and entrances, but in view of the very small stage, criticism is not warranted.

The producer might have improved the set had he moved the props, etc., and action further up stage, perhaps dispensing with or moving the bowl of roses to the front.

It was particularly noticeable that Mr. Henderson, playing George Mardon, was consistently in a shadow so long as he remained in the down stage position; in any case it was unnecessary, and one sensed the relief when he moved up stage.

When acting on a small stage near the audience, the players should endeavour to keep up stage as much as possible.

Several of the players made the fatal error of looking at the audience—nothing kills atmosphere so quickly. Lack of reaction to a situation was a common fault particularly with Mr. Henderson at the conclusion of Act I.

Few of us could continue to write a letter so placidly as Mr. Mardon did, if we heard a Mr. Pim telling his story of Mr. Tellworthy.

Mr. Pim was excellently done by Gay Bliss—in fact a more convincing characterization would be difficult to imagine. Orlia—Miss Hilary Henderson, and Dinah—Miss O'Halloran, both played their parts well and in a less degree the same remark applies to the other characters.

This production required only a little polish to be worthy of public presentation. Such matters as quiet cueing, movement and naturalness will come with experience.

The play is full of meat and every character has an equal share of good lines.

Incorrect emphasis was responsible for one or two good lines being missed. An example for instance, was to be found in Orlia's line, "I can't hush up two husbands" a remark she tosses to George Mardon when he is ranting about the unexpected revival of her former husband.

If all the Dramatic Club's productions are as good as "Mr. Pim," its members need have no fear of the future.

—P. M. H.

But when I shook hands to leave, an Anarchist worker said: "Tell the workers of England This was a war not of our making. We did not seek it. But if ever the Fascists again rule Barcelona It will be as a heap of ruins with its workers beneath it."

JOHN CORNFORD, member International Brigade, killed on Aragon Front.

Extract from "Candide," Paris. Quoted by Edgar Ansel Mowrer.

MARCELIÑO DOMINGO, President of the Left Republican Party.

—Former Minister of Education.

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A LESSON TO LEARN

We are told by our rulers in England that the war in Spain is a struggle between Fascism and Communism; that our role as English democrats can only be to look on at it in self-satisfied abhorrence. We are asked to look at it as if it were some dreadful natural catastrophe which has fallen on the Spanish people because of their temperament, "the cruel streak in their nature." "And anyhow," we are told, "civil war is always the most brutal war." The tale is wearing thin. An open invasion of Spain by European powers does not constitute a civil war. The butchery and savagery of the bombing of the peaceful historic town of Guernica by the German Air Force, the capture of Santander by detachments of the regular Italian Army, the free use of Moorish troops by Franco as the nearest approach to genuine Spaniards he can find to do his work for him, leave little room for belief that the cruelties of the Spanish war are due primarily to the Spanish temperament. On the contrary, the Spanish war contains for us, in New Zealand especially, a lesson which we will fail to learn at our peril. The view that it is a struggle between Fascism and Communism in which the British people are not interested can only be maintained by a firm refusal to recognise the actual facts of what has happened in Spain.

Civil war broke out on 19th July, 1936, as no one can deny, but as no "impartial" British paper such as "The Times" will admit if they can help it, because the legally elected, constitutional liberal Government of Spain was moving, timidly and with hesitance, towards some long-overdue curtailment of the property rights of the Spanish landlords, army officers, richer clergy, and owning class in general. When the generals of the Spanish army led their men into the streets of six of the largest cities in Spain, they began an attempt to overthrow the legal Government then in power and establish a Fascist dictatorship; to drive Spain back to the Middle Ages with the help of tanks, bombs, and the radio. And what was the reason? The reason was that the existing social and economic order was challenged by a Government elected by popular vote. The choice before the owning class in Spain was the choice between acquiescence in the popular will, and armed revolt. They did not hesitate for one minute. The very idea of allowing the constitutional Spanish Government to proceed with the redistribution of land, the establishment of popular, secular education, and other elementary reforms, did not enter their heads.

