

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



SHE DRAWS HER PUBLIC

STROLLING through the Exhibition General Exhibits you'll come upon a stall decorated on all its available space with water-colour heads of young men and maidens, some few children, and a scattering of "older" people.

The half-disclosed "cubby-hole" behind all this is busy most of the day, and night, with their manufacture. The artist is an unusually normal one—a girl in her early twenties with rounded cheeks, heavy-lidded eyes, and a mouth that obviously takes life for the joke it is.

"O, it just happened," she laughed, when I asked her how she got there. "Not suddenly, of course—the idea was in my mind for some time that I'd like to come up to Wellington and do this when the Exhibition opened. Before? Oh yes, I taught—at the two leading girls' schools of my town. But then I tired of teaching—it's dull."

"Deadly dull, I should say," I agreed. "But what then?"

"O, well—I took a studio—a large one, with a dance floor, and did murals. Sort of 'free lanced.' Special jobs—whole wall strips for special Balls, you know—Racing, Medical, etc. It was rather a fashion. The best time, really, though, I believe, was sketching Ring Giants—wrestlers, boxers, sprinters—for a Sports Paper. I had to work racketty hours, of course. They arrived at all sorts of odd times and had to be sketched quickly at such odd places—like Railway Stations. It was fun."

"Good training, too, I should say."

"Yes. And then I came up here, and had a fortnight in the Miramar Film Studios to get the hang of the work they do there. At

the same time I made arrangements for this."

"It tires you a bit, doesn't it?"

"Tires! I'm just dead weary—run down and depressed beyond words. It isn't the hours in this place—it's the airlessness. It's absolutely killing. I'm getting away, though, this week-end. Three days in the country to just lie in the sun!"

"And after the Exhibition—what would you like to do then?"

"Then? Well—do you know? I'd give anything to get home to England and join the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. I just love tinkering with metal."

A whistle screamed suddenly about us—filled the air with its piercing shriek. Ten o'clock. Yes, this girl was certainly run down. She clamped her hands over her ears and shut her eyes, shuddering from head to foot.

For the full five minutes she stood there leaning against the wall while I examined odd photos of past achievements—one or two in clay.

At last it stopped.

"I just can't stand it," she apologised, "I don't know how you do."

"It's not really very different from an Air Raid warning," I said, and she looked at me quickly, thoughtfully revolving her ambition.

"Now for the Cabaret," she said, collecting her gear. "I hope to heaven there are a few worth-while faces at the supper tables!"

"What! There too? Apparently there's no forty-hour week for you!"

All about us the Exhibition was shutting up shop, and with a whirl and a wave she was gone.

Ann Slade

These Should Interest You:

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

"Furnishing the New Home." Monday, March 11, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 2YA 3 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"Answers to Inquiries." Wednesday, March 13, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"The Chemistry of Successful Jam-Making." Thursday, March 14, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, March 15, 2YA 3 p.m.

"Wardrobe Review." Friday, March 15, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Help for the Hard of Hearing": Mrs. Hurd-Wood. Monday, March 11, 2YA 7.45 p.m.

"Ships and Shoes and Sealing Wax": Miss Nelle Scanlan. Tuesday, March 12 and Friday, March 15, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

Talk under the Auspices of the Christchurch Branch of the National Council of Women. Thursday, March 14, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers in Art": Malcolm Vaughan. Saturday, March 16, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Leaves from a Backblocks Diary: The Simple Life": Mrs. Mary Scott. Saturday, March 16, 3YA 11 a.m.

"Woman's Place in the World": Mrs. J. A. Lee, at stations 2ZB and 4ZB at 4.15 p.m. on Sundays, and at 1ZB at 4 p.m.

"Shopping Reporter," by Suzanne. 2ZB Wellington at 11.30 a.m. from Monday to Friday inclusive.

"Home Service Session": Gran. 1ZB Auckland, 2.30 p.m. Monday to Friday inclusive.

"Apple Telephone Quiz." All ZB stations, Saturday, March 16, at 8 p.m.

Aunt Daisy. All ZB stations every day except Sunday at 8.45 a.m.

How It Is Said

What's the nineteen-forty love sentiment—if any? And how—O, how—shall we say it in the year two thousand?

It's the same old soul-stirring emotion whether a man's love be

"... the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June"

(Bobby Burns version, 1760)

or—with any 1932 American,
"... the cream in my coffee,
... the salt in my stew."

1435 has it:

"An hendy hap I hadde hent
I wot from heaven it is me sent
From all wymmen my love is lent
And lit on Alisoun."

But 1840 discovers another manner:

"Amo Amas, I love a lass,
As a primrose sweet and tender,
Sweet cowslip grace is her nominative case
And she's of the feminine gender!"

In 1350 the lover took himself very seriously:

"O thou my sorrow and my gladnesse,
O thou my hell and my sicknesse,
O thou my well, O thou my woe,
O thou my frende, O thou my foe..."

But, in 1935:

"You're the top.
You're a dress by Patou.
You're the top.
You're an Epstein statue...
... You're Mahatma Ghandi,
You're Napoleon Brandy,
You're pumpkin pie."

And it probably hurt just as much.



WEEKLY RECIPE

CARROT JAM

Select 3 lbs. of young, sweet carrots, wash and scrape well and add 3 lemons and 3 oranges, either sliced thinly or put through the mincer with the carrots. Cover with plenty of cold water and boil till soft—about an hour—then add 1 cup of sugar to each cup of pulp, and boil till it sets when tried in a saucer.