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Auckland.

JOIN HANDS IN TOKYO

(continued from previous page)

Bull Halsey comes along. And maybe he'll rip your tie out at an inspection. But then you'll see him walking down the offices with clicking heels on all sides, the walls shivering from the force of the saluting that's going on all down the room, and he'll go straight ahead till he comes to a yeoman behind a typewriter. He'll lean down and you'll

hear him say, confidentially, 'Say, Mick, what's a good thing in the fifth at Saratoga on Saturday?' This chap, Mick, was a sports writer back in the States. And then if there's a show on, we all know Halsey'll be right out there on the bridge of the first ship; and if there's a landing party, well, you can bet he'll be going up the beach within 15 minutes after the first boat touched."

Yes Means Yes

They told me some of the rhymes and parodies that are current about this little big hero. The rhymes are full of bluff and blunt language—for it appears he makes himself plain in good short words when he gives a pep-talk—and have no high-and-mighty-reach-me-the-moon-of-honour touches. They like him because his yes means yes, his no means no, he doesn't expect them to go where he doesn't go, and he is more concerned about a gun's accuracy than about its polish.

His yes that means yes is pronounced yes, not ye-es, or yup, or yep, or uh-uh, or oh yeah; his no is no and not naw. His consonants are sharp and clear though not explosive; and he has rather more r's than we have, but he does not roll them. His long a's (*half, last*) are shorter, his short e's (*met, expect*) longer than ours. He cuts the second half of the word *record* very short. He may say, but he didn't at this interview, *sure* or *I guess* so. His language was a blunt instrument, very effective; he didn't have to repeat himself for our understanding or have to say "let me put it another way" (though one of us had to do this in putting an ambiguous question): a hard-hitting fighting man with a hard-hitting language.

When he arrived in Auckland, piloting his own *Liberator*, he popped out the lower rear hatch before the side door could be opened for a dignified official descent; it is said that he will cling to old clothes, wearing an old pair of carpet slippers and a zipp-jacket when other men in similar positions would be formally dressed; he walks to work when he is working ashore; he does a daily walking constitutional (in a sun-helmet and a pair of khaki shorts in the tropics).

He has been in the Navy 44 years. "But," he said, "as my father was a Naval officer, I was really in the Navy from the time I was born. And I never had any other idea myself."

And after the war?

"As soon as this is over, I'm getting out to enjoy myself."

We asked him how. He said he had no plans. We said surely he had some idea. What did he do in holidays?

"Holidays?" He looked as if he had difficulty in remembering. "Well, I play sports to keep fit. I go to places. I see my friends. I'm a gregarious man, and I like to see my friends when I can. But I've absolutely no plan in the world for what I'll do after the war. I'm too old to be making plans now."

He doesn't look too old, doesn't look his 61 years. His hair is very neat, grey, and thin; he walks an active, straight-legged walk, and doesn't bend at the knees; his eyes are keen—they were described by *Time* as "busy-looking as a couple of task-forces"—and his hands supple and alert; and his friendliness and punch at the Auckland Press conference made it very clear indeed how he has become the idol of the U.S. Navy, known to everyone as Admiral Bull Halsey.

—J.

MAKE A BEAUTY EXERCISE OF IT



Once upon a time (in those almost fairy-tale days of gallants galore) you'd never have had to carry your luggage! Now it's just another load you tackle. But—and *this* is no fairy-tale—you can turn every chore into a health and beauty routine.

It's all in the way you hold yourself. Lift a weight with back upright, the weight in line of least resistance to your spine. And bend to jobs like cleaning, weeding, writing, from the hips (nature's hinge) with a straight back. This way you slim your hips, strengthen your bosom line, and help yourself to that perennially young look that comes from an erect bearing. And what's more, you tire less. A small initial effort to remember and good posture is soon force of habit. And now that it's practically a patriotic duty to keep fit, why it's a personal war effort, remembering!

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