This is the basis of the Spanish struggle. That struggle is being waged upon the issue of whether a people has the right to modify by popular vote the existing economic system. It is being waged to decide whether the people of a country are free to decide upon the economic and social system of their own country. It is being waged, in a word, to decide whether democracy such as you and I live in, is an illusion or a reality. CAN we decide by means of the ballot-box how our country shall be governed? Or are we, like the Spanish people, only allowed to hold the semblance of self-government so long as we do not infringe upon the privileges of wealth? The answer to that question is a lesson which we in New Zealand must learn from Spain.

Communists have for years asserted of course that once the property of "the Capitalists" was put in danger, those capitalists would have not the slightest regard for law and order, democratic principles, or Bills of Rights. That assertion has been universally denounced as a vile slander. We, the people, have been told in reply, that Britain is now a "real democracy"; that the universal franchise for all people over 21 makes it possible to amend all the evils of capitalism as soon as a parliamentary majority has been won.

But what is the position to-day? To-day, when mildly democratic opinion in Britain evokes the principles of legality, democracy, and constitutionalism on behalf of the Spanish Government, when liberals ask that the elementary usages of international law should be applied to that Government, they are blandly told that it is no concern of the British Government's; that since fundamental property rights are at stake in Spain, such things as legality and democracy have become side issues. No doubt the Communists reply: "Very well, gentlemen, that is precisely as we said it would be." But never again talk to us about the power of the ballot-box, nor blame us when we warn the British people that you will be loyal to democracy so long as they do not interfere with your property, and not for one moment longer!"

This state of affairs is unfortunate, but can we gainsay its validity? Has it no significance for New Zealand to-day?

The Government of New Zealand to-day is a Labour Government, legally elected, pledged to carry out an overdue programme of reform in health, education, and social services. The Spanish Government attacked by Franco was very little different. Attempts have been made to organise semi-fascist bodies in New Zealand—the "Defence League," "Freedom League," and so forth. Spain had its "Falange Espanola" and "Catholic Action" party. The Opposition to-day, consisting of 20 members out of 80, styles itself "The Nationalist Party," is addicted to garden parties, and entertainments at the homes of the owning class. The press talks the language of reaction and grows increasingly truculent. I have before me as I write, a sub-leader from a Wellington daily which bears the boldly-lettered lie "Our Socialist Dictators," referring of course to the Labour Government.

In Spain, wealthy landowners refused to cultivate their land under the Liberal Government and discharged their agricultural workers. Manufacturers in New Zealand are discharging workers and beginning to refuse to run their business. The point is this. Our Government's programme must sooner or later challenge the property rights of a minority, as did the Spanish Liberal Government. Then, oh watchman, what of the night?

Does this mean that no progress is possible without the appalling ordeal of civil war? On the contrary, the lesson surely is that civil war can be avoided but that it can only be avoided if the popular forces as a whole, and their leaders in particular, have shed every illusion that the owning class will "acquiesce" in the acts of a legally elected progressive Government. For once that illusion has been shed, then it is perfectly possible for such a Government to make it impossible for the forces of reaction to plunge their country into civil war "in order to save it from Bolshevism."

That, it seems to me, is the lesson we in New Zealand should learn—nay more, we learn—from Spain.

TOURNAMENT DELEGATES' MESSAGE

The American Universities have their athletic "meets" and the Pacific Coast and Mid-West Sports series, but none of these functions can compare with the N.Z.U. Tournament held each Easter. And as for this year's tournament, which will be held at Auckland in six weeks' time, even the splendour and performances of the recent Empire Games will be surpassed! Be all this as it may, however, Easter this year will definitely provide sporting fare well worthy of a trip to the Queen City by all loyal Victorians.

Last year, in three out of the seven sports comprising this event, Victoria, somewhat to the surprise of the other Colleges, demonstrated undeniable supremacy in Rowing, Shooting and Basketball. This year we are going to retain our hold on the trophies for these sports, besides annexing at least one of the other four; and of course, the Tournament Shield for the aggregate over all events.

In one other activity for which, unfortunately, no points are awarded, Victorians also showed their mettle. And that sphere is College loyalty, manifested in the way our men and women made things go with a swing from start to finish. Wearers of the Green and Gold were very much in evidence as a body at all functions, and the hahas of the men and the soprano encouragement of the women contributed in no small measure to the success of the whole show.

