

HEIRESSES



The magazine for the older girl

OCTOBER 1950

ONE SHILLING

On page 28

BALLET

by ARNOLD L. HASKELL



Double Talk

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. 5/10

TINTED FOUNDATION CREAM — spreads so lightly, holds so firmly—3 shades.
. 4/6

EXQUISITE FACE POWDER — with a new perfume in attractive new box with novel compact filler—6 shades 4/1

ROUGE — in three natural colours to blend with skin tones.
. 3/3

LIPSTICK — in the intriguing dimplestick holder specially designed to fit your fingers—6 shades 5/10

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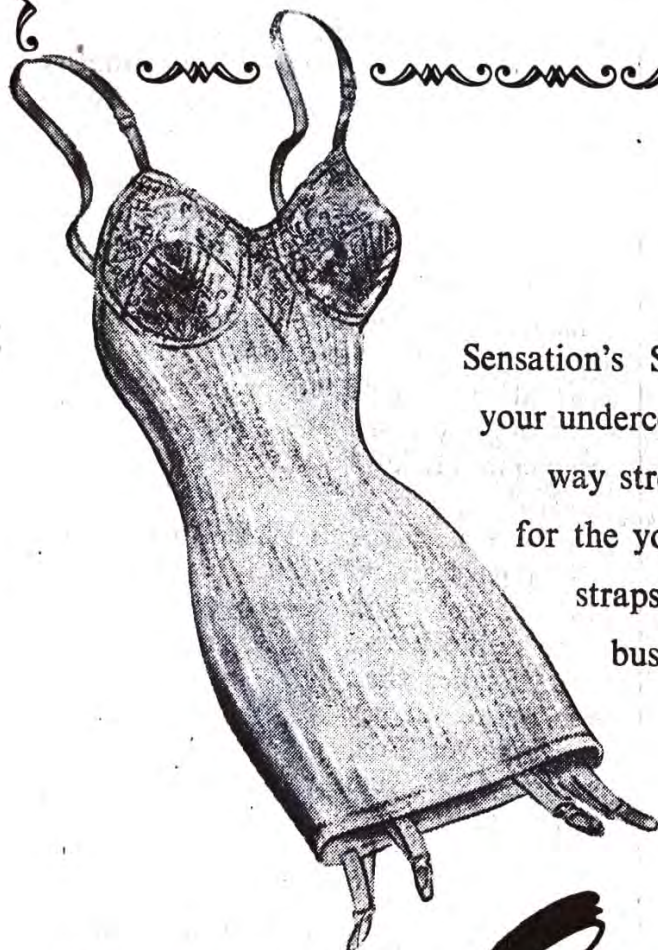
Saville

CVS-41



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Sensation's Snug Corselette — the answer to your undercover problem! Created in fine two-way stretch raschel, it's specially designed for the youthful figure. Adjustable shoulder straps finish the glamorous net of the bust section.

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P.S.—Remember, if it's a belt, a bra, or a corselette, it's wonderful to wear a

Sensation

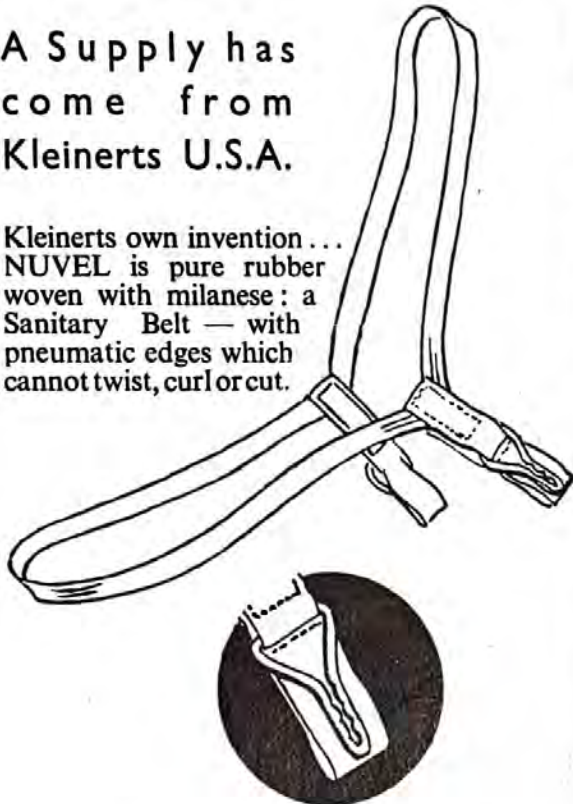
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of face powder?

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the admiration they de-
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are spoiled by the wrong
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a scientific
shade-detector

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type.

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★

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"Pond's Rose Rachel pow-
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she says. "It flatters my
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finish."



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EVELYN KEYES is vitally attractive as she stars with Glenn Ford in Columbia Pictures' "Mr. Soft Touch"

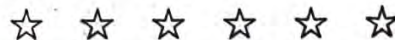
"Here's how I keep my skin lovely"

says **EVELYN KEYES**

"The Lux Toilet Soap massage technique is wonderful," says Evelyn Keyes. "It leaves my skin smoother, altogether lovelier. This is what I do: I work the fragrant, creamy lather well into my skin, using my fingertips with upward

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it's a dream... it's

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eleven



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With a birthday between September 24th and October 23rd you're probably a serene person — a good judge of characters and situations — an amusing talker.

Appearance — small, neat features, small hands and feet — usually very well-groomed.

You may have an artistic bent, could be a dress designer or fashion artist.

Your serene temperament makes you a very charming wife, easy-going yet capable. Health — good as a rule, but it will not stand too much strain or worry.

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This booklet by a woman doctor tells you how to minimise discomfort and embarrassment at these times.

It contains straightforward advice and an easy-to-follow health plan.

Write for your copy today, enclosing 2½d. stamp to the Lady Manager, Lilia Ltd., Dept. L.13, Park Mill, Hollinwood, Oldham. The booklet will be sent in a plain envelope.

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Such a simple way to guard against underarm odour . . it's so quick and so sure . . the harmless protection of creamy

Mum

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children
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the back there!

How can you expect to read your notes or get good marks for homework when you write with a pen that's faint and scratchy? Buck up and get a BLACKBIRD! The real 14-ct. gold nib (it's awfully strong!) puts you right in top class for clear handwriting. A BLACKBIRD is the younger brother of your dad's own Swan pen. Save up—or ask for a BLACKBIRD next birthday. In black, green, blue or red 14/8 (inc. tax)—with Azgold caps 3/8 extra. Matching pencils 6/9 (inc. tax)—with Azgold caps 3/8 extra.



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to needle-
women
since
1870

in the sleekest lightest wool

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Ask for PEARL at your favourite shop!

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CAMBORITUM

THE importance of Cambridge was established by the coming of the Romans, and in the same locality as the Castle Hill Earthworks have been found Roman remains which point to the existence of a small town. As a centre of

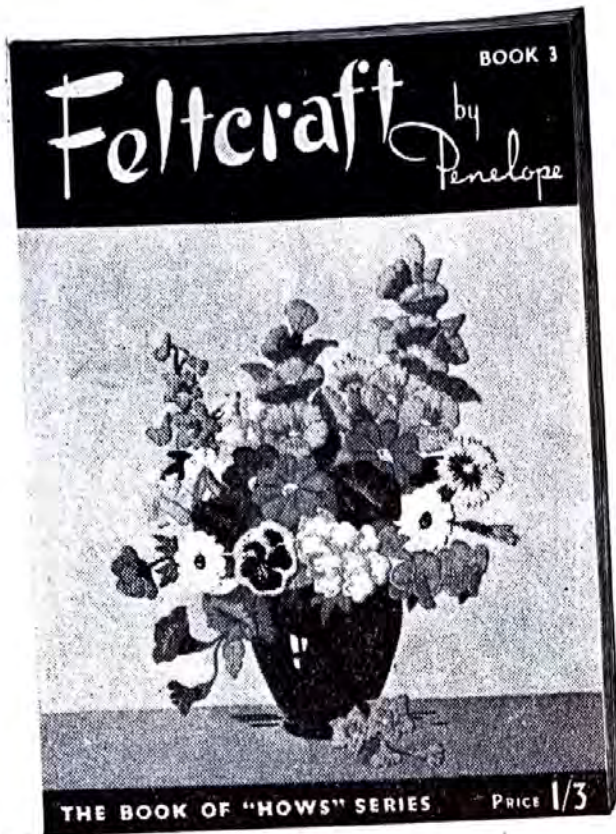
learning Cambridge became firmly established in the year 1209.

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sixteen





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 - **Lathers like lightning!**
 - **Leaves no scum!**
- and WASHES EVEN WHITER!**

HERE'S a thrilling surprise for every housewife! A *new* Persil is now in the shops.

It's white as snow! It's super-smooth—see how easily it pours from the big new packet! It lathers like lightning! It's always kind to your hands! It leaves **NO SCUM**, even in hard water!

And new whiter Persil washes even whiter! The results will amaze you. But seeing is believing—*it's true!* What's more, new Persil washes whiter than anything else you can buy. And *that's true, too!*

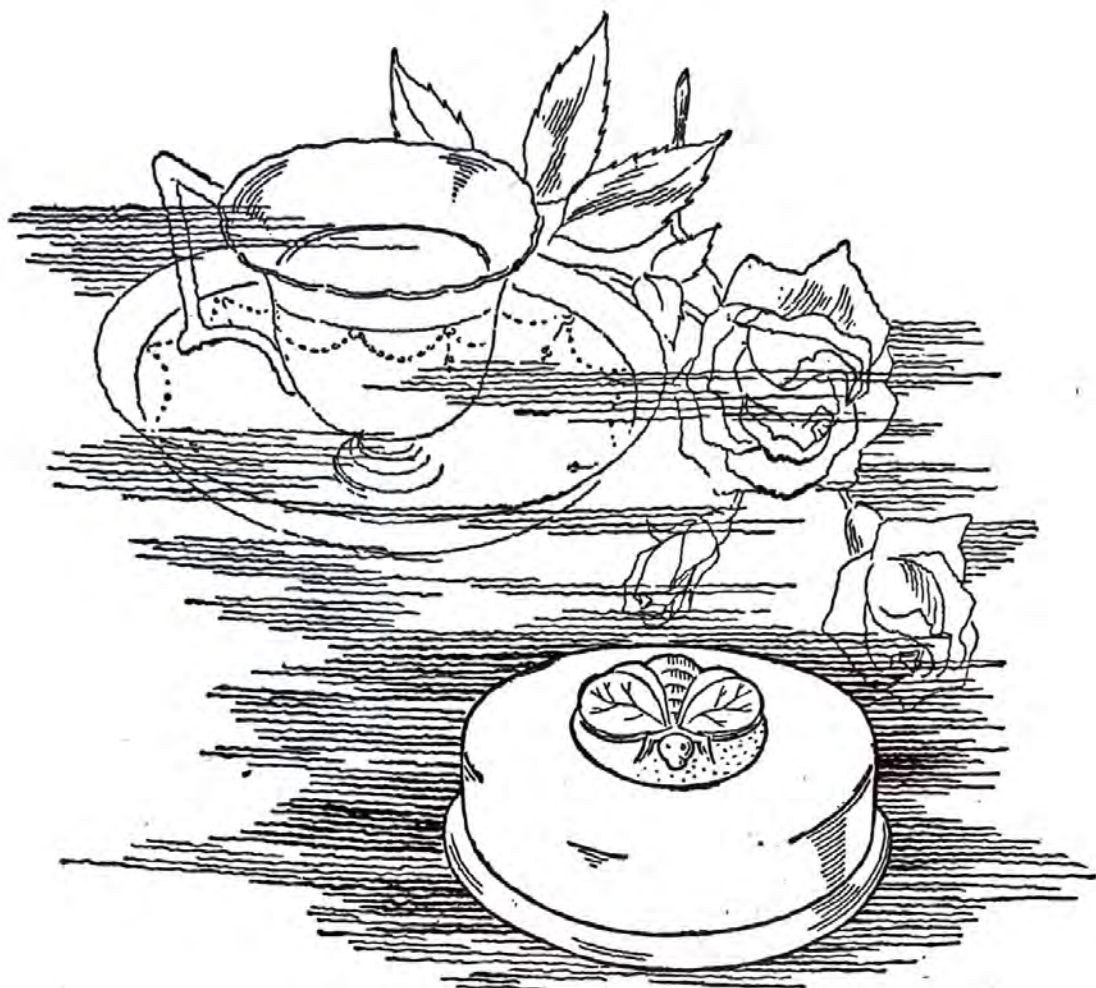
Women who have tried the new Persil are now more certain than ever that, for whiteness, Persil beats all comers, old or new.

COLOURED, TOO! New Persil's magic works for *all* your wash... makes coloureds brighter, woollens softer, silks silkier. It is gentle to your fine things, too.

Next washday try new Persil for *all your* wash. See your things come up fresher and sweeter!

New whiter PERSIL washes WHITER!

PER 1204-1269-100



Do you shine in the afternoon?

If you have to re-powder frequently during the day, it's a sign that you haven't yet discovered the right foundation. Try Yardley Make-up Base. It's exceptionally talented at keeping all types of skin free from shine. Soft and creamy, it holds your powder for hours with the minimum of re-touching, and it never dries or clogs. In three skin-toned shades: Blonde, Medium and Bronze. Choose the one that suits your type and light up your own good looks! *Price incl. purchase tax 5/6*

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HEIRESS

(Incorporating GIRL'S OWN PAPER)

OCTOBER 1950

features

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All characters described in HEIRESS stories are imaginary
and no reference is intended to any living person or persons

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but the Editor cannot hold herself responsible for any loss or damage.

COLOUR put into words gives as much character and reality to written work as to a painted landscape.

Tennyson, who thought that poetry should be "Like shot silk, its rainbow colours shining one into the other", saw "The lustre of the long convolvuluses", and the picture of Sir Lancelot, who "flash'd into the crystal mirror".

*All in the blue un-clouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather
The helmet and the helmet feather
Burn'd in one burning flame together.*

He painted *The Day Dream* Sleeping Beauty when

*Across the purple coverlet
The maiden's coal-black hair had grown.
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl:
The slumbrous light is rich and warm
And moves not on the rounded curl.*

and remembered one of the *Arabian Nights* when

Colour in words

by EDITH C. MASTERS

*A sudden splendour from behind
Flush'd all the leaves with rich gold-green.*

Contrasted with shadow or deeper tones, the brilliance of light and colour which it gives is often dazzling.

*The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark . . .*

No sunset painting is quite like that of Robert Browning in *Home Thoughts From Abroad*:

*Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking
into Cadiz Bay
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face
Trafalgar lay.*

We see what he calls "the glory of the pen" in simple things like:

*the quick, sharp scratch
And blue spirit of a lighted match*

Or in a great theme like Saul, when the curative power of David's harp music began to act upon the king . . .

*mighty Saul shuddered, and sparkles ran
dart
From the jewels that woke in his turban at
once with a start—
All its lordly male-sapphires, and rubies
courageous at heart.*

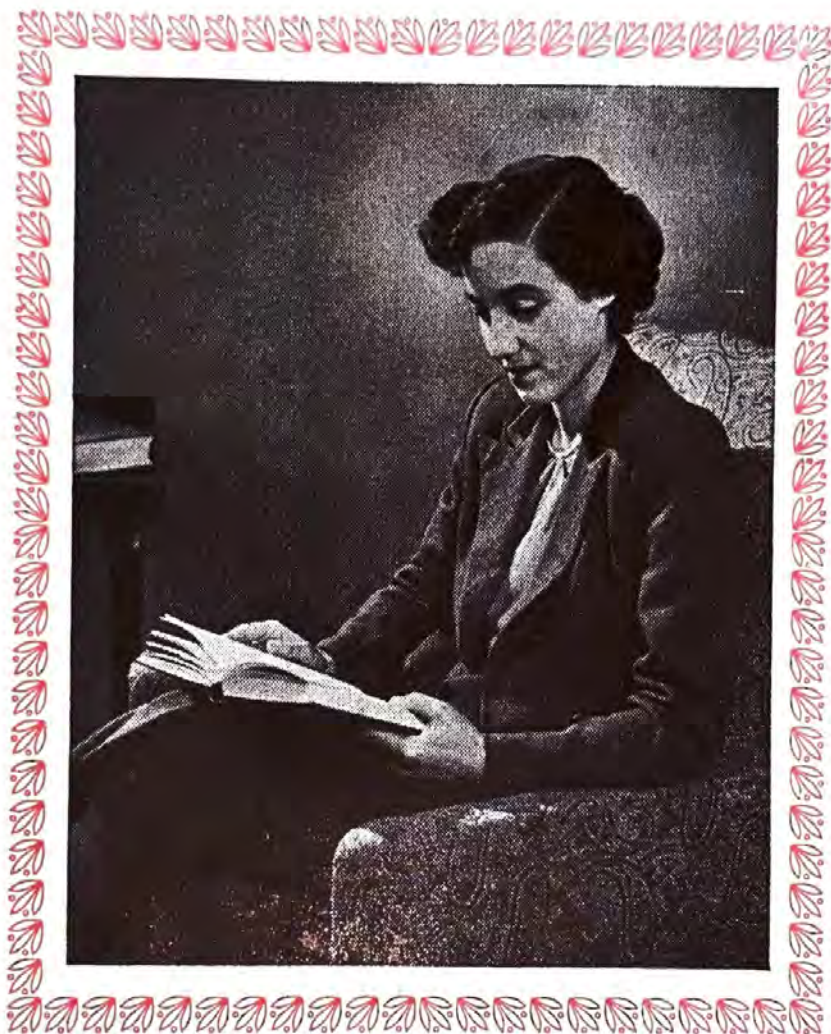
In *Romney Marsh* for John Drinkwater:

*A veil of purple flowed
And trailed his fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.*

*It was the rainbow gave thee birth
And left thee all her lovely hues*

marvelled W. H. Davies of *The Kingfisher*.
So might we describe the colour which flows from the pen of many a writer—colour in words. ◀◀◀

M Y P A G E A N D Y O U R S



THANK you for all your letters of welcome and good wishes, which arrived after Mrs. Goodall, my predecessor, introduced me to you on this page last month. I have thanked her for doing it in such a warm, friendly manner that already you and I begin to know each other. My one aim now is to follow in her footsteps so successfully that you will all soon look upon me as an old friend. Write to me, whatever your problem, and I shall always be ready to help you.

Let me have your suggestions, too, and as far as it can possibly be arranged you will all get what you want in *HEIRESS*. Several of your own ideas are already included in plans for the coming months, and this month there are eight extra pages in *HEIRESS*, a good start to giving you just what you want!

