



AUNT DAISY

brings you the

WEEKLY CHEER BUDGET

A VERY FRIENDLY AND HOMELY PLACE IS THE CITY OF GLASGOW

OUR kind hosts at Edinburgh offered to drive us as far as Alloa, on our way back to Glasgow after our happy sojourn in the capital; and went a bit out of their way to show us Linlithgow Castle, too.

I was anxious to stop at Alloa to see through the famous mills of Patons and Baldwins, with whose knitting wools our New Zealand women are so very familiar. We were tied to time, now, however, and could only spend an hour or two there, because we had to catch a certain train.

The manager was ever so interested to hear about my travelling all round the world in order to gather broadcasting material and so on; he thought it a grand idea! And of course, he was very keen to hear all about New Zealand, for we are both suppliers and customers of his great firm.

Our Own Wool

AS we made a quick tour of the mill, we were shown plenty of New Zealand wool, being made ready to send back to us again, to knit into pull-overs and jumpers and everything.

I won't try to describe the mill and its processes, for you can all see practically the same thing at Mosgiel or Petone or Onchunga—we are excellently equipped in our own factories, you know, and keep well abreast of the times in all machinery and methods!

A young member of the office staff was detailed to drive us to the railway station, and while waiting for the train he told us interesting stories of old inhabitants of the Hebrides, where he had spent his holidays, and described one very old woman whose dresses and petticoats had been woven and made from the wool of her own sheep, and had been worn for thirty years without wearing out; while the bright dyes of the borders and trimmings were a wonder to behold!

He told us many fascinating things of the Hebrides, so that we wished we had time to go there. Perhaps we may, some day.

Friendly Glasgow

GLASGOW is a fine old city, but not beautiful or romantic like Edinburgh. Still, it

has many beauties of its own, and the people are very kindly and friendly.

If we asked anyone the best way to get to any place, he would go to no end of trouble to explain things, and would even "go the second mile" by telling us what to see on the way, and **HOW MUCH IT WOULD COST**, and what other routes there were, and everything.

Sometimes I would say I had come from New Zealand (if they asked us where we were from) and they nearly always had a cousin or some relation either here or in Australia, and would love to stand awhile and have a chat. A very friendly and homely place, Glasgow!

On Sunday we made our way to a church we had noticed nearby, only to find it closed, with a notice on the door to say: "Please worship at St. David's in the next street during August, as the minister is away on his holiday."

It is taken for granted that you will go to church on Sunday, just as you will have your dinner; and the ministers take it in turns to go for their holidays.

One day I was asking the way to the BBC studios in Glasgow. They had just moved into a fine new building. "Go up that road," said the man of whom I asked, "and you'll come to the Botanical Gardens. Leave them there!" he said very emphatically, shaking his finger and pausing long enough to make me wonder if he thought I should take them, "and then walk on up the road, and the BBC will be there on your left."

In Glasgow you can get a tram-ride for a half-penny; and the maximum fare is twopence half-penny. I was told that a favourite and economical way of spending a summer Sunday evening in Glasgow, after church, is to take a tram out as far as it goes, get out and read the twopenny Sunday newspaper in a park, and then ride home again—thus getting the evening's entertainment for sevenpence—plus the three-penny bit which you put in the plate in church!

Courteous BBC

AT the BBC they were all most charming and full of courtesy. I was supposed to talk on "My Impressions of the Exhibition." Of course, one must write out one's "script" and submit it beforehand, just as we do here; and I had not been able to help putting in some little references to New Zealand, both in connection with the New Zealand Court and also the "Women of the Empire" pavilion. Next day, the

Programme Director rang me up and asked me to include "more about New Zealand" as it was so interesting.

I was invited to give some talks in the children's sessions, too, about our Waitomo Caves, and Rotorua, and so on; but I couldn't manage to fit in their available dates with my wanderings and other engagements. Still, I enjoyed being there—and also at Broadcasting House in London, of which I will tell you some other time.

At The Exhibition

I ENJOYED the Exhibition immensely. It was absolutely splendid in every way, and a great triumph for its designers, for the whole lay-out was really perfect. Of course, they had the advantage of a superb site—Bellahouston Park—with its high grassy hill in the middle, covered with big, shady trees, which made a splendid centre round which to group everything.

The park is only a twopenny tram-ride out from the city—quite a consideration for people with families, or who haven't much time. We had a flat at Hillhead, and used to go by underground to Cessnock for a penny-halfpenny; then by tram to the exhibition for another penny.

There was so much to interest everybody, no matter what their tastes. Some people would go day after day to the "United Kingdom Pavilion" and the "Engineering Pavilion"—it was really possible to make an industrial tour of Britain by going carefully through those.

