



MARION



ANNE



FRANK



CAROLYN



LOIS



MARY JANE

SINATRA-LY YOURS

Vol. 1

WINTER ISSUE

No. 4

HONORARY PRESIDENT: Frank Sinatra, 220 Lawrence Ave., Hasbrouck Hts., N. J.
Toluca Lake, North Hollywood, Calif.

PRESIDENT: Miss Marion Tead, 810 Grandview Avenue, Highland Park, Illinois

SECRETARY: Miss Anna Cassiana, 34 Wall Street, Bridgewater, Massachusetts

FROM THE PRESIDENT:

Dear Members:

I hope you all had a very Merry Christmas and are now enjoying a wonderful New Year. I want to thank all of you for the lovely cards and gifts that were sent to me during the holidays. I only wish I had the extra time to write each of you and thank you personally. Many, many thanks from us to you.

The paper is rather late this time but we had such difficulties that we never expected so I hope you will forgive us. This paper is a little below our standard but it was done in such a hurry so it wouldn't be too late. The next issue is already being put together.

Good News! Frank is going to send each and every member of this club an autographed photo and membership card. Enclosed with this paper are 4 blank cards. I want each member to fill out all four of the cards with their name, address and month and year you joined the club. Please type or print as they are being sent to Frank's secretary. One set to Frank, one set to the Fan Club Association and one set is for my new files. Please send them back right away so there won't be a delay in your picture and card from Frank.

Frank's gift was sent on time to his home. After much thought it was decided that we send the money collected

for his Xmas gift and let him decide what to do with it. I believe he will contribute it to some worthy cause on behalf of the club. Nancy was the first to suggest this plan since we insisted on doing something for his Christmas gift.

Would you members like a few Honorary Members. Let us know, huh and we will do the rest.

How about less poems and more stories on Why I Like Frank Sinatra for the next issue of the club paper. Spring Edition.

We are proud to announce that this club was voted one of the first Ten is the Modern Screen Fan Club Association. Winning over more than 200 other clubs. Congratulations go to the staff and the members for making this possible.

Frank is not planning on making any pictures at present as he is going to take a well earned rest. He needs it. His contract with Vimms expires this month and whether or not he will find a new sponsor is undecided. He is now residing at Toluca Lake, North Hollywood. He will presently return to New York.

As you know a little bundle from heaven is expected in the Sinatra home in the early spring. May it be another conquer like his pop.

That's all for now except, thanks to all of you for the cards and your being so patient with us.

Buy Bonds and Happy New

Year.

MARION

PS. Extra copies of Issue No. 2, 3, and 4 Of Sinatra-ly Yours can now be had for 15 cents a copy—to club members only.

CLUB PINS

WE have for sale now, Sinatra Fan Club pins. These pins are like campaign buttons with a picture of Frank on the face and the words, My Hero Frank Sinatra across the top. We are selling them at no profit. Price 25 cents each plus a three cent stamp. These pins are very nice and we know you will like them. Send your money and postage to Evangeline Young, Box 41, Clinton Boulevard, Jackson, Mississippi, who will see that your pin is sent to you soon.

Those who are interested in joining a Chicago Club Chapter please get in touch with Audrey Hoppe, 5738 N. Mobile Ave., Chicago 30, Illinois. Be sure to enclose postage tho.'

FROM THE SECRETARY:

Dear Members:

I want to thank all of you who wrote and sent me cards at Christmas. I do hope you'll pardon me if I don't answer soon. I'm quite busy.

I can't have all the poems I received printed in this is-

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FROM THE SECRETARY

Continued from page 2

sue as it would take 6 papers, so I'll have them in the paper in the order that I get them. That also goes for the articles you sent.

Thank you Ruthie Heif for your most wonderful letter. Do write again when you have time.

We have a new Sinatra Fan club to welcome into our mist. Club prexy is Irene Di Mattia, 11 Cummings Avenue, Revere 51, Mass. The dues are 50 cents a year with a club paper issued quarterly. Please write to Irene. She's a swell girl.

Dana Kupelian, 332 E. Micheltorena, Santa Barbara, Calif. would like all you fans in Santa Barbara to write to her. Frank can be reached at the address printed on the top of page 2, Dana.

Helen Branan, Box 476, Sinton, Texas, wants pen pals. She likes swimming and she collects Movie Star Photos.

Frankly yours,

ANNE CASSIANI

HOBBIES

By Jean Bondies

Dear Members:

I want to thank all you swell people for responding as you did by sending in your hobbies. If yours isn't in this issue, it will be in a future one.