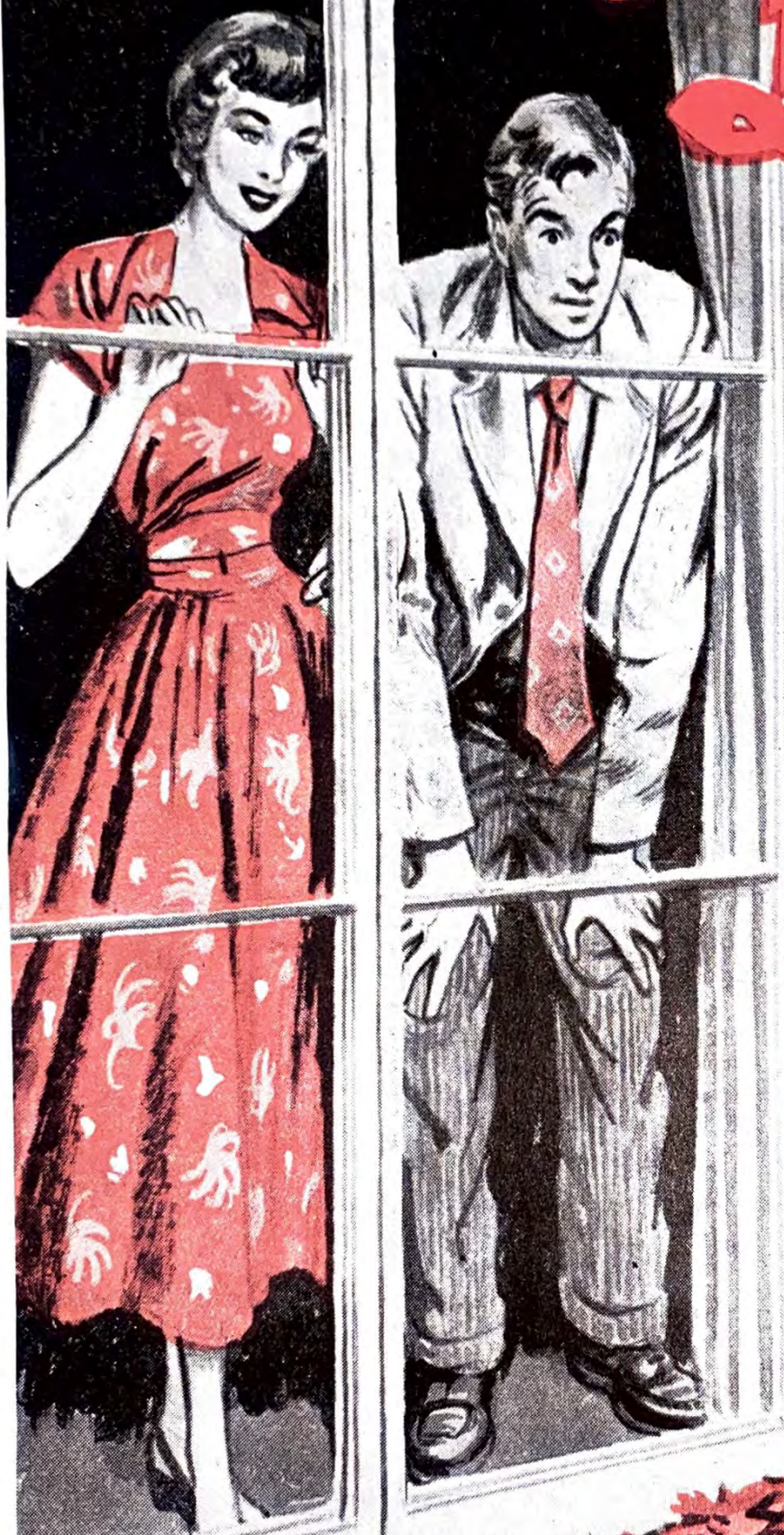
Many of you have also written to ask how to make the best of the longer evenings. We can certainly give you plenty of ideas—too many to list on this page! But here is a picture of Elisabeth, one young member of our staff who has solved the problem, and there is a helpful article on page 54. October is a quiet month, between seasons, ideal for reading, knitting and other indoor hobbies. Next month wakes up to the coming party season and in the November issue of *HEIRESS* you'll find enough, in both fun and ideas for busy fingers, to keep you happily occupied until Christmas. And don't forget the long-awaited *HEIRESS* diary! Look at page 83 and be first with your order. Now I must leave you, to attend to all those letters you have written!

JONI MURRAY, Editor

Bundle

To Tommie, Celia was an embarrassment, a trial—but he had every reason to be grateful to her!

"For goodness' sake, don't wake Miss Stokes," urged Tommie, tiptoeing to the French windows



of Charms

by CATHERINE BELL

THE woods smelt of shampoo. That lovely, disinfectant, pine tar variety. The noises were nice, too, for autumn had overtaken summer, coaxing leaves early from the trees, spilling them wantonly in a pleasant crunchy carpet for Cynthia's feet. Cynthia was so busy enjoying paddling ankle deep in this carpet, that she did not notice the artist on his folding stool until she was almost upon him.

Despite the swish of dead leaves under her feet as she came plunging forward, the artist continued mixing colours on his much daubed palette, apparently oblivious of her approach.

Cynthia circled round him thoughtfully. He seemed young, not particularly scruffy, nor over-Bohemian. There was nothing about him, save the almost finished canvas before him and the materials in his hand, to proclaim the artist. From his appearance he might have been quite a normal sort of person.

But, Cynthia asked herself, would a normal young man plonk himself down in the middle

of a wood, uninhabited except by the smallest of animals, and not even bother to turn his head at the sound of the population being increased by one? He could hardly have missed hearing her approach through those tell-tale leaves.

Having half-circled him from left to right, then again from right to left, in order to study the painting, Cynthia now came up reasonably close and had a really good look.

"That's rather good. Did you do that?"

It was, of course, the most stupid remark, but Cynthia felt the moment called for some comment, and it served to announce her presence at his shoulder.

The young man turned, eyed her thoughtfully, then went back to his colour mixing.

"I'm not in the habit of bringing other people's pictures here to look at," he said.

Cynthia blushed, annoyed firstly with herself, but secondly and chiefly with the odious young man. However, before she could think

Illustrated by Bertoglio



up a fitting retort, he looked up and smiled.

"That was rude of me, wasn't it? But you did ask for it, you know. Have a sandwich?"

It was an odd sort of introduction, but the sandwich looked most inviting. After a brief moment of indecision, Cynthia accepted the peace-offering. The young man had a cushion on his folding stool, which seemed the height of luxury in the middle of a wood, but generously he indicated a very hard tree stump nearby upon which Cynthia might sit.

He had, it appeared, quite a pile of sandwiches, and seemed well disposed to sharing them. He introduced himself as Tommie Argyll, nephew of the Reverend George Stokes, and explained that he was staying at the Vicarage for the summer vacation.

"It's very pleasant," he told Cynthia, "except for The Bundle."

"What bundle?" asked Cynthia, intrigued. She was a newcomer to the district, for her parents had only recently taken the cottage at Akers Green, a mile or so from the wood.

"The Bundle, the Offspring, the Infant," explained her co-sandwich consumer. "Aunt Sybil has a girl child, about two feet long, wrapped in all sorts of things, and stuffed into a pram by day. It's all right, except if I whistle, it wakes; if I bang a door, it might cry; I can't have the wireless on when I choose, in case it is sleeping. On the whole, I can't work up any enthusiasm for babies under about seventeen years of age."

"Thank you," murmured Cynthia demurely. "I'm seventeen and four months."

"A pretty shrewd guess on my part," remarked Tommie gallantly. "Have another sandwich."

Just as Cynthia was debating the wisdom of eating any more of Tommie's considerable lunch they heard three shrill blasts on a whistle, and before she was able to take advantage of the proffered slices, Tommie deftly wrapped them up, and popped them into his knapsack.

"Oh, blow!" he exclaimed. "Aunt Sybil." Jumping up, he folded the stool and started sorting out brushes and things.

"What goes on?" asked Cynthia, puzzled and a trifle put out.

"My emergency signal," explained Tommie. "Three blasts on a whistle if I'm wanted. Beastly nuisance."

He glanced across at Cynthia as an idea struck him. "How about coming back to the

Vicarage with me, and seeing what it's all about? You could help carry my gear."

Without waiting for her answer, he passed her his stool, and tidied his things. The whistle shrilled again, and this time he paused to give a trio of piercing whistles in return.

"Come on," he said. "Something has happened. Get weaving."

These peremptory orders shook Cynthia slightly, and furthermore the young man was taking her out of her way, but, as she had nothing better to do, she matched her steps with his, and trotted dutifully along beside him.

Tommie's aunt, Mrs. Stokes, came running up the path to meet them. From the expression on her face, Cynthia could see all was not well.

"Oh, Tommie, thank goodness you were within earshot!" she cried. Then she glanced curiously at Cynthia, apparently approved of what she saw, and smiled, apologizing for bringing them hurrying back to the Vicarage, and went on to explain rapidly about Mrs. Todd.

MRS. TODD, it appeared, was the Vicarage daily help. She had slipped on the kitchen linoleum, falling heavily, and Mrs. Stokes feared that her ankle was badly sprained, if not broken.

"I've immobilized it," she told them. "I don't know whether it's a sprain or a break, but we must get the poor soul off to hospital to have it seen to. Look, Tommie, I've not time to explain much, and I can't get hold of Mrs. Brown down the lane, so you'll have to look after Celia while I drive Mrs. Todd to hospital."

"What! Me look after The Bundle? Oh, Aunt Syb, really!" protested Tommie. "Can't I drive the old girl instead? Anyway, where's Uncle? You can't leave me to cope with The Bundle; supposing it squeaks!"

"Of course you can't drive without a licence, dear—don't be absurd. And I haven't the slightest idea where George is. Come along, and don't argue. Celia will probably go on sleeping. Hurry in, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Can—can I help?" offered Cynthia, uncertainly.

Sybil Stokes turned to her with new hope. "Oh, are you used to babies? You could cope with mine, couldn't you?"

"I—I don't quite know. I suppose so."

Mrs. Stokes looked a little disappointed, but

tried gamely not to show it. "I'm sure you will be able to manage together," she said. "Anyway, I don't suppose I'll be away long, but I must get poor Mrs. Todd off. What a mercy George left the car. I'll get it out now, and we must help Mrs. Todd into it."

It was really rather a business getting poor Mrs. Todd into that car, but once in, Sybil Stokes gave them each a despairing glance, and, with a prayer in her heart for her child's well-being, she started off down the road towards the hospital three miles distant, leaving Tommie and Cynthia in charge.

"For goodness' sake, don't wake Miss Stokes," urged Tommie, tiptoeing carefully to the French windows of the Vicarage lounge to glance anxiously out at the black pram containing The Bundle.

"Let's have a peep at the little angel," whispered Cynthia. "Can we open this window? I'll be ever so quiet."

Before Tommie could stop her, she had turned the handle and pushed the French window open. It swung back with a most gruesome groan, which Tommie echoed *sotto voce*.

For a moment Cynthia held her breath, and they both stared fearfully at the pram. Under-

neath its covers, the little mound that was The Bundle heaved slightly, and a very small fist appeared, waved vaguely at nothing, and withdrew.

"Ah, it's all right," breathed Cynthia. But here she was wrong. There was a slight sound from the pram as The Bundle awoke, yawned, and began murmuring quietly to itself.

"You utter chump!" muttered Tommie. "It's just ticking over now, but just wait till it gets revved up."

They waited, and in a few moments the murmur grew into a steady stream of sound.

"Hadn't we better go and cheer it up?" suggested Cynthia, nervously. "Just a word of reassurance—the poor mite probably feels lonely."

Tommie shook his head vehemently. "Certainly not!" he warned her. "If she realizes we are in charge, she'll launch out into full song. She's terrific when she really gets going. These new models are equipped with a supercharger, I think."

As if anxious to prove the truth of this unsolicited testimonial, the infant Celia stopped for a moment in mid-murmur, changed gear,

(Please turn to page 76)

Focus ON SNAPS

Holiday snaps cost money and they should be treasured. Don't just carry them round in an envelope until they get dog-eared, and their negatives lost. With Christmas gifts in view, here are some useful things you might make, by mounting your snaps in different ways

1. Christmas cards—either sticking or slotting the snap in place on a piece of plain card, and edging with a pen-drawn border

2. Calendars—specially good for groups. Have a snap printed for everyone who was shown on it, and mount each on a suitable background to stand or hang, with a tiny calendar-pad beneath

3. Small pictures—set between two pieces of glass which slide into a holder in the modern manner. Choose a good-sized, head-and-shoulders snap for this, and cut away the upper background

4. Shopping lists, telephone jotters, etc. Cut a cover in lamp-shade parchment to the size of the snap (enlarged to postcard size) and thong both together with fine embroidery thread



C H A R M S C H O O L

**Chosen with care and worn with confidence,
glasses are anything but a handicap to beauty**

D O Y O U W E A R

I WEAR glasses and, having worn them for about fifteen years, I feel that I have been given every conceivable piece of advice about them, good or bad, that anyone has thought up. It has certainly taken some time, and no little anxious thought, to sort it all out.

The girl who is long-sighted has not quite the same problem as the short-sighted person, as most of her spectacle-wearing is confined to close work. But the short-sighted girl, oh dear!

People who are fond of you sometimes say, "If you can possibly see without them, darling, do leave them off—you look so much nicer without them."

That's all very well, but here are two rules to be considered:—

1. If you really have to wear glasses all the time, don't fight against it. Try to forget that you are wearing them and be absolutely natural.

2. If you can leave them off for special occasions—and by "can" I mean if your oculist says you may do so without harming your eyes—then do so, but if you are short-sighted, remember this: a celebration for two is ideal—you should have eyes for your partner only, anyway, but if you are going out with a party, make sure that you can see sufficiently well to pick out your friends across a large room.

I remember feeling most embarrassed at one party, when I had left my spectacles at home. There were three ladies' invitation dances, one after the other, and each time I solemnly walked across the room to a person I thought to be one of my party, only to find that I picked out the same stranger every time! Fortunately, he was unaware of my plight; in fact, I think he was rather amused after I had peered my way across the room towards him for the third time!

Seriously, though, nothing looks worse (or feels worse, for that matter) than to be thus handicapped "for beauty's sake" at a social function. It is much better to wear your glasses, forget all about them, and have a thoroughly good time—you will probably look prettier into the bargain, as people seldom look attractive when they are straining to see beyond a "barrier".


Once having accepted your glasses for the true friends they are, take a good look at them. The lenses you must leave to your oculist, but what about the frames? Not too heavy? Are they the right shape for your type of face? Does their shape accentuate your bone structure and, if it does, is this a good thing? Glasses can shorten a long face, or give length and shape to a round one.

If you have well-defined and shapely eyebrows, choose one of the new slanting frame shapes which do not hide them. You will have to pay for these unusual

(Please turn to page 78)



by SONIA WHITFIELD



Part of the busy workroom of
the wardrobe at Covent Garden



Ballet

A PEEP BEHIND

WHEN I was a child every little boy wished to be a policeman or an engine driver and most little girls hospital nurses. To-day, I imagine, the little boy sees himself as an aviator and his sister as a ballerina. In a previous article I dealt (rather discouragingly, I fear) with the great difficulties of a career that called for ten years' training for a possible fifteen years on the stage.

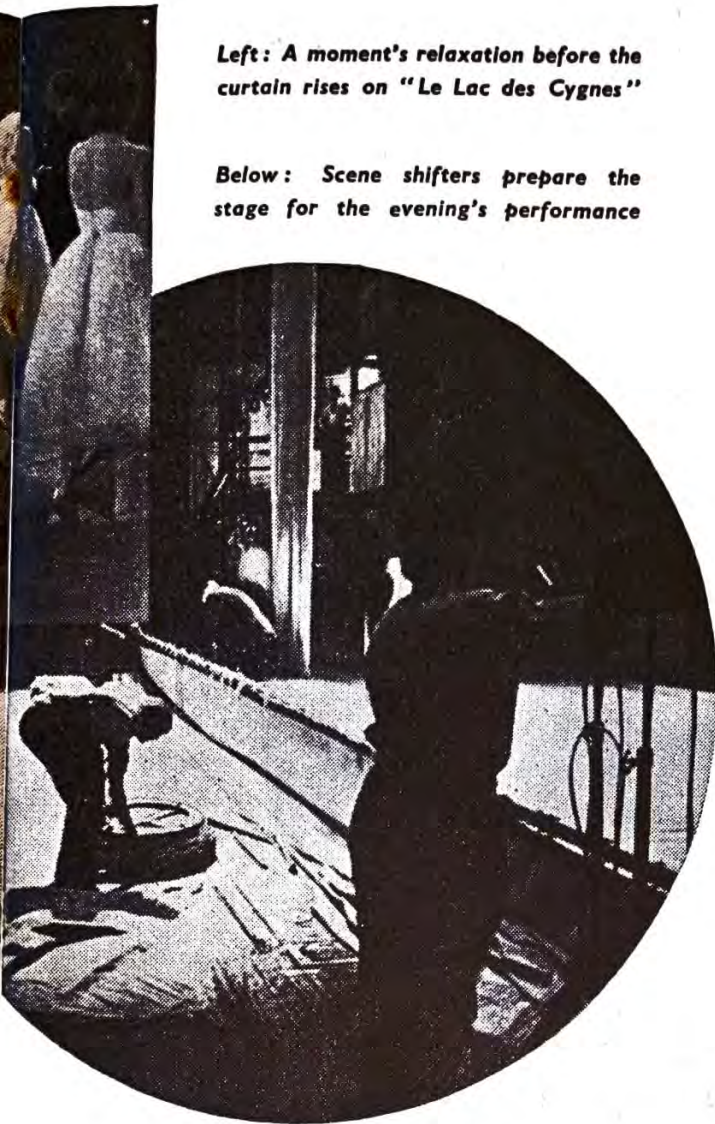
Too many people to-day look at ballet purely from the point of view of dancing. If that

became general, then ballet would soon suffer a rapid decline. It happened once before, last century, when the public thought only of dancers, their personality and their technical feats. The result was that ballet found its way to the music hall and the many good dancers who existed had very little opportunity of doing anything worthwhile.

When I began to interest myself in ballet, apart from the great Russian Ballet, the only chance that the talented English girl had was

Left: A moment's relaxation before the curtain rises on "Le Lac des Cygnes"

Below: Scene shifters prepare the stage for the evening's performance



two months a year in pantomime, completely overshadowed by the dame and the principal boy.

Let us, therefore, take a look behind the scenes of a ballet company and meet some of the people who really give the dancer the opportunity to evoke your applause. Ballet is an art and I cannot, therefore, present these people in a systematic manner, as if they were workers in a factory. No two ballets are created in exactly the same manner. There are general principles, but no hard and fast rules.

The first person to meet, and by far the most important, is the artistic director. He may be a single individual, like the great Serge Diaghileff, or an artistic committee as at Sadler's Wells, consisting of Ninette de Valois, Frederick Ashton and Constant Lambert. His job (for convenience I write in the singular) is very complicated. He is the *chef* who must mix the various ingredients.

His basic recipe is the following: Take an idea, a story or a theme of some kind, take some music, some scenery and costumes, a choreographer to compose the movement, and a group of dancers to perform it. Thoroughly mix these ingredients and serve on the stage at Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells.

