

# 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



## A LITTLE BUILDING AND A BIG EXPERIMENT

EVER been to Feilding? There's a little building there, in one of the streets backing the Square, that is nothing much architecturally. Fact is, I'm told, an earthquake shook the top off it. Which fact proved pretty lucky for a scheme growing in the mind of an altruistic and tireless man.

H. C. D. Somerset, M.A., couldn't see—and a good many of us can agree with him—why our minds should stop functioning (or, at least, developing) with the termination of our school years.

You know the woman who "had ideas once" but somehow "never came to anything"? And the man who "promised to go far" but "just didn't happen"? In a sense they're you and me, aren't they?

"How's your music?"

"O, I've dropped all that now . . ."

"Look here, weren't you pretty good at painting?"

"Was, maybe. Never touch it now. You know how it is . . ."

But America's women have shown us that our powers of achievement can be made to keep on keeping on—the notion that they must dwindle at thirty or thereabouts has been proved the sheerest nonsense. In spite of homes and families, business and responsibilities, we can proceed. "In spite of them?" Good Lord, *because* of them. We owe it to our youngsters coming on, to our friends, to ourselves. There are too many people walking about our streets who "died" fifteen years ago.

Now, in Feilding—in this little ex-Town Hall that nobody wanted because the top fell off—is a centre of stimulus that provides incalculable pleasure and health. Health, not only of the physical variety, but of the more complex mental kind we are so apt to ignore. A Community Centre—State run—touching any and every interest that appears to be needed—gymnasium, diet, child study, psychology, drama, poetry, art, language, and world affairs.

It works under the general direction of L. J. Wild, Headmaster of that most excellent Feilding Agricultural High School. But it is to Mrs. Somerset that much of the credit is owing for her tireless activity and enthusiasm. Her job it is to find and keep a finger on the pulse of women's needs and interests. Her two small boys lose nothing and gain much.

This is one Centre of proved usefulness. Is there any reason why there shouldn't be more?

### These Should Interest You:

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nello Scanlan. Tuesday, January 30, 2YA, 10.45 a.m.

"What Shall We Eat? Fads and Fancies": Dr. Elizabeth Bryson. Thursday, February 1, 1YA, 7.40 p.m.

"Our Friends in the Insect World": "Belinda." Thursday, February 1, 2YA, 10.45 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the Christchurch Branch of the National Council of Women. Thursday, February 1, 3YA, 11.15 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Miss M. A. Blackmore. Friday, February 2, 3YA, 11.15 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: The Influence of Flowers": Princess Alexander of Kropotkin. Saturday, February 3, 2YA, 10.45 a.m.

"Bringing Up the Small Child (3)": Mrs. C. E. Beeby. Saturday, February 3, 4YA, 10.50 a.m.

"Woman's Place in the World": Mrs. J. A. Lee. Sundays from 12B at 4 p.m., and from 22B and 42B at 4.15 p.m.

Shopping Reporter — from all ZB Stations, Monday to Saturday, 11.30 a.m.

Home Service Session — from all ZB Stations, Monday to Friday, 2.30 p.m.

Nutrition, discussed by Dr. Guy Chapman and Marina, 12B, Monday, January 29, 12.45 p.m.

Weekly Women's Session. 12B Monday, January 29, 4.30 p.m.

Home Decorating Session: Anne Stewart. Tuesday and Thursday at 10 a.m. Saturday at 7.30 p.m. from all ZB Stations.



### WEEKLY RECIPE GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Ingredients: 3lbs. grapefruit, 2 lemons, 9 pints water, 9lbs. sugar.

Method: Cut up the fruit and add water. Stand 24 hours, boil 1½ hours. Stand another 24 hours and then boil 1 hour with sugar.

### "You've Got To Get Used To People . . ."

I MET my nurse friend again—the one who regretted her maternity course over the Christmas week. She's fairly normal again now, I imagine, and it's jolly remaking her acquaintance after all these years.

"Anyhow," I said, "you'd be very much in the front of the picture for the Christmas festivities. It would be THE Christmas present you'd be handing them. Did they hand you marvellous things in return? What did you get in your stocking?"

"Well—you won't believe me, but I didn't get a thing."

"What! But from the family, I mean—the parents of the child?"

"I'm telling you," she answered mildly. "I got exactly nothing."

"Not a greeting? Not a card?" I cried amazed.

"Not a card. Not a greeting."

"But good heavens! Look what you'd done for them—apart from Christmas feeling and all that."

"Still," she smiled, "that's how it was. It did feel a bit strange—it was my first time away from home. I expect that was it—waking up on Christmas morning and nobody noticing you. Of course, they were all rather taken up with their own presents. . . O, I was busy anyhow. I guess we're not all built alike. You've got to get used to people. . ."

Still, it beats me. An exhausted but still cheerful nurse hands you a brand new child and you don't even say "Merry Christmas" on Christmas morning! No, it's a kind of person I, for one, refuse to get used to.

*Ann Slade*

### Are Our Men Lonely?

I suppose it's possible to be lonely in New York? People told me I'd be lonely in London, but though I tried for just on twelve years I never managed it.

Anyhow, lonely men in New York can now do something about it. They simply phone up a Female Escort Service and book a partner for the evening's frivolities. These women will gallivant round the city with a "decent" man till midnight for the modest sum of ten dollars, plus two dollars taxi charge. If the party's going well and the client wishes to have their company till 2 a.m., that's another five dollars; till 4 a.m., another five dollars.

These partners are called "hostesses." Most of them are conveniently widowed or divorced. But they are hired for their "mature, cultured and travelled qualities," and they must have six character testimonials from persons of definite and substantial position.

Apparently there are rules in the game. They may never give their real name and address, and they may never accompany a man anywhere except to public places.

It doesn't say what to do if you begin to yawn at ten-thirty. Pay the lady off and lose your money?

And what of lonely women?