(continued from previous page)

the dais would be needed in the shed for the Board's welcome and get it fitted up in time (it was made from timber that can be used again for other purposes, and covered with green canvas. Carpets and chairs were hired).

Five Minutes for the Guns

While cranes rumbled backwards and forward above us, we all crowded round to hear the voice of whoever might be speaking at the moment. Possibly it would be Mr. Heenan himself or the Government Reception Officer, C. A. Furlong. If they were not talking, then someone was probably talking to them.

Where would the guard stand? Where would the band be placed? How many minutes does a salute of 19 guns take to fire? (The answer is five.) Where would the cars be parked during the short ceremony in the shed? How would the Administrator (Sir Michael Myers) drive away in order to be at Government House to receive Sir Bernard and Lady Freyberg, without giving an impression that the ceremony was over. How would the Prime Minister's and Mayor's cars be parked so as to let them get away quickly, after the Governor-General-Designate, but in time to be at the Town Hall to meet him there-the Prime Minister at the edge of the footpath, the Mayor inside the door of the Town Hall? How many minutes would each part of the wharf-ceremony occupy?

These were the sort of questions that had to be settled, either by reference to the facts or the circumstances, or by reference as often as not to the judgment of Mr. Heenan, and Mr. Furlong who are as familiar with these occasions as a Vicar is with weddings. In fact weddings did come to mind at one point. Up on the dais, the question rose, on which side would be who? "Here," said Mr. Heenan, pushing the Commissioner of Police alongside another police officer—"You're getting married, see? And you're the bride. And you come across this way. . . ."

The same sort of things had to be decided for the Ceremony at the War Memorial, with cars coming on to the kerb on the wrong side; for the introduction of the Mayor and Mayoress at the Town Hall (more practice at coming in on the wrong side, determining how far out from the kerb the car should be, and so on); and then for the longest ceremony, the Swearing-in on the steps of Parliament House.

One fresh touch was introduced into the Swearing-in ceremony. The proclamation of the Oath of Office was read out to the public (and radio listeners) immediately after it had been signed by Sir Bernard. Previously, it has been signed, and issued as a Gazette Extraordinary the same day.

Throughout all the planning, there was close co-operation between Internal Affairs and Government House, Mr. D. E. Fouhy, the Permanent Official Secretary at Government House, and Major the Hon. G. N. C. Wigram, the Governor-General's Military Secretary (who came to New Zealand a few weeks in advance to attend to the preliminaries) were at the conferences, and many times appeal had to be made to them for definite decision, on behalf of the Governor-General-Designate. The aim was at all times to study the convenience of Sir Bernard and Lady Freyberg and so make the whole series of ceremonies go smoothly, without any embarrassing pauses.

Everything was planned at first on the assumption that the Ruahine would come in on Saturday morning, and a closely detailed programme was cyclostyled for official use. When the ship was delayed one day a new one had to be made out for Monday (a Governor-General cannot be sworn in on a Sunday).

Plenty to Laugh At

The last conference of "all-concerned" was held in a room in Government buildings. Even when the meeting was held at a table, there was still no "Mr. Chairman." We thought it was an ex-

emplary display of co-operation without formal discipline. We remember chiefly one or two odd points about these talks -first, that no one seemed to use abbreviations (apart from Christian names in addressing each other); when you have to keep referring to "the Governor-General-Designate" about every third sentence, you may be excused for getting your tongues twisted now and again. Yet everyone kept firmly to that title in all the discussions on arrangements affecting what happened before Sir Bernard committed his first official act as Governor-General (his signing of the Oath of Allegiance and the Oath of Office). And second, though there was a feeling that a common sense of humour was ready to come to the rescue if any tangles did lead to difficulty in discussion, there was actually very little re-laxation of the stern purposeful mood that was getting the job done. was plenty to laugh at — for instance, the three or four different pronunciations, in varying dialect accents, of dais; the case of the Commissioner of Police being told that he was a bride; the Under-Secretary of Internal Affairs shouting across a busy street corner, "I'm a motor-car now-I'm coming round this way." But we ourselves kept strictly within the rights of our "listening brief," and took note that there are occasions in human dealings when it's not actually wrong to laugh, but just wastes time.







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