Miss Marie Arnone of 51-03-102 Street, Corona, Long Island, New York, collects pictures of Sinatra, and has 300 pictures in all. Marie has al-

most all of Frankie's records both old and new. Every week she gets votes for Sinatra in the contest of the King of Baritones.

Bettye Hammona of 11182 Carson Drive, Lynwood, California, writes she has a very common hobby, but it is lots of fun. She collects movie star pictures of every popular star in Hollywood. Up to date, she has 35,000 pictures, including 60 scrapbooks full. Her favorite actor is, of course Frank Sinatra, with Orson Welles running second. Bettye's favorite actress is Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner and Anne Baxter tie for second. Bettye's scrapbook of Frank consists of four hundred pictures. She also collects autographs which she enjoys immensely. Bettye moved to California only six months ago, and only has 60 autographs so far, but they are increasing.

John Martin, U. S. Army, stationed in Iceland is a new member of the club and is proud to be a member. John's hobby is keeping a record of all the movies he sees, including the date, where he saw it, the stars, and his personal rating. He started this hobby January 1, 1938 and has the record up to now. John is still continuing up in Iceland, even though it is a little inconvenient.

Wilhelmina Bruffy of 114 South Henry Street, Alexandria, Virginia, collects pictures, articles, and records of Frankie. She has three scrapbooks filled and two record albums. She also gets a record of all his programs and his guest appearances I think it would be interesting to know how "Willie" got these records, don't you?

I guess this is all for now. In the last issue, I asked that more males write their hobbies, so far two wrote in. Come on you guys. Until the next issue, keep sending those hobbies in.

PEN PALS WANTED

By Marion Thomas, 2818 E.

128th St., Cleveland, Ohio

PEN PALS WANTED BY FOLLOWING CLUB MEMBERS:

Jean Ann Brossman, Route No. 1, Robesonia, Penna.; Mildred Cugal, 1625 Pennsylvania Street, Gary, Indiana; Lois Hurd, Box 98, Clarksville, Shelby, N. C.; Joan Ulitt, 1041 Iowa; Anne ebb, Box 99, Lancaster St., Leominster, Mass.; Sheila Ruby, 283 Brucedale, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada; Thelma Jean, 2999 E. 82 St., Cleveland, Ohio; Rose Ruccio, 31 Cloverhill Place, Montclair, N. J.; Elsie Rice, Knotty Oak Rd., West Warwick, R. I.; June Dibley, 3039 2nd Avenue, No. St. Petersburg 6, Florida; Roddy Green, 3 Sea Foam Avenue, Winthrop, Mass.; Dot Hartzy, 1100 Jackson St., Wilmington, Delaware; Clara Newman, 5812 Whittier Ave., Cleveland, Ohio; Leda Tanzilli, 1636 So. B St., Elwood, Ind.; Janet Peterson, 1154 Longham Avenue, Camden, N. J.; Vaughn Swafford, Box 345, Crossville, Tenn.

FAN CLUB CORNER

Hello Gang:

Here I am again with some more fan club addresses and activities for other movie stars.

Sinatra-ly yours,
Caroline Sprouse.

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**Another in the Adventures of
a Member of the Bobby-Sox
Brigade.**

**I, A BOBBY-SOXER—Or the
Confessions of the Bobby-Sox
Brigade.**

By Peggy McShane

The date was October 11, the air was brisk, the time was 5:30 a. m. The sun was doing its best to break thru the overhanging clouds, and not doing too successful a job of it. The scene was the bedroom of my apartment. The character, (and how) was me dragging the body out of bed. (I'm not a murderess, I mean my body). I admit it was time that all good girlies were in bed, dreaming of school, etc. the next day. Ahhhh, but not me. This was October 11, 1944, and I reside in New York City, and, in case your brain hasn't developed yet, Sinatra was coming to the Paramount today. Thus, the reason for my rising in the middle of the night. I showered and dressed hastily (as they say in the best novels) and I looked mighty sharp in my green sweater, red plaid skirt, yellow dickie, and rainbow bow-tie. Since it was a leetle cheely out I grabbed my finger-tip, two tone brown and green jacket, my autograph book, a purse, my drool-cup, Sinatra button (no, I wasn't planning on staying for a week smartie) and I was off. (In more ways than one) I proceeded to trip down the stairs and over to my girl friend's house. I noted that she was dressed something like me (poor kid) and again, we were off. The milk-

