

Salient

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DRAMATIC CLUB'S GAUCHERIE

Firstly, and frankly, "Flickering Light" bored us. We require for our appetite something a little more enticing. Perhaps it is from lack of exercise—but fortune-tellers, poisoned amulets and so on, when sat down to cold, are fearfully stodgy. And we were not made to feel happy, because the actors were definitely not happy either, or at their ease. The happiness and enjoyment of the cast is, of course, half the battle, especially if they are not capable of much else.

The producer was, may we venture to suggest, a little unwise in selecting a play that called for fine acting when he was limited in the scope at his disposal. A play with plenty of action would have obliterated his difficulty. But unfortunately this was a most inactive, even, in fact, nonchalant piece, especially as regards the part of Bobbie, which was played by Doris Stephenson. She gave us an impression of affectedness rather than of acting. We were forced to wonder once or twice what she was going to do with that delightfully abbreviated skirt of hers. But of course nothing happened, and it was quite fun.

In the setting the producer succeeded with a simple and co-ordinate stage. Otherwise, there was nothing else in "Flickering Light" requiring mention.

DOWN IN THE PIT

Owing to a slight alteration in the programme (or a frantic unreadiness behind the scenes) we were next treated to some "Danger," a June Cummins production. Now there was something original and clever in this, though perhaps obscurely. . . In a play such as this the audience is asked to create a tremendous amount—inside its own head. We point this out because it is partly on this imaginative ability that the success of the production depends. No imagination, no success. As it fortunately happened, we turned out to be quite vivid-minded on Friday night. The slightest suggestion . . .

The curtain rises—or rather, is heard to rise—on a perfectly black stage, while we sit in more perfect blackness. Round the voices issuing from the void (nominally, a Welsh coal-pit) we are required to construct everything, with, of course, the aid of indispensable tin-can noises (falling coal, we presume) and screams and exclamations from the poor heroine. The men utter only soothing noises. Interesting, though, considering the darkness. The three persons carry on an animated soliloquy on death, which is pretty imminent in their position. The result is not a play, but a number of exceedingly vivid and entertaining mental pictures.

BANG!

In presenting to us our last treat the producer it seemed had deliberately catered for our appetite. To him then in that case we must confess to a perverse change of appetite. Unfortunate, is it not? But his fare is not as pleasing to our palate as it used to be. This may be due to our formerly having rather overeaten ourselves. We found his "Where's That Bomb?" to be, in parts, like the curate's egg, highly unpleasant. Of course it drew laughter. What bit of vulgarity won't? But, personally, lyrics written on the sewer never cut much ice with us.

We remark here that the characters were particularly well cast, and played their parts with fervid gusto. It was a pity his landlady was in the room at the time, otherwise Joe might not have felt constrained to dress part of himself behind the armchair, or to carry out ablutions on the face and hands, only. Frightfully inconvenient for him, and awfully inconsiderate of her. 'But lucky for us.'

PROMISING?

Bonk Scotney we discovered as more orator than actor. Here shows a germinating seed of oratory which, if carefully tended, may grow into a fine—or perhaps even a dangerous—plant. He showed an unwillingness to settle down to the serious parts, and

(Continued in column 4)

EIRE WINS PLUNKET MEDAL Irish Combination Triumphant

"Wake all the dead! What ho! What ho! How soundly they sleep whose pillows lie low!" Not so soundly, for once every year a few selected spirits are plucked from the wormholes of oblivion and given a twelve-minute airing. This happened in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Saturday night when the thirty-third Plunket Medal Contest was heard by a two-thirds capacity house.

It was pleasing to see the majority of speakers choosing to speak on men who had some significance for people living to-day.

The standard of speaking was not as high as it has been in former years. The winning speech was excellent but not outstanding. With few exceptions the speeches were stiff, formal bogorations with an overdose of blah. In all cases save one, the style of speaking (as well as two of the characters) came from a period long past. The genuine oration of the twentieth century is not the pontifical utterances of a Pitt, a Sheridan, or a Burke; and as speaker succeeded speaker on Saturday night one couldn't help wishing that a compulsory course of dos Passos was a pre-requisite for Plunket Medal competitors. To read a thumbnail biography such as "William Randolph Hearst" in "The Big Money" gives a clear idea in prose of what a present-day oration can and should be. The aim of the orator is, of course, to stir the emotions of his audience. To do this today it is necessary to speak to the audience instead of across, or at, or in front of them. Ron Meek's speech was an object-lesson in how to do this.

