

Good Taste

ONE SHILLING

M
APRIL 1951



**BEAUTY
THROUGH
HEALTH**

by
Jill Symon
and
Doctor Ann

DRESS · BEAUTY · STORIES · ARTICLES



Jolly Jerkin with deep armholes

Interesting, yet not difficult to knit, this gaily checked garment is ideal for sports wear and knits up beautifully in Femina Botany Fingering which ensures snug comfort and a long life without loss of shape or fit. Femina Leaflet No. 575, price 3d., or 4d. by post.

Femina

A Bairnsweave knitting wool

If in difficulty write Bairns-Wear Ltd.,
Dept F533, Hucknall Road, Nottingham

You can tell a Lux-washed
wool fabric

blindfold



It's so much softer

FINE WOOL FABRICS wash like a lamb if they're gently treated, but they don't like harsh washing products that scour away the natural finish along with the dirt, leaving the fabric harsh and scratchy. Wool, in fact, likes Lux!

There's a difference in Lux-washed woollen things—you can feel it with your own two hands. They're softer, really softer. That's because Lux is as mild as a baby soap, and contains no soda, or harsh chemicals to destroy the feel of the fabric. And Lux gets things really clean! That rich, creamy lather simply eases out the dirt. Lux is so kind to your hands, too—you give them a beauty bath every time you use it!

Now you can treat all your pretty things to gentle Lux care—not only your finest woollies, but silks and cottons, too. You'll see the difference in the bright colours, feel the difference in that extra softness! A packet of Lux costs only 8½d. The big double-size edition is an economy at 1/4d. a packet.

SLEEPING BEAUTY UP-TO-DATE! A nightie in softest wool fabric is as beguiling as it is cosy. Wool fabrics stay lullaby-soft with gentle Lux care.

Daily Dippers' Delight



There's really nothing nicer than to step into fresh, clean undies every day. It does give you that 'lady of leisure' feeling! Just swish all your pretties through silky Lux suds after each wearing—two minutes is all it takes—and they'll be daisy-fresh for the morning, and keep soft and lovely as new for ages. Join the Daily Dippers tonight and start every day right!



If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX

LX 3015B-335

A LEVER PRODUCT

Helena Rubinstein

World Beauty Authority, says



"These new silk products are indeed the most thrillingly successful beauty preparations I have ever achieved."

"WHAT a fascinating idea—soft, glamorous, *natural* silk in a range of beauty products. Yes—but how to do it? There were many difficulties; many experiments had to be made.

But I was always certain that pure, natural silk would prove the best of all cosmetics for the delicate, living skin.

Now I would like to give you some advice on the care of your complexion.

Here is my basic plan for complete skin care

TO keep your skin healthy so that silk make-up can bring out its natural beauty you can apply, in your home, my *basic plan*, and the very same products as used in my Berkeley Square Salon. This basic plan takes only three minutes night and morning. Your silk make-up will then have its best chance to enhance the beauty that will glow through naturally from a really healthy skin.

The plan is simple, and can be summed up in three words—*Cleanse . . . Nourish . . . Tone.*

CLEANSE

You cleanse with *Pasteurised Face Cream Special*, a cleansing cream that penetrates deeply into the pores, floating away impurities and make up. 7/6.

NOURISH

You smoothen on *Perfection Cream*. to feed rich, herbal essences into dry, thirsty tissues. 9/2.

TONE

Finally, you pat in *Skin Toning Lotion* to leave your skin smooth, refreshed and ready for the silk make-up. 8/4.

All prices include tax

Ask for my preparations at your local stockists. If you would like further advice on skin care, please write to my Berkeley Square Salon.

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Grosvenor 1407

The greatest cosmetic sensation in years!



REAL *Silk* FACE POWDER

actually made from pure *Silk*

- ★ Gives a transparent, glamorous, silken film
- ★ Remains matt all day
- ★ Is a natural product
- ★ Cannot "cake" or clog pores
- ★ Economical because it "spreads" easily and clings

YES! You, too, can have "A skin like silk"! Because, in Helena Rubinstein's laboratories, a way has been found—at last—to process *real silk* into the finest face powder imaginable. Silk is a pure, *natural* product—so silk powder suits dry, normal, oily and even very sensitive skins. Silk powder cannot "cake" or clog the pores—it allows the skin to "breathe" naturally. Every minute particle takes up excess moisture—so your complexion remains matt all day. Because silk has a certain transparency, your delicate, protective veil of powder allows the natural, living bloom of your skin to show through. Silk powder brings glamour to every skin—but gives no hard, mask-like look. Silk powder is economical, too—it "spreads" so evenly, clings with such silken tenacity, that you

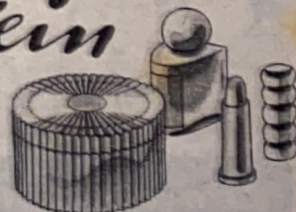
need not use so much. To meet every complexion need, Helena Rubinstein has blended silk into eight flattering, natural shades.

Silk for your foundation and lipstick too.

Silk powder can be used with your usual foundation. But it has a natural, silken affinity with *SILK-TONE FOUNDATION*, which blends with the powder to complete that exquisite "Silken Look". For the final touches—*SILK LIPSTICK*, and *SILK ROUGE-EN-CREME*. There are eight lustrous lipstick reds to give you the rich, vital, silken sheen of young lips, and eight matching rouge shades.

Helena Rubinstein

new **SILK** make-up



SILK POWDER 11/8 & 22/6. SILK-TONE FOUNDATION 10/10. SILK LIPSTICK 10/10. SILK ROUGE-EN-CREME 8/4. Inc. tax.



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WITH A
Lady Jayne Slumber Helmet
TAKES CARE OF TOMORROWS HAIR

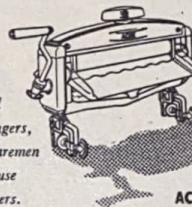
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 this exquisite selection of
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 to express your personality, to add to
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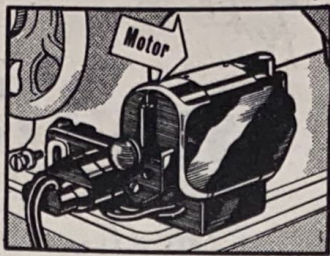


**AND STEP
 OUT YOUR
 LOVELIEST!**

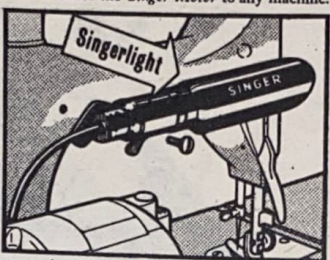
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 clean with Brylfoam, the original cream sha-
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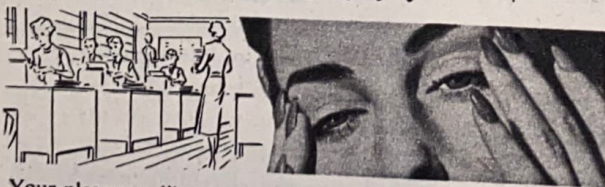


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You see, S.R. contains sodium ricinoleate,
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Teeth white & gums right



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S.R. keeps
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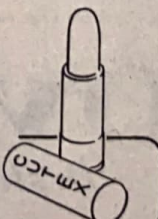
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To 8 oz. finely flaked, raw white fish add 3 good table-spoonsful of breadcrumbs, 3 table-spoonsful thick white sauce, flavoured with anchovy essence, 1 egg, salt and pepper. Mix thoroughly. Turn into a well-greased basin. Cover with greased paper. Steam for 30-40 minutes. Serve with fish or parsley sauce.

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"CHANDI"

Glace, in Ripe Corn, Red and Brown.
And the sole is "Solite"—springy,
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THAT GO TO YOUR HEAD

"Ooh.... it's boo-ful Mummy!"....

*Yes- and how much more
Nourishing for her!*

CHILDREN love a delicious drink but how much better for them if it is not only delicious but also brimful of health-giving nourishment. 'Ovaltine' is exceptional in these respects, for it has a delightful and distinctive flavour together with outstanding nutritive qualities.

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It stands in a class by itself

P.765A

Editor's Page

An eventful month — a new column — your letters about nylons — a young broadcaster

APRIL is a month which England can, with some right, claim as specially her own. That is why we have given the next picture pages to a scrapbook of this month—so elusive and capricious in weather—lyrically enchanting at its best—damply disappointing at its worst . . . but studded with lasting charm and pride for the English. Should I say *British*?—inquired a reader once. No—not always! There are many facts, institutions, ways, which we, with the rest of our friends in these islands and the Commonwealth, are happy and proud to call British. But as all the best Scots (and that is saying something!), Welsh and Irish would agree—just sometimes we may focus on the bit that is England. The ways and the poets and the Royal Family may and do become world possessions. That doesn't mean to say that England isn't proud to house them!

Jill Symon, our most adaptably British Dress and Beauty Editor, gets more and more active as spring advances. She has seized a fresh column this month, but we gladly let her stay in occupation (see page 20)—for we think her quick look-over of the people she notices is lively and helpful. This column will be included as often as possible, so your specially strong or weak point in dress and make-up may come up for discussion at any time. London is full of so many kinds of people that it is certain Jill often sees the woman you would like or like not to copy. . . . and she may see you!

YES, the nylon letters are coming—at least a sprinkling from the really delightful pile you sent me. I asked what these fragile favourites really meant in your life, and nearly to a woman you said they meant a lot. The few readers who were happy to confine their hose shopping to sterner stuff put their case well, so I have picked one to represent them.

Says E. P., of Watford:

"I'm a timid soul, the one who stands aside

Cicely Courtneidge came back to town in "Gay's the Word" at the Saville—a musical show which will contribute a delicious course to Festival entertainment fare in London this season. Ivor Novello wrote it—the sparkling lyrics are by Alan Melville—and production by her husband Jack Hulbert

and says 'Sorry,' accepts wrong change, gets left at the bus stop, never asks for milk chocolate. . . . But in nylons! They must have magic besides beauty and toughness; for when wearing them I could do anything! I'd receive Royalty with aplomb; I'd mode for Dior if he'd have me; I'd launch a Cunarder if they asked me; I'd dance 'Giselle'; I'd comperé 'Music Hall.' In short, for me, nylons are a complete course in self-confidence, and all the seven wonders of the feminine world."

G. M. H., of Coventry, strikes a happy note:

"Spring and nylons blend one into the other so easily for they both conjure up visions of youth and beauty, sunshine and flowers, abandon and luxury, happiness and hope. A new pair of nylons brings visions of

carefree holidays and gay travellers who fit happily in and out of far-distant lands where no barriers or Customs obstruct their free entry and departure; and where no uniformed officials tear from trembling maidens their spoils of nylons. Then the 'uplift' one experiences walking down Piccadilly with one's legs encased in the lustre of new nylons. Is it any wonder that they are halted at international borders and redeemed again at great price?"

NOW for a reader who would rather do without them. J. H., of Lydney:

"Frankly, I can't see what all the fuss is about. I've never had a pair of nylons, and if the expressions on the faces of my friends when their nylons are endangered are anything to go by, I'm better off without them. It isn't that I shouldn't like them—I won't queue for the things. I hate the time spent in waiting for something I can't really afford, so until the day when they can be had for the first time of asking, I'll wear a grin and pretend I don't need them."

ANY reader who has an ambition to broadcast may like to see a letter which I had from a young member of our own staff who has recently fulfilled this ambition. So—with her permission—I quote:

"Last week I had the thrill of a lifetime; I turned on the radio and heard ME! Four of us were invited to take part in an 'Under-Twenty' programme. We went along to Broadcasting House and gave spontaneous views on our education, jobs, parents, and our generation. The extracts were recorded in a tiny studio and were included, with many others, in the programme. When I heard my voice I hardly recognised it. Could that sweet, low-pitched voice really be mine? It was. I think that every teen-ager should be allowed to broadcast at least once . . . it certainly lifted my morale sky high!"

Best wishes for a happy April!

GOOD TASTE

April 1951

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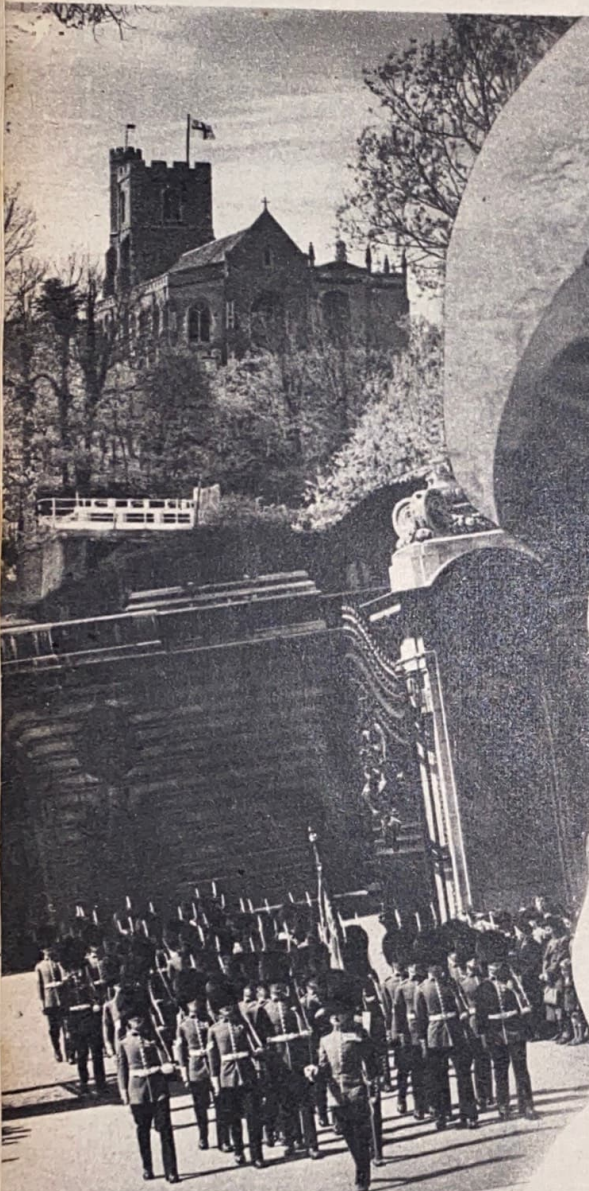




In England Now




Wedding anniversary of Their Majesties



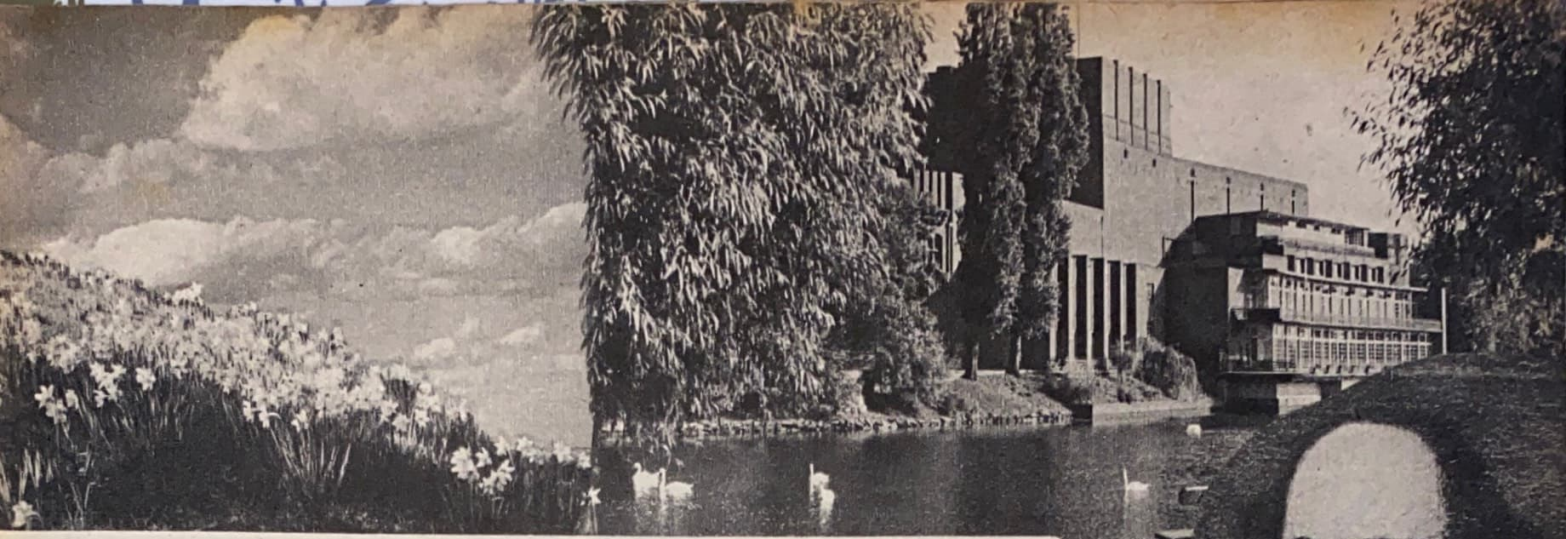
APRIL, that proud-pied month, once again is bursting into leaf and bud. Celebrated by English poets from earliest times to the present, it is a month lyrical with praise of the leaf-folded violet, the springing grass and the chaffinch which sings on the orchard bough. Never mind that the last gust of winter is as liable to burst round a corner as the shaft of spring sunshine to peep round a cloud. It's April . . . and blossom by blossom the spring unfolds.

Also beginning, this Festival Year, is the influx of our visitors. These early arrivals come in a month which is rich in happy and significant occasions, with social as well as natural events getting into full swing. They will find daffodils on slender stalks, ewes with their spritely lambs, bees in the meadows and gardeners everywhere.

They will also be in time to visit the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, on Shakespeare's birthday, buttonhole themselves with a red rose on St. George's Day (even if maypoles are in short supply), wish many happy returns to Princess Elizabeth for her twenty-fifth birthday on April 21st, and offer congratulations to the King and Queen for their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary on April 26th.



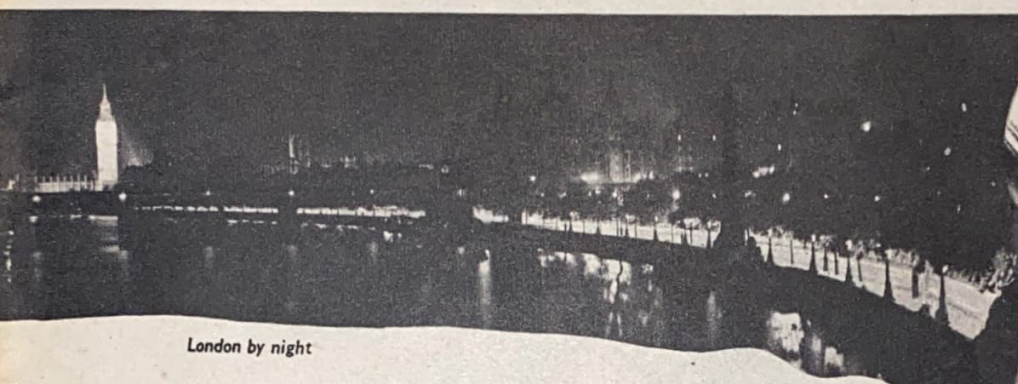
How poetically, yet practically, English is it to bestow on our national poet the day of our national saint. Actually, Shakespeare's birth date is unknown; but he was baptized three days after St. George's day, on April 26th, 1564—a customary interval—so April 23rd is as happy a guess as any. Known, however, is that he died on the same day of the month, in 1616. Also poetic, but less-practical, is the wearing of the red



**April — a month of beauty — memories — promise
— is rightly a favourite of our poets and people**



Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon



London by night



Birthday of Princess Elizabeth

rose for St. George on that day: this emblem of England flowers rather later in the year so your bud almost certainly will come from the florist.

Other welcome visitors are our migrant birds, among them the cuckoo whose appearance is inevitably heralded by excited bird-lovers writing those "first-to-hear" letters to the Press. Already Kew Gardens magnolias are in full bloom and, at the Zoo, the elephant and camel in full harness!

The streets are a scramble of shoppers, for spring has gone to every woman's head and behind glass-plate windows flowery headgear beckons. Who could resist that twist of veiling or froth of feathers? The flower-woman at the corner does brisk trade and, at the Palace, admiring crowds stand and stare at that free and colourful spectacle—the Changing of the Guard.

ON London's south bank the Exhibition is growing into a wonder city in miniature. Despite the shadows over the world, Britain plans to show what she can do. Next month the Exhibition will bring thousands of people, who have crossed the Atlantic, the Channel—or just the Strand—streaming over Waterloo Bridge. And, if you pass that way by night, the most enchanting sight of all lies, literally, beneath your feet. Under the dark trees of the Embankment, and reflected in London's river, is a fairy scene of twinkling lights from lamps, trams, and the uncurtained windows of the buildings—a theatrical "transformation." You can see it *now* . . . in the half light of an April evening.



The first man to

by LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

SHE lay in bed and pretended she had a cold, so her father would leave without her. She didn't dare come right out and say to him as he paced the floor, "I'm not going to this two weeks' course with you. I'm fed up with your desiccated lectures on Browning. 'Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be.' I don't want to grow old along with you in this big, lonely house."

But she didn't dare say it. Because her father, E. S. Dagneson, Ph.D., had arranged for her to have this two weeks off from her job at the University Library. And, besides, no one ever talked back to Doctor D., the most looked-up-to and most disliked professor in the university. Certainly not his daughter, Eudora who was twenty-nine, and whose first words must have been, "Yes, Father."

So she lay with her head on the pillow under which was the tube of fiery analgesic, responsible for the runny eyes and red nose of her faked cold, and repeated shakily, "It came on—all of a sudden."

Her red eyes were not wholly pretence. For she had cried in the night when a blustery April shower whipped up. She didn't know why, except that all through her girlhood, when she had wakened to a tattoo of rain on the roof, she would lie in a delicious shiver and dream of the time when she would have a man's hard hand to reach for, a shoulder and neck to burrow into.

But last night the rain only brought to a head her desperate panic. The calendar had suddenly become her enemy. Her father had always insisted, "You have plenty of time to marry. Your mother was twenty-nine and I was thirty-six when we married. Ours was a perfect union of two mature people which only her death severed."

In two weeks Eudora would be twenty-nine. The dividing line. She hadn't plenty of time. Somehow her father as well as the calendar had betrayed her. Twenty-nine. The dreaded outpost. That was why she had rebelled against going with him. She had a wordless and desolate hope that somehow if she were left behind—

She dabbed at her tears and watched her father fearfully.

The drama club seldom put on a show without someone caricaturing Doctor D. in that absent-minded pacing with his head down, his thin, nervous fingers slapping each other behind his back. Then the swift uplift of head and level, withering stare. And always the student body roared. Collectively they could laugh, because single the victim could only writhe.

Eudora said, "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right. I marked the passages in your 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' with a red pencil."

Poetry too. She had dreamed of reading underlined passages to someone who sat close while the wind tried doors and windows. *All's love, yet all's law. Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas.*

She added prayerfully, "You go on with Professor Beatty."

"I can't go off and leave you alone. There's no chance of getting the housekeeper back after giving her these two weeks off."

The telephone rang. That would be his colleague, Professor Beatty. It gave Eudora time to reach under her pillow, squeeze out a worm of tear-producing salve and thrust it up her nose. Thank heaven for Professor Beatty with his soda mints, his notes on Dante, his nerves, who could not be kept waiting. Thank heaven her father's lecture this Thursday night would be the opening gun in the Renaissance Room of another university, many miles away.

Her father pulled the hall telephone within reaching distance of her bed. "Call your Cousin Marian and ask her to come and stay. I can't keep Beatty waiting. Promise me you won't stay alone."

Eudora's promise came muffled through a handkerchief tissue, "I won't stay alone. You go on, Father."



ILLUSTRATED by HODGSON

ask her

Eudora had never known anyone like him before — and we doubt whether you have. But wouldn't you like to!

He went. What a beautiful sound a closing door made! She leaped out of bed and watched his car turn the corner. She had got away with playing truant. Two weeks. *Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee! Some unsuspected isle in far-off seas.*

Would she dare not call her Cousin Marian? Marian was ten years older than she, and a career woman and patron of arts and letters. *Have you read this? Have you seen that?* Marian stood ready to welcome Eudora into her jaunty and self-sufficient and epicene little group of menless women who drove their own cars to symphony concerts, professional women's dinners, lectures on Proust. They slept alone under electric blankets.

As Eudora dressed, her elation ebbed away. She breakfasted, swallowing dry despair along with her toast. After all, what sort of a fling could a lone girl have when the library must think she was at a poetry course, when her father must think she was home with a cold? And she had promised him she would not stay alone.

The door knocker sounded.

The caller was a rather stout woman whom Eudora placed as a visitor in the square boarding house just across the street. She wore a flowered dress and a hat which had seen better days. But between the wilted roses on the hat and the unwilted tulips on the dress, her faded blue eyes had a wise and winning sparkle.

"Ducky," she appealed, "I'm in a bad way. I've been renting this room across the street, but only this morning the woman got word that her people—two carfuls of them—would be arriving any minute from London. And then I thought to myself, surely you could spare me a room in this big house until I finish my arthritis injections at the hospital."

"Will you need a room for—for more than two weeks?"

"No, three more injections will finish me up, and they give them three days apart. My nephew, Andy, says I'm getting skittish already! Oh, child, you'd be doing an act of charity to take in an old woman and her aching bones."

Eudora said impulsively, "Why, yes, you might as well use our guest room."

