



# 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 SOLDIERS MARCHING

By Alison Grant

### These Should Interest You:

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nelle Scanlan. Tuesday, January 23, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Fashions": Mrs. E. Early. Tuesday, January 23, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"What Shall We Eat? Food and the Family": Dr. Elizabeth Bryson. Thursday, January 25, 1YA 7.40 p.m.

"Our Friends in the Insect World": "Belinda." Thursday, January 25, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the National Council of Women. Thursday, January 25, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Cocker Spaniels": Mrs. A. M. Spence-Clark. Friday, January 26, 3YA 7.40 p.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in the Office": Grover Cleveland. Saturday, January 27, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Bringing Up the Small Child": Mrs. C. E. Beeby. Saturday, January 27, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

### Of Make-Up

She is walking beside her first sweetheart when they pass a highly-tinted lady.

The boy says "I hate all that paint and stuff, don't you darling?"

Hastily, guiltily, she wipes a handkerchief over her own lips. "It's not so good when it's overdone."

"It's ghastly, however it's done."

The next time she meets him she wears no make-up. They argue about politics, and the boy decides that he's not really in love, after all.

—Kathleen Hewitt



### WEEKLY RECIPE

#### DATE LOAF

Ingredients: 4 cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1lb. stoned dates, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons baking soda, pinch salt, handful walnuts.

Method: Soak dates and soda in boiling water until cool. Then add to dry ingredients and bake in slow oven.

TODAY is Thursday, January 4, 1940. Yesterday I stood on the pavement while my small boy with a host of others squeezed to the front of the crowd to see.

Men in khaki were marching in file. Left, right, left, right. A rope lay taut across the roadway. Every fifth man turning the corner tripped on it. That meant his head was up. What was he seeing?

I watched for the next one and followed his gaze. It was on the tall sombre green of the Tinakoris.

He's known that hill . . . like me . . . gold, when he was a little boy, I thought, and now it matters more than the crowd.

The band struck up.

"There's a long, long trail a'winding . . ."

O! not that—that, of all things . . . "into the land of my dreams . . ." A cheap voice picked it up without emotion. The only one.

"Oughtn't we to cheer them?" someone said. "Hurray." A little boy waved a tupenny flag.

The band floated back—thin on the bright sunlit air. "Where the nightingales are singing . . ."

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"My son wants to enlist. I can't help being against war. I think it can't be right. But I fear he won't be persuaded.—D.L.H."

(Won't be persuaded what—that war is criminal madness? No one really believes anything else. But we must face the fact that we live in a world not wise enough yet to avoid it. As for your boy. You must let him do what he will—whether it be to go or to stay. The best we can be is ourselves. Do you understand?)

"Both my children find their school life very unhappy. We have a chance to exchange our house for one in another suburb. Do you think it right to uproot them? The boy is in standard three and the girl standard one.—R.G."

(Have you investigated the reasons? There may be some simple and easily rectifiable explanation. Especially as they are in different standards and have different teachers. Still, if you are convinced the fault is at or with the school, a move would be wise.

1940? No, it was '14. I was a little girl in a coat of blue lustre and a wide school hat.

The men grew inches. Their step was springing. Their faces were radiant in a way that made my eyes suddenly sting—the way they do sometimes on an early Spring morning—the way when you look on beauty.

They rounded the corner.

There was my cousin, the dark tall one . . . my favourite uncle with a long look for me . . . my brother, head and shoulders above the rest, with the glory, even then, of Gallipoli in his eyes.

What Gods.

"It's a long way to Tipperary . . ."

My small boy pushes through the crowd to me and looks up at my face.

"What's the matter, Mother?"

But it isn't only at me he's looking—it's at the other women beside me, silent—my age mostly, too, with children now . . . at the faces of the lads—shut, stubborn, puzzled.

In every face there is the question. "WHY has it happened again . . . ?"

"Ssh!" I whisper, "Nothing—nothing at all. Look at the soldiers marching . . ."

Do you feel happier about the school to which they would go? You have surely not much time before holidays are done? Write again if you still feel uncertain in the matter.)

### Dancing For The People

Interest in the English Folk Dance has been growing rapidly throughout our country, and last November our two-year-old New Zealand Society for English Folk Dancing linked up with the Cecil Sharp Movement in England.

On the main floor of the Assembly Hall at the Centennial Exhibition groups representing Auckland, New Plymouth, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, Timaru and Invercargill gathered to conclude their Summer School with an interesting programme.

Swords are used in the Ceremonial Dances, and it struck me that an attempt at period peasant dress and an outdoor setting would make a delightful entertainment or a definitely interesting one.