Let us examine our *chef's* recipe in some detail. His first ingredient, the story, is very important. It must lend itself to dancing so that everything is clear without the use of words. It can say, "Jim loves Mary and so

THE SCENES

by **ARNOLD L. HASKELL, M.A.**

(Director, Sadler's Wells School)

Photographs by Louis Klemantaski

Conductor Warwick Braithwaite chats with Alexis Rassine between acts of "Coppelia"





Left: In the paint room Clement Glock works on a new backcloth for "Facade"

Below: Moira Shearer rubs her shoes in the rosin box kept at the side of the stage



does Joe. Jim and Joe fight. Jim wins." It cannot say, "Last Thursday week such and such a thing happened and because of that..." It need not be a story at all; it may merely state that sylphs dance in a wood by moonlight.

Once a suitable story has been found it is necessary to find the music. One way is to look around and try to remember a piece of music that has already been written and that might possibly do. This is a very dangerous method. Constant Lambert, who understands both dancing and music, can use it with complete success. How perfectly the music he has found for Frederick Ashton's skating ballet, *Les Patineurs*, suits the gliding motion of the dancers, their gay entrances and exits, and even their tumbles! This music of

Meyerbeer's is light, can be cut about without damage and there is, in any case, no positive story to be told.

It is quite a different matter with a dance-drama, such as *Checkmate* or *Miracle in the Gorbals*. There the composer, Arthur (now Sir Arthur) Bliss must tell a story with his music, provide a substitute for words and bring you to an exciting climax. (Remember that thrill of the ship's siren in *Miracle in the Gorbals*.) He must collaborate very closely with the choreographer. One can imagine the dialogue between the two:

Choreographer: "And this is where the stage gradually fills. The people have heard of the miracle and come to see what it is all about. At first they are awestruck and can only whisper; then, when they realize that she

is really alive, they become gay and begin to celebrate."

Composer (seated at the piano, begins to play): His part of the dialogue is in music and the choreographer may begin to dance round the piano to stress some particular point.

Tchaikovsky and Petipa worked together in that way to give us the immortal *Sleeping Beauty*; Stravinsky and Fokine with *The Fire Bird*. Sometimes, indeed, the germ of the idea comes from the composer himself. One day in Switzerland Stravinsky was playing the piano when Fokine and the painter Benois were present.

The music that they heard suggested to them a tragic puppet *Petrouchka*, the Russian counterpart of our Punch. From those few bars of music *Petrouchka*, the greatest and most colourful of all the dance dramas, was born, and it was as *Petrouchka* that Nijinsky, himself so tragic a figure, reached the summit of his meteoric career.

BALLET is so much a matter of team work that the presence of a living composer is essential to complete success. I remember sitting next to a sensitive critic at the performance of a ballet set to a Beethoven Symphony. The stage hands were making rather a clatter backstage and my friend looked at me and said, "Do you hear that noise? It's poor Beethoven turning in his grave."

How right he was! With rare exceptions it is vandalism to take serious symphonic music for purposes of ballet. Apart from that, there is the major handicap of people knowing the music so well that they will already have formed their own images.

When we have our story and our music there come the next ingredients—colour and shape. The artistic director must ask himself, "What painter can match this idea and this music?" He must have a very close knowledge of the work that contemporary painters are doing.

Sometimes the ideal painter may be quite unfamiliar with theatrical needs. He may think it a wonderful idea to give his ballerina a plume a foot long by way of head-dress. The director and choreographer know that this would inevitably tickle the nose of her partner and make him sneeze.

The painter must then be told to get his effect in a more practical way. The painter may know nothing about dress-making. His designs may just show a final effect of colour.

These designs must then be given to a dress-maker who can translate them.

I remember one such case where a painter would only work with one particular dress-maker, a genius at such translation. Unfortunately, however, she had little idea of time. I had to fetch the last costumes in a taxi while the first ballet was being performed. It was a close shave, but the ballet went on all right, as it always does.

THEREFORE, before we even meet our dancers, we have a regular team—art director, composer, rehearsal pianist and conductor, painter, dress-maker and wardrobe mistress, chief electrician, choreographer and ballet master.

Let us now take a look at the choreographer, who has already been an active collaborator before the first rehearsal. He knows his intended ballet and he is familiar with his company. He must now make up his cast. Will Miss X do for the particular role he has in mind? Is she available or already dancing too many roles? Has she the right physique? Is the role too technical for her particular gifts?

Like the selectors of a test team he writes the names on a piece of paper and they are put up on the board. "The following will attend the rehearsal of the new ballet on the stage at 10.30. Costume fittings at 1.45."

Choreographers work in different ways. Some of them have visualized the whole ballet in detail. When they are confronted with their dancers all they have to do is to teach a fully composed ballet. They explain and demonstrate. Others have the general idea in their heads, but wait to fix the detail until they have seen the dancers. They then more or less collaborate with the dancers, who may suggest more effective ways of getting the same result. In this way the rehearsals will last longer.

A ballet may take anything from two weeks to several months to rehearse. The record was Nijinsky's *l'Après midi d'un faune*, with over a hundred rehearsals. But nothing will be of any use if the preliminary planning is at fault, and that preliminary planning often takes place as much as a year in advance.

It is the first night of a new ballet. You have taken your seat and are in a state of pleasurable excitement at the idea of seeing your favourites in new roles. The orchestral tuning comes to an end and the conductor taps

(Please turn to page 79)

In good



READERS from all parts of Great Britain—indeed from all over the world—write to tell us how much they appreciate having a magazine that is “their very own”. HEIRESS has not only a Club but a world fellowship! and we are delighted when we hear of new friendships brought about by letter or by some feature in the magazine.

Occasionally we have overseas visitors, too, as well as readers at home who call on us. Above is a picture of seventeen-year-old Gwen (on the right), secretary to the Editor of HEIRESS, chatting to Anneliese Coleman, who called to see us not long ago.

Sixteen-year-old Anneliese is a typical

reader and we had great fun showing her round our offices. Anneliese (a name we were afraid of mispronouncing or misspelling) has taken her School Certificate this year and hopes to become a dress designer. (She shows great promise by her own charming appearance, don't you think?)

She loves animals, especially dogs—she has one of her own called “Gyp”. She has many hobbies, including embroidery, reading and tennis, and her favourite subjects at school were art (of course!) and dramatics. We hope Anneliese will make fashion headlines one day.

On the opposite page, another reader tells us how she grew up with HEIRESS!

company . . .

At the age of eleven I began to take piano lessons and I also became a regular reader of *Girl's Own Paper*. At a first glance there might not appear to be much connection between these two happenings, but there was. *G.O.P.* was ordered for me after I had promised faithfully to practise my scales with the necessary regularity. This, in itself, seemed to me to justify the fact that at times *G.O.P.*, instead of the hated book of five-finger exercises, occupied the music rest; I memorized the easiest of the scales and played and read at the same time!

It seemed to me a delightfully grown-up magazine and I willingly abandoned the more childish publications with which I had formerly whiled away my leisure hours and read and re-read my new magazine until the next issue came out. (Queer how long a month lasted then—there seemed to be years between each issue!)

At first I was content merely to read the magazine, but it soon became apparent that there could be much more to it than that. I joined the Club and, after receiving my membership card, sent in turn for the badge, wristlet and necklet, which I wore with great pride.

Next I started entering for the competitions and can still recall the feeling of pleasure and excitement which was mine when I saw my name and address published in the competition results. It was the first time I had ever seen my own name in print! A few days later I received my book prize. I remember it arrived on the first day of my holidays and I was able to bring it away with me to read. Because I had won it, the story seemed twice as interesting. How I treasured that book!

Shortly after this came another very pleasant surprise—girls in New Jersey, U.S.A., Malta and New Zealand, who had seen my name printed in the competition results, wrote and asked me if I would correspond with them. Flourishing pen-friendships soon sprang up and I enjoyed writing so much that I decided to get some more pen-friends through the medium of the *G.O.P.* Pen-friend Section. I was put in touch with girls of my own age and—this seemed to me the best part of all—with identical interests.

My chief interests were art, knitting and reading, and we exchanged sketches, patterns and magazines of our own countries. As we were all ardent readers of *G.O.P.* we were able to discuss the contents and it always seemed wonderful to me that girls all over the world were sharing the interests of the magazine just as closely as I was. Later I had friends in France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, with whom I corresponded in French and German. They corrected my mistakes and I did the same with their English.

Languages — especially German — were another thing with which *G.O.P.* helped me. My Scottish pen friend and I followed the German course and compared notes with each other as we went along.

When the war came, it seemed to change everything, even the magazine, which became smaller and yet smaller, but always remained as worth while as ever. I lost touch with some of my pen friends, especially the Continental ones, but later, after much difficulty, we were able to get in touch again.

(Please turn to page 82)

Many of you will have a fellow-feeling with Ethel Gordon Caldwell, author of this article, who looks upon HEIRESS as an old friend

Margaret

THE trim figure stood poised an instant, then, with a powerful racing dive, shot through the water like a torpedo.

It was, of course, Margaret Wellington, and her swimming was unmistakably that of a champion. She belongs to the water; it is as much a part of her as the air she breathes.

Swifter than I imagined possible, she covered two lengths of the bath, climbed out rapidly and disappeared into her cubicle. I resigned myself to the anticipated long wait while she changed. But in a matter of minutes she was beside me in her outdoor clothes, with her lunch-time sandwiches.

Vibrant with "atomic energy", everything about Margaret is glowing and vital, from her sparkling blue eyes to her curly, reddish hair. When I asked her the secret of the amazing energy and stamina which has played such an important part in making her Britain's champion swimmer, the laugh that is never far away came to the surface.

"It's not through eating steaks," she informed me. "I don't have any special diet to keep up my strength."

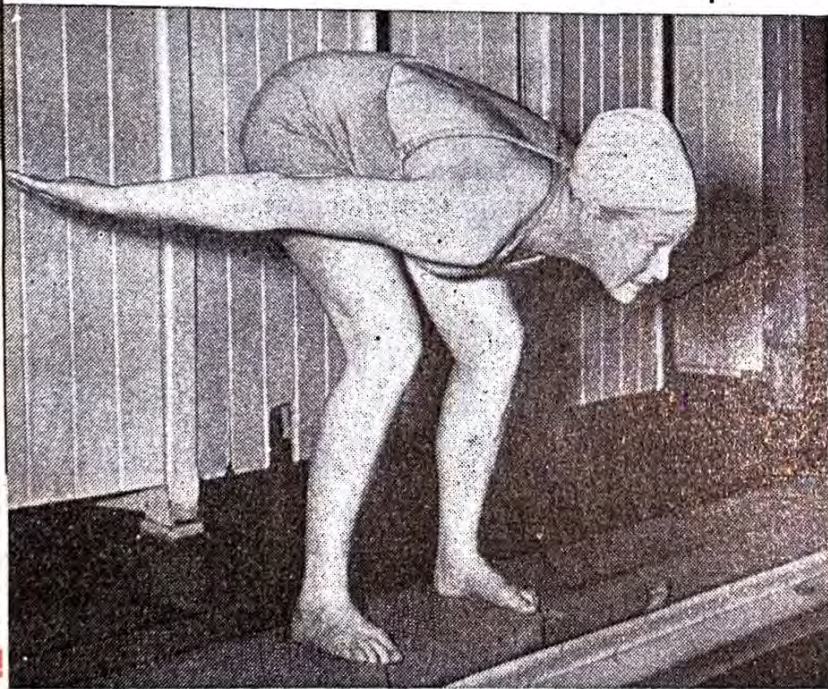
All she ever has for her mid-day meal is a packet of sandwiches. I wonder how she manages to carry out her daily programme, working at Lloyds Bank and fitting in her routine practice swim at Forest Hill Baths during her lunch hour, without the extra rations of an American athlete!

But Margaret is apparently tireless. Although when I saw her she had just finished a strenuous practice swim she showed no sign of fatigue. In reply to my question as to what set her in the swim to fame, she revealed surprisingly that she did not start serious swimming until she left school.

"I was fifteen and a half at the time and had not done much swimming before," she said.

Since then she has achieved a brilliant record. She is the National Title Holder of the 220 yds. and 440 yds. free-style; attained second place in the Empire Games, 110 yds. and 440 yds.

In 1948 she swam in the Olympic Games and competed in the European Games at Monte Carlo in 1947.



All set to go! Poised and tense, Margaret awaits the signal to dive

Wellington

"I practically live in the water," she told me. "Apart from every lunch hour I also swim at week-ends."

Swimming brought her romance. She met her fiancé in the swimming bath. I asked Margaret jokingly whether she met him in the deep end or the shallow end and she replied, "In the deep end. We went off the deep end about each other, too. It was definitely love at first sight."

Her future husband, Basil Restorick, is also her coach and severest critic.

"But he is not a professional coach," she explained. "His work has nothing to do with swimming. He is a draughtsman."

Both are twenty-three and will be married by the time this article is published.

Her hobbies? "Swimming and still more swimming is my only one—and all I have time for," explained Margaret. "But I am fond of reading, too," she added.

Britain's champion advises all girls to swim, not only for the sport, but because it is good for the figure. She herself is five feet five inches tall and weighs nine stone.

Margaret has a splendid ambition, which would be an asset to Britain. "I want to start a club of my own, to train youngsters to Olympic standards and to give them all the facilities I never had myself."

Her opinion of British swimming is encouraging but forthright: "Britain has more potential champions than ever before, but they lack time and facilities to become world champions and do not get time off from business for practice and championships. Personally, I have been very fortunate. Lloyds gave me four months off with full pay when I went to Auckland, New Zealand, for the Empire Games. I have been invited back to New Zealand with Helen Yates, the back-crawler, to take part in the Centennial Games at Christchurch."

Small wonder that her mother is proud of her swimming-champion daughter—the girl to whom swimming has brought both success and romance with the man who can help her to win added victories for Britain. ◀◀◀



These powerful strokes may one day carry Margaret to a world record



Face up to this

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TOO MUCH MOTHER!

by URSULA BLOOM

Illustrated by Oliphant

JEAN felt that in her life there was too much Mother. Mother was a pet; you could not have had a better one, but she never seemed to realize that, at seventeen, Jean was grown-up. First dance frocks; first affairs; the office; the boy friend.

To-night she was going to a dance with Clive Graves. Mother disliked Clive, had theories that he wasn't "quite nice", and anyway was too old for her, as though twenty-three were a Methuselah. Mother ignored the fact that he looked like a film-star, and she was apparently suspicious of film-star types. She preferred Richard Davis who was dead safe (and deadly dull) and lived at the far end of the road. There would be the usual fuss when Jean said she was going out with Clive.

Betty (at the office) gave her a clue. Mother didn't approve of Betty too much, but then, as Jean told herself, she carped at everything. "Pretend it's dinner with an old school chum; a best dress dinner and all that. I always say it's an old friend; that's simple, and means no fuss with Mother!"

"But it's cheating."

"Rot! Everybody cheats mothers a bit; you have to," Betty assured her.

Jean opened the door of home and wished that she still didn't think of this as cheating. Mother had been making blackberry jelly, and the strong scent of cooked fruit filled the place. She was at the sink tidying up, for a little jelly goes a long way, and she was looking deadly tired.

Jean saw her face etched against the draining

rack above the sink, and thought that she did too much. Mrs. Biggs came in for a couple of hours a day and spent most of that time tea-drinking their precious ration, or turning up late, or having to leave early, because of "her varicose". "Her varicose" were a pest!

"You're dead tired," said Jean.

"That old pain in my side's been nagging again." Then, in a surprised way, "You—you aren't going out?"

While Mother looked like that Jean couldn't be honest and tell her that it was Clive. "Yes, with Betty," she said. "A dress-up do, but I shan't be very late."

Evidently Mother believed it. "All right, dear, and don't forego your beauty sleep," said she, turning back to the aluminium pan and the scratcher. "There's some tea left over on the side," she called over her shoulder, "and take your big coat—the warm one—it gets cold at night now."

"I'll be all right, Mother."

Fussing! Always fussing! The big coat was shabby—she intended to take the smart little jigger and supposed she would have to slip out of the side door with it, after all! Dad came in just as she finished.

"If you gobble like that you'll get hiccups."

"I've got to gobble; I'm going to a party."

He disapproved. "I do think you might stay in and lend your mother a hand, Jean. She's dead beat."

"I'm sorry, but I've got a date." The film-star man, the man with imperturbable

She was their whole world—or so she thought. Then something happened to make her stand aside and suddenly she saw that parents are people, too

eyes, who whispered sweet nothings as he danced!

"You girls have always got dates. I don't know what's coming to you nowadays. I know what would have happened if I'd done it when I was young, but there you are!"

Fathers and mothers are always the same; having no life of their own they want to live yours for you, but Jean said nothing. She went off and had a bath and got into the pink taffeta that made pleasant scrunchy sounds when she moved in it. She brushed her hair until it shone. There would probably be trouble about the new petunia lipstick, but strangely enough when she came downstairs, there wasn't. Mother just looked up. "Don't be late, dear," and then, "I'm glad you're going with Betty even if she is too lively. I was afraid it might be Clive."

A stab of remorse got Jean as she slipped out. She felt guilty. She turned into the street and walked quickly, for Clive would be waiting. It would be a wonderful night.

But it wasn't a wonderful night after all. The guilt complex wouldn't go; she could not forget the tired look on Mother's face and all those neat little jars of jelly waiting to be tied down!

Clive was in the wrong mood; he kept saying the sort of things that make one uncomfortable, and made Jean reproach herself for squeamishness. He kissed her when the last throbbing strain of the waltz tune died out. The tune went on echoing in her heart; she couldn't escape it.

The kiss embarrassed her. "Don't!" she said sharply.

"Why not? You're growing up."

"Mother wouldn't approve of that."

He grinned at her. "Too much Mother!" he taunted.

"I'm going home," she said suddenly.

He took her arm with a proprietary air and was going to walk her to the little car at the door. "How about a run and then I'll take you home?" he said. That was when she wrenched herself free.

"No, thank you! I'll go home under my own steam," and before he could stop her she started running up the road. She hadn't played hockey for nothing! He didn't follow (perhaps that was just a trifle disappointing) and turning into her own road she slowed down to get her breath back. If her parents were sitting up—and they probably would be—they mustn't suspect that something was wrong.

The light was still on downstairs. She opened the door but it wasn't Mother who was sitting there; it was Dad and she saw that he looked worried. "So you've come back at last," he said.

The throbbing of the waltz tune died out. "I did say I'd be late. Has Mother gone to bed?"

"Your mother is in hospital, having an operation."

"What did you say?"

"That pain in her side—suddenly it bowled her over, and I got the doctor. It's an emergency case."

He wasn't sparing Jean's feelings, he wasn't even thinking of her, because he was so worried about Mother.

"But Dad," she asked, "Mother's going to be—all right, isn't she?" and her voice wobbled like that of a child about to cry.

