



MY window is now framed with red geraniums set in glowing green leaves. They gleam even more brightly red in the rain and they love the sun, whereas many other flowers wilt under the burning rays.—“M,” Feilding.

ONE wet day recently I decided to have a spring clean of useless papers, envelopes, etc., in my husband's writing desk, which was nearly overflowing. A handful of cartridges I put carefully in one of the pigeon holes. As I cleared out the papers I threw them into the open fireplace. My husband came in as the papers were burning well.

“There are some cartridges there. Did you see them?” he asked. I thought it my chance to have a little fun.

“I threw them in the fire. They won't do any harm, will they?” I replied innocently.

“Good Lord!” he ejaculated, as he stared fascinated at the blaze. I tiptoed behind him, then jumped hard on the floor, clapped my hands as loudly as I could, and shouted “Bang!” Hubby



jumped, hitting the hanging lamp with his head. “Och,” he muttered and stumped out of the room, but he soon returned and enjoyed the joke with me. Now I refer to that amusing incident as “The Time I Shot My Husband.”—“Odey,” French Pass.

IVE just had a spell at my rug-making. The rug is the shape of a half-circle for beside my bed and is nearly completed. It is literally “every colour of the rainbow,” for I was given a supply of rug wool already cut to measure, each card of fifty-six pieces being the complete range of colours in that particular brand. What beautiful wool it is to handle—thick, and soft as silk. The shades are like jewels—or flowers. I use a small patent hook on wide-mesh canvas and I find the work so fascinating that it is hard to put down! When the rug is finished and in use it can be washed if necessary.

—“London Lass,” Wellington.

MAY I join your band of “Good Neighbours”? I have long been a reader of the women's pages and find them interesting and educational. My home is in the backblocks and when the “Journal” arrives “himself” very often has the first peep at it, and I often notice that it is the women's section which he reads first! I enjoyed your article in the November issue—what brave women those three were in going to central Asia to bring Christianity to the people.

—“Just Me,” Maruia.

I HAVE a child, thin, wiry, and as unpredictable as the weather. She comes home from basketball matches with black eyes, or crushed fingers, or some other mishap. So many things seem to happen to her that her father, with a dazed look in his eyes, often mutters, “I don't believe it!” Even as a little mite the difficulties and predicaments she got into were borne only because I slowly and assiduously cultivated a sense of humour. One day she came home from school looking very smug and obviously hugging herself with delight. Suspecting the worst, I hinted that perhaps something had happened at school. Beaming with pleasure she replied, “Jill is a very naughty girl now. She was talking and Teacher put her in Talkers' Row.”

Knowing my child to be the fastest and most irrepressible talker in the district I said, “But, Paddy, surely nobody else talks more than you.”

Tossing me a look of scorn for my ignorance, she proudly answered, “Of course not, but I've been there all the year!”—“Pussy,” Auckland.

A HUMOROUS incident is enjoyed by most people, but it can sometimes be most embarrassing to the person concerned. One Sunday morning in Brisbane I decided to go to church. It was exceedingly hot, so I donned a very large-brimmed hat. Arriving on the latish side I had to go up to the front of the church, obtaining a seat next to the aisle. A little later, to my horror, my dog trotted calmly up to the altar and started to explore. The minister gave him a startled glance and gently shoed him out, but Spot had more character than that and decided to continue his tour. I was the next victim. As soon as he discovered me he acted like a long-lost friend. I lowered my head and in a stage whisper ordered him to go out, but with the sheer cussedness of the male species he did the opposite, and as though to curry favour with me, he sat down upon his haunches, threw back his head, and raised his deep baritone in apparent praise, just as he had been taught to do before receiv-



ing his supper. There followed a hasty, undignified exit by myself and “dawg” amid much tittering. Was I thankful for that wide-brimmed hat!

—“Aussie,” Auckland.

I CAME across these words from Ecclesiastes the other day:

“To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away.”

Such interesting pages in our “Journal” these days, and what a lovely number of new members.

—“Roundabout,” Hunterville.

I LOVED hearing about treasured possessions. I am also most interested in the Rural Housing Survey and have posted my questionnaire. It is a lovely evening here as I write. Sometimes I think that farming is not