Victorians, at the 1937 Tournay, effectually refuted by their doings the old, old gibe, "V.U.C. is just a night school with no college spirit," and it is our bounden duty to maintain in the eyes of the other colleges, the high standard which they now expect. Every student who can rake up the shekels will be there—the fare is only 5/- return—and we can promise anyone who makes the trip that he will enjoy every single moment of it. "Salient" knows that every rep. will be on tip-toe to win the Tournament Shield, and is sure that this year, by their efforts both on and off the field, Victoria will undoubtedly achieve a well-deserved pride of place.

M. J. MASON,
For the Tournament Delegates.

"Salient" Points

1. Would ALL contributors please attach initials or preferably name to copy, which should be sent in legibly written on scribbling block size paper.
2. The staff would be grateful if students would indulge in a little free lance journalism by keeping their eyes open for possible "scoops" which have escaped the press.
3. We would like more contributions.

I Demand the Ultimate Death

*I demand the ultimate death of this war
because to look at myself in the current
like a generous body mortified
I wish, as the tree the rob of its fruits,
tearing out its branches
and propping from its trunk made a
top . . .*

*And if I cannot see myself
if only my roots remain;
if the birds seek vainly
the place of their nests
in the soil absence of my arms,
then, from the depths,
with the silence of the Spring,
will pour forth from the earth like a
lament
iminations of verdure and life.
I shall be that multitude of adolescents,
that even of laurel which binds
the trunk struck down by axe,
Multiplied life from death,
Multiple are the rays of dawn.*
(Translated from the Spanish of
Manuel Altolaguirre by Stephen
Spender.)

GRAMOPHONE RECITALS

Friday, March 25

Sibelius: Symphony No. 2
in D Major

Herr Hitler once attended a picture show in Berlin. At the beginning of the show, a picture of Hitler was flashed on the screen, and the audience rose in a body, and sang the national song.

Herr Hitler, of course, remained seated, and, after a moment or two a little man in the row behind him leaned over and touched him on the back.

"I understand, mate," he whispered, "I feel just like you do—but I think you'd better stand up all the same!"

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CANADIAN PAINTINGS

Colour Symbolism

To anyone who is either superficially or sincerely interested in art, there will be pictures of interest among the collection of oils and water colours now on exhibition at the Art Gallery. Whether it is representative of Canadian contemporary art we cannot judge, but at least an analysis of the technique, emotion and subject of a few of the outstanding paintings will reveal a little of Canada's outlook and level of development.

Most impressive is the quality of outdoors—the cold, the stark austerity, the clear colour, that so many of the pictures convey effectively. In none of them is the snow white. "Snowfall" suggests the dirt and dreariness of winter rather than the stimulating excitement in "River Driver," or the spontaneous joy of "Skating in the Park." In all of them the snow reflects not only the colour of the trees and sky or river and hills but suggests the mood of the artist and something of his personal attitude. This is particularly striking in "Grey Ghosts of Algonquin" and "Doc Snider's House."

Portrait Originality.

Among the portraits are two superbly "different" and forceful. One is an oil by Marian Dale Scott moulded in tones of purple to represent a strong piquant face, heavy lidded and chisel boned. No "lace curtain background" mark the effect of clear precision, there are just three leaves, strangely congruous. This portrait is arresting because of its technique and its subject. From a woman painter it is remarkable. Most of the water colours are more descriptive than interpretive but one is worth going up to the Gallery to see. It is a portrait. The subject is a man with a violin. In treatment only the subject becomes new. The face and hands are moulded in shades of black, the evening coat is stark black, the violin is in warm tonings and the background a flamboyant riot of pattern in a symbolised pictorialization of church and trees and women and flowers. Whether it is "artistically" good I do not know, but it does provoke thought and it does demand attention.

It is noticeable that a large per cent. of the most competent and illuminating work is done by women artists. But the most significant feature of this observation is that the point of view may be a woman's but in most cases the technique is comparable to a man's. For strength, economy and precision, these Canadian women rank as high as their leading men.

Is it significant that none of the exhibits have symbolism except in colour and in very few is there any abstract or imaginative quality. "Dharana" is one of the few. In tones of blue, it is, in my opinion, a lovely thing. I heard a fat lady with many rings denounce it as "ghastly" so you see, reactions are varied.—E.M.B.