"I don't know. I'm to go back in an hour. You go to bed."

"But Mother'll want me."

"No, she won't—she'll be unconscious, anyway. You'd better go to bed. Oh, Jean, don't make it more difficult for me!"

Jean went upstairs. Ever since she could remember there had always been Mother's voice in her life, "Darling, I want you." "Where's Jean? I want her." She couldn't believe that Mother didn't want her any more!

She slipped down after Dad had gone, and tidied up, and in the kitchen there were the pathetic little pots of jelly still needing to be tied down. She finished them, and although the taffeta frock got splashed, she didn't care. The film-star man was receding out of her life very rapidly.

She fell asleep although she wanted to stay awake, and she got up at dawn and went downstairs to do Mother's job and get everything ready. Getting the breakfast entailed more than she had imagined. How had Mother ever coped with it? Yet she had never complained at all.

"How is she?" she asked, when Dad came down, looking dreadful.

(Please turn to page 79)





She saw herself as a new person . . . Richard wasn't dull—he was understanding



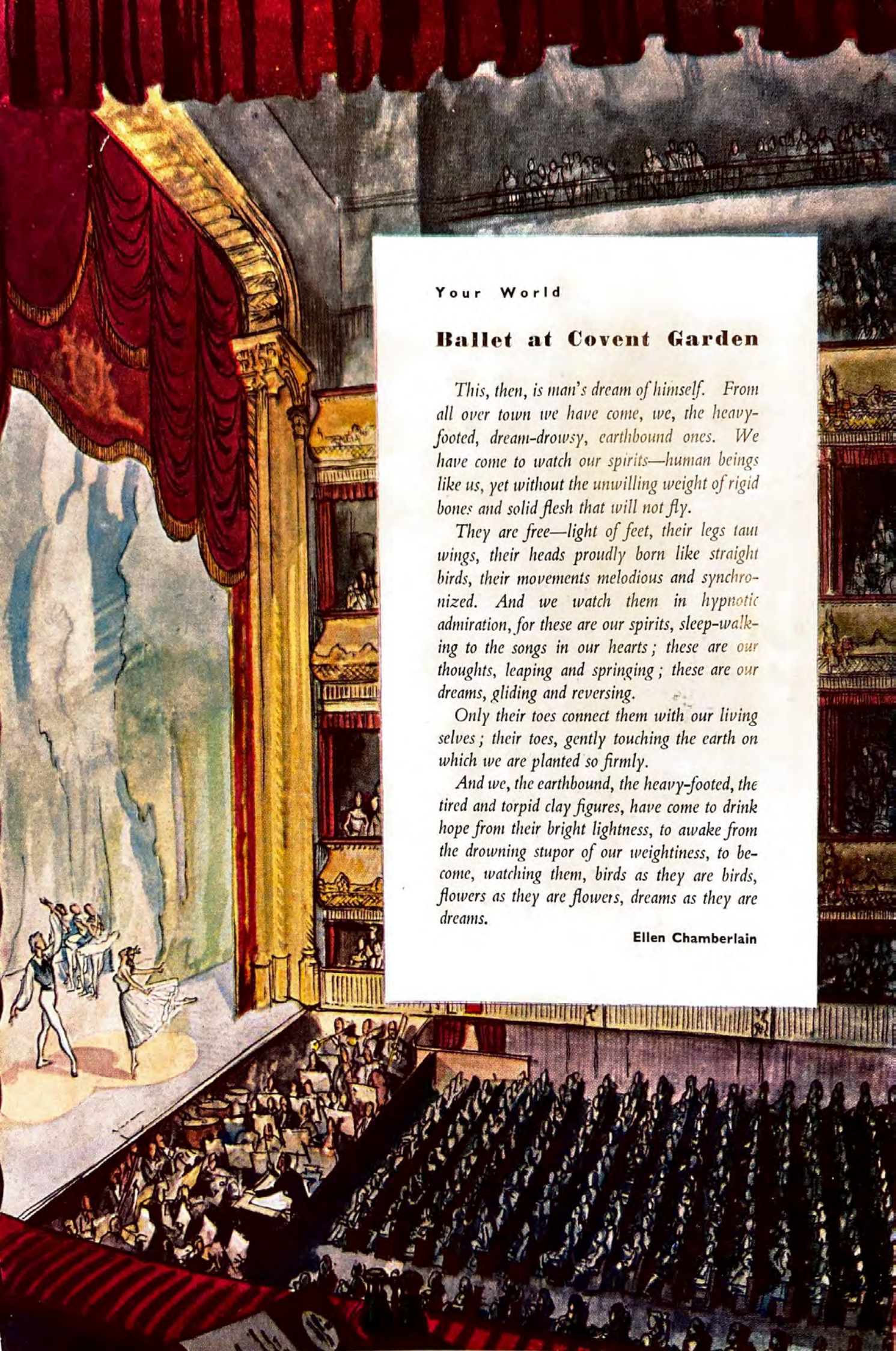
G I R L O F T H E M O N T H

M

All set for chilly winds, days in the country or long journeys! Girl of the Month has chosen a three-quarter length coat with matching skirt, in Scotch tweed, by Alexon, and strong court shoes with a medium heel. The coat has a deep, upstanding collar and a tie with contrast lining. The large pockets start at the belted waist and emphasize the slim skirt. Colour combinations are green, wine, shrimp; green, red, gold; wine, blue, gold; grey, wine, white—and the price is about £11. For details of your nearest stockists, write to Felicity Crane, c/o HEIRESS, 4, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, and please remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for her reply



This leather walking shoe by Physical Culture has an elasticized front with a tab. It is made in black, brown, blue and tan calf, in several fittings and sizes, and the price is £2 19s. 2d.



Your World

Ballet at Covent Garden

This, then, is man's dream of himself. From all over town we have come, we, the heavy-footed, dream-drowsy, earthbound ones. We have come to watch our spirits—human beings like us, yet without the unwilling weight of rigid bones and solid flesh that will not fly.

They are free—light of feet, their legs taut wings, their heads proudly born like straight birds, their movements melodious and synchronized. And we watch them in hypnotic admiration, for these are our spirits, sleep-walking to the songs in our hearts; these are our thoughts, leaping and springing; these are our dreams, gliding and reversing.

Only their toes connect them with our living selves; their toes, gently touching the earth on which we are planted so firmly.

And we, the earthbound, the heavy-footed, the tired and torpid clay figures, have come to drink hope from their bright lightness, to awake from the drowning stupor of our weightiness, to become, watching them, birds as they are birds, flowers as they are flowers, dreams as they are dreams.

Ellen Chamberlain



A vintage advertisement for Chivers Strawberry Jam. The central illustration shows a woman's hands spreading jam from a jar onto scones on a wire rack. In the background, a large strawberry pie sits on a decorative plate. A speech bubble contains the text: "Ah...that makes it just perfect". Below this, the brand name "CHIVERS" is written in large, bold, red letters, followed by "STRAWBERRY JAM" in smaller red letters. Underneath, it says "made in silver lined pans" in a cursive font. At the bottom, the manufacturer's name and locations are listed: "CHIVERS & SONS LTD. The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE and at MONTROSE, HUNTINGDON, YORK and NEWRY". A small gold seal on the left side of the wire rack reads "CHIVERS VACUUM COVER".

"Ah...that makes it just perfect"

CHIVERS

STRAWBERRY JAM

*made in
silver lined pans*

CHIVERS & SONS LTD. The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE
and at MONTROSE, HUNTINGDON, YORK and NEWRY



G A R D E N H O U R S

with Marguerite

*In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white
Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery.*
Shakespeare

GARDEN LIFE

As we hopefully tuck into bed our sapphire and pearl crocus, a fat old hedgehog waddles across the lawn, stuffed full in preparation for the winter. The family tortoise takes a last meal of lettuce: he, too, intends to sleep through the cold weather. Birds are still moving, some making the long migratory journey to the south; others, like the bullfinch, just leaving the woods and copses for the garden hedges. A good and merry harvest month this, both for birds and bird watchers—and time, by the way, to set up bird nesting-boxes for tenancy in 1951. For no bird likes to occupy a newly erected wooden nest, and only one that has wintered in position and attained that comfortable, weathered look is likely to attract a family of blue tits next year.

OCTOBER VASES

Berries, of course. Hips and haws, sloes and crabs, holly berries in scarlet or gold, firethorns in orange and saffron, Berberis fruits in a multitude of sizes, shapes and colours. To use with these, the feathered seeds of clematis and silver spectacles of honesty, scarlet lanterns from the Cape Gooseberry and purple, yellow and white static. Water or no water with these harvest arrangements? This depends—berries need some water in the vase, or they will shrivel badly, but really dried material should be arranged dry. Flowers? Queen Chrysanthemum reigns supreme, but asters, sunflowers, red-hot pokers and other autumn beauties will also go to the making of grand displays, backed by the glowing autumn foliage of tree and shrub.

FOOD FROM GARDEN AND STORE

Mushrooms? This is the season when such harvests are the reward of early rising. Blackberries? None are better than the ones scrambled for over heath and hillside. Apples and pears? Plenty of these, and enough to store, too, we hope. For the lunch table, beans and tomatoes, cucumbers and other saladings, marrows, pumpkins, cauliflowers and a multitude of roots. Plenty for now, and plenty to store, in shed, cellar or clamp. Fruits, nuts, vegetables, jams, jellies, bottled fruits, *purées* and pickles, all safely gathered in. Roll on, winter! We are ready for you!

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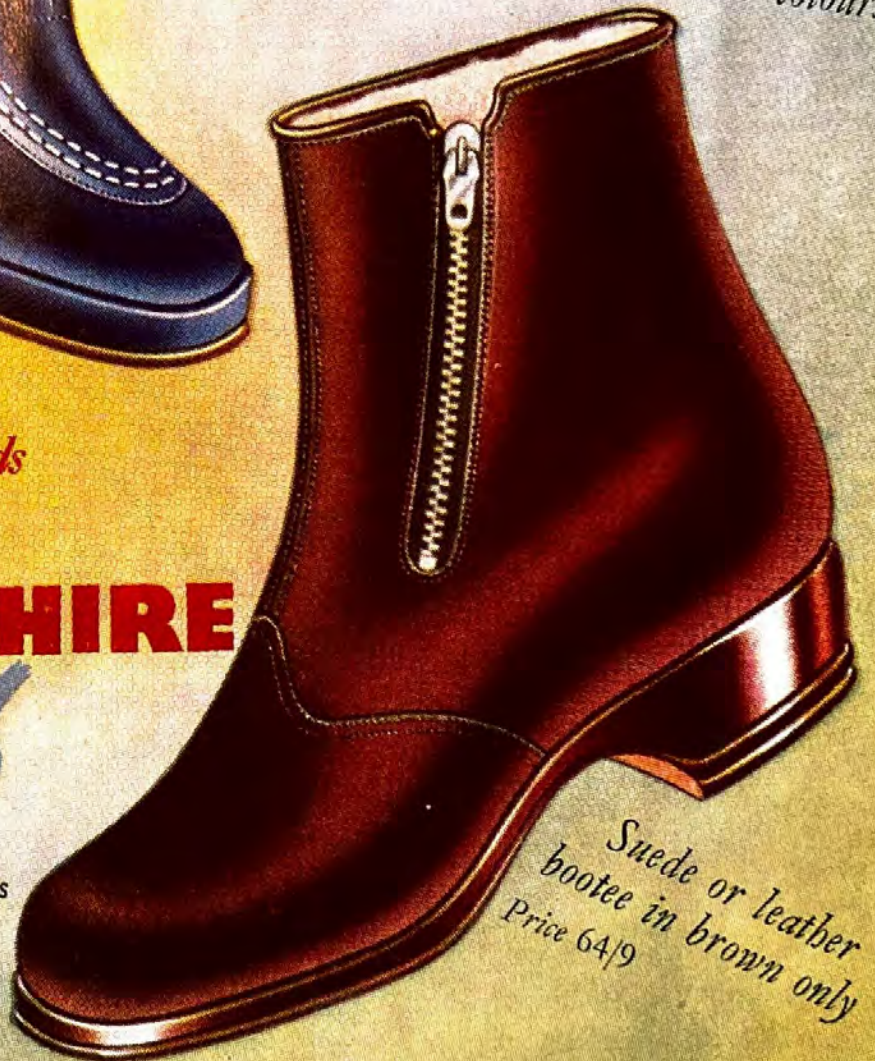
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THE SILVER SALVER

by BETHEA CREESE

Because of a lovely faith, on it lay all the silver,
all the gold, all the treasure in the world

JOHNNY had gone to fetch her an ice and Margaret was glad that he was taking his time about it. Just because they had come to the dance together, she didn't want anyone to think that an invisible garland of roses bound her and Johnny as partners for the evening.

Anyone, in this case, meant Someone. Gilbert Kintare, in fact. He had arrived from Cardingham in time for the dance, as his mother had hoped. Margaret had felt as much as seen his presence the moment he walked through the doorway. She had seen his dark head turn, and she had been certain that his glance had found her and settled, in lingering recognition.

So far, he had danced only duty dances. His mother looked pleased because her beloved son was so obligingly devoting himself to the members of her committee, including Mrs. Landor, whose husband, Colonel Landor, had come down so handsomely with a thumping addition to the Animal Charities funds, to which to-night's proceeds were to be devoted.

Gilbert could be so very charming. It wasn't just his looks; it was the quality he had of making you feel important and appreciated, the way he had of fixing his deep, inky-blue eyes upon you and listening to what you were saying as though it were the one thing he had waited all his life to hear.

Gilbert had a happy, care-free manner, seemingly effortless. Most people thought of him as a young man who swung blithely through the adventure of each day and slept the untrammelled sleep of the justifiably contented from the moment he laid his head upon the pillow at night.

But Margaret knew otherwise. She prided herself that she was one of the few people who

guessed that underneath that light-hearted exterior was a relentless driving force that left him eternally dissatisfied with his own performances. Gilbert worked too hard—he grudged the barren years which Army service had filched from him, and he never permitted himself the slightest let-off. That was why he had been ill, two years ago, just before Margaret first really got to know him.

Gilbert was twenty-two then and Margaret seventeen, fresh from school and marking time until she found her first post. She had been delighted when Mrs. Kintare asked her to help persuade Gilbert out for walks on the hills. Incidentally they could exercise the dogs, said Auntie "Kin", who was not really Margaret's aunt at all but her godmother.

Auntie "Kin" bred Kerry Blue terriers—endearing, well-mannered creatures, passionately adored by Margaret.

So Margaret had exercised both Gilbert and the dogs, and somehow the cure had come off. Probably it really wasn't so much her own company as the lovely rare atmosphere that you only found right away, high up, and the heavenly quiet that came over you after you had raced up and down the slopes and then cast yourself on the soft, mossy turf to stare up at the sky, and watch the rolling clouds, and hear the wind singing in the telegraph wires.

Looking and listening, the little frowning lines on Gilbert's forehead would disappear, and Margaret's heart would nearly break with the thrill of knowing that the magic worked for him as it did for her.

There was another kind of magic, too. She knew that definitely, even though he did no more than tease her in a very nice kind of way that couldn't hurt, even at seventeen, when you are particularly vulnerable. Margaret



Illustrated by Reeves

blushed now to think how childish she must have seemed to him then, still in her youthful clothes and with her two long, fat plaits twisted round her head, kept more or less in position by small bows of ribbon. Gilbert alluded to the plaits as Castor and Pollux, and he was not above giving them a surreptitious twitch when, as frequently happened, they were in danger of slipping down.

But he had his romantic moments. Once he said that her hair was pure honeysuckle gold. Once he said that the soft chuckle in her voice had the note of a waking bird. And on his very last night, when he walked home with her, he had actually kissed her—a real, grown-up kiss upon the lips, with his arm about her shoulders. Then he had muttered something about her being a darling baby thing and gone striding off down the moonlit road with a bearing that was more thrilling than the loveliest film fade-out.

The thrill had lasted, although Gilbert had certainly achieved the fade-out. He hadn't written to her; he hadn't tried to see her. If they did happen to meet at Auntie "Kin's", he would display no more than a casual interest in Margaret's doings.

But he couldn't hide a certain awareness of her presence that set the air tingling between them as soon as they came within yards of each other. Something told her that he thought of her often, as she thought of him.

It was silly, no doubt. Sensible, older people would have written the thing off as a young girl's foolish r o m a n c i n g. Margaret's faith never wavered.

One day he would have more to say to her—and she could wait, steadfast as the hills themselves, until that day came.

IT was a long wait. Gilbert's visits home were few and far between and she hadn't set eyes on him for months and months. He had been working frantically—it was essential that he got through his exams, and there could be no other consideration until he did. He had to be a qualified surveyor before he could come back here to Hilltown, where there was a good job waiting for him at the Town Hall, under Mr. Lambe, who was due for retirement in a year or two's time.

Would Gilbert like her new looks? Margaret wondered. Would he like the frock of creamy net, with amber ribbons that matched her eyes, and tiny sleeves on elastic that could be worn, on special occasions like this evening, off the shoulders? Would he like her hair, this new way? The plaits had vanished months ago, and just the right time had elapsed since the perm which had left her with a shining fan of curls in the nape of her neck.

Long doeskin gloves of palest beige provided her with the last touch of sophistication. Gilbert would know that she was now grown up—an adult, able to talk to him on his own level, sympathetically and with the understanding of a grown woman.

Margaret had reached this point in her reflections when she actually heard Gilbert's voice from behind the screen against which she was sitting, as he strolled back towards the hall.

"Of course I will ask her to dance if you want me to, Mother," he said with a touch of impatience. "But I simply can't get on with young girls. We don't seem to speak the same language."

Could it be possible that they were talking of her? Even as Margaret's whole being registered an outraged protest, Auntie "Kin's" voice, gently persuasive, died to a murmur along the corridor.

"It would look so pointed if you didn't, Gilbert. The child might be hurt—I noticed that she looked across at you very expectantly . . ."

There could be no shadow of doubt. Auntie "Kin" was actually persuading Gilbert into dancing with Margaret. Kind, truly fairy-godmotherly Auntie "Kin", who had given her and Johnny the tickets—neither of them could have afforded as much as a guinea—and



Up in the hills there was magic for both of them

had bought her the lovely gloves and praised her frock.

Auntie "Kin" didn't know, naturally, just how deeply Margaret felt about Gilbert, but she must have been aware that in her godchild she had always a rapt and attentive hearer whenever she felt disposed to hold forth upon the doings of her beloved son.

Injury and grief forced tears into Margaret's eyes; pride and indignation drove them away as Johnny at last appeared with the ices. While they ate them he said, apologetically, that he had run into Mollie on the way to the buffet. Margaret would remember Mollie, the girl with the smashing backhander they had met in the tennis tournament at Plumley last summer?

"As a matter of fact," finished Johnny in an off-hand voice, "I practically had to ask her for the next dance, knowing you wouldn't mind. So when you're ready, Margaret . . ."

