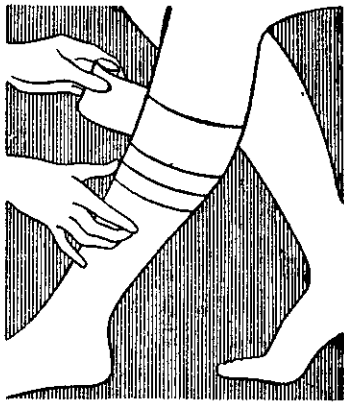


This ointment fights for you

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.

DETTOL OINTMENT

RECKITT AND COLMAN (NEW ZEALAND) LTD.,
Pharmaceutical Dept., BOND ST., DUNEDIN.

DO3



THE YEARS PASS BY

... BUT THE SERVICE OF YOUR TRUSTEE
MUST CONTINUE
THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE
IS PERMANENT

A2.10

RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

"Schwanengesang" Well Sung

THE first seven songs of Schubert's *Schwanengesang* — programmed as "Dying Strains" — were given from 1YA the other Wednesday by the baritone Stewart Harvey, with Henry Shirley, pianist. The words of these songs are by three different poets — Rellstab, Heine, Seidl — and therefore the sequence is not strictly a song cycle. Yet there is a strong unifying emotional thread running through them and they are as well integrated as *The Winter's Journey* or *The Miller's Daughter*. *Schwanengesang* was written in the last year of Schubert's life and is in truth his own swan song. These are great songs by all standards, simple yet supremely beautiful. Stewart Harvey and Henry Shirley gave a fine interpretation. There seemed to be complete understanding both in dynamics and phrasing between voice and piano. It was interesting, by the way, to notice the new beauty invested in the hackneyed "Serenade" placed here in its right setting.

Repertoire of an Artist

THERE are many remarkable things about Lili Kraus. Listening to her first broadcast from 2YA on the Sunday night when she played, for the first time during her tour, the beautiful but little known sonata of Stravinsky, one marvelled at the breadth and extent of her repertoire. The life of a concert artist is an arduous and exacting one. Technique, memory and artistic integrity must be kept at a uniformly high standard, for competition in the concert world is strong and the shafts of criticism keen. If reputation is to be maintained, the executant will limit the season's playing to the minimum necessary to fill programmes. I remember one pianist who toured New Zealand a few years ago who broadcast the same three programmes (with the same attendant encores) from every city in Australia and the four centres in this country as well. Nothing would tempt him to add the smallest trifle to the list he had allowed himself. Lili Kraus has given us Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Bartok, and now Stravinsky. She has struck a happy balance between the unfamiliar and the well-loved. Nothing has been repeated but that which should be heard again. To everything she has brought the same spontaneity, the same affectionate understanding.

Bewitchcraft

LISTENING to the Lili Kraus public concert broadcast from 2YA one was moved to reflect that music on the air has to suffer more indignities than any other form of broadcast entertainment. Commentaries on football, racing or wrestling by other than the chosen sports announcers, for instance, would be a heresy shaking the Service to its very foundations. Yet for even the most important concert no especial arrangements ever seem necessary. The announcer for the 2YA concert did his best. He did it as a good announcer should, clearly and unobtrusively, but the music obviously moved him to no anticipatory excitement; and there was much he left unsaid. This, however, is not the point I want to make. The most extraordinary thing was the way in which, as the evening progressed, he

became more and more possessed by the fervour of the music. As he shared the audience's enthusiasm, the detached reserve of the observer slipped from him like a cloak. His feelings — and incidentally those of the audience — expressed more than words could tell.

English Inns

I WAS somewhat surprised last Thursday morning to find Major Lampen talking about Old English Inns, whereas presumably Old English Tea-rooms would be nearer the taste of the 10.25 audience. But probably it's another case of the lure of the unknown, for whereas Old English Tea-rooms are common throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand, Old English Inns, with one possible exception, are unknown. Few New Zealand housewives are therefore likely to be entrants in that fascinating pastime of collecting Old English Inns, which the Major dwelt on so lovingly, and which we gather from the dignified tone of the talk has no connection with the New Zealand pub-crawl. But though we cannot, through lack of first-hand knowledge, feel quite the same enthusiasm as Major Lampen for Georgian silver, grey Cotswold stone, and beds-in-which-Queen-Elizabeth-slept, we welcome on Thursday mornings that breath of man-of-the-world urbanity which steals from the microphone into our store-furnished living room.

Entrancing Land

THE truism that our own country is the one we know least is brought home to us by such speakers as J. D. McCraw, who in a talk "Lakeland and Fiordland" from 4YA, reminded us of the existence of a large part of New Zealand which is, as yet, practically unexplored. This is the mountain and lake country in the south-west of the South Island, and Mr. McCraw's talk dealt with its flora and fauna. In enumerating the native birds, trees, and wildflowers of this primeval region, the speaker unconsciously drew a picture which revealed a portion of our country in a new perspective. Thirty-odd varieties of alpine flowers not found elsewhere in New Zealand, insect-catching plants, various wingless birds, orchids, a shrub which fools musterers by its likeness to a sheep, the ghost of the improbable takahe, and strange tales of a smallish dog-like beast seen near the deep lakes, into which it was said immediately to disappear when glimpsed — such items, in this brief description of the south-west corner of New Zealand, remind us that we live in an entrancing land whose inner secrets are far from being entirely revealed, even to the exploring naturalist and the alpine trampler.

Horse of an Agreeable Colour

I LISTENED to a BBC sketch from 4YA, "Catherine Parr," hoping that it might be that delightful dialogue between Catherine and Henry VIII. written by Maurice Baring. I was right. Perhaps you know this sketch. Catherine and Henry are at the breakfast table, and sporadic quarrels punctuate the