Notes were, generally speaking, much too prominent. The speaker is free to use his own method of speaking, but large sheets of notepaper (especially blue notepaper) surely should be dispensed with.

KRISHNAMURTI AND KROPOTKIN

Mr. Meek showed the other speakers two very important things about modern oratory. I hope the lesson will be learned. The first is that effect is gained by concentration of reason instead of by harmonious sonorous phrasing alone. Both if you can do it. But no wind. The second was the distinct and visible contact established naturally between speaker and audience. In a very few minutes Mr. Meek's outline of a few of Krishnamurti's beliefs, by their unexpected simplicity and unusual content, made a striking appeal to his hearers—an appeal that remained the only one of its kind that evening.

Jack Lewin's speech on Prince Kropotkin was a speech of lost opportunities. An excellent exposition of Kropotkin's philosophy, delivered in apt phrases and striking sentences, was marred by a persistent falling inflexion. Sentences such as "Oh! the mockery of it!" delivered without sufficient force, tended to become bathetic. Mr. Lewin's passage describing the community of the future temporarily revealed by a break in the clouds of time was one of the bright spots of the evening.

"IN ANCIENT DAYS"

Mr. Braybrooke opened in the approved sonorous style, but before long conveyed the suspicion that he was attributing to Stratford an influence on English history which in other circumstances he would not subscribe to. It was possibly a little much to expect the audience to believe that Wentworth's desertion to the King could be explained by his "honest conviction."

The main part of the speech was too much a chronicle to allow the speaker to climb to real oratory. Mr. Braybrooke's posture militated against this also. At times, the position of his hands and notes was strongly suggestive of a telegraph messenger offering what he knew to be unwelcome news.

In offering him for our consideration (3 times), Mr. McCulloch explained to us that the character of Edmund Burke was without moral blemish and he made some extravagant claims to back this statement. "No one who has ever lived has used the principles of the thinkers to judge the immediate problems of the statesman so successfully." I wonder how this

can be reconciled with "Thoughts on the French Revolution"? If Mr. McCulloch gave more ideas and fewer words it would be a big improvement. To say that Burke (representing a Rotten Borough in a nation which was then less than 20 per cent enfranchised) "held himself trustee for the interests of the whole nation" is a little hard to expect even a Plunket Medal audience to swallow, accustomed as it is to hyperbole.

ARABIA DESERTA

The best planned speech of the evening was Bob Edgley's effort on T. E. Lawrence. To select the main points in so complicated and tangled a life, to reject so much that must have seemed necessary, and to combine the mental conflict in Lawrence's mind with the conflict of his promises to the Arabs and French Imperialism; to mirror the clash in the deliberations round the council table at Versailles was an exceedingly able piece of work. However, a good speech was marred by that fatal falling inflexion, and an insufficient sense of the dramatic.

"A FLAMING VOLCANO"

Mr. Renouf's speech on Kagawa was marred by a nasal intonation. At times unexpected and undue emphasis on unimportant words made the speech sound like a power surge from 22B.

"For 15 years Kagawa lived in the slums proclaiming always that God is love; where there is God there is love." Mr. Renouf should read Professor Tawney on "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism." Get a man who suits you, Frank.

Mr. McDonald reopened the 1919 Peace Conference with the most promising of beginnings delivered in a clear voice and an easy natural manner. The middle of the speech was, as was all too common in the contest, a series of events chronologically arranged. Mustapha Kemal was finally put to bed in 1938 and the audience settled back for a good solid two minutes peroration, which did not materialise. Specially commendable and successful features of Mr. McDonald's work were the variations of sentence length, and the clear arrangement of the whole speech. That falling inflexion was again the besetting sin.

HUNTIN', SHOOTIN' AND FISHIN'

Bert Foley was responsible for a little unexpected humour. When speaking of Rutherford the boy, he referred to him as "Young Lord Rutherford as he was then;" and again later when he mentioned the boy's fondness for hunting, shooting, and fishing.