Margaret got up quickly. She didn't in the least mind Johnny dancing with Molly; only it was a pity that she couldn't say she was already engaged when, just as they were moving off, Gilbert appeared at her elbow and invited her to dance.

"Such a changed Peggy," he said as they slipped into a samba. "I hardly knew you—but it's very delightful. You look wonderful."

Margaret stiffened. "Everyone calls me Margaret now," she said frigidly. "I dislike anyone who calls me Peggy."

"I must try to remember," murmured Gilbert, and he looked amused, and unperturbed by the way she had worded her sentence. It was, alas, impossible to dislike Gilbert, whatever he called her. The inward smart to her feelings only accentuated his attraction. Had things been otherwise, what bliss it would have been to be with him again, to meet his glance, to return his smile, to look up occasionally into his face! To look and look . . . That would have been enough, without speaking one word.

She kept her eyes averted, turning them instead upon Tim, a young farmer from Cradwell, who was luckily hovering by as the dance finished. Tim came up immediately and Margaret was able to leave Gilbert with a satisfactorily cool nod of dismissal.

"See you later on, perhaps, Peggy-Margaret," he said in a low voice. "By the way, I miss Castor and Pollux. What have you done with the two poor piggy-tails?"

Wrapped them up in tissue paper and hidden them away in your treasure box?"

Piggy-tails! She could have stamped her foot. He spoke as if she were still a child. He had remembered her treasure box, too—a large Victorian casket affair of mahogany, with an inlaid shell upon it, which Auntie "Kin" had given her. In a moment of madness she had once told Gilbert that it held all the things she meant to keep for ever, including a little white horse that had come out of a cracker they had pulled together one Christmas.

She sailed away aloofly with Tim, and after that she danced with Tony and Ronald, and then with Johnny again. Johnny danced well—almost as well as Gilbert. Johnny said it was a whale of a dance and that he was enjoying himself hugely, and he hoped she was, too. Margaret said she was—immensely—and her heart ached and ached because Gilbert didn't come near her.

GILBERT was also having a whale of a time, it appeared. He took the floor twice with Mrs. Landor's sister-in-law, a very soignée young woman in sheath-like black velvet.

He then appeared with a slim, graceful girl with smooth, slinky black hair and an artfully simple white frock which fitted in to her tiny waist and billowed like a cloud about her slender hips. It was difficult to guess her age—twenty-three or so, Margaret imagined. She was very much made up and she danced with an almost professional ease of movement.

Out of the corner of her eye, Margaret saw them sitting out together for what seemed an eternity. They were not talking much, but they were looking at each other with a disquieting intensity, Margaret imagined. The girl had the tiniest, silver-shod feet, she noted with a pang. She herself took size six. A small six, with no half to it—but still, a six.

"That's Colonel Landor's niece," said Johnny, noticing the direction of Margaret's gaze and unwittingly pouring pounds of salt into the wound. "They say she's going in for ballet. Kintare seems rather smitten, don't you notice?"

Margaret did notice—so much so that when, later, Gilbert appeared at her side again, something made her rise with ill-concealed alacrity, although she did manage a creditably languishing smile at Johnny, as much as to say that she hated going and wouldn't stay with Gilbert a moment longer than she was obliged.

They slid into a slow waltz and, after a turn

round the floor, Gilbert swung her out into the corridor and sat her down on a settee. He looked at her in silence for a minute or two and then asked quietly how her father and mother were.

Margaret replied that her parents were well. Were they to talk nothing but formalities? She inquired politely whether Gilbert was going to take the week or so's holiday that his mother had hoped he would, now that his finals were over. She knew better than to ask how he had done in the examinations.

Gilbert said briefly that he supposed he would be staying for ten days, and his mind was obviously far away—or was it near at hand, in the ballroom, where Caroline Landor now floated light as a puffball in the arms of a tall young man, who was gazing down upon her with a sternly possessive expression which warned off all intruders?

Margaret's spirit was at the ebb. She had been all wrong about Gilbert thinking of her. It hadn't been that way with him at all. Her dream was smoke. So it really had been just a little-girl fancy—something to laugh at.

Gilbert was asking about her job now—was she happy working for Mr. Vibart, the vet? It must be six months now, as he reckoned it.

since he had last seen her, and then she had been waiting expectantly, he remembered, to know whether Mr. Vibart had decided to let her have a shot at filling the place of the girl who was leaving.

Margaret was just about to answer coolly that the past six months had been the loveliest in her life, so as to let him know that not seeing him hadn't made the slightest difference to her happiness, when she caught the look in Gilbert's eyes.

It was the old look. And his face was worried and unhappy. She knew that he needed comfort and distraction, and someone to tell things to if he felt so inclined. She couldn't snap at him. So she began to talk, gently, about working for Mr. Vibart. Scrubbing out the kennels, feeding the dog and cat boarders, some of them ill, some just visitors, lonely and frightened when they arrived and not easy to make friends with. You had to learn to handle animals first of all. Then working with Mr. Vibart in the surgery.

"How do you like that?" inquired Gilbert with interest.

"I didn't like it a bit the first time," she had

(Please turn to page 80)

Shoe C H A N G E S

Have you ever thought how easy it is to use the popular open-toed shoe style to ring the changes on one pair of shoes in a plain colour? It's easy to get your fingers inside to sew on big press-studs, so that you can fasten on two or three different pairs of leather, ribbon or jewelled trimmings. Or perhaps you have a pair of paste buckles which would look well for evenings? Then thread each on a strip of stiff ribbon, long enough to pass down the centre of the shoe-front and up through the inside, to fasten with a tiny press-stud where it doesn't show. You could use beads or stone jewellery in the same way—a broken necklace or a chunky bracelet which you never wear would give you enough decoration for a pair of shoes



Friends

FOR

The Second Annual Festival of Contemporary Literature is being held at Cheltenham early this month and famous writers of to-day are giving talks on various aspects of literature. Elisabeth Murray here discusses authors—old and new—whose works will bring you lasting pleasure

THERE is a story of two girls who were discussing a birthday present for a friend. "How about getting her a book?" suggested one.

"Don't be silly," said the other, scornfully. "She's got a book."

The story isn't true, of course. But it does illustrate the fact that there are a great many people to whom books mean nothing; and they are people who are missing one of life's greatest delights.

One important thing about being able to stay at school into the later teens is that, from about the age of fifteen onwards, you begin to discover that it is exciting to learn new things and that what is difficult need not also be dull.

But some people have to leave school too early, when they have had only a very limited education, and before they have had time to make that discovery. And, unless they have in them their own special spark of adventure and curiosity that makes them go on reading and learning alone, they never discover the joy and satisfaction of books.

The teen years are a time of growth and development—not only physical, but mental and spiritual. To a considerable extent the person you will grow up to be is determined by the influences that touch your life during these interested and receptive years. Religious influences, the impressions formed in our friendships, our work and play, the way we spend our leisure, the books we choose to read—all these things have a deeper, more lasting effect on our after-lives than perhaps we realize at the time.

That is why it is important not to be content with only the second-rate. A girl growing up is developing as a whole personality; if she wants to grow up into a complete person, with ideas and intelligence forming a very real part of her attractiveness and charm, now is the time for her to begin setting her own standards of reading—and to set them *high*.

Have you ever visited the Reading Room of the British Museum in London? I suppose that for most people, on their first visit, their immediate reaction is one of astonished awe: "I'd scarcely have believed there were so many books in the world!" In this huge, round room, with its dome-shaped ceiling and its high arched windows, there are sixty thousand books or so; and, hidden away in passages and

ALWAYS



Famous both as a novelist and a playwright, J. B. Priestley is seen here with the award given to him for his play, "The Linden Tree "

One of the new generation of writers, Emma Smith, has already achieved literary fame—three major awards with her first two books

storerooms, to which only the librarians may go, there are literally millions more.

With the exception of books privately printed, one copy of every book published in England must, by law, go to the British Museum; so that there are old books and new, classic and contemporary, all housed together here in one of the world's greatest libraries.

To work in this Reading Room is the privilege of only a fortunate few. But all over Britain there are other libraries, of course a great deal smaller, but good and comprehensive, and membership of any of these is entirely free. I mean the Public Libraries which are to be found in almost all large towns.

Membership of a Public Library is a wonderful thing. As you wander about the room, with its tall shelves stacked with every conceivable type of book, you will find books on travel, on music, on painting; on such specialized subjects as history, psychology or Polar exploration; on purely feminine topics such as how to dress well on a small budget, or how to cook. In fact, there is something for everyone. There are biographies, plays, anthologies of verse. There are also hundreds of books under the heading of "fiction";

novels serious and gay, modern novels and "classics".

Some people are frightened away by that word "classic". I remember a class of schoolgirls sitting entranced to listen to a story called *The Holly-Tree*. Not until the end of the story-reading were they told that *The Holly-Tree* came from a volume of collected writings, called *Christmas Books*, by the great Charles Dickens. One girl voiced the astonishment of the entire form when she exclaimed, "But Dickens is a classic, and I thought classics were always dull!"

Let's look together at a character from a book called *Northanger Abbey*, another novel which ranks among the classics of English literature.

Catherine Morland is ten when the story begins. "She shirked her lessons whenever she could . . . was moreover noisy and wild, hated confinement and cleanliness, and loved nothing so well in the world as rolling down the green slope at the back of the house."

But "at fifteen, appearances were mending; she began to curl her hair and long for balls; her complexion improved, her features were softened by plumpness and colour; her eyes



Sir Ralph Richardson and the Mayor of Cheltenham at last year's Festival

feminine

'know-how'



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fifty-seven

gained more animation and her figure more consequence. Her love of dirt gave way to an inclination for finery, and she grew clean as she grew smart; she had now the pleasure of sometimes hearing her father and mother remark on her personal improvement. 'Catherine grows quite a good-looking girl—she is almost pretty to-day,' were words which caught her ears now and then; and how welcome were the sounds! To look *almost* pretty is an acquisition of higher delight to a girl who has been looking plain the first fifteen years of her life, than a beauty from her cradle can ever receive."

What did teenager Catherine think about books and reading? Up to the age of fifteen she was not particularly interested in books, unless they were adventure stories, full of action and excitement. At fourteen, we are told, she preferred "cricket, baseball, riding on horseback, and running about the country . . . to books—or at least books of information—for, provided that nothing like useful information could be gained from them, provided they were all story and no reflection, she had never any objection to books at all."

story of how all kinds of dreams did come true for her.

Jane Austen wrote this book at the beginning of the nineteenth century—nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. But Catherine Morland is still real, after all these years; a genuine, flesh-and-blood character, a person one can believe in. The ten-year-old who dodged lessons whenever she could, loved games and took little interest in her appearance, might be any ten-year-old of to-day. And Catherine in her teens, beginning to think about clothes and parties, to dream of a romantic future, is not so very different from a teenager of 1950.

There are certain books which have stood the test of time. They were enjoyed by the first generation to read them; they are still readable and enjoyable to-day. Their reputation has not faded with the years; the characters in them have gained immortality because they are real people, in whom readers of every succeeding generation can recognize themselves.

It is impossible to know which will live out of all the innumerable books in the English language that are being published to-day.

*As 'tis a greater mystery, in the art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.*

Samuel Butler (1612-1680)

But when she was about fifteen, Catherine became a reader and a dreamer; she longed to be a heroine, to do great deeds, to have a great romance—and she wondered how, in the little village which was the Morlands' home, such experiences could ever come her way. *Northanger Abbey* is Catherine's story, the

But the work of many modern authors has that quality of reality and life.

Many a young, ambitious writer in the last few years has tried to model his or her short stories on those of Katherine Mansfield, who died in 1923, when she was still quite young,

(Please turn to page 68)

STEP-BY-STEP COURSE IN BASIC COOKERY

Conducted by Nella Whitfield

MAKING A YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Ingredients

4 ounces (4 rounded tablespoonfuls) plain flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of milk and water; 1 egg (shell or dried); $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt

Measure dry ingredients and put through a sieve into a basin, sufficiently large to hold remaining ingredients



Make well in centre of flour and break in the egg. It is not necessary to beat egg before adding to mixture





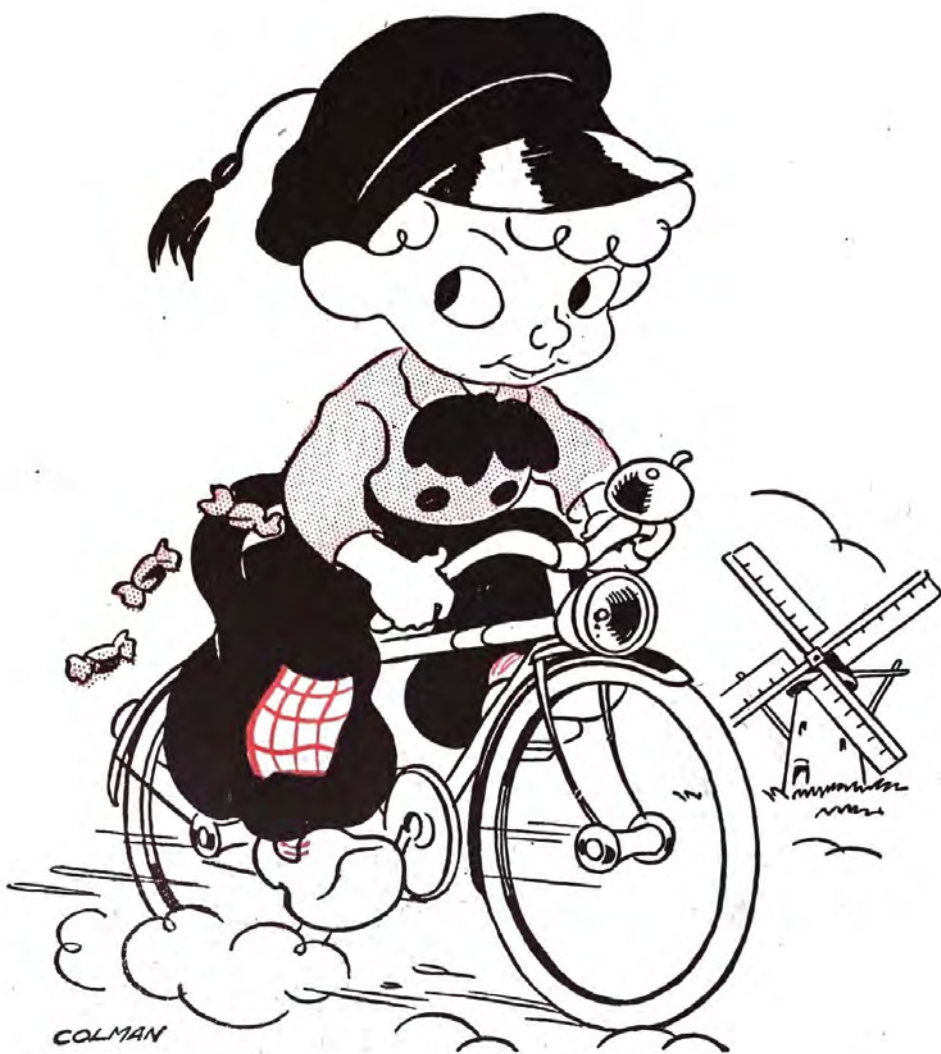
Stir in a little of the milk and water, mixing well. Add remainder of liquid slowly, stirring until the ingredients are smoothly blended



Whisk batter mixture well, using egg whisk. If shell egg is used, mixture can be made before required, as it is improved by standing



Melt about 1 ounce fat (lard or dripping) in baking tin, and make it piping hot. It is important not to use the fat until a faint smoke rises



Sharps

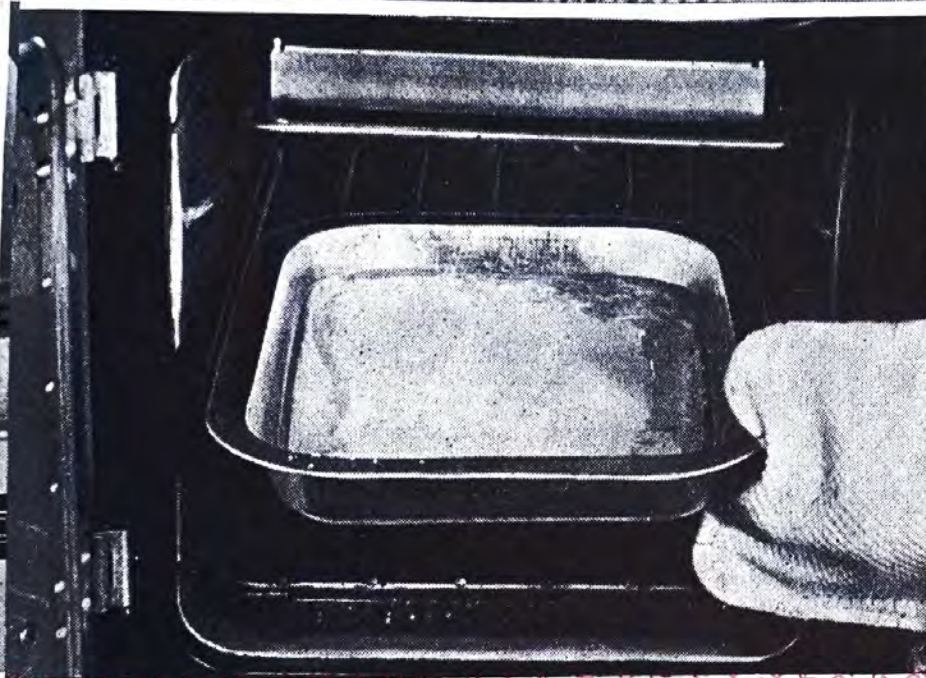
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When fat is ready, pour in batter mixture quickly. It should splutter on contact with fat, and begin to set immediately at the bottom



Put tin on high shelf of hot oven (Regulo Mark 7, 425-450° F.) and leave for twenty minutes before looking at it.

