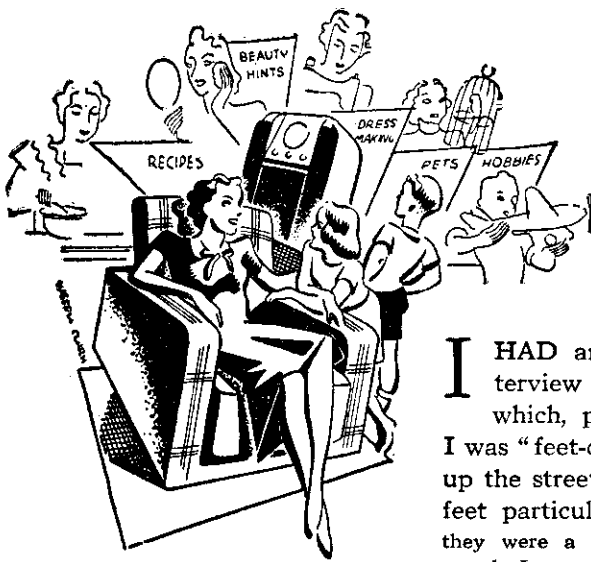


Women and the Home

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

FEET, FEET, FEET

These Should Interest You:

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

"Economy in Wartime (1) Facts that the Purchaser has to Face." Monday, October 21, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 2YA 3 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"One Dish Meals to Save Time and Fuel." Thursday, October 24, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, October 25, 2YA 3 p.m.

"Our Food Front." Wednesday, October 23, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

From The ZB Stations

"SHIPS AND THE SEA" (featuring Peter Whitchurch). All ZB Stations at 7.30 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays.

"The Musical Medico": 1ZB, at 3.0 p.m. on Monday, October 21.

"Studio Presentation by the Bohemians": 2ZB, at 7.15 p.m. on Sunday, October 20.

"Dancing Down the Ages": 3ZB, at 1.0 p.m. on Saturday, October 26.

"A Quarter-Hour with Barend": 4ZB, at 4.0 p.m. on Wednesday, October 23.

"Economy in Wartime: The Art of Buymanship." Friday, October 25, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Speaking Personally: Listen Ladies": Phyllis Anchor. Thursday, October 24, 1YA 11 a.m.

"Just Some More Good-byes": Major F. H. Lampen. Thursday, October 24, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Youth Centre Talks to Parents: Aspects of Vocational Guidance." Friday, October 25, 3YA 7.15 p.m.

"What Shall We Eat? Fun and Freshness": Dr. Elizabeth Bryson. Friday, October 25, 4YA 7.12 p.m.

"Some Remarkable Women I Have Met" (2): Mrs. Vivienne Newson. Saturday, October 26, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"The Morning Spell (5) Manners Good and Bad": Mrs. Mary Scott. Saturday, October 26, 1YA 11 a.m.

I HAD an appointment to interview a lady chiropodist, which, perhaps, explains why I was "feet-conscious" as I walked up the street. I had never noticed feet particularly before, but now they were a formidable army on the march. Large feet, small feet, ugly feet, pretty feet, and just average feet. They subtly expressed their owner's personality. Some were planted firmly down with a forceful tread; others tapped the pavement, lightly, inconsequently. Some were in haste, some dawdled; some seemed to shoot all over the side-walk, as though undecided which way to turn. . . . A violent collision with a big woman upset my calculations. As she brushed angrily past me I heard her remark, "Idiot! Doesn't look where she's going!"

Of course, I couldn't explain to her, as I am doing here, about my preoccupation with feet. Hers, I had noticed, even in the shock of our impact, were of the large, square, stamping variety.

Taken for Granted

An hour before I had been in the Public Library reading about feet! Really, it can become an obsession! Nevertheless, I gleaned a few interesting facts about these "taken-for-granted" extremities of ours. One writer described them as "the finest example of specialised architecture known to man." I thought that was carrying it a bit too far—but when I read on, I wasn't so sure. In fact I ended up with a new respect—for feet!

