

## WHILE THE KETTLE BOILS

Dear Friends,

In a little under three months now we will be celebrating New Zealand's Centennial—symbol of a hundred years of Progress, and the historic birth of a Nation.

It is not alone a job for architects, craftsmen, organisers; we, too, have our job of preparing ourselves and our homes for the festive months ahead. The eyes of the world will be on New Zealand during this time, and the hundreds of visitors to the Dominion must carry away with them the happiest memories of New Zealand hospitality and New Zealand people. That is our job—the woman's job.

Let us begin with our homes. Very few households will be without visitors at some period during the Celebrations.

First, your house itself. If you can possibly afford to give it a new coat of paint, do so. A spick-and-span exterior will not only please your visitors, but reflect itself in your own outlook. Next, your garden; make every day from now on a working day. Now is the time to plant most vegetables and all kinds of seasonable flowers. There will be a heavy call on both during this time, and market prices will soar. Apart from this, you will have a bright, glowing garden to greet your visitors.

Now step inside the house. The problem here is a more complex one, but don't despair. To begin with, make an overhaul of your cushions. They are important. Or perhaps a silk lampshade is crying out for a new cover. Curtains, too, are most important accessories. Frilly, attractive curtains can lighten and transform an entire house.

Perhaps your kitchen or your bathroom needs a new coat of paint. When you view the finished effect you will have no regrets for the extra expenditure.

Have an orgy of cleaning: suites, carpets, furniture, picture frames. Don't overlook the most trivial detail. It is all going to add to that polished, spotless effect.

With all this behind you, you can turn a free mind to your personal needs, and these are as important as your household chattels.

Start a campaign of fitness—you are going to need every ounce of energy in the busy months to come. If you are feeling run down, begin immediately on a good iron tonic. Make a point of internal cleanliness—it is a vital essential to health. Start a daily routine of exercises. Keep a watchful eye on your diet. Give your skin and hair the extra care and nourishment they need after the hard winter winds. All this is necessary if you are going to look and feel your best—and your enjoyment actually depends on that.

Now, an overhaul of your wardrobe. Set aside the garments that lend themselves to renovation. Get a good fashion book and pick out some attractive styles. If you can't do the job yourself, get the help of your local dressmaker. You'll be surprised at the number of second bests that a little wangling will transform into a new outfit.

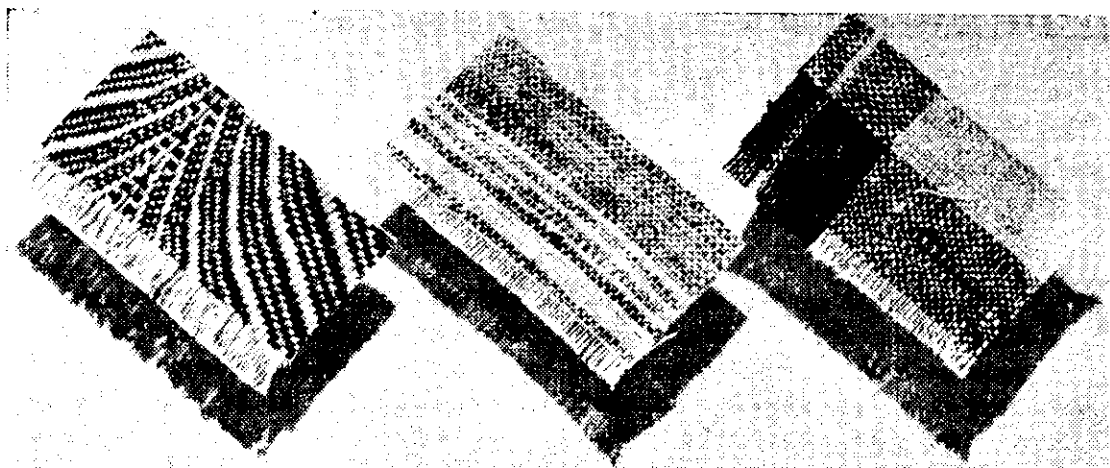
On the question of pennies, get the children to start saving now for the amusements at the Exhibition. They will want to be in the fun, and a few shillings saved is going to help a long way.

