



TOTE-WORSHIP

The Horse That Lays The Golden Egg

Has austerity reached the race-courses? Do women wear last year's dresses? Are bettors more cautious than in pre-war days? We sent our representative to a holiday race meeting to look and listen around.

In the tram: "George is very fussy about races in war-time; says I should be staying at home, investing the money in National Savings or something. But what's the good? What good can I do moping about at home? I might as well be out having a bit of fun and making a quid or two."

Outside the 10/- windows the queues were as long as if there were silk stockings for sale; but there were also hundreds pushing up to £1 and £5 windows. Here was an old woman, dusty black clothes, 10-year old hat, black stockings and broken shoes, fishing out £5 notes from a black purse that she carried in a string bag; and here were the usual Chinese, all in navy blue suits, with their marked cards and their rolls of notes done up with rubber bands.

"My dear! I just had a marvellous win. Where's Marie?"
"Oh, she's hovering round the horse stalls. Simply can't drag her away. I can't think why she comes to the races at all."

"Look at No. 6. By Jove he looks fit! A picture. What a coat. He's got a great show."

"You mean she, dear."
"Here comes No. 7. Been putting up some marvellous track times. And look at 5 . . . who's riding 4? Best jockey in the country. Can't be beaten. I say! No. 3's drawn an absolute cinch at the barrier . . . the top-weight will be the hardest thing to beat . . ."

"Poor old No. 2—seems to be the only thing that won't win."

"Hullo, old chap. Just got here. What's winning? Oh, Kindergarten. What's that, a he or a she? I don't know the first thing about them."

No one expects anyone else to be strictly truthful about bets. If your horse wins of course you've backed it both ways. If it loses, maybe you didn't back it after all—"changed your mind when you saw it in the preliminary," "thought it looked a bit light," "seemed to be running a trifle short," "drew a hopeless position and you knew it couldn't make it." But I was amused to listen-in to this:

"What a marvellous win! Did you back that, Bill?"

"Had six on it to win."

"Bill! Six POUNDS?"

Bill smiled happily. "Let's go down and watch this preliminary," he said. But funnily enough I had stood next to Bill at the 10/- window and he had put down £3. Mind you, he had six tickets and he didn't actually say "Yes, £6." But still. I also know now what people mean—approximately—when they say they have come out square or have paid expenses.

Shoes . . . Look at those five-inch heels, scarlet and slim as a pencil; those blue crepe de chine slippers with filigree buckles; those startling green sandals;

delicate pump-soled slippers and heavy brown brogues, smart court shoes and flat wedge-soled ones, all of them walking over the same lawns and the same hard asphalt or standing on tip-toe at the end of a race.

"I do think it's a mistake for so many young girls to come to the races, don't you? There's nothing amusing left for them to do later. And besides look how blasé and stupid they are. I like a young girl to be simple and unspoiled, not hard and brittle the way these are."

And Ships . . . Every second woman wore a little carved figure, a brooch cut from felt, or a button-hole of wool or felt flowers. Here was a white bone antelope leaping across a tailored lapel; there were horses by the hundreds in scarlet and emerald and ivory bone, penguins with black and yellow feathers, little ships with white sails, umbrella buttons, golf clubs, horse-shoes, aeroplanes, ski-sticks, and crossed oars . . . the most extraordinary collection of totems and charms in brilliant colours.

And sealing-wax . . . "Oh, well! That's my double come unstuck! Let's have a drink."

"George, for pity's sake look at that, is it a hat or a haystack? How the devil is it pinned on? Oh, lady, keep away from the balcony rail, please, please keep away, I know you'll take wing."

"Shut up, Claude, for heaven's sake. She'll hear you."

"Well, take me to the bar, quick! I need nourishment."

"Look at that feather going half way up into the air. Oh, yes, Marie I do like that combination of pale blue and navy blue, but my dear, don't you think it just rather unsuitable for races, a dress like that; would look charming of course at a cocktail party? I must say I like tailored things best."

And cabbages . . . "Auckland's prettiest woman. Well that's what people say. Don't you? Well, of course, she's a grandmother, you know. I must say some of these women look like mere vegetables."

And Kings . . . And when the "plain brown horse" numbered 1 followed all the others, sedately, mannerly and without fuss, from the birdcage to the course there was applause—the first time I've ever heard applause before a race is run. And according to the tea-rooms attendants there was no one inside during the running of that race. It was not only applause I heard, later, when Kindergarten won the race: words of praise and endearment and envy and pride, and a fat man just saying contentedly: "Well, there's a horse."

As we walked towards the gates, going home, two girls in front of us jumped back, startled, as a steward led his back across the path.

"Look out!" shrieked one girl. "I hate them. I positively hate the brutes."

—J.

NURSING— MOTHERS

Just Read this Letter

4 Hawkesley Drive, Northfield,
Birmingham, 31.
19th December, 1946.

Lactagol Ltd.
Dear Sirs,

I am sure you will be glad to receive my appreciation of "Lactagol" especially when I tell you how it enabled me to breast-feed again after my milk had been drained from me owing to poor health after my confinement, and a continuous anaemia over a period of many years.

For four days I had no liquid other than salts and was kept tightly bandaged to keep my breasts from stimulating. I felt so discouraged battling with tests and dried milk, and a baby who cried incessantly morning and night. I was in such despair one day that I asked Nurse if it were possible for me to get my milk back; there was just a little fluid in one if I squeezed enough. She said I could try "Lactagol", but didn't think for one moment it would return. So I determined to try.

From that day I kept him at it, sucking at my poor shrivelled breasts, and did he scream; there was nothing there for him, of course. I took double the quantity of "Lactagol", for a week, and slowly but surely my breasts began to fill out. Now I take it 3 times a day in milk, and today my baby is 10 weeks old and my milk supply is sufficient for him. He is happy and contented, sleeps all day and night too, and beginning to pull his weight up. People look at me in such surprise and Nurse was amazed when she saw the result; she had never heard of anything like it.

I wish I had known of it before the baby's birth, it would have saved me a lot of strain. But I feel so well now and I find nothing an effort as I did before. I have two other children to look after, but manage to get housework and all in without feeling tired. I have not been able to say that for the last ten years.

Thanking you once again, I am, Yours truly,
L. C. Surrall,

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