man (plug) waved a weak hello after seeing us, and asked us if we were trying to scare a technicolor camera. (The dear boy!) Assuring him we were not, we trotted off to the subway. Being that it was only 6 o'clock in the morning, we got a seat. We giggled our way two stations, did Ann and I, and then we got off to wait for Flo. She was on time, praise the Lord, and she was delightedly surprised to see us. After the usual 'hep' greetings, we took the next train, with the annoyed (?) cashier yelling after us. "And they shot, Lincoln" (the sweet man!) We went on giggling 'till 42nd street, where we dashed off. We dashed up the stairs, across the street, up the block to the Paramount where signs of Frankie stood out all over. There were about fifteen girls in line, some of whom had stayed there all night. They were in the process of writing their names on the front of the building in lipstick and pencil and everything else you could lay your hands on, so we joined them and autographed the billboards for posterity. It was precisely 6:30 a. m. then, and all 18 of us chatted for half an hour, with new recruits arriving every minute. But we were assured of good seats, so who cared? By 7:30 the line was a couple of blocks long and by 8 o'clock it had doubled. Then came trouble, in the form of truant officers. Someone had squealed, (I wonder who?) and they started asking questions and pulling out those under 16. By the time they got to our trio we were prepared for them. I drew myself up to my full height of 5 feet and 4 inches, wishing against wish that I

had worn my heels instead of saddle shoes and bobby sox, and put on my best Bette Davis smile. I glanced over at Ann, deeply envying her 5 feet and 7 inches, and Flo's older sophisticated look, and muttered "SMILE." Very obedient girls, they did. Up comes the toothy individual, narrows his eyes, puts on his best Karloff look and says dramatically, "How old are You?" "Sixteen," I smiled cheerfully, "Seventeen" said Ann & Flo to his inquiring gaze. The gaze wandered back to me by way of Flo's and Ann's bobby sox. "Sixteen," he said, "huh?" going to school?" "No," I lied cheerfully. Well, after all, I had no intention of going to school, and when he asked me if I was going to school I said no. "Oh, quit?" he countered. "Yes," lied Flo, "all of us." "Hmph," he humphed, and to my great amazement walked on down the line to another unsuspecting victim. I sighed so hard I thought My gall bladder would fall out. It didn't tho, and my color slowly returned to normal. Then somebody yelled, the place was opening.

Flo got the tickets and we made like Seabiscuit getting inside, and right down to the first row. Ah, what bliss, right under the mike. The theatre filled up pretty well, and after the Star Spangled Banner and the news and coming attractions came the picture. "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" was the picture and it was very good. It was a comedy starring Diana Lynn and Gail Russel. We laughed all the way thru, relieving the tension and getting our voices in shape. The picture rolled along and finally was over. Credit going to said

Miss Lynn for a fine performance. . . The organ played for some ten minutes and then the stage began to rise, with Raymond Paige's Orchestra on it. We craned our necks while said Mr. Paige made with the opening number. It was a combination of a lot of nice songs, and the Paramount, now crowded, waited expectantly. But, it was Eileen Barton of the Sinatra Program who was announced next. She looked cute as a bug's ear in a multi-colored dress with beanie and gloves to match. That girl is really 'hep.' She made with "Fatty-cake Man," and boy she made good. Then came the "Trolley Song," equally good. After this she ran off the stage but our deafening applause brought her back for "Tree Grows in Brooklyn," which is a new number that's "Out Of This World." She went off and wouldn't come on again because Maestro Paige then made with his interpretation of "Dark Eyer," also very good. After this said Maestro merely turned around, and pointed to the stage entrance, a well planned spotlight played hopefully on said entrance, and everyone, knowing without anyone having said anything, screamed, swooned, squealed, fainted and just sat, simultaneously. Then (wouldn't this be a fine time to say "Continued next issue" or something like that?)

But to get on—

Then he appeared. The screaming, squealing, fainting, swooning, etc., was deafening before but when that hunk of song-man appeared, Oh, brother! Oh, give me credit, I was just as bad, if not worse than the rest of them. He looked so, ohhhh, the word hasn't been

