

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

INTERVIEW

FROM ONE SCRIBBLER TO ANOTHER



These Should Interest You

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

"Training for Good Posture Habits." Monday, June 10, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"Savoury Dishes for Tea." Wednesday, June 12, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Cutting Down the Meat Bill." Thursday, June 13, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA

FROM THE ZB STATIONS

"Yes—No—Jackpots!" 2ZB at 8.45 p.m. on Tuesdays

"The Speedee Telephone Quiz." From all ZB Stations at 8.15 on Saturday evenings

A "Tonic Talk," by Doctor Herbert Sutcliffe, at 3.45 p.m. on Wednesday, June 12, from 3ZB

"King's Cross Flats." At 7.15 p.m. on Fridays and Saturdays from 4ZB

2.30 p.m.; Friday, June 14, 2YA 3 p.m.
"Keeping Household Expenses Down." Friday, June 14, 4YA, 3.15 p.m.

Talk by a representative of the Wellington Red Cross Society. Tuesday, June 11, 2YA, 11.30 a.m.

"Outdoors in Australia: Plant Life in Australia": Miss Alatheia Solomons, B.Sc. Thursday, June 13. 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Miss M. A. Blackmore. Friday, June 14, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers and Personality": Mme. Helena Rubinstein. Saturday, June 15, 1YA, 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers and the Theatre": Blanche Yurka. Saturday, June 15, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Flowers and the Film Stars": Carolyn Van Wych. Saturday, June 15, 3YA 11 a.m.

"Music and Flowers: Marionettes and Flowers": Tony Sarg. Saturday, June 15, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

WHAT is one to do when one meets one's own kind—a fellow scribbler? Fall straightway into a discussion of shop, of course; and then, with that off our chests, survey each other as distinct individuals.

My own survey was pleasant. A most "unbookish" looking person; an Australian touring New Zealand in search of "colour."

I asked her had she found any, and she replied that she had found one most distinctive colour—green. She said New Zealand is the greenest land she had ever hoped to see. The eternal green of the hills, the bush and the gardens, are a constant source of wonder to her. Of the other type of colour she was still trying to capture it.

She had hoped to make a close study of the Maori people—their background and their mythology. But, after meeting several of the Maoris in person she despaired of ever capturing the real spirit of them, in the short period of time at her disposal.

A "Maori" Dinner

She attended a Maori dinner in Otaki, but she confessed her disappointment, for, instead of the original dishes which she had expected to find, the ordinary pakeha dinner of soup, roasts and sweets was served to the guests.

I told her she might not have liked many of the native dishes, but she stuck to her point. Some of the Maori girls she considers strikingly lovely—and a few of the men like young gods.

"Now we have got properly into a discussion," I said, "What about giving me an interview—about yourself, I mean. Would the experience be unique?"

She laughed.

"I was once interviewed by a newspaper woman, who described 'the golden glint of my hair shimmering in a shaft of sunlight.' When she interviewed me, I remember, it was raining dismally..."

"Poetic licence," I said. "Anyway your newspaper woman was flattering..."

"Well, if you promise not to mention my hair..."

I crossed my heart.

From the Ground Up

"I suppose," she said, "you want me to start from the ground up; from a precocious infant to adult age. Well, as a matter of fact, I wasn't precocious at all. I was one of a family of seven—and, well, what chance have you?"

"None at all," said I, also of a family of seven.

"I had better stick to the literary side," she went on, "otherwise your readers will construe this as a series of confessions. My first big thrill in life—one, perhaps, that has never been sur-

passed, was discovering I could read—and then the step beyond—into the world of books. They had to give me a special prize for reading that year at school, out of sheer necessity."

"That, of course, went to your head?"

The Next Big Thrill

"Completely. Any chance of being saved after that was lost. The next big thrill was when I discovered I could create—take words and make sentences out of them. It was like one splendid world opening out into another. I had my first short story published when I was ten, though the honour of it went clean above my head. My own name looked strange in print, and seemed to have no relation to myself."

"But it encouraged you to keep on?"

"Definitely. When I was twelve, I went out and bought reams of paper and a box of pencils and started on my first novel. The unfinished manuscript is still lying in an old trunk at home. It is amusing—and rather pathetic. I had ideas years beyond my age, and in the process

A Revolution In Mothers-In-Law

A Mother-in-law Association in New York appointed a committee to choose a new word to replace the much abused name "mother-in-law." Hundreds of suggestions were rejected, such as—"Mother Rat," "Blitzkrieg Mother," "Motherette." They finally decided on "Kin-Mother."

Next day the President of the original Mother-in-law Association staged a protest, by parading the streets carrying a large sign which read—MOTHER-IN-LAW IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US.

of trying to work them out, I became hopelessly entangled—and finally gave up."

"The long, thorny road..." I said.

Returned With Thanks

"Quite. I didn't know it then, but I had started on it. As I grew older I continued to write avidly, and eventually arrived at the point of sending my stories out to magazines. They came back with heart-breaking regularity. I was furious with the editors, and blamed them for their lack of foresight."

"That sounds familiar," I mused. "What was your next step forward?"

"Getting rid of my swelled head—and attempting a serious criticism of my



★ The Duchess of Kent wearing the uniform of the Women's Royal Naval Service when she visited the headquarters of the W.R.N.S. at Charing Cross. She is seen signing the register

work. Finally, that really glorious red-letter day when I had my first short story accepted and published. This was followed by others and various articles for newspapers, and, well, I have just gone on ever since—learning a little each day and trying to get nearer to my goal."

"That small, distant star," I said. "It beckons to us all."

"What work do you like best?"

"Short stories. I love writing them, though the inspiration is sometimes hard to capture."

That Novel

"What about the novel that one day we are all going to write?"

"Well, I have heard it said that short story writers rarely make successful novelists. Nevertheless, I have the ambition to write one. But I'm not attempting it till all my ideas on life are settled and matured. Now I am too eager—too restless. What I feel to-day may change to-morrow."

"Who can tell," I said. "That first childish novel in your trunk may turn out to be of value one day—the early work of a now famous novelist."

"A big 'maybe,'" she laughed. "Thanks, though, for the encouragement—and don't forget that promise about my hair!"