With more practice, the development of self-confidence, and hence originality of treatment, Mr. Foley will do better.

UP THE IRISH!

Ben O'Connor produced the winning speech. His biographical details were dealt with economically and wisely, leaving him time and reserves of power to use in a dignified, forceful, and one is almost tempted to say, noble statement of de Valera's aims, "Ireland her own from the soil to the sky." This delivered with two minutes to go, shrewdly aroused the expectations of the audience which were gratifyingly realised in a passage on patriotism, the sentiments of which, though a little narrow, were an improvement on the general ideas on that emotion, sufficient to justify the applause with which the conclusion of the speech was greeted.

THE MINSTRELS AND THE VERDICT

It remained for Martin Liddle's singing to produce an emotional effect of a really high order, his Hungarian song, "Had a Horse," being for many the highlight of the evening. Other enjoyable items were also given by Kingston Braybrooke and Vesta Emanuel. The Hon. W. E. Barnard, speaking on behalf of his co-judges, Mr. W. E. Leicester and Miss I. Wilson, paid the competitors the compliment of saying that he had enjoyed listening to their speeches much more than the speeches he was generally obliged to listen to in the House. "The judges," he said, "have experienced some little difficulty in deciding between Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Meek, but have decided in favour of Mr. O'Connor by a narrow margin." The hearty applause with which this statement was greeted showed that the audience concurred in the verdict.—S.

DRAMATIC CLUB'S GAUCHERIE (Continued from column 1)

found simply sitting with the head in the hand easiest. He was good, however, in hurling invective, and in the more blasphemous parts. The thumb jerked forcefully towards the thorax in that gesture of self-indication was recognised thankfully as an old characteristic, in no wise impaired by the stage.

Of course "chaste," "pure," "rape," "Red" and such like have become regular stock-in-the-box "Varsity" words. So they fall when consistently thrown at us from the stage. Every little fresher comes out with them, the same as he comes out in spots on his chin. It is part of his development. But in heaven's name, must we so triumphantly advertise our every stage of normal development, as we did in this gauche display? We are, it must be admitted, a considerable time in developing a sense of subtlety.

That is chiefly why the "Bomb" did not please or excite us as much as had been anticipated, by its retarded producer.

WHAT WE WANT

We, as the play-goers, must be the determining factor on the quality of productions. It appears, therefore, that when productions such as the three we witnessed on Thursday and Friday nights, although having their certain merits, and being put on before us time and time again with something very far from anything meritorious, they are what we desire. Ever so faintly, we protest.

We are sorry to have misunderstood ourselves so grossly and for so long. But we are now no longer in so dangerously an uncritical state of mind, and with all respect to our, we believe, capable Dramatic Club, we demand of it entertainment with a little polish and subtlety, even if, in its change from the slap-dash, it takes longer in production.

—Celia Frederick

Do not waste your time on social questions. What is the matter with the poor is poverty. What is the matter with the rich is uselessness.

—George Bernard Shaw

"It is the German people's providential mission to rebuild the Occident . . . The Epoch of the Germans . . . The nation will crush the humanitarian lie of Europe and hoist the banner of true Order, will automatically become the head of a new European Organism."

—E. Jung.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION

When a photographic exhibition is undertaken it implies that work of such a standard is forthcoming as to make the collection of photographs something more than a mere display. Judged by this consideration it can be said that the recent function of the Photographic Club was a successful exhibition. That is not to say that the exhibits were universally good, for they were not—some in fact were very poor. There was, however, a sufficient number of good photos, which, by reason of technique, conception, and presentation, could be classed as pictures and not as enlarged snapshots.

VARISITY EXPOSURE

Those whose work was consistently outstanding in this direction were A. D. Fair, T. W. Rait, J. Hannah, and S. B. Whitlock, while several others had individual photos of eminence. Undoubtedly the most striking photo was Fair's "Business Head," a clever piece of superimposition extremely well executed. Of outstanding interest also was his "Students." Apart from being one of the few attempts at portraying "Varsity life," it was characterised by good conception and highly successful presentation. Fair also exhibited others of superior technique, but, compared with those mentioned, lacking in originality, while his micro-photographs would have been better on black and white glossy instead of sepia matt.

