

ent things altogether. Some time ago I met a young Englishman, well dressed, well spoken. And then I discovered that he didn't know a soul in this country, hadn't a penny, and hadn't eaten for nearly forty-eight hours. Things like that jolt your conscience far more than earthquakes in Chile and famines in China.

Christabel Nation mentions Dave Marlowe, the waiter-author, who wrote "Coming, Sir," one of the best-selling books of last year. I met Marlowe in London a year ago and I heard from his own lips the behind-the-scenes story of a menial's life in London.

He told me how he had worked for NINETEEN HOURS on end preparing for and then serving some of the two thousand guests at a charity ball in a big London

sea I'll choose the latter. Conditions in English hotels are deplorable. I admire the strength of the hotel employees' unions in New Zealand. In London here the West End is flooded with foreign waiters who undercut the Englishman every time."

★
FOR a series of nasty cracks at modern youth you'd have to go a deuce of a long way to beat "Youth Be Damned," a new book written by an Englishman, Beckles Willson, and published by T. Werner Laurie. It came into my hands the other day and I've been wondering, be-

Passage

hotel. And for this he was paid nine shillings!

During the evening he had occasion to remonstrate with a young deb. who was amusing herself dropping full glasses of champagne from the balcony on to the heads of the dancers below. The girl was indignant, asked for the manager, demanded that "this fellow" be sacked!

Awfully charming people!

★
THE story how "Coming, Sir" came into existence is worth retelling. Dave Marlowe had two articles published in the "New Statesman," one on his experiences as a steward on the Queen Mary, the other of his evening at the charity ball I mention above.

These caught the eye of G. E. Kamm, the live publicity manager of Harraps, the book publishers. He got in touch with Marlowe, suggested a book along the lines of the magazine articles, and paid Marlowe a retaining fee for eight weeks while he was working on the book. The publication was a big success—twenty thousand copies sold in a few weeks in London; "Coming, Sir" was published in New York; it formed part of one of the March of Time films; Dave Marlowe was asked to lecture to book societies, to clubs.

★
BUT when I asked him if he was giving up being a waiter he said, "No, I want to keep on waiting and go to sea occasionally. But if I have a choice of working in English hotels or of going to

tween alternating fits of rage and amusement, what sort of person this Willson man is. He must have had a pretty sour youth and an even duller and sourer time since.

The next few quotations are from his book—I offer them to you without any comment whatever:

★
"YOUTH! How wonderful that this discovery of the superior capacity, virtue and accomplishment of Youth should have been reserved



★
He remonstrated with a deb. at a London charity ball and she demanded that he be sacked. . . . Dave Marlowe, author of "Coming, Sir."

for this twentieth century, an epoch in human history in which the juvenile population (in Anglo-Saxon countries, at least) exhibits itself in the mass as unstable, self-

indulgent and intellectually feeble to a hitherto unknown degree.

"There was a time when Youth was indeed a power, when illustrious thinkers, statesmen and poets were still in their third decade. But in former ages life was briefer, men matured early and died off at fifty or so. To-day it is different, and in spite of the exuberant clamour of Youth, the real leaders in almost every department of human effort, the men who are most fully exerting themselves in the cause of progress, who are making the major contributions to science (including that of government), commerce and industry, art, music and letters, are men well over forty, are, indeed, even fifty, sixty, seventy and eighty.

★
"MAKING every allowance for genius, for natural intuition, for enthusiasm and precocious abilities on the part of Youth, it will hardly be contended that there is any substitute for Experience. Yet, as we see daily, want of experience does not prevent Youth of to-day from considering itself capable of running the whole social machine, formulating new political, economic, moral and aesthetic standards, abolishing old laws and customs, vulgarising the drama, literature and the Press, corrupting art and music and generally playing the destructive monkey in the household of our national heritage.

★
"WE have heard enough and to spare of those fatuous platitudes, 'Youth is in the saddle,' 'Youth must be heard,' 'Youth is knocking at the door' and the rest.

"PASSING PAGEANT" STIRS AMBITIONS OF N.Z. YOUTH. SAYS MARY HALL, DUNEDIN

THANK you, Mary Hall, of Dunedin, for writing me such a charming letter. Miss Hall says: "In this country, isolated as we are from the glittering centres of the world, we are inclined to sit back and think, 'Oh, it's no use bothering about London and Paris and New York, no use bothering about getting somewhere in the world. We'll always be stuck here in the same old spot.'"

"But your fresh, bright Passing Pageant, with its stories about the great world, its people and their doings, livens us up, stirs our latent ambitions, makes us feel we can toe the line with people in greater countries. In other words, that we can get somewhere if we want to.

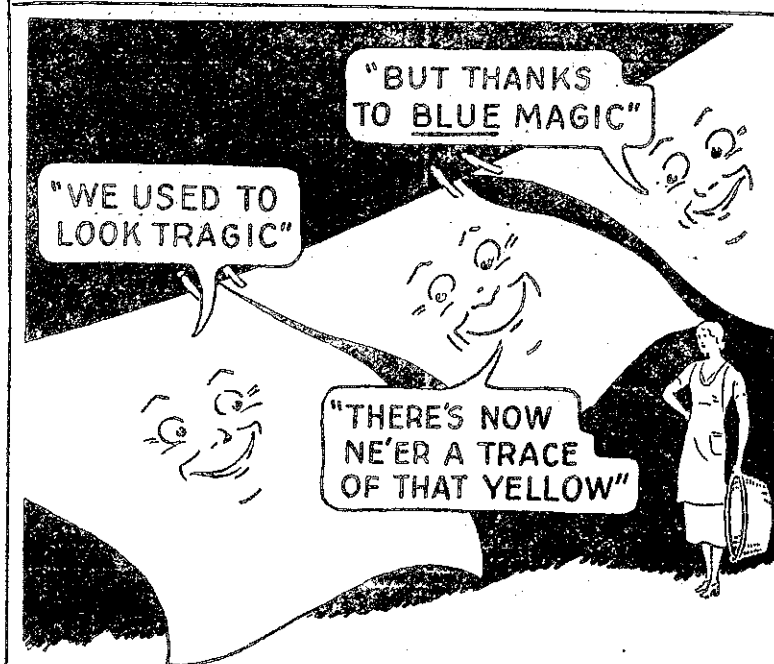
"Recently, you spoke about three young women from this country who have gone abroad and are really doing something worth while. Hearing of such achievements, other young New Zealanders are prompted to say to themselves, 'I've a good mind to try something like that myself. Why shouldn't I? I have always wanted to travel, to act, to do something vivid.'"

"This is the urge you are giving to young people in New Zealand. And this is quite apart from the exciting and delightful news you always have to deliver. There is something lasting and stimulating about Passing Pageant."

for the past forty years. It took possession of thrones and presidencies, pulpits, platforms, and editorships. The old revered figures vanished and were succeeded by a set of truculent, beardless fellows brandishing Mailed Fists or Big Sticks, cavorting lustily in Johannesburg or the Klondike, writing and reading sensational novels, plays and newspapers, deriding and denouncing the academic in painting, sculpture and poetry; juvenile insurgents wearing red ties and full of red blood, holding the banner of Youth aloft (even though the boast was occasionally contradicted by their individual birth certificates) worshipping the New Heralds of the New Age, in which the New Art, the New Religion, the New Woman and the New Morality were in the ascendant."

★
"Might it not better be said 'Ignorance is in the saddle,' 'Folly must be heard,' 'Inexperience is knocking at the door'?"

★
"YOUTH, in point of fact, has been in the saddle in Britain (as well as in America)



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