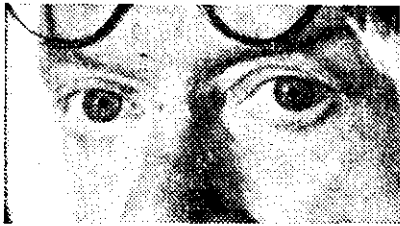
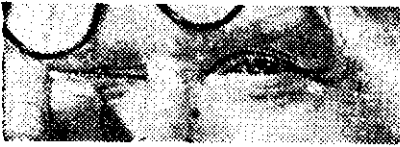


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'DETTOL'

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

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Sun-traps for Young Players

"A H, a real sun-trap!" murmured a friend of mine approvingly when he saw the plan of a house which attracted a good deal of attention recently. This is the reaction we have been conditioned to have by extensive propaganda over the last few years, culminating I notice in official exhortations from the Health Department to "build for the sun."

Since the war a tremendous number of young couples have availed themselves of the Rehab. Loan to which they have added every penny of their own that they could lay hands on in order to build a house. Every one of them has been sun-trapped.

The modern house takes a series of zig-zags across the path of the sun, and on every zig and every zag an expanse of glass sucks at the blazing stream of vitamin D and pours it into the house.

The kitchen windows and walls swallow gallons of the State-sponsored drug while the flies hang in narcotic stupor from the ceiling and light-cords, and incubate and multiply a million-fold on the bench and on the food. The housewife droops over the stove and the butter oozes through its wrapping.

Visitors gasp in the lounge. The man of the house clutches at the chance of overtime work so that he can save enough to buy blinds whose dreary aspect is offensively relieved by ornate scallops and fancy fringes. Once the trap has been set and the victims inveigled into it, they must set about endless defensive measures to combat the attack to which they have been exposed. Roller blinds are found to intensify the ordeal, for they allow the heat to enter but restrict the flow of air through the windows. They also flap irritatingly and distress the heated nerves.

All my friends now speak of venetian blinds, which are going to cost them a small fortune, but which they hope to be able to afford after they have paid off their furniture loan. They do not seem to be dismayed at the thought of all the vitamin D which the blinds will

exclude, nor do they consider it important any more that they should be able to look out of the windows. The advantage of an "outlook" will be as thankfully forgone as travel warrants at the end of a war.

FOR it is a war in the modern house.

Man is called upon to protect his home against the devices of man. Nobody can sit idle while the green coverings in one room become off-green day by day, and the blue furnishings in another grow steadily off-blue. The anxious inmates look to a time ahead when the whole house will be furnished in a universal off-white.

It is no inducement to sleep after a perspiring day to hear in the cooling night one's hundred pound furniture



"The housewife droops over the stove and the butter oozes through its wrapping"

loan creaking and writhing in an effort to resume the right angles with which it came from the shop. How often have I heard the horrified gasp of a house-owner who has just got himself and his family five miles from home under some shady willows and suddenly remembers that he didn't draw the blinds in the bedroom. His day is ruined as he malevolently watches the sun in its relentless advance, thinking, "Now it will be catching the end of the tailboy..." and he seems to hear the crack and groan of the timbers and to see the brilliant polish of the bed-ends flattening and splintering. When the afternoon tea billy is boiling his thoughts are far away on the blue satin bedspreads.

Our elders managed these things better. Having found themselves in a Mediterranean climate, the antipodes of Spain, not Scotland, they ran out verandahs round the hot side and kept the sun in its place. Inside those houses you feel inside, and are grateful for it. But with the present cost of building verandahs are unhappily out.

THE campaign behind the sun-trap is careful to use all sorts of guile to conceal the snares and parade the advantages. The would-be house-owner is entranced by a photograph of a sitting room which seems all space and beauty and light. He should be warned that the wily photographer achieves this effect by removing the furniture. A gleaming floor runs in violent perspective away to a radiant oblong of glass which seems all

Written for "The Listener" by AUGUSTUS

of thirty feet distant. The chaste walls diminish to a stone fireplace it will cost him sixty pounds to install. The clean lines are only broken by a long bookshelf two feet high which also houses a built-in radio—both books and tuning knobs being at a height of enormous attraction to two-year-old destroyers, but almost inaccessible to the full-grown householder.

Let the owner-to-be ravish this prospect with enough chairs to accommodate himself and his family and friends. Let him people the hearth with scuttles and shovels, the walls with pictures he has

had as wedding presents, the mantelpiece with cigarette packets and ash-trays and vases, and the windows with curtains and blinds, and he will find himself banished from that aseptic splendour to the cluttered, homely, bourgeois and stifling sitting room that all one's friends are stuck with.

AGAIN the Modern Home will show you "built-in units" (like that radio we mentioned). "In these days of restricted building space," runs the legend, "built-in furniture is the only answer." Let us examine this proposition. Suppose that to accommodate three people a seating area of ten square feet is needed. The modern houseplanner anchors this ten-square-foot to the wall in the shape of a built-in divan. It still occupies ten square feet, but you can't shift it. If the sun is blazing into the trap there is no escape for the divan-squatters. In the winter there is no "drawing up" to the fire. You cannot use the divan as an emergency sleeper because the bedclothes won't tuck in behind. "But," says the clean-limbed limner, "you have cupboard space below the divan, and besides, the dust can't get under."

The answer to this is (1) No self-respecting matron chooses to wriggle under the bed for her preserves or her blankets. (2) You can still, if you are keen on that sort of thing, build these lilliputian cupboards under a movable divan, and they even provide further

"Tell me,
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