

Good Taste

JANUARY 1951

ONE SHILLING



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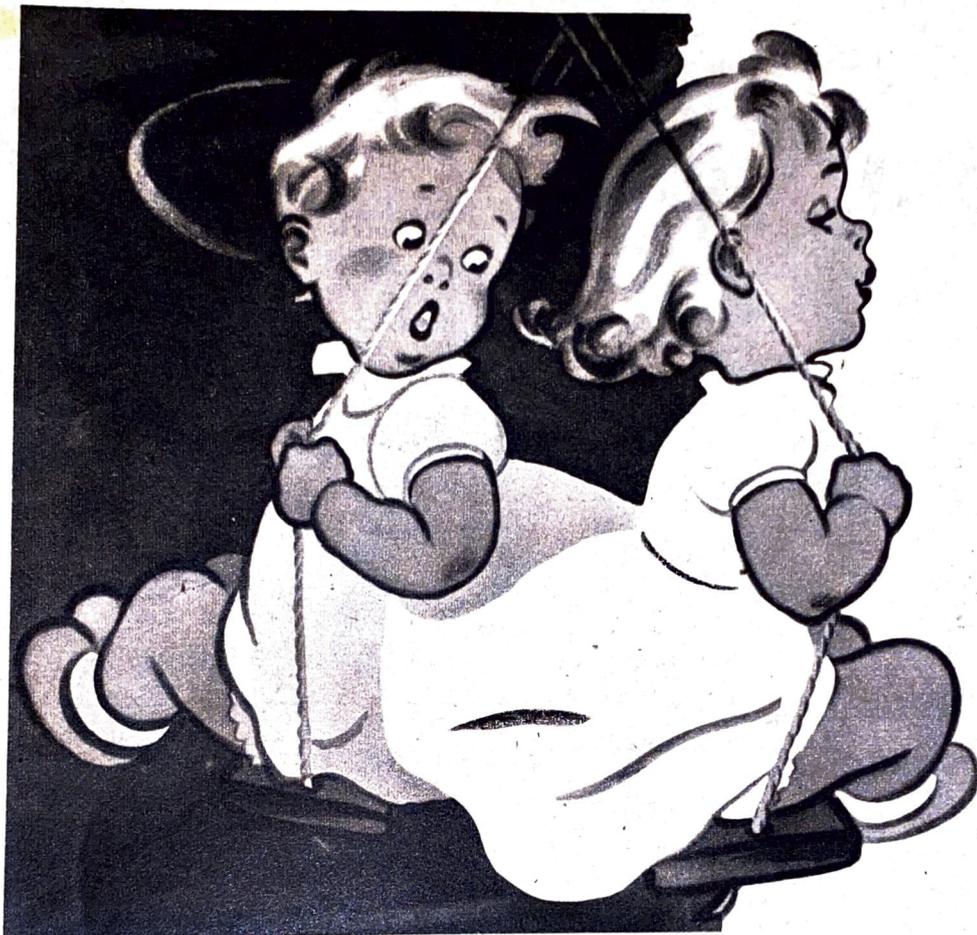
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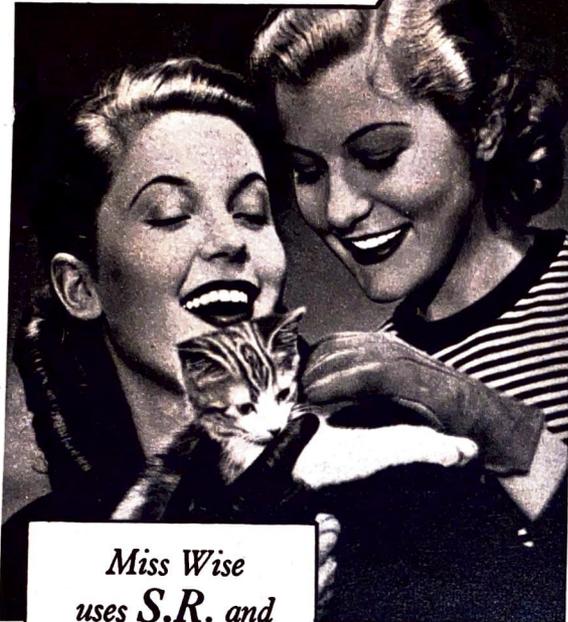
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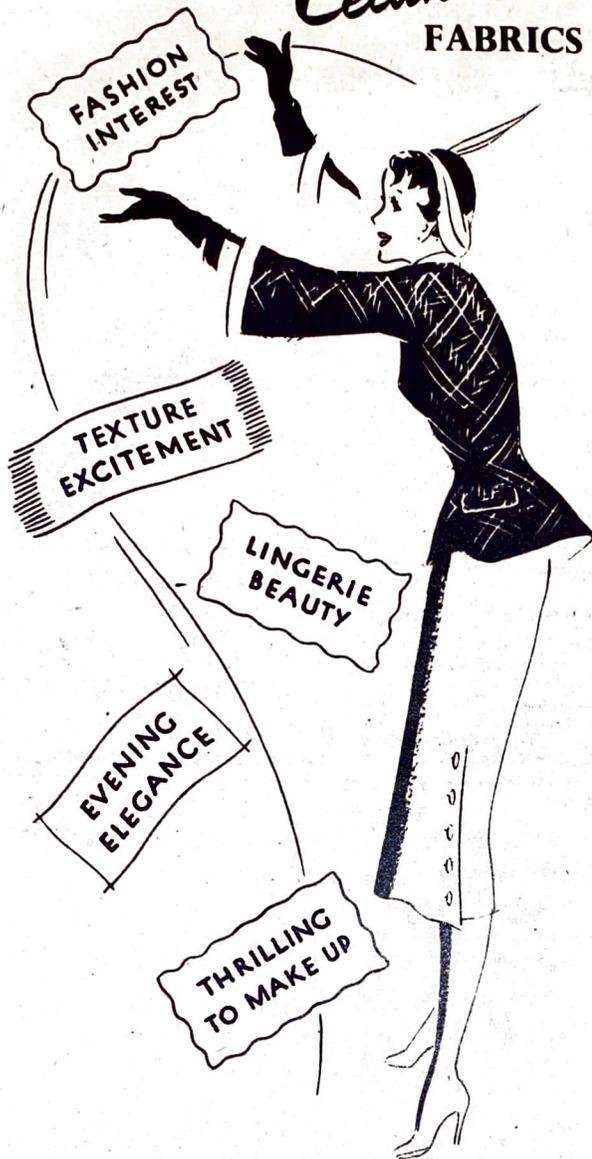
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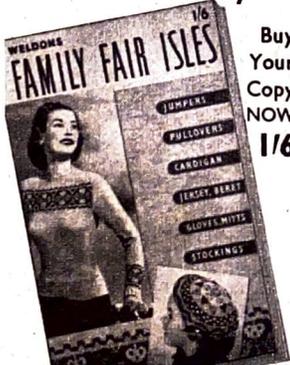
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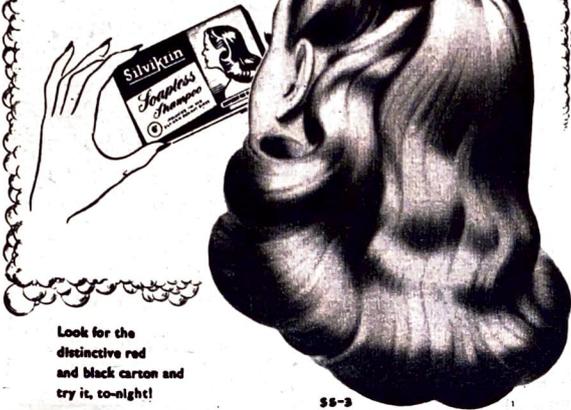
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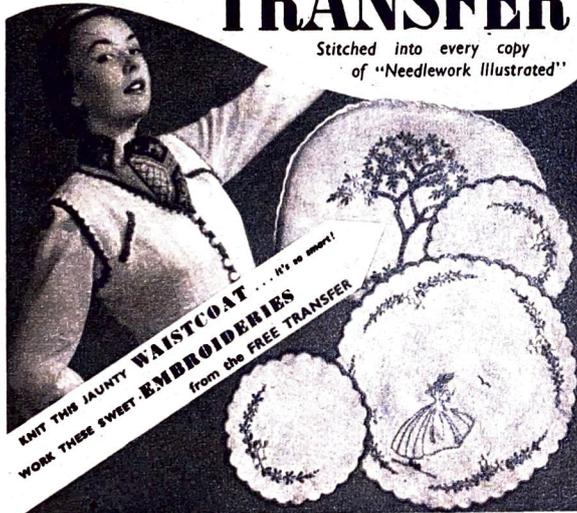


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NEEDLEWORK

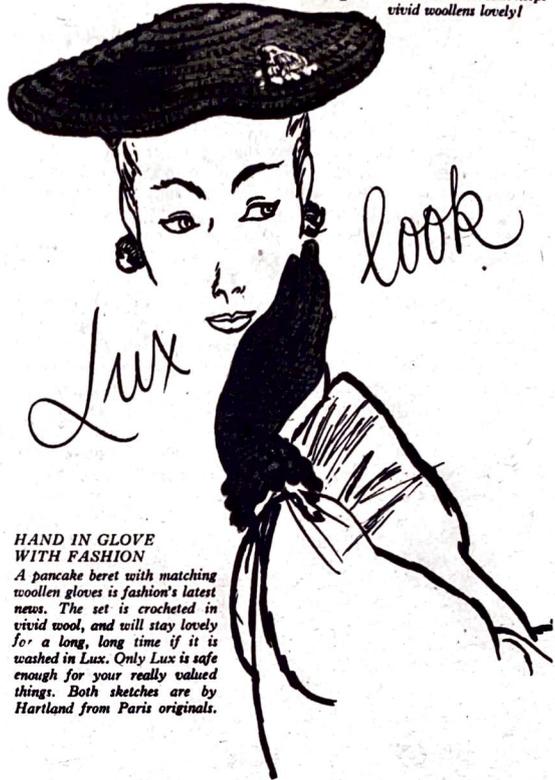
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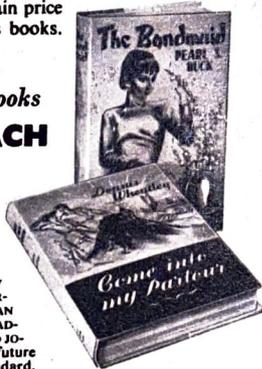
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Editor's Page

GOOD TASTE

JANUARY 1951

30-32 SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2



Winter scene at Eastwood in Essex

JANUARY—the doorway of the year opens in the afterglow of Christmas, and sometimes closes in a slight chill of disgrace—with its cold days littered with bills, colds, broken resolutions and oft-times gently sprinkled from frozen burst pipes. Having faced the worst let's proceed to enjoy it. For often this stern mid-winter month, with its brand-new diaries and cherished old house-coats is shot through with surprises. In fact, just because it has an uneventful look, there is room for things to happen.

