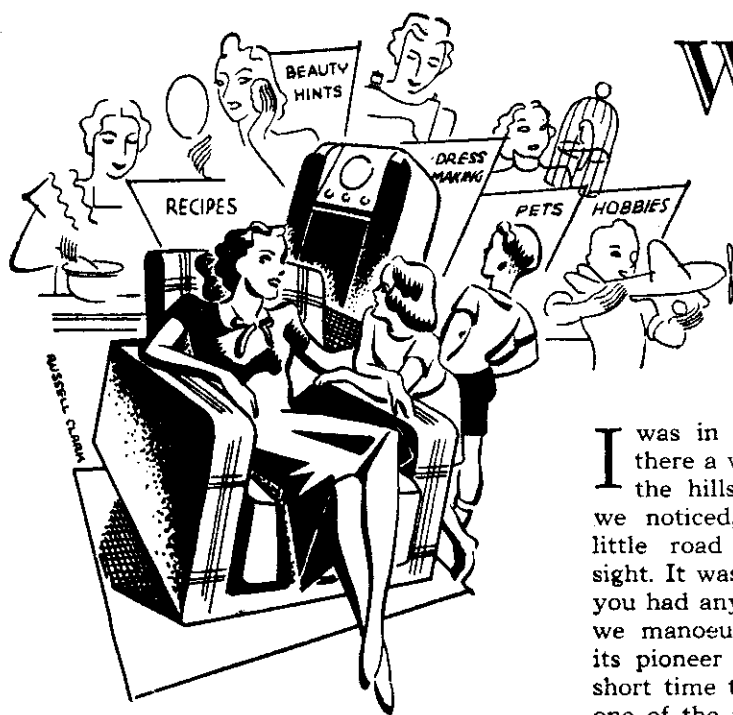


Women and the Home

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



THE POINT OF VIEW

I was in Wellington when the snow was there a week or so ago. Motoring through the hills just as we arrived at the city, we noticed, rather by accident, a narrow little road dipping suddenly and out of sight. It was the sort of road you followed if you had any time at all, so very precariously we manoeuvred its hairpin bends, its slips, its pioneer bridges, and in an astonishingly short time there we were—face to face with one of the places you feel you've sought all your life. A deep and narrow valley enclosed by a horse-shoe of mountains that rose steeply, like an arena. The ridges glittered white against a blue sky. Yellow light overflowed them, spilled its way down between the blue shadows into the greenest lush grass that cows ever munched. The tiny stream slipped, silver, into the dark of a few close-huddled macrocarpas. Lifting our

eyes to it all and the early morning, we saw at a glance that it was surely, the ideal valley.

Without even recognising the zig-zag path, I leapt up the tussocky slope that stood for front garden to the only farmhouse. Last year's pet lambs stamped at me, and chickens scuttled. A woman appeared from the rear; a child dragged at her skirts.

"What a place!" I gasped. "Surely you've the pick of all the sights in New Zealand here!"

She looked at me and pushed her fingers through her hair. To my astonishment she took every word I had said as sarcasm.

"You're right there," she said, "It's a crying shame, that's what it is! No electricity, and the road—did you come over those two bridges?"

"But," I gasped, bewildered. "It doesn't lead anywhere!"

"It leads here, that's where it leads," said the woman, looking at me intently.

"Yes, but—if they did it up people would come here!"

The woman stared, turned on her heel, entered the house and shut the door.

"Of course I'm a fool!" I thought, jerking my way back down the tussocky slope, where my car waited for the adjustment of its spare wheel. "It's all a point of view!"

Ann Slade

These Should Interest You:

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

"Time for All Things": Monday, September 4, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"The Art of Feeding Children": Thursday, September 7, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, September 8, 2YC 3 p.m.

"What People Ask About Pots and Pans": Wednesday, September 6, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Training for Home Making": Friday, September 8, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Why We Have Plunket Day": Talk by Mrs. O. T. J. Alpers. Monday, September 4, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Historical Sketch of First Aid": Talk by Representative of St. John Ambulance. Tuesday, September 5, 2YA 11.30 a.m.

"What Shall We Eat?": Talk on Food and Fitness by Dr. Elizabeth Bryson (1). Tuesday, September 5, 2YC 8.41 p.m.

"They Passed That Way—The Women of a Pioneer Family—the Chalmerses": Mrs. Cecil Wood. Tuesday, September 5, 3YA 9.5 p.m.

"Just a Job of Work": Interview with a Hospital Nurse. Friday, September 8, 4YA 8.44 p.m.

You Can't Ignore Them

When you're seriously sorting your dress ideas for this Spring don't discard the veil one. It's going to be important. Veils—secured, bunched or wafting—are being used by the Paris designers to relate hats to garments.

You can clip them tight under your chin. You can wear them scarf-wise round your hat to bunch up at the back and flow out behind. Or you can fasten them low on your throat line to flute about your shoulders.



The one I have drawn for you is circular, the tall crown coming up through an elastic circle. The throat tie, you'll notice, is twin to the hat one.

You can do almost anything you like with veils this Spring, except ignore them.

—A.T.

A Camera and Success

BUT it isn't as easy as all that, is it! We've only to experiment a few times to discover the camera's a very small part of the business.

My first "portrait" revealed a foot and trousers to the knee!

Still, it can be done, and it may be that *The Listener's* offer of prizes for a picture may help us to discover our hidden talents for photography.

Dorothy Wilding's story is heartening, anyway. It is the story of a woman who's famous enough to have her name borrowed—with the necessary alteration of an odd letter—by lesser artists in most capitals of the world.

When she was still a youngster in early 'teens picture postcards, mostly of notabilities, were everywhere. She had an idea that she could do better. So, in her spare time she weeded gardens until she had saved £60. Then she started in—learning, experimenting, failing mostly, succeeding sometimes.

That was all long ago. But to-day she is still young, dark, rather beautiful. She is Court Photographer. Her business runs into many branches. Her income is £10,000 a year.

Here's luck with your photos!

Note For Nightgowns

If you're a woman of moods and moments you'll be refreshed to know that the Spring fashion accent is on nightgowns rather than pyjamas and that they're to be glamorous as any evening gown—georgette, with close-fitted Lastex-shirred bodices and whimsical ruffles round the hems.

No sleeves—just shoulder straps—skirts flared to fit smoothly on hips, sometimes demure scalloped collars, perhaps an arc of the new sunray shirring to catch the bodice front fullness—all ideas worth noting for the Spring bride's trousseau.

—IDA



WEEKLY RECIPE

Baked Eggs

Butter some small cups of a size to hold one egg each, being careful to see that they are well covered. Sprinkle these inside with a mixture of finely chopped parsley and bacon or ham, tipping out what does not adhere to the sides. Break the egg in this, and bake in the oven. When it is done, turn it out on to a round of buttered toast on which you have also placed, if you like, a thin round of lean, warmed bacon. It looks extremely pretty, and tastes delicious.

You can vary the mixtures with which the cup is sprinkled. For example, tongue can very well be substituted for the ham, and other herbs can be used instead of, or as well as, the parsley.