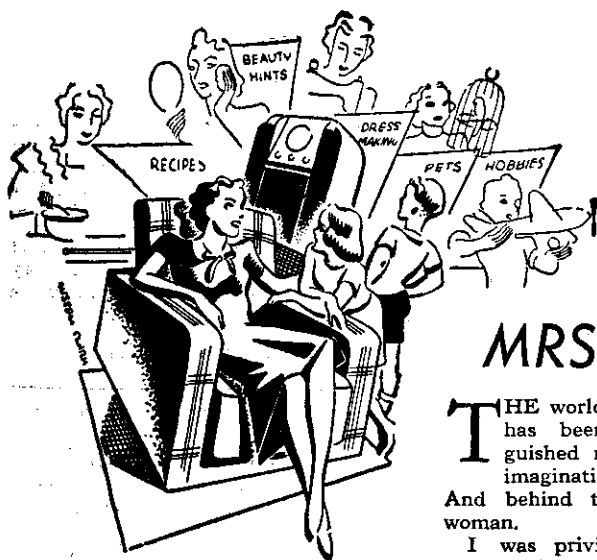


Women and the Home

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

MRS. "COMMANDER" PARRY

THE world, down through the ages, has been peopled with distinguished men; men of action and imagination—who get things done. And behind them always there is a woman.

I was privileged to meet such a woman the other day — Mrs. W. E. Parry, wife of Commander Parry, of the Achilles.

I can describe to you what Mrs. "Commander" Parry looks like — tall, slender, with delicate features, the softest dark eyes, and a clear olive skin. What I cannot capture for you is the serene and tranquil charm of her. You would have to meet and speak with her to feel it. There are other things — a keen intelligence, sensitiveness, sympathy and understanding. She is that gracious and lovely thing—a womanly woman.

When she spoke of her married life, one sensed its complete and happy unity.

She said a striking thing. "When one is happy, time, in the term of months and years, is negligible."

Her Children

Mrs. Parry has two children, twins, a boy and a girl. Her one sadness is that she has been obliged to leave them in England.

"It means so much for me to be here with my husband—for how long, I do not know, but if only the children could be here with us! For my daughter especially, just leaving school, it would mean so much to come out here and adapt herself to a new mode of living. That is an education in itself."

"You approve of New Zealand, then?" I felt the warmth of her response.

"I love it. You know, the East is traditional for its hospitality, and I have travelled pretty well all over it, but I have never found any place to equal New Zealand hospitality."

She Likes Our Girls

"That is a very charming tribute to New Zealand."

"It is true. I have the greatest admiration for your girls here, they are so capable, so independent, they make the best of everything—they stand on their own feet. The women, too, in their homes—everything they do seems to be a natural expression of their best. Incidentally, I have never seen better examples of needlework than here in New Zealand."

She admitted, half apologetically, that her chief hobby is her family. With her husband, she is passionately fond of reading—life is too limited for all she would like to do. She also loves music. She is, herself, a gifted pianist, and her daughter and son make up a little family

orchestra with the addition of violin and flute. Her husband, she admitted, was not musical to the same degree, though he bore admirably with their orchestral efforts. He prefers outdoor sports: golf, tennis, riding.

Pride in Her Husband

Mrs. Parry is a native of Wales, and during the last war she did V.A.D. work and later became a fully qualified nurse.

Her eyes looked back into the past. "That was a very wonderful experience in my life—one that I would not have done without. It has been suggested I might do the same sort of work to-day, but there are so many younger women waiting for the chance that I feel it would be unfair. There are other ways in which I can help."

I said the obvious thing.

"You must be very proud of your husband, Mrs. Parry. I have seen his photograph, of course, in the papers and in the movie gazettes—he seems such a friendly and human kind of person."

She smiled.

"He is a darling. Every time I look at him I feel proud."

A Black Moment

She told me of her dreadful experience in Auckland. She was with three other wives of English officers on the day that the newspaper placards came out with the announcement that the Achilles had been sunk. It was not until nine o'clock at night that they received a denial of the news.