When cooked, the batter is well risen and golden brown at the edges, with no liquid patches. Serve it at once

HINTS FOR BETTER BATTERS

If dried egg powder is used, it may be sieved with the dry ingredients, when it is better to add an extra two tablespoonfuls of milk and water. Otherwise, reconstitute as usual, using it in the same way as a shell egg. Mix and use batter without leaving it to stand. A half-teaspoonful of baking powder with the dried egg will assist the batter to rise, or self-raising flour may be used. Cooking time varies between 20 and 30 minutes, according to depth of baking tin

If you would like advice on a cookery problem, write to Nella Whitfield, c/o HEIRESS, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope

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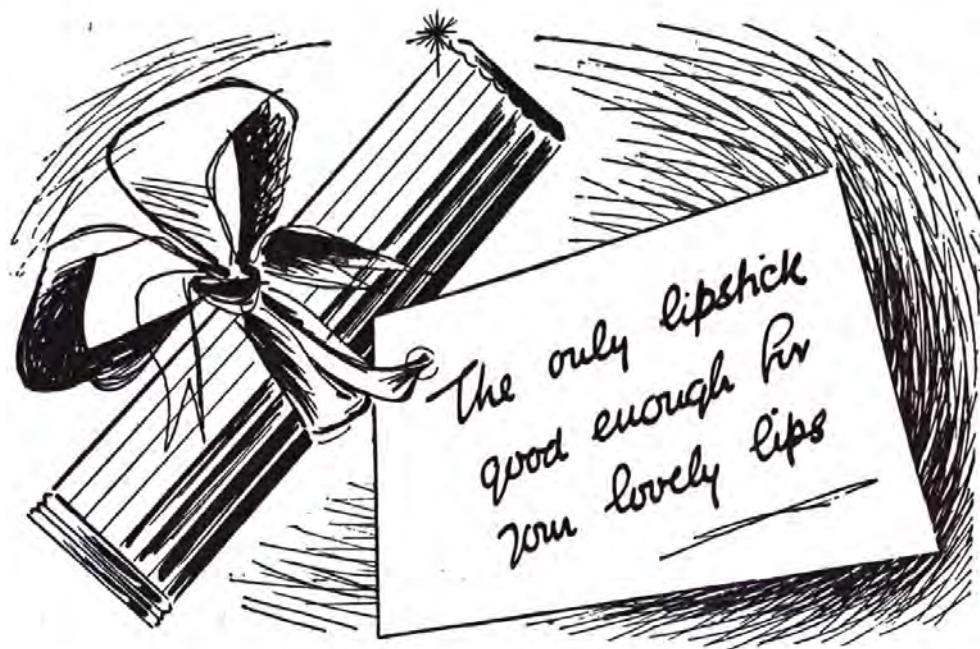
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ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS

Two Middleton readers, L. M. and A. C., write: *We are two lonely girls and Sunday nights seem a bore; we go to chapel Sunday mornings and are teachers in the Primary. Our chapel is in the city and we find it impossible to get back for evening service. Our minister has asked us to be baptized, but we do not feel the call. Do you think it wise to do what he asks or wiser to leave it for a while?*

I think the fact that these two girls are unable to attend Sunday evening services at their own church has a lot to do with their hesitance about baptism. Their Sundays come to a dull and uninspiring end. They are missing the full power and glory of the fellowship of the Church.

Not knowing the circumstances fully, I cannot say whether they should try to attend their present church in the city, or whether they should go to the most suitable church in their neighbourhood.

As to the more general question, it certainly would not be wise to consent to baptism without a sense of inward spiritual call. Yet L. M. and A. C. should consider that God sometimes does call through one's own minister. They must make their own decision, but only when they are sure that they are ready to surrender their lives to God should they consent to be baptized.

M. W. of Birstall writes: *I have been a Sunday School teacher in a Church of England school and I am just sixteen. I came across a very good book on the "World's Wonder Stories". This book tells you our present-day religion has grown from the very earliest heathens. It says that the bread and wine grew out of the sacrifices. Also that the Old Testament tells that Jehovah was a Jewish heathen god and a lot is about Jewish customs and about heathen ways. It says that we do not know which was the first Bible and we are not sure who wrote any of the books at all. This has puzzled me.*

M. W. need not be troubled. What if present-day religion has developed from the most primitive forms? A thing is no worse for having humble origins.

What if the earlier portions of the Old Testament contain some very primitive conceptions of Jehovah? Did not the later writers of the Old Testament receive wonderful revelations of Jehovah as the one omnipotent, holy and righteous God, the Maker of heaven and earth? And was not Jehovah finally revealed in the New Testament as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ?

What if the origins of the Bible are a little obscure and the names of the writers of some of the books unknown? The fact in no way detracts from its inestimable value, and the validity of its claims to be *the* Word of God.

The fact is the Bible has proved its unique divine inspiration by the countless and unrivalled moral and spiritual transformations it has wrought everywhere it has gone.

I have had some more letters concerning "crushes". In one of them E. R. of Lancashire writes: *I love one of the staff here very much. I don't think it is just a crush at all. I think that she means more than God ever will do, though, and I don't think that is right. I don't know what to do about it. She has been very helpful to me at difficult times and often I have prayed for God to help me and He never has done. How can I make myself love Him more?*

In spite of what she says, I feel that E. R. has a "crush". It will pass in time, but, meanwhile, she must try to restrain the more absurd manifestations of it and endure the frustrations and jealousies which it occasions.

But her real problem is in her question: How can I make myself love God more? You cannot make yourself love anyone, least of all God. The Holy Spirit, however, is given, we are told, to shed abroad the love of God in our hearts. Let E. R. surrender her life afresh to God, ask for the help of the Holy Spirit and seek earnestly to know and to do God's will, and she will soon be conscious of a new love for God and a new purpose in life. Her crush will then assume more manageable proportions and become, in fact, a healthy, natural admiration and affection.



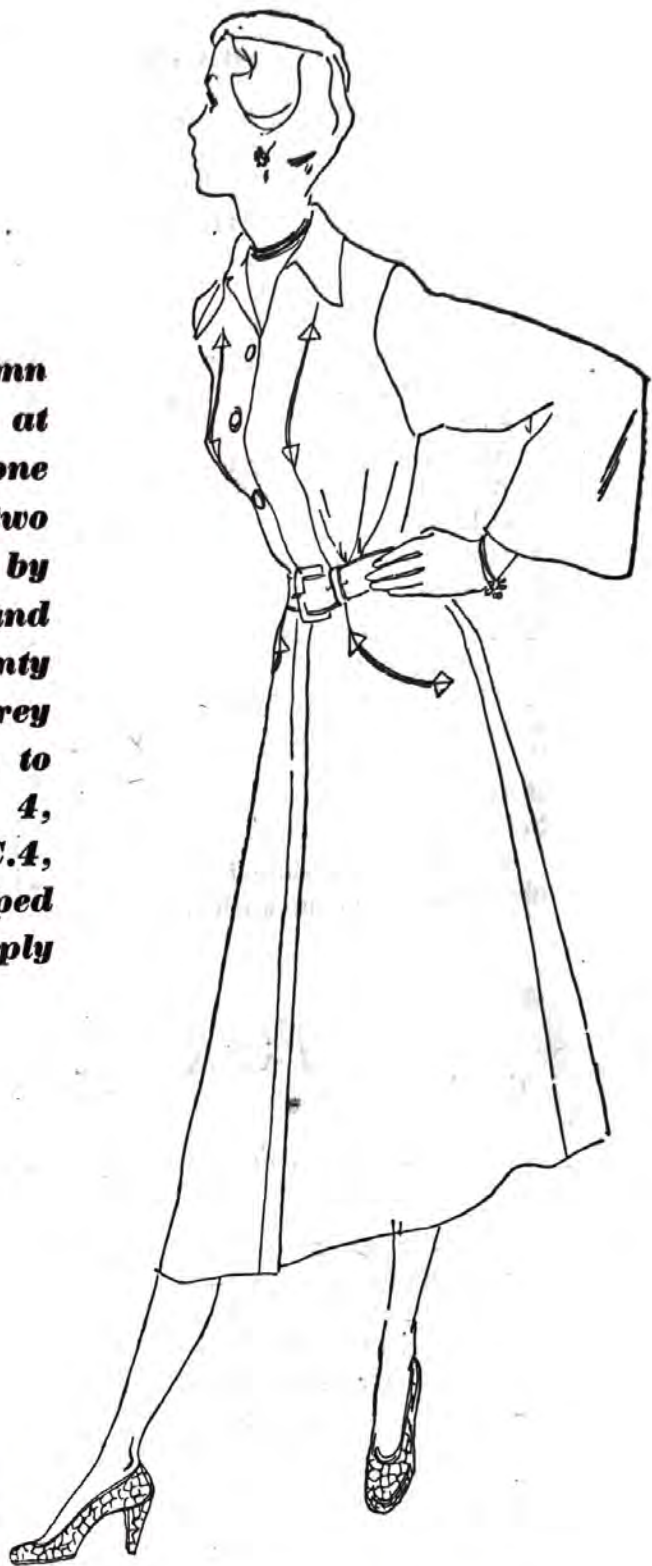
Above: Blanes jersey wool two-piece. The sweater can be worn either under or over the grey skirt and is made in grey/navy or grey/wine stripes. The price is: £5 8s. 1d



Right: Wolsey dress with round collar, stitched pocket yoke. In lacquer, ibex, ice blue, greymist, berry, navy, topaz, lapis, emerald, dawn, rabat. Price: About £3 8s. 5d.

IN HAND

Even if you can't have four autumn outfits in your wardrobe all at once, you will want at least one from Felicity Crane's selection—two Wolsey dresses in wool, another by Blanes, with dolman sleeves and fully pleated skirt, and a jaunty striped "separate" with a grey skirt (also by Blanes). Write to Felicity Crane, c/o HEIRESS, 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, for stockists, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for her reply



Above: Shirtmaker dress by Wolsey, available in various colours. Price: About £5 1s. 0d.

Left: Blanes dress with novel button sleeves, available in eleven lovely colours. Price: £5 16s. 8d.



and whose studies of human nature show so much promise of all the excellent work she could have done had she lived.

It is many years since Olive Schreiner wrote *The Story of an African Farm*, but the strange quality and "atmosphere" of the book still grips the reader's attention.

Booksellers and librarians will tell you how much in request the novels of Galsworthy still are.

Among writers living to-day, certain names come instantly to mind. If you have never read J. B. Priestley's *Good Companions* there is a treat in store for you; read it soon! If you like historical novels you will enjoy Margaret Irwin's delightful books—*The Gay Galliard*, *The Bride*, *Young Bess*, and many others.

Miss V. Sackville-West prefaces her novel, *The Edwardians*, with the following little note: "No character in this book is wholly fictitious"—which is a good introduction to Sebastian and Viola and Leonard Anquetil.

The novels of Rose Macaulay are full of observation and an astringent humour—she

draws her characters so vividly, their good qualities and their weaknesses, that we are able to see not only them, but ourselves in them, and to laugh at ourselves.

A young novelist named Emma Smith has recently achieved a meteoric rise to fame. I think you would particularly enjoy her first book, *Maiden's Trip*, the story of the adventures of three girls who sailed a barge through the canals of England during the war.

There are many other authors whose books you will enjoy. Make frequent use of your library ticket; and if you are a girl who likes to build up her own library, remember the cheap, paper-backed editions which are on the market; they are a boon to the bookworm who hasn't much money.

Books are good friends. If you love reading, you need never be lonely nor dull. And what about writing, as well as reading?

In cities, towns and villages, in all kinds of different homes, the writers of to-morrow are growing up.

Perhaps one of them is you. ◀◀◀

FOR QUIET HOURS

Here are two new books to add to your collection

A new Sue Barton book—**Sue Barton: Neighbourhood Nurse**—by Helen Dore Boylston (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) will be warmly welcomed by those who remember **Sue Barton: Student Nurse** and by younger readers who will meet Sue for the first time. (This is the first we have seen of her for seven years.)

Now happily married and the mother of three children, Sue, like many girls to-day, feels tempted to go back to a career life, but soon finds so much to do in her own neighbourhood that her warm-hearted, humour-loving personality spreads out in all sorts of unexpected directions.

After watching some of the antics of famous actors in Television "Game Pie", it is easy to understand the amusement value of miming.

Mime in Class and Theatre, by J. G. Marash, M.A., L.R.A.M. (Eloc.), (Harrap, 7s. 6d.) emphasizes the fact that mime is at last

coming into its own and not only from the amusement angle. Groups of deaf and dumb people are finding an outlet for dramatic self-expression through this medium. Then, too, ballet is devoting a larger role to it, as most of you know.

This book will prove most helpful, not only to girls who are interested in all kinds of acting, but to those of you who want to do "something special" for a party, or an evening's entertainment at a Youth Club.

Mime is the "first language"—it can express feeling or thought without the use of the tongue or the pen. You know how you can tell a person something about yourself, in a foreign land, without knowing the language—merely by action, gesticulation.

From this simple beginning you can tell a whole story—biblical, historical, geographical, poetical, and so on—and this is the book to help you do it.

Support

YOUR CINEMA

FOR THE STARS

by Maud M. Miller

THERE is no doubt about it—everyone who has seen *Odette* agrees that it is a unique and interesting film. Some people—I am one—regard it as a most exciting film, because it centres round a living person, telling the story of an ordinary woman who might be your own mother, or your elder sister, who was pitchforked into a set of extraordinary circumstances. Many people—I am one of these, too—believe that Anna Neagle's performance as *Odette* is the best she has ever given. I would even go so far as to say it is better than her *Victoria*. There was, perhaps, wider scope for characterization in the long span of years covered in *Victoria the Great*, as well as the dramatic possibilities that arose out of the natural sequence of historic events in the last century.

But *Odette* is one of us. She and her heroic story belong to the unfinished history books of our generation. This immediately establishes a bond of intimacy and sympathy between us and *Odette*.

About two years ago, when the idea of *Odette* as a film was first suggested to Anna Neagle by the author of the book, Jerrard Tickell, her

Anna Neagle, one of our finest and most sincere film actresses, is ideally cast as "Odette". She plays her part with accuracy and without any artificial dramatic touches. Here she is, alongside the real Odette, who is the heroine of this thrilling story of the Maquis and their courageous work in France during the last war



impulse was to decline what she sincerely believed "too great an honour". Mr. Tickell's book is authentic, a true account of the experiences of a Frenchwoman living in England, who became a British agent and was sent to Occupied France, in 1942.

Odette's first real assignment was to collect the plans of Marseilles harbour and speed them on their way to Britain, a nerve-shattering job. The dowdy woman, in woollen stockings, carrying the cheap suitcase, was outwardly no different from a hundred other dowdy French provincials as she unhurriedly climbed the long flight of stairs up to Marseilles station.

You sense the undertow of anxiety throughout those thrilling days when the Maquis was born, the waiting on lonely hill tops to light a flarepath of torches for the R.A.F. to drop men and supplies. From little more than a few gestures and a glance or two you know instinctively that the real-life romance of Odette Sansom and her C.O., Captain Peter Churchill—whom she married after the war—has begun.

Anna Neagle's almost passionate sincerity gives great strength to the film. Having once made up her mind to play the part, she went into it wholeheartedly, reading the book over and over, studying Odette's own character in long days spent together before filming began, gently recalling what must have been ghastly memories for Odette, garnering the smallest details of each incident, and studiously avoiding anything in dress or make-up that would have been out of keeping. Manicured nails, plucked eyebrows or a permanent wave would have been all wrong in Ravensbrück—so we have a completely unglamorous Anna in these scenes.

As all good film-goers know, Anna Neagle is married to Herbert Wilcox, who has produced and directed nearly all her films. If you think about their films you will notice that Mr. Wilcox never makes the mistake of foisting the whole responsibility for the success of a film on the stars' shoulders. The rest of the cast is always as good as the star.

In *Odette* Trevor Howard was particularly good casting. As Captain Peter Churchill, he is seen parachuting into France. It so happens that Trevor Howard served with the 6th Airborne Division, saw action in Norway and in the invasion of Sicily, where

Above: Trevor Howard (as Captain Peter Churchill), Peter Ustinov (as the radio operator) and Anna Neagle (as Odette)





his ardour was slightly damped when he was accidentally dropped into the sea.

His whole bearing, as he sits hunched up on the edge of the escape hatch of the aircraft, ready to jump, was based on experience. This is only one small incident in the film, but it is little incidents like this that add character to a film and help to provide a convincing background for the central figure in the story.

All the supporting players "fit" equally well. Marius Goring, the German Intelligence Officer, was educated at Frankfurt and Munich Universities and worked at the B.B.C. during the war, broadcasting in German. Peter Ustinov, as Arnaud, the radio operator, in *Odette*, is never obtrusive, but is part of the pattern, like the undertones of blue in a piece of Royal Stewart tartan, that helps to define the pattern of the scarlet checks.

Odette, of course, is not the only film notable for its supporting cast. Think of some others we have seen lately—*So Long at the Fair*, for example. This owes much of its character to the lovely performance of Cathleen Nesbitt, as the French hotel-keeper, and of her partner, Marcel Poncin. The personalities of these two, their deportment, voices, their gestures, all blend in an atmosphere of true French character, that throws into relief the English character of the leading players, Jean Simmons and Dirk Bogarde.

In *Champagne for Caesar* Ronald Colman is the star—but without such delightful supporting performances from Vincent Price and Art Linkletter half the value of this joyous skit on America's quiz broadcasts would be missing.

Twelve O'Clock High was the story of one man, Gregory Peck, who to all intents and purposes "carried" the film on his handsome square shoulders—but if you take the film apart you will recall how many other actors combined to weave the texture of the background—Hugh Marlowe as Ben Gately, Dean Jagger as Major Stovall, Robert Arthur as the sergeant, Bob Patten as Jesse Bishop—and the rest.

The Inspector General is rich in supporting players—Elsa Lanchester, Walter Slezak, Gene Lockart among them. In any Western, whether on a grand scale, like *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* or in a Roy Rogers "regular", the supporting players are every bit as important as the star players. ◀◀◀

Left: Anna Neagle, unglamorous but impressive, with Captain Buckmaster (who is now a colonel) playing his own part



A B L E

—the latest news in woollies, with cable-stitch stripes in a contrasting colour. So useful, too, as it can be worn buttoned up as a jumper or open as a waist-length cardigan

MATERIALS: 7 ozs. 3-ply wool in main colour; 2 ozs. 3-ply wool in contrasting colour; 2 No. 12 and 2 No. 10 Aero knitting needles; 7 buttons; a crochet hook.
Measurements: Length, 17½ ins.; bust, 35 ins.; sleeve seam, 17 ins.

Tension: 7½ sts. to 1 in. on No. 10 needles.
Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; cont., continue; st.st., stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.); mn., main colour; c., contrasting colour; g.st., garter stitch (every row k.); beg., beginning; ins., inches.

Back. (N.B. 3 balls of mn. and 2 balls of c. will be required. When changing colours always twist wools at back of work to prevent a hole.)

With No. 12 needles and mn., cast on 14 sts., with c., cast on 11 sts., with second ball of mn., cast on 46 sts., with second ball of c., cast on 11 sts., with third ball of mn., cast on 14 sts. (96 sts.).

1st row: K. 14 mn., k. 11 c., k. 46 mn., k. 11 c., k. 14 mn. *2nd row:* As 1st row. *3rd row:* K. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, k. 46 mn., with c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, k. 14 mn. (106 sts.).
4th row: P. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 46 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 14 mn.

Cont. in st.st. with mn., working the contrast cable bands thus:—*1st row:* K. 14 mn., k. 16 c., k. 46 mn., k. 16 c., k. 14 mn. *2nd row:* p. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 46 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 14 mn. *3rd to 10th rows:* Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times. *11th row:* K. 14 mn., * with c., k. 3, slip next 5 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 5, then k. 5 from spare needle, k. 3,* k. 46 mn., rep. from * to * once, k. 14 mn. *12th row:* As 2nd row. *13th to 16th rows:* Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. *17th row:* As 11th row. *18th row:* As 2nd row. *19th to 24th rows:* Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times.

These 24 rows form the patt. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more.