REJOINDER

Dear "Salient,"—Apparently D.M.S. has not seen "Dead End" or else he would not have written as he has done on J.D.F.'s review.

There is no doubt that this film was outstanding for two reasons. Firstly, its characters were true to life—real; and secondly, it showed up evils of the present day that should be rectified. Of course D.M.S. would rather stand on the roof of his apartment house gazing towards the heavens, or studying his French and pouring his milk on the shrubs, than make his way down to the hovels where the blowsey old char pinches the half-eaten biscuit from a kid and where he could help to prevent the "Dead End" existence of those people forced to live in such poverty. He could make it his job to lift men out of the "Dead End" life from which there is no way out from their point of view except, as was shown in the film, by Dave killing "Baby Face" Martin and on the reward starting off anew with Drina.

Let us see from it too, that the same system that forces men and women to live in such squalor, which breeds boys for one-half of their youth in slums, and the other in reform schools, is in New Zealand, just as much as it is in New York. Our Reformatories, Borstals, Prisons, have become institutions of punishment where men and women have their characters bent, and embittered, and return to the rest of the community to continue in their "Dead End" existences.

We have to face reality before we have the opportunity to search for the romantic. The hush-up policy of D.M.S. concerning facts and truths would never give the milk to the char nor would it lift the half dozen boys from their forgotten environment.

Goldwyn has helped to show us the truth—it is now our concern to make sure the seed has not fallen on barren ground. R. W. LITHGOW.

The Spanish Refugee Children's Fund.

"Salient" had intended to issue an independent appeal for funds for this cause; but we learned that the Executive had been invited to send a representative to a meeting convened by the Mayor for this purpose.

The object of this fund is to create and maintain colonies to which Spanish children may be removed from the war zone. Many countries have already established these colonies, and English organisations have been operating them very successfully. The children are cared for, their education is continued and gradually the colony is becoming self-supporting, because Spanish children even at the early age of 13 or 14 are fully capable of following agricultural pursuits. They thus build up their own little farms and run them. Compare this with the condition of many Spanish children, who are living in the hills lives of terrible hardship and starvation; and some are even living in caves.

Under the scheme of establishing colonies, the Executive's representative, Mr. J. B. Almers, told "Salient," one child can be maintained for one year for the sum of approximately £14.

The meeting convened by his Worship the Mayor showed that it would take several weeks to set up a committee. The Executive took the attitude that the students have no time to approach outside organisations, but they are capable of organising a campaign within the University.

The scheme within the University has the support of the Students' Association Executive; which intends, with the help of "Salient's" staff, to communicate with the other constituent colleges to start a campaign throughout the New Zealand Universities. Even if the constituent Colleges raise sufficient money for one child only, it will be a definite move in the right direction.

It must be emphasised that this campaign is a purely humanitarian one. The immediate welfare of the Spanish children is so urgent that an enquiry into political issues is not necessitated.

Any students willing to work on a sub-committee please communicate urgently with Mr. Almers by means of the notice board. Remember—6d from every student will keep two children for a year.

Let V.U.C. lead the New Zealand Universities!



That Arid Square . . .

On that arid square, that fragment nipped off from hot Africa, soldered so crudely to inventive Europe;

On that tubeland scored by rivers, Our thoughts have bodies; the menning shape of our Fever

Are precise and alive. For the fears which made us respond, To the medicine ad. and the brochure of winter cruises

Have become invading battalions; And our faces, the institute-face, the chain-stare, the grin

Are projecting their greed as the firing squad and the bomb, Madrid is the heart. Our moments of tenderness blossom

As the ambulance and the sand bag Our hours of friendship into a people's army.

—From "Spain," by W. H. AUDEN.

"SPANISH TESTAMENT"

"Spanish Testament" here under review, was written for the Left Book Club by Arthur Koestler. The book follows the formula of several that have already appeared, the differences being mainly in the author's personal experiences.

Personally I think the history of the war has been better done by other authors, and at any rate most people know that type of outline of the Spanish war off by heart now—all the same his account is educative and interesting. He shows with penetrating detail how the rebels are ready to destroy Spain rather than yield an inch and share the soil with the peasants and workers. He shows too, the propaganda carried on by Franco and Co., the utter unreliability of insurgent statements with regard to their own issues, and the fates of prisoners.

