



# Women and the Home

Radio is the slender wire that brings the world and its affairs into the tiny kitchens and living rooms which hitherto had isolated so many housekeepers in the performance of their duties  
—Margaret Bondfield

## BETTY'S WEEKLY DIARY

### These Should Interest You:

Talks prepared by the A.C.E. Home Science Tutorial Section, University of Otago:

"Pantry Perfection." Monday, April 1, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 2YA 3 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"Cakes That Keep." Wednesday, April 3, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Centennial Celebration Fare." Thursday, April 4, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, April 5, 2YA 3 p.m.

"Rest and be Thankful." Friday, April 5, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"The Value of Physical Education": Mrs. I. G. L. Sutherland. Monday, April 1, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nelle Scanlan. Tuesday, April 2, and Friday, April 5, 1YA 11 a.m., 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Flower Arrangement": President, the Society of New Zealand Professional Florist Artists. Tuesday, April 2, 3YA 11 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the Christchurch Branch of the National Council of Women. Thursday, April 4, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Women's Institutes in England": Miss M. Powell. Thursday, April 4, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers and the Film Stars": Carolyn Van Wych. Saturday, April 6, 1YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Marionettes and Flowers": Tony Sarg. Saturday, April 6, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Leaves from a Backblocks Dairy: A Few Essentials": Mrs. Mary Scott. Saturday, April 6, 3YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in the Office": Grover Cleveland. Saturday, April 6, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

"Elizabeth Barrett Browning." 12B Auckland at 9.5 p.m. Sundays.

"The Radio Clinic." 12B, Auckland, at 9.30, Wednesday, April 3.

"Young Marrieds' Session," by "Tony." 22B, Wellington, at 2.30 p.m., Mondays to Fridays.

"Fashion's Fancies." 32B, Christchurch, at 8.0 a.m., Mondays to Saturdays.

"The Birthday Club," by "Molly." 42B, Dunedin, at 4.30, Monday, April 1.

### SUNDAY

Been to church twice to-day and feel virtuous as a result—though the second occasion was hardly official. Grace's new baby christened to-day at three o'clock. Anne-Marie looked adorable, though she howled all through the ceremony—with the Minister's voice sounding like a pleasant, lazy bee droning in the background. The poor mite's name was not actually decided till they reached the church. Jack and Grace argued all the way over in the car. "Margaret!" said Jack. "Anne-Marie!" hissed Grace. But being a woman, she had the last word.

Anne-Marie is really a distinguished baby—if only for the fact that she possesses two great-grandmothers, one great-grandfather, and four lively young grandparents. All, except the two great-grandmothers, were present at the ceremony, and when we returned to Grace's house afterwards, there they were sitting, like two old figures out of a picture, waiting to bestow the family blessing... Later the baby, and the two great-grannies and grand-daddy were put to bed, and for the rest of us the evening developed into a party. Grace always does things well. Had a grand time... Slept all the way home on Jim's shoulder. He said I had had too many celebration cocktails... I said I was just sleepy... What's a christening party for, anyway?

### MONDAY

Not so blue—am still feeling the glow of Grace's party. While Ellen did the washing I gave the house its weekly do. Everything lovely and shining. Remembered Grace's tip for cleaning the brass vases with a cut lemon—and it's a great success.

This afternoon tried on a frock Mother renovated for me. She is a marvel at this sort of thing, and I am such a dud, myself, it is a great help to me... Had an old brown silk frock—high at the neck with long sleeves bunched at the shoulders. The material was still good, so Mother took it in hand. Re-set the sleeves—without the bunching, and cut off to elbow length. Cut the neck a deep square and outlined it with white pique daisy flower medallions. My little brown toque she covered with the same medallions, and over it I tied a white and brown chenille-spotted veil, with long, fly-away ends. Wear with it brown suede shoes, white gloves and purse. Jim says I look like "a dream walking." But I was not so happy about it to-day when I tried it on again. My looking-glass tells me I am developing a spare tyre round my middle... Must take up my exercises

again. Jim says I should take up cycling instead—that it's good for unwanted tyres. Maybe.