Change to No. 10 needles. *Next row:* With mn., (k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 4 times, k. 2, with c., k. 16, with mn., (k. 3, k. twice in next st., k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 6 times, k. 4, with c., k. 16, with mn., (k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 4 times, k. 2 (126 sts.).

Now, keeping the continuity of the mn. st.st. (allowing for extra sts. in mn.) and c. cable panels, beg. with 4th row of cable panel as given in patt. rows, inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next right-side row and every following 6th row until there are 140 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 9½ ins. from cast-on edge. *Shape armholes:* Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next

I T !

Neat crochet shells finish the cuffs, neck, front and lower edges



2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 118 sts. remain. Cont. straight in mn. st.st. with c. cable panels until work measures 17½ ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, then cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Left front. (N.B. 2 balls of mn. and 1 ball of c. will be required. Twist wools when changing colour as before.)

With No. 12 needles and mn., cast on 29 sts., with c., cast on 11 sts., with second ball of mn., cast on 14 sts. (54 sts.).

1st row: K. 14 mn., k. 11 c., k. 29 mn. *2nd row:* K. 29 mn., k. 11 c., k. 14 mn. *3rd row:* K. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, with mn., k. 29 (59 sts.). *4th row:* With mn., k. 7, p. 22, with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 14 mn.

Now cont. in st.st. in mn., with g.st. border at front edge, and at the same time work cable panel in c. in the same way as given for back, twisting cable on 11th and 17th rows as in patt. rows for back. Thus the first 2 rows will be:—*1st row:* K. 14 mn., k. 16 c., k. 29 mn. *2nd row:* With mn., k. 7, p. 22, with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, with mn., p. 14.

Cont. thus until the 24 patt. rows have been completed once, then work 1st and 2nd patt. rows once again.

Change to No. 10 needles. *Next row:* With mn., (k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 4 times, k. 2, with c., k. 16, with mn., (k. 3, k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 9 (68 sts.).

Now, keeping the continuity of the mn. st.st. (allowing for extra sts. in mn.), with 7 sts. in g.st. at front edge and the c. cable panel, beg. with 4th row of cable panel, inc. 1 st. at beg. of next right-side row and every following 6th row until there are 75 sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 9½ ins. from cast-on edge, ending at side edge (shaped edge).

Shape armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row until 64 sts. remain. Cont. straight until work measures 15½ ins. from cast-on edge, ending at front edge.

Shape neck: Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 43 sts. remain. Cont. straight until work measures 17½ ins. from cast-on edge, ending at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next and every alternate row until 10 sts.

remain. *Next row:* Work to end. Cast off.

Right front. (N.B. 2 balls of mn. and 2 balls of c. will be required, 1 ball of c. being for front border cable panel with buttonholes. Twist wools when changing colour as before.)

With No. 12 needles and mn., cast on 14 sts., with c., cast on 11 sts., with second ball of mn., cast on 19 sts., with second ball of c., cast on 11 sts. (55 sts.).

1st row: K. 11 c., k. 19 mn., k. 11 c., k. 14 mn. *2nd row:* K. 14 mn., k. 11 c., k. 19 mn., k. 11 c. *3rd row:* With c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, with mn., k. 19, with c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, with mn., k. 14 (65 sts.). *4th row:* P. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 19 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3.

Cont. in st.st. in mn. with c. cables, working buttonholes in front border cable thus:—*1st row:* With c., k. 6, cast off next 4 sts., k. 6 (including st. already on right-hand needle after casting off), k. 19 mn., k. 16 c., k. 14 mn. *2nd row:* P. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 19 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 3, cast on 4, p. 3, k. 3. *3rd row:* With c., k. 16, k. 19 mn., k. 16 c., k. 14 mn. *4th row:* P. 14 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 19 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3. *5th to 10th rows:* Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 3 times. *11th row:* * With c., k. 3, slip next 5 sts. on a spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 5, now k. 5 from spare needle, k. 3, * k. 19 mn., rep. from * to * once, k. 14 mn. *12th row:* As 4th row. *13th to 16th rows:* Rep. 3rd and 4th rows twice. *17th row:* As 11th row. *18th row:* As 4th row. *19th to 24th rows:* Rep. 3rd and 4th rows 3 times.

These 24 rows form the patt. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once more.

Change to No. 10 needles. *Next row:* K. 16 c., with mn., (k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 4, k. 16 c., with mn., (k. 2, k. twice in next st.) 4 times, k. 2 (74 sts.).

Now cont. in st.st. with mn., keeping the continuity of the two cable panels in c., with buttonholes in front cable panel in every 1st and 2nd patt. rows and cable twists in every 11th and 17th patt. row (allowing for extra sts. in mn.), and at the same time inc. 1 st. at the end of the next right-side row and every following 6th row until there are 81 sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 9½ ins. from cast-on edge, ending at side edge.

Shape armhole: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row until 70 sts. remain.

Cont. straight until work measures 15½ ins.

from cast-on edge, ending with a row on right side. There should now be 7 buttonholes, with last buttonhole worked within the last $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Next row: Work to last 16 sts., with c., k. 3, (k. 2 tog.) 5 times, k. 3 (65 sts.).

Shape neck: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 43 sts. remain. Cont. straight until work measures 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins. from cast-on edge, ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulder as given for left front.

Sleeves. (N.B. 2 balls of mn. and 1 ball of c. will be required.) With No. 12 needles and mn., cast on 24 sts., with c., cast on 11 sts., with second ball of mn., cast on 24 sts. (59 sts.).

1st row: K. 24 mn., k. 11 c., k. 24 mn. *2nd*

row: As 1st row. *3rd row:* K. 24 mn., with c., k. 3, (k. twice in next st.) 5 times, k. 3, k. 24 mn. (64 sts.). *4th row:* P. 24 mn., with c., k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 24 mn.

Cont. in st.st. with mn., working the c. cable panel as before, until work measures 2 ins., ending with a row on wrong side.

Change to No. 10 needles and, keeping the continuity of the cable panel, inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every following 8th row until there are 102 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 17 ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape top: Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every alternate row until 66 sts. remain. Now dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 46 sts. remain. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

To make up. Press work lightly with a hot iron and damp cloth. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams and sew in sleeves with seams to side seams. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes.

Work a crochet border all round lower edge, front and neck edges and round sleeve edges thus:—double crochet into edge, * miss space the length of a treble, 5 treble into same place, miss space as before, double crochet into edge. Rep. from *.

Laundering woollen garments. Use warm water and pure soap flakes or a reliable detergent. Never *rub* the garment; instead, squeeze it gently in the warm suds. Rinse at least twice in warm water. Both washing and rinsing should be done fairly quickly. Never leave woollens to soak. Squeeze the water from the garment (do not wring) and dry flat on a towel. Never pin wet woollens on a line; they will stretch out of shape.

IN HEIRESS NEXT MONTH

For the party season—

Felicity Crane and Elizabeth Parvin join forces in planning your party dress and easy-to-make undies; Margaret Bathe has contributed a helpful article on ballroom dancing, Nella Whitfield a delightful "surprise" recipe for November 5! and there's a Charm School article on the problem of shyness

For busy fingers—

Some "start early" ideas for Christmas presents, including a knitting pattern for a man's sweater and instructions for a pretty quilted bed jacket, with matching slippers—so you needn't be rushed!

For browsing hours—

Two short stories—one humorous, the other romantic—and an interesting peep at a girl of long ago



November HEIRESS is on sale October 24. Order your copy now to avoid disappointment

as it were, and gave vent to a first-class wail.

"Oh, help!" complained Tommie. "She must have got wise to Aunt Syb's departure. She's a frightfully knowing infant."

"Perhaps she's hungry," suggested Cynthia. "Your aunt said if she cried a lot, to warm the milk in the bottle to blood heat. Hadn't you better do it?"

"Aunt Syb said about two o'clock," protested Tommie. "It's only twenty-five past one. And anyway, I don't know how hot blood is. Mine is just beginning to boil now."

For a few minutes they argued together the niceties of the odd half-hour, but soon their discussion was drowned by Celia's protests against life in general, and her present condition in particular.

"Poor mite!" cried Cynthia. "We must do something."

"On your head be it," muttered Tommie, but he followed her to the pram.

THE Bundle was lying, face screwed up, very red and angry, and just wailing. Tommie jiggled the pram up and down, and the baby wailed the louder.

"Don't," begged Cynthia. "You're making it giddy, I'm sure. Golly, we ought to do something!"

"Talk to it," advised Tommie. "Aunt Sybil does. Try that Itsy-Witsy sort of talk. They fall for it like anything."

Uncertainly, Cynthia launched out as best she could, handicapped by her inexperience in conversing with very new infants.

"Diddums den, little poppet, what's de matter den? Got pain in tum-tum? Don't cry, lovey!" Gingerly she hooked the baby's clutching fingers.

"Yaowl!" screamed The Bundle.

"There's nothing for it—I'll have to pick her up," declared Cynthia in desperation.

Aware of amateur hands, The Bundle gave voice anew.

"Mind its head," admonished Tommie. "Smooth its back up, it's probably got rumblings internal. Aunt Sybil strokes it from stern to stem until it hiccups."

But Cynthia was paying little attention to the Advisory Council. It was strange how the feeling of the little soft cheek against hers brought her more self-confidence. Holding the baby easily and firmly, Cynthia found her-

self feeling infinitely older than the Cynthia who had leant anxiously over the pram, infinitely older than the boy with the puzzled, worried face at her side. The little squealing bundle in her arms had woken and brought to light inside her an instinctive knowledge that coping with babies, anybody's babies, is a woman's privilege, a woman's speciality.

She smiled comfortingly at the baby's man-cousin, a smile born of her own new self-confidence inspired by generations and generations of mothers stretching in a long line behind her, generations of women whose natural gift was coping with babies.

"There, there," she crooned. "Poor little tuppence. Never mind." And she stroked Celia gently, but firmly, in the prescribed direction, and rocked her to the tune of the song in her heart.

"You'd better straighten the pram a bit," she advised Tommie, "and then see if you can find where Mrs. Stokes keeps the diapers."

"Diapers?" repeated Tommie, unversed in nursery jargon.

"Yes, you know, nappies," insisted Cynthia.

"Oh! Three-cornered trousers! Yes, of course." Awkwardly Tommie tidied up the pram, smoothing the blankets with unaccustomed fingers, then off he went in search of the baby basket.

He returned with a pile of small squares, and a hen-pecked expression.

"The trouble with babies is that they're always too young," he complained. "They ought to be able to do these things for themselves."

"Don't be absurd," chided Cynthia. "Take Celia a moment while I go and warm that milk."

Unhappily, Tommie seated himself in a chair in the lounge, suffering his small cousin to be placed on his knee, while Cynthia went off to warm the milk Mrs. Stokes had left prepared in the larder.

SHE was singing quietly to herself as she returned with the bottle of warmed milk standing in an enamel jug of hot water, just as Mrs. Stokes had advised.

Tommie, not to be outshone as nursery nurse, had meanwhile done his share by giving Celia the end of his tie to play with. It had the desired effect of keeping Celia almost quiet for a few moments, but having pulled and

tugged at it, she now transferred the end from her tightly clenched fist to her mouth.

"Let go," requested Tommie, politely. Then "Let go, Celia," more firmly. But it was a green tie, and the colour and taste evidently appealed to her.

"Celia, let go!" ordered Tommie, pulling gently.

Celia, however, stuffed even more of the tie into her already well-filled mouth, and tugged strongly at the rest of the green material.

"Now, who's a chump?" cried Cynthia, coming on the scene. "You'll poison her! What a senseless thing to do."

"You might rescue me before I'm strangled," murmured Tommie. "It's not poisonous—it's rather a nice tie. Or at least, it was!" He surveyed the damp ruins sadly.

Deprived of the pleasure of tie-chewing, Celia was just opening her mouth to comment on the situation, when Cynthia whisked her off Tommie's knee, and popped the milk bottle into the mouth so recently vacated by the tie.

This was the quiet, domestic scene which the Reverend George Stokes came upon when he returned across the garden. He stood a moment at the French windows, watching with interest the strange young girl attending

to his daughter's lunch, and his nephew standing by, studying a partially chewed tie; then he stepped across the threshold to proffer his greeting.

"And how is my bundle of charms?" he asked, smiling at the infant, contentedly busy with the bottle.

"Bundle of charms?" repeated Tommie, forsaking his tie, and looking at Cynthia with new interest. "I didn't know you two had met before."

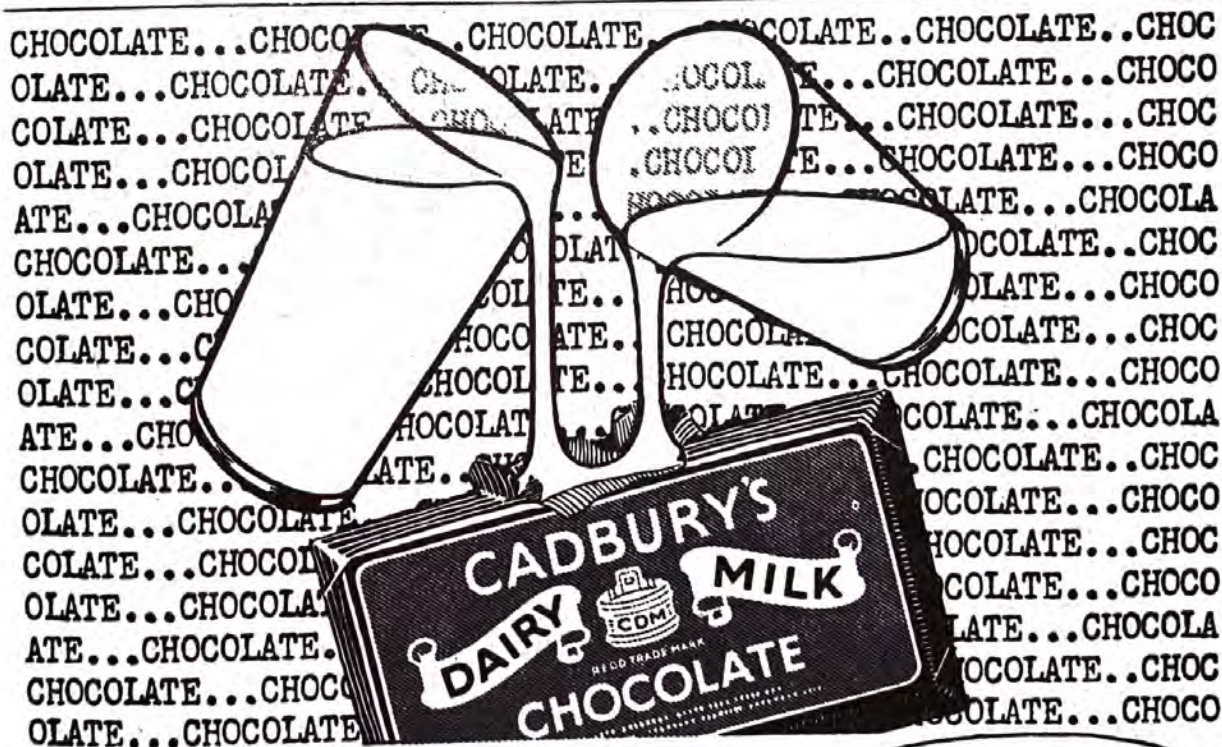
Cynthia and the Reverend George Stokes both laughed, but Tommie Argyll was not laughing. He was looking at Cynthia.

"Bundle of charms," he repeated, forgetting his tie completely. "Yes, I see what you mean."

And that was the beginning, as Cynthia recorded some hours later in her diary, of what might be a beautiful friendship.

"A bundle of charms," murmured Tommie the next day, when a scrunching of footsteps on leaves came as an impatiently awaited interruption to his painting. Man-like, he pretended to take no notice, as Cynthia came swinging through the pine-scented woods.

"Hello, there," he said, as the footsteps stopped. "Have a sandwich?" <<<



Even though CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE comes to you mainly in small blocks nowadays, there is still a glass-and-a-half of full-cream milk in every 1/2 lb. of it—one more reason why everybody says

I want Cadburys!

frames because, as yet, National Health does not cover them, but have you taken advantage of the range of pretty pastel shades for frames which are available under the Scheme?

Most of us make-do with one pair of spectacles, so our frames have to be a suitable colour for all occasions. If this is the case with you, don't let it prevent you from being adventurous.

A girl I once knew used to wear dark-rimmed glasses all the time. She always looked nice and neat and rather ordinary, but one day she gave me the surprise of my life.

I had arranged to meet her before an afternoon tea-party to which we had both been invited. As I walked towards our rendezvous, I could hardly believe my eyes! There stood my friend—but what a difference! She was wearing a light almond-green linen dress with a hat to match and—a pair of spectacles with slanting, almond-green frames! She looked delightful, and, what was more charming than ever, I discovered that she had a pair of beautiful green eyes.

Some of you may have heard of contact lenses—thin shells of plastic material which fit under the eyelids and correct faulty vision, thus taking the place of spectacles. They are worn by footballers, swimmers, R.A.F. pilots and film stars, who find that ordinary glasses hamper efficiency in their jobs.

As you can imagine, these delicate little lenses are very expensive (they cost between twenty-five and thirty guineas) and not everyone is suited, either temperamentally or physically, to wear them in comfort. If, however, you would like to know more about contact lenses, write to The London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, W.1.

Don't think that hiding your eyes behind their little windows means that you can neglect them. On the contrary, take the greatest care of them. Bathe and rest them every now and again. Before parties, or when your eyes feel extra tired, lie down for ten minutes or so with a pad of lint, soaked in eye lotion, gently pressed over your eyes—you'll be surprised how fresh they feel afterwards, and how they will shine.

Groom your eyebrows, too, and pluck them only if you have to—the ones that meet in the centre for instance—and keep to your natural bone line. Make-up should not be too

obtrusive with natural shades of frames, although you should follow ordinary make-up charts for your hair and eye colouring as usual—rather choose your frames to match your make-up than vice-versa.

Make sure your hair is a shining glory to match those sparkling eyes—and keep that smile ready! You'd be surprised how many people fail to see that you are wearing glasses when they meet twinkling eyes and a dazzling smile.

Clothes present no special problem to us, but I believe some girls worry about which sort of hats to wear with glasses. There is no need to do so.

We are a lucky lot these days—the “beanie”, the bonnet and the beret are absolute gifts to us, and they're all in fashion! There are a few obvious “don'ts”, such as hats which are designed for older people, large-brimmed hats which sit on the back of the head, and the brimless pork-pie shape which sits on top. Otherwise nearly all the youthful, soft shapes in vogue should make the be-spectacled look every bit as pretty as her good-sighted sister.

Rules for Bright Eyes

Bathe them night and morning with a good eye lotion. First wipe the eyelids with cotton wool soaked in the lotion (a clean piece for each eye, please). Fill an eye bath with lotion and clamp it into the eye socket. Blink and roll the eye in the lotion for a minute or so. Each eye should have a separate bath; if you buy two in different colours, this will prevent you from confusing them.

