

asked me if I belonged to the Oxford Group. I said I didn't.

And then I discovered that he was one of the stalwarts of the Group in England, a man who, after spending half his life fighting on the field of battle, is now fighting equally strenuously on the field of peace.

I heard many arguments advanced in favour of the Oxford Group when I was in England but none put so simply or convincingly as General Winser's.



IT was in the ancient Hall at Balliol College that I came across a painting of one of my forebears, Dr. Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol. The Countess of Oxford and Asquith, in her autobiography, says of Jowett: "He was the hardest-working tutor, Vice-Chancellor and Master that Oxford ever had. Balliol, under his regime, grew in numbers and produced more scholars, more thinkers and more political men of note than any other college in the university. He had authority and a unique prestige."

There's a famous epigram, written by an undergraduate of

Lindsay, who recently stood for Parliament. I was shown Jowett's favorite haunts, his study and the memorial to him in the chapel at Balliol. I even met an old servant at the college who remembered the Master in the early 'nineties.

Margot Asquith tells many stories of Jowett in her autobiography, not the least of them being that he was once in love with Florence Nightingale. (But the famous

by
Trevor Lane

nurse seemed to have a life-long contempt for "the feelings usually called love.")



WHEN Margot Tennant (as she was then) told Jowett that she contemplated marrying Henry Asquith, then a widower with five young chil-

"Everyone seems to talk a great deal at Oxford" . . . here are three university men talking in a window facing the old quadrangle of Pembroke College. On the right is the Hon. Miles Phillimore who was in New Zealand a year or two ago.

Christchurch Boys' High School, and he was also responsible for the appointment of a far less successful head master to Christ's College.



THE world's greatest "human interest" story was written across the pages of history two years ago when a Royal crown was laid aside for love of a woman . . . but there are other "human interest" stories right here at our own doors, and the little quotations I gave a fortnight ago from letters written by members of



and Robert leave home for school at eight o'clock and are not home until five o'clock.



HERE'S another cry from a lonely heart, a woman who lives near Pukekohe, but who hails from the good green fields of Devon. Sometimes she's terribly homesick . . . I was very blue today, home-

bush alone, way up high, and I was thinking of life—I'd been reading some books on theology and one of the many I have read mentions that there are seven souls looking after and helping different parts of the world and, Dorothy, you came in my mind. I don't know you, I haven't a photo of you, I only saw you once at the Farmers, after I'd waited just to look at you, but I do admire your life of help, kindness, sympathy, your mental strength and, above all, although you don't really say much about it, your faith.



SHE says she doesn't know Dorothy, has never seen her.

But I DO know Dorothy and I say to her with all my heart, "Keep up the good work. If you can bring happiness into lives that aren't all roses and sunshine you'll be rewarded by the gratitude of many lonely, weary souls—and such a blessing is surely the blessing of God."

Raycent

the 'eighties, that is still quoted at Oxford today . . .

First come I, my name is Jowett.
There's no knowledge but I know it,
I am Master of this College,
What I don't know—is not knowledge.



I WAS the first colonial relation of Jowett to visit Balliol and I was introduced to the present Master, Mr.



General Winser, keen hunting man from the Cotswolds . . . he has spent half his life on the battlefields, now he's fighting on the side of peace.

dren, he was concerned and wrote to her:

"The other day you were at a masqued ball, and you told me—a few months hence you will have, or rather may be having, the care of five children, with all the ailments and miseries and disagreeables of children (unlike the children of some of your friends), and not your own, although you will have to be a mother to them, and this state of things will last during the greater part of your life. Is not the contrast more than human nature can endure? I know that it is, as you said, a nobler manner of living, but are you equal to such a struggle? If you are, I can only say, 'God bless you, you are a brave girl.' But I would not have you disguise from yourself the nature of the trial."



JUST what a good wife Margot Tennant made Henry Asquith, and how well she mothered his five children and the two more she bore him, all the world knows.

Dr. Jowett had one or two connections with New Zealand (apart from his relatives here), although he never visited this country. He was largely responsible for the appointment of the well-loved C. E. Bevan-Brown to the headmastership of the

Dorothy Wood's Happiness Club have brought forth many requests for more. Well, there isn't much room left on this page today, but I'll do my best.



THERE'S real New Zealand grit and courage in this letter, written by a Happiness Club member from Kaipara Flats, that lonely far-off farming district in North Auckland. She's been ill in hospital and her husband and young family have been fending for themselves. But let her tell her own story . . .

One thing I have a good husband and good kiddies. Robert only turned twelve in October—he cooked the meals, made puddings, etc. Ruth did her share, too. She is eight. Robert also helps milk. We have 41 cows milking now, and expect more in very soon. At present we are busy shearing sheep and we have one pet lamb. Well Dorothy, I felt hurt today while listening to you. I heard my only sister send a cheerio to her neighbour and yet she never writes to me. It is not as if I can see her often—she lives at King Country and I at North Auckland, so we are miles apart.

I would not care, Dorothy, only sometimes I never see anyone all day—they take their lunches and go to work at the back of the farm. Ruth

sick. Devon is a long way away but I'm feeling better already. Now this is really what it was. On one of our shooting trips I was sitting at the edge of the

ENTIRELY BRITISH!



LONG AFTER ORDINARY BATTERIES HAVE FADED —EVER-READY KEEPS ON GIVING . . .

Where the average battery puts a full stop to its service, Ever-Ready puts a comma. That's because it's built better; because it's got the materials, the construction, that mean efficiency, stamina and a full-head of power all the time.

And remember each Ever-Ready battery is sealed and guaranteed. It reaches you factory fresh, safeguarded against accidental short circuit or current leakage. There is no waste with Ever-Ready.



RADIO BATTERIES
THE WORLD'S BEST BATTERIES