

(continued from previous page)

fallible cure is yet known, "except wintering on the Riviera or a South Sea Island." Only hope for poor working girl is to keep hands and feet warm by plenty of exercise. Pointed out I am chained to office desk all day. Was told to stand up now and then and do arm-flinging exercises we used to do at school. Can imagine sensation this would cause at office. Tried it to-night at home and split seam in new frock. But chilblains so maddening that I intend to wear skirt and pullover to-morrow and give it a trial, in spite of inevitable rude comments.

The Great Panjandrum asked office girl if she was using new tea, as it had "less resemblance to tepid dishwater than usual." Refrained from saying, "I told you so!" Have been christened "Boy Scout," because accountant says my antichilblain antics remind him of youthful attempts at Semaphore. Also warned me not to perform outside, lest I am suspected of signalling to parachute troops. (Nevertheless, my hands kept warmer). Caused minor upheaval by upsetting inkwell with particularly abandoned fling, and had to bring curtain home to treat with sour milk and salt. No sour milk available, of course, so had to add drop

of lemon juice. Seems to be working, although treatment rather belated.

THURSDAY

Suddenly remembered in middle of morning that to-day is anniversary of my disengagement. Went into short trance while I took stock. Came to conclusion I still feel somewhat unanchored but am convinced it was best thing for us both. Wonder what David thinks. Startled office girl by sudden snort of mirth at recollection of inquiry of well-meaning friend who asked me a year ago what it felt like to be a loose woman again. Saw "Rebecca" to-night and contrary to expectations was not disappointed. Far from it. Did not believe

spirit of book could be so faithfully brought out in film. One major but necessary change in plot, and several minor but unnecessary ones, could not spoil the magnificent acting and direction. Thought ending of book, with Maxim and "I" driving back from London together, was more effective. "Rebecca" joins ranks of "Petrified Forest," "Winterset," "The Scoundrel," "Three Comrades," "Night of the Fire," and "Of Mice and Men."

FRIDAY

A perfect winter day—hard frost followed by brilliant sunshine, and no wind. Was restless all day at being shut inside. To make matters worse, can see the hills from my desk. Went furniture-hunting in lunch hour—wanted an old-fashioned chest of drawers instead of dressing table. Cheaper and much roomier. Bought rather a lovely kauri one second-hand, with small mother-of-pearl insets in the knob-handles. Drawers feel as if they run on ball-bearings. Seems a pity to paint the warm reddish wood, as I had intended. Also inquired at various places for a second-hand bicycle—no success. Apparently people are hanging on to their bicycles these petrol-rationed days. Letter in well-known handwriting in box when I arrived home caused unexpected weak-kneed sensation. From David, re-addressed from "Hilltop." Evidently doesn't know we've sold the old home. (Why should he—I've never written to him since.) Says he wanted me to get it yesterday. He's coming south for his holidays, with the possibility of being transferred here, and arrives on Sunday morning. Will ring me about mid-day, and is mine as ever. Well! Simply don't know what to think. All very well feeling calm and collected with David safely in Auckland, but meeting him again might be a little unsettling, although my mind was made up a year ago, and I've no reason to change it.

SATURDAY

Woke with feeling something had happened, and then remembered. What with usual Saturday morning envy of five-day-weekers—however, one mustn't complain. Think of the milkmen. Borrowed Michael for afternoon and took him for walk to distract own thoughts. Progress erratic and undignified as we stopped to inspect dustbins (Michael's latest passion). Only from a distance, despite his protests. Passed field with dispirited-looking cow rubbing against fence. Michael studied it a while then asked, "What's that forse got horns for?" Told him, not a horse, and rashly tried to explain essential differences. Michael offered cow mangled remains of apple-core. Cow preferred to stick to grass, but politely moo'd thanks. Michael remarked in tones of pained surprise, "That forse-cow is talking with its mouth full." Two and a-half is an entertaining age. Am now going to bed—early—with peculiar feeling in pit of stomach. Not sure whether it's David's impending arrival, or incipient 'flu.

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