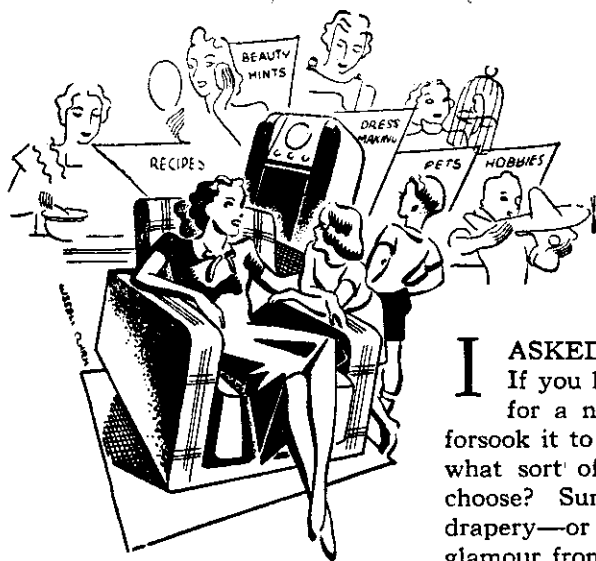


# Women and the Home

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

### THESE OLD SHADES



#### These Should Interest You:

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

"Economy in Wartime (3): The Art of Buymanship." Monday, November 4, 1YA 3.30 p.m.; 2YA 3 p.m.; 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"How to Plan the Family's Diet." Wednesday, November 6, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"Help Needed." Friday, November 8, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

#### From The ZB Stations

"The Concert Hall of the Air": All ZB stations, 9.0 on Mondays.

"England Expects": 12B, 7.15 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

"The Stars of To-morrow": 22B, 7.15 on Sunday evening (Nov. 3).

"Teddy Grundy's Travelogue": 32B, 2.0 p.m. on Sunday (Nov. 3).

"Melodies That Linger": 42B, 9.30 p.m. on Tuesday (Nov. 5).

"What I'd Like to Have Said": 22A, 8.30 p.m. on Saturday (Nov. 9).

Talk by a representative of St. John Ambulance. Tuesday, November 5, 2YA 11.30 a.m.

"Cooking by Electricity." Wednesday, November 6, 4YA 11 a.m.

"Home Making in New Zealand (6): Financing the Venture": L. E. Brooker. Thursday, November 7, 1YA 7.35 p.m.

"Last Moment Spring and Summer Holiday Ideas": "Lorraine." Thursday, November 7, 4YA 10.50 a.m.

"Just on Being a Guest": Major F. H. Lampen. Thursday, November 7, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Cooking by Gas": Miss J. Ainge. Friday, November 8, 4YA 11 a.m.

"Pros and Cons in the Family: Fear Can be Overcome." Miss D. E. Dolton. Friday, November 8, 3YA, 7.15 p.m.

"Some Remarkable Women I Have Met": Mrs. Vivienne Newson. Saturday, November 9, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

I ASKED myself this question. If you had been on the stage for a number of years, then forsook it to take up business life, what sort of business would you choose? Surely not grocery, or drapery—or confectionery? Some glamour from those vanished foot-lights must surely follow you; unconsciously guiding your choice.

When I stepped inside the long, close-packed room with its exciting glimpses of tinsel and jewels, I suddenly found the answer to my question. Why, a Fancy Dress Costume Company, of course. There, though you are no longer of the stage, a trail of its glory still lingers about you, eloquent in those long ranks of colourful costumes—and stacks of curling wigs and elaborate head-dresses.

#### Grease Paint in the Air

I gazed about me, fascinated. There was a smell of grease paint in the air; of powder and patches. Stacked above a long bevelled mirror was an array of giant heads, looking curiously lost without their bodies, Mickey Mouse, a fearsome bull, a wise owl, a grinning golliwog, a gruesome-looking spider with waving feelers, a red and blue top hat of Uncle Sam's. On another shelf sprawled the huge skin of a dragon, its nostrils spouting fire. Beneath it, spilling from a large packing basket, were a froth of hula-hula skirts and colourful leis. In a glass case several handsome curled wigs tied with black ribbon, a silver Britannia helmet and a gorgeous Eastern head-dress reposed side by side.

