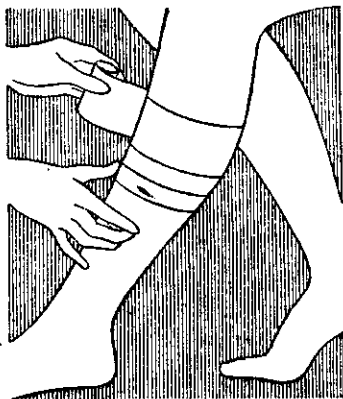


This ointment fights for you

Some disorders of the skin are directly caused by germs: others are not. But all sore and erupted places—through exposure, scratching or other causes—are particularly liable to germ infection which aggravates their condition and hinders their recovery. The grave danger of septic development in skin complaints can hardly be overstressed.

It is to fight and destroy the germs of skin infections that Dettol Ointment has been made. This ointment is active. It kills germs. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol'.

Here, then, is an ointment which fights for you. It sinks deeply into the tissue, calms the irritation and, because it is actively germicidal, destroys the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it and whenever you renew it, this ointment goes on working to keep you free from reinfection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on.



Dettol Ointment is recommended specially for the treatment of:—**Boils, Whitlows, Carbuncles, Impetigo, Sycosis** (Barber's Rash), **Herpes** (Cold Sores), **Septic Eczema**. In the treatment of obstinate cases of **Varicose Ulcer** (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

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Your local Public Trust Office will gladly furnish you with the information you require and show how it can assist in foreseeing and meeting the problems which may arise when you are no longer here to grapple with them.

The PUBLIC TRUSTEE



10/3

FUN AND HEARTACHES

BBC Links Parents and Children

(BBC Special to "The Listener" by JOYCE T. ROWE—One of the Links)

A GOOD deal has been written about the message programmes sent out from this country to British children evacuated to the Dominions and U.S.A. both at the time of their inauguration by the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose and throughout their very successful series. Now, of course, the service has ceased for security reasons, but there was a lot of fun—and heartache—mixed up in the work which might prove good reading.

I was Enid Maxwell's secretary for the first two years of the service and her assistant for the last few months, so I got a good inside look. We used to hold recording sessions with the child-

Another thing we had to be on our guard against was the first sign of anyone breaking down. It only took one mother to dissolve into tears and it spread through the whole session. I shall never forget standing impotently before rows of weeping mothers and depressed fathers wondering how on earth I was going to get a cheerful word out of one of them. I finally said, very brusquely—for to show my sympathy would have been fatal at that damp stage—"I know English weather's pretty bad, but it can't be this wet." And was relieved to see the first dim smiles appear, and the session got under way. We got a few messages recorded (with only one "Always be an England," I was relieved to find) when we came to another



British parents speaking to their evacuated children overseas

ren's parents about twice a week. We never accentuated the fact that the messages were recorded, preferring the children to imagine their parents speaking to them direct—a thing they were unable to do owing to the odd times the programmes went out. Many and wordy were the battles we fought in that recording room, though almost invariably amicable, too, I'm glad to say.

Not unnaturally, most people wanted to say the same things, and we had to tread a delicate tight-rope between varying the monotony of the programme for other listeners while remembering that they were the parents' messages, after all. Then there was the time limit. They were allowed 30 seconds per pair of parents, but that didn't prevent many of them appearing, beaming, with a good four-minute address. Lots of them would insist on winding up their messages with "Keep your chin up—there'll always be an England." It got to be quite a battle cry with us till we shuddered whenever it appeared on the horizon, which was painfully often. But the one thing they always put in, and which we would never have dreamed of cutting, was their thanks to the foster-parents for all their kindness to the children in their new homes.

obstacle. Mrs. B. was by way of being a poet. Enid Maxwell (I know she will forgive me) was not, and had cut the message ruthlessly in order to fit it into the 30 seconds, but had played havoc with the rhymes. So Mrs. B. and I retired into a corner and produced an epic which went triumphantly over the air to Cape Town:—

"Hello, Cyril, are you there?
This is Mummy on the air."

Programme in Rhyme

Which reminds me of another time we burst into rhyme. Jack Peach of the CBC unit often used to comper the North American programmes, and we decided once to write the whole programme in rhyme. I must admit it wasn't as successful as it might have been because, of course, the listener felt the messages should all have been in rhyme, too, but it was a lot of fun for us! Unfortunately though, the script looked much longer than it really was, and we found ourselves at rehearsal sadly under time. So we had to set to and write some more verses. Midnight struck and Jack had to go on the air, but I was still scribbling madly — not

(continued on next page)