Greta Lamb—a contributor with many GOOD TASTE fans—has just told me over lunch that immediately Christmas is past she turns up her nose to sniff the spring. I, too, rather like it to give me a pleasant shock some unsuspecting day!

We open the year with a number of GOOD TASTE which we really are enjoying as we prepare it—and have a feeling you will like too. Let us know if you do—or don't. Your daily letters are a wonderful antidote to all the forms and tiresome "musts" which the January postmen can bring. Since we became a big-page magazine last November—we have had such a lot of letters from readers—north, south, east and west.

I would just like to thank the thankers! Our experts are understandably preening their feathers at the moment, since receiving an extra dose of little after-notes. . . . You meet these experts on their various pages, and they all join me here in greeting you for a really hopeful happy New Year. Our address (above) finds us all . . . and

can we add our seasonal plea to the financial chorus by asking for a stamped addressed envelope with every enquiry?

Contents list for this number is on page 10. Next door!

Snow and sleet may not seem to mix well with nylons—but however cold the day you are quite likely to dance it out, in your sheerest and best. This nylon question seems to be as vexed as ever. What with the disappointment of the people who can't get them—the superiority of the ones who don't need them—and the lofty male who monstrously asserts that "you women seem to think of nothing else"—tempers almost hang, at times, on a—nylon—thread!

Most of us have mothers or grandmothers who think we are crazy to value these death-of-cold bits of nonsense—just as their mothers mourned the discarding of one flannel petticoat. It isn't just the nylons for most of us—though the woman has yet to be found who wants to look less than her nicest (once she has seen and heard what that is!)—it is a matter of *time*. All those lost darning hours—all those ill-timed holes . . . we know what nylons represent in our crowded two-job days.

I'll send a guinea to the reader who writes me the most interesting letter on what a pair of nylons mean—or don't mean!—to her. It's the interest of the letter, not the views, which are as free as air, that counts. That guinea is going into someone's nylon savings box! Greetings to all readers—old and new

+ OUR STYLE - JUDGING COMPETITION IS ON PAGE 24 +

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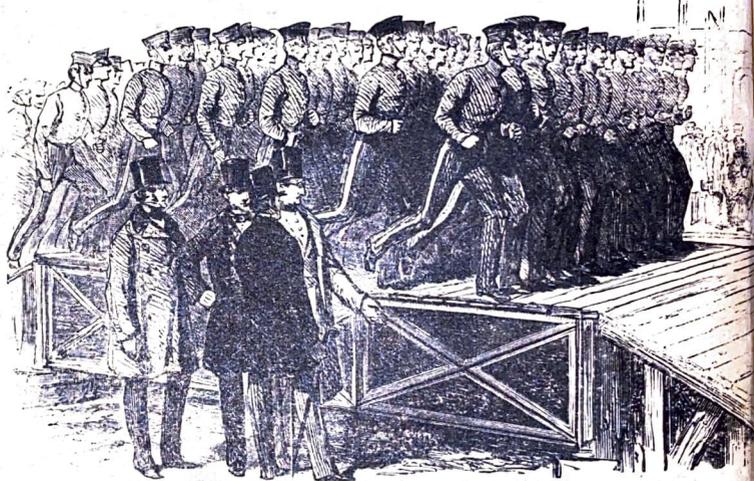
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Our Cover Girl wears Hardy Amies' dinner gown in ruby-coloured lace, has her hair styled by Steiner



★
 You will enjoy this number all the more if your copy of next month's **GOOD TASTE** is safely on order at your newsagents!
 ★

This



Testing the galleries in the Crystal Palace, 1851

by courtesy of The Victoria and Albert Museum

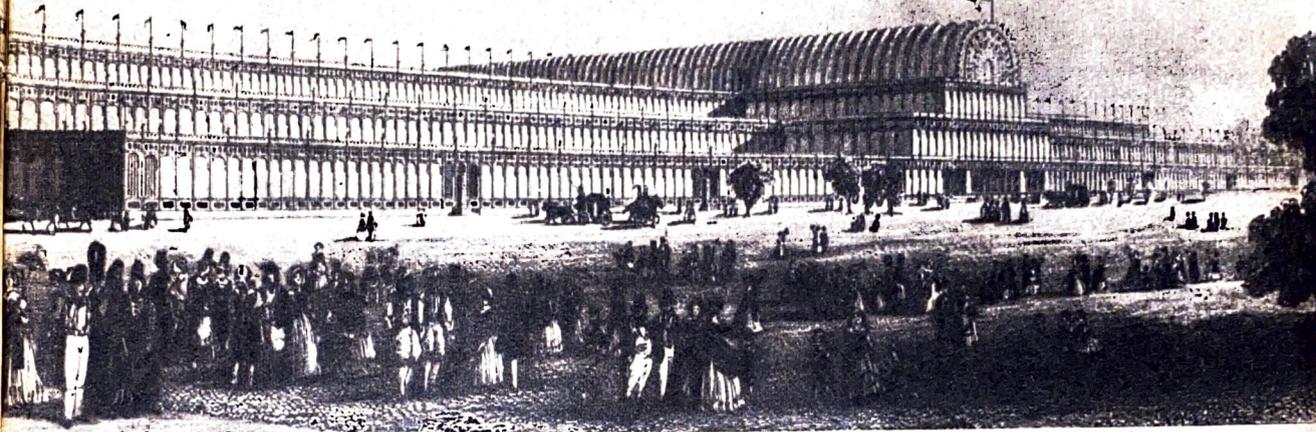
THIS year's Festival of Britain will have its problems; chiefly of space, access, and traffic congestion. But what exhibition of the past hundred years had not? "The first gale will sweep it away," said the Jeremiahs of Paxton's 1851 crystal palace of iron and glass in Hyde Park, "when the sun shines on it everyone will be roasted to death!" Even the Astronomer Royal said it would collapse like a pack of cards. Some 14,000 exhibits, 25,000 people and two of the Park's huge elm trees under nineteen acres of glass! Highly dangerous. *Courting disaster...*
 Yet at the Royal opening on May 1st those 25,000 people were as safe as—well, as glass-houses! The Queen wrote in her diary that "the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around gave us a sensation which I can never forget." How proud she was of her beloved Albert's share in the triumph which he planned to be

"the greatest gathering of all countries, for prosperity and peace, that has happened in our age," and which did more than anything to soften hostility towards the German Prince Consort. How touched she was when, during the singing of the Hallelujah Chorus, a Chinese in mandarin robes advanced from the crowd to prostrate himself at her feet and was later invited to follow the procession of diplomatic corps as China's unofficial representative!

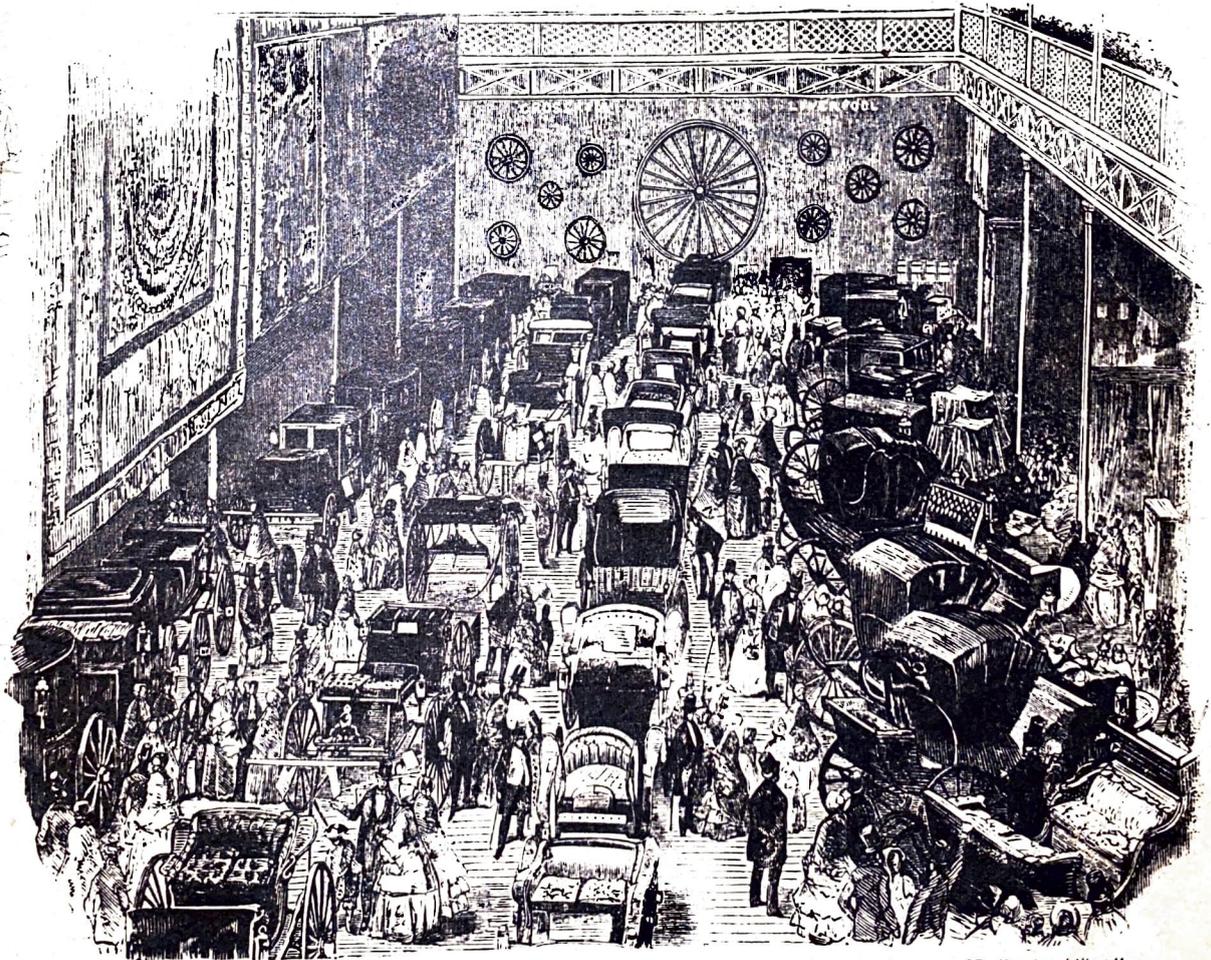
And the exhibits! They went from the Koh-i-noor diamond and an alarm clock bedstead which tipped you out in the morning, to a fishing rod with a drop-hammer gadget which hit the fish on the head. There were actually gas stoves for cooking meat at 2d. an hour, another that would cook for a hundred people at a time and gaslight illumination. This at a time when housewives used turnspits and open fires, lit their homes with candles and oil lamps and weren't as concerned about labour-saving devices as we are because there was plenty of cheap domestic help.