Mr. Koestler gives a very vivid account of the fall of Malaga—and in this, particularly, the characteristics of the Spaniards are fully in evidence—not even the urgency of war convinces the milliamen that it is necessary to get out of a natural inertia, to give fatalism up and belief that the superhuman will be accomplished in face of overwhelming odds, and without preparation.

The most interesting part of the book is "Dialogue with Death"—a valuable piece of writing from the psychological point of view. It is an account of three months and three days spent by the author in a condemned cell. This is the part that will sear into the minds of the readers, because it is personal, and the personal is always the vitally interesting.

Most people can skip the first 178 pages, if they are well enough informed, and read of what the devil Crusader Franco is doing—the atrocities and unbelievable cruelties—all perpetrated in the name of Christ, and under the pretext of saving Spain for Christianity from the barbarous Reds.

"Spanish Testament" definitely should not be missed.

. . . and Death

Another book on the Spanish tragedy is Elliott Paul's "The Life and Death of Spanish Town." It is not a propagandist tract—it is the tragic portrayal of murder and rape of a happy community.

Mr. Paul says this book is a repayment to the people of a community which gave him the happiest times of his life. These folk were of Iriza, one of the Balearic Islands; they led a simple, happy life, fishing, drinking and fraternizing.

Upon this little island the fury and horror of civil war burst, and the monstrous horrors and atrocities committed by some Italian troops are vividly and gruesomely described.

The Italian troops still occupy the island, and the day after Mr. Paul left, 400 of the inhabitants were machine gunned.

The intimate picture of the Spanish life and character in the happy days is as good as anything we are likely to get on that aspect. —V.E.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The subjects and dates for the first three subjects are as follow:

1. That the British Government's foreign policy is pro-fascist. 25th March.
2. That the Prof. Board should allow debates on sex and religion. 5th April.
3. That medical services should be socialised.

INCIDENT

Our company was made up to strength again from the newly-formed 13th Brigade, mostly young Belgians, nice chaps. We had fun playing the old soldier to them. When we next came back to University City we were put into the Philosophy building. We built barricades with volumes of Indian metaphysics and early nineteenth century German philosophy; they were quite bullet-proof.

On the floor of our room we spread carpets; we found a clock and a barometer and hung them on the wall, some tourist "come to sunny Spain" posters were put up as a mockery to the climate.

We explored the library—I found De Quincey's Lake Poets and rolled myself up in a carpet and read voraciously; the day passed in a stupor. I was with Wordsworth and Coleridge, in another place, another time. As I was on the last chapter I heard an appalling crash and looked up and the room was thick with dust and smoke, in which the figures moved confusedly. Steve lurched forward, supported by two men; the call for stretcher-bearers went echoing down the corridors; John's head was bleeding swiftly, Joe held his nose and swore. Where the sunny Spain poster had been, was a hole. —John Sommerfeld.



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S P O R T SWIMMING CARNIVAL

BRIGHT BOXING PROSPECTS

The Club Championships and Tournament Trials were held in the College Gymnasium and performances were of a high standard. From the talent available, a good Tournament team should be picked.

The officials were: Mr. B. A. Guise, referee; Messrs. W. P. Somerville and F. D. Kean, Judges; Mr. L. C. McKay, timekeeper; Mr. B. C. Campbell, announcer.

Following are the results:—
Flyweight.—Speedy, 8.0, beat McCullough, 7.7, on points in a willing but unscientific bout.

Bantamweight.—Semi-final: Lambert, 8.9, beat Armstrong 8.10, Armstrong being disqualified in the second round. This was a very even bout between two good boxers, and the ending was unfortunate. Final: Lambert, 8.9, beat Muir, 8.0, by a technical knock-out in the second round. The plucky Muir had no guard against Lambert's hard left and right hooks.

Featherweight.—Semi-final: Coveny, 8.13, beat Oram, 9.2, by a technical knock-out in the second round. Coveny was too experienced and polished a boxer for his opponent. Final: Coveny, 8.13, beat Evans, 9.2, by a technical knock-out in the first round, putting his man down with crisp lefts to the body and jaw.

