"You know, if Mrs. Gilmer was caster and making a jolly good to tell me to do something I'd job of it, too. She's running spring to it without staying to "Roundabout" in the "Reargue,'

Well, I've never felt that way about Mrs. Gilmer. She has Lewis ask help of anybody-Bay. It was a pretty tough She's deserving of a very meeting, but Mrs. Gilmer was special kind of heaven." 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."

Said a friend the other day, carving out a career as a broadcord."

"No one ever hears Mrs. never awed me—and I don't even if it's only the matter of think she wants to awe any an introduction," an old friend body. I remember going along of hers said to me recently. to one of her political meetings "But she's always offering to with a friend from Hawke's do something for other people.



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

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 ballering 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 Kaiapoi. I think the people of that little town are very lucky.

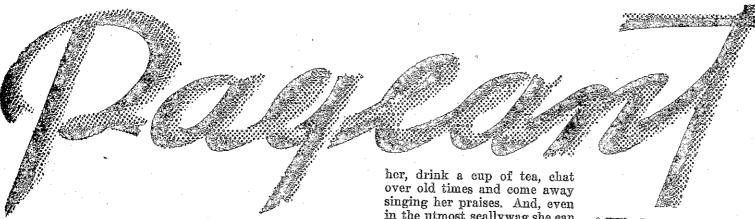


NUMBER SIX on my list is my own great-aunt, who lives on the Cashmere Hills, near Christchurch.

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





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 incoffie as she had thought.



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 it is not a very artistic production.



accompanied it. Mrs. Curnow, like most vicar's wives, has modern emotion and uncerhad to work hard, but contact with all sides of life in BUT she didn't pour her several parishes has not dulled troubles into every one's her appreciation of fine things, ears. She set about making a nor yet quelled her sympathy or her quiet humour.

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 VALUE both that little wood- guessed it, she has had an in- British public, received of Windsor, have dropped out en plaque and the note that fluence on my life-a strong the following answer: and steady rock in a sea of tainty.



WOULD you like the

home in England?

large cross-section of the nesses, the Duke and Duchess

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

Duke and Duchess months since that chill in favour of his return.

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, of Windsor to make their inventor of the Bedaux factory system, who was to have been This question, put to a Since then, their Royal Highof 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 It is two years and two small-salary class were heartily population-voters in the