made yet, but anyway that's how he looked. He walked masterfully across the stage, smiled a-la-Sinatra and promptly sang "There'll be a hot time in the town of Berliiiiinnn". After a half hour the noise had subsided somewhat, but not enough. So, he told us to keep quiet, or he wouldn't sing. Oh, gee, anything but that, so we, that is most of us managed to keep our emotions under control, and kept still. It was marvelous, he was so near I could have taken a picture, if I had had a camera, and a flashbulb, which I didn't. Of course, the stage was two feet directly above my head, and I, and the others slightly resembled ostriches, but it was soooo worth it. He was going to sing a medley of three songs next, he said smiling down at me. Oh, that floor was so cool. Of course, he was smiling at ME. Listen, I know when a person smiles at me and when they don't. The songs were "I Walk Alone." "Puhleeeeee, walk alooooooone" (don't worry I will Frankie, we screamed) "Till you're walking beside meeeeeeee, puhleeeeee walk alooooooone". Everyone verbally assured him he needn't worry, and we went on to the next number. "Come Out, Wherever you Are." "Where are you deeeeeeaaar"? (here I am Fuuraankie, waved every hand in the place) He waved back and went into "I Don't Know Why I Love You Like I Do," an old and sentimental love ballad. The rendition was truly good and swoony. "The onlyyyyy time you hoould me is when we're dancing"—(well, lets dance, Fuurankie, shouted all the Astaire and Powell enthusiasts). But he evidently was not in the

mood, because right after that number he ran off the stage. Ahhhhhhhh, but he didn't expect to get away that easy. Not in the Paramount where one can get away with murder. When it comes to a stage show) So, naturally, thanks to the vocal abilities of some 4,000 fans, he came back for "Night and Day." No one on this earth, as every Sinatra Fan knows, can do to "Night and Day" what Frankie can. "And this torment won't be thruuuuuuuu, till you let me spend my liiife making love to youuuuuuu" (every voice in the theatre assured him they had no romantic connections) "Day and Night, Night and Day." Again he ran off, ahhh, but again he was just having illusions, cause back he came again when we got frantic for "Whata Difference a Day Made." "It's heaven when you find romance on your menu, (squeal, squeal) What a difference a day made, and that difference is youuuuuuu. (Ah, you don't mean it, sighed every modest maiden in the place). We knew we were getting away with homicide, but we got "it back again f o r "Old Man River." Boy there is a masterpiece of song-spinning a-la-Sinatra. I've got to give everyone credit, you could have heard a pin drop during that whole number. He said before he sang it that he hoped we would appreciate that type of song, and he never had a more appreciative audience. We knew enough was enough, so after he came out and took six or seven bows, said "absolutely no more." Looked so cute, smiled so broadly, accepted a bouquet of flowers from one of the audience, waved to the

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wavers, bowed again, nodded to Raymond Paige to play the Star Spangled Banner and walked off the stage, we agreed to subside, sang our National Anthem, kept murmuring for the next half hour. Discussing Frankie, Nancy, (both of them) Junior, and the coming event that he had told us about amidst squeals of delight, the Battle of the Baritones, "Step Lively," Gloria DeHaven's luck, wishing our names were Sinatra, the merits of Crosby, Haymes, Como and the newer Russel, and in general keeping organ man, the projector and the manager in a black mood. We were politely told to "shut up" or we would be removed bodily, immediately. We, needless to say, complied with the request. When a person is blunt, one usually listens to him. We did.

We then sat through the coming attractions, again, of "I Love A Soldier," then the news, then the picture and on and on from dawn till dusk for four shows. Then because I didn't want my mother to bother the Police Department too much, I went home. Oh, yes, Ann and Flo were with me, but who bothers about such trifles at a time like this? We dragged the bodies to the subway, and again it was not too crowded, this time because the rush hour was well over and it was before nine o'clock. We sat in dazed condition for about twenty-five minutes, Flo fell off the train at her station, muttering something about tomorrow in English. Ann and I got off at ours and struggled home, paying no attention whatsoever to our friends staring faces. Ann was going to

sleep with me that night so we went right up to my house. Turned on the radio after waving weakly to my mother who had seen this happen before and knew better than to ask questions at present), and guess who was on the radio already? No, not Mr. Anthony dopey, Frankie Sinatra himself. Ahhh, my day was complete and delightful. Sinatra all day long. Boy, what a menu. Needless to say we didn't go to school the next day, and Friday and Sunday we went again to the Par. On Sunday we found out that he had won the battle of The Baritones, and presented him with a paper crown, which he told us he would keep in his den forever. (Betcha he will too) Seven different times I have seen him there, and believe me I could go another seven times. But truant officers, and school teachers, and stern (?) parents and homework and my boy-friend just won't let me. Its not that he loves Sinatra less, it's just that he loves me more. (So, he says.)

