

them. But little of this penetrated the halls of the Academy for Young Ladies, or the skulls of its industrious pupils. The young ladies wore gloves and were very proper. So also did the teacher, Miss Hellier, a kind of charming woman whose insistence that manners makyeth man was surpassed only by that of the fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

The curriculum included much needlework, fine needlework. It was an age when one woman might say to another, in tones of horror and reproach, "My dear, all her baby clothes were *machine* made!" So the girls learned to sew by hand a straight seam of tiny, meticulous back-stitching—exactly like a machine.

"You had to pull up the gathering thread," says Aunt Daisy, "and then stroke the gathers with the needle. I remember in *Little Women*, which was one of the great books of those days, Jo was 'stroking gathers so energetically that a row of slits followed her pin.' I have nearly done it myself."

Other subjects, similar methods. In their copybooks the young ladies wrote exquisite script—Vere Foster's script—the hand used by the Civil Service to make its beautiful phraseology crystal clear. Demonstrating, Aunt Daisy rummaged for a ball-point pen—"After my advertising that it's free flowing and never stops, don't let it stop now!"

Education neither began or ended with the Young Ladies' Academy. Daisy's mother, Elizabeth Taylor, had lived always among cultured people. She had a discriminating, well-stocked mind, unhampered by excess of formal learning or by the uniformities of mass communications. In an age of conversation, she had picked up and could hand

on to her children something of the history and customs of many lands, of their books and especially their music. Young Daisy's question, "Mama, tell me . . ." seldom failed to bring a flow of information.

Not only that, but Mrs. Taylor was still young, an attractive, gay and volatile widow, whose company was sought by men and women alike, but perhaps more earnestly by men. Besides their admiration for her, these people brought to the house a climate of music and conversation which the precocious and insatiably interested little Daisy soaked up through her pores. The family lived in a solid, brick house, set back from the road and with a semi-circular carriage drive connecting the front door with the two front gates. The garden enclosed by this drive was often the scene of evening parties in the summer. A German friend of Mrs. Taylor's, a wine merchant, provided bowls of sparkling Rhenish wine, with strawberries afloat in them, and a group of friends would gather to converse and recite and sing. From the nursery window Daisy

and her elder sisters and brother would lean far out to catch the strains of the zither, and the clear tenor of one of the company, Elizabeth Taylor's fiancé, lifted in Schubert's "Serenade."

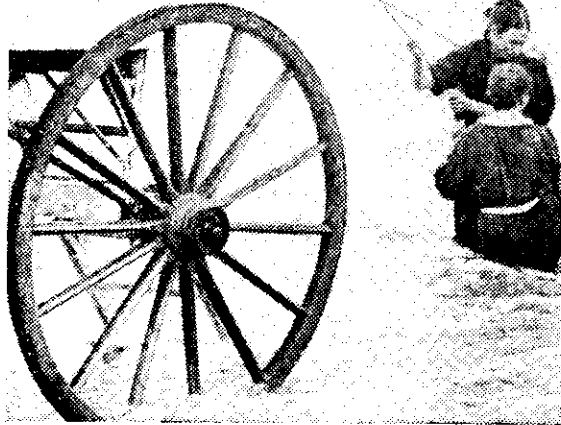
At Christmas, too, the children were taken to one of the German hospitals, and in the white wards beneath a candle-lit Christmas tree, sang the lovely German carols, the most famous of which is perhaps "Stille Nacht." From the children of their friends they learned other German words, too, but their liking for things German remained

limited. "This gentleman my mother was engaged to," says Aunt Daisy, "was not liked. As I remember, he was a really arrogant, bossy man. None of us children liked him, and that was why it never came to anything. And what a good thing it was that they never married! Because no doubt we'd have had to go to Germany, and no doubt he would have been a Nazi, and we'd have been on the wrong side. It would have altered the whole course of our lives."

At that time a woman was considered on the shelf if not married by the age of twenty. Elizabeth Taylor had married at eighteen, and in Aunt Daisy's childhood she was still a young woman. "I remember her," said Aunt Daisy, "as slim and dainty and tiny, with deep blue eyes with long lashes and pink cheeks. Of course, no such things as lipstick or rouge were even *thought* of by nice people. And she had brown hair. She had read all the fine books, and all the lively ones, too, and she was, oh, so full of fun, so *gay*, and so ready for any adventure."

It is said that if you wish to know what kind of woman a girl will become you must look at her mother. Aunt Daisy bears out the saying. She became blonde, not brunette, but she remained tiny (four feet eleven and a half inches, the same height as Queen Victoria) into adult life, and if she was at first a trifle precocious, talkative and dominant for so small a child, she went out to meet life with the same excitement and zest with which her mother illumined her childhood.

(Another long instalment of "The Aunt Daisy Story" will be printed next week.)



"SWIMMING" in the Nineties meant bathing from a machine.



Mr. A. C. Baird, general manager of BALM Paints (N.Z.) Ltd., congratulating Aunt Daisy upon attaining her remarkable record of 21 years of continuous broadcasting on the ZB network.

AUNT DAISY & **DULUX**

together since the start

AUNT DAISY has broadcast the superior merits of Dulux since the popular AUNT DAISY morning session was first put over the ZB network in 1936.

Today, Aunt Daisy is acknowledged to be the most remarkable radio personality in N.Z. broadcasting history. Her so cheerful and so enthusiastic daily broadcasts have built up a tremendous listening audience.

DULUX join in heartily congratulating Aunt Daisy on her outstanding record of achievement. May we all hear her bright "G-O-O-D MORNING, EVERYBODY," for many, many more years to come.



19 YEARS AGO

Aunt Daisy Visits Hansells

Aunt Daisy and Hansell's have been the closest friends since the ZB network introduced the Aunt Daisy Morning Recipe Session way back in 1936.

CAN YOU PICK AUNT DAISY?

The above photograph was taken in 1938 on the occasion of Aunt Daisy's first visit to Hansell's Laboratories Ltd., Masterton.

Hansell's Essences and other Hansell products have always been and still are recommended by Aunt Daisy.

All at Hansell's join in extending to Aunt Daisy their congratulations on her reaching 21 years in Commercial Broadcasting. May she live to continue her session for many, many more years.