



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 BOXING DAY IN THE MORNING

by Ann Slater

IT was three in the morning of Boxing Day and we were all perched on Sheila's bed at that wide-awake stage that precedes sheer exhaustion. Sheila's gold head on the pillow was very bright in the glow of the reading lamp. The rest of us were in shadow.

Someone said, "It's a shame to keep this child awake. Come on off to bed, you wretches."

But Sheila begged at once, "O, don't go. Please don't go. I've been so miserable all day. I'm terribly glad you woke me up."

"What did you do with yourself?"

night, so the only thing to do was to trudge through snow to the little village which was about a mile away, and put up at the local pub.

"It was all rather eerie and bitterly cold, but when I got there the place was lit with lamps and candles and a great fire flung its glow on the low ceilings. There appeared to be quite a gathering—mostly men. When I came in they were all in loud argument, but the moment I spoke to the landlord they fell silent and looked me up and down with far from friendly glances.

"One of them came forward and spoke to me and immediately I found myself the subject and centre of furious debate. Some seemed to be giants in that uncertain light, and their faces were so fierce and dark I had a job to pretend I wasn't scared. I really did think they'd set about me. It was only when I said my father was Irish that the excitement seemed to die down, and after a slice of cold chicken I got safely to bed.

"In the morning it was all explained to me. It seemed an English paper—the *Daily Mail* or some such one—had published an article in which a theory was put forward that Christ was a hunchback. For days

not only the papers but everything English that came into that village had been torn to little bits and burnt in a great bonfire. My London accent nearly earned me the same fate, and I thanked Heaven for the circumstances of an Irish parent."

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PADDY'S STORY

"YES, Ireland's a queer place to get off the beaten track in," said Paddy, "I believe my weirdest Christmas Day was there, too. I was doing all the small villages with a show. "Playboys" and "Playgirls" of course we were called, and every mother's son for miles around had saved up half a year to come.



"... There, sitting in all the confusion, was a great brown bear pushing the last of our cake into his mouth"

"I had Christmas dinner with a person I loathe, and hated every mouthful."

"How beastly," I sympathised, "Let's all tell the wretchedest of strangest Christmas dinners we've had." We'd all crept into our thirties, except young Sheila, and lived in odd holes and corners—"You begin, Nancy."

"Right," she said, and leaned forward into the light.

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NANCY'S STORY

"IT was during my trip to see relatives in Ireland. I was due to visit an Uncle in the south and by some mistake there was no one to meet me at the station. It was

These Should Interest You:

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nelle Scanlan. Tuesday, January 16, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"What Shall We Eat? (2) The First Food": Dr. Elizabeth Bryson. Thursday, January 18, 1YA 7.40 p.m.

"Our Friends in the Insect World": "Belinda." Thursday, January 18, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the Christchurch Branch of the National Council of Women. Thursday, January 18, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Help For The Home Cook": Miss J. M. Shaw. Friday, January 19, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Your Dog, Distemper and Accidents, How to Treat Them": Mrs. A. M. Spence-Clark. Friday, January 19, 3YA, 7.35 p.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers Across the Footlights": Leonard Liebling. Saturday, January 20, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Bringing Up the Small Child": Mrs. C. E. Beeby. Saturday, January 20, 4YA 10.50 a.m.



WEEKLY RECIPE

CINNAMON AND ORANGE LOAF

Ingredients— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, lard or margarine; grated rind of one orange; 1 egg; 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon; 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; 2oz. castor sugar; 2oz. finely-chopped candied orange peel; milk to mix (about $\frac{1}{4}$ pint).

Sieve the flour, salt, cinnamon and baking powder into a basin. Rub in the fat with the tips of the fingers until it is evenly divided. Add the sugar, chopped orange peel and grated orange rind. Stir well and add the beaten egg and milk, until the mixture is of a stiff, dropping consistency. A little more or less milk may be needed according to the size of the egg or the consistency of the flour. Put the mixture into a well greased bread tin and bake in a moderate oven for 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, according to the thickness of the loaf.