More dresses were heaped on a packing case close by. I lifted the corner of a linen curtain. Behind hung an array of frocks that looked as though they had emerged from the Arabian Nights. Eastern ladies with floating chiffon veils and tinsel pantalettes. A Spanish lady in scarlet and black lace mantilla. A plum-coloured suit belonging to an early Victorian gentleman. A fiery lady Mephistopheles, hanging shoulder to shoulder with her masculine complement. A little shepherdess in sprigged muslin. An Indian in brown suede and coloured beads. An Elizabethan lady, behind her high ruffle. A belted Admiral standing guard over an imposing Lady Teazle. . . Every known character of history and romance, resting there on their wooden hangers; their sleeves falling stiffly as

though the imprint of their wearing was still present.

#### She Belongs There

I was admiring an Arabian Princess's alluring gown, when I heard a movement behind me. A little woman had stepped out from behind another curtain. She had pretty features and brown wavy hair. I thought in surprise: You suit this place? You belong here? She did. It was her own business. She told me she had once been on the stage.

So people did react to type? I felt extremely pleased with my discovery. We walked down the line again and discussed the various costumes. She told me that for men the most popular costume is a Cowboy or a Red Indian. With women, an early Victorian, a Spanish lady, or a patriotic type of costume were most in favour.

"It all depends, really," she said. "Popularity for certain costumes goes

centres. There is always something on. Either a play or a street show, private theatricals, musical operas, or school presentations. Since the War started, I have been kept busy supplying the boys in camp with costumes for their entertainments."

#### Dressing the Bridegroom

Men's dress suits, tails, and morning coats play a prominent part in the business. Clients come from all over the country to be fitted out for some special occasion. Often a man has walked out from there dressed for his wedding. No soulless business this. Human destinies fashioned in the making!

"It has, of course, its amusing side," she said. "I have customers of all types and ages—from two years up to seventy-eight. The elderly ladies usually select an early Victorian type of frock. One day, I remember, two small girls came in to choose a costume for a folk dance they were attending. One child was very excited because she was being escorted by a little boy partner.

"Oh," said the other small girl wistfully, 'she's getting all "rheumatic!"'

#### To Impress the "Relations"

"Another amusing experience was a middle-aged woman who came in to choose a period frock in which she was to be photographed. She declared she came from a titled family—was engaged to marry a Lord or an Earl—and she was sending the photograph home to show how admirably she would fit into their aristocratic world. The lady was still waiting for her 'royal relations' to claim her.

"It is an interesting life," said the little Wardrobe Mistress, "all the time meeting new people—and advising them in their choice of costumes. Some have very decided ideas, others rely on my advice. I can usually 'type' them as soon as they walk in the door."

A pretty young girl darted from behind the curtain and out of the doorway. The elder woman looked after her with a smile.

"That is my daughter. She is on the stage now—a very clever little dancer." Her tone was wistful. "I'm glad she's carrying on. We're both with the foot-lights—but on different sides."

#### Norma Shearer's Secret

On a recent visit to Paris, Norma Shearer gave out a confidential youth and beauty secret.

"I learnt when I was making-up," she said, "that the less make-up you wore the younger you looked. So now in everyday life I hardly use any."

#### Courage

This verse of Browning's from "Instans Tyrannus" appeared recently in an English newspaper. It expresses those things with which English people reassure themselves in their time of stress:

*So, I soberly laid my last plan  
To extinguish the man,  
Round his creep-hole, with never  
a break*

*Ran my fires for his sake;  
Overhead did my thunder combine*

*With my underground mine;  
Till I looked from my labour content*

*To enjoy the event . . .  
Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,*

*The man sprang to his feet,  
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and*

*Prayed!  
So I was afraid!*

in waves. If there is a big period picture or a play showing, the demand is for the type of costume featured in it."

#### Fascinating Work—but Hard

"It must be fascinating work," I said, "creating all these character frocks—thinking out new ideas."

"It is," she agreed, "when it does not become hard work. In the busy season I often work through from five o'clock till one o'clock the next morning. There is so much to be done; mending, pressing, and packing for various country