



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, University of Otago:

"When Wintry Winds Whistle." Monday, May 20, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"Some Cookery Tips." Wednesday, May 22, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Vitamin B for Appetite." Thursday, May 23, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, May 24, 2YA 3 p.m.

"Winter Beauty Treatments." Friday, May 24, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"First Aid Treatment of Wounds": Representative of St. John Ambulance. Tuesday, May 21, 2YA 11.30 p.m.

"Fashions": Mrs. E. Early: Tuesday, May 21, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the National Council of Women: Wednesday, May 22, 1YA 11.15 a.m.

FROM THE ZB STATIONS

"This England": From all Stations on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m. and Saturdays at 8.0 p.m.

"The Home Service Session" (Gran): Mondays to Fridays, from 12B at 2.30 p.m.

Aunt Daisy: Mondays to Saturdays at 8.45 a.m. from all Stations

"Your Fate in the Stars": Mondays to Fridays at 10.22 a.m. from 3ZB

"The Young Marrieds' Circle" (Breta): Mondays to Fridays from 4ZB at 4.30 p.m.

"Bringing Up the Small Child (4), Children's Fears": Mrs. Beatrice Beeby. Thursday, May 23, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Mrs. Dorothy Johnson. Friday, May 24, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers and Happiness": Margaret E. Sangster. Saturday, May 25, 1YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in a Soldier's Life": General Guiseppe Garibaldi. Saturday, May 25, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: A Singer Talks on Flowers": Rafaelo Diaz. Saturday, May 25, 3YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in Art": Malcolm Vaughan. Saturday, May 25, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

SUNDAY:

Up early fixing house. Mamie arrived about eleven o'clock, looking marvellously well—and, oh, so smart in an American white tailored ensemble. Felt horribly outdated in my best blue crepe frock beside her. . . Mamie is a swell person. She hugged Bill-Jim, declared we were like a breath of fresh air to her, flung off her coat, demanded an apron—and insisted on helping with the dinner. . . Had a lovely day, gossiping and listening to all Mamie's doings in America. She said life moves so fast there that the people die off young. . .

Jim and Mamie enjoyed each other—as though they had been friends for life. When she left, he said: "Mamie's a grand person, isn't she?" I suppose in every married woman's life these little moments come—when we doubt—and are unsure of ourselves. . . I just looked at him and nodded. Then I remembered suddenly a saying of mother's — "Marriage is much more than finding the right person—it is a matter of being the right person."

MONDAY:

Mother brought over my "new dress" to-day. Couldn't get the wrappings off quickly enough. The result was so magnificent that it nearly took my breath away. There was no living resemblance to my old black velvet dinner frock. She had removed the sleeves altogether and cut the bodice into a low, heart-shaped decollete, edged with an adorable ruffled pink tulle — and held up by narrow shoulder-straps of black velvet ribbon. A wider band of the ruffled pink tulle outlined the wide hem. The effect was exquisite. Hugged Mother for all her trouble, and assured her I would queen it with the best of them at Jane's party on Wednesday.

TUESDAY:

Decided Julia has been neglected lately—and to give her a polish—and Jim a surprise. Tried out a tip Grace gave me—smeared over a thin film of bath cleaner. Let dry and then polished with a soft chamois. Ellen was afraid it would take off the remaining patches of Julia's paint, but it didn't. Instead she glowed with a new grandeur, and most of her scratch marks have disappeared. Jim delighted with the result. Asked what polish I had used—and when I told him he nearly swooned. I said Julia spoke for herself—and he had to admit she did.

WEDNESDAY:

Two-thirty a.m. Jim just tumbled into bed and asleep already. Too excited to sleep myself. A really lovely party. Jane's house all in festive array; lanterns in the garden, a pianist to play, delightful crowd, dancing, cards, billiards — something for everyone's mood. Jane looked like an up-to-date mermaid in a new green-shot lame frock, long and slinky, and with her red hair done in the new upward sweep. My own frock was a great success. Grace refused to believe it was my old dinner gown. I even achieved a conquest. A tall, melancholy-looking ex-army man who had come out to New Zealand for his health. We were getting along well till Jim came up and said — "Betty, can you spare your husband a dance?"

THURSDAY:

Too much supper last night — chicken and lobster mayonnaise, salads, savouries, ices, desserts, and "bubbly water." Delightful at the time—but painful in retrospect. Spent most of the day on the 'phone. Rang Mother to tell her about the party. Rang Jane to tell her how much we enjoyed it. Grace rang to discuss party and to compare notes. Mrs. Mitchell rang ditto. At six o'clock rang off to rush dinner.

FRIDAY:

Felt an urge of domesticity to-day, and with kitchen to myself, decided to experiment with a new recipe for sugarless jam. Cut up finely and removed pips

KNOW YOUR OWN BABY!

The latest method to ensure that mothers do not take the wrong babies away from nursing homes with them is to tan a temporary initial of the baby's name on its neck by playing an ultra-violet ray through a piece of perforated tape.

Imprints of the child's palms on the same identification card as the mother's finger-prints, is another method of avoiding a mix-up.

from half-a-dozen oranges and one lemon. Boiled till soft, then added two pounds of stoned and chopped dates to mixture. Boiled half an hour, then bottled. Made six pounds of jam—and it tastes good.

SATURDAY:

Helped Jim to sow onions for planting out in the spring; also planted out cabbages and cauliflower. Satisfied with our day's work, set out after dinner to see Bette Davis in "Dark Victory."

Read previously a review in which the critic said that women would like this picture as they could enjoy a good cry. What a fatuous, misplaced representation of a really great picture. Of course the women cried—but not in the way that critic would have one believe.

Bette Davis is superb. It is her picture, and on sheer merit, she should steal still another Academy Award. Her performance is so fine, so poignant, that it wrings the heart.

SUNDAY CONCERT

(Written for "The Listener" by Wanda Hall)

IT was Sunday afternoon, and his mother was listening to the wireless. She always did on Sundays, and he had to play quietly by himself—not that he minded that — there were so many things to do. But to-day he wanted to make things. To make something real; not cut-outs, or building set castles or things with cotton reels or daisy chains, but something useful, something that would belong to the grown-up world.

It was a sulky-faced boy who kicked a mechanical toy until it broke; then he stood still a moment, staring intently at nothing, then burst into activity. He went for his bucket, his spade, then up to the wet bank to get the best clay. A stick to mix the water in—no, the stick was no good, so the small hands worked the icy mixture and a jersey sleeve wiped drips from eyes and nose. For a while he squatted there, his hands

modelling carefully, his skin pricked to gooseflesh by an unnoticed wind.

It was finished, and he carried it carefully to the kitchen to see if Janet would bake it for him. She would, and she would call him when it was ready. So he went out again and sat thinking of all the things he would make. He would use them; he would give them away; he would have a factory and get lots and lots of money — "Oh, it is finished? Thank you."

He took it, rushed to the sitting room and bursting in, said: "Look Mummy! A cup and saucer. I made it, and I'm going to —"

"Dick! Haven't I told you over and over again not to talk when I'm listening to the wireless, and look at your hands and your best shoes and trousers all covered with clay and all over the carpet too. Oh, you've spoilt everything, you horrid little boy."