People with a passion for historical treasures loved the Scottish pavilion (south) in which were exhibits of priceless antiques, telling the entire story of Scotland from the very earliest times up to the nineteenth century.

There were relics of the Roman occupation, as well as many Stuart and Jacobite treasures; besides four Period Rooms showing the furniture and ornaments of those days—real old Paisley shawls, and old pewter and silverware—and bits of witchcraft, like recipes for love-potions and so on; very ancient illuminated manuscripts; silver snuff-mulls; old clocks; parts of Highland dress; old pistols and swords—all kinds of things.

This pavilion was always absolutely thronged; the exhibits were so comprehensive and, of course, very valuable, lent by old Scottish families, and nearly all in locked glass cases.

FOR the more frivolous-minded there was a very large and wonderful amusement park. One man told me that amusement parks as a rule "left him cold," but that this one had so many new things as well as all the best of the old ones, that he went again and again. It had a special restaurant of its own, holding about a thousand people, and was really a separate unit of the exhibition.

There was plenty to charm the lovers of beauty: a very fine art gallery, and the unique water displays, the wonderful fountains, the north and south cascades, and the lake. As a matter of fact, there never has been anything quite like these before, I was told, not even in Paris.

The north cascade faced you as you came in at the main entrance—and if you made your first visit at night time, when all the water-displays were in full action and illuminated, you might have thought you were in fairyland.

Water Beauty

THE cascade dropped down in three sections from the top of the Bellahouston Hill, and just to one side of the great tower of Empire. It really consisted of several round pools, at different levels, with

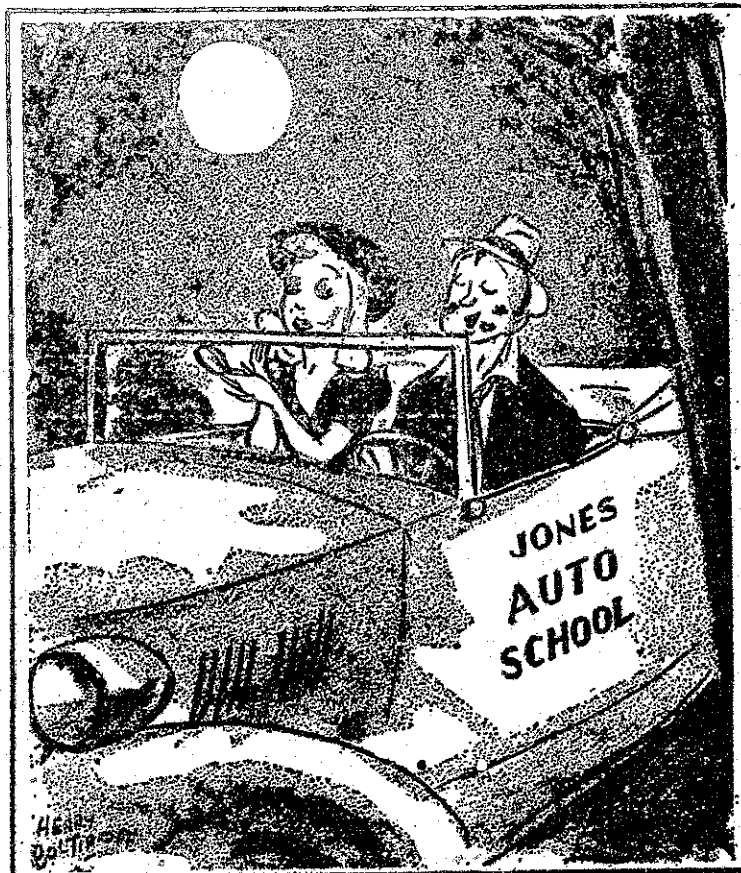
statues of water nymphs in marble, grouped on each side of them; while the water flowed down from one pool to the other over shallow, curved glass steps, fifteen feet wide.

On either side of the cascade all the way down, were gay flower-beds; and on the outside of these again, were the staircases leading up to the top of the hill and the tower.

The staircases were also 15 feet wide, and very shallow, so that even old people had no difficulty in walking up them; and they were finished off with ivory-cream cement, mixed with "glitterite," which made them gleam brightly, both in the illuminations and in the sunshine. There were also ornamental pylons of this substance, too, marking the three sections of the cascades.

The lighting came from lamps and reflectors concealed behind the glass steps, and shining through them and the water flowing over them; and the colours changed and "mixed" continually, so that the whole beautiful cascade flowed down from the top of the hill in a series of changing colours.

Perhaps the most spectacular of all the water displays was the lake, but I shall have to leave the description of that, and of the wonderful (but queer-looking) Empire Tower for next week.



—Los Angeles "Examiner."
"That was what we call 'parking'!"