She helped her carry over her assorted luggage, then she helped her unpack. By this time the visitor had become Aunt Mag and Eudora had become Doraleen—or Doraleen-dear.

IN the unpacking, Aunt Mag looked about for a shelf, finally settled on the chest of drawers as a resting place for a statue of a bearded saint with a face of such benignity and wisdom that it seemed proof against all the woe and wilfulness of the world.

"Wherever I go," Aunt Mag said, "Saint Jude goes along. Many's the tough time he's helped me through."

"Has he really?"

Indeed he had! He was the dear saint of the impossible. Most women, Aunt Mag said, had their children one at a time. But not she. There she was—one day a childless woman, married for ten years to Mike Hagen. And then one night, weren't Mike and his brother and his brother's wife, all three of them—God have mercy!—killed on a railway crossing, coming home from a fair late at night.

"So there I was with three kids to bring up. That was twenty-six years ago, come Septem-



He strode into the kitchen laden with plunder—a couple of hens in one hand and bootees in the other

ber, and the top two are girls, and both married and settled down, and I'd like nothing better than to be foot-loose so as to be gadding. I've always wanted to go to the car races at Silverstone—car races don't sound as sinful as horse races, do they now? But that Andy! He's the lad I'm trying to get settled. Completely crazy! Which reminds me, I must be telephoning him. Very important!"

After much chatty delay with the operator, Aunt Mag was connected with Andy Hagen's farm in Leicestershire. There ensued the most red-blooded conversation Eudora had ever heard in this anaemic, bookish, two-storey brick house.

"Andy Hagen, you blackguard. You're not to go gallivanting off to any more gymkhanas. . . . How do I know? Milly Lane rang up from Leicester to tell me she's a grandmother, and she said she saw you in town, getting your trailer fixed on—and I knew. You and your roving. You and your worthless silver trophies cluttering up the house!"

Andy was evidently having his say at his end, for the old lady grew more agitated and voluble. "Don't you dare ring off till I tell you what I called for. Hunt through my dresser for some booties I've crocheted and send them up to me. I have to have them by Sunday for Milly Lane's grandchild. . . . Doraleen, what's this address? I'm so upset, I can't remember it. . . . Stay home—do you hear?—and mind your old cows and pigs. . . . I thought if I left, you'd come to your senses and marry Susanna. You'll never find a better wife and you know it. There are the pips now. . . . goodbye, you old So-and-So—and remember those booties!"

She sank back wheezing on to the three-legged telephone chair.

Eudora waited until she had caught her breath to ask, "Is this Susanna pretty—and nice?"

Aunt Mag's eyes took in the slim shyness of her new landlady. "Not as pretty and nice as you, dearie. But she'll make him a good wife. She's capable. She's widowed with a little boy five—maybe six. She keeps house for Andy. Milly Lane says she's already planning how she'll change the furniture round. She's bossy, but that won't come amiss with one like Andy. To tell the truth," she confessed, "I want someone to take over

worrying about him so I can stay down here, when I've a mind to, where it's handy for shops and churches. Now you, Doraleen, would never be a match for a Hagen. You're too young and gentle."

"Oh, but I'm not young."

"You're young-seeming, and I doubt if ever your book-learned father raised his voice to you, now did he?"

"No, never."

"I know the Hagens. They're bossy and headstrong and hot-tempered. They expect a lot of their women. But they're not mean, I'll say that. They hurt you all the time, but they never mean to. And they give all the time too—more than you bargain for sometimes. They'll never let your heart be empty. Now, soon as I catch my breath, I must go for my injection."

She righted her hat with the weather-beaten roses, and was counting out change for the telephone call when Eudora asked "Would your Saint Jude listen to—a prayer from—a sort of stranger?"

"Oh, indeed he would. No one is a stranger to him."

"But—what do you say to him?"

"You needn't say a word. You just kneel down and look into his good face and open your heart, and he sees all its poor, dark corners. Only this, Doraleen, don't be asking for anything unless you're sure you want it. Because he answers with a terrible bang sometimes." Aunt Mag shook her head "Saint Jude has his own way of answering prayers, and you have to be strong enough to take what he gives."

AFTER she left, Eudora stood shakily in the doorway of the guest room and looked into the thin, infinitely tender face of the brown-robed saint on the chest of drawers. She moved aside Aunt Mag's jar of cold cream which touched his sandalled feet.

She knelt there, tongue-tied, but her heart poured forth *You know how it is, Saint Jude—how my father scares off the few men that ever look at me. He withers them in his scholarly way. He wants me to grow old along with him. . . . Maybe you'll think it's silly for a twenty-ninth birthday to loom ahead like a tombstone; Here lies Eudora. She has gone to her reward of being Doctor D.'s daughter. He'll be good to me, of course. He'll even buy*

me the electric blanket to keep me warm at night.

She trembled as she knelt there. Out of a dark, dusty corner of her heart came the very first man. Ruddy-faced and blond—and daring. He was in a bank, and he asked her to go to *Gone With the Wind*. He was also the one who had never heard of Proust and one who had never heard of sneeringly Doctor D. had so smilingly and sneeringly made him conscious of that lapse. When he had stammered goodbye at the front door, Eudora had known it was goodbye.

There was the rigger player at college Eudora had met when she was in the first year. *I can't remember how he insulted him—he's so adroit, so courteous. But after that the fellows at college gave me a wide berth. But now he'll be gone two weeks and if I could only meet someone, we'd have time to build up a solid intimacy that he couldn't sear or shrivel. You know, Saint Jude, it's like the wolf who huffed and puffed and blew the little pig's house in. Only he smiles and sneers. Please, Saint Jude, bring a man into my life while Father's away.*

The rest of this Thursday, and Friday and Saturday had a reckless, holiday, breaking-the-rules excitement for Eudora. For all Aunt Mag's arthritis and shortness of breath, she had a lusty exuberance. "Here, pet, I brought cream puffs to go with our tea." Or, "In the High Street I saw a girl with one of these circle skirts, so I got a pattern and this material—the blue flowers will match your eyes, ducky. We can whip it up in no time."

On Saturday night Eudora was sleeping when a car clattered up the drive-way and stopped noisily in front of the garage. It was twenty past four.

She ran into Aunt Mag's room. "Somebody's come. They've got a horse-box with a horse in it."

Aunt Mag puffed to the window. "It's Andy! Look at him now, letting the horse out. He's been to some wretched gymkhana again. He must have already planned this when I telephoned him to stay at home."

As Eudora enveloped herself in her silk-jersey housecoat she watched, entranced, out the window. Deftly the man opened the end of the horse-box and made a runway for the horse to descend. He tethered it to the gate.

"You'd better open the back door," Aunt Mag called, "before his knocking wakens the neighbours."

Eudora opened the back door, and the light from the kitchen fell upon a tall man in riding kit, his boots clunking with each step, his arms laden with plunder. She knew an enchanted moment—as though she were waiting in the doorway for her man to come home to her, laden with gifts. *Good heavens, this must be old maid's insanity!*

Under one arm was tucked a silver trophy and a large, flat box. In one hand was a pair of pink booties with bobbing ball tassels, from the other dangled two plucked chickens.

Sure enough, he said, just like a returning husband, "Hey, grab the box before it drops! It's records. Brought a couple of chickens, too; and all the way I could smell them roasting in the oven."

Aunt Mag stood in the kitchen, struggling with the fastener of a green housecoat. "I could wring your neck, Andy; routing respectable people out of their beds at this hour. Never mind grinning like a full-blown marigold and showing off the silver cup you won for jumping. I'm sick of the sight of them."

"I've only got five. And I had to have six—one for each of the kids I'm going to have some day. You wanted booties, didn't you? Well, there they are. I've been dangling them around—half the time the tassels hanging out of my pocket, which occasioned some ripe remarks. Hot up the oven for these chickens and don't give me any more of your cheek." And to Eudora with a warming smile, "There's no living with the woman since they started these injections!"

Aunt Mag smoothed the booties and scolded on, "You could have brought them

Please turn to page 18

Kate Hall's courtesies



When you've an appointment
but you find you're ill in bed,

D'you let the dentist know
he can take someone
else instead?

And little Mrs. Wotherspoon
Who's "running up" that
voile,

Could get ahead with something else
and save the midnight oil?





EXQUISITE

High over the swamps of British New Guinea flies the world's largest butterfly (*Troides alexandrae*), here depicted resting on Bougainvillea blossom.

IMPERIAL  LEATHER

*The Toilet Luxuries of
Exquisite Character*



CUSSONS



NOTHING damp-looking about this lively quartette—they own the kind of rainwear that snubs the wet yet looks fine in any threatening weather. First girl wears a Telemac in proofed rayon with a wonderful hood that turns back from the face in a contrasting colour. It costs £5. Second girl wears a Dannimac proofed wool gaberdine coat, a beauty at £7 12s. 6d. The third girl has a nip-waisted windjammer that reverses from one lively colour to another, partners it with waterproof slacks. The jacket, £7 13s. 6d., the slacks, £4 19s. 6d., both from Lillywhites. Fourth girl wears a Telemac cut on amusing coolie lines with a tiny stand-up collar in gingham checks, £5.

THE FIRST MAN TO ASK HER continued from page 16

round in the morning. You could have gone to a hotel."

"I could have, except that I wanted to surprise you," he said cheerfully. "I'm a hungry man," he said. Again his warm, demanding smile drew Eudora into a charmed circle. "Got the oven ready, honey?" He was plucking the chickens.

He brought into the kitchen a high tide of gusty masculinity. Eudora rose with it. "Would you like bread-sauce with the chicken?" she asked.

"You bet I would, and plenty of it. Cut up the loaf."

Andy tore off the wrapping of the flat box. "Got a couple of records here I like. One's a waltz that's wizard—about a girl in a blue skirt. Got a gramophone, angel?" he asked Eudora. "This other is the Mexican polka. I learned it last night at a dance. I'll show you both how to do it."

"Not me," Aunt Mag said. "You've danced the breath out of me long enough. Show it to Doraleen."

"The gramophone is in Father's study," Eudora said.

He followed her down the hall, whistling the Mexican polka. The jerky rhythm changed to a long-drawn, thin "Oh-oh!" of a whistle as his eyes took in the two walls of the study which

were bookshelves, solidly full. "A scholar, eh?"

"Yes—he is," Eudora sighed.

Andy made a move to put his records on the gramophone, sacred to Gregorian chants or Old English Chaucer.

"No, not here," she said swiftly. It would be blasphemy to play a Mexican polka in the academic ether of her father's study.

But she could feel Doctor D.'s thin, caustic smile following them as Andy carried it out into the dining-room. How quickly his beautiful swagger and male well-being could be wilted. Just one good huff and puff from her father and Andy would know a bewildered humiliation. Yes, and anger which would include Eudora because she had witnessed his deflation and defeat.

Andy set up the gramophone on the sideboard and pushed the table and chairs back and reached out his arms for her. But first she had a question to ask, "Are you going to marry Susanna when you go back?"

"I am not."

"You aren't? Why not?"

"I'll tell you why not. Because she thinks I couldn't live without her. And when I marry it's going to be a girl who couldn't live without me. Susanna would want to run my life for me." He raised his voice to a bellow that carried above the music. "Hey, you out

there in the kitchen—Maggie!—keep an eye on the chicken. Make the coffee strong." And then to Eudora, "But I'm running my life my own way, sweetheart."

"You oughtn't to call me sweetheart."

"I'm just getting the habit. I'm going to be about for a week. Got to look over some scientific feeding stuff. And every night we'll go dancing and I'll tell you about my cows and we'll decide on whether we'll have the kitchen blue or green."

They danced then. The record played over and over and over.

He can drive a tractor, she kept saying to herself. He rides at a gallop. He must have talked like this to Susanna. No wonder she had started planning the house. But her heart was soaring. I'm glad I took Domestic Science. I'm glad I've got a blue skirt so full it took three hours to whip up the hem. One whole, blessed week together! Oh, let me not squander a moment of it. Oh, let me lay brick foundations that can't be huffed and puffed in.

She lost her breath dancing. He backed her into a corner and kissed her. The first one came all tumbledown on her flushed cheek and nose, but when his hands framed her face and tilted it upward, she kissed him back. "There!" he said exultantly. "Now can you live without me?"

"I—I don't think so, Andy."

"All these years I go to all these towns with

April Wise

clothes and good looks counsel for a wet day from Jill Symon

WISE girls save up for a rainy day and get simple, good-looking rain clothes that are as practical as a pin, yet pretty, too. The mud-coloured mack has got the sack—now, raincoats come in colours gay as garden flowers and mostly, too, they're styled as attractively as cloth coats, make clever use of contrasting collars, button trimmings, big handsome pockets and other fresh detail.

Happily, rain-hats no longer steer a sou'-westerly course exclusively. Tops for rain now are ski-caps, deerstalkers, dustman's caps, jockey caps, jeep caps—all planned to take a neat-looking head through the wet with never a hair out of place. We'd say that now there is positively no excuse for sopping headscarves and hair straight as string. We've no patience with girls who wear chiffon scarves, face veils, fake flowers and white gloves and hope they'll keep the lot dry under a very tiny umbrella.

To the girl who comes out of the wet with a face looking like a well-scrubbed apple we'd recommend a warmly tinted foundation that's *waterproof*, and we take the time and space here to plead for *waterproof* mascara! As if weeping skies aren't enough without coal black tears from you!

In favour of rain we'd like to point out, too, that it's lovely growing weather for young peas and beans, that hair shampooed in rainwater is all the softer and sweeter for it, that woolies dunked in it come up fluffy as spring lambs and that rainwater baths make you silky-feeling all over.

THE girl on the right wears the windjammer already described, here it is reversed. In lieu of slacks she has a button-through waterproof skirt over her cloth one. Her cute, proofed peaked cap has side flaps that pull down in wet weather. The skirt is 89s. 6d., the cap 37s. 6d. The proofed deerstalker cap on the right in lively checks with contrasting lining and ear-flaps, is 39s. 9d. All from Lillywhites.



my best horses and look over all the girls. Then I see you standing there inside the door, holding it open for me. I've always wanted a girl with straw-coloured hair and a voice like an angel."

Aunt Mag came to the kitchen door. The fused smell of coffee and chicken came with her. "Don't let him wear you out, Doraleen. These Hagens! They're gamblers, every last man of them. And eaters. Wait till you see him eat, Doraleen."

"You're a fine one to talk," Andy scoffed. "You've been all these years looking over the men and never finding one to equal the Hagen you were married to for ten."

"They're stubborn," Aunt Mag said. "Be careful now," Andy mocked, "or you might let it slip that I've built up the Hagen farm until farmers from seven counties come to buy my bulls and heifers. Aren't you afraid that just once—inadvertently—you might breathe a hint of my good crops or that I've piped artesian water into the house?"

"They brag a little, too," Aunt Mag said sorrowfully.

He thrust a vicious fork into a piece of chicken. "Get me the plates," he thundered. "Lord, a man can be starving and women have to stand around nattering."

It was broad daylight by the time they drank the last of the coffee. Andy tipped back in his chair and stretched with such abandon

that Eudora was sure the middle button on his shirt would pop. Aunt Mag was muttering about dressing for church—and did Doraleen have a nice little box for the booties she would send to Milly Lane's grandchild?

It amazed Eudora that Aunt Mag could be so matter-of-fact in planning a day. For herself she was helplessly swept along on a high tide of Andy Hagen.

Andy said, "I got to hunt around for oats for my horse. Can't have him starving on his feet."

Aunt Mag set off for church. Andy whisked out of the driveway in his car, without the horse-box attached. "I won't be long," he called, loud enough for neighbours on both sides to hear.

EUDORA dressed for Andy. Dressing for a man had a special shining significance. None of these diffident dresses which Doctor D.'s librarian daughter usually reached for. The rippling and flowered blue skirt. She found a necklace of blue beads she hadn't worn since she was sixteen. And would a blue ribbon around her head look too foolish?

She wore the ribbon. She was just tying it when she heard Andy return. She looked out to see him standing in the driveway, his arms full of small and large, round and square packages. "Hey, starbright!" Apparently

he was never going to call her Eudora—and that was all right with her. "Got a bucket around here?"

"Shops all shut but got a loan of oats at the stables."

She saw that his horse had stripped one corner of the flower border. The shiver that went through her was at the thought of her father's dry-lipped, smiling wrath. But that wouldn't be for two weeks. Now was now.

They walked into the house together. She said, "You must be terribly tired; you didn't get a wink of sleep all night. You could lie down upstairs while I tidy up down here."

"And be away from you? I want to be where I can see you. Play some music and I'll just stretch out on the couch—within grabbing distance."

Within grabbing distance. Even when he dozed, if Eudora passed the couch on muted steps his hand swung out to her. "Light me a cigarette, hon," he'd mutter sleepily, "and sit down by me." She would. And even while part of her mind warned her, *He'll be bossy and demanding*, her whole heart answered, *But he's the kind to say to the one he loves, 'Stay close to me.'*

He was sound asleep, and she was sitting beside him, her hand gripped in his, when the front door opened. That would be Aunt Mag returning. Eudora tried to free her hand,

Please turn to next page

I see you

Look at yourself with Jill Symon

ONCE a fashion and beauty editor always one, every waking minute of the day. No forty-hour week for your J.S. She is permanently, indefinitely on the job, for observing, selecting, appraising, even criticizing, have become second nature with her.

Any other woman on a shopping spree for this or that can happily relax. Not me. Even my private and personal shopping is bound up with yours. I want to plead with the nice girl looking at suits that thunder grey is *not* her colour; to lead the lady with the forty-inch bust away from that blouse in ice-blue satin; tell the shy grey-eyed girl trying hats to stop being a mouse and buy the yellow straw boater with black cherries, instead of the meek navy pull-on with an apologetic feather.

★

I never visit a store without asking the sales girls reels of questions about the goods they sell. Has there been a run on lime fabric gloves, are girls willing to pay the extra for permanently pleated dresses, why, since *piqué* soils so quickly, can't we have more summer berets of dazzling white glazed chintz? I'm avid to know whether women are following up the new fashion for big black buttons, what proportion still wear peep-toe shoes with sling backs, if girls buy straight-cut slips to wear with straight skirts, flared ones for full skirts.

Frequently, of course, I'm on the other side of the fence—meet manufacturers, see their merchandise even before the store buyers do. Then I often put in a good word for you; agitate for an added inch on your blouse length; ask for more crease-resistance in your party dresses; beg for stronger linings.

In bus queues, out walking, in restaurants, at the theatre, there I am, interested in every other woman that I see. Girls who are silkily groomed from head to foot naturally delight anybody's eye, but mine has a special gleam of pleasure, for I know just what hard *work* goes into shining hair, beautifully kept hands and immaculate clothes!

Often I wish women were a little more adventurous with colour, that's why I'd like to give orchids to a fair-haired girl who travelled back from Paris with me last month. She wore a smooth grey suit, had grey accessories, but her topcoat was a soft sea-green tweed with lovely tones of light and dark violet and grey running through.

★

Still hankering after more colour in your life I must admit I have a warm admiration for redheads who wear—red! After all, Titian the great Italian painted his lovely redhead sitters in glowing, surprising reds. One gingerknot I saw had an amber-red corduroy coat with an amusing little peaked hat to match, another, a teen-ager, was cutting a hedge in sail-red slacks and a cinnamon shirt.

The girl who sells me my weekend ration of cigarettes each Friday gets full marks from me because she's made a series of striped ties, collars and cuffs for a grey shirt-waister frock. To date I've seen her wearing a pink-striped set, a blue one, a yellow one and a fourth in black and white that reminds me of bullseyes.

But the girl who walked up-stairs in front of me this morning might have been surprised if she knew what I was thinking. Straggly hat ribbons, crumpled blouse collar sticking up at the back, skirt pleat far from dead centre, and badly sat out, too. Pity of it all was she turned out to be such a *pretty* girl when I caught her up at the top.

THE FIRST MAN TO ASK HER

continued from previous page

but his hold tightened.

She looked up at the brown-suited figure of her father. He stood in the doorway, twirling the car keys in his thin, nervous fingers and stared down at them.

She wrenched her hand away and stood up. Andy slept on. "I—I didn't expect you," she murmured.

"I see you didn't," he said with his twitch of smile. He came over and looked down at the sleeping man. "Is this the individual who's responsible for that disgusting *mblée* out in the driveway?"

Eudora stammered on, "I thought the lectures would last two weeks. What brought you back?"

"I telephoned you yesterday afternoon and didn't get an answer. I telephoned Cousin Marian at her job and she said she hadn't heard from you. The arrangement, you may remember, was for her to stay here with you."

She was suddenly ashamed of the blue beads, blue ribbon, blue skirt. "I didn't telephone Marian because just after you left I decided to let a room to a woman who was taking treatment at the hospital. That solved the problem of my staying alone. And then last night her nephew, Andy, came—he'd won a cup for jumping—and he—came—"

Andy stirred like a boy in a sound sleep, muttered and shifted his booted feet. How could anyone sleep under Doctor D.'s searing stare?

Andy opened a foggy eye, and Doctor D. said, "It may be laudable for a hero to die with his boots on, but not to sleep on a yellow damask couch."

He'll wake, Eudora thought. At first he'll be embarrassed and apologetic. Then Father will let go with both barrels. The same old story. The huff and the puff, and their house would be blown in.

DOCTOR D.'s words seeped through Andy's sleep-clouded mind. His eyes opened. He muttered, "Put a newspaper under my feet, honey." His eyes closed.

Eudora said placatingly. "He—he—went to a gymkhana and won a cup—and so we thought—I thought—"

Doctor D. pulled up his cuff to look at his wrist watch. "I drove down to take you back with me. I'm happy to see that your cold is better. We'll get this rubbish cleared out of the house and the driveway. What is this person's name?"

"Andy Hagen."

"Hagen," he addressed the sleeper in his clear, classroom voice, "I'm sorry to disturb you, but my daughter and I have a long drive ahead of us. We want to get there by four o'clock so as to attend the chancellor's tea."

Andy's eyes went past Eudora's father; he grinned ingratiatingly at her. "Might be able to wake up if I had a cup of coffee, honey."

"The hotel which provides you a bed should be able to provide coffee as well," Doctor D. said. With unhurried precision, he drew out his wallet and extracted a note. He held it in his fingers briefly and Eudora winced as he flipped it on to Andy's chest.

She winced in the shame that she could feel was coming to Andy Hagen. What adequacy had he to meet the chosen barbed words, the smile-and-sneer treatment? It was like watching a play she knew well—knew the climax, the denouement.

Andy sat up. He picked up the note, folded it and laid it on the end table. "Keep your money, scholar," he said with tolerant amusement. "You may need it more than I will. You make your living with books and I make mine with cows. Cows have an increase every spring, but books don't." Another long-drawn yawn and distorted words mixed with it, "Honey, either make me a cup of coffee or come out with me to get one."

Eudora found herself starting toward the kitchen. She almost collided with Aunt

Mag's puffing and solid figure. Aunt Mag had come in the back way and stood in the doorway between the living-room and dining-room. She said simply, "Heaven help us!" Doctor D.'s glance merely flicked over her as he said icily, "Our home is not a boarding house." And to his daughter, "Eudora, go and pack your suitcase. We're leaving in ten minutes."

"She isn't leaving with you," Andy said blandly. "The way we planned the week was that I was going to spend it courting her before we got married. But maybe we don't need a week, eh, honey?" He reached out and tugged fondly at her ribbon end.

Her father let loose both barrels—well aimed, deliberate. Their hospitality, unfortunately, did not extend to louts and boors. Andy's plans, unfortunately, did not include his daughter. For he, whether fortunately or unfortunately, had brought her up and educated her for a certain station in life. "Even if she hasn't enough emotional stability to make the right decision, I can make it for her."

Andy listened patiently. At the same time, he flicked a speck of dust off his coat sleeve and eased the back of one shoe.

And he huffed and he puffed, he huffed and he puffed, but he couldn't blow the house in. Then the wolf became very angry.

For the first time Eudora heard in her father's voice the high pitch of fury. His hands weren't behind his back now, but fumbling with a cigarette and a lighter, which chose this time not to light. "Get out of the house," he shouted. "Get out, I say!"

Andy helpfully struck a match on the sole of his boot and lit Doctor D.'s cigarette.

Eudora answered her father's outburst: "This time you're not making the decision for me. I'm going to marry Andy."

Doctor D. didn't answer. For several minutes the only sound was Aunt Mag's perturbed breathing. Eudora thought, *Aunt Mag warned me that Saint Jude had a way of answering prayers with a terrible bang.* But I can't leave with Andy—not in anger.

Pity for her father was a sharp pain inside. For the first time she saw him deflated, defeated; as though, after lecturing on Browning for years, he had just realized that "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be" was never meant for a man and his daughter.

Andy pulled Eudora's hand through his arm and said almost gently, "It'd be nice, Professor, if we could be married from your house. Any day you say."

Eudora squeezed his hand in gratitude. Aunt Mag had said the Hagen men demanded a lot of their women. Andy's wife would have to double recipes for cake and courage. But always, when the going was hard, she would remember Andy's magnanimity with her father.

Doctor D. only looked at them and about the room like a lost man, unable to cope with the problem at hand. He muttered, "I'll be lecturing until Friday."

Aunt Mag said, "I've married off two nieces. I can help Doraleen get ready while you're away making speeches. And then you could come down for it. Saturday's a good day for getting married."

"That's fine," Andy addressed Doctor D. with man-to-man loftiness. "Let the women work themselves into a lather with falderals, while we go about our business."

There was no answer. But Aunt Mag planned on happily, "I always think it's nice for a girl to be married in her mother's wedding dress, don't you, Doraleen, dear?"