I, one of the original Bob's of the Bobby Sox Brigade have had a perfectly swellegant time while FS has been at the Par, really I have . . . Tomorrow, I go down for observation . . . Well, as they say in the higher circles, "This is where I hang my close." (Ahhhh, I told you I was going for observation!)

Snap For Sale.

Vaughan Swafford, Crossville, Tennessee, has a list of places where snaps of Frank can be purchased. Write to him, enclosing a self-addressed envelope for list.

THAT SINATRA SONG

There is something new, in
the line of singing,
It's a brand new style and the
guy who't bringing,
His songs to you, in this
special way,
Is the guy who I write about,
today.

There's a new sensation,
Who's sweeping the nation,
His name is Frank Sinatra.

There's a famous fellow,
Who sings sweet and mellow.
And that's Sinatra too.

He's reached his fame, you'll
find his name,
On anything that you read.
They call him "Moonlight Si-
natra," "the Voice" and
"Swoonatra."
He has more nicknames, than
any one person does need.

He is known all over,
From China to Dover,
And down in Sumatra, too.

No one can croon and make
them swoon,
The way that Sinatra can,
Each day he's singing to
millions, to soldiers, civilians
and like millions of others,
I too, am a Sinatra Fan.

By Pvt. John Martin

WHY I LIKE

FRANK SINATRA.

When you start to write about why you like this or that a lot of things run through your mind, but just can't put your reasons into an interesting article. I'll do my best and you readers, knowing the subject, as well as you do; can read between the lines and capture the thoughts, that I'm trying to put across.

My reasons are many, but they fall into two general classifications. The first is his voice. When I hear it, it does something to me, that no other voice has ever done. It brings on chills and nervousness and I know why, it is called "the voice that thrills millions." I reach the height of enjoyment when I hear Sinatra sing a beautiful love song; or anything else for that matter.

His originality and unique style fall into the first reason also. Speaking of singing, I could use the much quoted phrase and say that "something new has been added."

His original trick of running a one syllable word, into two syllables and slurring it beautifully; (such as he does with the word "day" at the end of "Night and Day,") has been picked up by every singer in the business and this includes a majority of the feminine singers.

I also like the "silent sigh" he applies to certain phases in songs, which is so effective and gives a song that added punch.

Also, in this classification, is his own inimitable way of being intimate; as if he were singing to every person in the audience, separately.

Getting on to the second reason; it applies to the person. The way he signs an autograph; not as though it's just routine, but as if he gets as much a kick out of giving it to you, as you get from receiving it.

The way he conducts himself

in a crowd, showing that he appreciates his fans, and giving them as much of his time as he can spare. Always kind and gentle; never disgusted or irritant, even though the crowds are sometimes unruly.

I admire him greatly because of the way he stands up under the terrific bombardment of criticism, that never ceases. Why a man possessing his talent, qualities and fame, should be talked about in public, in an unfavorable manner; is something I'll never be able to understand. May be it's jealousy; maybe it's envy. I myself, have nothing but praise and respect for Frank, and that makes me an exception, although I still don't know why it should be that way. Regardless of his opposition, Frank will keep rising to greater heights, as long as there are loyal fans and clubs, like ours.

Pvt. John Martin.

PLEASE FRANKIE

By Peggy McShane

Hollywood's snatched you away from us with the bigger offer of pictures and, Oh! don't get me wrong it's swell for you and you deserve every bit of it, honestly you do . . . but Frankie, remember the Paramount? The first time you were there I mean. When you first really went over big . . . remember me? Remember that packed theatre and that first row where those kids sat through show after show, just sitting, staring, dreaming, swooning. Remember those sloppy-joe sweaters and plaid skirts and dirty saddle shoes and autograph books clutched in one hand and a pen in the other, and more than likely a couple of school books under the seat . . . remember? Frankie, remember? And the way we clapped and shouted for more and more and would not let you get off the stage, we kept making you come back for more and more and more, until you'd laughingly plead with us, "Please kids, please, no more." We tired you out

Frankie, but you loved it Remember . . . ? Remember how we got in line at 4 o'clock in the morning and they had to call out the cops to keep us in order? Remember how day after day you'd see sometimes the same old familiar faces? How New Yorks High School attendance suddenly took a decided drop on the female side? Remember? Remember how Hasbrouck Heights jumped into the lime-light because your home was there? And, you were in demand all over the nation? And bow-ties became a fad? And came out Sinatra ribbon and fan-clubs and lapel-pins . . . then movie offers and more radio programs. It was a million little "me's" sitting or swooning or crying just a little, sitting there in our sloppy-joes and bobby-sox that started it all.