From the point of view of technique the laurels went to T. W. Rait as displayed in "Old Times" and "Dim Religious Light." The rich blacks of the former were not approached by another print there. Yet, though there was a good gradation of tone, this photo was too sombre. "Dim Religious Light," a difficult subject well handled, was spoilt by the heavy and unbalanced black mass on the left-hand side.

ATMOSPHERICS

For J. Hannah's seascapes high praise is deserved. Possessing immediate appeal and therefore constantly photographed, breaking waves are somewhat hackneyed as subjects, while it is extremely difficult to convey the sense of liquidity. In his three studies Hannah has been most successful in capturing this atmosphere, and in "Restless" his work has a fine simplicity and restraint. The most outstanding study shown by Whitlock was "When lowering cloud banks . . ." which was a skilful handling of a distinctive silhouette (a hay rake) against a heavy sky. The composition of this picture was of lasting satisfaction. Another admirable study by the same photographer, "Ensign," suffered from over-correction, and the same fault could be found with other photos such as Ombler's "Three Silent Pinnacles" and Berge's "Tall Spin." A print meriting great praise was S. Johnston's "Quo Vadis?" The conception of this picture of Thorndon Ramp was most original and well rendered, though it suffered slightly from excessive background. Two exhibitors showing a large number of prints were Elby and Cardale, but the work of both suffered from lack of crispness. Of Hughan's work the two most successful were "Land Hungry" and "And Ships Are Few."

WE DO NOT LIKE:

The predominance of landscapes and the paucity of portraits was not an unexpected feature of the exhibition, but it was a great pity that such portraits as were shown should have been so stilted and conventional. The traditional pose requires outstanding technique for it to possess any freshness, while it seldom conveys an impression of a personality. On the other hand, "candid" photography offers wide scope in this direction. More attention should also be given to straightening prints and mounts. In the arrangement, tiling and lighting of the exhibits the committee are to be heartily congratulated.

—H. and H.

"No doubt your wife has often expressed the desire to earn—er—to own a furcoat."—22B, 10 p.m., 2/6/1939.



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EFFICIENCY TESTS AND THE UNIVERSITY

For those civil servants who are either undergraduates or graduates the proposed introduction of Efficiency Examinations must come as an unpleasant surprise. Although the Public Service Commissioner's power to impose such examinations has been contained in the Public Service Act since 1912 it has never been necessary to apply it, except in certain cases where the department requires a special knowledge of some Act or section of the law, or where an officer has not passed the University Entrance Examination.

As the tests are apparently to apply, without exception, to both clerical and professional divisions, and will be extended until the civil servant has reached a high rate of salary, the prospects are that the latter will be sitting examinations until he is well on into his forties. And even then there is little guarantee that promotion will follow for the successful examinee.

There is also another aspect of the question, in that the Efficiency Tests are now to have a primary importance and degree and professional examinations are to be relegated to a secondary position. That this fact will discourage civil servants from attending University must naturally follow. In the past, considerable weight has been given to the case for promotion of the degree holder, but that will now to a large extent be lost. A further factor that will discourage the prospective undergraduate is that if he takes University lectures he will have to sit three different sets of exams.—Terms, the annual University, and the Civil Service Efficiency Tests. Already overburdened with night lectures, the civil servant will be forced to choose that course which will be most beneficial to him from a promotion point of view, which will be to let University degrees slide and concentrate on the new basis for advancement—the Efficiency Tests.

In addition to these objections, the almost universal condemnation of the examination system by educational experts in favour of accrediting on a basis of actual work performed, and the Public Service Commissioner's action seems to be not only a retrograde one but also one that is not in conformance with modern educational research. —M.L.B.

GOD DEFEND NEW ZEALAND

A company director: "What do I think of the Government's defence scheme? I think exactly the same thing about it as I do about the Government.—I would be "run-in" if I expressed my real views. This Government is not concerned about liberty or freedom. If it were it would have introduced conscription long ago."

From a symposium of views on "home defence."
—"Dominion," 27/5/39

"Without question, the grave European situation of last September may be regarded as the outstanding event of the year, and it was with heartfelt gratitude that we heard that an international crisis had been averted," writes Mr. Ben Ellis, Dominion president of the South African War Veterans' Association of New Zealand, in a foreword to "The Veteran," the official publication of the association.