Getting there from a distance by rail or

Festival Year



There are plenty of headaches for the organisers, but, as TREVOR ALLEN says, there always were!



A view of the carriage department at the Crystal Palace, 1851

by courtesy of The Victoria and Albert Museum

coach over ruddy, robber-infested roads was an adventure itself. A Penzance fishwife, Mary Calinack, who could afford neither, cheerfully trudged the three hundred miles to the Exhibition in five weeks.

Yet, despite everything, more than 6,000,000 people, including nearly 60,000 overseas visitors, paid £356,808 admission and a net profit of over £186,000 was realized in the twenty-three weeks it ran. During this time the crowds swallowed 2,000,000 buns and drank 1,000,000 ginger beers. As a result, our arts and industries were given a worldwide boosting as never before. So now what about the Jeremiahs?

SO proud were we of the venture that the exhibition habit caught on.

Between 1887 and 1891 a tough Yorkshireman, John R. Whitley, organized four in London—American, Italian, French and German—without subsidy or outside help. Others were held in the provinces and Scotland. But the most brilliant of the late Victorian and Edwardian days were at Olympia and Earls Court. Glamour, romance, thrills, bands, spectacles, fairyland illuminations there were and all manner of difficulties, too, as Harold Hartley, who managed most of them, recorded in his "happy memories", *Eighty-Eight Not Out*.

For "Venice in London" at Olympia in 1891, thirty gondolas shipped from Venice were eight feet too long for the hall's twisting canals, so others had to be made abroad, sent expensively by rail to Calais, across the Channel to the London docks, and there loaded, one to a lorry. Twice the procession was held up with trolley-wheel trouble, but imported gondoliers duly manned the craft and London went all Venetian for a year, and loved it. Incidentally, the exhibition, estimated to cost a mere £17,000, actually cost £60,000. Like Topsy, exhibition costs have a habit of growing.

For the next one, "Constantinople," showman Kiralfy staged a Turkish harem scene in which the ladies made sport of their lord and master, the Sultan. This shocked Turkish government officials, who at once demanded its withdrawal. Then, when the Ambassador agreed to see the spectacle, he objected to a slave-market scene—until a promoter pointed out that at that time slaves were sold openly even in the London streets!

In '94 a start was made on "Empire of India" at Earls Court, with a capital of £100,000. The company bought the Albert Palace buildings in Battersea Park, found they could not be rebuilt on the Earls Court site owing to the enormous weight of iron-work and sold them at considerable loss.

From a New Year's health sermon—

Published in a girl's magazine, January 1896

Now what I am going to tell you is meant to encourage my fair readers not to be afraid of the cold bath. I made an experiment. I had missed my bath for over two weeks. Then I determined to try it, with no dash of hot water in it, mind you. The windows that first morning were so hard frozen, you could have written your name on a pane of glass with a hairpin.

I was perspiring through sheer debility; but in I went for it. The shock was rather severe. But five minutes after I was in a pleasant glow. I have kept it up ever since, of course and mean to, God sparing me, through all the winter, be it ever so wild and icy.

Now pray don't misunderstand me; there are some girls whose hearts are too feeble to admit of plunging into ice-cold water. They may have a dash of hot water in it. Happy are those, however, who can take it cold. I believe they are sure to get married sooner than the others. They will, if they are careful in diet, exercise (recreative), etc., soon become hale, healthy and happy.

They had also bought the Paris Hippodrome to be re-erected in the Queen's Court and one day, when nearly all the ironwork was in position, it blew down in a gale. Postpone the exhibition? But that would mean ruin! Mr. Hartley arranged for the tangled mass to be cleared off in ten days and the site laid out as a garden with bandstand. Then there was trouble with drainage, water, light contracts and a further £50,000 had to be raised. But the show, complete with Indian jugglers and dancers, Burmese troupe, herd of timber-stacking elephants and old condemned houses from Poona, opened in May and was a great success.

Mr. Hartley's troubles, however, were not over. He took the Indians and Burmese to Hampton Court one Sunday and was showing them the boats going through the lock when a policeman hurried up to say: "Some of your gals are in the river with not a rag on them and others are peeling off theirs!" Mr. Hartley had to run along and tell the little Burmese girls that it wasn't our custom to bathe in the nude, to the great disappointment of a large admiring crowd.

ZULUS in a "Greater Britain" Exhibition were so enthralled at their first sight of a railway that they swarmed on to the line and even into tunnels. Luckily a signalman who saw them was able to hold up trains until they could be brought back. Then, one night at nine, the cables of the Great Wheel jammed and scared passengers were stuck aloft until seven the next morning. Old seamen employed on it climbed right round to reassure them, hand out food and drink and take back messages for relatives and friends, while Dan Godfrey kept his Grenadier Guards band playing below to cheer everybody up!

For a naval battle tableau in the Empress Theatre sodium explosive and fireworks were stored in a concrete magazine. One hot July afternoon it blew up and the more the firemen played on the fire, the more it blazed for sodium had been scattered by the explosion. Mr. Hartley rushed round with the firemen gathering it up in pails. Two people and several cab horses were killed; windows and ceilings damaged over a large area; crowds rolled up in thousands as the report "Earls Court in flames" spread over the city, but the show came on to a full house about an hour late.

You had to live nearby, early in the century, to appreciate how popular Earls Court was. To me, a child, it was an enchanted fairyland and the ice-cream *bombes*, full of nuts and fruits; sold there were the most delicious of my life! Don't I recall, too, shrieking down the Water Chute to bound out over the water? Or was that at the White City's Franco-British Exhibition in 1908, where the great attractions were the vast bandstand arena and the Eastern Courts of Honour with their canals reflecting the dazzling illuminations at night?

PEOPLE were sceptical about the massive, squat concrete buildings erected for the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley in 1924-5. "This," they said, recalling the glamour of Shepherd's Bush and Earls Court, "is too heavy and dull a style to attract festive visitors; who want something romantic, not utilitarian." Although 321,230 people packed the 220 acres on Whit Monday, there was a £1,500,000 deficit on the £5,000,000 outlay. We went to Wembley to see the up-to-date marvels of the Palace of Industry and more picturesque sideshows like the Nigerian pavilion, where I bought some coloured mats which even today refuse to wear out! But we never really loved the place. It lacked intimacy.

There will be plenty of that on the 28 acres of the South Bank, possibly too much! But again Britain has a chance to show the world what it can do. London will be "up in the big lights"; and somewhere, if you're lucky, there'll be a place to park your car!

YOUNG STARS

★ ★ ★ specially

YOUR first impression of twenty-four-year-old actress Diane Hart—leading lady in Terence Rattigan's new play, *Who Is Sylvia?* and Vera-Ellen's girl friend in the film, *Happy-Go-Lovely*, depends entirely on the time of day you happen to meet her.

If it's lunch time, Diane will probably turn up in a trimly tailored suit with a brightly coloured jockey cap perched on her boyishly short-cut hair. She will greet you with a *gamine* grin and strike you as a thoroughly piquante, dynamic personality.

Meet her again at cocktail time and she will have changed into the slinkiest, simplest of black dresses, put on long brilliant earrings, and have all the poised, alluring charm of a *femme fatale*!

Diane gets the greatest fun out of this dual personality—and the amazement it causes!—but underneath, she is a thoroughly consistent personality, wholly occupied with her job (she will rattle on, without apparently stopping for breath, on the subject of all she learned about acting from that stage veteran, A. E. Matthews) and keenly thrilled to find herself suddenly on the crest of the wave after ten years of work and many disappointments. As superstitious as any other member of a truly Irish family ("my mother is the seventh child of a seventh child and once had red hair—I never have any luck with a new flat unless she's the first over the threshold!") she's also very much in love with her handsome fiancé.

Ever since she was a child, Diane has regarded every obstacle in her path, not as a discouragement, but a challenge. Her mother had been on the stage so after getting school certificate Diane was sent to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She stayed just two terms. Then the powers-that-be announced that she was no good and never would be, "with that husky voice!" Today that soft, low-pitched voice is one of Diane's greatest assets, partly because of its natural quality, partly because she has spent a lot of time and money learning how to make the best use of it.

Diane then decided to learn shorthand and typing—for the simple reason she wanted to prove she could do it quicker than a cousin!—and having mastered the secretarial arts in three months, she went to work for the B.B.C. in Bedford. She had just sent in her resignation—because the staff officer was patronizing!—when she met the B.B.C.'s chief engineer and was offered a job in London making noise effects.

"When I saw the girls clanging swords for 'Pilgrim's Progress' I thought it looked fun." But before she could get a transfer to London, she had to get back her letter of resignation. As they wouldn't give it to her, Diane waited until everybody had gone home one night and "burgled" it from the office!

But making noises proved disappointing. "I did some awful things, got into a lot of trouble, and my friends from the R.A.D.A.,

WITH A FUTURE

Interviewed for Good Taste

**Her piquant personality and
flair for comedy make DIANE
HART an actress to watch!**

who were broadcasting in Children's Hour, wouldn't have tea with me because I was only making noises! So I made up my mind to get on the stage *somehow!*"

The "somehow" was provided by Diane's mother, who saw an advertisement for an *ingénue*, went round to Moss Empires with a photograph of her pretty daughter—and kept the staff waiting until six p.m., when Diane could get away from the B.B.C. to be auditioned. She got the job and her appearance the following week in a comedy sketch at the Finsbury Park Empire was her first on the professional stage.

Six months in variety, six weeks with E.N.S.A. followed, then second lead in a play headed for the West End. "We all thought we were going to be stars overnight. Instead, the audience boomed on the first night, and the show ran for ten days." But now Diane was beginning to make a steady income, on tour, and on radio and television, but her mother said repeatedly that she wasn't getting anywhere, which eventually drove her to the office of Linnit and Dunfee to ask for a job—any job. They gave her the script of *Miranda*, told her first rehearsal was on Monday and that she could read the part of the maid on trial.

"It was the longest trial ever—I just went on turning up at rehearsals until eventually we opened!"

