

DID YOU HEAR THIS?

Extracts From Recent Talks

Powder, and Paint

THE implication that the women of to-day are creating a precedent by using cosmetics, is rather funny, because powder, perfumes, lipstick and rouge—in fact all the dressing-table effects of the modern woman—were in use thousands of years B.C. From scattered symbols, we know that savage man was interested in capturing the fragrant aromas which soothed or stimulated his emotions, and he probably derived a certain amount of pleasure from staining his body. But we must turn to the land of the Pyramids for really concrete evidence, and the mysteries of the toilettes of Egyptian ladies have been ruthlessly revealed in classic literature and by archaeologists. It is amazing to find that these women far outdid any 1940 film-star. Eyelids were heavily blackened with Kohl—the ancient equivalent of mascara—which was applied with a tiny ivory or wooden stick, while a heavy dollop of green paint beneath the eyes was guaranteed to make them appear larger and more lustrous. Sesame oil, obtained from the seeds of the sesame plant, olive oil, and almond oil were used as skin softeners and beautifiers, lips were crimsoned, and finger nails and the palms of the hands stained with henna.—(Miss L. Rowland, "Fashions, Ancient and Modern : Cosmetics," 4YA, October 15).



Early Cricket

LAMPEN: Cricket was one of the English institutions the colonists brought with them. Why, I believe the first game was played at Russell as early as 1841, and I shouldn't be surprised if there weren't some games with bat and ball on the Bay of Islands beaches long before that.

Palmer: Probably. Wellington had its first real game in 1842, about the time of year the Plunket Shield matches are now played. It's so well reported by a commentator of the time that I'm going to read his account to you. Here it is: "We notice with pleasure that the members of the Wellington Club played a match between themselves, and one in which they all may have said to have been winners, as, after the sports of the day, they adjourned to the Ship's hotel, where they partook of a true Christmas dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and so equally were the parties matched that it was difficult to say who first bowled out his neighbour." Then follow the results: 1st innings, Reds got 64 notches, Blues 67. 2nd innings—Reds got 60 notches; Blue got 59 notches.

Palmer: But what are all the notches in aid of? You'd think that was scalp-hunting, not cricket.

Lampen: You would, wouldn't you, but I've heard the old hands say they used to have sticks on which they notched the runs they made. This used to be a practice in England. There were no score sheets. (L. R. Palmer and Major F. H. Lampen "Background of New Zealand : Sport," 2YA, October 14).

An Ageless World

HERE is a little bit which shows his (John Buchan's) ideas of reconstruction in England after the Great War:

"Would anything remain of the innocencies of the old life? I was reassured by two short holidays. One was a tramp in the Cotswolds, from which I returned with the conviction that the essential England could not perish. This field had sent bowmen to Agincourt; down that hill Rupert's men, swaying in their saddles, had fled after Naseby; this village had

IF GLADSTONE HAD BEEN A SHEEP

There is not much anecdote in the book. This is one of Mr. Gladstone, who was a connection of John Buchan's on his mother's side. Mr. Gladstone, he says, when once at the Tweed-side was taking a walk. A great storm was pending, and he noticed the sheep draw out from the burnside to the barer hill. Mr. Gladstone said in his high manner to a shepherd leaning over the gate, "If I were a sheep, I would remain in the hollows," to which the shepherd replied, "Sir, if ye were a sheep, ye'd have mair sense." (Miss G. M. Glanville, reviewing John Buchan's autobiography—"Memory Hold the Door."—3YA, October 8).

given Wellington a general; and from another the parson's son had helped to turn the tide in the Indian mutiny. To-day, the land was as quiet as in the beginning, and mowers were busy in the hay. A second holiday took me to my Tweedside hills. There, far up in the glens, I found a shepherd's wife who had four sons serving. Jock, she told me cheerfully, was in France with the Royal Scots; Jamie was in 'a bit ca'd Sammythrace'; Tam was somewhere on the Arctic shore, and sair troubled wi' his teeth, and Davie was outside the walls of Jerusalem. Her kind old eyes were infinitely comforting. I felt that Jock and Jamie and Tam and Davie would return and would take up their shepherd's trade as dutifully as their father. Samothrace and Murmansk and Palestine would be absorbed, as Otterburn and Flodden had been, into the ageless world of pastoral." (Miss G. M. Glanville, on John Buchan's autobiography—"Memory Hold the Door." 3YA, October 8.)

