

offered to finance a tour, to include also America, if she would work for them.

The idea of leaving the Broadcasting Service made Aunt Daisy nervous. Her husband's loss of his job in the depression, her own difficulty in finding enough work to support her family, her dismissal from 2YA, returned to plague her. "These things leave a mark on you," she says. "I'm still nervous. I think if I do something wrong the Service will put me off the air. Barbara tells me not to be silly, but I say, 'They could put me off. You've only got to make one false step.' Oh, I've never kidded myself."

To Mr Carruthers she confided these anxieties. "I feel the only thing safe in this world is the Government," she said. "Countries and all can come to pieces, but the Government is safe. I wouldn't like to leave the Service." Carruthers reassured her. He was a married man, he said, with children. Was it likely he'd let Aunt Daisy down?

"But what happens if you die?" asked Aunt Daisy anxiously.

"Then," he said, "the firm will go on just the same."

SO Aunt Daisy joined the agency game. She was even given an expense account. "I felt so apologetic about it," she says. "I was careful not to spend anything. I'd put down, Supper: Cup of coffee, 6d, and so on. Mr Carruthers didn't even look at it; just chucked it away."

Daisy was given a traveller's farewell in Wellington's Town Hall. The show was to begin at noon, but the hall was half-full by nine o'clock. "People took their knitting," she says, "and 2ZB organised some community singing. There was no advertising. None of these Joy Shows was ever loaded with advertising."

When Aunt Daisy arrived a way had to be forced for her through the crowds overflowing round the entrances. "Look! There she is!" they said. "That's Aunt Daisy. Isn't she a *trick*? How small she is!" Daisy overheard the remarks, and loved it.

The festivities began with four men performing a burlesque of Aunt Daisy's cooking technique. "Mr Bert Nimmo made a haggis," she says. "Such a mess it was. And when it was finished a piper in kilts marched it round the floor."

"Then the manager of the Regent Theatre was to cook a sucking pig. He had a real one—poor frightened little fellow, squealing loudly! The recipe said, 'First make a paste and wrap in that.' So the pig was plastered all over with paste and the audience shrieked as the oven door was opened and the pig put in. There was an exit at the back, of course, and the pig was seen to back out, still squealing. We heard it for some time, chasing about backstage."

"Of course," Aunt Daisy adds, "there were some speeches and farewells and flowers, and I replied in what I hoped were a few well chosen words."

But the high jinks were not over. Through the night, when the Limited stopped at Palmerston North, Taihape, Ohakune, and places north, loyal members of the Daisy Chain assembled on the platform to sing "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do." Daisy hastily donned a coat over her nightdress to acknowledge their good wishes for a happy trip. It was like a Royal Progress, if somewhat less sedate.

Auckland, too, added its warm good wishes, and like Royalty, Aunt Daisy was glad to put her feet up when she was finally installed in a comfortable cabin (first-class this time) aboard the

Monterey. Before leaving she had recorded a supply of Morning Sessions to last till she could record more at Honolulu. The extra work and the round of farewells would have tested the constitution of a weightlifter. Daisy took it all in her stride.

ON tour, Daisy saw much of the great firms whose products she advertised. She soaked up information like a sponge, and squeezed it out again in a grand total of 102 half-hour recordings made during the trip. At Honolulu she watched the canning of guavas and papayas, "the latter so potent that the workers wore thick gloves to prevent their hands from being digested away." She witnessed the making or packing of electrical goods, chemicals, cod-liver oil, cosmetics, biscuits, salt, chocolate, soap, toothbrushes and corsets.

In Hollywood, Aunt Daisy took luncheon with Deanna Durbin, telling the young star of New Zealand's Deanna Durbin Quest of not long before. In Yorkshire she ventured on Ilkley Moor, with a hat. In London she savoured the peculiarly English satisfaction of being driven through Hyde Park in a Rolls-Royce, escorted by a gentleman of title. The fact that they were both on their way to inspect an egg-processing plant detracted not a whit from the pleasure.