"The general impression that Great Britain was, at the moment, not prepared for war, and that an insurrection in Germany was expected at any moment, may, or may not, have been responsible for Mr. Neville Chamberlain's desire for a peaceful solution of the problem," he continues. "Whatever the reasons dictating his policy, however, the slogan of the late Lord Roberts, 'Teach the young lads to shoot'—and the motto of Lord Baden-Powell, 'Be Prepared'—will, I venture to say, be texts which our leaders will preach (and practise) till England is once again sufficiently strong to resume her old role of 'Policeman of the World.'"
—"Dominion," 27/5/39

"The atmosphere of 'Cappcade, 1939,' which will be presented by the Victoria University College students in the New Opera House, Wellington, for the first time on Saturday, April 22, will be of cheerful burlesque. The show will again consist principally of two musical comedies with an appropriate introductory spectacle and a burlesque musical interlude, all of which are described as "combining the glamour of a Marcus show with the pungency of Noel Coward and the brilliancy of Gilbert and Sullivan."
—"Dominion," 15/4/39

Immediate Action Urged
"This deputation represents those who are directly interested in Maori welfare, and it is our desire to bring before your attention the urgent need for some immediate action in connection with this problem," said Mr. Milner. "We Britishers are proud of the part we have played in native administration, and we cannot for a moment contemplate falling below the high ideal set by the statesmen of our Empire."
—"Truth,"

HAEREMAI CLUB

Preluded by a delightfully informal and totally unofficial cocktail hour at the Grand Hotel at which Bob Anderson acted as host, the annual dinner of the Haeremai Club held recently proved itself to be a star event in the club's history.

Mr. Stewart Wilson, president of the club, presided. Mr. Ron Corkill represented the Students' Association. A large attendance of members, a select body of visitors, and representatives of kindred clubs at the other Colleges, foregathered to do honour to a function now well established in the annual routine of club activities.

TOASTS.
The toast of His Majesty the King was proposed by Mr. Chairman; Mr. Roy Johnston proposed the toast of the College and the Professorial Board; the Executive of the V.U.C.S.A. was proposed by Mr. Lloyd Stutchberry and replied to by Mr. Ron Corkill. Mr. Corkill expressed appreciation of the continued development of the club and complimented the club executive on the excellence of the function. "Kindred Societies" was proposed by Mr. Roy Te Punga and replied to by Mr. H. L. Thomas, who brought with him the greetings and felicitations of the other fraternities who, he stated, "were closely linked with the Haeremai Club in the spirit of their interest." Mr. J. Speedy, in company with the entire assemblage, fervently honoured the toast "To Ourselves."

THE FLAGON.
Supreme event of the evening was the presentation to the club of a valuable silver flagon by Messrs. George Culliford and Roy Johnston. In his oration to the meeting, Mr. Culliford stated that both he himself and his fellow-donor had been deeply moved by the excellent progress the club had been evidencing since its re-inception, and desiring that some tangible evidence of this progress be retained in the properties of the club, they had decided to present a silver flagon on which should be engraved each year the name of the club president. That the flagon be kept in sacred trust by the club and that a verse from the pen of Omar Khayyam, the guide of the donors' philosophy, be engraved on the flagon for the enlightenment of all future members, were the wishes expressed by Mr. Culliford. Mr. Culliford concluded one of the most moving speeches ever presented at a Haeremai function with apt excerpts from the "Rubaiyat."

Mr. Wilson accepted the flagon on behalf of the Club, expressed his deep gratitude of the action of the donors, and initiated the flagon. It was decided by the meeting that the flagon be engraved the "Culliford-Johnston Presidents' Flagon," and that it be used by each president at all ceremonial functions.

The formalities of the evening dispensed with, the gathering retired to the smoke-room, where reminiscences of other days provided enjoyable entertainment.

The function was one of the most enjoyable "Salient" has attended, and evidenced the great value in College life of good social fellowship.—S.K.H.

