

Women and the Home

"Radio is the slender wire that brings the world and its affairs into the tiny kitchens and livingrooms which hitherto had isolated so many housekeepers in the performance of their duties." -Margaret Bondfield.

Some Problems of Discipline

Summary of a Talk on Children By Mrs. C. E. Beeby (III.)

Parents sometimes say to me, "It's all very well to say 'Don't thrash the child and don't bully him into obeying,' but do you mean that we're just to allow our children to run wild and do anything they like? A nice state of affairs that would be!"

Of course I don't mean anything of the kind. I know there is a sort of idea now that bringing up a child in the so-called modern way means letting him do just what he likes. I've even met parents who tried to bring up their children in this way, with the most devastating results.

You can't let children do just as they like, and in any case, the little child isn't happy unless he feels there is some control over him. . . . There is a good "Punch" story on this theme. A small girl has been sent out to play, but she has returned and is peering anxiously round the door and saying to her mother, "Mummy, do I have to go on doing just what I want to all the time?" . . .

If we could get into the habit of encouraging the child to do the right things instead of always forbidding him to do the wrong ones, then we'd have far less trouble over this discipline business. A busy child is seldom naughty one, and it's so much

wiser to provide a child with plenty of things he can do than to hem him in with a host of things that he can't. . . . If we could just take the trouble to find out why he wants to do this particular thing then we can try to find some other outlet for his desire. You know how the child of four or five develops a perfect passion for climbing. We don't know why he suddenly wants to climb, but he does, and he will climb furniture and trees and fences or anything that can be climbed. Furniture is expensive and trees are dangerous for the small child, but if you forbid all climbing-well, you're just asking for rebellion or deceit. . . . It's the parent's job to give him something safe to climb. A few packing cases, a small ladder, anything of this kind in the back garden, and the youngster can climb to his heart's content.

You see how much easier this discipline business can be made if parents will only adopt a "Do "instead of a "Don't" attitude towards children... If a small child starts running the taps in the bathroom and making a horrid mess with towels and soap and toothpaste, then obviously we should give him some tins and a basin of water, or perhaps a small watering-can, outside in the garden. Forbid him to play with water and you're just asking him to be unnatural. Playing with water is one of the ways in which a small child explores his little world, and finds out what it's like, and we should look on it as part of his education.

(To be continued)

These Should Interest You:

Talks prepared by the A.C.E. Home Science Tutorial Section, the University of Otago:

- "More 'Life' in the Living Room": Monday, July 17, 1YA 3 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m. "Party Food": Thursday, July 20, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.
- "Can Sea Foods Combat Goitre?": Wednesday, July 19, 4YA 3.15 p.m.
- "In Furnishing-Accessories Count": Friday, July 21, 4YA 3.15 p.m.
- "Bringing Up the Young Child": Mrs. Beatrice Beeby, Tuesday, July 18, 1YA 11.10 a.m.
- "Leaves From a Backblocks Diary The Simple Life": Mrs. Mary Scott, Friday, July 21, 2YA 8.44 p.m.
- "Fashions": Mrs. E. Early, Tuesday, July 18, 3YA 11.15 a.m.
- "Help for the Home Cook": Mrs. Dorothy E. Johnson, Friday, July 21, 3YA 11.15 a.m.
- "Louisiana Holiday-The Country of America's First Dictator": Dorothy M. Neal, Wednesday, July 19, 4YA 8.40 p.m.
- "Glamour Girls of the Ancient World": Elsie K. Morton, Thursday, July 20, 4YA 11 a.m.
- "Woman's Place in the World": Mrs. J. A. Lee, Sunday, July 16, 1ZB 4 p.m.; 2ZB 4.15 p.m.; p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.



WEEKLY RECIPE

A Swiss Recipe For A Change

RIZOTTO (Sufficient for three persons)

Ingredients: 5 oz. rice, a pint stock, 1 oz. cooking t, 2 ozs. grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion.

fat, 2 ozs. grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful chopped onion. Melt the fat in a thick saucepan and fry the onion slightly. Add the rice, which should be fried and stirred over a strong heat until it becomes transparent. At this point pour in the hot stock. (If you are short of home-made stock you may dissolve cubes of heef extract in the boiling water instead.) As soon as the liquid is added to the saucepan, the heat must be reduced and the rizotto allowed to simmer for just over twenty minutes without stirring. By this time the rice should have absorbed the stock. Remove the pan from the heat and stir in the grated cheese gently without breaking the rice. Some people add a pinch of saffron to the rizotto as it is cooking. This makes the rice turn a rich yellow colour.

Frills and Furbelows

Some day maybe, when New Zealand's history has a few more than a hundred years to its credit, we shall lead the way in the fashion world. At present, of course, we follow a couple of seasons behind what is being worn in Paris or London. This state of affairs, however, has its advantages-we are able to discard the more extreme fashions, and by the time we are ready to buy our spring clothes we know more or less what styles have come to stay. Here are a few whispers from overseas which sound intriguing.

Instead of the conventional white, brides are wearing veils of misty blue tulle, which sounds both romantic and becoming.

"Stop Red" is a colour which, to both motorist and pedestrian, needs no explanation. Use it in your accessories with a dark outfit, as a handbag, gloves, belt, or even a bolero jacket. But beware of overdoing it; one accessory is enough; you don't want to look like a motorist's nightmare.

We've also been hearing great tales of this peeping petticoat vogue, but it will take Colonials a while to decide whether this really looks coquettish-or careless. However, one very practical exponent of this mode is an ensemble which begins with a plain white tailored frock, navy spotted, having a pleated frill round the bottom. Over the top of this fits a short navy fine wool bolero jacket and a skirt constructed on the apron principle, just an inch or so shorter than the frock. This skirt is split about nine inches up the side, and the whole effect is really very

History and Home-making

Mrs. Mona Tracy, the wife of a Christchurch solicitor, is an example of how women can combine domesticity and a career. Not only is she the author of several exciting children's books dealing with life in the early days of New Zealand's history, but also

she has contributed many articles to local and overseas journals. Her speciality is the history of the West Coast, and many are the holidays she has spent among the goldfields learning of past glories from old identities. Her mother, too, is well known in journalistic circles. Mrs. Tracy will be heard from 3YA at 9.5 p.m. on Friday in a talk on "Scraps of

Youth Begins at Thirty-nine

Madeleine Kent is an English woman who married a German and went to live in Dresden twelve years ago. The Nazi revolution ended her domestic security, but she seems to possess a faculty for looking on the bright side, for she says:

You can't live through a revolution and then go on taking your own life as seriously as before. I no longer notice petty annoyances over which I should have brooded as a girl. And I also find that, now I no longer expect life to be smooth, any trifling stroke of good luck is something to marvel at. Another thing you learn when you have been as thoroughly uprooted as I have been, is that every change of fortune has its compensations. I no longer have a home of my own, but, on the other hand, for the first time since I was in my 'teens, I am not responsible for a household nor am I tied to any one place. Since I came back to England two years ago I have lived with various friends and my few personal belongings are now strewn over several counties. 🐔 I put on a summer coat in Hampshire and then realise that the bag which goes with it is in a suitcase left in Essex. But this vagabond life is so free that I often feel like getting rid of still more of my possessions and starting life again at thirty-nine with only a typewriter and a tooth brush. It may be true that a rolling stone gathers no moss, but moss is a sign of the age. Having been overgrown with it at twenty, as girls often are if they take life seriously, I am enjoying the youth that I missed then and shall be very chary of losing it again just for the sake of security."