

(continued from previous page)

to help clear up the mess it makes, says the text book) or refuse our demand as punishment for the initial act of destruction.

Mother lets us use our toy broom.

* * *

AFTER our rest we get taken for our walk. Not bad fun. We insist on carrying the basket and unfortunately drop half-a-pound of butter on the way home. When we go back for it it is gone. Well, we won't be the one to be given dripping on our bread.

Went outside and started drinking out of the cat's saucer, earning my first slap for three weeks. Bellowed loudly enough to bring down a Welfare Officer, had one been lurking in the vicinity, and our distress was so long-lived that our mother was compelled to Kiss It Better (tantamount to a verbal apology) and give us a piece of barley sugar. But we were not, on the whole, ill pleased. We like to feel that questions affecting our health are treated with the seriousness they deserve.

* * *

FIVE o'clock and tea. We feel a little exhausted after our long day, and slightly annoyed to find ourselves fobbed off with a ready-to-eat cereal just because it's easy to prepare ("Simply pour over hot milk") in spite of what Dr.



"It worked like a charm"

Muriel Bell has to say about its reduced B1 content. We retaliate by knocking over our mug of milk. To our surprise our mother looks distinctly annoyed, so we cover up by saying "Oh dear!" (we have just learnt the phrase) with suitable contrition and a suggestion of the ecclesiastical. Magic again. Our mother calls us the cutest thing, and runs almost lightheartedly to get the dishcloth. This means, we reflect, that we can spill our milk whenever we want to. Not that we will take advantage of the formula more than once or twice a week, because we realise the importance of having our full quota of calcium if we are not to spend too much of our time in the dentist's chair.

* * *

BATHTIME. We look forward to being grown up, when we can have our bath and relax. But we have unfortunately established a tradition of bath-time foolery which our parents seem to expect and enjoy. After all, they deserve some slight reward for their usually unremitting attention, so it's a case of *jeunesse oblige*. We accordingly go through the good old routine of pulling

the plug out, drinking the bath-water, and eating the soap. Old jokes, but with an unsophisticated audience they still go across.

* * *

HAVE been in bed half-an-hour now, thank goodness, and may even go to sleep if we can't think of anything else to call out for. One can scarcely demand a third drink of water just for the sake of demanding it. Our father has just come in, and our mother is taking him to task for forgetting the cat meat. She sounds almost shrewish and one can't altogether blame her. She's had a hard day.

Our stomach feels a little queer. Those cream cakes, perhaps. Still we can go to sleep confident that if we call out in the night we will receive immediate and sympathetic service. Something to be said for parents. We wonder if the service will be even prompter and more sympathetic after April 1.

