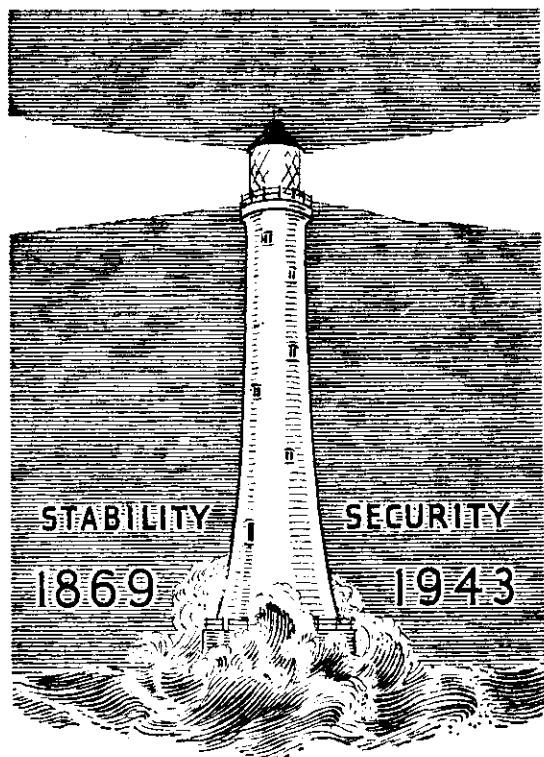


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**"I DIDN'T SWOON"**



*The Girl Who Listened To Frank Sinatra*

**W**HEN I was six I wrote to Santa Claus. Now I am 26 I write to Frank Sinatra. It all began with that article in *The Listener*, "Women Swoon When They Hear Him."

Now I am not the swooning type. I have always been noted for Sense rather than Sensibility. But you never know. Frank Sinatra might succeed when all else (including wet blotting paper in the shoes during third form assembly) had failed.

"I'd like to listen to the U.S. Forces programme to-night at ten past ten," I told my aunt.

"Certainly, dear," she replied, and went on, quite calmly, with her knitting.

"It's Frank Sinatra," I explained.

"How nice," said my aunt.

At 10.9 I tuned in to 1YA. Sports results. "I'll turn it off," I volunteered.

"No, dear, it would be too bad if you missed the beginning of what you want to hear. We can put up with it for a minute or two, can't we, William?"

My uncle grunted.

**A**T 10.14 a fanfare of trumpets, the strains of "Star-spangled Banner" and a loud voice proclaiming "Your Hit Parade, featuring America's No. 1 Heart-throb, Frank Sinatra!" Then a great crescendo of whoops, yells, and the dull thud of swooning bodies.

My aunt's voice sounded faint. "You must have got on the wrong station, dear."

"No," I assured her, "this is Frank Sinatra."

"Oh," said my aunt, "I thought you said Franck's Sonata."

There was an uncomfortable pause. On the air the shrieks and yells gave place to silence, then the yearning-laden strains of "Some Day, One Day, Always" floated into the living room.

My aunt rose, turned to my uncle.

"I'd forgotten all about that shirt of yours for to-morrow."

"But it's Sunday!" protested my uncle feebly. She was, however, already in the kitchen.

(continued on next page)