WHILE at the B.B.C. doing a broadcast Diane had the most important telephone call of her career: would she like ("it was the first time I'd been asked if I'd like a part!") to play the maid in *The Chiltern Hundreds*? She played that part, not only throughout the fabulous West End run of the play, but also went with it to Broadway for six months.

She was offered several film contracts but had to turn them all down ("tragic at the time but I'm glad now") because since her return from New York Diane has got what she always wanted. The part in *Happy-Go-Lovely* is the first chance she has had for years to escape from comedy maids and be herself. "As Vera-Ellen's rather bossy girl friend I'm just like the American girl I lived with in New York who used to run me!"

Then came the Terence Rattigan play, in which she plays three different women: a silly young thing in 1917, a small part actress in 1929 and a model in 1950. Paradise for an actress with a love for comedy who enjoys slipping out of one personality into another.

Apart from the stage, Diane's great enthusiasm is a truly feminine one—fashion. She can hardly wait to see what the latest is



Portrait by Fayer

Diane can change her "type" with disconcerting ease... above she is in pensive mood and below as Vera-Ellen's tomboyish girl friend, Mae, in *Happy-go-Lovely*



from Dior of Paris, was one of the first girls in London to have her hair cut short two years ago (now she's told her hairdresser he must prevent a sudden change to longer styles because, for that 1929 act in *Who Is Sylvia?* she has to keep hers short)—and makes her smartest accessories and blouses herself.

When stoles first appeared in Paris, Diane made one to match a beige gaberdine skirt, wore it with a black sweater and black patent leather accessories. This year the stole has been turned into one of the new waistcoats. The pencil-slim skirt of her new dark grey suit has been specially made in wrap-over style "so that it can be adapted if fashions change." She has faced an old yellow jacket with grey so that she has two jackets to wear alternately with one grey skirt.

At home in her one-roomed furnished flat, Diane makes clothes ("I sew like mad when I'm waiting for an important decision about a part and always make something new for rehearsals") and lampshades, writes the lyrics for the tunes her fiancé, actor Kenneth MacLeod writes, grills a "professional" steak ("Kenneth has to cook the more ambitious dishes—he's better at it than I am")—and rings up her mother for a chat every evening.

Just now there are only two things needed to complete her happiness. She wants to see her tall, incredibly handsome future

husband (he is only twenty-eight but has silver-grey hair) playing in the West End—and they both want a flat big enough to enable them to get married. When they do, she hopes to alternate between plays and films and to have a family of four—"two of each!"

Meanwhile, Diane is keeping her fingers crossed because, being more accustomed to obstacles, she finds the record number of lucky breaks she has had since her return from Broadway a trifle frightening.

Which strikes me as being one of the best attitudes in which to face a future that looks bright with promise.

Next month we make a "break" in our Young Stars series for a special article by Barbara Vise on actor ALEC GUINNESS, whose wonderful performance as Disraeli in "The Mudlark," (reviewed on page 43) has won such high praise from critics and film-goers

Possession



Linda was in love . . . but the decision she had to make might come between Steve and her for ever

BY BERNICE SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIPHANT

STEVE said, with a pucker of irritation: "But you could have told me you were coming here tonight, Linda. I am on the telephone, you know."

The irony was unnecessary and he regretted it when he saw the vulnerable flutter of Linda's lashes, veiling the anxiety in her eyes. Candid eyes usually, but evasive now with fear: a defensive fear, part of her sensitive, complex make-up; an intangible guard, more effective than concrete between them, that at the same time maddened him and made him want to take her in his arms and comfort her. But he couldn't hold her close here in the entrance hall to the ballroom. He could only look, without touching her, in impatient frustration.

"Yes, I know," she murmured with no answering sarcasm. "But I didn't know until last night that I was coming, and the only time I could telephone without being overheard was in your surgery hours. It—it seemed so trivial. . . ."

Defensiveness deepened in her eyes. He stared at her helplessly, feeling, as he had always felt recently, that in dealing with her he was trying to catch a butterfly in a mist.

He sighed. "Couldn't you assert yourself, for once? Insist on having a private telephone call?" He thought of the wasted hours of this evening . . . precious hours. He saw too little of her. Once a week, on his night off from this busy practice in an industrial midland town. Not always then, because Linda couldn't manage it. It was only by chance that he had caught sight of her a few minutes ago when he made a dutiful appearance at the hospital ball.

She shivered slightly as the draught from the open door cut into her bare shoulders. "It's so difficult, Steve." A hopelessness he had already come to identify as mute obstinacy settled woodenly on her profile. "I didn't intend coming, but Maurice had tickets and everyone seemed to think it odd that I shouldn't. It seemed easier to give in."

Maurice! He thought. That ham-shouldered, blunderbuss of a man who was her father's junior partner in the biggest car-hire garage in the district.

Anger, jealousy, all the un-clinical, irration-

al impulses of a man in love seeing his woman under the sanctioned protection of another man, burned in Steve as he said, "They wouldn't think it odd if you told them about us. Surely your parents can't run every minute of your life, or impose Maurice on you if you don't want him?" He controlled his temper with an effort. More quietly, he continued, "This being afraid of comment is a phobia, Linda, which you'll have to break. We can't go on like this."

He was patient now. Gentle, but firm. That was the line he must take with Linda.

"I'll come along and see your father tomorrow," he went on as she stayed silent. Rodgeron, his partner, would be back from his medical conference in London by the afternoon and it was Steve's night off.

"No—not tomorrow," Linda said quickly. "Mother hasn't been well again recently, and any disturbance brings on an attack—that's why I've been putting things off. Honestly, it's quite the wrong time to say anything about us." Her voice fell shyly. For a moment all the wonder that their love could mean filled her eyes with stars.

Steve stood back a little, groped in his pocket for his cigarette case.

"Well, then, when shall I come?" he said. "It will never be the right moment unless you make it."

She did not answer, but smoothed her full skirt, looking at a faint crease with a kind of detached surprise.

The music ended and girls drifted towards the staircase in twos and threes, most of them turning appraising, curious eyes on the young surgeon and the tall girl. Here, where everybody knew everybody, they could not escape attention. He said abruptly, "Let's go and have a drink, or coffee, or something."

In the refreshment room, when he had ordered, he went on, "What time does this dance end? Two? I'm going on to the hospital now for an emergency operation, but I could come back and collect you." He ought to go back and rest, he knew, for while Rodgeron was away he was doing all his work

as well as his own. But Linda was more important than sleep.

She smiled at him ruefully. "And what shall I do about Maurice?"

Anger spurred in him again. Carefully, he controlled it. "This nonsense has to stop sometime. Why not tonight? Let's make a beginning by telling Maurice."

"And have him go straight to my father before we have a chance to say anything? He'll wonder where I am now."

"For the love of heaven!" Steve ran his hands helplessly through his hair. "Who is the more important? Maurice or I? Linda, do you remember the night we first met?" he asked so suddenly that she started.

She looked at him gravely. "Am I likely to forget it?"

"You've changed, Linda. You quoted Shelley, remember?"

She nodded and her eyes dreamed, as they had been dreaming the night he had first seen her leaning over the counter of the Modern School canteen. Outside in the rain, one of the instructors running to gain cover, had slipped and broken his leg. Steve had been called and after dispatching his patient in an ambulance had dropped into the canteen for a coffee. It was empty except for Linda who had been taking a home-nursing class for the Youth Club.

He'd been arrested then by the quality of her. Solemnly he had put a penny on the counter. "Or do they rate more now that the cost of living has gone up?"

"I was thinking,"—she'd looked round with a start—"of something Shelley said: 'Can man be free if woman be a slave?'"

"Emancipation has taken place since Shelley's time!" he'd pointed out, mildly.

"Perhaps." Her half-smile had been unbelieving. "But women are the victims of circumstances much more than men."

He'd given her a lift home. On the way he'd asked her what she meant and had learned then about her family: the two sisters, both married, a few years older than she. Linda had always wanted to be a doctor,



As Steve hurried out, Linda danced by as if in a dream. She turned her head slightly and her lips moved

but had to leave school when her second sister married. The second sister had returned home when her husband was posted abroad, so Linda had seized the next best chance and had gone to Manchester to train as a nurse. Then, a few months ago, when the family's housekeeper left, Linda had to return home again, like a puppet on the end of a string.

A CROWD of teen-agers burst through the swing doors.

"But why, darling, why have I changed?" Linda whispered.

"That night you were in revolt—against a situation your intelligence told you was unnecessary. You were *positive* then, looking for a solution. You needed help. I tried to give it to you."

"I know," she said quietly, still looking at her glass.

"I said," he went on, "that Rodgerson and

I needed a secretary. And that was a solution—a job to occupy your energies in the kind of atmosphere you understood. Well, I spoke to Rodgerson about it and we've been expecting you. But you haven't done a thing about it." He banged his coffee cup into the saucer. "Your only reaction was to decide to take up nursing again—in Hillbury, as it's on your doorstep."

"And you know what happened when I suggested even taking a part-time job in the local hospital," she said bitterly. "Mother had a heart attack—and you were called in. I thought you would be sure to understand, as soon as you saw the position for yourself." A bright shine of unshed tears came to her eyes.

"You could make a situation about going to be a nurse but not about us," he went on, unable to forego the exquisite torture of punishing her as he himself felt punished.

"And the net result is—you're here tonight with Maurice, not me."

The hunted expression settled more rightly in her face. She was very still. "You've made the problem bigger," she said in a low voice.

He saw, suddenly, that this was true. He had thought their love for each other had simplified matters, but to a person of Linda's intricate make-up, nursing in the local hospital was an escape from both him and Maurice. The whole web-like situation was driving him crazy.

"It must stop," he said decisively. "Can't you see that you're not being fair to me, your parents, or to Maurice by allowing people to think . . ."

"Here he is," she said swiftly, "with Uncle Frank." Silence fell as a heavy-shouldered, square-faced young man and a small, jolly looking man with a red face, joined them at

the bar. Suspicion lay darkly behind Maurice's eyes.

"Evening, Dr. Lawley," he said briefly. He turned to Linda. "I wondered where on earth you had got to!"

In the tension that followed Steve found himself full of an urgent desire to punch Maurice on the nose. Uncle Frank broke in genially. "Nice to see you out having some fun for a change, Linda. What's happened?"

"Mother hasn't been well," Linda said abruptly.

Uncle Frank's bushy eyebrows soared. "Who's been upsetting her? I suppose you wanted to be off again. Funny, something only goes wrong with her when somebody wants to do something."