GOSSIP

MORE THINGS THEY SAY:

Native of New South Wales: "Australia's a land where the men are men and the women are glad of it."
Margaret Johnstone: "I should have described it as a land where the women are women and the men are anxious to make the most of it."

And this one came through Shirley Sutch:
Danzig with tears in your eyes.

Informative soul: I was talking to a taxi driver the other night. He was taking a woman to a maternity hospital, had an accident on the way and the baby was born in the cab.

Ron Meek: That would be a case of crash on delivery.

Overheard on the stairs (they were speaking very loudly):

Betty Stubbs: But why did you have your bath under an umbrella?

Elizabeth Hussey: Well, you see, there was no lock on the door.

The playreading of Juno and the Paycock was responsible for the year's record attendance.

We like the idea of Paul Powell digging dog-like under the flagpole to find Kime Hut in the week-end.

We are also delighted to learn that for once Chas. Watson-Munro couldn't take it.

Congratulations to Messrs. Edgley and Meek. Further congratulations to Mr. Meek.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The outlet for musical talent at V.U.C. is somewhat limited to the annual extravaganza and to a series of gramophone recitals. The Glee Club in endeavouring to foster an interest in singing, produces its annual concert. The club is small and enthusiastic and this year, under the capable direction of Mr. R. L. Hutchens, it is again taking the limelight on Friday, August 4th, in the gym. of course, the scene of its earlier triumphs.

An excellent programme has been arranged, including several popular choruses and quartet numbers. The soloists, among the men, are worthy of mention—Martin Liddle, Frank Rule, and Phil Marsack. Those who heard the concert last year will remember Martin Liddle's excellent rendition of "Largo al Factotum" à la Tibbett.

The concert will commence at 8.15 p.m. sharp, and will open with the College Song. Those who have song books, should bring them along—those who have not yet purchased one, may do so at the small figure of 6d. Freshers (not so fresh now)—this is your chance.

So remember the Glee Club Concert on Friday, August 4th, at 8.15 p.m. The admission is 1/-, and by special permission of the Principal a short dance will be held afterwards. Supper is provided also. Remember: It's a Glee Club Show!

Appreciation

It is with considerable regret that "Salient" has to announce the resignation of Mr. J. D. Freeman and Mr. H. L. Meek from its staff. The energy and time that has been devoted by these two people has been a considerable contributing factor to the success and maintenance of the high standard which "Salient" has achieved, and the paper will feel their loss keenly.

Mr. Meek is proceeding to Cambridge for two years, and "Salient" and others take this opportunity of wishing him bon voyage and the best of luck!

THINGS TO COME

Biological Society, Presidential Address. "Photoperiodism, Vernalisation, and the Phasic Development of Plants," by Mr. A. J. D. Barker, B.A., B.Sc., in the Biology Lecture-room, on Thursday, 3rd August, at 8 p.m.

Public Administration Lecture: "The British Civil Service Administrative Division by Mr. H. G. Miller, M.A., on August 8th, at 8 p.m.

International Relations Club.—Discussion on "A Russian Alliance or not?" by Professor Lipson (says "Yes") and Dr. Beaglehole (says "No") on Wednesday, 2nd August, at 8 p.m. in Gym.

Evangelical Union Tea.—Next Sunday, August 6, at 4.45 p.m., in the Women's Common Room. Speaker: F. B. Stephens, Esq., M.A., B.Com. Subject: Christianity and Social Responsibility. All students welcome.

"THE ASCENT OF F.6" THE MORTAL STORM

"The Ascent of F.6." By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood, presented by the Drama Society of the Teachers' Training College on July 15, 14, 13, in the College Hall. Wellington has become accustomed to dramatic society efforts which are particularly satisfying to the cast, their friends and relations and the treasurer. They are even sometimes entertaining. Somebody once said that, "if a thing was worth doing it was worth doing badly." Before seeing the play a person with a knowledge of drama must have felt that this was the only attitude which would explain this production. The difficulties are immense. Five types of setting, with variations, in about twelve scenes with numerous insets. Long scenes in verse. A large cast. There can be little doubt that the difficulties would have deterred any other group in Wellington, including the major societies. But the important thing is that the play itself is really worth doing under any circumstances.

