

"Tell me, doctor

... Here's the antiseptic you told me to get. Surely it's the same as they used when I was in hospital—when baby was born! Tell me, would it be?"



In our great maternity hospitals 'Dettol' is the modern defence against infection. To guard the mothers of new-born babies from the dread risk of puerperal fever, obstetricians and nurses of to-day depend on 'Dettol.' This remarkable antiseptic is now the chosen weapon of modern surgery. Three times more efficient germicidally than pure carbolic acid, 'Dettol' is entirely non-poisonous. It is a clean, clear fluid, pleasant in smell, agreeable to use—yet with germs that invade human tissues it is ruthless.

Learn from our doctors and surgeons how to protect yourself against septic infection. 'Dettol' is quite safe in unskilled hands. Have it always in your home. On the cut or scratch that may fester, in the room from which sickness may spread, on your hands when you act as nurse, use it promptly and freely. Ask your Doctor—he knows all about 'Dettol.'

IN AN EMERGENCY



Because 'Dettol' is entirely non-poisonous, and can be used if necessary without precise dilution, it is particularly suitable for use in emergency. First-aid must be rendered promptly, often by unskilled hands, if the dreaded risk of septic infection is to be avoided. That is why a bottle of 'Dettol' should be in every home.

Your Chemist has 'Dettol' in Bottles.

'DETTOL'
TRADE MARK
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

D.30

THINGS TO COME

A Run Through The Programmes

WIT is said to spring from the intellect and humour from the heart. In that case we admit that the leader of Band Waggon has some justification for referring to himself as Big-hearted Arthur, though we have yet to hear of our local wits addressing themselves by such titles as Big-Brained Whim-Wham, or Alexander the All-Bright. But it is our humour rather than our wit that is apparent in New Zealand literature, and it is with humour that John Harris will deal in 4YA's Winter Course talk (Tuesday, September 29). One of the great advantages of humour over wit is that the former can be unconscious, whereas the latter is too often self-conscious. And unconscious humour in literature retains its appeal long after self-conscious wit has ceased to be amusing.

Poison and Polish

"Portrait of a Gentleman," an NBS production which may be heard from 2YA on Sunday, September 27, at 9.27 p.m., raises the interesting question, somewhat antiquarian in flavour, of what a gentleman really was. The particular gentleman as portrayed by George Farwell, the author, looked a gent and talked like a gent and had the expensive tastes with which a gentleman liked to excuse his indifference to the masses. He also suffered from the unpleasant habit of poisoning almost anyone who crossed him or who might, if he died, leave him some money, so that by the end of the play there is not much gentleman left. While we look forward to hearing Howard Wadman in the part on Sunday next, our anticipation is made pleasanter by the thought that this particular gentleman lived a safe century away.

On Trial

While one man's meat may be another man's poison, we would also venture to suggest that another man's poisoning is some men's meat. If we are to believe that "the basis of humour is the satisfaction we feel at the discomfure of a fellow man," a criminal trial should be a most uproarious affair only to be surpassed by the sentence that follows conviction. On the other hand it is likely that the urge to laugh during a trial is immediately arrested and replaced with "There but for the grace of God go I." Whatever the motive it is certain that many sets are tuned in to 4ZB for the session "Notable Trials" on Saturday evenings.

Those Children Again!

It is, if we may coin a phrase, a wise father who knows his own children—in the sense, of course, that he knows what the little brats are getting at or up to. And it would be an even wiser parent who knew what his offspring *thought* about him. From that we are personally (and mercifully) saved by our own institutional limitations, but apparently we

are not to be left much longer in the enjoyment of that bliss which springs from ignorance. Miss D. E. Dolton, speaking from 3YA next Monday forenoon, is going to talk to us on "Children's



Ideas About Parents." On the face of it, this looks very like the beginning of a Spring Offensive on the Home Front. We can only hope that the Censor will save us from the worst.

Scientists to Order

Recipes for the making of little boys and little girls have long been part of the stock-in-trade of the compilers of nursery rhyme books, but the time has come to bring such things up to date. Slugs and snails and puppy-dogs' tails are as plentiful as ever, but sugar, spice and all things nice are either already rationed or about to become so. That is why we are wondering what Dr. Richardson has up his sleeve for his Winter Course talk (2YA, Monday, September 28) on "Making a Scientist." Provided the ingredients are easily obtainable and the method relatively simple (after all we can always ask Aunt Daisy), we feel confident that listeners will co-operate by quickly whipping up a batch or two of these highly desirable members of the community.

Dogs Are So Human!

Dogs are cute. Why, the other day, we were talking to a man about one, or rather, he was talking to us about one. This dog of his was a most intelligent canine. He (the man, we mean), went into the sitting-room one day and

there was the dog snoring on the chesterfield, so he batted it one and put it back on the floor where it belonged. Next day when he got home from work, the dog was on the floor, but the chesterfield was warm where it had been sitting, so he batted it again. "And whaddya think," he whispered, bending confidentially over and almost upsetting our mug of five per cent beer, "When I came home the day after, there was the con-founded hound with its paws up on the sofa blowing on it to cool it off." Yes, dogs are sagacious, and few more so than the mastiff. And if you would like to know about this most aristocratic animal, Mrs. A. M. Spence Clark, who will be on the air from 3YA next Tuesday, will tell you all.

For Tennysonians

Are you a Tennysonian or an anti-Tennysonian? Do you think that "Ulysses," "Maud," the Wellington Ode, "The Lotos Eaters," and "In Memoriam" are great poetry (we don't say anything about the "Idylls") or do you agree with a recent critic who preferred a poem on a rotting corpse to "In Memoriam"? (He is probably very young, but we must confess we haven't seen the poem, or the corpse). Whichever you are, you may be interested in a talk prepared by C. R. Allen, the poet and novelist, that 2YA is broadcasting on Sunday afternoon, October 4. It is fifty years this year since Tennyson died (October 6) and the anniversary provides an occasion for a reconsideration of his work. Following the talk there will be a period in which some of his best-known songs will be sung or spoken. Even if you are very modern indeed, you may conclude after this talk-recital that there was something in the Victorians after all.

Song-cycle, Not Bicycle

Little daisies, as the current popular song advises us, don't tell lies. At the same time, there are occasions when they can be misleading and one of these crops up in 2YA's programmes for next week. We would warn these listeners who might be tempted to think otherwise that the session "The Daisy Chain," which 2YA will present next Wednesday evening, is the work of the composer Liza Lehmann and not of a well-known broadcasting personality, and that it features a song-cycle built for one and not a bicycle built for two.

SHORTWAVES

NATIONS are habitually blind to any virtues save their own and will readily attribute to themselves good qualities which they do not in fact possess.—Dr. K. Sheen, 4YA.

ENGLISH women's shoes look as if they had been made by someone who had often heard shoes described but had never seen any.—Margaret Halsey.

A BRIGADIER of territorials boasted to Winston Churchill: "I'm 68, I can do anything my men can. I don't

drink, don't smoke, always take care of myself. I am 100 per cent. fit." "I," said the Prime Minister, "am also 68, but I do drink, smoke, never take care of myself. And I am 200 per cent. fit!"—Arthur Krock.

A CHILD'S chief passion is to be what it wants to be, while its parents' is to make it what they want it to be.—Ken Alexander, 2YA.

SECRET WEAPON? Besides dropping high explosive and incendiaries, Allied planes machine-gunned buildings and road transport.—"Northern Advocate."