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"Then at 6.45 there's women's sport — and it's well worth listening-in to.

"Australia allows women more liberty — liberty of subject.

"There is much real discussion — with opinions subscribed from outside.

"There is a 'What Shall We Read?' talk which is by no means reviews, but books discussed very openly.

"There's a 'Who's to Blame?' session which gets at public taste and retailers, writers, and publishing houses."

"Never censors?" I interrupted.

Mrs. Rowlatt laughed. "If there is a censorship I was not aware of it."

"What surprised and delighted me was that in a 'Speaking Personally' session, women were even allowed to seek a little enlightenment on the business of war."

"How did they go about it?"

"Well, they discussed it — quite freely and intelligently. I jotted down some of the points: 'What blame lay with the Versailles Treaty?'; 'What blame with markets and social conditions?'"

"Were any decisions arrived at?"

"Well—yes, in a way. There was a kind of agreement that the people of a country should have the right to decide whether or not they would participate; that all the old petty spites and hatreds of 1918 — changing of place names that had been German — and that sort of thing — was shameful and disgusting; that Britain, if she wins the war, must clean up her house at home."

"You mean poverty and unemployment?"

"Yes — and employment, too, that is as stark and desperate. It is not only in England. It is in Australia."

When are women going to think, and speak, Mrs. Rowlatt wanted to know, for themselves in our small country?

We're not apathetic, really. We bother our heads about a lot of things — in a muddy kind of way. But we don't do anything.

Modern?

When we're feeling particularly modern and progressive — it's rather disconcerting to come upon the assertion that the Chinese knew the principle of the calculating machine two thousand years before the birth of Christ!

Two Small New Zealanders

Two small New Zealanders with a future are Pamela and Jasmine, daughters of the Auckland violinist Isobel Langlands. In Australia during a recent visit these two little girls broadcast over 3AW several times in the Children's Session.

Pamela is versatile enough to work in three art mediums — music, poetry and sketching — and she is only 10 years old. Her original songs, which



Spencer Digby, photograph

MRS. L. E. ROWLATT, who here discusses
Books, Radio, Heat-Waves and War

Sometimes we confide our distress and ignorance to a complete stranger in sad little letters. Mrs. Rowlatt gets them. They say:

"Please, why did Germany invade Poland?"

"What was the Versailles Treaty?"

"What really happened at Munich?"

They say:

"Can you please enlighten us on the cause of the War? . . ."

They say:

"When I quote the newspapers my husband laughs at me. . . ."

Mrs. Rowlatt is right. We're not apathetic. We're only without knowledge.

Ann Slade

sister Jasmine sings to her accompaniment, have been highly praised by several well-known musicians, and a great future is predicted for her by Professor Heinze, Thorold Walters and Harold Elvins.

Elusive

At a certain school in America a trust fund was established, in 1930, to reward "kind, good-mannered boys."

Alas and alack, they are not to be found — so it has been decided that the money shall go to the upkeep of the buildings.

Naturally!

"How on earth did your donkey lose its hind leg?"
Farmer: "Well — one day my wife got talking to it—"

WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

One of my readers, commenting on my letter on the Trentham Races, asked me what was my conception of good grooming. That may sound a very simple question, but not quite as simple as it appears. So many things go into good grooming. It is not a question of money, though, I'll admit, money helps a good deal. It is in reality a matter of taste.

I have seen expensively gowned women far from being well groomed, and a simpler, more inexpensively dressed woman look the essence of good grooming.

It is something to do with spotlessness, simplicity — and above all attention to detail. If you look after the details, the general effect will achieve itself. Details are such little, but such important things—whether it be in dress, social contact, or general mode of living.

It is the hat, the gloves, and the shoes that make the frock. It is the hang of the skirt, and not the trimmings, that makes it perfect. It is the flowers in a room that make it look charming. It is the sauce that makes the dish appetising; the gleaming glassware on a dinner-table that makes it distinctive. It is the thoughtful word and the welcoming smile that make the successful hostess.

Our days, if we analyse them, are made up of details—the little cushions that protect us from the harsher realities of life. And, being women, most of us are concerned with the necessity for detail in our frocking—in other words—good grooming.

I mentioned two essentials—simplicity and spotlessness. A woman can never look well groomed if she loads herself with gee-gaws, too much jewellery or surplus decoration. When you remark on a well groomed woman, you will note that simplicity is her keynote. Far better too little than too much.

Shoes, gloves, and purse should always be spotless, and if light collars are worn over a dark frock, see that they are always crisp and freshly laundered. Well tended hands and nails are another essential of good grooming. Even if you don't favour the coloured enamel polishes, your nails can always be above reproach. In all these little details lies the answer to my reader's query of good grooming.

To-day, coming home in the bus, I had a moving experience. It touched me so much, that I thought you would like to hear about it.

A very old white-bearded man was seated just behind me. Suddenly he leant forward, and out of sheer goodwill and friendliness towards the world, began to talk to me. It was rather a one-sided conversation, for I discovered that the old man was practically deaf, so I merely smiled and nodded in reply to his remarks.

Like very old people he became ruminative, and he began to talk about himself.

"I'm eighty-three to-day—would you believe that, gal? Three years ago I lost my wife. We had been together for fifty-four years. She was a very young girl when we married. I'm living with my daughter now—." His dim old eyes were sad as he stared before him—"but it's not the same—not the same. You only love once—and truly . . ."

So spoke a lonely old man this perfect tribute to his dead wife. Somewhere, if she had heard, she must have smiled tenderly in understanding.

Fifty-four years—a long time to be married—but a lifetime too short to contain the precious memories of one who is left behind.

Yours cordially,

Cynthia