

cocoa tin? Try it, and see how they like it?—**Keep Smiling, Waimate.**

**DO** you play golf, Mary? We have just started again after five years. The nearest club is four miles from here, and we go over every Saturday and Sunday, taking a picnic lunch with us. Everyone else does the same, and we have a jolly good time. Last Sunday we got wet to the skin, and as we had a bit of spare benzine we dashed home, changed all our clothes, and dashed back again! Properly mad, aren't we?—**Plain Jane, Taupiri.**

**THE** value to countrywomen of a page where they may express themselves is beyond computation, and I do find your new section of definite interest. It has been said to me that with all kinds of organised activities countrywomen now do not yearn to express themselves thus. But I, for one, know that they do. Some have not the opportunity to join any group of women, others have no inclination to do so—and these last possibly find their page a place where, despite shyness, or difficulty in screwing up their courage, they learn the art of putting their thoughts into words. Possibly haltingly at first, but with the drive of their need and sincerity they find themselves able in time to join in the "silent debates" of a printed forum. Unless she has experienced it, no woman can imagine the thrill of seeing painfully-written words from a "new chum" magically transformed into a printed paragraph. So, Mary, good luck to all our "Journal" pals.

Here on my acre of ground, in my wee quaint cottage, I love the quiet of a very remote country spot. With very little left to me of material resources, I do find myself passing rich in friendships. Perhaps the very griefs and sufferings which seem the losses in our



Going golfing? Then what about a frock like this one, worn by the Columbia star, Frances Robinson? The colour is tan, the fabric is flannel, the style two-piece, and very comfortable. An eight-gore skirt is belted at the waist over a tuck-in monogrammed shirt with full-length sleeves and mannish cuff line.

experience, in the end give us some healing wisdom to help others. And helping others is certainly the best thing I know for helping myself out of the dark depths which are so close to me at times.—**Silver Fern, Christchurch.**

**I** DO love the messages you send us each month—they are just splendid and so uplifting for us in these grey days when our loved ones are paying supreme sacrifices to save our beloved Empire from that tyrant Hitler. When I read them, Mary, I think of how many women will benefit from them and take heart again. I enjoy them so much that I am cutting them out to keep, and will later paste them in a book—my "Mary" book—that my friends and I can read and enjoy together.

Your article about books I did enjoy, and here is another verse about books:  
If thou art borrowed by a friend,  
Right welcome shall he be  
To read, to study, not to lend,  
But to return to me.  
Not that departed knowledge doth  
Diminish learning's store,  
But books, I find, when doubly lent,  
Return to me no more.  
—**Peggy, Pleasant Point.**

**I** HAD intentions of having early peas for the coming season, so got very busy, and put three rows in. But, alas and alas, the joys of a farmer's wife weren't going to pass me by, and those

terrible hens decided they would have Christmas dinner early, so my peas are all gone. I thought they would be right when I staked them when they were hardly through the ground, but the stakes must have caught the eyes of those greedy hens, and over the fence they came. However, that is a mild trouble compared with what a large number of people have to put up with at present. To-day has been a very sad day for many folk. The soldiers are away back to camp after their final leave, and it is very hard to say good-bye with a smile, isn't it?—**Judith, Windsor.**

**SO** pleased am I to meet you and greet you, Mary—you were long overdue, you know. Many a time I have said that every section of the farming community was catered for by the "Journal" but the women. And, believe me, women are a very important section of the farming community. Probably in no other business is a wife such a real partner to her husband. No longer young, my husband and I work a hilly 500-acre sheep farm. Labour is not to be had, so we just battle on. Last year I did my first wool rolling and picking up, and, though I am but a few years off 60, there is a great urge at present to keep our bodies flexible. Yet I wonder that there is not more stress laid nowadays on the idea of keeping our minds flexible. In the present crisis we are glad to work hard all day, that we may sleep at night. My husband is a returned soldier, and my brother died a terrible death through the last war. My other brother was in the Boer War, and in this war we have many relations, although we have no family. So we do not need to call on our imaginations to picture the horrors that our boys are going through.—**Helen, Dipton.**

**HERE** on the first day of June the sun is streaming down, on to garden and house, and, although winter should be here, a blaze of colour comes stretching up the drive, and the quiet of the Sunday is broken but little by the traffic passing. Yet in the morning I may rise to a frozen white world, or perhaps to dark grey rain clouds. But for the present here's sunshine for us both.—**M., Feilding.**

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