Maurice began to glower. Colour flooded Linda's translucent skin. "Please, Uncle Frank," she protested.

Steve watched Linda intently, remembering the one occasion he had visited her mother. Emily Mason was on his partner's list—in general, Rodgerson took the medical and Steve the surgical cases—and Steve had been called in on Rodgerson's night off. He had spent a long time studying her file, welcoming the opportunity to meet Linda's family, yet disliking his task because it was the nebulous kind of case he abhorred.

Emily Mason. X-ray plates, taken over the years, all negative. No organic disease. Was she, he still wondered, a hypochondriac who had fixed on heart trouble as a focus for all her fears, or a person suffering from some deep emotional illness who had merely retreated from the battle with life.

WHEN he had arrived she was sitting in an easy chair in the pleasantly furnished sitting-room; a thin woman, and tall, like Linda, he guessed. Her dark eyes were mesmeric, and her black hair surprisingly untouched with grey, except at the temples.

"So good of you to come," she had murmured. "I'm sorry to bring you out at this hour."

"It's my job," Steve said. Jim Mason, Linda's father, entered then, with a cup of hot milk. A tall man, with stooped shoulders.

"She's all right now, but my word, she gave us a fright."

"Silly of me." Mrs. Mason leaned back exhaustedly, eyes closed. "I shouldn't upset myself," she whispered. "I know absolute quiet is essential."

"Linda should know better than to worry you," her husband said heavily. This was the evening Linda had announced her intention of nursing again.

Ignoring the comment, Steve made his examination with scrupulous thoroughness, shaken in his diagnosis, in spite of himself, by her gentleness. He had been prepared to find, as he did, that her illness was hysterical. He had not been prepared for her extraordinarily hypnotic expression of tranquil patience.

Linda came in as he packed his bag. Still with the same sweet, resigned smile, Mrs. Mason looked at Steve. "I know there isn't much that can be done."

Steve chose his words carefully. "There's no obvious reason why your heart shouldn't be good for many years yet." Since there's nothing wrong with it, he thought. "Of course, indigestion can be frightening when you get a nasty attack."

"Indi—of course, I don't expect you to understand me altogether, Dr. Lawley." Her face cleared and he felt her tone become indulgent to his youth and inexperience. "But I do know myself."

With the same indulgent patience she overrode his suggestion that her appetite would benefit by gentle exercise.

"That's right," her husband said. "She'll have to go to bed again if she exerts herself."

Mrs. Mason looked at her daughter with large eyes shadowed by a fatigue Steve diagnosed as boredom and lack of exercise. "You'll have to cancel your appointment with Matron tomorrow, dear. Explain I'm

not well enough to be left just now." She finished gently, hypnotically. "Then we'll see what happens in the next few weeks."

On the doorstep Jim Mason said worriedly. "We've spent a fortune on her in the past. But all the specialists say nothing can be done."

Steve gripped his bag, disconcerted by this translation of medical opinion. "Your wife won't gain strength by just sitting around. Perhaps," his tone was delicate, "you make things a bit too easy for her. Anxiety can be overdone."

Jim Mason glared, speechless.

"There's absolutely no physical reason why she shouldn't take a more active interest in life," Steve went on hastily. "If she gives in she will indeed become a chronic invalid. And, as you know, that puts a heavy strain on the family, as well as being unnecessary suffering for herself."

"You can't tell me a woman suffers as my wife does because she likes it," Jim Mason said heavily. "Well, I know you're a very clever doctor—or so I've heard. But there's a lot else you've got to learn. I know my wife. Should do. Well—yes—it may seem hard lines on Linda. But she's the only daughter left, and it's her duty to look after her mother."

An honest, forthright man, Steve had thought, who wouldn't consciously do anybody a bad turn. But a man without any imagination. A man genuinely incapable of seeing any point of view except his own, and genuinely astounded that a daughter of his should not share it.

His usual even temper flared as the older man finished. "I don't know what Linda has been saying to you. She's young—and young people can be very selfish. Linda has a different nature from my other two daughters."

A different nature, yes, Steve had thought, driving away. Perhaps a different intelligence that told her she was a victim of emotional blackmail.

REMEMBERING the feeling of defeat he himself had experienced that night, his sharp consciousness of his lack of experience in dealing with the attitudes he had found in the Mason family, he now felt he had been unduly harsh with Linda before Uncle Frank and Maurice joined them. Pityingly, he watched her suffer under her uncle's astringent tongue, then steeled himself. It was good for her to be forced out of her emotional fog and made to study objectively her own situation.

"You're very hard sir," Maurice was saying stiffly. "It's a shame Mrs. Mason must suffer as she does."

"I wonder," commented Uncle Frank, "who does the most suffering?"

"That's a dreadful thing to say—with her heart in the condition it is," Maurice turned pointedly to Linda. "They're playing your favourite tune." He held out a possessive arm.

All the colour had drained from her face as she turned obediently, without looking at Steve. "So they are," she murmured. "Well, if you'll excuse us, . . ."

Tight with frustration, Steve watched them go.

"Heart, indeed!" muttered Uncle Frank. "All Emily needs is a change of heart. As for that pompous windbag, Maurice . . . not," he added more genially, "that I've really anything against him. He's worthy enough, but not Linda's dish at all. She needs somebody with imagination." He screwed up his eyes reflectively at Steve. "Have a drink?"

For a moment Steve was tempted to confide. Here was an ally. But he had to respect his promise to Linda. "No, thanks," he said. "I'm operating shortly. I really must go."

He made a hasty goodbye, and as he skirted the dance floor he saw Linda dancing like an automaton, her face aloof, like an alabaster cast. She turned her head slightly as he

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CARD CUNNING

WHAT'S more fun at a party than a spot of card-reading? A New Year seems somehow to demand a cheerful peep into what it may hold in store for you. And how popular you'll be wherever you go if card-reading is one of the parlour tricks you can bring with you.

You'll need a quick memory and a little practice beforehand in getting by heart the meanings of the various cards. Here's a very effective method which is not too difficult, because it doesn't use the whole of the pack, so there's that much less to remember.

Begin by discarding the twos and threes of all suits. Below are the readings of all the remaining cards. A good plan is to print them on an old pack and use this to practise with till you know them all glibly and can work with an unmarked pack.

MEANINGS OF THE CARDS

First of all, the kings and queens represent the people whose fortunes are being told, according to their colouring. For a man: lay in the centre of the table, face upwards, the appropriate king. For a woman: lay the most suitable queen. Here's how to choose.

Diamonds: Really blonde, red-haired or white-haired people.

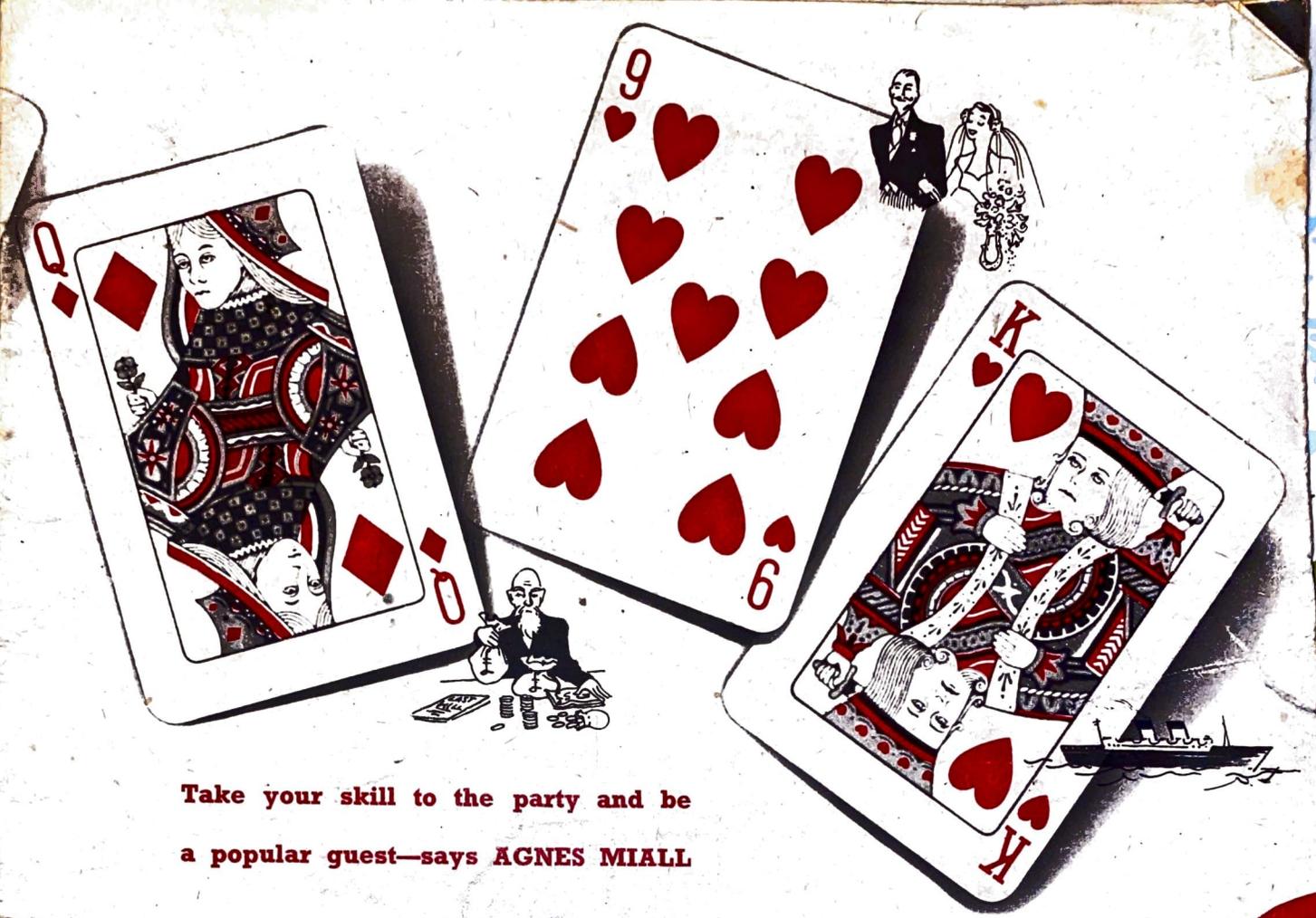
Hearts: Medium fair—blue eyes and brown hair; or grey or hazel eyes and fair hair.

Clubs: Medium dark—brown hair and eyes or dark blue or hazel eyes with dark brown hair.

Spades: Very dark—black hair, dark skin and eyes.

Now for the meanings of remaining cards.

