



BACTERIAL INFECTIONS OF

CATARRH

CHRONIC COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ANTRUM AND SINUS TROUBLES

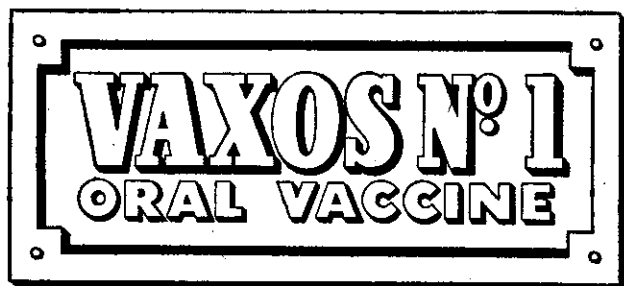
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IT'S THAT MAN'S FATHER AGAIN!

(Written for "The Listener" by N.F.B.)

MY husband is over forty, quite old enough to have half a dozen hefty sons, but our babies all came girls, and we were just as proud of them as all normal parents are of their offspring of whichever sex. Never once did we wish any one of them had been a boy, at least, not until last week, and for the first time in my life I mourned the fact that my family is not a mixed one.

Little does a certain very popular radio Quizmaster realise what he did to thousands of homes when he introduced the wrong man as "that man's father."

"You mean 'I,' dearest."

"No, it's 'myself,' isn't it?"

I left the room and went rummaging among some old photographs. There was one of my father-in-law, taken in the days when men wore hair (when they could) and were proud of it. I don't know whether he was prouder of the hair or the enormous cabbage rose in his buttonhole. He wore what my husband called a "dirtyshirt" waistcoat, which hid all evidence of a shirt except the collar. There was also a snap of my husband in uniform, which I thought was quite suitable for the purpose.

"Look, dear, there's your father, and there's you. Now, that man's father—



"No," he said, so patiently, "that man's father is my father's son, that's myself"

"Once and for all," he announced, "we'll settle this question. The man was looking at his own photograph!" The only man who never heard of that old rhyme was Adam. It is centuries older than Japhet's father and every time it is mentioned there is argument. More than thirty years ago an adored oldest brother expounded the riddle to me and, when I heard the wrong answer given last week, I yelled. I wrote to the announcer giving the answer so clearly, step by step, "son of my father—my father's son—that man's father," etc.

"Is that quite clear?" I asked my husband, to whom I refer on most issues.

"But it was his own photograph!" he said.

I simply couldn't believe my ears. The husband of my bosom had been one of the other camp all those years—all his life, he assured me.

"But your father can't be his own father," I protested.

"Nobody says he is," he retorted.

"But that's what you say if you are looking at your own photograph."

"No it isn't. That man's father is my father's son; that's me, isn't it?"

that's your father, according to you is your father's son."

"No," he said, so patiently, pointing first to himself and then to his father—and back to himself, "That man's father is my father's son, that's myself."

A WEEK later I still had not succeeded in converting him. I had no picture of his son. I had no son to be pictured. "Suppose you had a son, dear. Call him Ken, for example."

"We'll call him George, after my father," he said decidedly.

"Oh dear!" I thought, distractedly, "I'll never convince him without a son."

He became quite used to being asked "Is your father's son going down town to-day?" or "Is your father's son ready for tea?" and after I would glance at him to find a thoughtful look on his face which was quite encouraging. Then one morning I said, "You are your father's son?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"And that man's father is your father's son?"

(continued on next page)

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