

Said a friend the other day, "You know, if Mrs. Gilmer was to tell me to do something I'd spring to it without staying to argue."

Well, I've never felt that way about Mrs. Gilmer. She has never awed me—and I don't think she wants to awe anybody. I remember going along to one of her political meetings with a friend from Hawke's Bay. It was a pretty tough meeting, but Mrs. Gilmer was giving parry for thrust with the best nature in the world.

"Well, I don't know," said my friend, "but there must be something fine and big-spirited about a woman in Mrs. Gilmer's position who not only puts up with a mob like that, but puts up with it so good-naturedly."

There certainly is something fine about her. She does a lot that no one ever hears about. She has a love of Nature. She likes people with enthusiasm and initiative—and encourages them. I hope her own enthusiasm and her own sense of citizenship won't be allowed to run to waste.

WHEN you've had a very happy married life with comfort and few worries beyond those attached to the bringing up of a cheerful, normal family; when suddenly you find yourself confronted with death and a dwindling income—well, you might be forgiven if you sit back and say, "Well, I'm no longer young. I can't be expected to cope with so much tragedy and worry."

That's why Mrs. Muriel Lewis is a woman for whom I have a great deal of respect and admiration. With a family almost grown up she found that, on the death of her husband, she hadn't as big an income as she had thought.

BUT she didn't pour her troubles into every one's ears. She set about making a career for herself... first in one of Wellington's big stores, then as lady editor of a newspaper.

From Wellington she went to Hong Kong, worked hard and enjoyed life there before coming back to New Zealand. Now she's

carving out a career as a broadcaster and making a jolly good job of it, too. She's running "Roundabout" in the "Record."

"No one ever hears Mrs. Lewis ask help of anybody—even if it's only the matter of an introduction," an old friend of hers said to me recently. "But she's always offering to do something for other people. She's deserving of a very special kind of heaven."

IN the dark days of the depression when I was young, inexperienced and working for about tuppence a week, I used to pour my troubles into the ear of the wife of the Rev. T. M. Curnow, then vicar of New Brighton, in Christchurch.

Heaven knows, Mrs. Curnow had enough troubles of her own, but she was a real inspiration and guide in those not-very-happy days. It was she who spurred me on to apply for a job on the "Record," and she has watched my career with sincere interest ever since.

Hanging on my office wall now is a little wooden plaque with the heads of two terriers and an inscription, "It's not the dog in the fight that matters, but the fight in the dog." That arrived in London on Christmas Eve, 1937, with a note from Mrs. Curnow, "You are often in my thoughts, and the words on the small plaque, which I found in a Cashel Street shop, made me think of you at once. Otherwise I'm afraid

it is not a very artistic production."

VALUE both that little wooden plaque and the note that accompanied it. Mrs. Curnow, like most vicar's wives, has had to work hard, but contact with all sides of life in several parishes has not dulled her appreciation of fine things, nor yet quelled her sympathy or her quiet humour.

her, drink a cup of tea, chat over old times and come away singing her praises. And, even in the utmost scallywag she can detect some good. I don't think I've ever heard her condemn anyone. She may reprove, but she never condemns.

Although she may not have guessed it, she has had an influence on my life—a strong and steady rock in a sea of modern emotion and uncertainty.

WOULD you like the Duke and Duchess

TREVOR LANE'S BALLET BROADCASTS FROM 2ZB

On the opening night of the Covent Garden Russian Ballet season in Wellington—Saturday that was—Trevor Lane, of the "Record," broadcast a description of the ballets and the stars from station 2ZB. He's doing the same on the first nights of the other three programmes—Thursday of this week, February 23, at 11 p.m., and at the same time on Monday, February 27, and Wednesday, March 1. Tune into 2ZB on these nights and capture something of the atmosphere of the London theatre. On the right you see beautiful Irina Baronova, prima ballerina of the company and one of the most accomplished dancers in the world today. Inset is a picture of Trevor Lane.

She has both my appreciation and my admiration. Her husband is now the vicar of Kaia-poi. I think the people of that little town are very lucky.

NUMBER SIX on my list is my own great-aunt, who lives on the Cashmere Hills, near Christchurch.

Her life, too, has known its trials, but I admire and love her for many reasons, chief among them her ability to make friends and to keep them.

People she knew fifty and sixty years ago still call to see



morning in December when the destroyer Fury slipped out of Portsmouth harbour carrying the Duke of Windsor into his self-imposed exile.

FOLLOWED the wedding, the visit to Germany, the proposed visit to the United States, which was abandoned through the hostility of American Labour to Charles Bedaux, inventor of the Bedaux factory system, who was to have been the Duke's American guide. Since then, their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, have dropped out of the news except as shadowy and, as it seems, rather lonely figures.

Strangely enough, the voting papers showed that those who were against the Duke's return were the wealthy section of the population—voters in the small-salary class were heartily in favour of his return.

of Windsor to make their home in England?

This question, put to a large cross-section of the British public, received the following answer:

61 per cent. said YES.
16 per cent. said NO.
23 per cent. had NO OPINION.

It is two years and two months since that chill

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