

BETTY'S DIARY

SUNDAY:

To-day the Mitchells asked us over to a tennis party. I haven't played since I left school, and Jim is not far behind me, but we thought it might be fun. Felt like a couple of newly-weds as we set out—Jim immaculate in his creams, me feeling like a High School girl in my blue linen play-suit and turned-down socks. Party in full swing when we arrived. Nice lot of youngsters — and terrific players. Made a horrible showing—and Jim was worse, but had a wonderful afternoon tea. On the way home Jim said the game of tennis was over-rated, but he'd like to have another shot at it.

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MONDAY:

This morning was awakened early by Jim groaning — said I had better call the doctor, as he had rheumatic fever. Went to jump out of bed and fell back with the pain. It seemed I had caught it, too. Compared our symptoms, and suddenly remembered the cause.

Too stiff to tackle house to-day. Mrs. Mitchell rang after lunch, and told me how nice she thought I looked yesterday. She particularly admired my head-band. I told her it was home-made. Got a length of blue straw about two inches wide, and made a circle to fit my head. Covered it with fish-net, threaded through slats and tied in a bow on top. Told her we had enjoyed the party — and that we were feeling "wonderful."

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TUESDAY:

A bit easier to-day. Made a creditable show of cleaning out house. This afternoon decided, as Bill-Jim has been a model of good behaviour the last few days, to make his favourite pudding — banana sponge. Dissolved a lemon jelly and left it in refrigerator to half set. When ready, mashed half a dozen ripe bananas and added them to jelly, giving it a vigorous whip with a wire whisk. When light and frothy, added $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of whipped, sweetened cream. Gave it another brisk whisk and piled on glass dish. Served with the remainder of cream.

Letter to-day from Mamie Waters, who was a friend in my "pre-marriage" days. Mamie is clever — and she has gone places. Became a buyer to one of our largest firms, and has just returned home from trip to America. Says her soul is hungering for a quiet day with normal people, and could she spend Sunday with us.

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WEDNESDAY:

Grace brought me over some slips from her garden this morning — also instructions how to "strike" them for planting later on. She puts small piece of sacking in the bottom of a 5in. flower pot. Then she firmly corks up a smaller 3in. pot and places it inside the larger one, filling the space in between with

damp sand. The slips are placed in this and the centre pot kept filled with water, so that the sand will always be moist. She said when I plant them they should be $\frac{2}{3}$ under ground.

Looked at the calendar and got a shock to discover that Jane Brown's party is on next Wednesday. Looked at bank book and decided against a new evening frock. In despair, rang up mother, who is coming over to-morrow to see what she can do.

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THURSDAY:

Mother arrived for lunch and Ellen cooked her favourite crumbed cutlets and green peas. Fortified with this, retired to the bedroom and took stock of my evening frocks. A sorry lot by daylight. My blue taffeta is still good — but I have worn it so often. Then Mother got an inspiration from my old black velvet dinner frock. Said she will make it into a formal evening gown that will turn all the men's heads. I said it would be much more reassuring if it turned the women's heads. She won't tell me her idea, and has carried off the frock to transform at home.

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FRIDAY:

At breakfast this morning a mystified Ellen came in to report that all the washing soda had disappeared from the scullery. Jim remained behind his newspaper. Bill-Jim said: "But we used it all up yesterday, didn't we, Daddy?" Jim came from behind his newspaper to confess that he had dug in a couple of pounds of it round the base of our lemon tree. Said the local gardening expert told him the other day that this treatment helped the lemons along like nothing else—and ours certainly needed a bit of coaxing.

Finished off "Present Indicative," Noel Coward's autobiography, in bed. Excellently written—and, for those interested in the theatre, a feast of theatrical anecdote. Decided that the man who created "Cavalcade" and "Bitter Sweet" can be excused for some self-glorification.

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SATURDAY:

Another lovely day in the sun. Bill-Jim disturbed the peace when he brought in a youthful tribe to play Red Indians—but as Jim said—no youngster should be allowed to grow up without playing Red Indians, so we endured their ambushes and piercing yells.

Jim's pick this week at the cinema—"Dodge City," starring good-looking Errol Flynn, and even better-looking Olivia de Havilland. The thing I liked best about this picture was its technicolour. Very well produced, of course, good acting, excellent outdoor scenes—but, oh, how many times have I seen that same plot!

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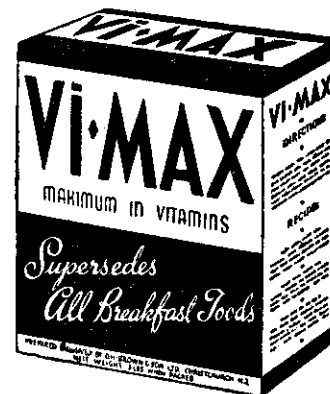
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