

Infantile Paralysis

(POLIOMYELITIS)

WARNING

If infantile paralysis is reported in your town or district, regard with suspicion any child who is out of sorts and running a temperature. Put him to bed, isolated, until the doctor comes and determines the diagnosis.

The first symptoms may be missed if you are not on the alert. They are:—

- Headache, moderate temperature, flushing.
- Vomiting, and the child may have some bowel disturbance.
- A complaint of pain in the stomach.
- A drowsiness with little sleep—then a change to irritability.
- Stiffness of the neck and back.

Many cases recover without any further symptoms.

REASSURANCE

- 1 When paralysis develops, more than half of the diagnosed cases obtain complete recovery. Most of the others get back partial and reasonable use of the paralysed muscles.
- 2 The chances of a favourable outcome are helped by early recognition of the disease and early hospital attention. The affected muscles then get adequate rest and treatment, and this helps prevent deformities.

ADVICE

- Should there be infantile paralysis in your near neighbourhood, keep your children to themselves as much as possible.
- Let them play in the fresh air, without getting fatigued. Don't let them over-exert themselves. If swimming, cut down the time in the water; avoid chills after bathing.
- See that they get adequate sleep, and eat a well-balanced diet.
- Put off any nose and throat operations on children while infantile paralysis is in your district.
- Take every precaution to prevent contamination of food by flies.
- Always wash hands before eating — that goes for every member of the household.

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RADIO VIEWSREEL

What Our Commentators Say

Knight Rampant

HAD I not been prepared by a previous printing of Professor Knight's "The New Anti-Semitism" in *The Listener* the impact of his talk from 2YA would have been even more startling. For I prefer to believe that there is no such thing as a new anti-semitism, that what we have among us is merely the after-effect of the disease and not a symptom of a new outbreak of the epidemic. I imagine that most of those who heard Professor Knight's broadcast had read the talk, but to hear it spoken was a salutary experience, since it served to remind us of facts we had perhaps preferred to skim lightly over at the original reading. And there is no denying the fact that there's something about the Scottish accent which adds weight to an argument—there is energy in the broadened a and an echoing resonance in the rolled r. And when we have the combination of Scottish accent and intense personal conviction (not an uncommon one) we are likely to reach a high standard of persuasive oratory.

Women Abroad

A STRONG contrast was provided in two talks by women which I heard from 2YA within a week. The first, by Dr. Mary Bryson, "A Woman Surgeon-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy," and the second, a *Passport* talk by Mrs. J. Bellwood on the Baltic States. Dr. Bryson's talk was typically women's session stuff in that it dealt with the lighter side of war experience, depending for its interest largely on the incongruities occasioned by the fact that Dr. Bryson served in the Royal Navy and not in the WRNS. It was, within its limits, good entertainment. Mrs. Bellwood, in a beautifully written talk, gave us a swiftly delineated but not sketchy picture of the three Baltic States, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, their previous history and their present dilemma, and conveyed something of the horror of that succession of occupations by Russian, by German, and again by Russian forces. The *Passport* session has been rich in good talks, but Mrs. Bellwood's must rank among the best we have so far heard.

Garden Enclosed

I WAS as pleasantly surprised to find Oscar Wilde coyly emerging from the company of sopranos and contraltos who usually people 2YA's *For My Lady* session as was Ulysses at finding Achilles among Lycomedes' women. The occasion was the reading of Wilde's fairy tale *The Selfish Giant*, a choice peculiarly appropriate at the present time. *The Selfish Giant* is not one of my favourites among Wilde's many felicitous trifles, and this particular American recording seemed to underline a slight mawkishness not so apparent in a private reading. The whole thing was a little too beautiful and too precious for wholesale broadcast, so that our initial delight was overshadowed towards the end of the session by that vague embarrassment felt by those forced to overhear private feelings made public. However, the story's message was timely, since in these days of

enforced holidays many a householder may be tempted to follow the example of the Selfish Giant and build a high wall round his garden to keep out the swarms of neighbouring children. But whereas the giant's conversion to unselfish behaviour was comparatively simple, the Selfish Householder can always justify himself by a reference to the Health Department and the undesirability of encouraging undue congregation of the Under Sixteens.

Foreign Quota

THE 4ZB *Radio Theatre* recently presented us with a play about parents, divorce, and the effect of same upon the offspring of the marriage. In case you should reply that this is nothing new, I hasten to agree—it has been done before, and done with more sincerity; but in this case the child got the custody of the parents, which lends the play a modicum of originality. It is only in plays that children rise up in court and talk to the judge, as was done here; and it is only in plays that the judge regards interruptions with respect, and bases his pronouncements upon them. Anyhow, the child Jeannie asked for the house and parents,



each of whom lived with her for the regulation six months; and, as you can imagine, it wasn't very long before the family was reunited, thanks to the daughter's machinations, and the help which she got from Above ("that sudden touch," was what she called it, when praying). If it were all as simple as that, divorce statistics would soon show a marked decline. After the play, the young actress who played the child spoke up, prompted by the announcer, and explained about the rug-cutting parties she throws in order to keep teenagers out of mischief, with cokes and crackers and "all the other things that go to make a good time." It was all good, clean, wholesome, and American, but about as representative of the New Zealand Way of Life as an Eskimo igloo. Whenever a play by one of our own writers is broadcast, I listen if I can, and I have come to the conclusion that almost any of our playwrights could turn out a more representative effort than the above; the trouble is, I suppose, that there just aren't enough New Zealand plays to go round.

Fragrant and Flowery

THE 4ZB programme *Musical Comedy Theatre*, in the excerpts from *The Belle of New York*, gave listeners something more than just average musical comedy; other plays of similar vintage are now in the limbo of forgotten things, but