



J. A. HORNE

"The work is still in the exploratory stage"

(continued from previous page)

at the hospital. Another girl who had not been brought to us at the time, died the same evening.

Along the Road with Shepherds

To most New Zealanders, the village of Paliograpsanon or Paliogratsanon will be unknown. But there are some who will remember it well. We went there on the Wednesday after Easter—two nurses, a dietician and myself. Our objective, inoculations and first-aid, and of course, dental extractions.

Soon we had Velvendos well below us, and a little later it was out of sight. A few shepherds joined us for part of the way, and they amused themselves listening to my attempts to converse with them, feeling my clothing and admiring my shoes, meanwhile driving in front of them a small herd of sheep and goats and kids. The girls had found a short cut and were well ahead.

We stopped for lunch by a small stream, and opened our "K" rations which we were able to share with the old woman and a boy who had appeared from nowhere. These rations are ingeniously packed and contain an excellent variety. We gave them a tin of cheese and one of meat, some biscuits, chewing gum, sweets, and a small packet of cigarettes. It was a long time, if ever, since they had had anything like that bill of fare and the old woman thanked us profusely. They each had a little of the cheese and the meat and a biscuit, but the balance was surreptitiously stowed away, to share with others later. Such things would have to be seen by the villagers to be believed. The young lad toyed with a bar of candy for a time, took the paper off, smelt it, and I waited to see his expression when he had tasted it, but it was carefully wrapped up again and put in his pocket. I could imagine him creating a terrific impression later with the other boys by producing a bar of candy. I wonder when he will get his next?

By now we did not have far to go to the village and before long it was in sight. Seen through the trees, it looked extremely picturesque in its mountain setting, but the illusion passed when we

came to the first building—four blackened walls, just a burnt-out shell. Every house I could see was in the same condition—either just four walls or a mere pile of rubble. There were not a dozen houses intact.

The church tower stood alone, with the rest of the building hanging crazily from one side and ending in a pile of masonry on the edge of the village square, the only piece of flat terrain in the place. The school, next to it, had had a temporary roof built on somehow, and was again in use, but the remainder of the area presented a picture of complete and systematic destruction.

Dental Clinic's Big Day

We are met by Nikkola, a man of about 46-50, who is the village president. He was in America some years before and can speak a little English, so he acts as our interpreter. Very few people are about, so we send him off to round them up and bring the children. Gradually they come out of their ruins and cluster on one side of the Square.

Miss Lawson sets up her dental clinic under a tree opposite the school, and Miss Stevens and Miss Bamford set up their table by the church ruins. Miss Gentles has an opportunity to study undernourishment at first hand, and I just help where most needed, so to-day I am a dental assistant. Everybody is soon hard at work, children lined up on one side for inoculation and Miss Lawson surrounded by people clamouring to have their teeth attended to. Children come first, always, and some mouths are very bad. As she works, Miss Lawson calls me to look at the worst cases. Abscessed teeth, stumps of broken molars to come out, or just plain bad teeth which must have given their owners fits. Between extractions I help by getting fresh instruments from the steriliser on the primus, and depositing therein a used lot. The hypodermic is refilled with procaine, the fresh instruments arranged ready for us, and the next patient selected and seated in the cane chair. Not all of them sit easily, but the majority behave very well and we send them on their way with a pat on the shoulder and a "Bravo."

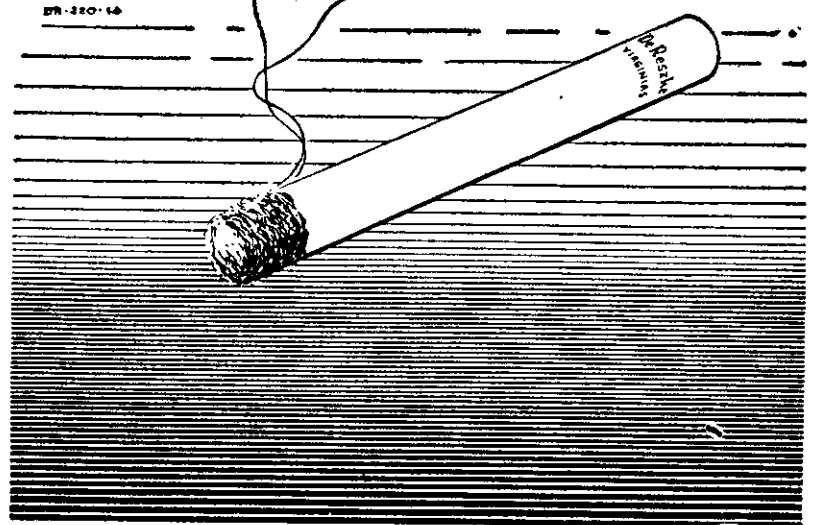
On the other side of the square the inoculation team are going strongly and look like finishing before we do. Now Miss Lawson starts on the grown-ups, but the procaine is running low and there is sufficient only for so many more patients. Soon she has to say "No more."

NATIONAL FILM UNIT

STUDENT life in Dunedin is the subject of one of the items in the National Film Unit's Weekly Review, No. 251, released on June 21. The young students play hard and work hard, and in "Town and Gown" we get a glimpse of how they live and what they do. Other items are: "Number Plates," showing how motor vehicle number plates are made and dispatched (the first new plates since before the war); "Army and Air Force in Japan" with the 14th Fighter Squadron at Iwakani, and the New Zealand Div. Cavalry Repatriation Centre at Otake, Japan; and "Great Northern Steeples," a glimpse of the Auckland Steeplechase.

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