Lightweight.—Semi-final: Trillo, 9.10, was too vigorous for Doole, 9.9,

winning by a technical knock-out in the second round. Final: Sheehan, 9.12, beat Trillo, 9.10, on points in the best match of the evening. Both boxers hit cleanly but Sheehan was the more aggressive.

Welterweight.—Semi-final: Ryan, 10.7, beat Carroll, 10.5, by a technical knock-out in the third round. Carroll was ahead on points, but Ryan's powerful left hook won the fight. Final: Ryan, 10.7, beat Tocker, 10.7, on points. Tocker was down for a few seconds in the first and second rounds but managed to stay the distance. Unfortunately, Ryan broke his thumb in the last minute and will be unavailable for Tournament.

Middleweight.—Final: Arnott, 11.0, beat Fraser, 11.2, on points. Arnott's fast and determined attack kept Fraser mainly on the defensive, but he finished strongly when Arnott appeared to tire. A no-decision bout between Barnes and Robertshaw provided some comic relief.

A cup, donated by Mr. F. D. Kean for the most scientific boxer, was awarded to Coveny, the winner of the featherweight class.

The past season has been one of the most successful which the Swimming Club has experienced, and it was fitting that it should close with the best Carnival for years. A good crowd, splendid fields in the interesting and varied events, an element of mystery in the act of Professor Ah Mihk, and some close finishes made the evening very enjoyable.

The surprise of the evening was the result of the Club 100 yards Championship, where Taylor beat O'Flynn by three seconds in a thrilling final, the two swimmers turning together into the last lap. "Salient" awaits with great interest the race between these two crack swimmers in the 220 and 440 yards Club Championship.

The novelty event was very entertaining. Those courageous enough to enter for it were compelled to swim one length of the baths, blow a balloon up till it burst, and then swim a further length. Hamilton, the strongest swimmer in the race, was provided with an extra large balloon, which expanded to an enormous size. "Salient" strongly suspects that he did the dirty deed with a pin.

The ladies of the Club are of a retiring nature—indeed, most of them seemed to have retired! Miss A. Sargisson won the 50yds. Ladies' Club Championship well, but her time (40 secs.) was slow, and the times in the handicap races were equally mediocre.

Professor Ah Mihk, a yoki (?), Professor (?) of Occult Science (?), delighted the audience with a remarkable demonstration of his art. Clad in a sheet and a pair of spectacles, the Professor, his hands firmly bound, was placed in an examined black sack, which uncomfortably resembled a shroud. Mr. Bradshaw, the assistant from the audience, tied the neck of the sack very firmly with a piece of rope, and the Professor leaped into the deep end of the baths. In four seconds he reappeared on the surface, the bag under his arm. How on earth?—and their wonder grew when the Professor handed the sack round for examination. No holes, no trap-doors, all done by kindness!

The C Team had rather a nerve to challenge the A Team in water-polo, but, apparently boldened by the A Team's series of defeats, they did so. The final result—three goals to one in favour of the A's, might, however, have been expected. The game was rather patchy, with a few bright splashes here and there.

The usual Club Night—the last of the season—will be held next Wednesday. These Club Nights are miniature Carnivals—there are handicap and championship races, a dive, and a novelty event. All those who enjoyed the Swimming Carnival, all who ought to have been there but who were not, and all interested in swimming, are invited to be present at 7.30 p.m. at Thorndon Baths next Wednesday.

FRESHERS' TOURNAMENT

56 Freshers and Veterans participated in the annual Freshers' Welcome Tournament. B. W. Brock controlled affairs unobtrusively and well, and welcome visitors were the Club's President, C. S. Plank, now well on the road to good health again after his accident, and G. F. Dixon, a Vice-President, whose interest in "Variety does not wane."

McMurray and Miss Marsh and Devine and Campbell contested an excellent final after they had disposed of Palmer and Miss Brentley and Budge and Whitlock respectively in semi-finals. Campbell and Devine won 25/23. Campbell is from Canterbury and looked about the best of the new men. Miss Brentley and Miss Marsh were two girls who took the eye. The former has done well in Hawkes Bay tennis.

A ZOO NOTE.

Remarkable information on the diet of the primitive bovine as given by Mr. Elliott to his Greek History Class: Bull fighting was the national sport of Crete . . . the Cretans kept their annual tribute for the ring: the captives were sent in . . . it couldn't have been a very pleasant end to be eaten by a bull.