Ace: Diamonds, engagement ring. **Hearts,**



**Take your skill to the party and be
a popular guest—says AGNES MIALL**

a proposal. *Clubs*, success or promotion in work. *Spades*, bad news, misfortune.

Knave: *Diamonds*, new work. *Hearts*, success, friends or happiness, according to position and neighbouring cards. *Clubs*, greater prosperity ahead. *Spades*, uncertainty.

Ten: *Diamonds*, journey or visit to friends. *Hearts*, marriage. *Clubs*, business affairs. *Spades*, delay or disappointment.

Nine: *Diamonds*, money. *Hearts*, wish granted (this is the Wish Card). *Clubs*, difficulties in work. *Spades*, illness.

Eight: *Diamonds*, romantic gift or legacy. *Hearts*, happy love affair. *Clubs*, favourable journey or letter. *Spades*, jealousy.

Seven: *Diamonds*, a rich visitor. *Hearts*, one of the opposite sex (often a child). *Clubs*, sharp practice. *Spades*, worry.

Six: *Diamonds*, a present. *Hearts*, a new admirer. *Clubs*, disagreement, probably at work. *Spades*, something lost.

Five: *Diamonds*, a short holiday. *Hearts*, news of a baby. *Clubs*, an unexpected summons. *Spades*, bother over a paper.

Four: *Diamonds*, money paid. *Hearts*, a new friend. *Clubs*, a change or extra work. *Spades*, delay.

CUTTING AND WISHING

Ask the person whose fortune you are telling to shuffle the cards well, wishing silently while doing so. Now take the shuffled pack and deal it out into seven little piles surrounding the sitter's card, naming each pile aloud as you lay a card face-down on the table.

When dealing the first card you say,

"What tops you," and then respectively for the other six:

"What hangs over your head."

"Your work."

"Your friend."

"Yourself."

"Your wish."

"What's sure to be true."

Repeat, dealing round in the same order and with the same words, till each of the seven piles contains three cards, laid face downwards. Now pick up the "What tops you" pile (that is, what is very close to you) and turn the cards upwards in order.

TAKE THIS EXAMPLE

Let's suppose, as an example, that these three cards are the four of clubs, the eight of hearts and the king of hearts. Then you prophesy, "Very soon you will have a change owing to a happy love affair with a medium fair man."

Passing on to the second of the seven piles, you now interpret similarly, "What hangs over your head" (that is, what fate will bring later on) by combining the meanings of its three cards. Do the same with each pile in turn, according to the department of life it represents.

The wish trio of cards will rouse special interest. If it contains the nine of hearts, the wish is certain; otherwise you must judge according to the three cards and how they are placed.

At a large party, the seven-pile method for each person may take too long. But everyone can quickly have a wish and you can foretell whether or not it will be granted.

Use a complete pack of fifty-two cards and ignore the list of meanings already given. You need note only two cards—the nine of hearts (Wish Card) and ten of spades (Disappointment). The sitter shuffles the pack well while silently wishing, then cuts away from him or herself with the *left* hand. Now deal out the pack rapidly in one pile, face upwards. If the Wish Card appears first, the wish will come true; but should the ten of spades precede it, fulfilment is unlikely. The earlier the Wish Card appears (if it comes before the Disappointment one) the sooner the wish will be granted.

Another wish method is exactly the same as this except that there is no disappointment card. Concentrate when dealing on the Wish Card only. If it appears among the first ten cards dealt, it will be granted; if among the second ten, it *may* be granted after delay; if later than that, success is very doubtful indeed or will be denied.

STAGE MANAGEMENT

Card reading is much more impressive if you dramatize it. If possible, have the table brilliantly lighted, with the rest of the room in shadow. Insist on silence while the sitter is wishing so that she can concentrate. Be particular that the cards are cut and dealt exactly as already described. Speak in a slow, impressive voice, after well studying the cards, but never hesitate, for you are the oracle who *knows*. When you can't remember a particular card meaning, still say something with conviction. If it's doubted, you can always nod your head sagely and remark, "You just wait and see!"

How Romantic are you?

*This quiz arranged by Gabrielle Brun may
put a sidelight on men moonlight and you*

EVERY woman has a romantic streak in her nature. You may be the most realistic soul alive: you may loathe picture hats, despise weepy films and never read poetry, yet there may be moments when, despite his customary quiet taste in suits, your boy friend wears shining armour and rides a white charger!

Or perhaps you think you're a Cleopatra or a Helen of Troy—that love, true love, is the only thing that matters. If your boy friend gave you an informative book instead of orchids, you'd feel ill-used and misunderstood.

And then there are girls we know who wave away all consideration of earthly goods, creature comforts, food and drink, as long as their man has a certain "something"—yet somehow, they never seem to go out with anyone who hasn't a car and are only seen dining in smart restaurants.

One doesn't always know oneself, does one?

Well, why not find out how you stand by answering the questions below, truthfully, yet according to your present mood? For it is a fact that you may feel very sober today and very romantic tomorrow!

1. Can you discard old love letters without a twinge of heartache?
2. Do you think there is one man on earth created to make one particular girl happy?
3. Do you believe in your intuition and follow your hunches?
4. Would it be quite the same to you if HE proposed while drying the dishes or at a ball?
5. Do you love having your fortune told?
6. Do you think you are more sensitive than most people?
7. Are you convinced that true love can reform a rake or, let's say, the most unmarried man?
8. Do you wish you had been born in another century?
9. Some girls have imaginary heroes. Have you?
10. Are your daydreams much, much lovelier than anything you have ever experienced?
11. Do you often feel that just around the next corner there may be a spectacular change in your life?
12. Do you believe that most people know true love only once in a lifetime?
13. Would you hate the idea of marrying in an ordinary frock and hat if your fiancé wanted it?

Will you count your Yesses, please?

Yes No Total

Four or less: definitely practical, we'd say. There is no nonsense about you, but a little bit of it would do you a lot of good! If you're already a successful executive with a four-figure income or an equally successful mother of three, you have no need to worry. If you're neither, why on earth do you control your imagination so strictly?

Six or seven Yesses to your score and you're a pleasantly sensible person. Both feet are firmly on the ground, but your head strays occasionally in the clouds. You have one or two attractive weaknesses and, what is very likeable in you, you are surrounded by a sense of romanticism wherever you go.

Did you say nine or ten Yesses? We're a little afraid you expect the milkman, the bus conductor, even the income tax collector to change into Prince Charming at your smile. They don't, and you're more than twenty? Better snap out of your dream and take a look at life as it really is. Still, we rather envy the adventures you must have in trains and dentists' waiting-rooms!

You really wrote Yes thirteen times? Do you honestly do nothing all day long but dream of love? Funny, we always thought a girl had to work to live. Diffidently, we suggest you consider that men make holes in their socks, go for huge meals and get 'flu—some very nice ones even snore. But you won't believe that, will you?

POSSESSION

continued from page 16

passed and her lips moved. Steve smiled crookedly, then went out to his car.

But it was hell being in love, he thought, driving down the poplar-lined avenue to the hospital. He walked along the bare, stone corridors drained of energy, as he always felt now after seeing Linda. How could she love him if she put the bondage of her family first? What was the insecurity inside herself that couldn't trust him sufficiently? Or did she fundamentally prefer the domination of her family and Maurice to the freedom of loving him?

Elbowing into the pink, antiseptic solution, he tried to push the thought of Linda away and concentrate on the job he had to do. But as soon as he left the operating theatre, back came the picture of Linda in Maurice's arms, Linda in Maurice's car. In the quiet square he thought of going back to collect her. It's got to stop, he thought fiercely. Why not tonight?

But he drove on doggedly, back to the Rodgerson's house where he lived. He could not sleep. Until dawn he read, endlessly smoking, first a medical journal and then a thriller, unable to concentrate. Oh, Linda, why should you do this to me? Why? All he had asked for, all he had wanted to do when he had first come to work here, was an opportunity to immerse himself thoroughly in his job. To reserve every ounce of energy to enrich his professional experience. Why, if he had to fall in love, couldn't he have found someone more straightforward?

He opened the window wider and gulped in the air. Nicky, the cat, returned from a night prowling, crouched on the lawn and watched him intently.

Steve lit another cigarette and went downstairs to open the door. With Nicky rubbing his legs he went into the kitchen and made a pot of tea.

"This won't do," Cook scolded, when she came downstairs at six-thirty to light the boiler. "Doing Dr. Rodgerson's work as well as your own. And not a wink of sleep all night, from the look of you."

But of course it wouldn't do he thought later, looking bleakly round the consulting room, appalled by the jumble of forms, letters, medical cards, all the paraphernalia that needed a secretary's care. All the things that cluttered his attention when he needed to be free to do the urgent part of his job. He was newly qualified, but already he felt himself slipping out of touch with latest developments because of the pressure of everyday life. And Linda could have helped—if she'd wanted to.

And now, to top everything, he had wasted a whole night's sleep because of her. Savagely, he swiped the mess from his desk. This was the crisis. Today he would bring things to a head. He would see her father today.

BUT Linda came to his surgery that morning. When she appeared round his door he stared, then leaped to his feet. "Darling!" He strained her to him, all the pent-up emotions of the night in the force of his arms.

She relaxed against his shoulder, then drew back. "It's—it's Mother again." She began to laugh shakily, a little hysterically, then sobered. "Father thinks she should have a doctor—so I came personally, so I could see you first."

"What's the trouble?"

"The usual. After a row."

He looked at her quickly. "About us?"

"Yes."

Relief swelled in him. "Well, the worst is over, anyway."

"Oh, darling," she whispered, "I couldn't sleep—I was so wretched last night. This morning, I said I should be out this evening—and they wanted to know where. So I told them. About us."

