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of her bed and draws about her the blanket of her own thoughts.

Wish I could have taken Bev and Ron to town to see the celebrations, muses the Senior Patient. They were so disappointed when we couldn't go on VE Day, and I promised them. Hope their grandmother took them. Nurse J—said she saw a sailor walking along the top of a tram. Well, I can't say to the children "Next time," because I hope to God there won't be a next time. They say it's going to be a better world. . . . But of course they said that last time. . . .

The Youngest Inhabitant rubs her toes sensuously against the plush of her hot water bottle. A wonderful day. He's almost back to his birth-weight already and five days still to go. VJ Day. I should have liked to go dancing with Peter. Still it was fun here. If only Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Abbott had been more co-operative; Mrs. Thompson of course must be at least 35, but you'd expect Mrs. Abbott to show more interest, with her husband coming home and all. I'm glad we're calling the baby John Kenneth. A lovely name. And if he asks me, "What did you do on VJ Day, mother?" I can always say, "I was in hospital after having you." A perfectly adequate way of celebrating Peace. Quietness. Sleep.

* * *

IN her bed by the window, the Latest Admission lies tensely wakeful. Peace perhaps in the outside world, but never

here. The buzz of the telephone. The rattle of crockery. The hiss of the steriliser. And the sinister creak of a trolley on its way to Theatre. And tonight all this against the background of distant rejoicing from the nurses' quarters above.

And they expect me to sleep, groans the Latest Admission. But I don't want to sleep. It's VJ Day!

Joy invades her. The war is over. Ted will be off his ship, home for good. No more the threat of service in distant waters. A house of their own, perhaps. And other people's husbands home, too. Everything wonderful!

She leaps to a sitting position, hugging herself in the darkness. She wants to shout, to dance, to sing.

"Mrs. Todd," she calls, "Are you awake?"

Nothing but the faint purr of the sound sleeper.

"Mrs. Todd, are you awake?"

Mrs. Todd raises herself reluctantly on one elbow.

"Mrs. Todd, I've just realised. About VJ Day. The war's over."

"Huh!" grunts the Youngest Inhabitant, and turns her face to the wall. The purr of her breathing is resumed.

Unabashed, the Latest Admission snuggles back against the pillows. In another half-hour, she too is asleep.

The hospital noises continue. The thin wail of a new-born child mingles uncustomedly with the noises of hilarity from upstairs.

The war is over, and Life Goes On.



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★ Christchurch Singer On BBC ★



THIS is a photograph of Ivor Weir, the blind pianist and singer, formerly of Christchurch, with Marcel de Haes, a French singer. Mr. Weir, on the left, has been doing a great deal of stage work in London during the last few years and hopes shortly to revisit New Zealand with his wife, according to information received by *The Listener* from his mother. During the war, song-composing and entertaining at clubs and hospitals have taken up all his time. His blindness came gradually and, although he consulted specialists in London, nothing could be done for him. But he has not allowed the handicap to interfere with his stage career and he now ranks among

the famous in the entertainment circles of London. For nine years he played his way round the world, accompanying many well known artists and playing his own compositions. In April last he was heard in the BBC's Pacific Service in "Spotlight," with the composer-band leader, Eric Winstone. In this programme Mr. Weir was guest artist, presenting "It Still Wouldn't Quite Be You," for which he wrote the music and Michael Trafford the words. "Spotlight" programmes have been recorded and sent out to New Zealand by the BBC, but we have not been able to trace the one in which Mr. Weir took part.

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