Eudora waited. Her father's face cleared, and with it the tenseness in the room. He even tapped his fingers behind his back as he said in his most beaming, platform manner, "Yes, that would seem appropriate. Your mother, Eudora, was just—your age when we married. A suitable age, my dear, for the wise choice of a mate." End

COSTUME DESIGNER

JULIA SQUIRE—who, at only twenty-four, has the exciting job of “dressing” the Festival Film

AT Elstree Studios, a girl of only twenty-four, the youngest film costume designer in the country, is dressing the most star-studded cast in cinema history for the most important picture of 1951.

The girl: Julia Squire, slim, petite, pretty, with short dark hair and laughing eyes, daughter of poet and essayist Sir John Squire. The picture: her first assignment as designer in her own right, *The Magic Box*, a joint effort by the entire British film industry as their “Festival” tribute to William Friese-Green, pioneer of cinematography.

The costumes range from the gracious bustle days of 1874 to the ugly (from the fashion point of view) 1920's and there are more famous stars, many of them playing quite small parts (Sir Laurence Olivier is a policeman!), than have ever appeared in a single production since the first moving picture was made. A chance of a lifetime, in fact, for any designer; a dream come true for an ambitious and talented newcomer.

How does Julia herself feel about it?

“This is what I have always wanted since I was a schoolgirl of about fifteen,” she told me. “Costume designing has always been (and still is) the one thing I really minded about. Yes, enough to get thoroughly heated over on occasions!”

Julia has served her apprenticeship—first as a student at the Central School of Art, then under such top-flight designers as



—at work on a sketch in her Chelsea flat

Beatrice Dawson, Hein Heckroth, Roger Furze and Georges Benda, whom she assisted on films like *Pandora* and *The Flying Dutchman*, *Gone To Earth*, *Under Capricorn*, *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. She has also worked as assistant designer and costume supervisor on several C. B. Cochran stage productions.

All of which is important, because a film costume designer, as well as being a walking encyclopaedia on what was worn—by men and women of all classes, down to the tiniest detail—at any given period in history, has to know about the idiosyncrasies of the Technicolor cameras and keep—within a budget, as strict as any personal dress allowance.

Julia does all her creative work at home in her small London flat, turning out a finished drawing (they're lovely enough to frame!) in anything from half an hour to an hour—“false starts apart!” Then the real work begins—choosing materials and colours, often having them specially dyed; finally, getting design, cost and material approved, first by the star, then by the Director and Producer.

Because the film is in colour—and bright tones tend to flare up and distract attention from everything else on the screen—Julia has designed most of the dresses for *The Magic Box* in soft pastel shades—a white broderie anglaise over pale lilac taffeta for Maria Schell, a heavenly blue picture frock for Margaret Johnston, which I saw in the “design” stage, and, perhaps luckiest break of all, the genuine wedding gown of the period, in parchment-coloured poul and lace, she found for Maria Schell, which fitted exactly.

Prices are Julia's current nightmare—“anything from £40 to £100 for a period costume,” she says despairingly. And when a wonderful new model does arrive at the studio, it promptly gets a drastic treatment to take off the “newness” and make it look “lived in.” “We use Fuller's Earth, hot steam, even sandpaper.”

For herself, Julia chooses full skirts with

tight waists, preferably in one of the muted grey or brown shades, but she loves clear citron yellow and warm dark reds. She designs—and makes—her own evening and cocktail dresses, when she has time.

HAVING studied the history of costume practically from the days of skins and woad to the present, she plumps for the eighteenth century as the period in history when fashion was “at its prettiest, most gloriously extravagant, utterly unpractical and wonderfully graceful!” Then with a little sigh and an anxious glance at the clock, she adds, “In those spacious days a woman spent the whole morning dressing. No wonder she got results! And how wonderful the men looked in the eighteenth century too!”

There is the light of battle in Julia's eye now—I begin to understand what she meant when she said costume was the one subject about which she could get really heated!

“What do you see when you go into a restaurant?” she demands. “Nothing but rows and rows of men in clerical grey, unrelieved except by white collars and public school ties. All looking just as if they were wearing uniform. Let us have more colourful, embroidered waistcoats and velvet dinner-jackets. And why shouldn't men wear evening tail-coats in bottle green, navy or even dark red, instead of the eternal black?”

When you see *The Magic Box*, in which even the smallest supporting characters are played by world-famous stars, you will share my feeling, I think, that the “father” of the modern cinema would have liked to know that the film of his life gave a bright girl of twenty-four her first big chance. Hats off to Julia—and to Director John Boulting and Producer Ronald Neame for having the courage to put so much faith in even so talented a newcomer!

Next month: Special interview with Tennis girl SUSAN PARTRIDGE



The designer has just finished a charming 19th-century ensemble for “The Magic Box”

SHADOW

by JOHN LASTINGHAM

THE STORY: It was a swerving lorry on a wet night that brought MARION TARRANT into the life of DR. HUGH FORBES. Later he was to remember the moment when he first saw the dark curly head on the white stretcher pillow as they brought her into his hospital, and the curiosity he felt even then about the sadness on her young, gentle face. After the operation on her leg, Hugh lent Marion a poetry book in place of her own, damaged in the accident, and once again his interest was stirred by this girl who shared his deep love of poetry. Marion's stay in hospital lasted several months and to Hugh the day by day companionship came to mean everything. But though Marion appeared to like him she refused to tell him anything about herself; her life—as well as the unhappiness which seemed to go with it—remained a mystery. He only discovered that her father was dead, and that she had a friend, Miss Brownlow, her only visitor.

When the time came for Marion to leave, Hugh realized that he could not bear to lose her. He persuaded her to go out with him one Saturday and took her into the country in his car. There he told her he loved her and for a moment secrets were forgotten in the wonder of their first kiss. Jubilantly, Hugh demanded the right to know all about her; he loved her and wanted to help her. But Marion was silent, her eyes closed. "Miss Brownlow," Hugh insisted, "who is she?" Then Marion opened her eyes and there was a strange pain in them. "Since you ask," she said evenly, "she is a probation officer. I am on probation for stealing." NOW READ ON.

HUGH did not move at all after those paralysing words. They sounded absurd, all the more so because he was still conscious of having kissed her and because they were here, in his little car up on the moors, he still holding her hands.

But as if that, at any rate, were not to be expected, Marion slid hers away, saying at the same time: "It's true."

The worst part was that he knew it. The proof was in the stricken eyes into which he was so incredulously staring. He swung himself straight again in the driving seat saying, more as a necessary gesture than anything else: "I don't believe it."

Neither of them spoke: both knew radical damage had been done. Staring out over the snub bonnet of Rosalie, as he called his car, Hugh found himself thinking of the operations he had watched. There was always an impressive moment, after the first incision, before blood appeared. Then inexorably it began, and as it did so, the clamps and the swabs advanced, stemming it.

It was like that now. Her words had cut into what had been his totally intact, unquestioning confidence in her. And doubts were beginning to creep from the wound.

What, after all, did he know of this Marion Tarrant?

He said miserably, "Let's have some of this tea I brought."

But of course it was no good trying to push it aside like that. The glory had gone from the afternoon and they both knew it. Marion poured out the tea from the vacuum flask and then, quietly, dispassionately, her eyes fixed on some distant object, began to tell Hugh some of the things he had been so eager to hear.

She spoke of a job in a city office, a younger sister, and finally of her father. And as she spoke of him, Hugh saw that her face, hard set till now, had relaxed; she was lost in a past more pleasant than the present.

"We used to come up here together sometimes," she said. "We'd walk miles and miles and when I grew tired he would tell me a story. He was Irish and could make a story out of anything. That's why he was always at his best up here, out of town. But down there," she nodded to the far distant smoke, "he was a schoolmaster in a soot-coated brick school, a huge place where he was a lost soul. He stayed there with my mother till she died. She was an English children's nurse—as gay and irresponsible as himself. They were so happy together, the rest of the world was hardly important. But happiness like that can't last . . ."

She stopped abruptly and the shadow came down upon her again. In a tight, cold little voice, as though afraid of having revealed too much, she said, "I must not be back late today."

So he drove her down into the dale, leaving those high places where the tufted curlews peeped, and from there to the main road, and along this till they were where everything was uglier, fundamentally different. All the time he could only marvel that this was the day he had said he loved her, had kissed her and felt her respond too; and that it was ending bleakly, thus.

They were in an inner suburb of the city itself when Rosalie's engine began to give trouble. Hugh had to push her to the kerb while some of the last trams in the United Kingdom sullenly clanged bells of protest. Marion stayed in the car while Hugh went into a garage next to a milk bar. He explained when he came back with a mechanic.

"Rosalie has a stuck valve; so, if they do sell milk in that milk bar, let's have some while we wait."

He helped her from the low-slung little sports car. She had to take his arm, limping with her stick across the thronged pavement. From where they sat, on high, chromium green-seated stools at the milk-bar counter, they could watch the man working on Rosalie down by the kerb.

Hugh said, when they were served with long glasses with straws sticking out:

"I suppose I shall have to get rid of that machine when I start to practise. It would never do."

He couldn't help speaking lightly, because

he had lifted Marion on to the milk-bar's high stool, and the thrill of the contact still tingled. It seemed also to do so with her, because she was much gayer and a little flushed as she asked: "And where does the doctor intend to practise?"

"In the country. I don't care whereabouts but it's got to be country, not this sort of thing." He nodded to the packed traffic on the road.

"I don't blame you. I—"

The sentence had begun normally. But it was so suddenly cut off as to be startling. Hugh had to turn on his stool to see what Marion was staring at.

Coming in from the pavement was a group of young people, three girls, two youths. They made a great deal of noise and they left the glass door open. Hugh, who was sitting by it, pushed it to with his foot. That was the movement which made him notice Marion's face. She had gone absolutely pale, her lips still closed upon the straw she had been drinking through; wide, frightened eyes stared past him at the door.

Last through the door and first to turn at the sound of its being kicked to, was a man or youth, more likely, Hugh felt, something between the two—who created a powerful impression of being something yellow. He wore a yellow overcoat; belted though the belt hung down; padded-shouldered. Shirt and shoes—these with thick crepe rubber soles—were yellow. Red horses galloped over the flashing yellow silk tie. Even his skin was yellow; but his hair was black, copious, much combed. He looked formidable, rather terrible.

He had seen Marion. He grinned. "Coh! Look who's here? Well, well, well! How's it coming along, kid?"

He used the silly meaningless phrase largely, like a king.

She answered miserably, "Hello, Mick."

Mick looked Hugh over with bold, hard eyes, seeming about to say something, then warily to think better of it. Instead he gave a little derisive whistle before slouching over to his group. When Mick muttered something to the girls, they giggled.

"Friends of yours?" Hugh knew as he said it that it would have been better left. For Marion flushed painfully, not looking up or answering.

THE glass door opened again, letting in street-clamour. It was the man from the garage who stuck his head in. "This car of yours. I can't fix her here. Gimme a hand to shove her along to the shop?"

Hugh slid off his stool. "Wait," he said to her, "I'll be back in a jiff."

He was sure he said "wait." Going over and over the incident later, walking the wards, lying awake at night, he was certain of it. Yet when he returned within five minutes from the garage, Marion Tarrant had gone. The stool was empty, the drink with

**A man in love demands a woman's whole self . . .
what is the mystery of Marion's past—and present?**

the straw in it unfinished. It was as severe a shock as any he could remember. Looking wildly round the cheap, unpleasing place he saw immediately how the youth Mick and his group were watching his reflection in the mirror behind the counter. When the attendant there came along Hugh asked him: "My girl—the girl who was with me—where's she gone?"

"Girl?"
"I said so. Where is she?"
Angrily, he was conscious of making a fool of himself.

"Er? Don't ask me, mister. Wait a minute, though. Got in a tram, I think. Saw her, now you mention it."

"Right! Where do they go, these trams?"
"Now you're asking. Everywhere, anywhere you like, I reckon—"

It was only too true. From the door of that desolate place, staring helplessly upon the Saturday traffic, Hugh realized it was hopeless to follow. Everywhere, anywhere you like—that was where she was gone. The

great, roaring city had swallowed her in a single bite.

As he closed the door after him he heard something which had, as things turned out, lasting effects. It was a shriek of laughter. He squared his shoulders obstinately, coming, at that same instant to an unconquerable resolution. Somehow, sometime, he would find Marion Tarrant again.

"My girl," he muttered to himself, walking off to get his car.

It was sometime in the middle of that same unhappy night that he thought of Miss Brownlow, Probation Officer.

SHE took a deal of finding. There was quite a number of Probation Officers, it seemed, and none could be found without working a way down through a filter of authorities.

But, at last, in a modest office down a long corridor, he came upon her.

"Doctor Forbes?"
She was holding his card between her

fingers. A cool, sensible kind of woman, he noted. He sat down opposite her.

"I've come on a rather strange errand, I'm afraid."

"I'm used to that."

He could well believe it.

"The fact is, I'm, well, looking for a girl."

She closed, then opened, her eyes as if that also could not surprise her.

"You may remember," he said, "that you and I have met before. There was a patient we had in the hospital—"

"Tarrant," she said suddenly, and then closed up again.

"Yes. Marion Tarrant. I want to know where she is."

The Probation Officer looked at him steadily over her desk. Careful, he thought. This one won't rush any fences. Then she swung in her chair to a metal filing cabinet at her side. From this she took out a bulky file. He was left in the air awhile as she studied it. At last she looked up.

Please turn to next page

ILLUSTRATED by
FRANCES MORTIMER



Only a second earlier they had been chatting, but now Marion was staring towards the door—pale, with wide, frightened eyes

PLACE YOUR JEWEL

SHADOW

continued from previous page

"Appears to be doing well, and has reported regularly since she left hospital."

"But I want to know where she is. You know, don't you?"

"Of course. But that doesn't necessarily mean I have to pass on the information. Why do you wish to find out?"

So there it was. They were at the very heart of the matter so soon. He recognized he was in the presence of an expert who lived at the heart of matters. Only the truth, unadorned, was any use to her at all. And so he told it straight off, looking out sideways at the street beneath the window.

"Because I'm in love with her!"

When he faced her again she was fingering the file.

"I see," she said, "I see. I have two questions to ask you, Doctor, in that case. The first is: do you know anything about this girl? The second is: do you know anything about people like me—Probation Officers?"

"Very little, and nothing. Respectively."

"Then let me take the second one first. We do a good many things. Among our jobs is that of keeping an eye on, and giving a hand to, people who have been in trouble with the police, usually for the first time. That was how I met Tarrant. As to her, I ought to tell you she was placed on probation for eighteen months for theft."

"She told me."

Unmoved, Miss Brownlow read from her file.

"Two dozen pairs of silk stockings, being the property of Thérèse Terragoni."

"And she is—?"

"A well-known high-grade modiste. Place is in the city centre. It's considered a good thing to get in there. I may say Marion did well until—" she tapped the documents, "this."

"And you've no doubt about it? I mean, people aren't always guilty who..."

"She pleaded guilty," said Miss Brownlow.

There was quite a long silence. It seemed to Hugh in that pause that he could see Marion's face; gentle, obscurely sad, as it used to appear against the whiteness of her hospital pillow. Also, he thought of her book of verses, her love of walking and of all good things. And lastly, he remembered her lips, those soft, warm lips he had kissed. He said: "Miss Brownlow; you must see all sorts of folks in your job; the good, the bad, the indifferent. I want you to tell me—frankly, because I can take it—where would you place Marion?"

She put the file away before answering, and that impressed, because she was obviously thinking.

"Among the very best."

"Then why—?"

"I know," she said quickly. "But crime and punishment aren't as simple as all that, especially today. Right is right and wrong is wrong, always. But sometimes people get mixed up with the wrong who'd never be on that side of the fence at all but for some heartbreak, maybe, or want, or frustration. Generally speaking, it's best to look at the home background for an explanation—if there is one." She sighed. "I see such a lot of it. However—" Here she brightened into the bright, chirpy creature he had seen her as in hospital, "this is degenerating into a lecture. So what more can I do for you today, Doctor?"

"You can tell me where she is now."

"I've told you some of what is past. I don't know I've any right to tell you of what's present."

"But I'm frantic to find her!"

"Maybe. But what do I know about your motives? You're a man. I'm trying to look after a girl. Add that up. Besides, how do I know you'll be good for her?"

"You don't. I don't. All I know is she'll

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Unusual position gives it added value



BECAUSE you own a chain belt it needn't always take in your waist... because you have a couple of dazzling hatpins why use them only for skewering on your hat? We have other ideas for wearing costume jewellery, five are photographed here and more suggestions are made below:

- (1) Second-hand shops often yield charming trifles to wear as jewellery—this long slender dagger dangling on a chain is an old Victorian paper-knife. * (2) Use a gilt chain to flip up your collar, anchor your scarf-stole down with this amusing belt. * (3) A gilt chain with a swinging medallion makes a fine belt we know, but it's a wonderful finish to the neck of a plain dress too. * (4) Lost an earring? Then make the odd fellow the centre of attraction on a tiny pill-box hat and match it with two twinkling hatpins on your rever. * (5) Hand out pearl beads and golden sequins to plain black gloves to make them party ones—here they light up the cuffs and make a pretty cluster inside of each thumb

Other pretty pieces to look out for in second-hand shops—a tiny filigree scent bottle on a chain to pin on a lapel; a small change-purse to hang from a belt; two crested silver livery buttons to turn into ear-clips; heart charms in semi-precious stones to sling on a bracelet; old jet flowers to use for buckles on black satin shoes.

New places to wear modern cluster brooches of coloured stones: under the brim of your hat; on your cuff; on a plain envelope bag; on the point of your left shoulder; pinned to the top of your slip under a sheer evening blouse.





WIVES who are PARTNERS

ARNOLD WAREING makes some observations with which you may — or may not — agree!

ONE evening recently I called on a young married couple. The husband, after a busy day in his publishing firm, was doing the ironing, folding the linen neatly and stacking it in a pile. The wife was clearing away the dinner things, after which she sat in the lounge, adding the finishing touches to a life-size clay model of their small son's head which she had sculpted in her spare time.

During the day she had been occupied with the home, shopping, cooking, and her boy, like any other housewife. Now the husband was lending a hand with the ironing so that she could be free to work at her artistic hobby.

It seemed to me typical of the fine fifty-fifty comradeship in so many happy young marriages today. Besides following her art hobby, which afforded her self-expression and gave her a feeling of independence, she would discuss with him all his literary and business problems, give him advice, and make valuable suggestions. And she ran for him a charming, harmonious home, the best kind of family background any man could wish.

Another of my friends is an insurance agent who began collecting rare books and first editions with a few spare pounds some years ago, and now has a library worth a few thousands. He devotes all his spare time to his hobby, scanning and filing dealers' catalogues, issuing his own, buying and selling, patching up the bindings of worn copies. The work involves a

considerable amount of correspondence, so in the evenings, or over weekends, the young wife, who was a secretary before her marriage, quits housework to type his letters and book lists for him.

She runs the home without help, looks after two exacting young children, but is glad to feel that she can be of help to her husband in his profitable spare-time business, too.

Sometimes, perhaps, he is conscious of making demands on her additional to the work of the home. Sometimes, maybe, she is conscious of it, too! But he says with a grin: "I notice quite a lot of other couples drift apart, while we stick together!" There is a comradeship between them which this extra mutual work helps to strengthen.

I have often noticed that a marriage is happier where the wife can help the husband apart from just running the home. And it may be that many wives get discontented because they feel they are shut off from the husband's dominating interests. Some jobs, by their very nature, are difficult to share with another person. Often the husband wants to forget about them in the home; it irritates him to talk about them over the family table or fireside. But it is natural for a wife to feel honoured by being consulted, and to know that her opinion is valued, even though it may not be expert.

One of the happiest marriages I ever knew was that of F. E. Green, author of many books which reflect his broad and realistic knowledge of the country life he himself enjoyed.



His wife Constance ran perfectly their very attractive cottage home at Newdigate, Surrey, while he worked on the smallholding in the mornings. Most afternoons she would type literary work to his dictation, and in the evening, while he was revising the script, go to the piano and play Beethoven. A little, spirited woman, somehow brimful of intelligent ideas, she found ample time for reading — especially the novels of Meredith, whose heroines she greatly admired.

Paradoxically, I have noticed that women who share their husband's interests always seem to pack everything into their day without trouble, while many who are immersed only in the home "never have a minute to spare." Having other interests appears to pep-up a wife and keep her mentally alert, so that she gets through her chores briskly, in minimum time.

I know a baker's wife with a home and children to look after who also serves in the shop most days while her husband is working in the bakehouse. She has the happiest, friendliest smile, is constantly cheerful and obliging, and will take any amount of trouble to please her customers. Yet you would expect her to look harassed and run off her feet, with two big jobs to do instead of one.

I KNOW, too, a farmer's wife whose husband is also a business man, an inventor, breeder of prize Alsations, and judge at dog shows. She not only runs the farmhouse, with the occasional help of a "daily"; she helps with the poultry, kennels and garden, attends to the business correspondence, discusses his business affairs with him, and is generally "on the go" from morning to night. Ask her, and she will tell you that not for anything would she prefer any other kind of life.

Then there is the wife of an artist friend who goes to his studio and talks over his work with him. "Do you paint, too?" I once asked her. "Oh no," she laughed. "All I can do is be a wife and look after him!" She has accordingly made a fine art of shopping, a science of cooking, always trying unusual dishes and sauces and procuring tasty off-ration things I had never heard of. She takes her kitchen so seriously, it might almost be a laboratory; and she is a perfect companion for his leisure hours, sharing his intellectual pursuits and ideas. Whenever I'm invited to dinner I know I'm going to get something I've tasted nowhere else.

It is strange that when girls began going in for business and professional careers the pessimists said it would be the ruin of them as homemakers and mothers. The reverse has turned out to be the case. The wider interests of business help to make them intelligent partners in marriage, able to share *all* the husband's life, not just the domestic side of it.



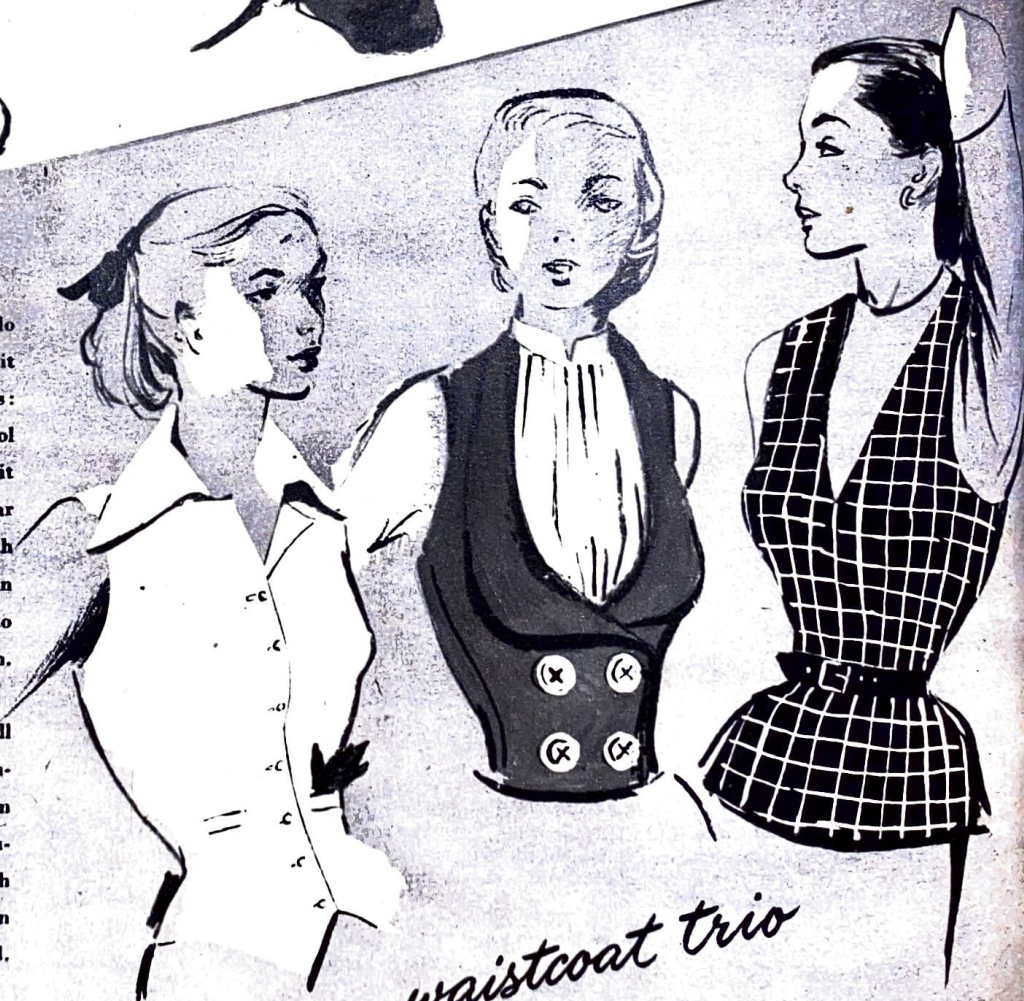
IDEAS - *in triplicate*

3 ways of wearing a scarf



THE plainest scarf can make much-ado about your neck if you wear it imaginatively. Here are three suggestions: roll a chiffon scarf, slip it under a cool white collar, hang a brooch from it pendant-wise: wear your jacket collar flipped up and put it in its new place with a reversible striped and plain scarf tied in a pussy-cat bow: add a flowery garnish to a high-tied scarf in lush pastel satin.