Among Aunt Daisy's social calls were visits to the London studio of Hubert Milverton-Carta, the well-known tenor, whom she had first met when both were broadcasting from 1YA in the late twenties; and to the home of Sir Harry Lauder, the famed Scottish comedian, with whom she had afternoon tea. Also present were the comedian's sister Greta, his small niece, and a pet Scots Terrier named Sandy. At tea, Aunt Daisy remembers that her daughter Barbara was warned by the niece, a solemn lass, "Dinna take anything off that plate, Sandy's been lickin' em." She has not decided to this day whether it was a friendly warning or a Scottish joke.

In Norway, one brand of sardines is permitted to bear a kingly name. The firm enjoying this privilege took Aunt Daisy in royal style to see how the fishes were caught. "We were taken out in a beautiful white launch with brass fittings polished like gold," she says. "And on the way they served us a strong drink, Akvavit, made from potatoes, I think. As they held it up they all said, 'Skol!'"

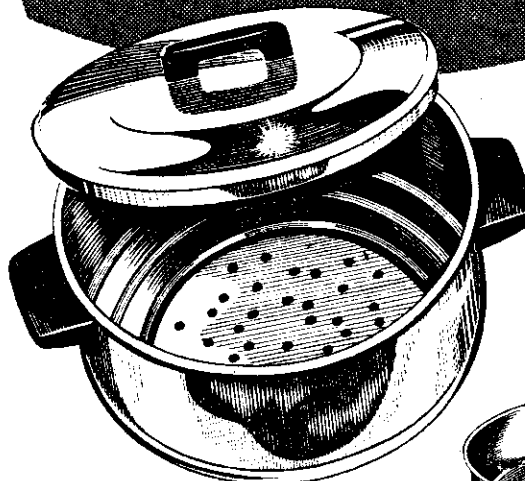
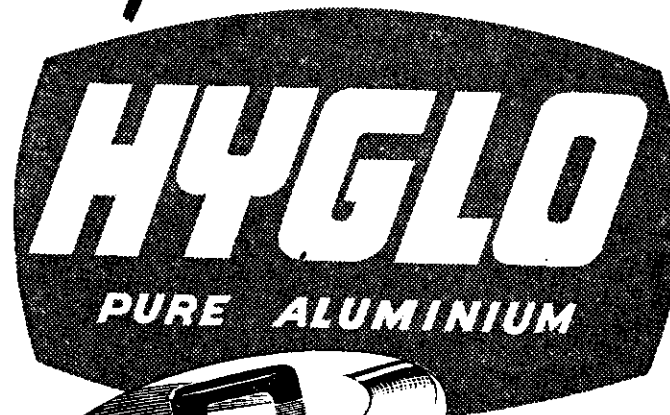
As sardines are too small to be cleaned they are kept at sea in the nets for three days to allow their stomachs to empty. And they must be just the correct size. "Do you know," she says, "that the girls in the factory handle each sardine—one by one!"

The grand tour ended at Ceylon, with what Aunt Daisy calls "a deluxe ten days" at the luxurious Galie Face Hotel as guest of the Tea Propaganda Board. She didn't really need convincing. On tour in wine or coffee drinking countries, she always took the precaution of taking her own packet of tea.

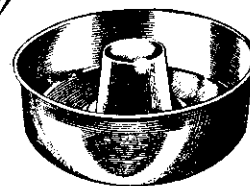
Back in New Zealand, she set about spreading word of the great industries she had seen. But because, in Aunt Daisy, the missionary has always been mixed with the saleswoman, she also began agitating for a new scheme to take religion to the people. At Honolulu she had seen a dramatic "sunrise service" conducted in the Punchbowl, a natural amphitheatre among the hills. At home in Wellington, she looked with new eyes at the promising skyline of Mount Victoria.

(To be continued)

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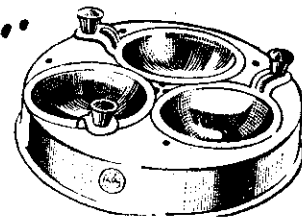
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