P. COIRA ON DIVING

At a recent Swimming Club evening, Mr. P. Coira judged the dive, and at the conclusion of the competition, gave a short talk on Modern Diving.

Mr. Coira said that the following points in a dive influenced judges generally:—

1. Height.—Those who had seen Poussard, the French diver, when in New Zealand, would have noticed that most of his evolutions were completed before he got back to the level of the springboard. The maximum height above the board must be reached.
2. Entry.—The entry into the water must be in a straight line, and as near the board as possible.
3. Commencement.—The starting position of every dive should be from attention, with the hands stretched forward, fingers together.
4. Take-Off.—Three running steps at least should be made when taking off.
5. General Appearance.—Neat costumes should be worn, and in every move divers should display style, grace, boldness and dash.

At the conclusion of the dive, legs and body should be perfectly straight, hands together, feet united, in one unbroken line from fingers to toes. As much body control as possible should be exercised.

Mr. Coira mentioned dissatisfaction caused at the Empires Games by the diving Judges, Miss Mona Leydon, New Zealand's premier lady swimmer, when interviewed by "Salient," said: "Some of the decisions seemed very unfair. One man announced that his dive would be a pike; he did a plain header—one judge gave him 8 points and another gave him 0. The next man did a proper pike dive—he got 3 and 4 points respectively from the same judges."

CRICKET

All four teams lost last Saturday, the Juniors losing outright and the others on the first innings.

The consistent Harpur's 41 was the best performance for the seniors. A pleasing feature was the wicket-keeping of Banks, who caught three and stumped one.

McPhail again took five wickets for the seconds. This slow bowler from Wanganui is an undoubted acquisition to the Club. In reaching the thirties McPhail also batted well. Parkin topped scored with 45 and Kirkham was another useful contributor.

Although the thirds made 182 (Rutherford 56, Sandford 39 not out, Orman 32), they were easily beaten by Kilbirnie. Runs mount up rapidly on the fast Kilbirnie Recreation Ground, and our bowling was not strong.

TENNIS

A Visit from Massey

On Sunday morning, 13th March, Victoria and Massey met for the first time on the tennis court. The inevitable Miramar gale spoilt playing conditions somewhat, and undoubtedly handicapped the visitors more than Victoria. Local players are used to it. Four of the six men chosen for Tournament trials, H. J. Hartley, F. H. Renouf, L. B. Sandford and B. W. Brock, comprised our team, which won by five games to one. L. B. Shand, easily the visitors' best player, caused a surprise by defeating Hartley, who, however, was playing below form.

As a Tournament trial, the contest showed that Massey have one player with claims to inclusion in our Tournament team—Shand. Renouf beat him comfortably in a special singles in the afternoon, but then Renouf is at present playing better tennis than any of our Tournament candidates and, in fact, probably the best tennis that he has ever played. Shand has a very fair service and, with sliced strokes, is steady on both backhand and forehand. His form in doubles was quite good and he is fully entitled to further trials.

A return match with Massey will probably be played at Palmerston North before Easter.

- Results:—
Singles: J. Hartley lost to L. B. Shand, 3-6, 2-6.
F. H. Renouf beat G. A. Stewart, 6-1, 6-1.
L. B. Sandford beat T. P. McGrath, 6-2, 6-2.
B. W. Brock beat G. L. Zinzam, 6-4, 6-5.
Doubles: Hartley and Renouf beat Shand and McGrath, 6-4, 6-2.
Sandford and Brock beat Zinzam and Stewart, 5-6, 6-4, 6-2.

LAUNONISMS.

Preface to War.—You can always hear a war coming. Listen for the clashing of symbols.

Liberty.—Liberty is a woman. Never take her favours for granted. Be forever jealous or you will lose her.

Hitler on his Storm Troopers.—"They are Jesus' Brown Army."

Lecture "meat."—The cocks is the back bone of the country, and the funny bone and the wish bone also.

Men at an evening of the Governor General's are obliged to wear stiff shirt fronts and other do-dads on such occasions—they hate it—they are miserable—as though they were at an undertaker's picnic.

—V. E.



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