



Let Alfred Jenkins, New Zealand's foremost body-building authority, remould and develop your body and personality. Possess rippling, mighty muscles; smashing, controlled strength, and be the envy of all who see you. Write NOW, to-day, for Alfred Jenkins' Free Book, "Super Strength and Perfect Health" that shows dozens of photographs of New

Zealanders who, by taking this course, now possess wonderful physiques. This is your opportunity to develop a perfectly proportioned and muscular body.

## PROOF

Here's real proof of the success achieved by some of the enthusiastic users of this outstanding health system. You, too, can achieve success!

\* \* \*

Moorhouse Street,  
Ross, Westland.

Dear Sir,—I have received your exercises every Monday, and I can gratefully say that they are doing me wonders. Beside physical developments it has helped me mentally. I feel fitter and don't tire easily at all, and I can truthfully say that I have never felt fitter in my life.—I remain, Yours faithfully

(Signed) Noel Burrell.

\* \* \*

Fencourt, Cambridge,  
3rd Dec., 1947.

Alfred Jenkins,  
22 Manners St., Wellington.

Dear Sir,—I must say that I wished I had done this course long before now, as it makes one feel as though life is really worth living. I can say that I have never felt fitter before and consider that every young chap should take this course, as it most certainly builds one up.—Yours faithfully (Signed) John Hogan.

ALFRED JENKINS STUDIO,

22 Manners St., Wellington.

Please send me your Free Booklet by return mail.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ NZL

Enclose 4d, in stamps for postage.

## RADIO VIEWSREEL (Cont'd.)

however, warm up as she goes on, and her personal experiences can be really absorbing. Her account of a nine-mile horseback ride to a concert at a Maori pa, for example, of a supper of roast pork, kumaras, puha, and karaka berries, and again of a night spent on the floor in close proximity with fellow-humans, tame animals, and not-so-tame rats, was worth 20 formal descriptions of the beauties of the thermal regions.

### Gossip

MONDAY mornings have always been considered particularly suited to gossip from the time the women of the village gathered at the water-hole to beat their linen in company to the present day, and no self-respecting cartoonist would dream of allowing two females to say anything pithy over the back fence without lining in a couple of sheets and a pillow-case in the background. Miriam Pritchett's Monday morning series *The Human Touch* was nothing if not gossipy, and, since I myself am a connoisseur of gossip, I use the word in no derogatory

sense. Take her last, "Elizabethan Antic," for example. This is the story of a beautiful young girl who marries a handsome young man and finally falls in love with another equally handsome young man whom she subsequently marries, the whole story being cunningly tied to the story of the "Elizabethan antic"—an antique couch previously in the possession of the second husband's first love, and upon which the heroine, now an invalid, is forced to recline while her Lochinvar pursues fairer and fleetier quarry. This story has all the hallmarks of first-rate gossip. First, it is told as true. Second, it concerns the upper classes. Third, there are wraiths of scandal drifting through it. Fourth, there is the strong suggestion of merited retribution in the heroine's fate (in keeping with the folk-lore tradition, young Lochinvar gets off scot-free). Mrs. Pritchett's voice was in perfect harmony with the county setting of her story, and her ironic detachment echoed the parenthetical "So she said" or "According to him" of washtday tradition.

## Christmas With Orphans

To the Editor—

SIR,—This is reopening a controversy, but it is Christmas that reopened it, not the writer. When Mrs. Mirams answered her critics she ended with this: "I cannot agree that a child's need for security is met in an Institution. He still has no background, or, at best, an unhappy one, and he later enters a cold world as an isolated unit."

I wish she could have spent this last Christmas with us in our "Institution," to have watched, for instance, our prettily decorated dining room—a gay scene of bright young lasses dancing with our boys, and ex-boys (one of the latter bringing his newly-engaged fiancée with him), the mantelshelf and wall decorated with cards, messages and gifts, surprisingly generous ones, from ex-boys, some of whom now have children of their own, but still do not forget their "background."

They honour it, visit it at intervals, sometimes bringing a newly-married wife, or child or children, the latter sometimes to be christened in the little village church which they have never forgotten as a grand part of that "background."

"An isolated unit!" Boxing Day was made happier for us by the arrival of six ex-boys (two from outback farms whom we hadn't seen for at least a year, in town for the holidays), all rattling up in a £10 bone-shaker of a car (spare parts carried in a preserving jar!) on which they mean to have a "fishin' and huntin'" holiday in the backblocks. As a Christmas gift for our present boys, they had brought a couple of gallons (it seemed) of ice-cream, and some of these lads have only an apprentice's wage!

No "isolated unit" about them! They looked far happier, more capable, independent and worthwhile than any pampered youth from a well-to-do town home, with father's car probably at his beck and call.

They were "straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow," and they left us "aglow" too, in pride and honour. No background! They have youth, health, and a disciplined upbringing. They learned, very young, to pull their full weight as citizens, and, better still, to know real work as the joy it is.

The boys at present with us gave, this Christmas, to the leper funds of the churches we attend, just as they have given generously, all through the years, to any good cause put before them. They love to give, and do it as a civic duty, as all youngsters will, when it is put to them. This "giving" instead of just constantly "receiving" helps immeasurably to build that "background" which Mrs. Mirams declares so definitely is lacking in children brought up in an "Institution."

Other joys come to mind too. One is the fact that the family do not want to camp out this year. Home is so good, the river swimming is excellent, and boys are, by nature, conservative. Home, and one's own surroundings, take a lot of beating evidently.

Then, the combined children's Christmas party, when small brothers and sisters from the two town homes or "Houses" joined us. There was no set programme, and all the youngsters desired, evidently, was to be pulled or pushed round the farm on trolleys, sledges, barrows, anything as long as a big boy was attached to it; and the gentleness of these big boys to little ones, and their amazing tolerance of "cheek" from their juniors here is a constant joy and amazement to us. Boys are nice to know. As long as one one is unutterably just, they are grand people to live with.

With much of which Mrs. Mirams writes, I agree. Cottage homes are the ideal; families, except in very rare cases, should not be broken up; and much needs to be done in New Zealand to prevent unworthy parents from so lightly escaping their responsibilities. The crying need for trained psychiatric help is, at times, very worrying. Much remains to be done, but there is still a great deal Mrs. Mirams has not seen. We would be glad to welcome her as a guest, any time.

H.S. (Hawke's Bay).

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, JANUARY 21