A TRILOGY of gay waistcoats will make out blouses and skirts in a wonderful way. These three are styled on fresh new lines: cool white one in immaculate sharkskin: scoop-fronted one with outsize buttons to make in scarlet melton cloth: sleeveless jerkin in lively wool plaid.



waistcoat trio

Memo from JILL SYMON: Please note, copy and transfer to your spring wardrobe!



3 dressings for growing hair

TIE up somebody's heart with new hairbows made of velvet ribbon in soft midnight blue, which is newer than black. Over and under is the line the ribbon takes in our first two sketches. The girl right beside this column has made herself a little make-believe chignon of navy veiling dotted with chenille and finished with a provocative blue velvet bow looped up right in the middle of it.

IDEAS to have late in the day are suggested below: a pretty dressing for a strapless top, single, slanted ribbon lit with three jewelled buttons: hollow-back to take a simple day frock out at night: gauzy collar in white organza for a plain boned bodice. All yours to copy.



3 new evening necklines

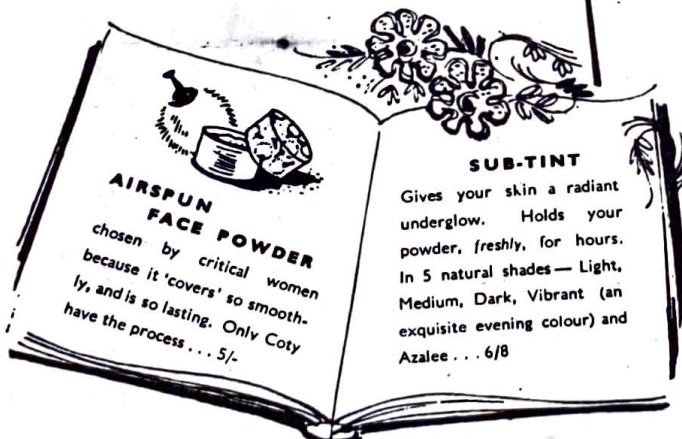
✱ Because it's the smartest of handbag Jewellery—a man would choose it for you. Because the lipstick colours are Jewel-bright—you will choose it for yourself . . .



and because it is creamier, firmer, smoother, clearer, than any other lipstick you can buy. Have you used the clever Coty 'quick-change' refill yet? Your fingers do not touch the lipstick. You can change it in a second. Lipstick 7/5. Refill 3/11.



CREAMY LIPSTICK

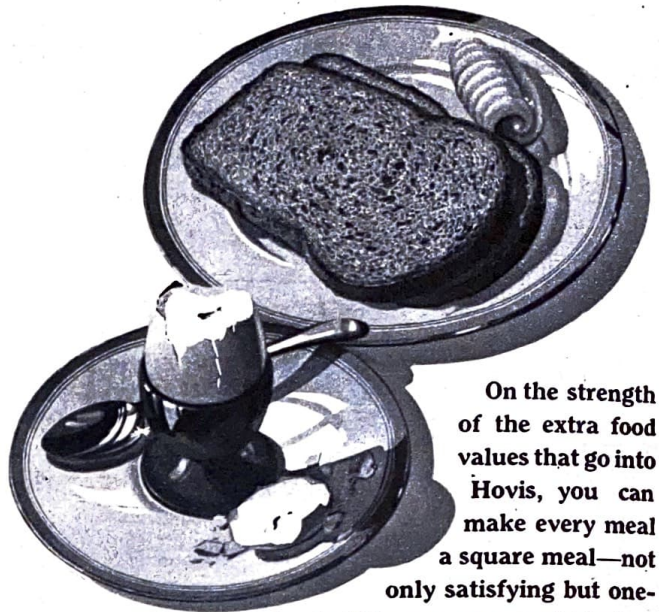


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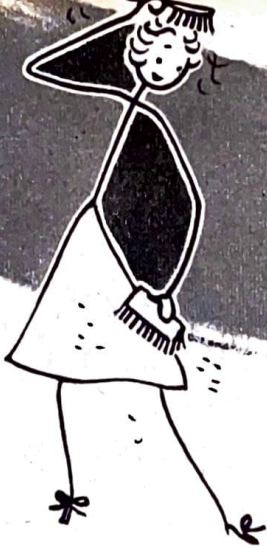


. . . and then

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A LITTLE

Brushwork

JILL SYMON'S
DRESS
and
BEAUTY
SECTION

... and bouquets for beautiful
grooming will come your way this spring

NOTHING LIKE A COLLECTION of immaculate brushes for putting a lustre on your hair and skin and making your clothes look as though you never stopped caring about them.

Let's take the battery of brushes needed first to put a polish on your looks. There's your hairbrush, or better still, one in each hand. Firm bristled, frequently laundered, these two should brush every speck of dust out of your hair at night, brush life and glory into it each morning. Ten minutes per session does the job.

Next there's your toothbrush, with a mission in life to scrub and polish your teeth clean and white and whisk out those tiny food flecks that so readily set up decay. Dentists recommend that a *dry* brush be used, so have two brushes on a rota system that allows time to dry them off. Remember, root to tip is the way you should brush, backs and fronts alike. Scrubbing teeth east to west doesn't get between them, or clean them so effectively.

The next brush is named for nails, but nailbrushes, besides keeping

nail rims spotless, scrub hands soft and white as well. Secret is to take minutes to work a really rich lather of soap right into the skin. Pick a nailbrush with reasonably soft bristles and after the scrub-session is over, rinse it carefully and *don't* leave it lying about on the wet, soapy spot beside the hot tap! Brushes, all kinds that do wet work, need to be kept high and dry when not in use. That's why it's sense to make a little net bag for your tooth and nail brushes, peg it up on the wall where the air can circulate and dry off the bristles.

Now we come to that stout-heart, the long-handled bathbrush, the flat, round, go-everywhere brush that keeps skin smooth, fresh and sweet all over, does a wonderful job of stepping up the circulation, sloughing off hard skin on arms, legs and feet, smoothing rough knees and elbows, and discouraging unpleasant little skin blemishes anywhere. A must for every bathroom, this brush should live beside the tub and should be hung so that the water drains easily from the bristles to keep them hard and prevent the wood from rotting.



COSMETIC BRUSHES come next on parade and the first of these is the powder brush with bristles as downy and soft as the hairbrush that a baby owns. The powder brush saves you from the floury look, for after you've pressed powder liberally on to brow, face and throat with clean pads of cotton wool along comes the skin brush to dust off the surplus and prevent powder from collecting in drifts beside your nose, in the cleft of your chin or caking your hairline. Besides this, a powder brush gives an all-over smoothness to your make-up, makes it look as bloomy and natural as a peach.



HERE WE COME to the hard-working rank and file of brushes that keep clothes well swept and put a polish on shoes, belts and bags. Costume jewellery, too, needs a brush to keep it sparkling.

A fairly stiff clothes brush with a long-stemmed handle gets a good grip on heavy clothes, suits, coats and dark dresses which need to be brushed two, even three times a day to be kept free of the dust and dirt that city-life brings. Where possible, brush with the grain of the cloth and remember to do outer garments *inside* as well as out. Dirt collects—and surprisingly—under collars, at the bottom of pockets and in all seams. If you own dogs or cats your clothes are bound to collect animal hairs. Smoothing over the fabric first with damp hands collects the hairs together so that they can be brushed

A lipbrush to outline clearly and precisely the shape of your mouth, a fine camel-hair brush for colour-coating lashes with mascara, a clean, dry brush like a tiny toothbrush for sweeping powder from your lashes and brushing out your eyebrows, a soft toothbrush for chasing make-up away from your hairline—here is your complement of brushes for beauty. Each should be cleaned with a tissue after use and stored in a dry place where dust can't collect. And when you wash your hairbrushes in warm soapy water (*at least* once a week!) please do the same for your powder brush.

out quicker. *Comb* the hairs out from your brush afterwards, otherwise they'll be brushed back on your clothes again next time.

-A soft hat whisk used each day will see felt hats are never dusty-looking, never have scatterings of powder, stray hairs, on the brim.

Shoes need generous supplies of brushes, two for every coloured leather kind. The first, a very soft one, brushes shoe dressing on, the firm-bristled second one, with the help of a warm duster, puts that polish on the shoes that gives them shining good looks all day.

Suede shoes need a daily once-over with a gentle little brush with rubber bristles and occasionally they can be given a scrub with a soapy brush and rinsed with plain, cold water. Fabric shoes—gabardine, linen, etc.—also qualify for a soap and water scrub.

Jill Symon

answers
Beauty Questions

Acne

Q My skin has always been rather spotty and inclined to blackheads, and now the trouble seems to be spreading to my back. I shan't dare appear in a swim-suit this year.

A Your trouble sounds like acne and needs a more detailed treatment than I have room for here—I will send you my special chart on the subject so that you can really get down to the root of the matter. Meanwhile, as it has worried you for some time, it may be as well to consult your doctor. And you should cut out starches and sweet things from your diet; avoid constipation, and at night coat the "affected parts" with medicated cream.

Heels and Toes

Q My feet are the very awkward sort that never fit my shoes, with the result that lots of hard skin has collected on my heels and toes where the shoes rub most.

A Soak your feet for fifteen minutes, every night, in warm, soapy water. Then rinse, dry and rub away with pumice stone as much of the callouses as you can before the skin hardens, afterwards working in a generous supply of stainless iodine ointment.

Nose Out of Joint

Q I am sure I got my nose by mistake—it must have been intended for a much bigger face than mine. How can I possibly make it smaller?

A I did so enjoy reading your letter, for although your features may not balance, you certainly seem to have a delightful sense of humour!

Nothing can actually alter the shape of your nose, except an elaborate and expensive operation; but you can make this bad point less noticeable by powdering with a darker shade than you use for the rest of your face, and dressing your hair halo fashion. And the new hats with wide brims, or the beret-type that sit well forward, will also help to put your nose in the shade.

Colour Change

Q You may think this trivial, but I just can't make up my mind what colours to wear this summer. You see, I am one of those ginger-headed people who has always stuck to greens and browns; but now I am so heartily sick of them.

A Take courage and break out of the rut completely—it will make you feel as well as look so much better. Yellow, the season's top colour should look positively fascinating if you wear it with black. Ice, light and royal blues are some more lovely settings for rusty hair.

I am always glad to help with any beauty or fashion problems you may have. When you write address your letter to me, JILL SYMON, Good Taste, 30 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and please remember to enclose a stamped addressed envelope

EVADNE knew that she was crazy to buy the dress; but she had to do it. For a fortnight she had seen it in the window over which the magnificent name *Hermione, modes* was sprawled in pseudo gold. It was the kind of dance-dress that only London girls wore; the kind that insured dates, and boy friends, and fun—and what was more *Hermione, modes* must have known it. Pale green taffeta with pipings of darker green. A dress to make a girl with dark eyes look like a wood nymph.

Evadne couldn't afford the dress, but she kept sneaking back to *Hermione, modes* to have a peep at it. The pay envelope at the office left little margin, but she had got a bit put by. "Investment in happiness" her mother had called it, encouraging her to put Christmas and birthday money into one of those dull little savings books. Evadne felt that this was the day for a dividend on her insurance.

In the lunch hour she tried the dress on. She penetrated the elephant's-breath-grey interior of *Hermione, modes*, and fell into the capable hands of Miss Watkins. Miss Watkins was helpful.

"It's such a joy to sell somebody the right dress," said Miss Watkins, used to the muttons-dressed-as-lambs, or the lambs-dressed-as-muttons. She never knew which was worse!

"I really oughtn't to buy it."

"A good frock insures a happy future," said the wily Miss Watkins, who hadn't been a saleswoman for twenty-five years for nothing.

Evadne confided in Miss Watkins. She and her mother had come to live in London from the north. Evadne wasn't burnished, for the north is behind the south in sparkle; but the south she felt was a long way behind the north when it came to hearts. ("I come from Ilkley," confided the calculating Miss Watkins, who had actually been born in Balham.)

Evadne's office work was efficient; she was quick and accurate; she could spell and knew what you did with semi-colons; she didn't juggle with commas and overwork exclamation marks. But although the other girls might envy her efficiency, how she envied them their froth and fun. Lorna Dean, the secretary, who skimmed from one proposal to the next; Betty Parsons, who could have been married a dozen times already; Pamela Deacon, who ticked off dates on the calendar and even then they overlapped.

Evadne had met Dale on the bus going home one wet night. He was tall, sunburnt and good-looking, but it wasn't any of those things that held her. It was just that he was Dale. Until that moment she hadn't thought superficial things so important. Then for the first time she found that her navy blue frock was dreary; it had no imagination. She began to chafe against her old bedrock motto "good-but-plain", she looked farther afield. Her one evening dress of pink lace—"Pink is always such a wise choice," said poor misguided mother—gave Evadne a pain in the neck.

She went out with Dale and they were the best of friends, but the affair showed every sign of sticking there. She knew that she was falling in love, and she had a very nasty presentiment that he wasn't. She went on blindly from day to day, frightened but hopeful. Clutching at silly straws, then having to let them go again. If she'd been clever like the other girls she'd have worked it, but although she had the sterling qualities she hadn't got the finesse.

"The dress would work a miracle," said the artful Miss Watkins who wanted her commission badly, "and look what this would do to you." She lifted Evadne's thick hair in her hands, tipped it forward in an Alexandra fringe and knotted the rest back on the nape of her neck. "Tie a black velvet ribbon round your throat with a locket,"

Dance

by ROBERTA

ILLUSTRATED BY

she suggested.

"I wouldn't dare, I look quite different."

"I'm sure he'd like you that way."

"But I wouldn't feel quite myself."

"Perhaps he knows you too well as yourself; this would do him good. The jolt, you know." Miss Watkins had experience!

Evadne bought the dress, paying for it with the money she had collected at the Post Office from the nonchalant young woman with the latest hair-dressing. She concealed the dress box in the cloakroom at the office; she didn't want any questions.

It was a wet afternoon and the office wasn't overworking itself. They were discussing dates: Lorna had a new boy friend; Betty was leaving early because she had a theatre date; Pam had a dance booked. Each was preoccupied with her own little world and had no time to bother about Evadne, who finished last and went home with a guilty air and the box under her arm.

"Hullo, pet, what have you there?" asked Mother.

She showed it with gusto. Mother had been knitting warm woollen underwear which she had to wear for her rheumatism. Somehow Evadne resented it. In a world with thoughts beyond winter overcoats, the thought of all-the-year-round woollen underwear was disturbing. She lifted out the dress and it caught the light as it rippled through her hands.

"Oh, it's pretty," said Mother, but not encouragingly. In Evadne rose the blind protective instinct of someone whose child has been patronized.

"I shall do my hair differently, and wear black velvet round my throat."

"But I like the way you do your hair, darling, all loose and shiny. It would be a shame to alter it." Mother was also feeling protective about her child.

"It's the dance at the Guild tonight. I want to look different."

"But do you think Dale will like you looking different?"

She didn't say "So far he hasn't liked me sufficiently to ask me the one important question, and if this state of things goes on much longer he'll get used to me, and we all know what that means." She just picked up the box and went upstairs to change. Mother was a darling, but she hadn't gone on with the times. You couldn't expect it.

She had a luxury bath scented with gardenias. Then she gave herself a manicure. She put on the new undies that Mother had made her and finally, the frock. The new hair style was easier than she had expected. She let down little curls on her forehead and twisted the back into a doughnut on her neck. She fastened the black velvet ribbon

★ It's a wise girl who learns how to save but a

Dress

IRWIN

KATE HALL

round her neck, with the old locket, and she looked like a magazine cover girl. She knew it. She could feel it all over her.

It was a difficult moment introducing her new appearance to Mother, for mothers are funny that way. "Well?" she said.

Mother looked rather frightened. "That isn't like you, pet."

"It doesn't feel much like me, yet." She went to the door with elaborate over-carelessness. "Don't wait up for me, Mummy." But of course Mother would wait up for her with hot milk, as is the way of all mothers, bless them! There was a little catch in her heart.

She got into a taxi and felt like Cinderella wearing her fairy godmother frock and driving off in a coach. She had got to be calm and sophisticated and ignore the fact that her heart was banging like a small girl's at a first party. She paid the man and went into the foyer of the dance hall. The band was playing *Bewitched*, and suddenly Evadne had the longing to be back at home. She was a stranger to herself and this was going to be a tricky moment.

She saw Dale glancing at an evening paper and smoking and she quickly went over to him.

"Hello, Dale."

He turned to look at her. "Good gracious! I didn't know you."

"Sorry. Don't you like it?"

"It isn't you." He couldn't hide what he felt: men can't. He was gauche. He liked what he was used to. "Come and leave your things," he said.

SHE felt a stab of disappointment as she went into the cloakroom to hand over her coat.

The woman was tired and oldish, her dancing days done. The evening was just a liveliness to her. She glanced approvingly at Evadne. "My, but you look lovely, miss," she said.

That was encouraging. Confidence stirred again as she glanced at her reflection. She might be a stranger but she was lovely all the same. She went out into the dance hall feeling better, but still nervous. She prinked her doughnut, touched the locket and knew that Dale was watching her behind that mysterious smile of his.

"Let's dance," he said.

Dancing, she believed they could feel in love with one another again. It was so much easier when you were doing something. They went across the floor and she—recovering—tried a bantering attitude. "Sorry you don't like my new frock."

"Oh, the frock's all right. What have you done to your hair?"



"My, you do look lovely, miss," approved the woman in the "cloaks"

"I was sick of looking like a gorse bush." "I liked it that way, it was fluffy and natural. You never looked like a gorse bush to me."

She choked down the little feeling of disappointment in her heart for his tone was regretful. Because she felt that way she stumbled. "Sorry," she said instinctively.

"What's the matter?"

"I slipped," she lied.

It was then that she saw Pam swirling by in the arms of her latest boy friend. She hadn't thought that Pam would be here tonight in that old brown lace frock of hers, and she was conscious that her new dress had that beaten to a frazzle. Pam caught her eye, turned her head in amazement and stared after her. When they came alongside at the next corner, she leaned towards Evadne over her partner's arm. She said, "What a marvellous get-up. Where did you get it?"

"Hermione, modes—" began Evadne.

"I've been ticking her off for it," said Dale.

"Don't let him tick you off. You look like Hedy Lamarr." And Pam's partner was surveying her with appreciative eyes. He was tall, good-looking and flighty. Evidently—most evidently—he also approved the green frock and the hair style. Next time they passed he put an appreciative finger on the doughnut, already a trifle precarious.

"Please don't," said Evadne; the doughnut felt unsteady. She wasn't used to the foibles of hairpins and had to keep feeling that everything was as it should be. "It's a bit dangerous," she explained to Dale. They had finished dancing and were sitting like a couple of wallflowers against the wall. Dale had lit another cigarette. He seemed off-hand, as though he was ensconced behind a blank wall and she couldn't touch him. It was dreadful, this aloofness. "You're smoking too much," she said.

"One has to find something to do."

"That isn't very complimentary to me."

"Sorry." He was still disappointed in her. She shot a quick glance at him, and away again, equally quickly. She wondered if she dared confess that, after all, she didn't feel entirely happy in the new frock. She dismissed the idea. Desperately she started again.

"Pam liked my dress," she said.

"I know. It's a grand frock, but you aren't a grand person."

"Dale!"

"I didn't mean it that way. It's just that you aren't a dressed-up person. You're lovely and simple and yourself. That's what I like so much about you."

When she recovered she said quite humbly. "I've got to dress up sometimes, Dale. I hoped you'd like it."

He said, "Sorry," and then, as though reluctant to explain, "I suppose I'm shy of strangers."

She was shy too, but shyness didn't go with the frock; she could feel it rising like an inferiority complex and it confused her. She had nothing more to say. Then Pam came across. Pam's frock was dead ordinary against Evadne's misty green and she was full of praise for the get-up. Then suddenly, whilst she was talking, Dale looked at Pam and said, "What about a dance?"

"Lovely," she said and they went. It was like Pam, of course: in the office she had spoken of it as "body-snatching". Evadne felt the tears pricking her eyes and sat there trying to look as if she didn't mind. The dreadful part of being a wallflower is having to pretend that you don't mind. Pam's boy friend came across to her.

"Exchange is no robbery," he said brightly. "How about it?" They went off to *Mambo Jambo*.

The boy friend's name was Desmond and he was one of those embarrassing partners who dance gazing into your eyes. At this

Please turn to page 61

wiser one who knows when to spend — decided Evadne with Dale in her heart

How
well
she
looks!



Jill Symon helps many readers by post and where necessary sends one of her special leaflets dealing with the beauty trouble in question. Jill Symon's address is on page 30

The country is looking lovely now—and so we hope are you! Looks and good health go hand in hand and this article is the result of a discussion between Beauty Editor JILL SYMON and our DOCTOR ANN



for the girl sufficiently on top of the world to enjoy meeting a challenge, but it can seem a depressing struggle against overwhelming odds to the girl with a defeatist attitude, who feels too tired and "flat" to cope.

More often than not, the reason for the limp feeling is that you have been getting careless about the practical rules of health. Or it may be due to some minor physical defect which your doctor can easily put right.

First of all, consider the five fundamentals of good health—fresh air, exercise (of *mind* as well as *body*), cleanliness, a balanced diet, and sleep. Those things are essential to everyone, but that does not mean that we all have to live to the same schedule. You can adjust the five basic principles of health so that they fit into your personal way of life, and meet what you have, from experience, discovered are your personal physical needs.

A sensible allowance for most people is half an hour in the open every day, daily exercise, and sleep in a well ventilated room. Once a week, try to devote half a day to your favourite form of exercise, whether it is walking, skating, tennis, cycling or dancing. Choose something you can enjoy. Done as a duty doesn't work! Your mind needs both exercise and recreation too, so an intelligent interest in current affairs and a faithful allegiance to your favourite film star are not incompatible!

Three main meals should provide sufficient nourishment, so long as they contain some

protein (meat, fish, poultry, cheese, eggs), carbohydrate (bread, sugar, potatoes and other root vegetables), fats (butter, cheese, milk, etc.). Try to drink half a pint of milk and always to eat some vegetables, preferably raw, and fruit each day.

There is no truth in the old saying: "Fools and children need ten hours sleep, the wise man only six." But eight hours is a good general average, bearing in mind that young people need more sleep than older ones. Find out how much sleep *you* need, and then get it.

To maintain scrupulous cleanliness, a daily warm bath—or failing that an all-down wash—is important. Endeavour to have a *regular* bowel movement. In this connection, people vary from once or twice a day to once every two days, but the regularity and completeness is what matters. It may be upset by change of air or water, lack of exercise or by illness. Take an aperient—salts, oil or medicine—when necessary but never make this a habit.

Many of the beauty problems which readers write about are caused by some minor defect of health that can quite easily be remedied. These are the most common, with the cures.

Hair reflects your general condition, becoming impoverished after illness or when you are run down. A week of early nights, a tonic or extra exercise may do the trick, but watch for signs of dandruff, which is very catching and can result in falling hair. Best weapon against it is frequent washing (of brushes and combs as well as the hair itself) and brushing.

Prematurely grey hair is usually hereditary but can be caused by over-anxiety or general debility. Check up on general health, take a short holiday, if possible—and stop worrying!

Skin troubles all call for a check up on cleanliness (inside and out) and diet. Constipation can quickly produce a drab appear-



ance, dark circles under the eyes and spots. Red nose and pimples are signs of indigestion and suggest the need to cut down on starchy foods. Avoid too hot drinks and highly spiced dishes, which also tend to make the face flush. Liverishness produces that dark look around the mouth, and calls for more austerity in your meals—nothing rich! Acne, that trial of the young, is another skin trouble best treated by the simplest of diets, plus stringent cleanliness, a minimum of make-up and, if possible, sun baths.

With all skin blemishes it is essential not to spread the infection. Much safer to leave a pimple alone or cover with plaster. Use fresh cotton-wool rather than a powder puff.

Pallor, accompanied as it often is by lacklustre skin, tiredness and breathlessness, usually arises from anaemia. Most women incline to anaemia occasionally but, if it continues, your doctor can treat it.

Pouches under the eyes suggest lack of sleep and too many late nights. Extra rest should banish them. If they persist and are accompanied by pallor and hollow cheeks, your doctor is the best person to track down the root cause.

Halitosis (bad breath) can be due to bad teeth, ulcers and sores in the mouth, or poor digestion of the fats you eat. See your dentist and, if clean bill there, cut down fats in your diet, particularly bread-and-butter and cakes.

Breasts that are under-developed can often be improved by exercises. The cause of over development is usually glandular—if it is excessive, really, it is best to consult a doctor.

One breast larger than the other is, in a minor degree, a fairly frequent occurrence. If the difference is very marked and you cannot help worrying, see your doctor. Otherwise, pin your faith to a good brassière.

Puffy ankles are generally due to long hours of standing and/or varicose veins, more rarely to heart trouble. You stop varicose veins from developing if you catch them in time—rest as much as possible, with feet higher than hips. Or a doctor can treat them by injection.

Flat feet, which feel hot, perspire easily, are painful and may swell after exercise, usually begin with ill-fitting shoes, less often



with bad posture in walking or standing, occasionally from muscular strain in adolescence. Your doctor will advise corrective treatment or may suggest arch supports.

Bunions—the displacement of the big toe and enlargement of the joint—also have their origin in badly fitting shoes, often very high-heeled ones. You can avoid this trouble—or correct it in the early stages—by having your feet X-rayed for size at the shop before you buy new shoes and considering foot even before shoe smartness! Once the joints become really enlarged and inflamed, only physiotherapy or an operation will cure them.