"One cannot describe," she said quietly, "just what that experience meant."

She made it seem very real to me. When Commander Parry was just outside Auckland with the Achilles, he sent a wireless message: "Have I a wife here?" The reply came back—he had. It was the first intimation of his wife's presence in New Zealand.

The incident prompted this question. "What are your ideas, Mrs. Parry, on the life of a naval officer's wife?"

"That is not very easy to define. The main thing is that it has its compensations. People always seem to show of their very best. That, at least, has been my experience. When I have been alone, the kindness of people has been overwhelming. There are the partings and the absences, of course, yet one accepts them inevitably as part of one's life."

Good Luck Charm

A small gold image, suspended on a long slim chain about her neck, caught my attention. I commented on its similarity to the New Zealand tiki. She explained that it was the lucky charm

WINTER KNITTING

By "L.J.S."

LONG winter evenings are here and with them the inevitable knitting. Successful results depend to a great extent on the smaller details, so here are a few hints which will ensure quicker knitting and a professional finish.

Unravelling wool should be washed before re-using. This is easily done if the wool is wound into a skein, tied once or twice, and then washed in lukewarm water, when the twist will disappear. New wools also benefit by this treatment, as they are then proof against shrinking in the made garment. Cable silk will be easier to knit if it is soaked in hanks in warm water, wrung gently in a towel, and hung in the breeze to dry.

A ball of wool is much easier to handle, and also keeps cleaner if used from the centre. All that is necessary is to leave the end free when winding, and then roll in only two directions, keeping the end loose.

Eye strain may be avoided by using needles in contrast to the wool—white or yellow needles for the dark wools, and black needles for paler colours and all pastel shades.

Cast on with needle and thumb gives a firm, neat edge, so that it is unnecessary to knit into the back of the stitches, a task that is always tiresome on a difficult second row.

And if the first stitch of every row is slipped and the last knitted throughout, seams will be neater and there will be no curling edges. Incidentally, when making up—machining gives a firmer finish and squarer shoulders—a tailored effect will be gained by joining the sleeve and side seams in one.

Cast off in pattern, if possible, and the edge will then be as elastic as the cast on edge—an important point where cuffs are concerned.

of the Incas, which her husband had sent her from South America. With it was a lovely specimen of greenstone, presented to her recently by the Maoris of Rotorua.

They are her talisman against ill luck. At present Mrs. Parry has set up housekeeping in Auckland. For how long, she does not know. But she is enjoying this brief snatch of domesticity, and is interested in adjusting herself to our ways and means of living.

As she spoke I realised that here, all unknowing, lay her greatest treasure.

She has the rare gift of "living."

These Should Interest You:

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

"Dish-washing Up-to-date." Monday, June 17, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"For Vitamin C—Eat Those Apples Raw." Wednesday, June 19, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Savoury Dishes for Tea." Thursday, June 20, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, June 21, 2YA 3 p.m.

From The ZB Stations

"The In Laws," commences at 12B on Tuesday, June 18, at 10.30 a.m.

"Inspiration," at 3ZB, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3 p.m., commencing June 17

"The Thinkers' Session" from 4ZB on Monday, June 17, at 10 p.m.

"Reading for the Home-maker." Friday, June 21, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Fashions": Ethel Early. Tuesday, June 18, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Postponement of Life": Hazel Duggan. Wednesday, June 19, 4YA 11 a.m.

"Outdoors in Australia: Australia's Animals": Miss Alatheia Solomons, B.Sc. Thursday, June 20, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

Talk under the auspices of the Christchurch branch of the National Council of Women. Thursday, June 20, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Mrs. Dorothy E. Johnson. Friday June 21, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

The American View

An American visitor was taken by a resident to view the famous statue of Wallace in Stirling.

The American was most impressed. Uncovering his head, he murmured: "Good old Edgar. To think they've put up a monument to him already."