



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

ON HOLIDAY "Get Away From Yourself"

Has anyone ever said to you, "You need to get away"?

And you do. You know it. But where and from what? Usually the answer is, "from yourself."

I know places in New Zealand where solitude—even in the midst of rare beauty—can be wretched, depressing and at last even terrifying. These places need not be far from cities either. A range or two of our hills and no conveyance can isolate you as effectively, in some respects, as a thousand miles of ocean. You long for your "kind."

But you can also, and as much as any Garbo, long "to be alone."

It was a country woman, and one of the friendliest creatures in the world, who surprised me, and herself, into realisation of it the other day. Her life is busy with simple things in a simple community, woven inextricably into the lives of half a hundred others. She had just returned from her monthly day jaunt to town, a jaunt I knew meant a lot. I came down the path towards her and took the bundles out of her hands.

I said, "Well? Have you had a good day?"

She answered, "Yes, marvellous! I didn't see a soul I knew!"

Then we both leaned against the fenceposts and laughed. We both knew so well what that meant and that, once in a while, it was good.

She had been jostled in a crowd of human beings to whom she had meant nothing. And so, just for an hour or two, she had escaped herself. She had been no longer a wife, a mother with a hundred responsibilities and urgent duties. She had been just a woman in a crowd. And it was holiday.

These Should Interest You:

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

"Why Be Well-Groomed?": Monday, August 21, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3.0 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"The Care of Food in the Home—Especially Milk": Thursday, August 24, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, August 25, 2YC 3.0 p.m.

"The Goldmine in your Garden": Wednesday, August 23, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Time For All Things": Friday, August 25, 4YA, 3.15 p.m.

"Recreation at Home and Abroad": Talk by Takaro. Tuesday, August 22, 2YC 3.15 p.m.

"Two Englishwomen Look at New Zealand": Miss F. Street and Miss J. Powell. Sunday, August 20, 1YA 9.5 p.m.

Interview with Olga Coelho, famous Brazilian soprano: Thursday, August 24, 1YA 6 p.m.



WEEKLY RECIPE

New Method of Making Stew

Cut the required amount of steak and kidney into small pieces, and season to taste. Place in a basin, and add carrots, onion, and potatoes prepared as usual. Put the basin, uncovered, into a large saucepan containing enough water for steaming. Put the lid, which must be tightly fitting, on to the saucepan, and simmer for about four hours. The steam condensing on the lid runs down into the basin, forming gravy. If your family likes plenty of gravy you can add a little water to the stew before cooking begins.

Khaki Sponge

As a result of one of those unfortunate accidents which will happen even in the best printing offices, our last week's recipe did not reach you in its proper form. We are therefore repeating it, correctly this time.

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.

Filling: 1½ teaspoons cornflour, ½ cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 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.

Need Food Be Dull?

Do you think we might experiment with brightening up our cooking? Not that it's dull. Our cakes are as good as anywhere in the world, bar Scotland. But when it comes to meals . . . Well, I've yet to meet a good cook who hasn't, sometime, said, "O, food, —it's monotonous!"

Now, the rest of the world has lots to offer. Do you see why we shouldn't cook from foreign recipes as well as we cook from our own? I don't. Personally, I'm going to try "Pezza." They do it in Naples, and after a few weeks' ship food it tastes like ambrosia.

I can't give you the recipe because I don't know it, but I can tell you what it seems to be.

It's a kind of bread dough, with plenty of yeast, but also plenty of lard—laid on in dabs and folded in like pastry. The thing is to beat it out flat with the ball of the thumb and wrist—two hands going like the wind—into flat rounds the size of a dinner plate. Then you place on one side chopped ham, chopped cheese, mixed herbs, chopped peppers and tomato sauce. Fold the other side over so that it's like a big Cornish Pasty. Sprinkle on top more cheese (preferably a different kind) finely-grated, dabs of lard or butter, cayenne pepper, and tomato sauce.

Now comes the difficulty of the oven, but I don't see why we shouldn't be able to overcome it. The Naples one, of course, is the small baker's oven. Wood is flung in, burned to a glowing heat, then swept aside and the Pezza, set on a long-handled shovel is flung in after it, well to the back. Instantly it rises. You watch the lard melt and the cheese ooze and bubble. When it's golden brown, you get your shovel and turn it dexterously round about. When at last it's on a sizzling plate, you steer a straight course for the nearest table and don't look up till it's finished.

Ann Slade

Author's Salad Dressing

H. V. Morton, world-famous novelist, mixes his own salad dressing. Elsie K. Morton, in a talk on "Highlights in a World Tour," describing an afternoon spent with Mr. and Mrs. Morton, says: "One of the most delightfully intimate memories of my visit is that of Mr. Morton busily mixing the salad dressing at the sideboard, with that rapt intentness of purpose that an Englishman always brings to bear upon this highly technical, not to say, ticklish, job! A spoonful of some very special vinegar — I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten what kind it was—a few drops of the right kind of oil, a dash of this, the merest suspicion of that, and there you were! It was certainly a triumph. And if you doubt Mr. Morton's skill as a cook I would remind you of the recipe for Scotch broth, which he gives in his delightful "In Search of Scotland."