

She's got a new dress.
Bright red, with not much back to it
and plenty of bustle.
Her new boy's a captain.
She seems to have forgotten.
She's lucky to be able to forget.
I can see so clearly how he looked.
You'd never pick him out when in a crowd.
Not tall, but not too short.
Not dark and yet not fair.
Grey eyes.
A long chin and a fairly crooked mouth.
She's lucky to be able to forget.

Stubby



WHEN I first started washing for
his mum
he used to come and try to help.
He'd hold the soap or scramble on
a chair
and try to get beside me while I
boiled the copper and put the
coloureds in to soak.
He was a real nice little kid.
When he grew up he still was nice
but I know lots of things his mum
don't know.

I seen him one night coming home quite late.
I'd started cleaning offices by then,
and he'd been drinking. And he saw me.
And he said 'Lo, Stubby.
don't let on, will you?'
And he'd bin kissing someone.
And he said, 'Here, give us your bag
an' let me see you home.'
He was like that. Even half tight he still
could take hold of me bag.
'Come on Stubby,' he said, 'come on and take me arm.'
So there we were, the pair of us,
me with me old working hat and coat and
me feet hurting something cruel,
and him with his overcoat unbuttoned and his scarf
flying out, like they sometimes have in the pitchers.
'Look here,' I said, 'look here. You should be home.
Yer mum'll wonder where the 'ell you are.'
But he just laughed. 'I'm grown up, Stubby
and a man has got to . . . try his wings.'
'If you were mine,' I said, 'I'd clip em, clip 'em fast.'
'Oh, go on, Stubby, you know a man must live.'
He left me at the gate. And he got home.
I never told his mum.

But I'll always remember him really best
when he was a little bit of a thing
scrambling on a chair to get beside me copper
when the clothes wuz put to soak.

Alec Langford



I MUST go round and see
them.
Words mean so little and so
much.
They're all we have in which
to say
I'm sorry. I have sympathy. I
think I understand.
I remember just before Pas-
schendaele
his dad and I were just his age.
We made our wills.
We gave each other messages,
telling each other

slightly shamefaced, that of course we'd both come through,
that this was just in case. . . . We did come through.
We both came back. But the thing that missed us twenty
years ago

has found its way to Bill,
I've never felt my age until to-day.
Age becomes meaningless unless the young ones die.
And Bill was very young. A bright boy, too.
We talked before he left. He didn't go like we did
full of fire, thinking ourselves as heroes,
rather liable to gulp over a flag, full of songs like
Tipperary,
Rose of No Man's Land,
Keep the Home Fires Burning.
This time they have no songs to speak of.
This time they have no fire.
Only a steady purpose.
They knew more than we did about a lot of things.
Politics. Economics. Psychology.
I even heard them one evening dissecting that paper-hang-
ing ehap.
Trying to work out why he was. Piecing his mind together,
bit by bit,
lining it up with his history, saying perhaps, if this had
been,
saying perhaps it was because. . .
Well, all we did was say we'd hang the Kaiser.
I must go round and see them.
Words mean so little and so much.
They're all I have in which to say
I'm sorry. I have sympathy.
I think I understand.

BOOK REVIEW

MISSIONARY EDUCATIONIST

HIGHER EDUCATION AND ITS FUTURE.
By A. E. Campbell. Studies in Education,
No. 8. New Zealand Council for Educa-
tional Research. Printed by Whitcombe
and Tombs.

THE Twentieth Century may some
day be regarded much as the Ren-
aissance Period has been in the past—
as a great age in educational develop-
ment. New schools, new teachers,
new methods of teaching, and a New
Learning changed Europe in the Fif-
teenth Century more profoundly than
anything since the Barbarian invasions.
To-day educationists are trying to change
the world again, but they find them-
selves facing the fact that Latin and
Greek are still as much the hall-mark
of a good education as were a knowl-
edge of dialectic and the Christian
Fathers to the late Mediaevalist. The
achievement of the Renaissance was to
bring learning from the cloisters to the
houses of the wealthier members of the
community. The aim to-day is to bring
education from the preserves of the
well-to-do within the reach of all who
can profit by it.

Primary schooling of some sort is now
the privilege or the lot of all children
in New Zealand. Secondary education is
within the reach of nearly all. A gen-
erous bursary system has also made
University or higher education avail-
able to a very large proportion of the
population. But, as A. E. Campbell ex-
plains in his all-too-brief pamphlet, this
in itself constitutes a problem. The 1925
Royal Commission reported that "the
New Zealand University offers unrivalled
facilities for gaining university degrees,
but is less successful in providing Uni-
versity education." Since 1925, measures
have been taken to check this evil, and
a good deal of Mr. Campbell's space is
devoted to suggestions for converting
negative checks into positive aids to
progress. With the aid of graphs and
diagrams showing trends in student
enrolments, courses taken, distribution of
courses taken, and so on, he reveals the
problem clearly enough, but the limited
scope of his booklet does not allow for
more than a few suggestions by way of
interpretation and explanation. What he
does say, however, he says clearly and
well with the breadth of view of a
scholar and some of the intensity of
purpose of a missionary educationist.
But it is a hard fate to be a missionary
and to be forbidden to carry sufficient
luggage.

Christmas Serial for Children

A NEW radio programme for children
(and probably for parents) starts on
Tuesday, November 9, at 4.45 p.m. from
Station 4ZB. It will be heard on Tues-
days, Thursdays and Saturdays. The
programme is entitled *Santa's Magic
Christmas Tree* and heralds the coming
of Christmas. Instead of containing the
blood-curdling scenes found in many
children's serials, this programme is
woven around the exploits of Santa
Claus, Billie and Babs, Gee Willikins, a
gnome who is Santa's right-hand helper,
a Wicked Wizard (really a comic vil-
lain) and many other Christmas char-
acters, during a visit by Billie and Babs
to Santa Claus's Magic Christmas Tree,
at the top of the North Pole. Many
original songs have been written for the
serial. Some of them are "Santa's Magic
Christmas Tree," "Bang, Bang, Bang!"
"The Song of the Chocolateers," "Happy
Dan, the Elevator Man," "Merry, Merry,
Merry Christmas," and "Don't Forget to
Write." This series will be heard later
from 3ZB and 2ZB.

CORRECTION.

In our review of "The Technique of Radio
Design" (page 14, issue of October 22),
the author's name was given as Tepler. This
should have been Zepler. The third from last
word should also have been "parasitics" not
"parasites."



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