

From :-

MRS. D.A. SHIELDS,
374 Port Road,
HINDMARSH. S.A.

Marsha Allen discusses. -

DRESSING-GOWN WIVES.

Chapter 2.

after reading Alan Marshall's article on this subject
'Woman' April 26th, 1948.

Article, 425 Words.

DRESSING-GOWN WIVES. (Chapter 2.)

by Marsha Allen

Now that she has got Bill off to admire the attractive females on the way to work, wife Janie pours herself a cup of tea not quite so hot or so fresh as when Bill had it, and nibbles at her toast in lonely state.

How nice Bill looked going off in his well-pressed suit and fresh shirt, which is a daily occurrence; she would hate to think of him looking shabby and shoddy as did some of the fellows in her office when she went to business a couple of years ago; it preserved a man's ego to be well turned out - and a woman's too, for that matter.

Janie crossed her legs and studied the toe peeping through her slipper, the last of her trousseau slippers. What a thrill if Bill had noticed it and bought her a slashing new pair as a surprise.

Enough of day-dreams - there is a house to be made spick and span and messages to be attended to.

Janie goes to the bathroom - what an untidy lad that Bill is! soap in the bath, towel over the stool, pyjamas stuffed over the towel-rail, water, water everywhere. She recalls the occasion when Bill came in to breakfast clad only in pyjamas and slippers, but she couldn't permit that even in the interest of home-comfort and persuaded him to put on his dressing-gown. She liked to see him taking it easy like this at the week-end.

She has a shower and goes to the bed-room. Bill's gown is on the bed, his yesterday's socks and shirt are on the floor. She must cure him of that habit; why, oh why hadn't his mother taught him to be tidy. Janie dresses, does the chores and the messages, and looks fresh and attractive when Bill arrives home at 5.30. The little house, the set table, and the aroma from the kitchen are very attractive too.

As for Bill, he has a distinct trace of five o'clock shadow, a weary now-don't-worry-me-with-your-domestic-troubles look on his face. He peels off hat, coat and tie, opens his shirt at the neck, kicks off his shoes and waits to have tea dished up to him. Janie puts out their dinners and sits down, now hoping for a spot of conversation, but Bill has had enough of that all day, and eats rather noisily while otherwise maintaining a strong silence.

Silence may be golden at times, but to Janie, who has been practically alone all day, it is distinctly dull. Strong, silent, rugged men as depicted on the films don't register quite so well when alone with the wife at the evening meal. Where is the gay and lively Bill who used to call for her Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday nights with whom it was going to be such fun living and striving. The striving seems to have taken the joy out of living.

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But Janie is a woman, adaptable and hopeful, and in spite of Bill's shortcomings, he is the man she married and she is going to see to it that he mends his ways and makes a career of being a happy husband.

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THE END.