Next week I am going to give you some hints for renovating your home, improving your appearance, and freshening up your wardrobe.

In the meantime I am giving you a motto—Be prepared!

Cordially yours,

*Synthia*



**TAILORED FURNITURE:**—Quite definitely tailored furniture demands tailored furnishings, and here are some city suggestions. For the room that aims at commonsense lines—whether they're achieved in plain wood or elegant chromium—these plaids are right. You may feel, just at first, that they're lacking in colour—they're mostly in dark lines on

a cream or grey ground with perhaps a narrow gay line threading through—but that very fact provides a tremendously flattering background for your gowns. And after all, when it comes to decorativeness, it's you who wants to take pride of place and not your couch, isn't it?

—W.V.

## IN YOUR GARDEN—

### Planting by the Moon

**D**O you observe the moon the eve before planting out your seed? Perhaps you should. At least the idea seems worth considering since so many dependable gardeners swear by the results. Whether or not it is superstition or natural law, the Maoris way up in the King Country could never be persuaded that seed planted during the waning of the moon could come to good. Chinese gardeners, also, insist that this is so.

If it is true, then now is your time for planting, while the young moon is in the sky. When it is full you may rest from your labours and content yourself with tending your soil until the next "waxing" period.

Anywhere in the cities and anywhere in the country—and I imagine, anywhere in New Zealand—we'll come upon camellia trees. At the moment they're out. Cheerful, shining, enamel-like leaves, and stiff, yet delicate flowers. We don't value them extraordinarily, as far as I know. I think we take them pretty much for granted. I was astonished when I was told by a visiting American the other day that in his parts they paid as much as forty pounds for a single bloom!

—E.L.D.

## Home Doctoring

In some families at the moment there is an outbreak of facial sores (impetigo) among the "Very Juniors." It's distressing to see the clear skin of your youngest breaking out in horrible infected sores, and it takes a bit of clearing up. Thoroughly cleanse each one with really weak antiseptic, or even warm soap and water. Dab on zinc ointment, and then dust over with powdered starch. They spread by contact,

so it's wiser whenever possible to keep them covered. They should clear right away in about ten days.

—S.W.

## Spring Lamb

It's not another recipe, it's the real thing—I all but stumbled over one on the slope of a wild hillside last week-end. Being a mere city ignoramus, I did a foolish thing—I picked it up. The mother sheep sprang out from a near-by clump of gorse and went bleating up over the hill, and since I didn't want her new-born on my hands I set out after her. It was a crazy chase over rocks and blackened sticks. When at last I more or less caught up and put the infant down I was horrified to see that it sprang on to its wobbly legs and staggered after me! I simply took to my heels, and halfway down the hill I hid and saw that the mother had returned to it.

I knew the tale about birds or eggs being deserted when touched by human hands. What I didn't know was that the same applied to sheep. Later in the day the farmer explained that and a lot more!

—A.T.

## Cold Day Economies

These cold days suggest soup as a welcome preliminary to a meal. The only thing is how to provide some sort of variety. Even the woman who follows her cookery book to the letter comes to an end of new recipes. But the woman who uses imagination as an ingredient can seldom fail to turn out something interesting.

Take, for instance, vegetable waters. Not one should be thrown away. They will add an appetising something to the plainest stock and one hundred per cent. more nutriment.

If you have a cold salad left over, don't for a moment think of discarding it. Even a little—providing the lettuce is removed and the rest chopped finely—will add a distinctive flavour. The addition of even a spoonful of mayonnaise will get the best connoisseur guessing.

—M.F.

## This Freedom

German women have considerable freedom. Their children all have equal chances. Talent is snapped up and developed. There is no class barrier.

On the other hand, women must wear stockings whether they like it or not, may not walk in the streets alone after a certain hour, may not smoke in public, must possess a portrait of Herr Hitler in their homes, and must give the Nazi salute instantly whenever required.

Which makes their freedom sound a little less free.