



# 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 HOLIDAY PLAN Where Did You Go For Christmas?

WHAT with one thing and another—mostly streamers and crowded pavements and floods—the Christmas holiday idea had us before we knew where we were. Many of us, of course, had not attempted to keep it at bay—we'd given ourselves up to a welter of cards or cooking. We'd looked out all last year's unused gifts and decided where they might be sent with safety—and dropped all the essential hints about our own requirements. An odd hot day began the diverting game of accumulating a summer wardrobe. A week of drowning deluge thrust its importance temporarily aside. But the shops, crowded with the usual glitter of seductive but quite worthless objects which one gives and receives, insisted with relentless reiteration, "Christmas is a'comin' in" . . . Well, and what did we do about it?

Just for fun I went the rounds with the hackneyed question, "Where're you going for Christmas?"

I climbed the stairs to a bindery stacked high with books and journals and pamphlets in the making. Great columns of paper partitioned us about and all but hid the workers at one end from those at the other. At a long trestle table, women and girls sorted and counted, sorted and counted, looked up to grin cheerfully but didn't lose count. At a curious-looking machine a girl sat working a treadle. Down came a steel arm and put in the clips—"clip, clip"—"clip, clip." How many score to the minute I did not wait to count. "Whirr" when the belts that shot off counted sheaves in accurate numbers. "Zimm" went the guillotines and cut the great mountains of paper through like butter.

"Gloria" sat with her back to a window grinning widely.

"Where're you going Christmas?" I said.

"There'll only be Christmas Day and Boxing Day for us," she said. "I expect we'll laze in the morning and then go to the Exhibition. I've been—but once is no good—you need a few half days to see it all."

"And Boxing Day?"

"O, we're going cycling—Eastbourne probably. We'll swim and lie in the sun. We always do."

"Who's 'we'?"

"O—us—and, well, our boy friends," she added, rather shy.

"Jolly," I said. "What do you wear?"

"For cycling? O, shorts," said Gloria. "And sand-shoes and socks with bare legs and wide hats for the sun."

Her fingers never stopped feeding her machine. The belts were whirling her printed sheets away and folding them—once, twice, and again—then dropped them into neat piles. A paper crumpled. There was a jam and she switched off to tear away the bungled strip that was obstructing. She looked up at me with a half-shy toss of her dark bobbed hair.

"I've got a new frock for Christmas Day," she said. "It's nice."

So's Gloria, I thought, and, what's more, she's typical.

"Dulcie" was petite and blonde but her eyes were dark and roguish. She brushed the long runner that went the full length between the tables of the cafe. She whisked the day's dust and crumbs first to one side, then to the other, as though it were part of the game of living and that was good fun.

"Where're you going Christmas?" I said out of the blue.

Dulcie could never be disconcerted. She stopped whisking, straightened, leaned on her broom and looked at me with the roguish eye.

"Me? I'm going with an Army boy," she offered instantly, "and I don't care where."

"Just you?" I asked.

"No—there'll be a bundle of us," she said. "We'll have dinner at a pub—and a car—and a cabaret. And we mean to have a good time."

"What are you wearing?"

"My new costume, of course. It's small black and white check with a tiny hat—black with a veil. And I know three things I'm getting, too . . . a purse (the kind you wear over your shoulder) a bottle of sherry and a tin of cigarettes. Leastways, I hope it's a tin," she added.

And for us all—or most of us—it was Christmas dinner, the traditional one, right through to puddings and nuts and raisins. Funny—that. But after all, there's nothing acutely festive in a tin of salmon, is there?

### These Should Interest You:

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nelle Scanlan. Tuesday, January 9, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Recreation at Home and Abroad": "Takaro." Tuesday, January 9, 2YA 3.15 p.m.

"Bits and Pieces": "Isobel." Thursday, January 11, 1YA 11 a.m.

"What Shall We Eat?" (1): "Food and Fitness." Dr. Elizabeth Bryson. Thursday, January 11, 1YA 7.40 p.m.

"Our Friends in the Insect World": "Belinda." Thursday, January 11, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Book Review": Miss G. M. Glanville. Thursday, January 11, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Miss J. M. Shaw. Friday, January 12, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the Christchurch Branch of the National Council of Women. Friday, January 12, 3YA 7.35 p.m.

"Music and Flowers": Miss Peggy Hoyt. Saturday, January 13, 2YA 10.45 a.m.



### WEEKLY RECIPE

#### KIDNEY OMELETTE

**Ingredients:** 1 tablespoon thick brown sauce, ½ teaspoonful very finely chopped onion, 3 eggs, 1 sheep's kidney, pepper and salt, 1½ ozs. butter.

Cook the kidney and onion by tossing in half the butter. Cut the kidney into small dice and mix the onion, kidney and sauce together and keep hot. Break the eggs into a bowl, together with the remaining butter and seasoning. Beat until smooth, but not into a froth. Melt a little butter in a frying pan, then pour it off to leave the pan just "wet." Pour in the mixture and stir it vigorously with a fork, keeping the pan moving quickly to and fro over the heat all the time. Spread the kidney mixture on top and when cooked fold the omelette over in three, brown underneath and serve.



Sweden is a bit far off for most of us to visit, but these girls have got the holiday idea, too. They're members of Britain's League of Health and Beauty and when photographed they were being farewelled by Earl de la Warr before they left for a gymnastic congress at Stockholm. Nearest the camera is Lady Douglas Hamilton (Miss Prunella Stack) leader of the League