Please Frankie, don't you . . . won't you . . . Remember me?

ILL NEVER FORGET.

By Lois Brundage

A day that will never be forgotten—either by Frank or his fans—was Frank's last day at the New York Paramount Theatre.

When Frank walked out on the stage at the last show—streamers of all types, newspapers, and all sorts of things were thrown up in the air and then the whole theatre full of kids started singing "he's a jolly Good Fellow." Raymond Page took the hint and played along with them. Then they all sang "You'll Never Know" using We instead of I all the way through. While all this was going on—Kids were bringing presents up to the stage. Over a hundred in all. Frank opened every one of them!

Frank was overwhelmed. He didn't know what to do or say. He just stood there rubbing his eyes and trying to grin. Finally he said, "I'd give up the rest of my career for this moment; if I was a poet, I'd write something very beautiful about "you."

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FAN CLUB CORNER

Continued from page 3

DEANNA DURBIN: Pat Shoonmaker, 6117 Denny Avenue, N. Hollywood, Cal. President.

(Dues of the Deanna Durbin Devotees Club are 75 cents per year. Deanna sends photos and letters to journal and to members, she also entertained all servicemen in her home.)

ERROL FLYNN: Jean Gieger, 1063 Oakdale Rd., Atlanta, Ga., President.

(For 50 cents dues you receive the "Sirocco" each quarter which has photos, letters, and snaps from Errol.)

RISE STEPHENS: Mildred Popkins, 2064 Ryer Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., President.

(Dues are 75 cents a year. Rise sends members photos, snaps, news of concerts and opera engagements to members. This club is a musical club sponsored by Rise and is devoted to the enjoyment of good music.)

BING CROSBY: Philomena Vendetti, P.O. Box 170, Middlebranch, Ohio, President.

(In the "Binggang" are snaps and letters from Bing and a list of all his records. Dues are 50 cents a year.)

MEET FRANK SINATRA

By Evelyn Malouf

No, I have never seen Frank Sinatra in person but I have seen him in pictures and heard a lot of nice things so I really would like to meet him.

Frank is 5 feet, 10 inches and he is not by a long way fat, he is thin. He has blue eyes and wavy hair. Believe it or not Frank is a boxing champion. He also likes baseball. He likes children and he's patient when he sings so many autographs.

Remember when "Higher and Higher" was playing? My girl friend and I went to see it and when Frank came on the screen everyone started screaming and swooning, my girl friend and I couldn't understand why they were so crazy about him and why they swoon over him. We still cannot understand it. I like Frank a lot but not that much to scream and swoon. That's my honest opinion. I was very, very sorry not to see "Step Lively" because I was on vacation when it played and it didn't play in the place where I was so I wasn't lucky enough to see it. Well this is all for now and I hope by now you know who this person is, that has such a wonderful voice named Frank Sinatra.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Dear Marion:

I recently received two issues of Sinatra-ly Yours and enjoyed both of them very much. They are much better than I expected and I'm sure Frank appreciates everything you're doing for his benefit.

I suppose you read about the trouble Frank had at the Paramount Theatre. I was wondering if there wasn't something we could do. I'm sure everyone would like him if they were straightened out on a few facts about him. Too many people have the wrong impression about him and this could be changed if they knew the real Sinatra. I've found by

experience with other young fella's at work, it's because they think Frank is a swell-headed, money-studded guy who's not much to look at or listen to. By telling them of his fine points and deeds and asking them to pay more attention to his singing and appearance they finally admit he's pretty good after all and before long they're right with me boasting his career. So let's get together and see what we can do with these anti-Sinatra fans.

I wonder if you'd mind getting some pen pals for me. I'm eighteen and headed for service soon, so would you mind seeing what you could do for me.

Thanks, again for the fine issues of Sinatra-ly Yours and I'm very much interested in any club achievements and articles on Frank.

Thanks again,

Raymond Dahlka
2472 Woodmere,
Detroit 9, Mich.

I'LL NEVER FORGET

Continued from page 7

In the meantime, Eileen Barton was standing at the entrance, bawling her eyes out.

The whole theatre was so impressed that everyone was crying.

If you've seen Frank, and know the sincerity he puts in his voice when he says things like that you'll know what I mean. If you haven't "You'll Never Know."

YOUR DUES EXPIRE WITH THIS ISSUE OF SINATRA-LY YOURS. WE DO HOPE YOU WILL RENEW FOR ANOTHER YEAR. INFORMATION WILL BE SENT ON REQUEST.-----Check means your dues expire.