Never neglect your eyes. If you feel you are suffering from eye strain, go to an oculist. You may need glasses, at any rate for close work.

You're a sun-worshipper in the summer? Then remember to wear dark glasses. Strong sunlight will make you screw up your eyes and before you realize it you'll have wrinkles round them.

Never sit with the electric light shining into your eyes. If you use a reading lamp, arrange it so that the light falls on to the book, not into your face. If you read in bed, prop yourself up with pillows so that you are in a normal sitting position; never read lying flat and looking up at the book. And lying flat on the floor looking *down* at the book isn't a very good idea, either. ◀ ◀ ◀

on his desk. There is complete silence and then . . .

The first performance of the new ballet is now over. The curtain rises, falls and rises again. Directors and artists note eagerly the number of times this happens. It is a measure, by no means always an accurate one, of success.

After the ballerina and the leading dancers have bowed with grace to your plaudits, three clumsy and rather unhappy looking men in evening dress come out and bow stiffly; they are the conductor, the composer and the scenic artist. The choreographer, more graceful, but equally abashed in his unaccustomed costume, will already have taken his call.

At the next performance the dancers alone acknowledge the applause. But do not forget the whole team that has contributed to your pleasure and that alone has enabled your favourites to shine.

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Here is a list of some of the well-known books on ballet:

- Balletomania**, by Arnold Haskell (Gollancz, 9s.);
- Going to the Ballet**, by Arnold Haskell (Phoenix, 7s. 6d.);
- Vic-Wells: A Ballet Progress**, by P. W. Manchester (Gollancz, 3s. 6d.);
- Modern English Ballet**, by Fernau Hall (Andrew Melrose, 20s.);
- Contemporary Ballet**, by Audrey Williamson (Rockcliff, 21s.).

The librarian at your local library will be pleased to give you a list of others. <<<

PEN FRIEND COUPON

NAME
(Block capitals)

ADDRESS

.....

.....

Age..... Club Number.....

Parent's Signature.....

This form must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and 3d. in stamps. Owing to the heavy demand for pen friends, only one can now be found for each club member, and for the present mostly British pen friends are available

"She didn't know me, of course. As well as can be expected is what they said; they always say that. It means nothing!"

"She's going to be all right?"

"I don't know."

Jean poured out the coffee and took it to him. She had not realized that she wanted Mother so much. *Too much Mother!* As though there could be such a thing! After her father had got some coffee down, he spoke.

"Where did you get to last night? I thought you said you were out with Betty and I went round to her place because your mother wanted you."

"I went dancing with Clive."

"What, that awful fellow? Then why did you tell your mother you were out with Betty?"

"I didn't want to hurt Mother. She doesn't like Clive; neither do I too much."

He had been going to say something vehement, then he must have realized how near the tears were, for he stopped in time.

Jean telephoned the hospital at lunch-time, and they said that her mother was quite comfortable. They were past masters in the art of being non-committal. She worried dreadfully and got away an hour early to go to the hospital. Richard Davis was on the bus. He had heard the news of her mother and when he saw her little scared face (she hadn't even bothered to use powder and lipstick) he said he would go along with her.

"I-I've been feeling awful," she confessed. "I've chafed against too much Mother, and . . . well, this seems something like fate lending a hand. I cheated her last night as well—I went out with Clive."

"Oh!" and then quickly, to cover up the exclamation, "I don't suppose you meant to cheat her, really."

"Yes, I did," said Jean. "Just as I meant 'too much Mother'. I feel awful, Richard."

They went into the hospital and the nurse said she could peep round the door—no more. Jean went to the tiny ward off the dim corridor. The scent of flowers was inside it, and Mother, a grey ghost of Mother, was lying there, with Dad beside her, holding her hand.

They did not see Jean. There was something beautiful about the way that they looked at one another, and suddenly she knew that they were still in love, and she had never

TOO MUCH MOTHER!

considered it! Their lives had been the duet and she had made an occasional trio; she who had thought that she came first and was their world. She felt like a skittle, bowled out, and suddenly replaced again.

"She—she'll be all right?" she asked the nurse as they tiptoed away.

"She's going to need a lot of care."

JEAN went out into the sunshine where Richard was waiting. They went to the little flower shop at the corner and bought a bunch of chrysanthemums. *For Mummy from me*, Jean wrote on the card, and then in a suddenly penitent mood, *I'll take care of everything while you're ill. I'm more grown-up than you think.*

She and Richard went down the road and she saw herself as a new person, for she had slipped into a strangely new perspective.

"I don't think they really meant to butt in," she said.

"I bet they were just scared you'd get hurt."

"Perhaps, but I won't get hurt."

Richard wasn't dull—he was understanding. They had lots of things in common—the sensible things—and she didn't have to live on edge wondering whether he would say something he shouldn't, or kiss her the wrong way and make her feel worried.

"Mother will get well," she said at last.

"She'll be all right, and she shall have all the care I can give her! Dad would be lost if she—well, if anything happened."

They opened the door and went in together. Mrs. Biggs was tidying up; she came out of the kitchen and glared at them. "A nice thing this, and me with the varicose something shocking," she said.

They looked at one another and smiled. ◀◀◀

THE YOUTH BOOK CLUB

Building up a library can be an expensive business these days, and most of us have to rely on presents to stock our book-shelves. The aim of the Youth Book Club is to provide books for young people at a price they can afford—2s. 6d. a volume. If you would like more information, write direct to the offices of the Youth Book Club, 24-26 Blackfriars Lane, London, E.C.4

THE SILVER SALVER

(continued from page 33)

to confess. "I'm ashamed to say that the room began to go round and round and Mr. Vibart said very crossly that I had better go outside, and Johnny laughed, heartlessly, and didn't lift a finger to help me. So I sat down on the steps in the yard, by the parrot's cage, and got over it by myself. I did go back presently, though, and everything was all right after that, but Johnny never stopped teasing me. He still harks back to it sometimes."

"So Johnny was heartless." Gilbert spoke with a certain satisfaction. "That was young Johnny Vibart you were dancing with—the red-headed lad?"

"Mr. Vibart's son." Margaret nodded. "He is going to be a vet, too. He's in his second year at Edinburgh."

"I suppose you see a lot of each other in the vacations?" surmised Gilbert.

Margaret met his gaze candidly. "If you mean that Johnny and I coo sweet nothings into each other's ears," she laughed, "you couldn't be further from the mark. I don't feel that way about him, nor he about me, I'm quite sure. Girls don't cut any ice where Johnny is concerned. He's dead set on qualifying and you know what a frightfully long training a vet has to do.

"Johnny takes a poor view of young men who go all goofy over a girl when they ought to be concentrating on passing examinations, as so many do nowadays—only it's more of a problem when they are older. Johnny's young," she finished, as though she herself were ninety. "Only nineteen."

"He sounds a very sensible fellow," said Gilbert gloomily. "Peggy—I mean Margaret—you're so young, too, but I believe you understand. Some girls don't."

"I understand that you are worrying your head off about something," she said tentatively. Could it be that other girl? Dared she venture any further? Risking it, she added, "Is it those hateful finals of yours, Gilbert? Has it got on top of you?"

"Overwhelmingly." His lips tightened to a hard line.

"Perhaps there was just one paper you didn't like and you've thought about it so much that it's grown out of all proportion. But I don't suppose you want to talk about it."

"Funnily enough, I do—to you," said Gilbert, and he stared hard at her. "But I could hardly expect you to be interested in

THE SILVER SALVER

drains and repairs and such things as the law of compensation."

"I might be. Gil, I've tremendous faith in you. If by any chance you weren't through, I know you've the courage to have another shot at it."

"I doubt it," he said gloomily. "At the moment, I simply can't face the idea."

"Probably you won't have to. When is the awful moment, Gilbert? When do you actually hear the result?"

"I should have heard by to-day—that's the worst of it. Oh, Peggy-love, I planned everything out, and it's all gone wrong! I wouldn't take leave last week; I waited till to-day, and then I thought I'd know, and that if I was lucky I'd have it all on a plate and be able to come here to-night and kind of—offer it up to the one girl I did want to have something definite to offer to."

"But no news came, and I waited and waited, and at last I had to leave without knowing, still in the air. A friend of mine is going to send me a telegram. I couldn't disappoint Mother, knowing what a lot of work she's put in over this dance. And I knew, naturally, that this one particular girl was likely to be here . . ."

It must be Caroline Landor—Gilbert must have known her for some time. He had mentioned her deliberately, so that Margaret should be under no doubt as to how things stood with him. Perhaps he had even guessed her own foolish imaginings and had wanted to let her down gently . . .

"Hello, you two!" Johnny stood before them, grinning broadly.

"I've a message from your mother," he told Gilbert when Margaret introduced them. "She had to go home to see to one of the dogs, and I went with her. She asked me to give you this when I came back." He took an orange envelope out of his pocket and handed it to Gilbert. "It was delivered just after you left the house. I'll go and see if anyone would like to try a measure with me."

GILBERT held the telegram gingerly, as though it might go off with a bang at any moment. Then, with a jerky, nervous movement of his long fingers, he ripped it open—and drew a deep breath.

There was a short, fluttering pause, and then he held it out to Margaret.

"I haven't a plate, sweetness, to put it on, but will you please take it for granted?"

She read the few scrawled words.

"Gilbert—congratulations! Oh, I am so glad! I felt it in my bones, anyway, that you needn't have worried."

Confusedly she went on saying how wonderful it was, and then, aware that his eyes seemed to be expecting something more of her, and uncertain of their meaning, she said, hesitantly, "I suppose I had better follow Johnny's example and go to see if anyone would like to dance with me. You'll be wanting to tell . . . people."

She tried to rise, but his hand was upon her arm, compellingly.

HEIRESS CLUB

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I am a regular reader of HEIRESS. Please enrol me as a member of the Club

NAME
(Block capitals)

ADDRESS

Age..... OCTOBER, 1950

I enclose 9d for membership fee

HEIRESS CLUB

APPLICATION FOR RENEWAL OF MEMBERSHIP

I am a member of the HEIRESS Club. Will you please renew my membership for the next twelve months?

NAME
(Block capitals)

ADDRESS

Club No..... OCTOBER, 1950

I enclose 6d. renewal fee

"Who on earth should I want to tell here, now that Mother has gone home, except you, Peggy-Margaret?"

"I thought—I thought—" She felt a wave of colour rushing into her face as she murmured the name.

"Caroline?" said Gilbert incredulously.

"Why, I never set eyes on the girl before this evening. She's a crashing bore, anyway. Whatever put that idea into your head? Tell me, at once."

His face broadened into a wide smile as, stammering a little, Margaret related what she had been obliged to overhear.

"I was making excuses, my sweet one. Her fiancé had been delayed, and I was afraid I might get stuck with her for the whole evening if he didn't turn up, though happily he did. She's only eighteen, you know, though she's so dolled up that she might pass for twenty-five—hence my remark about not being able to talk the same language. It's true, with most young girls, but not one—the one I always could talk to about everything.

"Oh, Peggy-love, I've held myself away from you for two years—it seemed the only decent thing to do because you were such a baby, and because I wasn't ready. Has it ever entered your head, I wonder, that somebody was thinking about you, morning, noon and night, down at the back of his mind? Did you ever think of me, Peggy-Margaret? Do you like me a little?"

"Too much." She had never been able to pretend to Gilbert.

"Darling," he said—and it was the way he said it.

THERE were people passing. He could do no more than bend his head quickly and brush her cheek with his lips, but the thrill ran right through her.

"Drat these folk," he said. "I suppose we'd better go and dance. I can at least put my arm round you then. Presently . . ." He helped her up. "A plate would have done," he told her, "for serving up the exam results to you, but now I need a silver salver upon which to offer you—all my love."

But she had the silver salver. For, as they began to dance, Margaret looked up into his face, and there in his eyes was all the silver, bright and shining, and all the gold, and all the treasure in the world. ◀◀◀

Our house was destroyed in an air-raid and I was evacuated. It was somewhat comforting to know that *G.O.P.* suffered in the same way and was also evacuated. I found winter in the country a little boring and the day my favourite magazine arrived was even more welcome than ever.

The exchanging of letters became more and more difficult and there were sometimes very long delays. I found it most frustrating to read in the letter that snaps had been enclosed, but instead was a frigidly polite note from the censor to the effect that said snaps had been returned to the sender! Sometimes, apparently out of pique that there were no snaps to be returned (or so I thought, anyway) great slices would be carved out of the letters. I used to imagine the censors as wicked little gnome-like men wielding huge, razor-sharp shears! It was annoying, though, to receive a letter which bore a striking resemblance to a piece of delicate lace-work.

But the war could not go on for ever and soon peace came again—and in *G.O.P.* there was a beautifully coloured supplement to commemorate the cessation of hostilities.

I still kept on taking the magazine—it had been such a part of my life that I had never even considered replacing it by any other paper. I was somewhat jolted when, shortly before my twenty-first birthday, my news-agent drew me tactfully aside and inquired with kindly solicitude if I would prefer to take a more adult magazine. He enlarged on his point by saying that one of his other customers had cancelled her magazine and I could have it if I wished.

Clutching *G.O.P.*, which he had just handed me, in a protective attitude I replied hurriedly that I would prefer to carry on as usual. Suddenly, with a flash of rare insight, I inquired if there was someone wishing to *take over my magazine*. Reddening slightly, he admitted that there was. After that I always crept out of the shop wearing my stag-at-bay expression and clutching *G.O.P.* as tightly as possible.

Almost three years have passed since then and I think the magazine is better than ever. The name has been changed, of course, and to me the new one came as a wish fulfilled—fondly as I shall always think of dear old *Girl's Own Paper*, HEIRESS doesn't make me feel nearly so overgrown! ◀◀◀

Your own diary

. . . IT'S ON ITS WAY!

Here's good news for you! In response to numerous requests we are publishing a limited edition of a special HEIRESS diary for 1951. Edited by the Editor of HEIRESS, the diary is attractively bound in light green "Plexide", with silver lettering on the cover. Its contents include useful information on subjects in which you are all interested, as well as the diary pages and space for notes. It is just the right size for every girl who likes dainty accessories for her handbag—and it costs only 2s. 6d.! The demand for HEIRESS diary will be heavy, so be early with your order. Complete the form on the next page and send it, with 2s. 6d., to HEIRESS (Diary), 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. We shall keep a certain number of copies to one side for overseas readers who should make early application by air mail. Postal orders should be crossed and made payable to HEIRESS.

Order your copy NOW and avoid disappointment

HALLOW-E'EN—when witches walk!

October may be a quiet month, before the real party season begins, but there's one night when there's an excuse for some fun, at home or at the club—Hallow-e'en, on October 31.

So here are a few hints to help you keep the old festival.

Aim for brown, black and gold decorations in the room—autumn foliage, berries, yellow chrysanthemums, orange candles in hollowed pumpkins, and so on. Send out invitations on yellow notepaper, with a witch's hat cut out of black paper pasted on the top left-hand corner.

Give your food and drinks suitable names, like this menu:—

Brown Twins, Witches' Sticks, Elfin Layer Cake, Magic Brew.

Brown Twins are thin slices of brown bread spread with butter (or margarine), liver sausage covered with a little chopped onion, then with mustard and cress or shredded lettuce dipped lightly in salad cream.

Witches' Sticks are just cheese straws which you can buy or make.

Elfin Layer Cake can be a Victoria sandwich with a filling of jam or any favourite filling.

Magic Brew—boil 1 cup sugar and 3 cups water to a syrup for 5 minutes; then cool and add juice of 6 lemons and 6 oranges, 1 cup tinned pineapple juice.

Add 2 quarts aerated water to fruit and syrup and top with a slice or two of rosy-cheeked apple (after washing).

And here are two games to help your party go with a swing.

Bobbing for apples—apples are put in a tub or bath filled with water, and competitors try to capture an apple with their teeth. Hands should be tied behind backs.

Magic initial—an apple should be peeled in one long strip. Throw the unbroken strip of peel over your shoulder. When it falls it forms the initial of your husband-to-be.

POSTBAG

Charm School: In reply to "Worried", who wants to know how to remove superfluous hair from the face, Judy says that first it is best to try bleaching with a solution of half peroxide, half ammonia. This makes the hairs unnoticeable (unless they are very coarse) and helps to discourage further growth. If you find that this is not successful and providing your mother agrees, write again, enclosing your address, and Judy will recommend alternative methods.

Judy's help is also sought by "Self-Conscious". The brassière she mentions in her letter is an excellent make and one that we recommend to our readers. Judy's advice is, whether you have a large or small bust, do make certain that the brassière is comfortable and a good fit before you buy it. Try it on in the shop and take time over choosing the right one. There is no need to be self-conscious once you wear a good brassière, but do avoid tight clothes, sweaters and frills or gathers over the bust. Judy never advises dieting for teenagers but if you care to write to her again and send your name and address she will recommend some exercises and other brassières with a good uplift.

Club: We have received a card signed "A very critical reader" which says what the writer thought about Ellen Chamberlain's "Gothic Cathedrals" (in the August issue of HEIRESS): *How much I enjoyed "Gothic Cathedrals"—it so well expressed one's feelings in such places—and how beautifully it was written! That was poetry.* We shall keep this in our "Bouquet" file and hope for more!

D. P. W. of Cheam, Surrey, sent us a very interesting account of the work she does for West Indian missionaries. We very much regret that we cannot insert the announcement she mentions as we no longer publish readers' requests of this nature. We suggest that D. P. W. inserts an announcement in her local newspaper and perhaps notices in the windows of local shopkeepers.

From J. M. G. of Bradford, Yorks, came a request for articles on famous women, literature and classical music. We thank J. M. G. for her letter. She will be interested to know that for 1951 we have already planned articles similar to those she suggests.

COMPETITION RESULTS (July)

Entries received for this competition were of a high standard. They showed how many of you have recently experienced the thrill of travelling abroad for the first time or have had to overcome some personal trial or illness.

The first prize was won by Kathleen Boffin (19), Swindon, Wilts, the second goes to Diana J. Tanner (17), Stoke Lacy, Hereford, the third to Fleur White (15), Moordown, Bournemouth.

Consolation prizes have been sent to Margaret J. Waldron (16), London, S.W.12; E. Dilys Mason (17½), Manchester, 11; Doreen Norton, (17), Dewsbury, Yorks; Joyce C. Mallinder (17), Blackpool, Lancs.; Joyce Grimshaw (19), Stockport, Cheshire; Jean C. Bowen (19), Watford, Herts.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS

Before very long you'll all be making plans for Christmas and getting more and more excited as the loveliest time in the year approaches. What do you think of it all?

Here's a chance to tell us! Describe, in not more than 350 words, your vision of an ideal Christmas. The three best entries will appear in the December issue of HEIRESS (and others, if space permits) and there will be book prizes for the nine winning entries.

Entries should have your name, age, address and Club number attached. Send them to the Editor, HEIRESS, 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, to arrive not later than October 20.

HEIRESS DIARY

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(Block capitals)

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