

(continued from previous page)

"Perhaps she's feeling faint," said my uncle.

The song finished. More shrieks, yells, oohs and ahs of ecstasy.

"And now your own Bea Wain, to give you 'Can I Forget You?'"

Diminished oohs and ahs, an octave lower. The men of the audience were reacting.

My uncle looked uncomfortable. The song was only half-way through when he rose. "I suppose it's the way I was brought up," he mumbled apologetically, "but it hurts me to hear a woman moaning when there's nothing I can do to help her." He left the room.

I was alone with Frank Sinatra.

* * *

I FELT my pulse. It seemed normal; if anything, slower than usual. My forehead and hands were cool. My feet were hot. Could this be symptomatic? But after all, Bea was still singing. I couldn't be expected to react to her.

I moved closer to the radio. Probably swoonability varied inversely with square of distance. I must give Frank every chance.

Here he was again. This time I timed my pulse. It was depressingly, exasperatingly normal. I moved still closer and put my ear to the speaker.

I forgot to withdraw it in time for the subsequent applause. I rubbed it ruefully.

A great murmurous wave of emotion-laden ecstasy flowed into the room. I sat, silent and apart, a rock above the swirling waters, coldly analysing the sounds. The usual oohs, ahs and yells. The shrieks of "Frank, Frank!" The firm tread of ambulance men in the passageways.

My feet now were quite cool. I picked up my knitting and did a whole row of complicated pattern while Frank sang "Night and Day." I then turned off the radio and went to bed.

* * *

WHEN I came home from work the following Monday my uncle and aunt met me in the hall. "We've a surprise for you, dear," said my aunt, and preceded me into my bedroom. On the bedside table stood a radio.

"So much more comfortable to swoon in bed," said my uncle.

My aunt quelled him with a look, then turned to me.

"We meant to give it to you for Christmas, but your uncle didn't fix it up in time."

"Thanks awfully, uncle," I said.

"Don't thank me," chuckled my uncle. So to-day I wrote my first fan letter to Frank Sinatra.

—M.B.

FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA, HAY FEVER AND CATARRH

SURAMA

MEDICATED CIGARETTES

Packets 10—1/1. Tins 50—5/4.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL TOBACCONISTS AND CHEMISTS, OR FROM THE N.Z. AGENTS.

A. C. NORDEN
(Box 133), 47 Customs Street E., Auckland.



ISSUED BY THE DEPT. OF HEALTH



Good Teeth are Priceless GUARD THEM FROM THE VERY START

EXPECTANT MOTHERS: Your baby will be born with the first set of teeth fully formed. Your diet must be balanced to help them develop soundly. Your ante-natal clinic know exactly what you should eat—follow their advice in every detail.

BABIES: Breast-feeding helps the teeth to continue developing and encourages the jaws to grow because the natural gnawing muscles are brought into play. If the jaws do not grow properly, teeth will be crowded, and crowded teeth invite decay.

If your baby has to be bottle-fed, use a small-holed nipple, and see that the bottle is held PROPERLY. When the first tooth is cut, give baby hard things like rusks, twice-baked bread, and bones to chew—let it exercise its jaws naturally.

CHILDREN:

- (1) From the start, see that a healthy taste in food is cultivated. Use as little sugar and white flour as possible. Give the very minimum of artificially sweetened and refined foods.
- (2) Give the maximum of body-building and protective foods—milk, cheese, fish, liver, whole-grain cereals, fruit and vegetables. And don't forget Cod liver oil.
- (3) Keep teeth clean. Finish each meal with fruit or raw carrot, and use the tooth brush vigorously after meals.
- (4) Have teeth examined every 6 months.

Your child can attend a School Dental Clinic from 2½ years old.

FOR A HEALTHIER NATION



STAMPS

SEND 1/- for Monthly Bulletin of Stamp Offers.

PIM & CO.
310 Chancery Chambers
Auckland.



MAKE MONEY

DESIGNING DISPLAY CARDS, POSTERS, TICKETS, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING

Earn 5/- to 10/- hr.

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet.

McKAY'S ART STUDIOS,
P.O. Box 367, WANGANUI.