A PLAY OF THE FUTURE
It is one of the most significant plays of the whole post-war period and, probably more than any other recent play, points the way to the future of drama. To those associated with the production it would have been worth-while even if there had been no audience but, strange to say, there was an audience, a large one and that on each of the three nights. It would still have been worth-while for the audience even if the difficulties had been too much for the players. The fact is that the difficulties were overcome, that audiences came in large numbers and that youthful and in many cases inexperienced actors and actresses succeeded in catching not only the characters but the spirit of the characters and the unity of the play. The credit is due to Mr. W. J. Scott, the producer, who understands modern drama thoroughly, has a keen eye and ear for the really urgent and important things and, above all, has the ability to enthuse others with his ideas. Without this enthusiasm there would have been no play, no settings and no characters. His stage-manager, Roy Cowan, is a craftsman and the structural settings were a huge job, and the arrangement most effective.

THE CAST
Of the cast, John McCreary was fine. This job would have been difficult for a mature actor. His was the spirit that dominated the play. Personally I felt that his work was assisted tremendously by very skilful work by his supports, particularly Judith Luke, who spoke her lines beautifully; Dennis Feeney, who added much to the final scenes; and Ian McLean, who sustained at a low level a long and difficult scene. This ability to catch the spirit of underplaying was also noticeable with the Doctor and the naturalist. The scenes that were overplayed were also well done by the General and Lord Stagnantle, while Mr. and Mrs. A., who spoke her lines splendidly, also kept the play's feet on the ground. Altogether one could go on raising point after point from each of the characters that was effective. Technically there were several faults that could and should have been avoided.

I am sorry my discussion is so objective but some people cannot see the play for the spotlights but I know that the audience was strongly moved and carried away very deep emotional impressions. I apologise again if in these remarks I have failed to interpret the play and its theme and all it meant.

OF MERIT
The Training College has in the past three years produced the three most important plays that have been done in Wellington during this period. Waiting for Lefty, Judgment Day and now F.6. Each has been successful. They have of course more talent in numbers, than any society, they have ideas, they have enthusiasm and they are ambitious.

This was shooting at stars and it succeeded. The important thing to remember is, as I have said before, that if a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing badly, and then it may even be a success and then it has been still more worth while. —D.G.E.

HEAVEN, HELL AND PLEASURE
Safe in the arms of Satan let me lie
If Heaven is all pleasure—Heaven the swell,
The eternal necking-party—ere we die
Pray we each day, God bring us safe to Hell.
—Allon Curnow.

THE DEATH OF POLYBUS JUDD
He died in attempting to swallow,
Which proves that though fat, he was hollow—
For in gasping for space
He swallowed his face,
And hadn't the courage to follow.
—Roy Campbell.

For less than the price of a seat at the pictures you can discover Hitler's Germany. By reading "Mortal Storm" you will begin to understand what it feels like to be a Jew of 1938 under Nazi rule, or to be a young man enslaved by the hypnotism of Nazi ideals. This book about ordinary people living in Germany is almost a complete statement and certainly an authentic one. It is considered by the publishers to be so urgently important that they have co-operated with Penguin Books Ltd. in printing this special edition that it may be more readily available to you. Though a work of fiction, "Mortal Storm" is startlingly convincing and yet incredible. It is almost impossible to believe that such conditions can be allowed. Apparently non-Nazis in Germany have the same difficulty of belief. When Freya's Communist lover is shot by her Nazi step-brother she is stunned not so much by his death as at his being shot by a fellow countryman in time of peace. When her younger brother is stoned in the street and treated as an out-cast at school for "smelling like a Jew," he cannot at first believe the reality. When his workmates will no longer linger to gossip over a mug of beer in the suddenly unfriendly "gartens" the ordinary labourer is filled with a dreadful bewilderment. Fear and suspicion are oppressing even the least sensitive.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMP.
The story is carried by Freya, a nineteen years old student, whose simple passion for medicine is swiftly blurred and twisted and almost overwhelmed by Nazism. She has to discover that the step-brothers who have been noble gods in her eyes can be relentlessly cruel in the fervour of their obedience to their Fuehrer; she has to see her father snubbed on the public street by old friends, she sees



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The Editor invites contributions either in prose or verse on any subject of general interest, from students or officials connected with the College. Such contributions to be in the hands of the Editor before the end of August, 1939.

him lecturing to a scared group of students where once he had vigorously enthusiastic classes; she sees him lose his hospital and his clinic. Finally he is sent to a concentration camp. The scene where she visits him there (soon afterwards he is killed) is a brilliant piece of writing.

