

# BETTY'S DIARY

## SUNDAY:

This morning Jim and I joined the throngs of people — of all ages and denominations—on their way to a place of worship for the National Day of Prayer. . . . It was so quiet in the church. I looked outside and saw the blue sky and a bird winging its untroubled way high up. . . . I thought of other skies, torn by high explosive shells. . . . We seemed so strange here —so remote—yet linked so vitally to it all. . . . A group of tiny girls moved past me in procession down the aisle, their childish, trusting gaze lifted to the altar of their faith—and I thought—God must hear. He must hear and grant us Peace—our victory over aggression.

## MONDAY:

Life goes on — housework, cooking, washing, ironing, but that is the way victories are won. . . . Grocer boy arrived with order, and Ellen, good soul, grumbled over price of eggs. This afternoon Jim's promised surprise arrived—a lovely tramobile, fitted with side cupboards and extension leaves—the very thing I have been wanting. Ran out old one to the kitchen and told Ellen to use it for carrying her laundry to the linen cupboard, bringing in meals, crockery, etc. Was extra nice to Jim when he came home. He said I had earned it, and that he had just had an increase in salary.

## TUESDAY:

To-day tried out a hint I read in the paper—and it really worked. Brought in my new bicycle pump—unpicked a few inches of seam in all the cushions, and spent a profitable hour "pumping" them up. The force of air lightens and redistributes the down and makes it soft and full again. . . . To-night showed Jim something I had unearthed in the lumber room. It was an old gold flower box tied with faded green ribbon—and in it was a card—Jim's card—"May I ring you on Tuesday?"

## WEDNESDAY:

Still feeling a glow from my old flower box, so decided to give Jim a surprise supper to-night—his favourite crab. My loquacious fishmonger, who was in a genial mood, insisted on giving me a lecture on crabs. It appears you should never buy a crab under a pound in weight—or over three. He insisted that a crab should be alive when placed in hot water—an abomination that I repudiated—and cooked for twenty minutes. You then remove poison finger from the inside, break and remove meat from small claws and main shell. He said there is only one dressing to serve with crab: Mix together ½ teaspoon pepper, mustard and salt, 1 teaspoon salad oil, 1 teaspoon vinegar. As a final precaution, he said, a light dry Rhine wine should go with it. Jim got beer.

## THURSDAY:

Raining dismally to-day. Thought wistfully of place I had just been reading about in Northern Africa—Gadames, where no rain has fallen for 65 years. All the homes there are made of mud, and the inhabitants have no fear of ever being washed away. To throw off my

depression decided to give the china a spring cleaning. Wiped over first with damp cloth dipped in powdered borax, then washed and polished. Astonishing transformation—all discolorations and scratch marks disappeared. Grace, Jack, Jane and her husband for bridge to-night. Game deteriorated into a poker school. Jim and I both felt guilty.

## FRIDAY:

My first free day this week. Got longed-for chance to finish my book to-day—"Rebecca," by Daphne Du Maurier. Hear it is coming here shortly as a film, and am most anxious to see what they do with it. A human, moving story, told with a beauty of style and imagery that holds your interest throughout. But one expects something like this from the daughter of Sir Gerald Du Maurier.

## SATURDAY:

Rain cleared to-day, and Jim and I spent the afternoon in garden doing some necessary repair work. Jim got in his new Shot Silk standard roses, while I planted out our Iceland poppy bed, the large variety—white, orange, pinks.

To-night saw "The Star Maker" with Bing Crosby. Have tried very hard to like this dreamy-eyed crooner, but without much success. In this picture, however, he provides some excellent entertainment, aided and abetted by a crowd of talented youngsters who must have been combed from the United States. Ned Sparks was there to help with the fun, and altogether we voted it a good evening's entertainment. Bing has gone up one step in my estimation.

## Family Novelists

Who will deny inherited talent? Naomi Jacobs, going through some papers after her mother's death, discovered one complete novel and notes for two others. The novel is now published under the title of "Look at the Clock," and Naomi has written the foreword.

## Latest Singing Sensation

News comes to us of America's latest singing sensation—one Dorothy Maynard, a lyric soprano—half Indian and half Negress.

One noted critic declares: "This is the greatest singer I have ever heard." In her first concert in New York she stopped the traffic, and the New York critics, who rarely sit out more than two or three songs, were still in their seats at the end of the concert. She sings perfectly in German, French, Italian, and English.

America can't spare her, as yet, but in a year or two she may be singing to us on this side of the world.

## Woman Postman

In New Zealand we have yet to see a women postman (although we have many postmistresses). At Chesapeake Bay, America, they possess one—and she is a flying one at that; drives her own 'plane and distributes the mails. Last year she was chosen as Official Flying Envoy to the U.S.A. Women's Organisations; carrying their special petition to the Congress at Washington.



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MIXED FRESH DAILY

—COLMAN'S Mustard