When you are really well, you find you can cope, with a smile and that wonderful thing a sense of proportion, with whatever turns up in your life—job, friends, boy friend, husband, home and children. And that is more valuable even than beauty. It is true poise.

THE nicest things always seem to happen when you're feeling on top of the world; never on those off-days when, below par, you would give anything for the stimulus of a surprise date or unexpected present.

This is not a matter of chance but rather the basic law of cause and effect. For when you *feel* good, you also *look* good, and so naturally attract attention and interest.

There you go, walking with a light-hearted swing, head high, body erect, a sparkle in your



eyes, and a smile on your lips. There is a radiance about you that has much the same effect on people as the first sunny spring morning after winter. You walk in beauty.

Few women, however, are born beautiful. The rest manage to get by—most of them pretty successfully!—on vitality and charm, and by making the best of their good features while astutely playing down their less perfect ones. All of which is an amusing adventure



Gay washing frocks all made from Weldons Patterns

FRESH young cottons for a fine spring and summertime—all these frocks are made from Weldons Patterns. First, a dream in dotted muslin . . . floaty voile, Pattern 8293 with a skirt that billows out all round, tiny puffed-up sleeves. Narrow bands of ribbon tied in bows circle the midriff, give a high line to the gathered bodice. Pattern 45 has revers and edges of flower-petal scalloping. It's a frock that is easy to tub—buttons right through to the hem of

the wide swinging skirt. Pattern 7583 is the kind of dress to make on the spur of the moment—when suddenly it's summer! It can be put together quite happily in an evening because bodice, skirt and sleeves are all cut in one. Belted slimly, it has buttoned shoulders and big pockets posed on each hip. Tucking runs rings round the gathered skirt of a crisp cotton dress, Pattern 7773. It's in fine groups from waist to yoke on each side of the tailored bodice, too.

MORE frocks for a place in the sun . . . Pattern 125 has a pretty new bodice gathered to an inset half-moon band. It buttons up to a pin neat collar, has brief magyar sleeves for a soft shouldered look, and a skirt with generous gathers. Heart-shaped bodice . . . heart-shaped pockets to match . . . there's a romantic look about Pattern 4843, and it has a lovely skirt with gathers springing from an inset waistband. Fine for stripes, Pattern 8513 uses them vertically to make a slimming skirt, turns them the other way in panels each side of the bodice at the front. It's a clever dress for short girls, adds inches to height. Cool and casual with cap sleeves, little round neck, Pattern 7363 is a button-through dress but with a difference—here the buttons start at the shoulder, and steer a course right down the side. The skirt is gathered up at hip level to make a flattering new apron front.



Happy in the Tub



Sew it with "SYLKO" 100-yard reels.
Made by John Dewhurst and Sons,
Limited, Skipton

COOL for hot days Pattern 5593 has a low boat neck and tiny cap sleeves to show off a tan. The bodice has a heart-shaped cummerbund waistband, the skirt is cut to go with a swing. A crisp little button-through dress, Pattern 5263 can make a fresh start every day because it's so easy to launder. It has cap sleeves for coolness, a neat neck that won't droop, and it's simple as can be to make up. Designed for summer flattery Pattern 8263 has a charming little cape that parts at a

deep neckline. Beneath, the bodice is gathered to a high curving cummerbund. The skirt widens out in fine flares. Lots of gathers make a pretty thing of dress Pattern 7743, particularly in muslin or voile. Shoulders are drawn up and tied in cute bows at the sleeve, the bodice is crossed to give a flattering neckline, has a smooth midriff, and below, gathers springing out into a full whirling skirt. Backviews of these patterns are on the right. Prices and yardages are given below.

All dress patterns here are cut in bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. (Except Pattern 8293, cut in bust sizes 32, 34 and 36 inches only.) Yardage is for bust size 36.

No.	Yards	Material	Bust	Price, Home.	Overseas.
8293	takes 5	36 in. wide	...	2s.	2s.
45	4	36 in.	...	2s. 3d.	2s. 6d.
7583	3 3/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
7773	4 3/4	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
125	4 1/4	36 in.	...	2s. 3d.	2s. 6d.
4843	3 7/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
8513	3 3/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
7363	4	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
5593	3 3/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
5263	4 5/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
8263	4	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.
7743	3 7/8	36 in.	...	2s.	2s.

How to Order Weldon's Patterns

The price of each pattern by post is on the left. Please send postal order (not stamps), make it payable to Weldon's Ltd., and cross "& Co." All Weldon's Patterns and Transfers can be obtained by post from Pattern Department, GOOD TASTE, 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, where a Weldon's Pattern Service is also available to personal shoppers. South African and Rhodesian readers can obtain Weldon's Patterns from South African Woman's Weekly, P.O. Box 950, Durban, at the overseas prices.



It's new

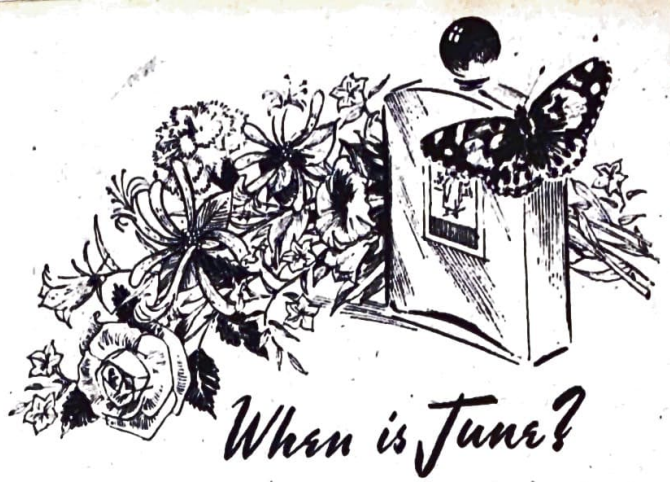
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Special Standard
Little Chip
Marmalade

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
JAMES KEILLER & SONS LTD
DUNDEE & LONDON E.C.

Keiller

The **JELLY** marmalade
all children love



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WHENEVER the crystal flask is opened, the air is filled with an orchestration of flower fragrances. From such is "June" distilled by Saville, who weaves into this innocent harmony an undertone of enchantment—adding, to the warmth of summer sunshine, the magic of the moonlight mood.

June is one of the perfumes

by
Saville

each of which has an exquisite
talcum powder perfumed to match

CVS-56

HOW LOVELY!

YES - IT'S THE NEWEST UNIT

Margaret Ann

STAINLESS STEEL KITCHEN UNIT

These new bright clean units for the modern kitchen are designed and constructed with the same care that makes the famous Elizabeth Ann models a standard by which all kitchen equipment is judged.

Price 31 guineas

See these wonderful units at your local Builders Merchants or send now for fully descriptive leaflets to the makers.

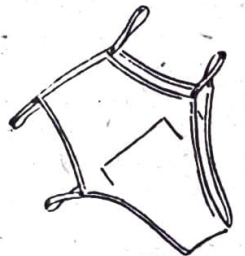
ANDREWS BROS. (BRISTOL) LTD.
OLDMIXON WESTON-SUPER-MARE

Kleinert's

GIVE YOU
THAT PROTECTED FEELING

Every day, Kleinert's protective accessories prove a blessing to young women. Protective Necessities—slimfitting sanitary knicks and the brief trespantie—give comfort and a sense of security on difficult days. In particular the new 'Phantom' Sanitary Belt with its clever simplex grip, is unbelievably comfortable to wear. 'Gem' dress shields guard clothes against perspiration ruin. Ask too for the charming shampoo capes, bath caps and rain Berets. In so many ways, every day, Kleinert's give PERFECTION IN PROTECTION.

'GEM'
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SHIELDS



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BELTS



THE FULL-CUT
PANTIE

If it's Kleinert's - it is Guaranteed

Conversation piece...

Questions about magazine jobs

MY desk is always well sprinkled with pleas from would-be writers. They range from the girl who cannot spell but thinks "magazine work would be interesting," the woman who has tried everything to bring in a little extra money and now thinks she'll write a few short stories and will I tell her how to do it, to the girl with a good education and lively mind who asks seriously, "What are the qualifications for a magazine job?"

Many readers are interested to hear something about what it means to have a job in the fascinating magazine world and the qualifications it demands—even if they *don't* want to "get inside." So I thought that a chat with our own Editor would give me some direct answers to a few of the questions I have been asked.

You can't waste the time of an Editor, that busy woman on whom the policy, contents and "make-up" of a magazine so largely depend. Callers and questions bombard her all day! But I was lucky. I spent an evening with her at home, and we had an easy-going chat over coffee. Like all nice talks, it wandered far and wide, but I made a note of some of her replies.

Now I'll pull out for you the "practical" part of our conversation. This is how it went (I'll call myself V.S. and the Editor ED. for short):

V.S. What do you consider the main qualifications an editor looks for in her staff?

ED. Editors differ and magazines differ—that's the joy of it! And of course many of the qualifications—such as alertness, common sense, enthusiasm—are needed for any "live" job. But a member of a magazine staff should also be really *interested* in people and events and be able to "catch on quickly" to other minds and, incidentally, to the Editor's! Given a natural capacity for writing and willingness to work hard, the girl with a good basic education, who can assimilate new ideas quickly (as well as have some of her own) is likely to get on. She must put reason before emotion, though she has plenty of both, and must know—well, what she doesn't know.

V.S. You mean she must have a trained mind and yet be able to take instructions?

ED. Yes, and at the same time always keep on learning. However good her own ideas, and naturally she must be intelligent and keen or she would never get on the staff, she

often crop up in Victoria Stevenson's postbag — so she has

"sounded" GOOD TASTE's

Editor for her views in an in-

formal chat which she reports

for you here

must be willing to accept a ruling without resentment—instantly. That applies to any office job, but on a magazine it's fatal to waste time and energy on vain regrets. Besides, they destroy that vital thing—a creative atmosphere. A magazine is, a living thing—moving, growing all the time.

V.S. It's no wonder so many school-leavers think longingly of a magazine job! Do you think most people on magazines appreciate their luck?

ED. On the whole, yes, I do—and the restricted conditions of today make a rare job even rarer.

V.S. I tell readers who hope to get in young that they must be prepared to do *anything*! You'll endorse that, I know.

ED. I do. They usually begin by doing a host of odd jobs, including—oh, certainly including!—the tea-making. Anyone who is silly enough to jib at *anything* she may be asked to do is just blind to the fact that she is being trained for the kind of job that can, if she has all it takes, lead to a real career. She is being allowed in to help for all she's worth. After all, she may be at the beginning of one of the few professional careers that doesn't demand an expensive training. It's a specialized job—with wide variety for many.

V.S. I agree about the specialized job. I would call it a life-time job, too! Very few real journalists seem to retire when they marry, and if they do they usually manage to free-lance.

ED. Yes. But even if a person excels chiefly or only on the organizing side and does leave it completely, it has seldom been a dull job. Every part of the work is directly related to our readers—*people* we feel we know. It has been the kind of job which has probably kept

her more "alive" than many—and therefore good at making friends.

V.S. Could you give us a few concrete qualifications that are specially valuable? Shorthand-typing, for instance, isn't that useful?

ED. More than useful—most often essential. I'd say all sub-editors should be capable of being secretaries. But a girl must possess the right type of mind to work on a magazine. After all, the work is of a responsible kind. Everyone on the staff is directly or indirectly concerned with entertaining and helping the readers, backed by a team of experts. It can never be just a routine job. Intelligence, adaptability—plus plenty of imagination and the sense to use it properly—those are some ingredients needed—as you know, Victoria!

V.S. University education?

ED. Always valuable—in any case I'd advise any girl to get the best possible education her people can give her, no matter what career—or none—she has set her heart on. Whatever way she gets her education, even if—sometimes particularly if—through her own enterprise after school, every bit of it will count.

V.S. What if a girl comes straight from school?

ED. If she is really keen she will choose to advance her own education in some way. Lectures, evening classes and, of course, reading. For magazine work this is specially important. For years she might think she wasn't "using" it—I mean the actual content of her knowledge—but of course she is. She has more mental toughness than the dreamy so-called artistic type who left school early because her bent was too specialized for them to be able to teach her any more—or so her parents thought. Much more thrilling to get a "writing" job at once. So it might be, but I doubt if she'd be on the staff of a busy magazine for long!

V.S. I do think many people have no idea of the hard work that goes on behind the scenes. It's the glamour that intrigues them! For instance, everyone wants to be a Fashion Editor.

ED. Yes, very natural—but you can't rush in and become a Fashion Editor. First you've got to have all-round editorial experience. You know what I mean: make-up, layouts—subbing, in other words, preparing the "copy" for the printers, helping to plan the

Please turn to page 39



Lovely Miss JEAN LISTON, a London mannequin, says: "I can't thank Valcrema Foundation and Skin-Youth enough. They keep my skin looking so attractive and youthful. Now I'm always confident of my looks when showing the latest dress creations."



Miss SYLVIA MEARS, well known photographer's model, says: "In my profession I just have to keep age lines away. And I've found that the creams which really do keep my skin looking young are Valcrema Foundation and Skin-Youth."



KATHLEEN ROSS, the Beauty Consultant, says: "I am so tired of hearing about so-called 'amazing' new creams that I was frankly sceptical. But my tests soon proved that Valcrema really does improve the skin and helps to retard wrinkles."

From the famous VALDERMA laboratories comes this

REALLY DIFFERENT NEW BEAUTY DISCOVERY

4 YEARS OF RESEARCH

Valcrema Beauty Treatment was developed after intensive research by the same Laboratories that gave you VALDERMA ANTISEPTIC BALM which is now well recognised as an important advance in the treatment of common skin troubles.



BOTH CREAMS LIGHTLY PERFUMED

Both creams are lightly perfumed with an enchanting new fragrance and are packed in a dainty pink and blue container.

**Younger, lovelier skin – you are the sole judge –
or your money refunded!**

EVERY WOMAN can make her complexion lovelier and all the over 30's can make themselves look younger. And you can prove it on yourself without risking a penny.

Simply use the remarkable new beauty discovery Valcrema for 14 days. If you aren't pleased by the results you will get your money back at once.

THIS OFFER can be made simply because Valcrema definitely does improve the skin's appearance. It's the latest discovery of Science. Here's why Valcrema is so different. Your skin loses some of its natural oils every day. This causes dry blotchy-looking skin and creates lines and wrinkles as you approach thirty.

Scientists have discovered how you can feed back these precious oils to your skin and so keep it smooth and young.

THERE ARE TWO CREAMS in the treatment. First Valcrema Foundation for day use. It contains valuable oils similar to the skin's natural oils. But in a new emulsified form. This ensures they're quickly absorbed. Valcrema Foundation 'vanishes' on light massage and forms the perfect powder base. Your powder never cakes. Then for night use, Valcrema Skin-Youth. This is a rich deep-cleansing cream which contains a new youth element 'Zevesteol'. It nourishes the skin while you sleep and used regularly really will help keep away age-lines.

Your money back if not delighted

Valcrema Foundation and Skin-Youth cost a little more than ordinary creams because of the expensive oils they contain. Jars of each are 3/6d. Complete

outfit shown above 7/-. Buy either cream, or the outfit, at any chemist and use as directed for 14 days. If you are not more pleased with Valcrema than with any face cream you've ever used before, return the jars to us. Tell us why you do not like it and we will send you immediately the price you paid.

If your local chemist is out of stock, send a Postal Order for 3/6d. for a single jar of Valcrema Foundation or Skin-Youth or 7/- for complete outfit to the address below. The money-back guarantee applies just the same.

SPECIAL OFFER: For attractive presentation pack of trial size jars of both Valcrema Foundation and Valcrema Skin-Youth, write to VALDERMA LABORATORIES (Valcrema Dept. G.T.2), 17 Berners St., London, W.1, enclosing 7½d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc.

VALCREMA FOUNDATION AND VALCREMA SKIN-YOUTH

CONVERSATION PIECE

continued from page 37

pages—checking details and facts, knowing where to get your information, handling artists' work, knowing *something* of the printing and production side. Only after all this can you begin to specialize. Then your natural bent and special knowledge can be used—if you get the good fortune of this sort of job.

V.S. I suppose the specialized knowledge includes textiles and design; being acquainted with the wholesale fashion houses and knowing the trend of fashion; getting the feel of what the public wants and supplying it in the most economical way? In fact, really an art training, together with practical dressmaking and experience that can only be gained by working hard through all the stages.

ED. Right! "Fashion Editor" posts are specially hard to get—there is always strong competition. It's so essentially a feminine job, yet a real career. No wonder it's popular! I'm afraid we've not been particularly encouraging, have we? But I know our readers like facts. And the right sort of would-be journalist won't sit down under difficulties.

V.S. I agree. Every ambitious girl knows that if she is determined to succeed in a job, succeed she will, given the right qualifications, the right openings, and just that bit of luck.

ED. And the right attitude—not forgetting that over-worked word, *personality*. It's so infectious, helps to influence the atmosphere. Yes, editors are usually fussy over that—but, by the way, they don't like fussy people to work with! Even though it's difficult to get a staff job, there is, of course, nothing to prevent writing genius from bursting into print, so long as she possesses a typewriter and endless perseverance, and it usually means many rejection slips before the free-lance is born.

And now, Victoria dear, would you kindly put a notice on my door "NO VACANCIES"? Good luck to all the job-inquirers. I know how thoroughly you help them by post, and your letter-bag always seems bulky. I'm surprised at the variety—as you say, from architecture to zoology, and you usually manage to track down the answer somewhere! P.S. from V.S. A word to anyone with a job problem. My address is on page 11 and please send me a stamped envelope for a postal reply

IN REPLY

Friends tell me that women are now working in the Purser's Department aboard ship. I feel this is just the job for me as I long to travel.

ALAS, the supply is far, far greater than the demand. I can only advise direct application to the well-known shipping companies, but don't be too disappointed if the answer is "Long waiting lists already!" But tell me about your qualifications, I may be able to suggest a way you might plan for a job abroad.

Are Agricultural Camps wanting volunteers again this summer?

YES! And I'll be pleased to send a leaflet giving the various Regional addresses.

I need money to continue my physiotherapy training. Have you the address of a Loan Fund?

THE Central Bureau Loan Fund, 93 Walcot Square, London, S.E.11, will be glad to send you details.

Buying Beauty

Latest releases from the beauty world by Jill Symon

Eye glamour applied direct from case, cleverly created by Gala, to lids

NEWEST shades for lips and cheeks on a gay, spring morning, are on their way to the shops. Elizabeth Arden's "Surprise," a glowing pink, will be a surprise to last year's outfit and this year's make-up. Lovely, too, with the season's fashion colours. Rouge, 9s. 3d. Lipstick from 11s. 9d.

Dorothy Gray's alluring pale-red "Calypso" (rouge, 5s. 5d.; lipstick from 6s. 3d.) is a welcome addition to any cosmetic wardrobe; blooms effectively on most skins, quarrels with nothing.

Back on the market is beauty's dream: in other words, Coty's Avocado Beauty Milk Rich in vitamins (made from Avocado pear oil) it cleanses and rejuvenates. Cool green in shade, costs 8s. 3d. And do you know that Coty "Sub-Tint" Cream Make-up Base is selling in handbag tubes at 2s. 6d.? Over this, their "Continentale" powder looks heavenly on a sun-kissed skin. Price 5s.

An old fragrance in a new dress is "Californian Poppy," which now comes in a gay and colourful pyramid-shaped pack. So refreshing to smooth round the hair-line on a hot afternoon. 2s. 6d. a bottle.

You'll fall in love with two creations by the famous House of Yardley. They are delicately-tinted eye-shadow in blue and green, and waterproof mascara, shaded blue-black and brown, price 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. respectively. The former has a sweet blue and white miniature pot, whilst the latter boasts a streamlined shell-pink container, complete with brush and mirrored lid.

If you've looked at your face once too often . . . eyed your hair with dislike recently . . . decided you can't wear your clothes a day longer—it's time you started on a spring refresher course! First step is health—for feeling well means looking good, and there's some advice about it on page 33 in this issue. Next month in GOOD TASTE Jill Symon helps your skin to a pink and white look, shows you some very new ways to try with your hair—there's nothing like a new hair style for making you feel a different person. And best of all, she's found you a spring hat, an enchanting little Paris-inspired bonnet to make in various fabrics, from our instructions—you'll be pretty as apple blossom this spring!

★ ★ ★

FOR WASH FROCK WEATHER!

YOU can't enjoy summer without pretty wash frocks—and now's the time to start sewing! Yes, you can make your own quite easily; they'll cost you less and fit you better than any ready-mades. More than forty delightful designs to choose from in Weldons Home Dressmaking No. 685, "Simple Washing Frocks," out today, price 9d. Also, a wonderful Three-Way Bargain Pattern to make you two

gay, short-sleeved dresses plus a sun-frock for river and seaside. Besides the frocks, you'll find instructions for knitting and embroidering the prettiest little jumper-blouse, bright with flowers, which takes only four ounces of wool. And lastly, there's a Competition that offers £20 in cash prizes. Get a copy of Weldons Home Dressmaking from your newsagent today—and order next month's issue at the same time!

CINEMA
by Film-taster

THE WIDE OPEN

—land and sea—tropical and temperate—on this

month's screen magic carpet we can visit them all!

THE sight of the first crocus has a disastrous effect on some people. I know, because I am one of them! By the time the bare trees burst into green bud, the birds start singing their absurdly optimistic heads off, and the first brave spring hats appear. I am consumed by an almost uncontrollable yearning to get out into the great outdoors—anywhere where there is no roof over my head.

Fortunately for people like us, who suffer from an annual attack of spring wanderlust, the cinema provides a kind of magic carpet, capable of transporting us to the world's most exciting places and bringing the great outdoors to the very centre of the grimmest city. This month, for instance, you can swelter in the steaming jungle, feel the salt spray on your face as you potter around the Californian coast in a little boat, chug down the grimy but ever romantic lower reaches of Father Thames, or just potter around on an English farm—all from your seat in the local cinema!

Let's start with a trip deep into the heart of Darkest Africa. *King Solomon's Mines*, rather loosely based on H. Rider Haggard's popular novel, takes us on a twenty-five-thousand mile safari with Deborah Kerr and Richard Carlson as companions, and Stewart

Granger as the hunter, Allan Quatermain.

Here is nature in the raw, as the cast and crew of twenty-four people from Hollywood who made up the location unit would be the first to agree. Among other trials, they had to put every foot of the sensitive Technicolor film, as it was shot, into refrigerators to protect it from the heat. Every scene in *King Solomon's Mines* is authentic—and both Umbopa, the native who joins Allan Quatermain's safari, and the evil King of the Watussis, are in fact members of the mysterious Giant Watussis who are believed to be descended from the Pharaohs of Egypt. Both men stand seven and a half feet tall, have light bronze skins and an aristocratic bearing. But it took a great deal of persuasion to get the final dramatic battle scene between them right because, being so tall, thin and brittle-boned, they objected to falling heavily and insisted on sitting down with the utmost care!

But for me quite the most fascinating scenes in this wonderful film are those where the stars are wild animals—the baby crocodile that crawls out of its egg into Stewart

Granger's hand, the elephants gathering round their dead leader's body in an attempt to carry it away for burial—and, most breathtaking of all, the stampede in which some six thousand animals—agile zebras, graceful gazelles, beautiful impala, fragile kongoni and bushbuck, and finally hundreds of towering, loping giraffes—thunder past—and sometimes over—the cameras and stars in a panic-stricken flight. I remember no more impressive scene in any picture I have seen.

But perhaps your choice of a "wide open space" is the sea. Well, *The Breaking Point* will make you taste the salt on your lips, feel the spray on your face and that irresistible lure of the sea, cruel, grey and uncompromising but unescapable. That was how Harry Morgan, disillusioned ex-war hero magnificently played by John Garfield, felt about it—and about his fishing cruiser, *The Sea Queen*. This is a hard-hitting, uncompromising picture, with some ruthless fights and a final scene of almost heart-breaking pathos when, after the faithful old negro, Juano Hernandez, has died trying to save his friend and the commotion is all over, a very small negro boy walks on to the jetty, alone, and gazes sadly out beyond the battered cruiser to the darkening sea and sky. Nothing is said—no one has even mentioned that the old negro had a family.

The only possible criticism I have about *The Breaking Point* is that I cannot imagine why Harry Morgan should for a moment have preferred his wife (Phyllis Thaxter)—who alternates between nagging and that special brand of mouseyness reserved in Hollywood for "nice" wives—to the forthright, if somewhat brassy charm of Patricia Neal (a very new and exciting Patricia Neal!) with her husky, seductive voice.

