

had to wait until I got my tin hat before I began my warden duties, for there is so much flying shrapnel about." She goes on to describe the wonderful beauty of the snow-clad city lit by the flares of torches and incendiary bombs. "If it was not for the roar of the guns and the flying splinters, one would think one was looking at a marvellous fireworks display."

What an inspiration there is in the thought of that gallant little white-haired figure battling about in that inferno. Some of her indomitable spirit must have been bequeathed to her sons, for one of them has his captain's certificate in the merchant service, and the youngest, aged only 24, is a British Army captain who came back safely from Dunkirk. — **Kowhai, Mangatainaka.**

THERE is a lot to be said for the folk who plan their work for the day, and get through it, come what may. They do accomplish a lot, and I am always making resolutions to do the same, but on our farm at least there is always the unexpected happening to take my attention from a set programme. We have 35 of the cutest little pigs, which are always turning up where they "shouldn't oughter." The other day I saw that about a dozen of them had squeezed under the wire-netting, and were eating away at our precious oat-stack, intent on making tunnels through it. There was such a hullabaloo when I descended on them with ferocious wuff-wuffs. In the emergency they had forgotten where they got in, and round and round they went, and it was quite a time before the last one managed to wriggle out through an incredibly small space. — **Mrs. Carlow, Timaru.**

IM about to step off the solid ground of everyday routine on to the sea of holiday adventure! For hills and harbour, I'll exchange flat fields and wide sunset skies—for the rattle and clang of the city, the quiet of a country village. And for the space of three weeks or so I expect it will be a good exchange. I'm counting on other treasures, too—sleep, and bookshelves to explore, music, and maybe fresh adventures in friendship. — **Young Tyke, Wellington.**

ONE day I was extra busy, and could not watch the baby for too long. He was ten months old, and could crawl round anywhere. I was busy in the dining room, when I missed him, and as everything was very quiet I began to wonder if he had crawled outside. I went out to the kitchen, and there he was. He had managed to lift the top from a 60lb tin of honey, and he had his arm up to the elbow in honey! Well, he had honey all over him, and all I could do was put him in the bath. — **Poroti, Whangarei.**

HERE is how I first became introduced to you, Mary. "Are you awake?" came a voice at 10 o'clock at night. "Here's the mail, and a letter for you." So, sitting up in bed, I received an introduction to you who signs in such a friendly way the word "Mary." How interesting it makes the "Journal" to have your section to turn to, because after all one sees a lot of the agriculture side in the country all day. — **M., Feilding.**

I NOW have a week-day daughter—Miss Nearly Six, who is the daughter of friends who live several miles from school, and not on one of the roads catered for by school buses. As my home is only half a mile from the school, I offered to care for her from Monday afternoons until Friday morning, when I send her off to school. This is the second term I've had her, and her parents are most grateful—and she is, as I have written, just my week-day daughter. — **Crossroads, Apiti.**

I WOULD like to say how much I like your pages in the "Journal." They are a big improvement from the woman's point of view, and we look forward to each new "Journal." Have tried several of your recipes, and have found them very nice and useful; they are homely ones that a busy farm-wife has time to try. We have a young man in our house, aged 16 months, to take up our time and interests. These young people are very amusing; what they do and try to say. This little man has been walking for some time, so gets into plenty of mischief; found an oil-can one day, so sets about oiling the lawn-mower in such a business-like way—did someone say he is going to be a mechanic? — **Blue Bell, Temuka.**

JUST now life is doing a whirl for me. I enlisted for transport work with the W.A.A.F., and last Friday had to appear before the selection committee. The result was that I have to take a heavy traffic test next Wednesday, with the hopes of having my driving licence endorsed for heavy traffic. As a result of that I spent three hours yesterday driving a local six-wheeler over some of the roughest country imaginable. I've done some tricks with the car, but what I had to do yesterday was double worse, and I had a strange steering wheel. However, now I've no fears for Wednesday! At least I'll have a decent road to play tricks on. — **John-in-the-Middle, Rangiora.**

AT the Centenary celebrations at Moturoa last Monday there was a tremendous crowd. The landing of the first pioneers was re-enacted. The spectacle was very interesting, but I couldn't help thinking of what the pioneers really had to put up with. What courageous men and women they

must have been. I wonder how many of their descendants would brave the perils that those wonderful people braved. We certainly are not nearly as self-reliant as they had to be. — **Mary Ann, Bell Block.**

I WAS telling my family that I'd read in the paper recently that carrots are good for the eyes, so that they should eat plenty of them. "Oh," said the youngest and wag of the family, "if they are good for the eyes, mother, why not hang a bunch on the wall where we can see them any time?" — **Daisy, Hastings.**

RECENTLY I read Noel Coward's autobiography, so I was glad you had met him. People are interesting, aren't they, even those who are not famous? All the women living near my home belong to the Women's Division, and it helps us to pull together. I have marvellous neighbours, always doing things to help me along. — **"F.," Oxford.**

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