

Way, for the Royal Perambulator!

When the Coronation Triplets Come to Town

By the Hawke's Bay Correspondent of the "New Zealand Free Lance."

FLOODED roads have curtailed the visits to town of the bonnie triplet daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anderson, who live in the country district of Kahuranaki, Havelock North. But after waiting several weeks, with interested relatives and friends expecting their arrival in town, the weather cleared and the trip was managed—though kindly road workers in a body helped to push the car with its precious freight through a bog on the return trip.

When you are one of triplets, especially Coronation triplets (for Mary, Elizabeth and Rose were born on May 12, 1937), it is a royal progress to be wheeled through the streets in a big perambulator. Each curly head is backed by a cushion of pink satin. No introductions are needed for the pretty trio are the first triplets to be born in Hawke's Bay for 47 years. Everyone who sees them as they pass stops to gaze and admire, and



Mary, Elizabeth and Rose: "Her rusk looks bigger than ours!"



Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anderson with their three-in-hand.

Mary, Elizabeth and Rose smile and accept acclamation with the natural charm of all babes. The day of their visit was August 12, and on that day they were fifteen months old.

Mr. Anderson has quite a handy knack with the triplets, though he remarked "they are getting pickles in the house. I step aside to dodge one and then there is the next!" They enjoy playing with their daddy and roll about on the grass like lively puppies.

One cannot feel anything but profound admiration for Mrs. Anderson that she manages this healthy but, naturally, exacting trio with good temper and poise, and maintains them in excellent health with no domestic help except that given by her family. She even knows them apart! To the ordinary person, even with very careful scrutiny, Mary, Elizabeth and Rose are as alike as three little chicks.

This is the order of their life, day by day, the routine meticulously observed by Mrs. Anderson, her step-daughter Thistle, aged 18 (and very helpful), Nola aged nine, Jean who is six, a brother of seventeen, and the father. All take a turn—!

CLOCK-LIKE ROUTINE

Breakfast, 7 a.m., humanised milk. At 10 a.m., bath, a big plate of porridge, bread and butter and honey. One hour in the play-pen on the veranda comes next; then sleep. Dinner is at 2 p.m., a big plate of potato and almost any vegetable, and then junket or custard maybe, or baked apple.

They sleep in the afternoon and play for two hours in their pen on the veranda. At five they are washed and their small nightgowns are put on and then there is tea. They will have an egg between them, also rusk, bread and butter, maybe a plate of raw mashed apple of which they are given a great deal. At six they are put to bed in their small cots of pink or blue in their own room with flowery curtains of pink and pale pink walls. They hardly wake till morning.

They are model babies. If they were not so well trained with their first five months in Karitane, and then a Karitane nurse for another five and a-half months, their mother could not possibly cope with the endless work involved. Now Mrs. Anderson is bright and cheery and her rest, while the babes sleep, saves the day.