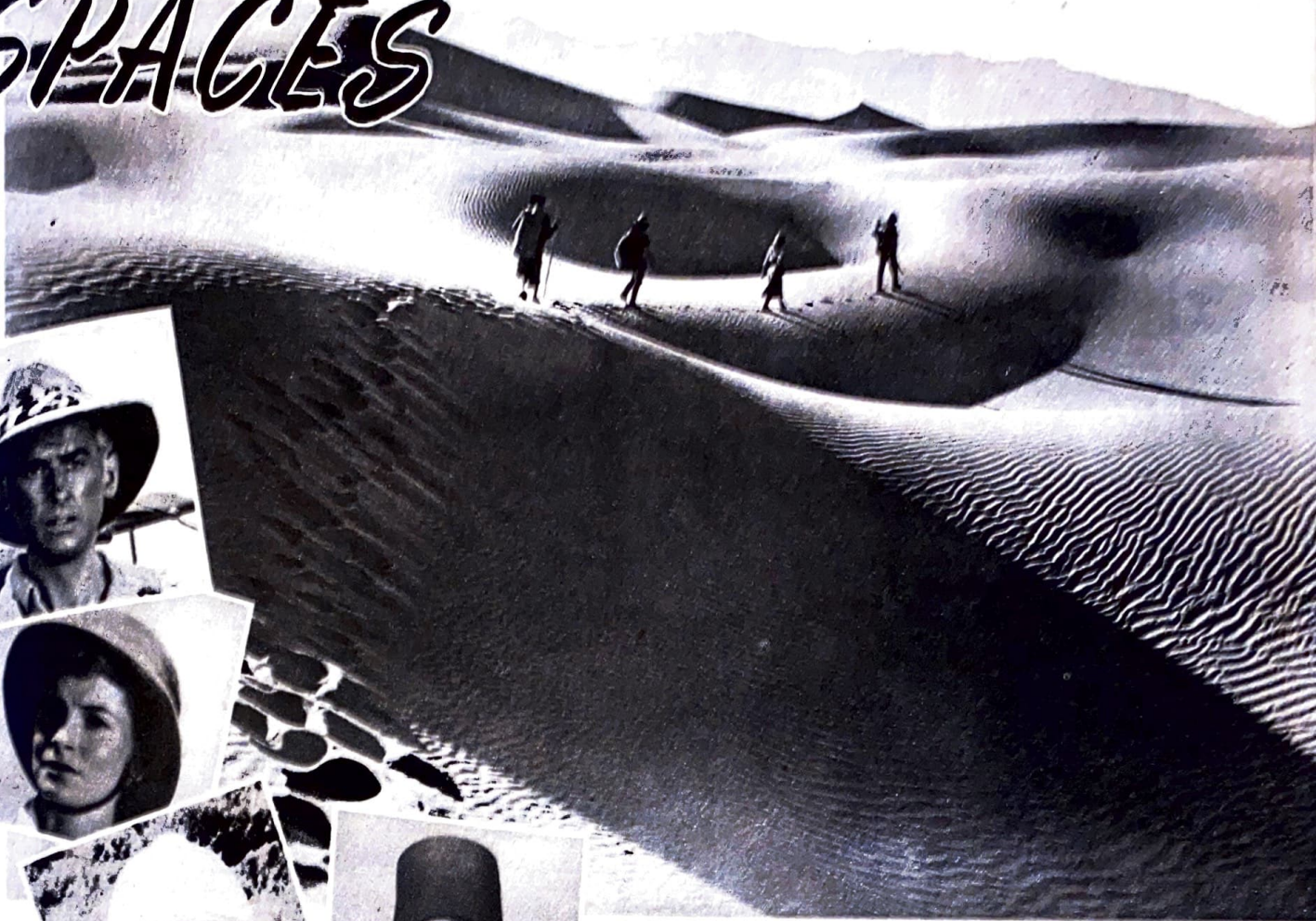
As soon as you see London's familiar bridge slowly opening its great steel jaws to allow the merchant ship, *Dunbar*, to steam into the Pool of London to discharge her cargo and spill out into the city her oddly assorted crew, you are caught up in that compelling atmosphere all docks exercise over the imaginative.

Once again, Ealing Studios have taken a slice of present-day Britain, photographed it with uncompromising honesty and made it the setting for a first-class thriller where every detail tells. *Pool Of London* is full of subtly emphatic touches—the caretaker's cat rubbing its face against his battered body and mewling pathetically after the hold-up... the emptiness of the city streets on a Sunday morning when only the pigeons, a solitary policeman, the milkman and the gangsters

In "The Breaking point" it's the sea—cruel, irresistible—that offers strong competition to the cast. Less superb acting by John Garfield and Patricia Neal and they might have been submerged!



SPACES



Dominated by the strangely beautiful desert landscape, four leading characters of H. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines" search desperately for water—just one of the adventures we share on their perilous safari. Inset, in close up: Allan Quatermain (Stewart Granger), Elizabeth Curtis (Deborah Kerr), her brother John Goode (Richard Carlson) and Umbopa, seven-foot warrior of the Giant Watussi tribe (Siriaque)

are awake . . . the sharp contrast between the quiet beauty of Greenwich, Sunday morning service in Southwark Cathedral—and the barren wastes around Dagenham.

IT is splendidly acted, too, by Bonar Colleano, Susan Shaw, Moira Lister, Renee Asherson, James Robertson Justice (particularly at the receiving end of a hose of cold water, taking his "sobering up" treatment ready to sail!), Max Adrian and Joan Dowling. But the character who stands out in your mind from all the rest is Johnny, the "coloured boy," played with sympathy and simplicity by Earl Cameron.

The one really big moment of *The Naked Heart* comes when Keiron Moore and his father set out, after a too-rowdy celebration, to drive their sleigh across a rapidly melting ice-flow. The unfortunate horse flounders wildly as the thin covering of ice cracks and breaks. To the rescue dashes a devil-may-care young trapper (Philippe Lemaire), negotiating the perilous "stepping stones" and finally reaching the apparently doomed men. A rather improbable love story only made worth while by the really wonderful snow settings.

Next we come nearer home, to an English farm—to find the debonair Douglas Fairbanks Junior falling asleep with his head on the flank of a cow he is trying to milk, and his

bride, Yolande Donlan, acquiring sixty ducks simply because she nodded her head at the wrong moment during an auction sale! Well, it might easily have happened to you! And then *Mr. Drake's Duck* lays a uranium egg, and the farm becomes the scene of a full-scale manoeuvre by all three fighting services. I particularly enjoyed Douglas Fairbanks' instant reaction (Mr. Drake is just back from the war) when the army-sounded Reveille under his bedroom window—and the newspaper reporters, their heads bowed over their notebooks, who accepted the news of the uranium egg from the elderly brigadier (A. E. Matthews) without even looking up! A light-hearted film in tune with springtide, it has a happy habit of poking fun at officialdom!

Even *Our Very Own*, otherwise an indoor film, has one pleasant breath of fresh air—on a delicious bathing beach where Ann Blyth romantically writes "I love you", in sand, on Farley Granger's bare back—after which they really do go for a swim! This is a strong dramatic story about an eighteen-year-old girl's discovery that she is adopted. The real acting honours go to Natalie Wood, the kid sister who never stops talking, and Ann Dvorak, the real mother with the dyed blonde hair and cigarette drooping from her lips.

The Mating Season is really the story of two mothers-in-law struggling for domination—and producing some wonderfully amusing situations in the process. One is Miriam

Hopkins, who floats around in chiffon nighties warning her daughter (Gene Tierney) about men and dispensing sleeping tablets given her by Mussolini ("a terrible man but he slept well!")—the other Thelma Ritter (of *All About Eve*) with her own special brand of kindly wisdom and disregard of convention.

Quite the most moving moment in *The Long Dark Hall* comes when Rex Harrison, having discovered the girl with whom he had been infatuated, murdered, returns to his own home, goes into the bathroom and starts trying to wash the bloodstains from his coat. Gradually, as he does it, the terrifying possibilities dawn on him. He rests his face on the cool basin, tortured by remorse, fear and sorrow. From the bedroom he hears the voice of his little daughter calling for her mother and of his wife (Lilli Palmer) calmly reassuring the child. There you have the whole theme of the film: the clash between the simple, good things and the sordid horror that came from a moment of thoughtless weakness. This is a changed Rex Harrison, tormented, grim, the tragic victim of circumstance.

Charles Boyer, too, has changed out of all recognition in *The Thirteenth Letter*. The great lover has transformed himself into an elderly doctor with a beard and a pretty young wife (Constance Smith), on whose account a lot of people get involved in a poison-pen letter campaign. Plenty of excitement and—yes, the ending *was* a surprise!

DECORATION

Scrap-page

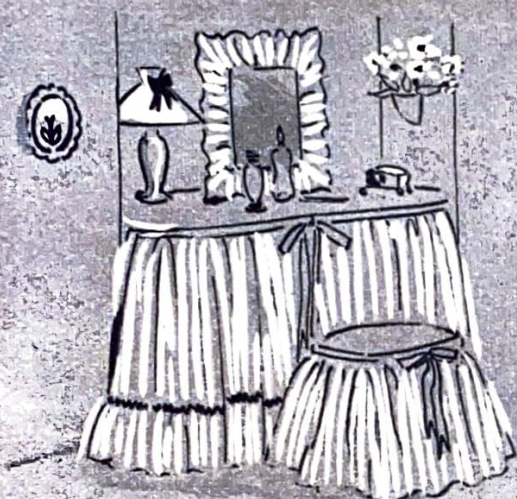
MARTA LANG collects clever ideas for home-makers with slender purses



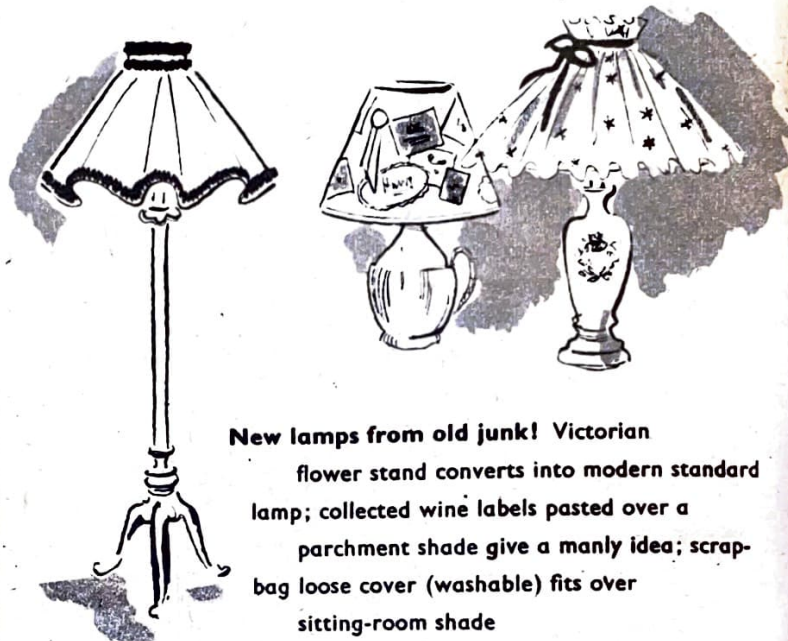
No mud on your floor if high boots and overshoes are gripped

by "bulldogs" to the wall. Protect floor and wall with plastic sheeting

Paint a basket white to match a modern decor. Old-fashioned washing basket holds logs, shopping bag with handles removed tidies newspapers and magazines, child's size bicycle basket makes a streamlined wall vase if you line it with metal foil to hold water



Board fixed in an alcove is basis of this dainty petticoat dressing-table. Pad a three-legged stool for easy seating and match a mirror with frilling to the set



New lamps from old junk! Victorian flower stand converts into modern standard lamp; collected wine labels pasted over a parchment shade give a manly idea; scrap-bag loose cover (washable) fits over sitting-room shade



Seen Shopping

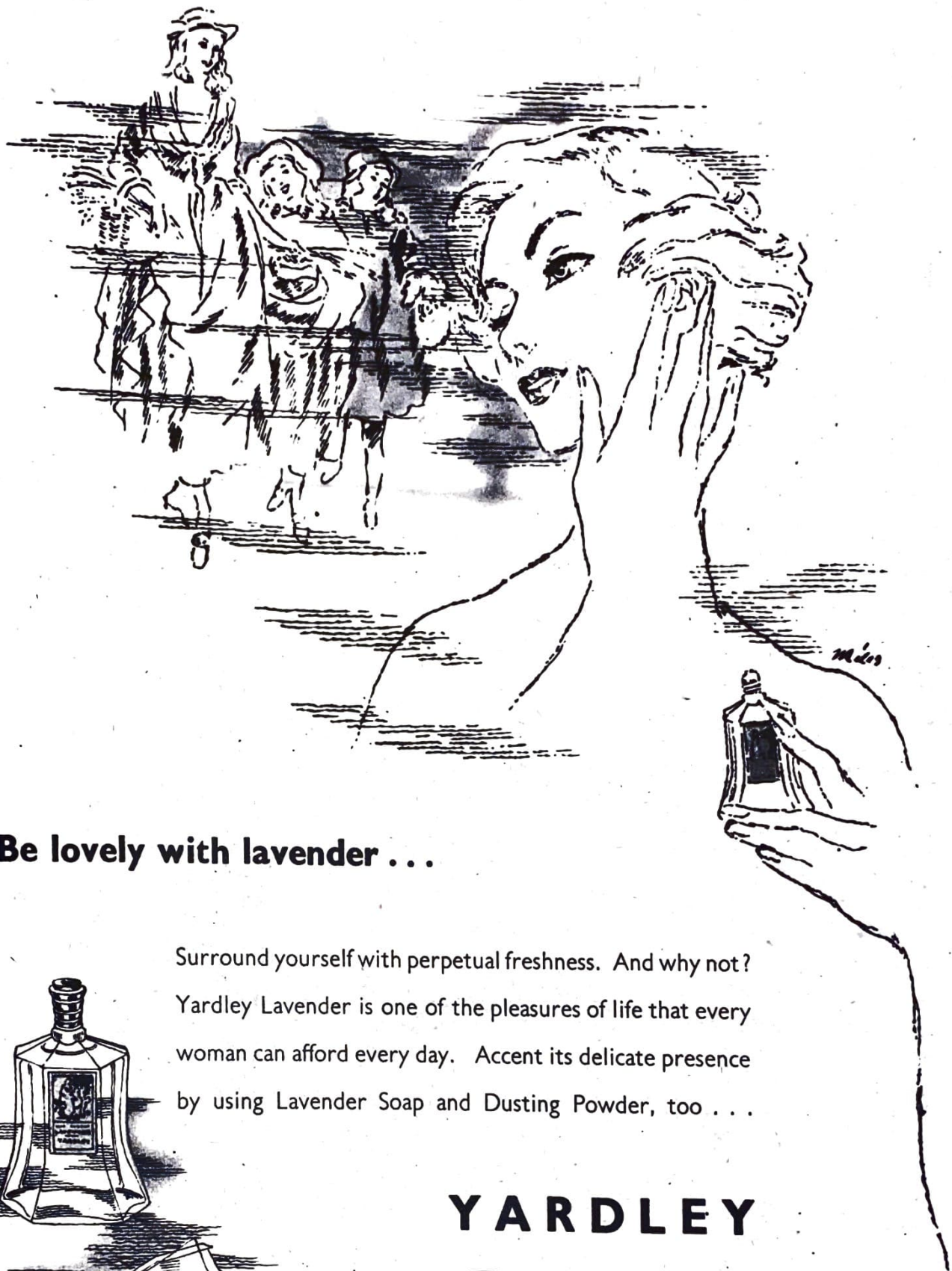
The Presto coffee-maker which makes perfect coffee in three minutes. In polished chromium with heat-proof handles, it costs 48s. for use on electric cookers and 43s. for all other models



Make this modern dresser from an old chest and bookcase. Strip wood, paint pastel, line back of bookcase with patterned wallpaper. New glass handles add charm

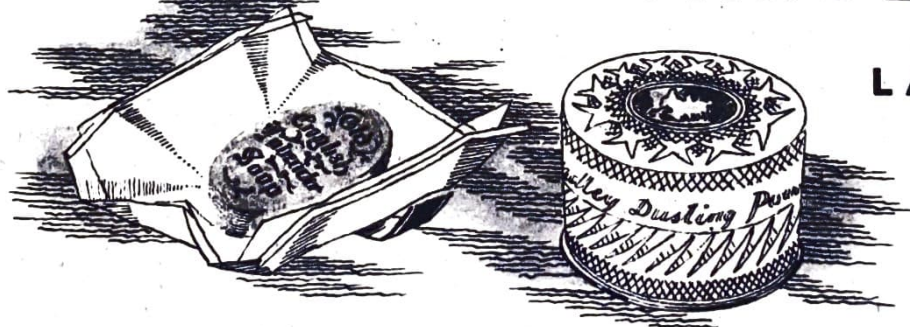
If you have any household problem, I shall be glad to help. Write to me MARTA LANG, at the address on page 11, and please enclose a stamped addressed envelope





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be good for me. As to the rest, well, I believe in her."

The Probation Officer looked at him over her desk. She saw the firm, wholesome male face; the strong nose and chin. She wrote upon her pad, tore off the leaf, handed it over.

"Try that, then."

He glanced at it.

"Why, it's a guest-house!"

"Just so," said Miss Brownlow.

THAT night Hugh did what, at life's major moments, he had always done since he was a boy away at school. He wrote to his mother. It was always a relief to do that. So he put that thought down, too.

"It's always such a relief to tell you everything. That's why I've bothered you with the whole story of this girl, as far as I know it. Nine people out of ten might think I was making an ass of myself, but somehow, I don't think you will. I may not be very bright, as you are, with all those books you've written, but I'm not a fool, and certainly not about women. But this one's different, and if I thought you'd smile at that, I wouldn't say it. Similarly, if I thought you'd be offended at my not coming home for my week's leave, I wouldn't do what I intend. I'm free of hospital as from Sunday. On the next day, since one may as well get on with these things, I'm starting a few investigations on my own account. The address will be—"

He had to look in his pocket book for the slip Miss Brownlow had given him. He copied out the words: "The Pendleton Guest House."

Then he addressed the envelope having, as always when doing that, a warm picture of the white house among its sheltering trees. His father had been a much beloved country doctor there. His mother, white haired and humorous, had written her novels there. It was home. He thought, suddenly and with humility, how lucky he was. "Two dozen pairs of silk stockings, the property of Thérèse Terragoni." Rising from the table to knock out his pipe he muttered aloud, solemnly: "There, but for the grace of God—"

The following Monday morning a house surgeon, who should by rights have been on his way home for a little well-earned fishing, walked into the premises of Terragonis, Modistes, in the city centre. It was a very feminine place indeed. In the window was a half wax head, a bunch of lilies, and one extremely expensive hat.

"Good morning."

The girl who approached prompted, with a smile: "Something for madam, perhaps?"

That giving a clue, he managed to make a start. "I would like to speak to Madame Terragoni."

The beautiful eyebrows rose a trifle, but he handed over his card. The vision faded, returned. He was taken up in a lift. Half an hour later the lift whispered down again and Hugh went out for lunch.

He ate absent-mindedly, with all the time the words of the impressive Madame Terragoni running through his head.

"Miss Tarrant? But yes! She was here with us one year, longer. Here we have only gairls of what shall I say—pairsonality and gift.. Yes?"

"And she was satisfactory?"

"Pairfectly. More so, she was ver' clever. And I think in time, when her studies at the Art School were finished, she could have begun to design. But then—"

She had broken off.

"You are a friend?"

"Yes."

"Well, then these things, these dreadful things began. Of course, in my business we cannot have—"

"I understand."

"It gave me great sorrow. Miss Tarrant we all liked. It is a mystery."

"And have you any idea why it happened?"

"None," Madame Terragoni had said.

The Pendleton Guest House stood in a part of the city which had seen better days, but not long ago. Offices were only just beginning to infiltrate into the lower storeys of the big red brick houses.

It being now late afternoon the area lay depressingly quiet. No one stirred until he was inside the curving sooty evergreen-bordered drive. Then a little girl on a bicycle

whizzed through the gate, swerved to miss him, and fell off into the evergreen.

"Coo," she said, as he picked her up.

"I say, I'm sorry. Did I bang you?"

About thirteen, Hugh decided. Secondary school, by the hat band. But that wasn't all. In miniature, strangely, about the eager little face was a resemblance. It was Marion without the sadness.

"You didn't bang me," he grinned at her, "and you're all right, and the bike's all right, so there we are. But care on corners you know!"

"I do know. But there's hardly ever anyone here, about now. They don't start coming in till later. I say, are you coming to live?"

"Possibly."

"Well, if you are, you won't say anything about this at the house, will you? No? Goody!"

She rode off. Following, he saw a sombre house and went up six steps to ring the bell. He could think at first of no immediate word for the impression a woman who came gave, except that it was not favourable. She wore a green smock, swept him with an unnecessarily hard glare, and gave the impression of being someone who would have liked to have been silky and self-indulgent if she had been able to afford it. Not being able to, but having to work instead, appeared to have given her a permanent sulk. But strangest of all was the sense he had of having seen her before.

She said at first she had no rooms; but she had, for within ten minutes he was in one, high at the top of the place, looking down upon the drive where he had met the child. Having taken him there, the woman returned to look in at his door.

"We dine," she announced with some pretentiousness, "at seven sharp."

Going, she left the door open, and it was when closing it after her that Hugh noticed he was not quite at the top of the building. Another turn of stairs led higher still, though the worn carpet, which had lasted as far as his floor withdrew its favour altogether from these. The one word "Private" was stencilled on the distemper at the foot.

He returned to his room, lit his pipe. Apart from opening the window it seemed the only thing to do. There was a lonely bird singing in a sooty tree, making him feel desolate for home, where he could so easily have been. Nothing else happened, and he looked at himself in the dressing-table mirror, wondering after all whether he were not being a bit of a fool. There were such things as wild-geese chases, and they were generally dull. He rubbed his chin, doubtfully.

Then he turned from the mirror to the window and looking down, saw two men, severally; and shortly afterwards three women, also severally, come up the miserable drive. A bus had arrived somewhere; he could hear it grinding away.

A little later the whole scene blazed into reality and significance as Marion Tarrant came limping between the evergreens still using the stick he had himself bought for her.

He nearly called down. Yet something about her, a sense of solitude and privacy, held him back. But his heart was pumping as though he had run up all the stairs before she had vanished beneath. Nor did she use the six steps to the front door, as the others had done. She went round the back.

AT seven o'clock, gloomily in the hall of the Pendleton Guest House, a gong rumbled.

To Hugh, at least, it came as a relief. He had been downstairs some time by then, and the experience had been an anti-climax. There was no sign of Marion. There was no sign of anyone. But there was a smell of cooking, and to this, like bees in early summer, and labouring to their first honey, the five people came whom he had earlier seen arrive. There was nothing furtively mysterious about

Please turn to page 47



Next Month's
Cover Girl

Festival Month

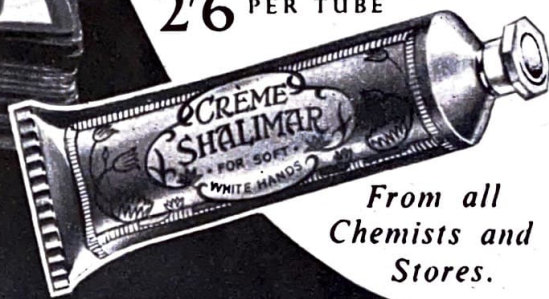
IN May so many things are happening and we shall celebrate the month with a festive number of Good Taste. Any woman feels the need to look her best for this lovely season of the year, so Dress-and-Bauty Editor Jill Symon has prepared new and colourful ideas, beauty help and a fine array of tempting summer frocks which you can make. You will long to copy the Paris-inspired bonnet she shows you, and the knitted blouse in crisp white cotton. Among the stories to enjoy next month, "There Will be Happiness" by Vera Wynn Griffiths has a tenderness and charm you won't forget. It tells of the trembling moment before a great decision when sadness and joy go hand in hand... All regular features and results of our "Dressing for a Date" competition will appear in the May number which, by the way, will be on sale April 30th. It is always best to have your copy safely on order at the newsagent's. There will be visitors about and any spare copies may disappear early in your district!

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A talk with one of the ten million knitters who now use "Aero" pins.

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is a wonderful knitter and she's made my husband so many things. Now, I'm going to knit him a pull-over and I want it to be a real success. She advised me to use 'Aero' needles."

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"But she told me that all grey needles aren't 'Aero' and I don't want to make a mistake. She's been using 'Aero' since long before the war and she says there's nothing like them for smooth, even knitting."

"Yes, these are 'Aero'—see the name on the knob. The size is shown too. Now what size do you want?"

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THE DAY
I WROTE
FOR IT"



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any of them. Only a dull normality. Hugh held open the door into the bay-windowed dining-room to a little frail woman, who smiled in acknowledgment. The kind who is someone's secretary for forty years, he summed her up, and then is seen no more. They were mostly like that. They had their names pencilled on their table napkin rings, and each had a butter ration in a separate dish, with a marker flag stuck in it. They ate, they murmured among themselves, served with what seemed hurried annoyance by the woman in the smock.

But there was no sign of Marion. Instead, there was something infinitely startling. At each course, first for the soup, then for the fish, now for the sweet, the woman served from a hatch which opened with a brusque click in the wall behind.

WHEN she opened it for this third time Hugh saw, in the room beyond, the youth of the milk bar. Every face in that wretched incident had fixed itself in his memory. There was no doubt of it. There he was, with the lustrous hair, the smooth vellum skin. He was in profile, and lighting a cigarette. It was the youth to whom Marion had so unhappily spoken that "Hello, Mick," before she vanished a week ago.

"By gum!" Hugh said aloud, because he had in that instant realized what it was that had seemed familiar in the face of the woman in the smock. It was her likeness to this youth's features. She was the mother: this was the cub.

"I beg your pardon?" It was the little elderly secretary.

He murmured: "May I trouble you for the sugar?"

There were two other odd happenings during the evening. After dinner the guests drifted across the hallway to a depressing lounge upon the farther side. It had a glass-panelled door. Through the thickness of glass, about an hour after dinner, he saw Marion over the hall in the dining-room.