60

from every bottle of

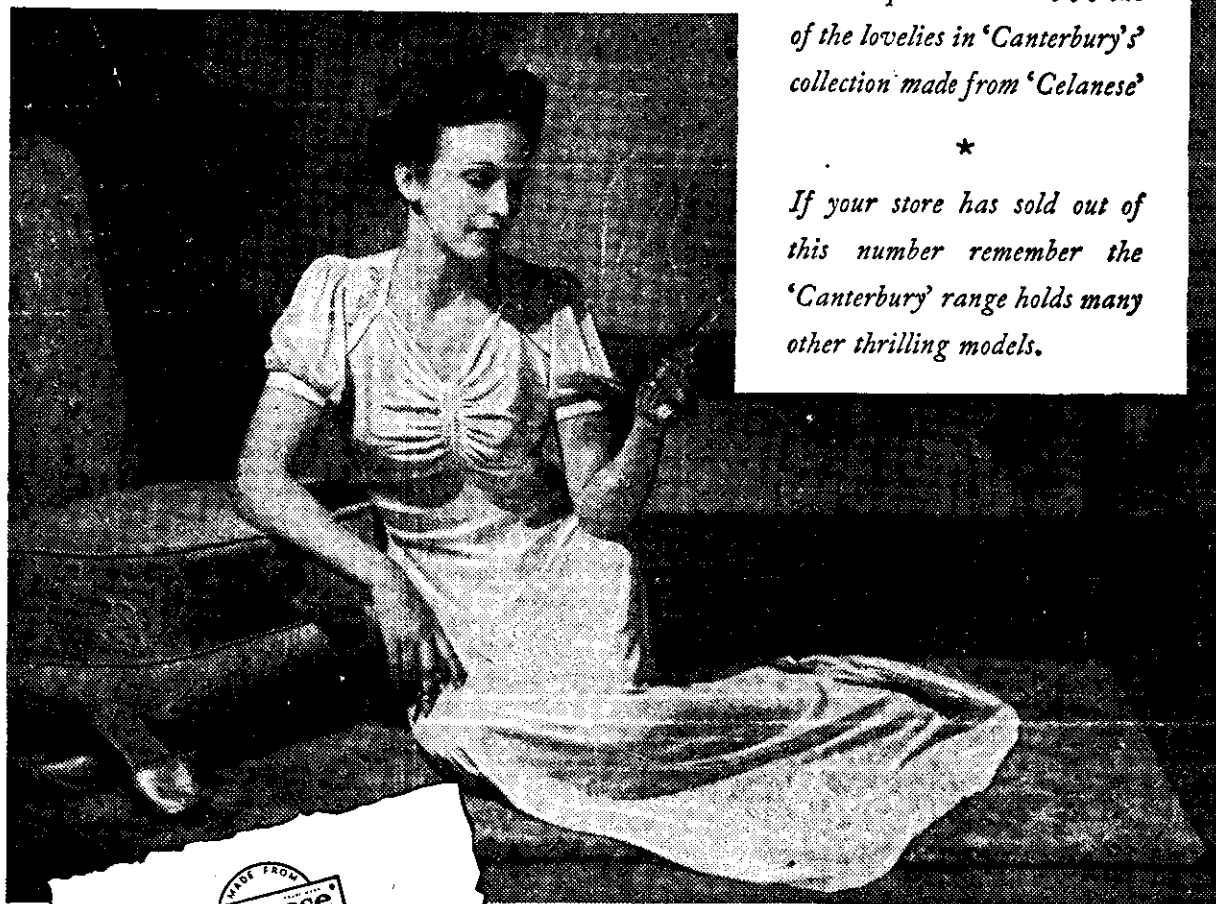
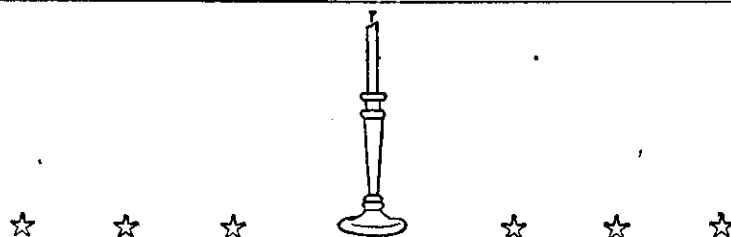
Luscious Fruit Drinks

GREGG'S

Concentrated

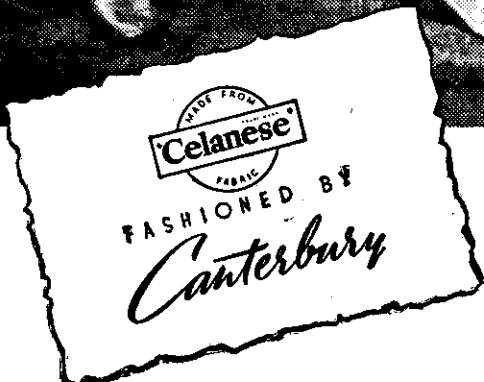
FRUIT DRINKS

The most delicious thirst-quenchers—made with Gregg's concentrated Extracts. Amazingly economical! A small bottle—costing only 1/9—makes 5 pints of syrup; and from 50 to 70 cooling refreshing drinks. Kiddies love Gregg's Fruit Drinks. Get a bottle today. Various flavours.



*N*ightie by 'Canterbury'
in gorgeous 'Celanese'... soft
bust smocking... tiny sleeves
... sculptured waist... one
of the lovelies in 'Canterbury's'
collection made from 'Celanese'

If your store has sold out of
this number remember the
'Canterbury' range holds many
other thrilling models.



Pyjamas • Nighties • Panties • Slips