

BETTY'S DIARY

SUNDAY:

I called to-day "Girl's Day." Left Jim and his partner contentedly in the garden chasing grubs, and with seven other females, went off to a trousseau tea in town. Wish I could have had a dictaphone planted in Edith's home. There was such a clatter of feminine voices, such an orgy of gossip and tea-cup reading, that it seemed a pity it went unrecorded. . . The trousseau tea developed into a general tea. The bride-to-be received all sorts of useful gifts—hot water kettle, toaster, electric griller, oven thermometer, electric cake-mixer, and other practical articles. . . Her trousseau made me feel faint with envy—six of everything—and in the softest of satins, georgette and lace. One lovely nightie was in the palest shade of blue crepe-de-chine, trimmed on the bodice with ruchings of the same material. There was a satin dressing gown to match and an adorable blue bunny wool bed-jacket. Another nightie was of pleated pink chiffon from shoulder to toe, tied with deeper shade of pink ribbon. . . Grace said it wasn't fair to launch such a devastating attack on any one man. Mamie said the modern man was educated—and could take it.

MONDAY:

Got through house early to-day to prepare lunch for Mamie. Something light, she demanded, as we are due at another afternoon tea—and anticipate a heavy session. Got some lovely little bread rolls from the baker, warmed them, and popped lambs' kidneys inside cooked in butter—with a dash of mustard to flavour. Mamie enthusiastic. The only other time she tasted them was in Ginger Rogers' home in Hollywood. Ginger, who is in reality a very serious little person—particularly about her work, entertains frequently. Instead of the usual cocktail bar she has a soda fountain installed in her home, from which she dispenses ice-cream and sodas—a gentle hint that she favours teetotalism. But her friends seem to like it.

TUESDAY:

Jim stole another half-holiday to-day which we spent in the vegetable garden—full of good resolutions. While Jim dug in manure round the rhubarb patch with a view to a good crop next season, I planted some horseradish roots, with my mind's eye on a round of roast beef. Also planted a packet of the trailing type of N.Z. spinach, said to be especially rich in iron. All it needs is good watering for a few weeks, then an occasional dose of liquid manure. Our local expert says too much overhead watering washes off the pollen from the flowers of cucumbers, melons, pumpkin and other vine plants. Glad we don't have to do what they do in England, dust the

pollen from one plant to another with a rabbit's tail (first remove rabbit) to get vines to fruit.

WEDNESDAY:

Jim's chief came out for dinner to-night, and though Jim said, offhand, not to make a fuss, knew he wanted everything nice as possible. Didn't invite any other guest—just the three of us. Got a lovely big fire blazing in the lounge-room and set the small round table in front of it, with easy chairs drawn up. Wore my little cream lace jigger coat with the diamante buttons over my long black chiffon skirt—and felt equal to the occasion. . . Jim's chief, a dear—praised my dinner. We had dry martini cocktails and intriguing little hors-d'oeuvres to start with, then chicken curry soup, braised fowl, peas, creamed celery, and roast potatoes, with peach melba for dessert. Jim produced a bottle of liqueur brandy for our coffee. . . Jim so pleased with everything that he has promised me a surprise next week.

THURSDAY:

Was invited to a party at Bill-Jim's kindergarten to-day—and am now in bed resting from the ordeal. As Bill-Jim's mother, I had to be a success, so played bears, told stories and organised games till I felt and looked a wreck. It was worth it, though. Bill-Jim just came in and hugged me tight—"You were the nicest Mummy there," he said. I couldn't think of a nicer compliment. . . He arrived home with a torn paper cap, a slice of nibbled chocolate cake, a bedraggled packet of jubes, a toffee apple—and an uneasy tummy.

FRIDAY:

A long, quiet day of rest. Got a decent chance at my new book, "Tryst." Those who enjoyed "Young Mr. Disraeli" and "The Tudor Wench" will know Elwyth Thane's work. She does that type of story so well. "Tryst" is a fantasy, delicately and beautifully written—like trying to catch hold of a butterfly which eludes you. . . It lured me on till I remembered it was Ellen's day out—and two hungry men would be waiting for their dinner. . . Later Mother and Grace dropped in, and we played penny rummy. Jim lost a shilling—and I won one—so honours were divided.

SATURDAY:

So cold to-day, went for a long walk in the afternoon to get our circulation moving. So well wrapped up, we looked like the Three Bears on a jaunt.

To-night saw "The Underpup" with the new child star Gloria Jean. She has a voice like an angel—and is strikingly like Deanna Durbin—with the same spirit of mischievous fun. Not a big picture, but a happy one, and Jim and I were glad we had seen it. . .

Best Girl Wins

How close does New Zealand tally to this interesting English marriage census?

Here is the table: Nurses go off first—40% under twenty-one—blame the uniform! Actresses come next—most of them by the time they are twenty-three. Domestic workers are third, and usually

marry about twenty-five. Typists come next—twenty-five to twenty-nine. Shop-girls are ranked fifth in order—and school teachers come last, with the marriage age between twenty-seven and thirty-five.

Women in the Air

Women are becoming more and more air-minded these days. In London, just recently, both Amy Johnson and Cap-

tain C. W. A. Scott declared that the air constituted the future of the young.

Amy says that girls who are air-minded will succeed in spite of obstacles. Openings for women are on the increase. They are training for the Civil Air Guard in London, as demonstrators of the light aeroplane for civil use, and as designers for aeroplane interiors. Another growing branch of industry for women is on the catering side of civil airways.

Amy's final advice is: "Never be discouraged about anything."

Lover's Souvenir

An incident is reported of a young Birmingham man who proposed in the

street. He was so overcome with joy when his girl accepted, that he vowed the paving stone on which they were standing should be a treasured memento for ever.

Next morning he wrote to the City Council and asked for the stone. The Lord Mayor was very sympathetic. He had the paving stone dug up and delivered to the wooer. And charged him 10/-. Accompanying the stone was this note:

"May the concrete of which this is made cement your romance, and may this stone prove the foundation of a happy marriage."

Who said Romance was dead?

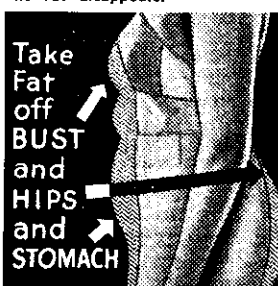
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