### TUESDAY

Quiet day. After I had taken Bill-Jim to the Kindergarten, went into town for a browse round the shops. Lovely things at "beyond-my-hopes" prices... Bought a new powder-puff and a packet of pins—and came home. Counted over my money box and wondered if I can afford a new dress for Brown's party. Caught sight of my "spare tyre" in the mirror, and went out to do an energetic afternoon's gardening.

Bill-Jim came home at three, and wanted me to play "Squirrels" with him... Told him I was busy... Ellen called me later to remind me of the grocery order... I told her I would come as soon as we finished playing "Squirrels"...

Jim arrived home while we were dishing dinner—full of mystery. Told me to close my eyes and pulled me out to the front porch. There was a lady's bicycle all shining with new paint, propped up against the verandah post. Jim said he had got it cheap—second-hand, had painted the mudguards white and given it a general shine-up. Great excitement. Am trying it out to-morrow morning.

### WEDNESDAY

Tried my new bicycle out this morning. Am writing this in bed, and as I turned, my twisted ankle gave me a nasty twinge... A feeling a sorrier and a wiser woman. Because I rode a bike when I was fourteen, thought I could step on it and ride straight off. Know better now. With Bill-Jim steering me, I had a practice spin down the back yard. Foolishly misjudged the distance of the gum tree. The bicycle and I lay entangled on the grass, with Bill-Jim jumping excitedly on my chest, thinking it was a new kind of game. Untangled myself and tried again.

### THURSDAY

Though my leg was stiff this morning, had another practice in the yard and only fell off twice. Will venture further afield soon. Collected Bill-Jim at lunch-time, and took him off to see a matinee of "The Wizard of Oz." Thought he would be thrilled—but I was the one to be thrilled! Bill-Jim fidgeted throughout, and the only part that caught his attention was the sight of the elaborate wireless and loud-speaker in the Wizard's Castle at the end of the picture. That really interested him... Came home a little saddened. All parents, I suppose, want to pass their precious fairy-tale beliefs on to their children—but these don't belong nowadays. Children don't

### IN A NUTSHELL

Leonard S. Cottrell has discovered the kernel in the nut. He has been studying the problems of marriage for seven years, and this is his final, profound observation:

"Money is one of the least important factors of happy marriage. It is handling the money, however little it may be, that causes unhappiness."

Lots of young married couples we know would welcome the opportunity of trying this out.

believe in the magic world of our babyhood days—and they don't want it. They want loud-speakers. . .

### FRIDAY

Leg too stiff to try any serious cycling—decided to leave it till next week... Mrs. Brown and Grace dropped in for tea, and just when I was beginning to worry what I would give them to eat, Ellen marched in with the most delightful honey ginger-bread cake. Ellen is like that. Though she declares she is just a plain cook, occasionally, like a magician, she pops something new and exciting out of her culinary cap.

After the girls had gone, went out and coaxed Ellen to give me the ginger-bread recipe. Here it is. She sifted together 1 lb. of flour, 2 teaspoons of ground ginger, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon and a pinch of salt. To this she added 3 ozs. of brown sugar and the grated rind of one lemon, mixing well together. In a separate saucepan she melted 3 ozs. of butter, 3 ozs. of lard, 1 cup of honey and the juice of the lemon, pouring into the centre of the dry ingredients. Finally she added 2 beaten eggs and half a cup of warm water, in which was dissolved 1 teaspoon of bi-carbonate of soda. She beat the mixture well for two minutes before pouring into a greased dish. Baked in a moderate oven for one hour. When cold, she covered with white icing, sprinkled with nuts and preserved ginger. God bless her!

### SATURDAY

Our usual free "family day." Jim spent contented afternoon in garden, clearing away weeds and setting new plants. Bill-Jim and I helped...

To-night went to see "Good-bye Mr. Chips." Came home in that lovely daze that only a great picture can inspire. "Good-bye Mr. Chips" is a picture so tender, so satisfying, that it blots out all memories of pictures that are past—and threatens to overshadow all that are to come. Robert Donat goes right up to the top for his beautifully sympathetic performance of an ageing schoolmaster. This picture is so real that it hurts. I wept a little into my gloves, and even Jim was suspiciously red-eyed.