

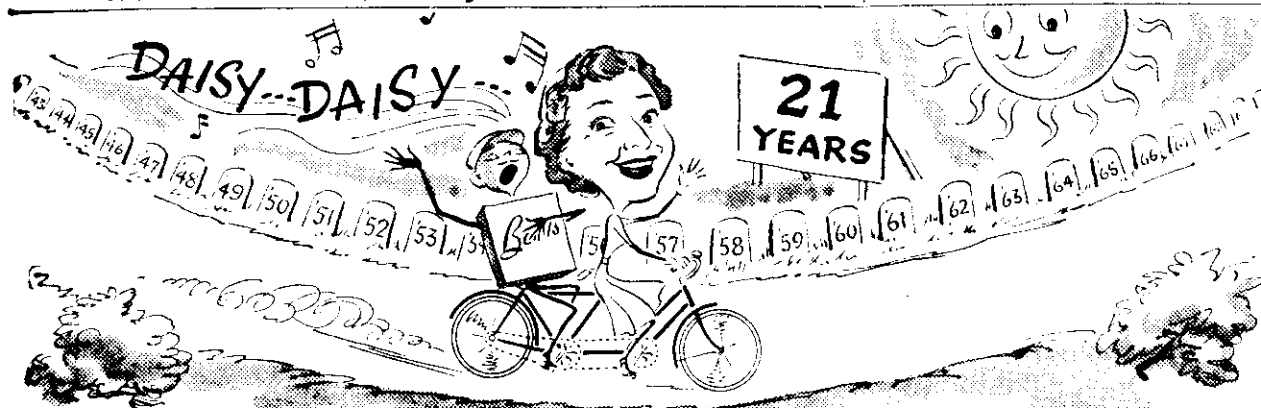
## the years roll on . . .

. . . smoothly, swiftly, as if on Shepherd Castors. 1936—1957 . . . 21 years have passed! 21 years in radio . . . a major event for New Zealand's major saleswoman. Our congratulations Aunt Daisy, and our thanks for the wonderful way you have recommended our product, Shepherd Castors. Indeed, the fact that you yourself use Shepherd Castors is recommendation enough!

There is no need here to tell the public how easily Shepherd Castors move even the heaviest furniture, or how they reduce wear and tear to expensive carpetings . . . that's something you have admirably accomplished. Once again our sincere congratulations. And we look forward to many more years of happy association.

**SHEPHERD CASTORS (N.Z.) LTD.**

175 Taranaki Street, Wellington. Phone 50-713.



## 21 years is a mighty long time! The personality that "Stole the Show!"

Sales promotion and advertising is a big field. But in our considerable experience, we have never met a more friendly, sincere and conscientious individual than dear Aunt Daisy. And if anybody knows her well it's Bonds. We've been a member of her team since the day she started along the trail of national radio advertising—nearly twenty-one years ago.

Vice-regal parties, VIP's, etc., have passed through our premises. Our girls looked, listened—and kept on working. Then one day Aunt Daisy dropped in. The girls surrounded her, queried her, cheered her and loved her. Work? It stopped till Aunt Daisy had gone. And that's the way it is, with the best loved personality in New Zealand.

Thanks Aunt Daisy! **Bonds**  
SY-METRA  
"LANOLISED" NYLONS

## The Aunt Daisy Story

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feminine irrelevance. "I can't," she stammered. "I can't possibly get a dress in that time!"

Margaret Brown was ready for this. "What about that white silk evening frock you wore at the concert the other week?" she suggested.

"So I was married," says Aunt Daisy, "in a white silk evening dress that I'd worn to a concert. That's how I was inveigled into marriage."

Daisy Taylor became Mrs Basham in St Mary's Church, Hawera, one morning in 1904, soon after nine o'clock. The service had to be early because the groom was due at a council meeting at eleven. The bride was followed down the aisle by a flower-girl named Hazel Wrigley, bearing a bouquet not of daisies, but violets. Daisy bore up well during most of the service, but when it came to joining in the singing herself she broke down and wept.

"If you're going to cry at your wedding," muttered a friend, "give me a nice cheerful funeral!"

Soon after, the groom slipped away to his council meeting. "Excuse me, gentlemen," he apologised. "I'm a little excited this morning. I've just been married!" The councillors thought him an enterprising fellow. They rose in a body to offer their congratulations.

Daisy retired to prepare for the evening reception—in a flutter of embarrassment about her new status. "I was so shy about saying 'husband,' and the women tried to make me," Aunt Daisy

recalls. "It was so silly. We had such unnecessary anxiety in those days. To-day things like that are so much easier—so ordinary and casual and happy." On the question of names, she continued to waver between the extreme formality of "Mister" and the familiarity of "Fred." Finally, when her condition allowed, she compromised with "Dad."

THE arrival of Daisy's first baby the following year was an unmixed delight—at first. "Once you'd had the child you wore beautiful nightgowns and dressing jackets and everything. And you weren't made to get up and walk as you are now. You stayed in bed for two or three weeks. Your husband thought you were wonderful, and all your friends came to see you, leaning over the bed and saying how lovely you were."

But when the nurse, Mrs Gomer, departed, Daisy was left no longer holding court, but nervously holding the baby. Motherhood suddenly became neither decorative nor restful. Plunket was then in its own infancy, and Daisy acted mostly on the advice of innumerable "well-informed" wives. The consequence was that little Freddy's diet and feeding times were changed as often as his mother heard a new idea. He became, not surprisingly, somewhat confused. He howled continuously night and day, ceasing only when held by the confident nurse, Mrs. Gomer. He drove the young Mrs Basham into a nervous disorder, for which she sought therapy at the popular spa of Rotorua. The baby was sent for the time to Auckland and the care of Daisy's elder sister Katie, who by then was married to a young *New Zealand Herald* reporter named Ernest Muir.

Fred Basham took refuge from his squalling first-born in the calm, uncomplicated company of men. "Dad really shouldn't have married," says Aunt Daisy. "He was a clubman at heart, and he continued to be a clubman. After the first few weeks, he'd say, 'Oh, well, Tiny, I suppose you'll want to go to bed now. I think I'll just go and have a game of cards with the men.'"

Back home again, Daisy slowly learned to cope with her child. Dr Frederick Truby King was then toiling to spread knowledge of his system to just such bewildered young wives as she, but it was not till her second and third children, when the need had substantially passed, that she began to hear much of the great man's work.

DAISY'S housekeeping, too, could have benefited from the advice of just such a household sage as she herself was later to become. There was Mrs Beeton, of course, but she was inclined to assume a knowledge of certain basic details. Daisy learned these rather from her succession of maids. The first of these was an Irish girl named Lizzie, a quick, bright and capable maid whose ability so overawed Daisy that she addressed the girl respectfully as "Miss." Aunt Daisy remembers bearing to the kitchen a basin of rice to ask Lizzie whether it was enough. She had never cooked rice before. Nor had she read the *Forester* story in which Hornblower's rice-filled ship, holed below the waterline, bursts apart under the pressure of swelling grain. She was astonished when the brisk Irishwoman informed her the measure of rice was just four times too much.

The servants in their turn sometimes provided the laughs. A washerwoman, Mrs Onions, confessed one day to having a daughter named Violet. Fred Basham talked at the club for weeks after of the "conglomeration of aromas" which had invaded his house.

Hawera itself was no metropolis, but Daisy, as always, found that things

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