

THE DIARY OF AN AVERAGE WOMAN

SUNDAY:

Limp as a rag to-night after a wet week-end with the family — four hefty young New Zealanders, plus a husband, all pulling different ways at once. My favourite night, with the comforting assurance that to-morrow is Monday, and school is open. If there were no schools there'd be more mental hospitals—for mothers. Now for bed, a hot bottle, and a quiet hour with "Act Now," by the Dean of Canterbury.

Did I say "quiet"? The story of such a betrayal of the common people by their leaders is not conducive to repose, but I do not believe in "blissful ignorance." Wish everyone could read this book: simply expressed, everything in a nutshell, and plenty of kernel.

MONDAY:

As usual, repent me of Sunday's feeling of gratitude for school days. Think of those mothers in the battle zones; of those forced to send their children to safety—even abroad—perhaps never to see them again, and feel humbly grateful for the four healthy scamps that turn my house into something between a bear garden and a junk shop. Cut extra nice lunches, and as conscience salve ignore fight with porridge spoons. Don't mind washing day since I learned not to peg out starched things; put them through starch, three times through wringer, then roll in towel till next day. Halves labour and doubles the life of linen.

TUESDAY:

Neighbour ill with nervous headache; put hot bottle at her feet, rubbed an analgesic ointment on temples, behind

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the length of her face—and finally, if the parting had been at the side of her forehead—she would have looked right in the picture.

Another little lass with a round chubby face would have looked much more becoming if her hair had been built up in the centre—the parting high up—kept sleek at the sides and at the back.

Personally, I don't believe in chopping and changing about in hair styles. If you are fortunate enough to find a style that really suits your face and your personality, then you should hold on to it. If, however, you must have change, go simple by day and more sophisticated by night. And I am not forgetting that there can be enchantment in a jewelled pin, glamour in a dab of brilliantine—and coquetry in a comb.

Yours cordially,

Cynthia

ears, and on nape of neck, and then took her twins to Plunket nurse. Kept twins all day and cooked neighbour's dinner with my own—rissoles braised on bed of onions; apple dumplings baked in sauce of golden syrup, honey and water. Top marks! N— said he'd back his little wife against the king's cook, and bets she could make a palatable meal out of puriri chips. Felt all purry. Resolved not to be so selfish with the hot water bottle. Overlooked a cigarette-burnt hole in best cushion. Made him a plate of his favourite fudge.

WEDNESDAY:

Dodged work this afternoon for a couple of hours tennis with Hilda. Hilda complained bitterly about slackness of labourers draining ground for the new courts, and lamented the old "British working man." Pointed out to Hilda that we were able to scamp or leave our jobs any day in the week—likewise groups of golfers on adjacent links; said we had

Such Is Fashion

Wearing a lampshade adorned with a large rubber band, a shoe lace, two artificial flowers, a bunch of pipe cleaners, a banana skin, and the chain from a bathroom plug, Marion McKenzie recently walked down a Hollywood Street. She won her bet. No one noticed anything wrong.

no right to criticise others; what about the "beam" and the "mote"? Hilda saw point and we had thoughtful discussion on way home. Called in at Library, as it was "Van" day. Persuaded Hilda to take "Fallen Bastions." Having been so interested in "Act Now" I took the Dean's book, "The Socialist Sixth of the World." Very illuminating. Thank heaven for such writers. Hope his will not be a "voice crying in the wilderness." Thank heaven also for travelling libraries. Bringing the truth to the backblocks at last.

THURSDAY:

Did my couple of hours at the Patriotic Society meeting, mostly unravelling unsuitably-styled knitted articles for re-knitting. Heard the funniest story—actual fact. Friend's little girl—five-and-a-bit—returning from school, took forbidden short cut through the bull paddock—and bull was there! Arrived white and trembling; friend asked, "What did you do when you saw the bull, dear? Did you run?" Five-and-a-bit tearfully scornful: "No! course I didn't! I couldn't race a bull! I just went on my

hands and knees and pretended to eat grass. I thought he might think I was a cow!"

FRIDAY:

Took right-hand neighbour's twins and left-hand neighbour's four-year-old while they went to Patriotic Society meeting. They are expert cutters and machinists; I'm not, so we do our war-work different days and ways. Twins angelic; Peter rather a handful—a captivating skinkful of mischief. Visitors amazed and slightly discomfited when he refused a proffered sweet. Peter is a Plunket product. He has never tasted a sweet. He didn't know what it was!

SATURDAY:

Fine afternoon, so N— decided to finish painting house (painter called into camp before completion of job; left paints, with instructions how to mix). House cream, with pretty bright red facings—sashes, shutters, etc. Only facings to be done, so decided it could be safely left to N—, and went off to take my turn serving at street stall for Red Cross. Returned three hours later to find the expected pretty house transformed into a thing of horror—all finishings, instead of pretty red, brilliant, staring, blue-bag blue. Should never have left N— to mix those paints alone. Had quite forgotten he was colour blind!

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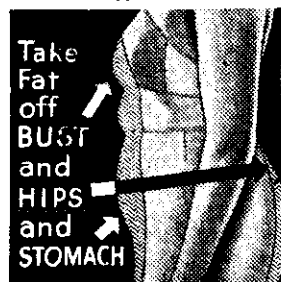
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