True, her back was to him, so that she never knew he was there. Nor did he go immediately across. For at the sight of her, as joy glowed in him, there came also a patience. He had her now. She was found, he wasn't going to leave her. But he was going to discover things. What was it he had said to her in the car on the moors? "When a man loves a woman, it's natural for him to want to know about her: where she sleeps, cats, what she does with herself.

She had never told him. But at least he was finding out. And when she had been limping about to and fro over there in the dining-room for some time, and at last had gone, he strolled over to see what her task had been.

The dining-room, he noted, was now set for breakfast.

So she worked here, in the Pendleton Guest House, as well as in some office during the day. Surely, there was some considerable compulsion to make her do that. But who on earth was yellow-tie, then, and where did the child, whom he had met in the drive come in?

Thoughtfully, he climbed the long stairs, consciously towards his room, unconsciously towards the second odd, indeed crucial, happening of the evening.

It began with someone passing his bedroom door to climb further still up the stairs marked "Private." The movement at first scarcely entered his mind, for in shirt and trousers he had been lying a long time on his bed, smoking the place into a fog as night fell outside.

The climbing footsteps softly claimed his attention. Step, drag. Step, drag. Someone with a limp.

Marion! He lay on his back staring at the ceiling directly above where she was now moving, after the opening and closing of a

Flowers without Gardens

MARTA LANG
offers some down-
to-earth ideas to
the town girl
with green fingers



... wheel-barrow in bloom

FEW women would deny that a garden is a lovable thing ... and, whether you look up at the sky from a basement or down on the pavement from an attic, you need not sigh for leaf and blossom. With enterprise, you can have your "garden" without a foot of ground to dig.

A gardener's dream might be a portable flower-bed—so why not fill a wheelbarrow with good earth and the sturdy plants which thrive in town air? Stand it by your front door or wheel to different points of view in the backyard. In the attic, an inside window garden gives a country air. Many a creeper will climb two sticks in a pot as happily as a brick wall, and how green is your corner when ferns hang from a small bracket on the wall.



... attic window garden



... bracket of fern



... creeper in a pot

door. Her bedroom, then. She was close now. Close. It gave him a silly pleasure to notice how the light built in his own ceiling slightly vibrated as she trod her floor.

But someone else was climbing the stairs now: two at a time, this one. Without knock or hesitation, the door of the room above, Marion's room, was opened. Then it was slammed. Then followed no movements, only voices. Continuing a long time, a good ten minutes, he tersely guessed, a slightly deeper voice, then Marion's, then back again. The effect of this incoherent argument up there in the dark was unpleasant to a high degree.

Below, on his bed, Hugh sat up. These voices were rising. The light bulb in his ceiling shuddered now. What the devil was that? A blow and a fall?

He jumped from the bed on to stockinged feet as a single cry came from above.

Afterwards, he could not remember opening his door or rushing up the further stairs, or pausing to wonder whether the action were

wise. But he never forgot the moment of bursting into the room above where the light was showing.

There was Mick all right. And he had Marion braced up tight against him by the arm he was expertly twisting behind her back. Also he was speaking, low and distinct over her bare shoulder, so that Hugh caught the words complete as he entered:

"You'll just do as I say. See?"

The grabbing of Mick and throwing him across the room was another thing Hugh never afterwards remembered doing. But he did note how light the chap was and how he crashed into the wardrobe, the door of which swung open, showing a mirror, and some frocks and, in the mirror when it steadied, Marion's terrified face.

What lies behind the strange association of Marion and Mike? Is she in real danger? At the heart of the mystery now, next month's instalment brings surprising disclosures. In the May issue of GOOD TASTE on sale April 30



SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Have YOU seen the truth yet?

CRAMMED with washing powders—that's what the shops are now. Windows full! Shelves full!
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And woollens will be softer, silks silkier.

 A yellow rectangular advertisement for Persil. On the left, a woman in a white dress is shown in a dynamic pose, as if dancing or presenting. Next to her is a box of Persil washing powder. The box is green and white with the word 'Persil' in a large, stylized font. Below the name, it says 'washes whiter' and 'yes it does!'. To the right of the box, there is text in English and a large, stylized slogan in blue.

Prove it yourself

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JOHN GARRICK talks about

Books

FAMOUS musicians tend to react most shatteringly to love! It takes a Berlioz, in love with actress Henriette Smithson, to bewail "my deadly, awful loneliness, my bleeding heart," and to set out to murder three people when he hears from Camille Moke's mother that the girl he loves has married another. This he did disguised as a lady's maid and armed with double-barrelled pistols, but thought better of it on his way to Paris to commit the fell deed! Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Liszt, Chopin, Tchaikowsky and Schumann also figure in **The Composer in Love** (Peter Nevill, 10s. 6d.), edited by Cyril Clarke: a slim collection of romances, told mainly from letters and memoirs which would have been less scrappy if linked up with more biographical comment.

Montmartre-born Mrs. Robert Henry, of the Normandy Farm books, was the child of a hard-working Paris seamstress and artisan. She had an aunt living in Beckenham, and eventually came to England with her mother, to become a manicurist at the Savoy. The account of her girlhood—**The Little Madeleine** (Dent, 12s. 6d.)—is engrossingly human, packed with stories of French working-class life, especially of seamstresses and their love and marriage problems. An autobiography of deep interest to women.

How would you summarise the evolution of woman's dress in the past fifty years? Margaret Rothwell Lane, in **Half a Century of Fashion** (Dennis Yates, 5s.) says twentieth century women began with a legacy of Victorian standards and tastes, but soon plunged into the glorious Edwardian emancipation. Within twenty years this had been succeeded by the ridiculous flapper. After another twenty years came a temporary reaction to femininity—the New Look. Now we are beginning to play hunt the flapper again. A. E. Wilson's companion volume, **Half a Century of Entertainment**, traces the development of music hall and theatre. Both books are good value and packed with pictures.

Imagine a disorderly grandfather clock just outside the bedroom striking incessantly through your wedding night! This happened to a former Duchess of Gloucester, for whom Thomas Tompion, the famous seventeenth-century clockmaker, made one to run for a year without winding. Either it wasn't installed with his usual care, or the case was jolted during a merry reel at the wedding party, for it struck from two to eight a.m. and somewhat disturbed the bridal pair, since the case couldn't be opened! Kenneth Ulyett tells other stories of masterpieces worth hundreds which were picked up among sale junk for next to nothing in **In Quest of Clocks** (Rockliff, 25s.), a handsome illustrated history of clocks and makers with hints on cleaning and care.

The tragedy of the Goerings of this world is not merely that they are rogues, but fools with egos too monstrous to permit them to see their folly. Willi Frischauer's **Goering** (Odhams, 12s. 6d.), tells the whole pitiable story of the Luftwaffe "playboy" who brought death or suffering to millions—and feathered his nest from aircraft investments and the art treasures of Europe.

An antidote to that sort of folly is spiritual faith, charity and humility, which Elizabeth Goudge enshrines in a re-telling of the life of Christ: **God So Loved the World** (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.). Here is the Testament chronicle written with a Scriptural simplicity that children could understand.

How rarely one comes across a novel that stands out through the simplicity of its story, the beauty of its writing! Ernst Wiechert's **The Earth is Our Heritage** (Nevill, 12s. 6d.), depicts life in a small East Prussian village from about 1900 to the end of the 1914 war. The characters—poacher, ploughman, fisherman, charcoal-burner, and their womenfolk—talk a native poetry of soil and seasons; the background is as real and tangible as in Hardy's tales; and there is the sadness, the pity, of peaceful peasants caught in the tide of world conflict. Robert Maxwell's translation shares the honours of an exceptional achievement.

A Hertfordshire village, also caught up in war, is the subject of Hardiman Scott's **The Lonely River** (Evans, 9s. 6d.). Village lad fighting at Alamein; squire engaged on secret scientific research; his poet son; the kindly vicar who becomes a padre and is dropped at Arnhem; philosopher Dr. Heral who writes a challenging play about them—all react to the war in their several ways; all die in it, to some spiritual purpose. I specially commend this intelligent novel of ideas, and the Wiechert one to all Women's Institute libraries.

A TALE so topical as to be almost stop-press—even with miners' sardonic thrusts at the nationalized Coal Board—is J. B. Pick's story of a Midlands mining town, **Out of the Pit** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). It tells of a young miner's love for a somewhat idealized bus conductress, daughter of a cynical ex-miner who decamped with union funds, and the effect of a documentary film unit and strike, on their lives and the community's generally. Frank, probing, realistic, notably in its tough miner's language, which is not for the squeamish. What a film it would make!

Brilliant in its portrayal of a beautiful woman in her fifties, her relations with a difficult daughter and the cultured Parisian society in which she moves, is Enid Bagnold's **The Loved and Envied** (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.). To a woman of Lady Maclean's masterful attractions, married to a touchy, stiff-lipped baronet, age has its special problems which can only be met with courageous philosophy. Most of her elderly friends, too—"a wagonette of picnickers driving towards the edge of the world"—have to settle accounts with life and love before bowing a graceful exit. One can see in this sophisticated novel of manners an admirable comedy for the stage.

Tropic moons, exotic flowers, noble men in white duck saluting the flag; that's how the

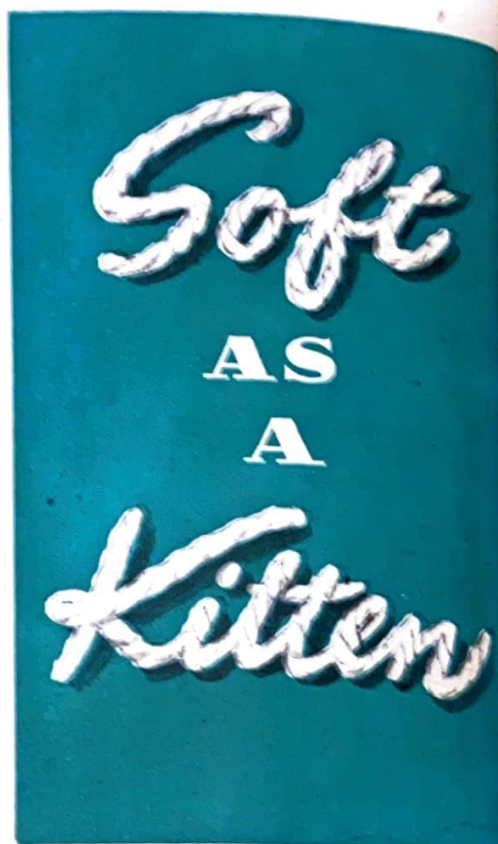


This is Tomkin, kitten-playmate of a girl of nine—until he strayed away and gave her her first poignant experience of "death and parting." Kathleen M. Abbott tells other touching stories of cats and their owners in **Cat Enchanted** (Muller, 8s. 6d.)

young daughter of a Commissioner visualized West Africa when she sailed from England to join her parents there. She is disillusioned by the country, and when she falls in love with the station's only bachelor and discovers he is implicated with an attractive married woman, Elisabeth Hargreaves presents Rose, the African scene, and the tragedy she inevitably precipitates, with skill and sympathy in a first novel, **Green Felicity** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); but she lacks fire, her characters explain themselves too much.

Marjorie Coryn is an historical novelist who makes her stories so real that they might be contemporary. **Sorrow by Day** (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.), which tells of the love of the Duchess of Montpensier, cousin of Louis XIV, for the Count de Lauzun, has all the colour and glitter of court history without the dust.

Some novels worth noting: Joan Fleming's **The Gallows in My Garden** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.): adventures of two men dogged by the shadow of a murder. Clifford Allen's **The Shorn Lamb** (Ward, Lock, 9s. 6d.): drama of a strictly brought-up young woman who falls for a plausible blackmailer. Phyllis Mead's **Autumn Interlude** (Long, 9s. 6d.): comedy-drama of young engaged couple at seaside hotel. Evelyn Percy's **Bid Her Come Forth** (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.): orphan who becomes society girl in eighteenth-century London. Simon Harvester's **The Vessel May Carry Explosives** (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.): spy thrills on London-Cape Town voyage. Berenice Thorpe's **Reunion on Strawberry Hill** (Hale, 9s. 6d.): study of reunited family's complex relationships. Others at 9s. 6d.: Frances Shelley Wees: **Under the Quiet Water** (Hurst & Blackett). Clare Emsley: **The Broken Arcs** (Stanley Paul). Denise Robins: **Infatuation** (Hutchinson). John Remnant: **The Visiting Moon** (Hale).



**Snow white angora makes this
lightweight jumper for spring**

K

KNITTING a jumper from precious angora needn't be hard on your purse—this fluffy one with a kitten soft look takes only eight half ounces, is light as air, and has the prettiest neck and sleeves.

Materials.—Eight ½ oz. balls Don Maid Angora and Wool; knitting needles, two each Nos. 9, 11 and 12; medium size bone crochet hook; 6 buttons.

Tension.—On No. 9 needles, about 13 stitches to 2 inches in width.

Measurements.—To fit a 34 to 36-inch bust; length from shoulder to lower edge, about 21 inches.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; inc., increase, by working into back as well as front of same stitch before slipping it off left-hand needle; st.-st., stocking-stitch, which is k. on right side and p. on wrong; cont., continue; beg., beginning; rem., remaining; d.c. double crochet. Instructions in () must be worked the number of times stated immediately after, until the given number of stitches remain, or to the end of the row.

Back and Front Alike

With No. 12 needles, beg. at lower edge, casting on 94 sts. Work in single rib of k. 1, p. 1, for 5 inches. Change to No. 9 needles.

Next row—K. 6, inc., (k. 8, inc.) 9 times, k. 6 [104 sts.]. Cont.

in st.-st., beg. with a p. row and inc. one st. at beg. and end of every 8th row until there are 116 sts. Mark beg. and end of last row with a piece of coloured thread. Cont. without shaping until work measures 20 inches, ending with a p. row. Shape shoulders. Change to No. 11 needles.

1st row—Cast off 4, k. 9, p. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) until 12 rem., k. 12.

2nd row—Cast off 4, p. 8, rib 91, p. 9. **3rd row**—Cast off 4, k. 5, rib 91, k. 8. **4th row**—Cast off 4, p. 4, rib 91, p. 5.

5th row—Cast off 4, k. 1, rib 91, k. 4. **Next 11 rows**—Cast off 4, rib to end. Cast off loosely the rem. 52 sts. for neck.

To Make Up

Beg. at armhole edge and sew up shoulder seams as far as ribbing, leaving remainder of shoulders unsewn. Work 2 rows of d.c. along back edge of each shoulder opening to form underwraps, then work 2 rows along front edge, making three evenly spaced chain loops for buttonholes in the second row.

Armhole Bands [both alike]

Hold right side of work facing, then with No. 11 needles, pick up and k. 142 sts. along armhole edge, beg. and ending at the coloured threads. **1st row**—(K. 1, p. 1) to end. **Next 6 rows**—Cast off 3, rib to end. Work 8 rows rib without shaping. Cast off. Join side seams. Sew buttons on shoulders to correspond with buttonholes.

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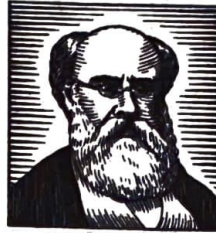
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 to-day (or you can ask for
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 sure to look for these registered
 trade marks on the carton.

Further entries from

Philippa's Journal

Matters serious and deep are recorded this month

NOW I'm travelling up by train every day naturally keep seeing the same people. There is a man(!) who is awfully nice. At first we just caught each other's eyes, then we said good morning, isn't it hot/cold/wet/foggy? Then one day he asked me to go along to the restaurant car to have some coffee.

Naturally I went.

He is quite old, about thirty, with fair hair that stands up all over his head, very tall and rangy like a younger Gary Cooper and a beautiful voice (voices, I have discovered, mean so much to me). We don't really know anything about each other; he gets in the station before me, then when we get to town I catch a bus and he goes by Underground. So our paths only cross every morning (he

and sat down beside him. There was a quite attractive woman sitting opposite but I didn't look at her. I started straight away telling him all about a film I saw the night before. I thought he didn't seem very interested, when he suddenly said, "I don't think you've met my wife?" I could have leapt out of the window. She was polite, of course, but not exactly cordial. To make it worse we had never told each other our names so I had to say who I was before he could introduce me. I scalded myself with the coffee and "beat a hasty retreat"—as they say.

Janet came to tea last Sunday and after tea we went up to my bedroom to play some new records. Then we got talking about marriage! We both feel jolly doubtful about it. It seems such an awful gamble. We both know couples getting divorced right and left, and not only young couples but old people with two or three children. It really makes you think. Marriage is for such a long time. If it were for about five years it wouldn't be so bad. But you've got to be sure enough to last a lifetime; both J. and I said we would feel such failures if we ever got divorced.

Types of husband

Then we were torn in two as to what sort of man we'd want. We agreed that the good-looking, fascinating, good-at-parties types might be prone to falling for other girls which would be absolutely heart breaking—I couldn't bear that. But we don't like the types people say would "make good husbands": that phrase conjures up someone always pottering in a shed, or messing about with radio sets; and slippers and yawns by the fire; and never going out.

Suppose somewhere there is the happy medium. A man who thrills you, who makes your tummy turn over when you see him coming along the street or you are dancing with him, but would also be the sort who would hold your head if you felt sick!

I don't know any husbands I'd want to have married. Something seems to happen to men when they are married. I see couples going past our house. The girl is pushing the pram and the man looks bored to tears and they never seem to talk. I think it is essential to have a husband who will talk to you. Not only about what the boss said, but about his theories on Life and the big things that really matter. I'd want to discuss books and plays and things with my husband, not how we are going to pay the rates and can we possibly afford to have the dining-room repainted.



Told my mother a bit about it and she said we'd be jolly lucky if we *didn't* have to talk about things like rates and income tax but she agreed they should be kept in proportion. Altogether she was more optimistic about marriage than Janet or me. Suppose she knows what she's talking about.

Most dreadful row

Can never remember anything at all like this happening before. Mummie and Daddy had a most frightful row. It all began over such a silly little thing. Mummie bought a new hat, all flowers and veiling and when she put it on to show Daddy he burst out laughing. She went off like a gun. How he was always making fun of her (that wasn't true) and she was sick of it. That she only wanted to look pretty for his sake, and he never noticed when she wore anything new, never said anything nice about her clothes. Then she brought up how last month she had her hair done a completely different way and he never even saw. She finished up by saying she was utterly sick of it all and rushed out of the room, upstairs into her bedroom, and I knew she was crying.

Please turn to next page

It all began over the silliest thing—Mummie's new hat



"I don't think you've met my wife" he said suddenly

catches an earlier train home than me). It's funny, when we sit and talk it seems that neither of us has any other life than sitting drinking coffee in a train.

He has travelled a lot and tells me interesting things about where he was in the war. We both like reading, riding, films and bridge. At least I told him I was learning to play bridge and he gave me lots of tips. "Lead through strength and up to weakness", "four and a half quick tricks to call a forcing two" and things like that. He lent me a book by Culbertson but it was so difficult I couldn't understand a word of it although I pretended to!

Then yesterday an awful thing happened. I saw him in the restaurant car as the train drew into my station. So I went straight in



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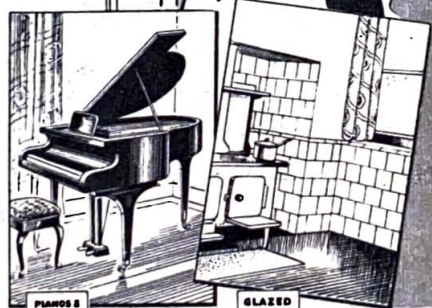
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Continued from previous page



Dreadful thought, believe I'm getting fat—shall have to diet

Making amends

Daddy looked like a lost child and wanted to go after her. I told him better not. Leave her to calm down. Quick, I said, go and buy her some flowers and say nice things when you come back. He obeyed me as if I'd been a schoolmarm in a book. I realized that he really hadn't done anything very much but when women get upset like that, logic isn't any use. He came back with a great armload of freesias and tulips which must have cost the earth. I thought it was my cue to go for a walk so I went out to get something nice for tea. Phew!

All was well when I got back and the next day Mummie packed up the hat and sent it to her sister. She said she felt ashamed and made Daddy's favourite pudding for supper. I kept calm but it shook me. I realized how the foundations shake when anything like that happens.

Awful thought, believe I'm getting fat! I must be because my skirts are tight and when I button my coat it drags. Have started dieting but dare not let parents know. They'd make such a fuss and say I was "undermining my health". I know them. So don't have a bun with my office coffee, have a salad a day and no potatoes and biscuits and cheese instead of a sweet. Trouble is I have to eat a proper meal when I get home or they would smell a rat. Have given my month's sweet ration to Janet, thus putting that temptation out of reach.

Bohemian me?

This time of year always wish I were someone else! Get tired of my clothes, my face, my everything. Long to buy masses of new make-up and a whole wardrobe full of clothes. Who doesn't? That's what this time of year does to you. To women, anyway. Wonder if men ever feel like that? Have done one thing to build morale. Have crocheted a natural raffia hat—very small—and bought different sprays of flowers to pin on the front. Kingcups, lilac and lilies-of-the-valley. Now for a suitable day to wear it.

Been keeping eyes open for new flat. Have two possibles but nothing definite yet. One is in Soho! All among the little foreign shops with sausages and cheeses, which I like. Love that part of London. Mummie keeps murmuring, "Razor Gangs", when I mention it. Can just see myself on sunny Saturday mornings going out in my slacks to do the shopping. All bohemian. That's one.

The other is more conventional but farther out. Would mean a long bus ride to work, while from Soho I could walk. This is bigger and grander but a lot more money, and Janet and I don't want to spend such a whack just for rent. Shall have to make up our minds soon. Only it's not quite as easy as that. The Soho one has got people in it but they promise they are getting out, and the landlady of the other one is a bit uncertain whether her son and his wife want it or not.

Anyway they're two good nibbles and in a week or two ought to know one way or the other. Love having something to look forward to.

With the longer evenings ahead, and the prospect of a new flat in Town, life is going to be very full for Philippa. Don't miss next month's GOOD TASTE, on sale April 30th.



Can just see myself out shopping in slacks on Saturday mornings

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Our aim is to provide really good value in attractive dresswear to fit all figures. Fittings for the short full figure range from 43in. to 58in. hips. Narrow shoulders combined with a not-so-slim hip line in both short figures and normal heights are also included.

Ask to see "Gold Cross" dresses—obtainable at leading stores everywhere—and make sure you look for the "Gold Cross" label attached to every garment.

This Printed Utility Spun Art Silk Dress is a typical example from our range. This particular model is made in sizes 44" to 54" hips and the price is 40/-. Colours: Salmon, Turquoise, Saxe and Green Figureheads on White Ground.

A



G A R M E N T

Look
**FOR
YOUR
FITTING
ON THIS
TABLE**

STANDARD WX · OS & XXOS FITTINGS	Hips	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60	62	64
	Bust	40	42	44	46	48	50	52	54	56	58	60
	Length	46	46	46	47	47	47	48	48	48	48	48
	Fitting No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
SHORT FULL FIGURE	Hips	43	46	49	52	55	58					
	Bust	39	42	45	48	51	54					
	Length	42	43	44	44	45	45					
	Fitting No.	12	13	14	15	16	17					
OVER AVERAGE HIPS	SHORT FIGURE Narrow Shoulders			NORMAL LENGTH Narrow Shoulders								
	Hips	44	46	48	Hips	44	46	48				
	Bust	37	39	41	Bust	37	39	41				
	Length	43	43	44	Length	46	46	46				
	Fitting No.	18	19	20	Fitting No.	21	22	23				
<p><i>If your fitting does not appear on this chart, drop a line to Helen Hughes for a measurement form as we hope to include everyone over 43" hips.</i></p>												

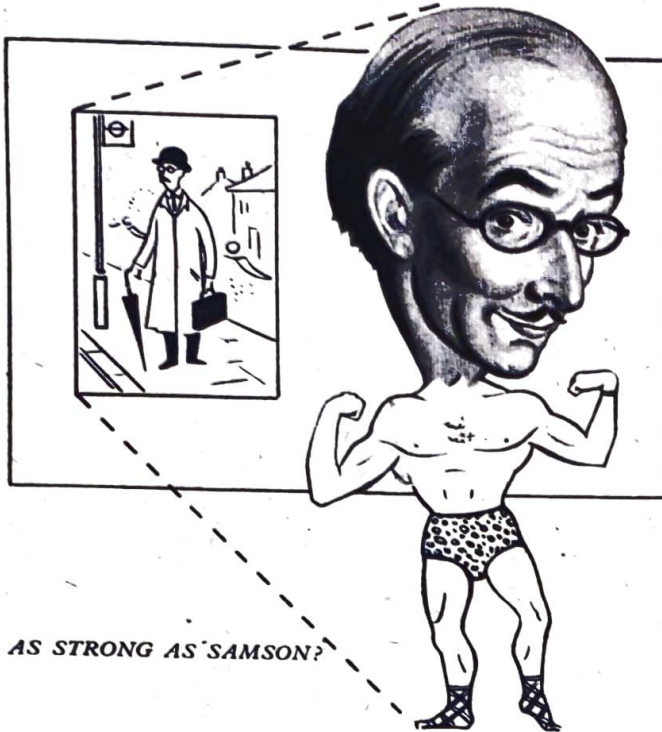
If you are unable to obtain a "Gold Cross" Garment locally or if you would like an illustrated brochure showing examples from our range, write stating your fitting number to:

Helen Hughes

**Fashion Bureau, ELITA LTD., 16 Bridge Street,
MANCHESTER, 3**

who will be delighted to advise you on any other problems relating to dresswear.

