



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.

PINK SATIN—

I VISITED a woman the other day who happened to be digging out all the old baby gear she possessed for a friend. She was on her knees before a cupboard that positively tumbled its contents at her feet—toys, garments, shawls, trappings—bits of things she had put away from dust and wear because she cherished them.

She had got as far as the cot. Not the big thing with sliding bars but the small first crib that a newborn nestles into. This one was of the canvas folding variety. It stood beside her while she unwrapped and spread out its satin and net trimmings.

"Heavens!" she said, "what a lot of rubbish one stows away! This never looked anything really, I suppose, and yet . . ." she paused, "at the time I thought it was nice."

And she still thought it was nice. You could tell that by the way her fingers lifted and held it—tried it straight—tried it in little gathers.

"We took two evenings, doing it," she added, "Mother and I. I remember I thought I'd never been so tired. I don't know why we'd left it so late like that. Tony was born next day."

I watched her fingers, fascinated. They were so tender.

"Do you like the pink? It's peach really, of course! He did look adorable. I used to stand and stare at him. I suppose every mother's a fool over her baby . . . but you know that warm dark skin. I was glad he wasn't fair . . . he seemed so much more alive . . ."

She broke off.

A child of seven came into the room and stood beside us. His skin was dark and warm.

"What's that?" he said.

"Mind your own business! I'm sorting things—go away!"

He stretched a finger to touch a ribbon bow.

"Don't touch that. Don't you dare to touch anything!"

She jumped to her feet and grabbed the child by his slender shoulders and shook him.

"Get out, can't you? And stay out! I thought I told you not to come bothering me. I'm sick and tired of you—wretched little beast!"

She pushed him roughly outside the door and came heavily back to her task. I could not speak. I watched her fingers as she crammed the last of the things—hand-worked pillows, silken sheets, cover of hem-stitched linen—back into the cot. They were uncaring, rough, almost vicious.

"Well, there's the lot. And I hope they enjoy them! Women are mad to have children!"

What do you think?

Ann Slade

These Should Interest You:

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

"Things the Best People Don't Do": Monday, November 27, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"How to Get 100% Value from Your Refrigerator": Wednesday, November 29, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"How to Save Money, but be Better Nourished": Thursday, November 30, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, December 1, 2YA 3 p.m.

"How to Sun Tan and What to Wear When Suntanned": Friday, December 1, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Fashions": Mrs. E. Early. Tuesday, November 28, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Children We All Know—The Clinging Child": Miss D. E. Dolton. Wednesday, November 29, 3YA 7.35 p.m.

"Black-Outs and Highlights of a World Tour" (2): Miss Elsie K. Morton. Thursday, November 30, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Bringing Up a Puppy": Mrs. A. M. Spence-Clark. Friday, December 1, 3YA 7.40 p.m.

"Flower Arrangement": President, Society of N.Z. Professional Florist Artists. Saturday, December 2, 2YA 10.45 a.m.



WEEKLY RECIPE

VEAL BRAWN

Ingredients: 2lbs. knuckle of veal, 2 pints water, a large blade of mace, salt to taste and clove, 1 bay leaf if procurable, white peppercorns, tomatoes or devilled eggs, mustard and cress or lettuce for garnishing.

Wipe the veal, cut it up enough to go into saucepan. Cut rind off bacon and put in saucepan with the veal. Add water, spices and salt. Bring to the boil. Skim, cover and simmer from 1½ hours to 2 hours till tender. Remove the veal, cut the meat into small pieces, put aside and return the bones to the pot. Cover and simmer again for two or three hours, when the stock should be reduced to about 1 pint. Strain it into a basin, add meat, season again if necessary and pour into a wet mould. When set turn out and garnish with any garnishings in season. Sliced tomato and heart of lettuce, devilled eggs, and mustard and cress and beetroot and lettuce all look nice. This amount makes enough for 5 or 6 people.

In Summer Mood

This is what Marcel Rochas does about it:

A simple frock of crinkled crepe with sleeves that pouch and then fit tightly, frilled with organdi just above the elbow and running up the outer arm as far as the pouch.

Organdi, also, the bib collar fastening at back. Cut it to fit, frill it with a slight flare and place your two flat bows down the middle and you've got it.

Hat of crisp straw, fine and open and thinly lacquered, sits halo-wise.

Note the new lattice-pattern of the material, caught with careless bows.

Colours for this model are navy and gorse-yellow, with white. Nothing could be more alert to express a youthful attack on summer.

Fresh And Thirty

"Marriage, Housekeeping, Babies—and all that" is no excuse for looking drab at thirty. You should be at your best and most attractive age. You have lived. You are balanced and experienced. And the poise that comes with these things is a very potent charm.

Get to work as enthusiastically as ever you did on that nice skin of yours, on that soft hair, on those lovely nails. You'll find you've got it all over the girl of eighteen, and wonder what you've been thinking about!



"Colours are navy and gorse-yellow, with white"