



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 DIARY

These Should Interest You:

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

"Colour Your Outlook." Monday, April 29, 1YA 3.15 p.m., 2YA 3 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"In Reply to Your Inquiry." Wednesday, May 1, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Food of Our Forefathers." Thursday, May 2, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, May 3, 2YA 3 p.m.

"Figuring Out Our Best Lines." Friday, May 3, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

From the ZB Stations

"People Like Us": 1ZB, 2ZB, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 9 p.m. 3ZB, 4ZB, Mondays and Wednesdays, at 7.45 p.m.

"Bluey": Tuesday, April 30th, 6.15 p.m., and Saturday, May 4, 6.15 p.m. from 1ZB.

"The Young Marrieds' Circle": Mondays to Fridays, from 2ZB, at 4.30 p.m.

"Fashion's Fancies" (Happi Hill): Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, from 3ZB, at 8 a.m.

"Do You Know Your Stars?" Competition: Saturday, May 4, from 4ZB, at 7.15 p.m.

"Bringing Up the Small Child (1) Jealousy in the Family": Mrs. Beatrice Beeby. Thursday, May 2, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Marionettes and Flowers": Tony Sarg. Saturday, May 4, 1YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in the Polar Regions": Sir Hubert Wilkins. Saturday, May 4, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in the Office": Grover Cleveland. Saturday, May 4, 3YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in the Home": Mrs. Bert McDonald. Saturday, May 4, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

Notes and Reminders

The attention of readers is drawn to the Kuranui advertisement appearing on the back page of this issue

SUNDAY:

Went to church this morning. Lovely day, with the sun shining and the birds singing outside.

Mother came over for lunch and after took us to call on the Mitchells, the new family who have moved in at the top of the street. A beautiful home. Everything lovely and shining and old-looking. Not a new or modernistic piece of furniture in the place. Mother moved round finger-ing old pieces as if they were friends. . . . But it was the boys' "cabin" that en-tranced us. There are four lads in the family, and they all share a sleep-out which is a faithful replica of a ship's cabin. It has two wooden bunks either side of the sleep-out, the top ones being reached by a ladder. Below the lower bunks are full-length drawers where they store their clothes. Each bunk has its own reading lamp and book-shelf, and there is a wooden table that slides into the right position. To complete the effect a real brass-bound hurricane lamp swings from the ceiling. The boys, we learnt, take a pride in keeping their "ship's cabin" neat and orderly. We all fell in love with it. . . . On the way home Mother said that when we have four sons we can carry out the same idea. Jim said—"What?"

MONDAY:

Ellen's washing doing a ballet on the line. Tried to do some gardening, but the wind drove me inside again. Decided to do over the breakfast-room table. It is really a good table, solid mahogany, with nice fat carved legs. Bought it by accident at an auction sale. Happened to bend my head—the auctioneer said Going—Going—Gone—and they told me it was mine. I've never regretted it. Jim and I have quarrelled over it—made-up over it—discussed it again and argued again—and Bill-Jim sat up and ate his first meal from it. It is a little battered now, with several dents and scratches, and it was the scratches I tackled first.

Got some linseed oil, mixed to a paste with a tube of burnt amber paint and rubbed it briskly over the scratches. Polished with a soft cloth slightly moistened with the linseed oil. An amazing improvement.

Then for the dents. Got a large piece of brown paper, folded over five or six times, then put in hot water till all was well saturated. Placed this on the dent and pressed with a hot iron till all moisture had evaporated from the paper. When I removed it—the dent had disappeared. . . . Think I'll send this hint in to a paper and try to win a prize. It really works.

TUESDAY:

Went into town and shopped this morning. Came home with tired feet and

a headache. Ellen produced hot cup of tea and chocolate sandwich cake. Not the sickly kind. It is Ellen's secret. She puts a layer of white, peppermint-flavoured icing under the chocolate icing, and the result is surprising.

Jim came home early with a packet of seeds in his pocket. He has a new bug for growing flowers that will attract butterflies. He argues that butterflies adorn any garden, and the flowers that lure them in are rock plants, crocuses, snowdrops, buddleias, Michelmas daisies, hyacinths, cornflowers, columbines, and sweet mignonette. . . . I told him his idea was perfect. The only hitch was Bill-Jim, who has a passion for capturing butterflies. . . . Jim said he'd better catch him at it—and got down to his job of planting.

WEDNESDAY:

Gave a little luncheon party to-day. Just four of us—Mother, Jane Brown, Grace, and self. Love the "fixings" of these little gatherings. Round table looking sweet with green damask tablecloth, green candles in silver sconces, and little green glass posy rings filled with pink sweet peas set before each place. Ate lobster mayonnaise, junket with great blobs of cream on it, preserved fruit, iced coffee and smoked Turkish cigarettes (stolen from Jim's desk).

Mother the life of the party. She has such a young mind—it is absurd to think of her as Jim's parent. People don't grow old so much through their bodies as they do through their minds. . . . Grace said she had lost her illusions. Her favourite film star, William Powell, after making a creditable show of a broken heart, following Jean Harlow's death, married again just recently—some little red-head out of Hollywood. So much for constancy. . . .

THURSDAY:

Spent morning making a re-fill of my own home-made bath salts. They are made from pine needles, which are left in the shade to dry, and then bottled in screw-top jars. Two or three handfuls, boiled, and then thrown into the bath make it refreshing and fragrant.

This afternoon gathered courage and had a grand clean-out of my wardrobe. Old frocks, hats, and shoes that have been littering up my room—and which I have been pretending would come in handy at some future date. A friend of Jim's is collecting garments for the poor, and I promised to assist. My contribution was a large bulky parcel reposing in the hall, which I surrendered wistfully. Jim said I am a heroine. . . . Maybe I am. . . .



Crown Princess Martha of Norway photographed before the microphone at the Oslo broadcasting studios when she gave a talk in connection with the social work of Norwegian women's organisations

FRIDAY:

My favourite day, I think, long, lazy, luxurious—all to myself. Got work done early and retired to the garden with "The Way of a Transgressor," by Negley Farson. Read this book a year or two back when it was a best seller, and in view of Russia's present-day meddling in European map-changing, got the impulse to re-read it. Apart from Russia, the writer wanders all over Europe, leaving eloquent little pen-pictures as he passes. I am envious of his irresponsibility; of his delightful vagabond soul that refuses to be shackled by routine or convention. Amused, too, by all "the pretty ladies" he dallies with en route. Modern books make a fetish of the frank confession, and no doubt, as a principle, it is admirable. But if I were Mrs. Negley Farson I don't think I would appreciate it so much.

SATURDAY:

Jim's butterfly garden all set. No sign of flowers yet—and no sign of butterflies.

After dinner, tucked Bill-Jim up, and went off to our Saturday night show—"Clouds Over Europe." A most satisfying picture. Not so much for the theme, which was unusual, though slight, but for the perfectly priceless performance of Ralph Richardson. Here is someone who is headed straight for the top of the ladder. He is extremely English—delightfully so. He has the most destructive sense of humour, an ease and a finesse that enchant you. He has a poker face that carries off every amusing and dramatic situation with a lift of the eyebrow. Oh yes, and like Chamberlain, he carried an umbrella. That umbrella should have a place in the Cast of Characters. . . . Jim and I came home immensely pleased with ourselves because we have discovered a new star who is in the way of being a comet.