## LIBRARY SCHOOL

#### WELLINGTON

### PROFESSIONAL COURSE, 1960

The Library School which is a division of the National Library Service accepts University graduates with a bachelor's or higher degree, including Science, for its diploma Course which lasts from March 1 to November 26, 1960.

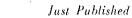
The Course is the only full-time Course in New Zealand training men and women for the library profession. Libraries provide a widening range of services to the general public, hospitals, schools, universities, government departments, research workers and industries. Students of the school are trained in the basic professional skills required to administer and develop such services.

An allowance is paid to students to cover living expenses, based on the scale applicable to Division C students of Teachers' Training Colleges. Those taking the Course are expected to give their full time to the work of the school.

Application forms can be obtained from the Acting Director, Library School, National Library Service, Private Bag, Wellington; the Librarians of the Public Libraries of the four main cities and the Librarians of the University libraries.

Applicants will be interviewed by the Selection Committee in the four main cities during November, 1959.

# BOOK NEWS:

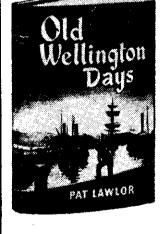


#### **OLD WELLINGTON DAYS**

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#### **BOOKS**

## Russell of Liverpool

THAT REMINDS ME, by Lord Russell of Liverpool; Cassell, English price 25/-.

(Reviewed by A.M.)

THE Russells of England are a confusing clan. This one is grandson of the Edward Russell who is particularly remembered in the north of England, and by students of English journalism, as editor for many years of a great provincial newspaper the Liberal Liverpool Daily Post. In his old age he became the first Baron Russell of Liverpool. When this Russell was acquitted of criminal libel at the Liverpool assizes, having stood for the right of the press to criticise public men, a cheering crowd bore him to his carriage. He was also a great dramatic critic, who had helped Irving to fame. The author of That Reminds Me was brought up in his grandfather's house, and there saw "almost everyone of distinction in the world of politics, literature and the arts," including a host of players. The grandfather was a founder of the Liverpool Playhouse, the oldest repertory theatre in the country. The opening chapter of this book, "Halcyon Days," is largely a theatrical party.

There is something of repertory's variety in the author's career, set down here with keen observation and forthright opinion. The first war took him from Oxford, and infantry fighting on the Western front was followed by service in Ireland against the Sinn Feiners. Then some time in the Indian Army, resignation through ill-health, and the Bar in London. Meanwhile, however, Russell had inherited the title, and he found that an ennobled barrister in his thirties was likely to remain briefless, so he switched over to the Judge-Advocate-General's office, which handled crime in the Army and Air Force. Little has been written for popular consumption about courts-martial, and Lord Russell writes at length about these proceedings at home, and on various fronts in the second war. His picture of military justice should be reassuring.

The break came after he had hunted down and prosecuted German war criminals in Germany. He was "shocked beyond all expression" by what he learnt there, but back in London he found the power to write a history of German crimes called The Scourge of the Swastika, which he declares contains nothing that is not to be found in documents available to all. The Government objected to such a book being written by a serving officer, and virtually banned it. Strengthened by his grandfather's example, Russell resigned and published. This meant not only immediate loss of income (and heawas not a rich man), but sacrifice of pension. There was a row in the press and sales of the book rocketed. Some readers may think there was something to be said for the Government, which has its diplomacy to consider.

During the last five years Lord Russell has travelled, and written as a free-lance. He gives here experiences and opinions on a number of subjects, especially the Middle East and South Africa, which he considers is "virtually a Police State." Approving of the Government's intervention in Egypt in 1956, as a member of the House of



LORD RUSSELL

Lords he resigned from the Liberal Party. Our cable news at the time may have given the impression that Liberal opinion was entirely against the Government, but Lord Russell shows this was not so. He still thinks the Anglo-French retreat "will prove to have been a disaster of the greatest magnitude."

#### POOR MADEMOISELLE

DAUGHTER OF FRANCE: The Life of Anne Marie Louise d'Orleans, duchesse de Montpensier, 1627-1693, La Grande Mudemoiselle, by V. Sackville-West; Michael Joseph. English price 25.

I A GRANDE MADEMOISELLE was the cousin of Louis XIV and the biggest catch in Christendom. Her income was fabulous even by modern standards, her position the most exalted. As daughter of France she was a desirable political trumpcard; as a woman she was tomboyish, masculine, even to the point of enjoying—and succeeding in—the role of warrior. Lacking physical charm, she was taller than most men around her. She had a big nose, blemished skin, and bad teeth, and such moral characteristics as loyalty and straightforwardness.

At the sophisticated, intrigue-ridden court of France, a figure like this provided ample entertainment. Poor Mademoiselle suffered not only from the occasional ridicule of court and mob alike, but perhaps even more from her own follies. Being involved in the Fronde against her own august cousin the King was only one of them; a greater disillusionment was to follow in her late and only love affair with the Duc de Lauzun, "one of the smallest men that God ever made"—an incident truly tragi-comic.

Around this ludicrous but attractive figure Miss Sackville-West draws an age, hitherto often over-romanticised, in a fresh perspective. Well known historical figures who after two centuries of analysis seem to be reduced to mere political abstractions once again live and move in flesh and blood: Richelieu, Condé, Louis XIV, the beloved Henrietta, sister of the English King, all are people with weaknesses and boils, goodnatured and vain. The 17th century no longer seems an age of the very rich and the very poor, but of the equally dirty and unhygienic, where refined manners do not exclude extreme crudity, where perfume is not the only