An Embarrassing Farewell

TO me, "good-byes" are embarrassing affairs, and should take place wherever possible in the sanctuary of the home. . . . I remember it was when I was going to India to join a regiment. My mother decided to come up from Cornwall to London to see me off. Quite a number of friends and relations came to the small Cornish station of Menheniot to see us off. Now, I must tell you that my mother was what is sometimes called a very well preserved woman—that is to say, she carried her years well, and looked much younger than she was. I, on the other hand, looked my age, and



probably a little older in my uniform. The farewells were short, and as the train pulled out, we were showered with rice and flower petals. Thank goodness we had the carriage to ourselves. We both worked very hard trying to clear up the mess in the carriage before we came to the next stop. I think I was the more concerned of the two of us, more especially as about that time there had been a regular epidemic in England of elderly ladies marrying men many years younger than themselves. We were fortunate at the first stop, as the guard, who had witnessed the rice-throwing episode, came to our door, and with a kindly smile (in exchange for half-a-crown), locked us in. Station followed station, and passengers tried to get into our carriage at each stop without success. At one station, a few people made a rush for our carriage, tried the door, peeped in, and saw some

rice and petals still on the floor. One looked at me and then at my mother, smiled, and said to his mates, "Another case of kidnapping, Bert," and went on in search of another carriage. (Major F. H. Lampen, "Just Good-byes," 2YA, October 17.)

Pioneers at the Races

LAMPEN: I remember reading about one of the earliest race meetings ever held at Petone.

Palmer: Was that the one of October 20, 1842, 98 years ago, almost to a week?

Lampen: That's the one, and from what I can make out, it must have been a pretty good show. Some months before it came off, nine of the best horses had been entered. The horses were all in regular training; jockey's uniforms were being made, and betting books pulled out at the hotels, clubs and other places.

Palmer: They would have to watch the tide at Petone.

Lampen: Yes, they chose a time when a low tide would leave a hard stretch of beach. Jerningham Wakefield was appointed Clerk of the Course, and he borrowed the only pink coat in the colony for the occasion.

Palmer: I seem to remember reading about a great scene of commotion on the beach. Carts, waggon and bullock drays were all pressed into service, while one pioneer could sport a gig, the only one in the colony. A band came by waggon, while the



mosquito fleet worked overtime bringing the people across. One man did brisk business wheeling a barrow round selling ginger-pop, and I understand Te Puni, the local chief, was begged to have the native dogs tied up and keep the pigs at home.

Lampen: And I believe that a bullock nearly upset things some weeks before by killing one of the nominated horses during a mad career after being landed from a long voyage.

Palmer: How did the programme get on, anyway?

Lampen: Very well. I'm not able to give you exact results, but a horse with the picturesque name of Silky did well, though he bolted in one race. Horses called Temperance, Figaro and Calmuc Tartar also won money. In another race, Mr. Lyon's carthorse beat Mr. Virtue's carthorse. (L. R. Palmer and Major F. H. Lampen "Background of New Zealand : Sport. 2YA, October 14).

Ovid Knew All About It!

THERE are unfortunately still many women who conduct their toilet operations in public. We've all suffered in silence while a friend powders her nose over the cakes in a teashop or watched the passenger in the railway carriage thoroughly combing her hair. Ovid observed the same sort of thing centuries ago. Here are his words translated from the "Art of Love":

"You've learnt how rouge can play complexion's part,
And lacking blood to blush with, blush by art,
By art the eyebrow's wilted tips replace,
While dainty patches hide the natural face,
And shameless lids are lined with filmy ash
Of saffron grown by Cydnus' limpid plash.
A little guide to make-up have I writ,
Though small in bulk, in labour infinite;
There, too, may cures for damaged looks be learned:
But art's no laggard where your need's concerned.
But let no lover find the table strown
With paintpots: beauty's aids should ne'er be shown.
A face besmeared with dregs, whose drippings light
On the warm bosom, is a loathsome sight.
How vile, though brought from Athens, smells the grease

Extracted from a sheep's unwashed fleecal.
Nor using hartshorn publicly were wise,
Nor cleaning teeth in public I advise.
All this gives beauty, but 'tis ugly viewing,
Much that delights when done disgusts when doing."
Those lines certainly are apt! (Miss L. Rowland, "Fashions Ancient and Modern," 4YA, October 15).