Please turn to page 20

On Your Toes

If the dancing world beckons—this special article by our popular Career Expert VICTORIA STEVENSON will interest you

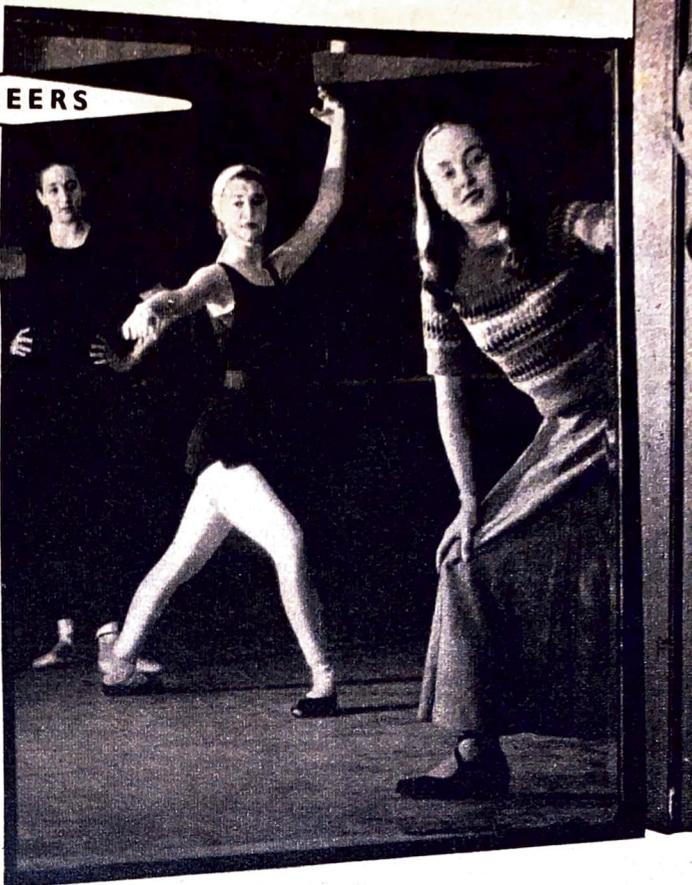
PERHAPS, after a visit to Covent Garden, or seeing a film like *The Red Shoes*, you have thought longingly of a dancing career; even the many arduous years of training and daily hours of practice would be well worth while to become part of the enchanted world of the ballet.

If you have, it is only fair to tell you straight away that to become a ballerina means starting to train when you are very young—between eight and eleven is the usual age. For other forms of dancing the age limit is a little higher, but few pupils are taken over the age of seventeen unless they have had previous training.

By now you may be thinking that as far as you are concerned a dancing career seems out of the question. But there may be other branches of the profession open to you, and if you happen to have a young friend with a burning ambition to dance you might like to show her this article.

Dancing as a profession can be divided into roughly three groups: theatrical ballet, musical comedy and teaching. As you can imagine, competition for the stage is extremely keen, openings are few, and the professional life of a dancer is obviously shorter than in other professions.

Where to train? The famous ballet companies, the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company,



An early start is important . . . these young students are practising in the studio at the Royal Academy of Dancing



the International Ballet, the Ballet Rambert have their own "nurseries" and scholarships, and the L.C.C. makes grants for talented pupils with Sadler's Wells. There are also residential schools (where pupils combine ballet training with a good all-round education) and day schools all over the country where most types of dancing—ballet, Greek, tap, old-tyme, ballroom, etc.—both for stage and teachers, are taught, and you will find plenty of advertisements in *The Dancing Times*.

FOR the stage, however, it is wise to train at a school where you can take the elementary examination of the Royal Academy of Dancing. Pupils of members of the R.A.D. can compete for the special scholarships offered by the Academy, and for the successful this means free training—two classes a week—for five years. Competition is naturally very strong and last year, out of a hundred and fifty applicants, only thirty-six were chosen. Even if accepted, pupils must pass a strict physical examination each year, for as they grow older they may develop physical disadvantages—such as too short a neck or too big a head—which would make dancing as a profession impossible.

If in doubt about the choice of a school, the R.A.D.—I can send their address—will be pleased to advise you. Give your age, education, previous training if any, and say whether you are interested in the stage or teaching.

Ballet does not offer the high salaries of the commercial theatre but, if accepted by a company, you are assured of a regular job and training continues—so one earns and learns at the same time. Even the prima ballerina does her daily class and I remember Robert Helpman saying how rushed he was

when performing at Stratford and London on the same day, and sandwiching his daily classes at the barre in between.

There is a steady demand for teachers, but as the Director of the R.A.D. told me, "It is a mistake to think that teachers are just jaded artistes who have never made the grade." Their training is just as hard and demanding as that of the ballerina.

For girls who want to teach dancing the Royal Academy of Dancing offers a special three-year course. Fees are seventy-five guineas a year with an additional fee of thirty-five guineas a term for resident students—but many talented pupils are helped with grants from local education authorities.

To qualify for the course you must be at least seventeen, hold school certificate or its equivalent, and have passed the Academy's elementary examination. Apart from the technical side of dancing, history of period costumes, the making of regulation ballet dress, anatomy, physiology, English and French all come into the curriculum.

Once trained, it is naturally up to you to decide where you want to teach. Some teachers take posts in private schools at a starting salary of about four pounds five shillings a week, while salaries for full-time teachers in general educational schools come under the Burnham scale. Others prefer to build up their own connections and open their own studios.

If there are any questions you would like to ask me—about this or any other career—my address is on page 9. Please remember to enclose a stamped envelope for a postal reply.

NEXT MONTH: VICTORIA STEVENSON writes on a "beauty culture" career



Time to relax—and check through shoes for running repairs

Steve's jaw tightened. "And?"

Her hands fluttered in a helpless gesture. "Mother began to gasp for breath. She's suffering in her own way, I suppose," she added unhappily. "It's a pity you have to be drawn into it, as a doctor, but Father wants one and Dr. Rodgerson isn't here. If you could get along fairly early. She's quieter now, but awfully pale. It's frightening."

"I'll make it my first call. meantime," he handed over a box of tablets, "one of these will calm her nerves."

She stood, with an odd quality of positiveness in her that he had never seen before, as though she had come to some calming decision. "If I don't see you when you come to the house I'll meet you in the lounge of the King Edward at six." She reached up swiftly, kissed him and had gone almost before he realized it.

THE Masons had a detached, double-fronted house on the outskirts of Hillbury. As he drew up before the well-kept garden, with its trimmed shrubs and flower-filled borders, Steve thought again that there was no financial reason why Jim Mason shouldn't afford a housekeeper to free Linda.

Mrs. Mason sat in her chair before the fire. Uncle Frank stood on the hearth. One eye closed in a ponderous wink as Steve came into the room.

"Oh," Mrs. Mason looked blank. "I thought Dr. Rodgerson—"

"Dr. Rodgerson won't be back from London until this afternoon," Steve said briskly.

"Oh." Her eyes closed. She looked tired and frail. "Never mind, now. The worst is over. It's my husband who gets so frightened . . . as we know, there's nothing more to be done. And the tablets you kindly sent have given relief." She spoke, Steve thought, as though she were conferring an enormous favour in showing such improvement.

"However, we did want to see you to discuss something." She looked pointedly at Uncle Frank, who removed himself with reluctance.

"I'm going to risk some of Jim's awful sherry," Uncle Frank said. "Next door." He thumbed towards the adjoining room.

"Would you care for a glass of sherry now, Dr. Lawley?" Mrs. Mason asked in a tone which generously overlooked her brother-in-law's manners. "Jim, a little sherry," she said to her husband as he entered with Linda.

"Not for me, thank you. I don't drink on my rounds," Steve said. He declined to sit down, saying he needed to stretch his legs and went to stand in the bay window where he could watch the light on Mrs. Mason's face.

"Well, now," Jim Mason said, when his brother had rolled towards the dining-room. "Linda's been telling us. Well, it came as a bit of a surprise." He fumbled for his pipe.

"I'm twenty-two," Linda was saying, "and even if I had said I'd marry Maurice, which I didn't, I'm entitled to change my mind." She came to stand by Steve, slipping her hand in his, looking at her parents with sudden proud defiance.

"Perhaps," Mrs. Mason made her contribution in a tone of gentle deprecation, "when you know each other better you'll find out whether it's really—suitable. But, of course," she continued wistfully, "we had expected Linda to make her home with us. There's ample room for a flat here, at least to begin with." Underneath the gentleness was an oddly decisive note that made Steve look at her sharply. Now we are really getting to it, he thought. I'm an intruder—spoiling the nice cosy family picture in her mind; her daughter permanently with her, a son-in-law trained to fit in with her plans. Wonderingly, he studied her. Was he on the verge of the revelation he wanted?

"My wife will naturally make her home

with me," he said levelly. His grey eyes suddenly flashed with steel.

"Of course, if Linda wishes to be so thoughtless, when she knows I'm helpless." Momentarily, the mesmeric eyes were two swords. Her sweetness had gone and in that swift moment Steve saw the tyrant behind it; saw the thwarted desire for power; the tremendous, complacent pre-occupation with herself.

He heard Linda catch her breath, and tightened his hand on hers reassuringly, waiting for Mrs. Mason to produce her ace of trumps.

"After all," she finished pathetically, "I'm not asking her to spend the rest of her life with me. I shan't be a burden to you for long. Sometimes, and I know it's wrong, but I can't help it, I pray to be taken, now—"

She gasped painfully, put her hand to her heart, breathing labouredly.

"You mustn't talk like that," her husband rounded on her in clumsy gentleness. He flashed a look at Steve and Linda that condemned them for their selfishness. "You're no burden, and never will be."

"If you wish I'll send Dr. Rodgerson along when he arrives," Steve said aloofly, preparing to leave. "But, frankly, there's nothing we can do, except give you something to quieten your nerves."

"We won't bother Dr. Rodgerson," Linda's father said gruffly. "And I don't suppose any medicine can cure the kind of disappointment her own child has given my wife."

Steve reached for his bag. He made one last effort. "I'm sorry you've been upset, Mrs. Mason. Perhaps when you get used to the idea, and me, it may not seem such a bad thing after all. I'm sure you want Linda to be happy."

Mrs. Mason inclined her head slightly, without capitulation, as he went past her to the door.

In the hall, Linda said in a hushed voice, as though there were a funeral in the house, "Six tonight, darling." She squeezed his hand and rushed upstairs.

"**W**ELL, we've got that over," Steve greeted Linda exuberantly in the lounge of the King Edward.

"And now it only remains to fix the date."

She didn't reply. It was only then that he noticed the suitcase standing by the wicker table. "What's all this?" he asked.

"I'm taking the night train to Manchester." Her eyes held his steadily. "I'm going to stay with a friend while I make arrangements to finish my training at my old hospital."

Her chin lifted stubbornly, but he saw she was on the verge of tears. Her eyes implored him. "Darling, can't you see even now that they want to run all my life. If I give in any more I'll be lost for ever. Steve, oh, darling, they're against our marriage, and they'll break us up if I stay. Mother is so subtle . . . saying we're unsuited, and pushing Maurice at me. You'll see, he'll always be in the house."

Soothingly, he put his hand on her nervously twisting fingers. "You're all worked up, darling," he said. "I know how you feel. But you don't have to go away. That won't help at all. We're getting married." He poured out tea for them both.