As a character in the story, this man, her father, is skilfully drawn as an individual, but inevitably we must see him as the Jew of Germany.

Intelligent, tolerant, reasonable and gentle; loving his country and adding to her knowledge by medical research; suffering treatment that would be torture to one less wise, he lives steadfastly by his own beliefs and dies without bitterness, having charged his daughter with the supreme importance of refusing to be crushed under militarism.

Out of the horror of a concentration camp, he can give her this message.

"To be unreal, Freya, that is the worst of all dangers—since you are turning a thing that does not exist into an enemy. And when you start to kill a person, who is only by misconception your enemy, you find that you have killed a brother.

That is the mistake all our people are making—and also everywhere the same. We talk of "defence," against whom? Our brother men! Or we talk of working for peace. There is only one way to work for peace—and there will be no peace till it is learnt—and that is how to become friendly with each other. Then there will be nothing to be defended from—and it will not be necessary to "work for peace."
—E.M.B.

"The Mortal Storm."—Phyllis Botham, Penguin Special. Modern Book Shop, Dominion Farmers' Building.

Retrospect for Grace

And in your new-found happiness do you remember still those days of long ago?

I think that then the world was very young:
warm winds of youth had barely touched the ageless snow of childhood days that lasted long eternities
in carefree happiness and sweet content.

Do you remember, still, St. Leonard's woods all springing green with fluttering banners of bold leaves, and deep broom-golden scent... and murmurous autumn days in May, fallen pine-cones, and fire-bright ranks of poplars, whispering... mushroom meadows whitely starred wherein you strode through dawn-rainbowed summer dew... luscious blackberries gathered from the vivid thorny vines—hands, and lips, deep-purple-stained... larch and silver birch etched with graceful lines
on winter's sunsets blazing in the cold blue sky of frosty afternoons... that long house where roses and ivy-taria flood the air with heady fragrances; tea upon the daisied lawns, and twilight falling through the cedars to your hair... —A.

LINES TATOEO ON KIPLING'S TOMBSTONE

I here bestow
On friend and foe
My final brief
In cameo,
Let all men know
My firm belief
That heaven and hell,
And the world as well,
Are completely circumscribed
By "a thin red line of heroes." —J.D.F.

MEMORY

Behind the bitterness of the infinite
solation
Behind the faded lightning and the
dulled rolling of the thunder
Behind the incessant beating of the
sleepless drums, the shrilling of the
lostness here among the lost—
There lies I know
That which is still alive
Though seeming dead
Still vibrant, keen
Still alive
Though seeming dead.

And I would cleave through all this
heaving swirl of life
Unto this wonder
Had I not
Even as night has day
Even as youth has age
Like unto those who knew before me
The yoke—
Even as life has death have I
The yoke eternal. —K.I.H.

Dear "Salient,"

The writer of last week's editorial says of the Socialist that, should Britain become involved in war as a "Fascist" power (i.e., under the present Government): "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 régime. The chance of a world Socialist revolution arising from another world war seems to me extremely probable."

Although considerations such as these have undoubtedly been responsible for the enthusiasm with which the gentlemen of the extreme left have hailed the prospect of a war with the totalitarian states they have rarely been expressed with such admirable candour and it seems proper that those who do not desire such action as is contemplated in the above quotation should realize the facts of the situation. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that in their conversion to a bellicose policy our Reds have been actuated by a wish not so much to see British interests preserved as to obtain an opportunity to carry out their own economic and political policy even at the cost of first wrecking western civilization. Nor can we believe that in urging upon Britain a policy of "firmness" the Russian government has been oblivious of the fact that a world war would, in all probability, be followed by the revolution which "H.W.G." so cheerfully anticipates.

The spectacle of the leftist lamb lying down with the imperialist lion may seem at first very touching but it takes on a different and somewhat sinister aspect when it recognized that the lamb is in reality a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Yours faithfully,
CANDIDE.

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