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flavour with many spices and
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more economical to add a little
Lea & Perrins Sauce just
before you serve your soup.
Use one teaspoonful in soup
for four people.



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22
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BOMBAY

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know that Lea & Perrins
have the secret of making the
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A child could do it

THERE are some "difficult" dishes which no beginner should attempt without first watching a demonstration. Even the best cookery book, or written instructions, cannot give all the reasons why things may go wrong—and, in intricate processes, they often do unless one is forewarned.

But that is no reason why a beginner should not serve these dishes. A little strategy can gain you culinary admiration without risk of disaster. It's a simple secret—merely "by-pass" the difficult process!

Take vol-au-vent, for example. A delicious special supper dish, but one which does need an experienced pastry hand. The "bypassing" here is to get ready-to-use paste, costing about a shilling a pound.

The filling, to your choice, is easy. Creamed lobster, prawn, shrimp, chicken or ham are good; less expensive and very savoury is creamed smoked haddock. Diced cooked vegetables is a pleasant vegetarian variation. To start with the pastry cases:

INDIVIDUAL PATTIES

For 4 people, buy 1 lb. ready-to-use puff paste (from big stores and many bakers). Roll out to ½ inch thick and cut into 4 rounds with a plain or fancy cutter. Then, with a cutter half the size, cut each round almost three-quarters through. Brush with beaten egg or milk.

Wet a baking tin, place the patties on it and bake for 15-20 minutes in a very hot oven (Regulo 8 or 455-470 degrees Fahr.). Lift top off each round and remove soft inside paste. Fill with the creamed mixture, replace "lids" and serve.

The basis of the filling is a thick white sauce. Melt ½ oz. butter or margarine in a saucepan and cook ½ oz. flour in it on low heat for a minute or so. It is done when the mixture whitens slightly. Remove from the heat and stir in slowly a cupful of milk. Return to the stove, bring to the boil, then

simmer to thicken the sauce. Add salt and pepper to taste, then the lobster, prawns, shrimps, chicken, ham, or diced cooked vegetables. The smoked haddock filling is slightly different in that you simmer the fillet (4-6 oz.) first in a little milk and then use this good fish stock, instead of the plain milk, for the sauce. Serve with mashed potatoes and peas or spinach.

A tin of soup is another "by-pass" for the beginner. Hake in Tomato Sauce is a clever dish, but easy done this way.

HAKE IN TOMATO SAUCE

Put 1 ½ lb. hake in a pan and gently cook, covered, with a little pepper and salt for twenty minutes. Remove from heat and leave to become cold. Drain. Heat a small tin of tomato soup and add to it a walnut of butter. Remove bone, skin and tail from hake and place it in a hot dish. Pour soup over and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Ham in Mushroom Sauce, the "by-pass" way, takes less than 5 minutes. Remove rind from sliced bought ham and warm through in the contents of a tin of mushroom soup. Serve with spinach and mashed potatoes.

CURRIED EGGS

A beginner's dish that anyone would like. The important thing is to boil the eggs (one each) until they are hard, then serve with really dry rice and a good curry sauce.

First, make the sauce this way: Simmer a chopped onion, without browning it, in 2 tablespoons olive oil. After 2 minutes, add a sliced half apple and cook for 5 minutes. Now add a tablespoon flour and brown it very slowly. Add a dessertspoon curry powder and cook slowly, stirring, for another 10 minutes. Next, add a bay leaf, a chopped tomato, a tablespoon tomato purée, a pinch of ground cinnamon, 2 tablespoons chutney juice and 2 teaspoons red currant jelly.

Remove from heat and slowly stir in threequarters of a pint of warm water.

Simmer until desired consistency is obtained.

Meanwhile, have ready rice and hard-boiled eggs. Place rice round dish with halved eggs in centre and strain curry sauce over.

VEGETABLE CURRY

Make a selection of any vegetables available. Boil in salted water until just underdone. Rub curry sauce through sieve, heat and finish cooking vegetables in it. Place them at one end of dish with rice at the other.

RICE FOR CURRIES

Wash 6-8 oz. rice. Place in a largish pot and cover with cold water to a depth of 3-4 inches above it. Add salt to taste. Place on a hot fire and stir 2-3 times as water comes to the boil. After 10 minutes' boiling, test rice by biting a grain or two. If ready, drain the rice and pour boiling water through it until the grains are all separate and starch free. Lift a fork through to allow steam out.

ICE-CREAM

Serve ice-cream with raspberry (Melba) sauce. Simmer 2 tablespoons raspberry jam with 4 tablespoons water. Rub through a sieve. Thicken with a small teaspoon arrow-root blended with a dessertspoon cold water. Stir this into the strained raspberry sauce and boil up to clear. Leave to get cold.

If you have to keep the ice-cream for any time, but have no refrigerator, wrap it (in its container) in several layers of newspaper and put in as cold a place as possible until required. It will keep well for 2-3 hours.

If you have any cookery query, I shall be pleased to help you. Write to me, HELEN BURKE, at the address on page 11, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Next month: Light and easy recipes for lazy summer days

...and remember
the garnish
makes all
the difference!



Lemon blancmange in scooped out grapefruit rinds is party fare. Decorate with cherry and angelica and save the flesh for next morning's breakfast



Ring salad round a plate for colour stimulation. Here, beetroot, cucumber, radish and cress are highlighted by sliced egg and set off with lettuce

Capers and sliced lemon embellish fish cooked whole. No capers? Then place a shrimp on each lemon segment. Parsley gives a professional look



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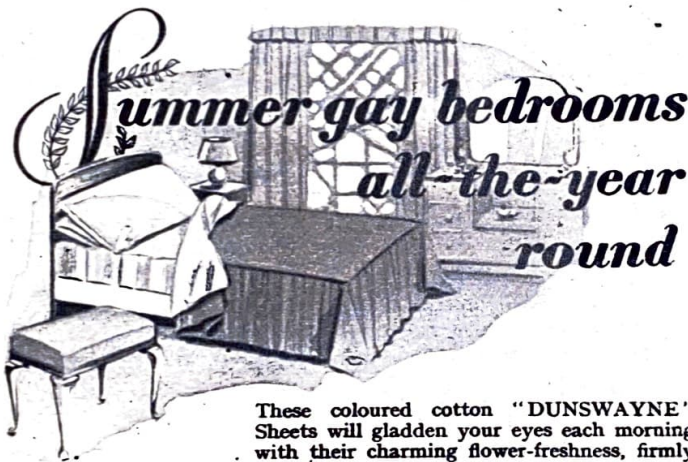
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GREY?



Keep it
DARK with
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USEFUL CARDIGAN
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Ask your Wool Shop for Penelope Instruction Leaflet No. K1463 (in full colours) price 4d. If unable to obtain, send 5d. and unstamped, addressed envelope to Penelope, Dept. G.T., 34 Cannon Street, Manchester, 4.

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"If I Were Twenty"

"I would always remember the man who'd been first in my life"

TWENTIES, however fickle you are, there is one man you will never forget, not even if you try—your father. And this month I am going to talk about fathers: the right kind of father who is an inspiration to his daughter and keeps a special place for himself in her heart.

Everything for children is undulled experience: food; clothes; Hans Andersen; the rollicking of a choppy sea; dollops of cherry-blossom like cream against a rain-blue sky, they are all caught into the changing shape of life. Often, isn't it a father who sharpens many of these first impressions? "Look . . . !" Can't you hear the echo of that particular word in your father's voice from the time when you were a child? You must be able to remember his pointing out a thousand things you will never forget. Small joys, many of them, as a tawny butterfly in the summer afternoon's haze and smell of hay—remembered, perhaps, because your father was that sort of discoverer for you.

Fathers are so often people who help you grow up with a seeing eye. How much livelier then if when you are twenty, you don't take them for granted!

If I were twenty, I hope I wouldn't do that! And this attitude, would be no sentimental recompense to him for being a good papa, but so that we could continue the strong stimulating companionship of years; so that we could go on having a good old talk and interchange of ideas. Supposing you had a father like that fascinating, uncomfortable parent of *The Heiress*! If you saw it, and if you have half a heart, you must have suffered for his daughter. Supposing your father believed you as gauche and silly and ugly as your mother had been beautiful. Compare his attitude, Twenties, with the one most of your fathers take: that you are one of the liveliest, loveliest, most worthwhile pieces of creation on the face of this galloping earth, and you can feel full of warmth and greatly strengthened.

And if your father is dead—perhaps the war robbed you of him as it robbed other Twenties—you have him still with you, you are part of him and his memory is yours to comfort you. If you loved him when he was alive, you will love him now and tomorrow.

I can't help feeling that all the pick-o'-the-bunch fathers, although they may spoil their daughters a bit, which is all to the good if it isn't overdone, keep their children's respect, first of all as an authority on right and sin and later on as an equal arguer! If I were twenty, I wouldn't disparage that interchange of thoughts between generations. It is very valuable. And the nicest fathers give their daughters just that salty kick-off in life, that extra bit of confidence that convinces them it is no burden on men, but a delight, to encourage women to find happiness. The right kind of father can help to do away with that sad sex-inferiority idea that, as you are a woman your value cannot equal any man's. I hope to most of you. Twenties, that seems an exaggeration and you can't believe any woman feels like that, but I have noticed signs of it in some of you. And you are much better without it: you are a better advertisement for your father's outlook on life, his understanding and encouragement, if you haven't a speck of it—though if you persist in having it almost as your right it isn't always any bit of his fault!

You can't blame everything on to heredity. It is one of the things about Twenties that make me smile when I remember being twenty myself: "I'm an untidy person" they say, or "I'm much too talkative", "I've absolutely no memory!", "I'm terribly clumsy . . ." and they say it often as if these things were final. But even if they have been handed down to you—and not all of them have, I bet!—you have a mind and determination of your own, haven't you?

So, if I were twenty, I might admire and try to emulate my father's virtues and if I were sensible, I wouldn't be too busy trying to iron out his faults. If I were sensible, I would be too roaring busy trying to do something about them if they cropped up in myself! But I might confess to you, on this spot, that I am not always—not even often—a model daughter. How about you, dare you write and tell me you're not either? In any case I enjoy hearing from you and letters sent to me, BARBARA VISE, at the address on page 11 always get to me.



Dreams and PLANS

OF WHAT IS SHE DREAMING? Marriage? A career? or possibly each shares part of her thoughts. But dreams, whatever they may be, seldom come true unless wisdom shapes them into definite plans. The Westminster Bank has faith in the dreams of youth but knows that only foresight and careful planning can bring their best realisations. A wise step towards realisation is the opening of a bank account however small it at first may be. You will find the Bank pleased at any time to explain the part that the Westminster can play in your future. 'On Using Your Bank', a booklet available on request at any branch, will also help explain the business of banking to you

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send her to school
**warm inside
as well!**



In chilly weather a kiddie needs warmth *inside* as well as out, so serve favourite Weetabix warm, says Mrs. Crisp. Either straight from the packet with hot milk and a sprinkling of sugar, or fried lightly in the bacon fat—delicious! Weetabix is ideal for warming breakfasts, for it's goodness itself... just the finest wheat, selected malt, double sugar, a pinch of salt and *nothing else*. Yes, you can be sure the children are off to a good start when they warm up on Weetabix. P.S. Adults like Weetabix too.



Weetabix with hot milk.



Weetabix 'Fry'

serve
**Weetabix
warm**

in wintry weather says Mrs. Crisp— There are lots of *other* ways you can serve Weetabix, too! Snacks, savouries, sweets, suppers. Write to me—Mrs. Crisp—at 36 S Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants, and I'll send you a FREE SAMPLE and a copy of my recipe leaflet. You'll find both useful!



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MOTH
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Look to your clothes now!

Already the first moth grubs are hatching out. Soon millions will be looking for a meal—wool, fur, fabrics, any clothing they can get. Don't wait for damage to be done. Keep them away from your clothes with Mothaks. Mothaks on every hanger and Mothaks in every drawer give sure protection. You'll like their pleasant smell—moths won't!

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I take a couple of

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Tablets **INSTEAD!**

I used to have splitting headaches... every little sound like a pneumatic drill... sometimes so bad I just had to give in. That was before my chemist explained how the balanced formula* makes 'Anadin' act so quickly and last longer. Now I know just what to do—I always keep 'Anadin' handy—a couple of tablets and the pain is gone.

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DANCE DRESS

continued from page 31

particular moment when she was a little inclined to cry, Evadne didn't want anybody gazing into her eyes. "You're a pretty kid," he said, "and you shook Pam tonight. Talk about glamour!"

"It's the new frock."

"Not only that. The way you do your hair and that velvet stuff round the neck. I like the locket too—heart-shaped, just right for tonight. Has it a photo of the brightest and most beautiful in it?"

"I haven't a brightest and most beautiful." Only mother, only Dale, and now—entirely owing to Miss Watkins of *Hermione*, modes—both of them seemed to be far away.

"Oh, well, we'll see what we can do about that." Evadne was alarmed at the tone. She couldn't think of an answer and the silence between them seemed to be emphasized by her embarrassment. She made a desperate attempt at polite conversation.

"Do you go dancing much with Pam?"

"We've only known one another for a fortnight. I'm like that, I take my fun where I find it." He gave her a little shake. "I don't believe you're listening."

"I'm so sorry." She hadn't been listening. She had just realized that Dale and Pam were dancing alongside. Pam, chattering and looking up at him in the way that Evadne didn't want any girl to look up at Dale. "Let your boy friend have his fun," said Desmond jauntily, "and you have yours. I'm a nice fellow."

"I realize that," she said. It was no use! She had never understood this angle on life, and now she longed for the north again: simplicity of emotion; feelings that did not require dressing-up. She began to wonder if Miss Watkins really had come from Ilkley.

THE band stopped and changed to a Paul Jones. Anyway, a Paul Jones meant a crowd, and that was something! She sprang into the centre with the girls and the band began playing the *Mulberry Bush*, stopping again to break into *See Me Dance the Polka*! Evadne was lucky, for she had a young, very gay partner, little more than a schoolboy, with the sort of red hair that won't lie flat, a lot of freckles and a grin. He meant to get his money's worth out of *See Me Dance the Polka*! He bounced through it with the indefatigable buoyancy of seventeen.

"Do stop it. My doughnut's coming down," she implored him.

He was impervious to little things like that. Doughnuts left him unmoved unless they were sticky and jammy in a pastry-cook's window. He was also quite inexhaustible. Evadne set her teeth and clung, there was very little else she could do, and her one prayer was that the band would run out of wind. But they didn't. She felt the doughnut slip and then her hair came tumbling down in its old self-willed way. She must look awful! Too late, the band broke off.

"I say, what a spree!" said the freckled partner, who hadn't even noticed that her hair had fallen down because he was so full of exuberance. "Come on, come on," and now he was flying round again to the old *Mulberry Bush*.

That was when Fate took a hand. Evadne had meant to break away when the music stopped and fly to the cloaks, but she found herself facing Dale and as he put out his arms they seemed the safest place of all. "Please get me out of this," she begged.

No time for finesse. No time for anything but escape. They waltzed to the side of the room, but he didn't let her go. He took her hand and they slipped into the little sitting-room of dim lights and easy chairs.

He said, "Look here, I can't bear this any longer. We've got to have this out."

"But my hair . . ."

"Your hair looks wonderful. It's as



We're on the look-out! North, South, East or West—if it's interesting we'll spot it

TEA is in the news: it's on the way back to pre-war quality, for merchants can buy again in the open market this month. Look out for improved blends. One firm claims you will be getting five where you now get four cups from the tea they sell.

And to help you give better tea the welcome it deserves, the Tea Bureau, Regent Street, London, have a programme of exhibitions and demonstrations ahead. "Hospitality at Home," March 29 to May 12, starring tea in its domestic rôle, is first of several. Proposed for the future are provincial "Tea Evenings" and cookery demonstrations about "Tea and the Things that Go with It." ● For instance, **biscuits S.O.S.**! You're in danger of going without unless the shortage of tins is made good. So out with the shoe-cleaning boxes and waste baskets and return them to the grocer. He'll give you 1s. 6d. for small, 2s. for large ones. ● One shilling is all you need to **visit a garden in springtime**. This is the month that gardens of the National Gardens Scheme, tempting you with daffodils, flowering trees and "sheets of aconites," first open. This year's booklet, listing public view days, is just ready and the price is 6d. ● Indoors, you can see the artistic future at the "**Children's Royal Academy**" at the Guildhall, London, from April 14 to 28 and at Birkenhead, Leamington, Cheltenham, Portsmouth and Norwich after. This annual event of the Royal Drawing Society for four to seventeen year olds shows work of painters and designers-to-be from all the world. In the 1910 exhibition was a drawing of Adam and Eve's ejection from the Garden of Eden by a boy of five called Rex Whistler! ● There's more **young talent on the road**. The Young Vic company, back from Holland, is due at Barnsley, Birmingham, Norwich and Bournemouth this month with *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* to add to *The Merchant of Venice*. ● On their way from Mitcham to Brighton on April 7 will come nineteen **crack road-racing teams** from the U.K. and France. They are competing for the *News of the World* Silver Trophy in the First National Road Relay Race. So between noon and 4 p.m. keep an eye on the road to the coast. We can tell you where and when. ● For young budgets with a **summer accessory problem**, straw's the solution. Choose handbags, sandals, hats, gloves, belts in gay or neutral colours. They wear and look well: sandals, all shapes and sizes, 25s. to 45s.; handbags from 5s. 6d. (junior edition) to 47s. 6d. goes the straw story. ● And to keep you crisp and fresh the summer through, there's a **new iron and four helpful devices** to go with it: a cleverly designed stand; a cord controller; a press mitt for the hand and a two-sided sleeve board with detachable covers. Solo or together, they're time and trouble savers. ● For **more information** write to us at the address on page 11, and please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Meanwhile we will continue to be on the look-out.

though suddenly you were yourself again, as I know you. Oh, Evadne, why did you come dressed up like that? Like a stranger?"

"Because I wanted to make you like me." The truth was much easier now, with her hair down and the dim room, and she knew that she couldn't have lied.

"Darling, you didn't care that much?"

"Yes, I did. I do."

"Why on earth have we both been so silly? I—I wanted to tell you that I loved you, but somehow I just couldn't. I was scared stiff of breaking up a friendship like ours. Scared you'd hate the sight of me."

"But how could I?"

"It was just the way I felt. So I sat tight and said nothing. I made up my mind tonight that I'd probe about a bit, try to sound you about how you felt for me and then—when you arrived looking like that—I couldn't do it."

"When my hair came down, you could?"

"That's about it," he confessed and kissed

her. She was in the state of mind that she didn't care who saw. She didn't even know that the freckled partner, looking for further fun—they were playing *John Peel*—saw her, and went away again muttering something about how sickening mush was!

Much later Evadne and Dale arrived home. Mother heard the taxi stop; she had hot milk in readiness and sandwiches. She heard the taxi drive off again, and prayed that the frock and the doughnut had both been an instantaneous success, but she felt very doubtful. She knew that men—all men—hate changes, and sophistication, especially in the young, does not always attract.

She heard whispering on the step. Surprised at herself, she listened. There was the sound of a girl laughing a little, then the sound of a kiss.

A smile curled round the corners of Mother's lips. Very cautiously she transferred the hot milk into the vacuum flask, tidied away her knitting and went up to bed. End



There's a time for Romance

SHY boys! Some of my readers seem to meet so many of them! Letter after letter says so. "There is a boy I see every day in the canteen. I'm sure he is interested in me but too bashful to speak." "A friend tells me a boy often says how much he admires me but when we meet he hardly says a word, he is too shy." "I've been going out with a boy for three months now yet he never says he loves me; I think it is owing to shyness."

Well, there are occasional shy boys about but there aren't nearly as many of them, in my opinion, as some anxious young women think. Man is by nature a hunter, out to pursue and capture the girl of his fancy. If he shrinks back and is too "shy" to do so, then perhaps "shy" isn't the right word. Can it be that he isn't bashful but indifferent, uninterested or merely not ready yet to court a girl? Or, again, that he wants to do the chasing and is scared off by a young woman who is too obviously chasing him?

Oh, I know only too well how you boyless girls feel—lonely, insecure, out of things. "Mary's a year younger than me and she's got a 'steady' but no one has ever begged me for a date." "I'm eighteen I shall soon be too old for love (that's how you feel at eighteen!) and nobody's asked me to go out with him regularly." You think you *can't* wait. Still less can you admit to yourself, and your friends safely provided with boys, that you aren't attractive to men. But if you can believe that there is an interested boy who's too shy to speak—that does ease things for the time being, doesn't it?

Attractive to men

Only, my dear, lonely child, the "shy" boy illusion doesn't lead anywhere and your lack of attraction *isn't* true, anyway. You *are* attractive to men. Get that into your head. All women are attractive to men, whether they are pretty or plain, expensively or cheaply dressed, clever or stupid—if they have kind hearts and sympathetic natures and are not held back by any childish clinging to Mother's skirts. But that is not to say that you

● **MARY HOPE** has something special to say to many of the young readers who write to her. This month she gives a special talk to them all. If you have any kind of personal problem, a letter sent to **MARY HOPE** at the address on page 11, with a stamped addressed envelope, will bring you her sympathetic help by post.

are attractive to men *all* the time. Few if any women are, and those few don't always have the happiest married lives; in fact, quite often, though they have lots of admiration and lots of dates, they stay un-wed while their plain and "uninteresting" friends gaily get married.

Every girl is attractive to certain types of men some of the time. Not to all types, not all the time. Women, like flowers, have their blooming seasons, when they blossom into radiance and catch the eye of some boy who admires that particular type. They also have times when either they're not in flower or the right sort of man isn't there to pick them. Some plants bloom early, some later, according to their nature.

Some girls bloom early and seem to secure all the prizes. Others take longer to reach their full appeal, and despair because the men seem to neglect them. I have seen over and over again this blossoming of a girl, when she radiates a charm you never knew she possessed because fortune smiles and things go her way. It may come at any age. It always *does* come, and several times in a lifetime. If she isn't ready when her chance arrives and she misses it, there'll be an-

other flowering later on. Perhaps there's something for her to learn first.

It's much the same with boys. But they grow up emotionally later than girls and may be still in the "gang of fellows" stage when the girl is all alert for romance. Meet as many boys as you can, preferably in mixed groups, be cheerful, friendly and sympathetic. If a boy doesn't respond, perhaps he isn't ready for courting yet, perhaps you're not his type. From telling a friend he admires you to "dating" you is often a long step. Sometimes, too, friends exaggerate.

Too much hurry

Or it may simply be that you're in too much of a hurry. Many girls are so desperately anxious to acquire the appearance and general effect of being much older than they are. Given that any girl, is probably more adult in outlook than most of the boys she meets, she is going to alarm him still more with the sophistication she insists on "wearing" and which makes even *her* feel strange. We get apple blossom in April but apples aren't ripe yet. It seems a long time when you're young and eager, but waiting is wisdom! We often read in books of friendship ripening into love and there couldn't be a truer phrase. Love at first sight does happen, but it's very rare. The chances are about fifty to one against its happening to you.

Love needs time

In the other forty-nine cases a boy and girl begin with friendship and gradually—it may take several years, especially with teen-age boys—it develops into love.

Or they find they have chosen wrongly. They part and after a little time of grieving, each starts again with someone else—probably with better results, for the first experience has taught them something valuable.

Love is a tender plant, which needs time and "sun and rain" to become strong and sturdy. Friendship is the best soil to grow it in and it can only grow at its own pace. Whatever you do, it won't flower till its proper season. So why all this hurry and despair?

Thank

KOLYNOS



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for whiter teeth, sweeter breath



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The finest whitening agent your teeth can have! Longer lasting cleansing action too... That's why 'Kolynos' Dental Cream keeps your teeth so white and bright... And Kolynos super-active foam cleans between your teeth... a minty coolness that gives long-lasting antacid protection, ensures day-long sweeter breath.

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Half-an-inch on your toothbrush is enough.

This treatment makes

hair

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Most common hair troubles spring from the same cause. Hair that comes out in the comb; hair that is dry and brittle; hair that splits at the ends; hair flecked with unsightly dandruff; hair that is lank and lifeless... all these conditions can be traced to the same deficiency. A deficiency that can be readily remedied. What has happened is that the body's supplies of hair-growing substances are running low. The hair is starved; growing old before its time. To restore the balance there is one *proved* treatment, simple, certain. Its name is Silvikrin, the hair's natural food, containing everything your hair needs for vigorous life and health, including the three all-important elements, Tryptophane, Tyrosine and Cystine. Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and thinning hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.



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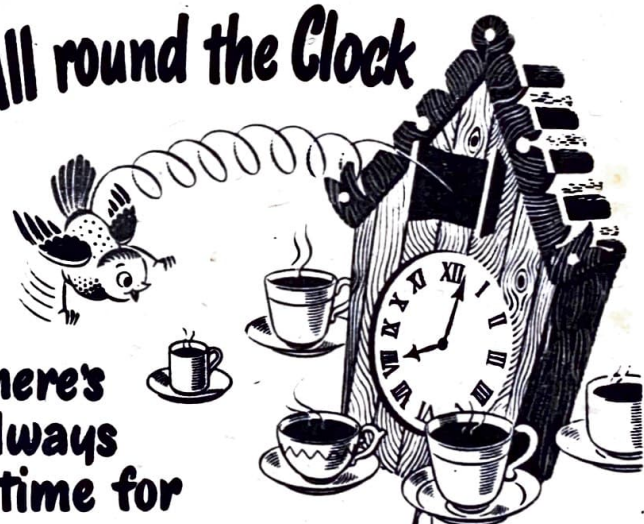
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