



Women and the Home

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

LOUISIANA HOLIDAY

A Visit to Huey Long's Territory

Last month from 4YA, Dorothy Neal gave several talks on her visit to this American State. Below are accounts of a few incidents taken from her first talk

VIVIANE, my hostess, was extremely kind to all her four negroes, Susannah, Savannah, Pauline, and Mary Lou. She gave them each three enormous meals a day, together with liberal supplies of food to take home to their respective families. She went to see them in the negro hospital when they were sick, and gave their children clothes, while her husband was expected to bail out their husbands from gaol whenever necessary, which was frequently. Moreover, every five or six months the Harper's were expected to go to the negro church, and as the "white folks" of Susannah, Savannah and Co., give liberally at collection time so that their darkie servants did not lose caste among their own kind. In between fits of envy for Viviane's small army of help, I couldn't help suspecting that the darkies had got the better of this semi-feudal bargain.

However, all four maids had plenty to do when the Harper's gave a barbecue for me. A barbecue is a typically Southern form of entertainment. . . . All

day long the darkies had been busy preparing trestle tables for the feast. I say "busy," meaning that they spent a greater amount of the day than usual in movement—but do not imagine that there was ever the slightest suggestion of speed or haste. Slowly, but admittedly persistently, they piled great plates with rolls and corn meal muffins. They cut slices of cold chicken and mixed bowls of potato salad. Behind a hedge in the garden was the barbecue pit, about eighteen inches in depth, filled with burning logs and pine cones. And above the pit were iron bars from which hung a sheep which cooked there from mid-day until eight o'clock in the evening. Samuel, a black so-called "house boy," of some seventy summers, who usually spent his days meandering nonchalantly round the Harper garden, had been delegated this day to attend to the barbecued sheep. He stood by the pit all that sultry afternoon pouring Judge Harper's barbecue sauce on to the roasting animal, with a quiet philosophic smile on his wrinkled and perspiring face.

About eight o'clock the guests began to appear. . . . We all sat round the trestle table, and consumed the potato salad, polished off the cold fried chicken, toyed with the rolls and cornmeal bread, and finally embarked upon the barbecued sheep. . . . The meal lasted for hours seemingly, as everyone ate very slowly and averaged an anecdote in between each mouthful; but when it was finally ended the guests joined with Savannah and her helpers and sang plantation songs till they were hoarse. Even the "boy" Samuel sang a brief humorous little song in a quavering falsetto voice. . . . It was all grand fun.

These Should Interest You:

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

"When Accidents Happen at Home": Monday, August 14, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"Vegetables With a Difference": Thursday, August 17, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, August 18, 2YC 3 p.m.

"The Care of Food in the Home—Especially Milk": Wednesday, August 16, 4YA 2.45 p.m.

"Hints for Money Raising Efforts": Friday, August 18, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"We're Not Poor": Josephine Clare. Monday, August 14, 3ZR 3 p.m.

"Dogs' Minor Ailments and Their Treatment": Mrs. A. M. Spence-Clark. Friday, 3YA 7.45.

"Furthest North in New Zealand": Sybil Sticht. Friday, August 18, 2YA 8.40 p.m.

"Golf for the Tyro": A. J. ("Andy") Shaw—No. 3. "The Mashie and the Mashie Niblick": Saturday, August 19, 2YD 9.20 p.m.

God in the Kitchen

At the request of many readers we are printing this poem, which is sometimes used by Uncle Scrim in his Devotional Session:

Lord of all pots and pans and things, since I've
no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things, or watching late
with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawn light, or storming
Heaven's Gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals and washing
up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands, I have a
Mary mind,
And when I black the boots and shoes, Thy
Sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the earth, what time I
scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord, I haven't time for
more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy Love, and light
it with Thy Peace,
Forgive me all my worryings, and make all
grumblings cease.
Thou who did'st love to give men food, in room
or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do—I do it unto Thee.

Gift Book for Children

It is not always easy to remember what it feels like to be a child, but nearly every woman, if she thinks hard enough, will remember a little girl who loved to make fairy palaces with moss and flower petals, or who was breathless with excitement when she found a fairy ring among the grass. Such women will appreciate the book of verses by Alice A. Kenny,

entitled "The Good Goblin," and published by A. H. & A. W. Reed. But these verses are not written for grown-ups; though mothers would enjoy reading them to the young folk as a bed-time treat, they express the child's point of view. Listen to this list of "Nice Things," and see if it doesn't awaken memories:

Little dogs and cats for play,
The tool shed on a rainy day;
Finding lost balls in the hedge.
When they cut the weedy edge;
Hidey holes in grass and briars,
And little smoking garden fires.

So you mothers, and grandmothers, and aunts, who are looking for a book to please the younger folk, remember these verses by a New Zealand poet.

The Glow-worm Golden

John Hilton tells the amateur gardener that "the one thing you mustn't do about the soil or the garden or wild nature is to get sentimental about it. Or romantic. Early on I made that mistake more than once. There was that glow-worm hiding in the grass just below the staircase window. This was in the very first month. We'd none of us ever seen a glow-worm; but there it was, gleaming softly in the moonlight. We sat on the window ledge and rhapsodised over it. I quoted softly from Shelley's poem:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen
it from the view!

"At length we tip-toed out to see it at closer range. It was a sardine tin with the moonlight on it."



WEEKLY RECIPE

KHAKI SPONGE

Ingredients: ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. flour, ¼lb. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Method: Beat butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and milk, then all dry ingredients, lastly, baking powder. Cook 20 to 30 minutes: till it shrinks from the sides.

Method: Beat butter and sugar, add beaten eggs, 1 tablespoon sugar. Mix cornflour with milk, boil till it thickens. Cream butter and sugar, add to mixture and beat well.

Icing: 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon cocoa. Melt together, add icing sugar and thin down with hot water.