Such facts as these are impressive. Our feet, it appears, contain a quarter of the number of bones in our entire body—and these self-effacing little bones perform diligently 126 movements with each step we take. There are more "arches" in the foot than meets the eye. My lady chiropodist added the fact that 150 different things can be wrong with your feet; rather an alarming total for these innocent-looking extremities that we thrust negligently away into shoe or boot—but I am running ahead of my story.

Not Terrifying

The lift dropped me off at the first floor, and a strong smell of antiseptic or something pertaining to surgery, led the trail to the chiropodist's room. I waited in a perfectly innocuous waiting-room—with not a sign of a chart or a foot in view—then a patient departed

with a glowing smile—probably leaving a troublesome corn behind her—and I was ushered into the foot hospital. It wasn't as terrifying as I had imagined. A raised chair with a footrest and a few chairs and cases ranged along the walls. I was invited to take one of the chairs, and I tucked my feet well beneath it in case my pet corn cravenly revealed itself.

This lady chiropodist, however, was not interested in my feet. She was an extremely busy woman, and my interview with her was holding up several protesting corns in the next room. So our conversation was direct—and to the

Up-To-The-Minute Eating

Among the latest innovations in the culinary world are self-heating and self-cooling tinned food. The tins are made with false bottoms and, when they are punctured, air combined with certain chemicals produces sufficient heat to warm the contents through. Experiment has been continued in the opposite direction, and "cold" cans are also now on the market. The procedure is simple. You just mix small quantities of powder from two cans, add water, and you have chemical "cold" that can be used to chill food, bottled drink, or fill ice-bags. The temperature produced goes down to fifteen degrees below the freezing point of water.

point. The chiropodist, herself, was direct and business-like. Here, I thought, is someone profoundly capable and sure of herself. If some foot trouble had to be righted, it would be done thoroughly, without fuss, and—by the smell of the local anaesthetic—without pain. She had long, firm-looking hands; by a chance remark, I discovered she came from a family distinguished by a famous organist. It's a far call from music to chiropody—yet both demand delicacy, understanding and skill.

Last War did It

She had been practising for the best part of twenty years. She had attended to hundreds and hundreds of pairs of feet—and many hundreds more are destined to come stepping uncertainly through that door.

"When did people become foot-conscious?" I asked.

"During the last War," she answered. "Feet in war-time assume a proper proportion. Eighty-two per cent. of our men examined then were found to have foot faults, and this naturally led to correction of those faults on a wholesale scale. After the War, a big Foot Clinic was opened in London."

"You are English?" I asked.

She admitted the fact. When quite a young girl, she was attracted by the study of the human body, and on the advice of a lady doctor friend, she turned her attention towards chiropody.

She trained at the leading Foot Hospital in London, and was fortunate in having as her instructor the chiropodist appointed to the Royal Family. This eminent gentleman had the honour of attending four Queens—the late Queen Alexandra, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Norway, and Queen Mary.

Three Years of Study

Three years is the time of training for chiropody, and it includes the study of anatomy and physiology. In the Clinic, where she was trained, between fifty and sixty thousand patients are treated each year. I was amazed to hear that so many people cared actively for their feet, till she explained that a large proportion of this number were members of the Metropolitan Police Force and men of the Postal Delivery Service.

This opened up a new vista before me. To these men, their feet actually represented their calling and their living. I had a vision of shop girls standing all day behind their counters, and of hundreds of other men and women to whom their feet actually meant their living. Feet are important, despite our careless acceptance of them.

"The art of chiropody," she went on, "is not only knowing what to do—but what not to do. There are so many charlatans operating throughout the world who do incalculable harm."

"There is so much to the feet and hands," she finished, "that it would take hours to cover. To me, naturally, it is vitally interesting. Apart from my practical work here, I talk on the air, and lecture to different groups of women on the care of the feet. I like it—for I know my subject. It is my work."

On leaving, I remembered something I had once read in an article on beauty. "One of the best facials a woman can have is a pair of well cared-for, healthy feet. Normal feet, if properly treated and shod, will stand up under the most trying conditions."

The lady chiropodist agreed with the theory. And she should know.