She pushed her cup away. "Darling, you don't really understand. This—my going away completely—is the only chance we have of being together eventually. Mother makes me confused, hits at my confidence, my resistance. I can see what's happening, but I can't stop it . . . and then, when she looks so ill, I feel I would never forgive myself if anything did happen to her. I have to get away, Steve, where I can't see it happening."

"But you do love me, don't you, Linda? She can't destroy your confidence in that, surely?" His hand reached for hers.

He could see her groping for words to express some vital new-found knowledge. "I

JILL SYMON'S
DRESS & BEAUTY
SECTION



know that I love you now," she said. "But I'm afraid for our happiness . . . you see, I don't trust my mother, knowing what she does to me. And I think it's made me unable to trust anybody else." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I'm frightened of belonging, Steve. That's why I want to get away . . . to find myself, feel sure—" Her eyes, like a child's, pleaded with him for reassurance.

What a terrible indictment of possessiveness, he thought. If Mrs. Mason really felt thwarted by her daughter's happiness she could find no greater revenge than all she had already done to her.

"Linda," he said quietly, "you've proved whatever it is you had to prove by packing up and getting out. Perhaps that was all the gesture needed. Now I'm going to drive you home. We'll go back and drop your bag.

to make...

three handsome belts and pretty ballerina cap

A repertoire of good-looking belts gives an old frock a bunch of new ideas. Trimmed differently, these three are made the same way. You need a length of petersham your exact waist measurement, plus material to cover it, 1-in. longer and twice the depth. Sew a large hook to one end of petersham, cover wrong side of material with glue and press petersham to centre, turning in all material edges, so petersham is covered. Pull hook through a small cut in the material, and catch to other end of belt.

1 Tinkling bells on this belt say you're coming—the belt is 1½-in. deep petersham covered with black grosgrain ribbon. You need 1 yd. ribbon, 9 bells, black braid. Make belt, and from remaining ribbon cut off a 6-in. length and round into an oval. Glue wrong side of oval to centre belt, sew flat braid all round edge and add bells.

2 Tassels are a pretty fad, 7 trim this belt of black suède covering 1-in. petersham. As well you need ½ yd. of flat silk braid—sew this in two loops to centre belt, space tassels along lower edge.



3 Pearls and sequins fire this pretty evening belt that can do so much to dress up a plain frock. Narrow jewelled belts are first in fashion—this enchanter is in gleaming fuchsia satin ribbon spiced with a darker cyclamen velvet trimming. You need satin ribbon, 1-in. petersham, 10 ins. of 1-in. velvet ribbon, pearls and sequins. Cut ends of velvet in points, slightly curve in centre edges, glue to centre belt. Edge points with sequins, circle each pearl with them, add three rows to centre of velvet.

4 Silky looped furnishing braid makes this little cap. You need 4½ yds. of braid, 4 feather mounts, a hat band. Curl one end of braid into a tiny circle (top of crown) then wind it round and round on itself, stitching rows together on wrong side, to make a cap. Turn in last row, neaten with ribbon. Sew two feather fans each side to brush your cheek. . .

Remember, I'm fighting with you, and they can't get me down. Now you know what you're up against you can begin to learn how to deal with it."

A tear splashed on his wrist. "I suppose you're right," she said unevenly. "It's my battle, and I've got to see it through instead of running away."

She took out her compact, powdered her nose, then said composedly, "I'm ready."

When they drew up outside the garden gate he put his arm round her shoulders and pulled her to his side. She leaned against his shoulder contentedly, watching the graceful tracery of branches across the soft, dark bowl of the night.

"I feel better now," she said. "You have a wonderful effect on me, darling—make me feel that the moon and all the stars are out

together and life is too beautiful to believe in completely."

He kissed her. "We'll keep it like that. Now . . . shall I come in with you?"

"No, I'd rather go alone." He got out and opened the door for her and she marched off bravely up the path.

Steve stood by the car and lit a cigarette. Another car drew up and Uncle Frank hopped out. "What's all the fuss about? Emily again? Jim rang me up and I couldn't make head or tail of it all, except that Linda had hopped it." He looked disappointed. "I thought you two had eloped."

"No," Steve told him. "Everything is going to be all right."

He knew it would be, even before Linda came flying back down the path, her face aglow. She hugged both of them deliriously.

"Mother was making herself a cup of tea," she breathed. "And just as though nothing at all had happened, she began to tell me all about grandmother's best tea service, and how I could have the silver teapot and . . . oh . . . somehow I don't believe she feels things the way I thought she did. . . I mean, as long as I'm kind to her—I've got to risk temporary scenes if I want to be myself." She subsided incoherently.

"I'll go in and hear the tale." Uncle Frank winked and eased his bulk through the garden gate.

"Darling," Linda snuggled her head into Steve's shoulder, "let's make each other a promise now—that we'll never, never, never possess our children."

"All six of them," Steve agreed. "But now—let's think about us." **End**

SYNOPSIS

"I'M afraid it's inconvenient," said MARY RAND to her employer, CHARLES BELL. "But you have to fit in with official arrangements."

The funeral would be a painful reopening of old wounds, thought Charles. He wondered again how much his secretary had cared for the husband who had been killed in Italy more than four years ago.

"Everything is in order," continued Mary, calmly. "Except that nobody is representing the Waverly-Barchester Mills at the General Meeting. There's a DAVID NASH who's head of personnel . . . ?"

"Phone him," said Charles. He knew he was lucky in having a secretary like Mary. He admired her, but he was neither in love with her nor intended to fall in love with her. But Mary was more than a little in love with Charles.

Later, as Mary went into the house where she lived with Peter's mother, voices sounded. "We're all here," said MRS. RAND. So they were. Mary's mother-in-law, two cousins and GEORGE MOULTON, widower and old family friend.

The doorbell rang. "I'm David Nash," said the young man outside. "I couldn't explain when you phoned me earlier. It's one of those crazy coincidences. I was with Peter in Italy, and saw about him in the local paper."

At the funeral Mary wept. Not for herself, but for Peter who had never loved her and for the lost happiness of their brief life together. The Army had sent back his camera and in it was a roll of undeveloped film. It showed pictures of another girl.

When Mary returned to the office, Charles told her about a party given after the General Meeting by Lady Oakhill. "She's a charming woman," he said. "I took some snaps." He went on, "Oh, and a Mr. Flower, manager of Graham & Field, has some plan he wants to discuss. You go. I'm too busy."

Mr. Flower's scheme was to stage a store display featuring the Anchor Glass merchandise—Charles' firm. "Table decoration?" suggested Mary. "And ask local notabilities to act as hostesses. Lady Oakhill and that wealthy SUSAN SMITH." Susan had been at Lady Oakhill's party. "Clever girl," agreed Mr. Flower. "I'll give you a job any time!"

Mary stopped at a snack bar on her way back to the office. Inside, a man and a girl were quarrelling loudly. The girl was rigid with anger. She had a hard, sulky face.

A few days later, the snapshots were developed. "That's good of David Nash," Charles said. Mary bent closer. "Yes," she agreed, "but who's the girl beside him?"

"That's Miss Smith—Susan Smith."

Susan Smith! The girl in the snack bar. There was no mistake.

Soon after this David took Mary to the circus. It was an enchanted evening and, by the end of it, Mary knew she was no longer in love with Charles but free for happiness—with David.

On the opening day of the display there was an unfortunate incident. At her exhibit, Susan planned cocktails which Mary had to forbid. Susan founced out in fury. David, arriving later, was sympathetic towards Susan. "Don't be hard on her," he begged. "I'm not, but I'm busy," said Mary. So David went away. Went away to Susan.

Slowly, during the run of the display, Mary came to a decision. She was firm when, on her first day back in the office, Charles buzzed for her. "I'm sorry but I must leave you," she said.

Charles was amazed. "Mary, you can't mean that," he said. "Why? Is it a question of money?"

"It's nothing to do with money," replied Mary. But it's best that I should go."

NOW READ ON

Dramatic Third Part :

All my

by MARGARET CULKIN

CHARLES looked her all over, as if to find a reason for her decision. An idea struck him: "You aren't thinking of getting married? It isn't David Nash who's at the back of this?"

"No!" she answered quickly and almost violently. "Of course not!"

"I didn't really think so. I gather that Susan Smith has designs on him. But is it someone else? Not the family friend who was at Angelo's the other night?"

"I'm not going to marry anybody."

"Then for heaven's sake stop talking about leaving," he told her cheerfully.

"I couldn't get along without you."

"Of course you could."

"Have you another job lined up?"

"I'll have to find one, of course. But I haven't any plans just at this moment."

"Well, you forget about it all, Mary. You're tired. You've had a lot of worry and responsibility just lately. Take a few days off if you like. We'll manage. We'll have to."

"I'm sorry, but I really am leaving."

She could see him thinking. But he seemed unable to voice his thoughts. Mary guessed why. He could hardly ask her if she were in love with him and was leaving because of that.

"You're making things difficult for me," he said at length. "We've worked together for a long time. There may be things ahead. Big things. I hoped you'd go along with me."

Mary said to herself: Yes, you thought I'd go along with you in this office and in another one if you got a promotion. You want me to go along with you for a dinner once in a while, or for a drink, or a kiss, which I'm expected to keep within bounds. You want me to go along doing your errands, being a kind of running board for your ambition. But you don't ask me to go along with you all your life. You have never asked me to do that.

In a perturbed way Charles went on arguing: "I always thought we had an unusual relationship, Mary."

"How do you mean?"

"You know. You've been more than a secretary to me. We've been fellow-workers. Friends. I supposed you knew that you haven't a better friend in the world?"

They all wanted to be friends. The words rang hollow. David had offered her friendship, too, and wanted to keep it at that. But Mary knew that she wanted more from him than friendship. Ever since that scene at the display she had wanted him to take her in his arms, not to treat her like a casual acquaintance. She had felt that that day had been a crucial point in their relationship. It would have been easy to have enlisted his sympathy. Instead, caught between divided loyalties, she had handed him over to Susan.

She had let her feelings for Charles blind her to the depth of her love for David. Because she had been so hurt by the failure of her marriage, she had used her job and her interest in Charles to fill an emotional

vacuum. But now she saw that she had made them an escape from reality. Her work had been important to her, not only because it had given her a sense of accomplishment, but because she had thought it had offered her the assurance that could wait for the right kind of love, the right kind of marriage, without being hurried by expedience or loneliness.

She had been wrong. She had lost her freedom when she let her interests become entangled with Charles's. She honestly faced the fact that she had enjoyed his dependence on her. She had even wanted it to grow. There had been flickers and stings of jealousy in her, especially when he first became interested in Madge Oakhill. Now they were gone. Even if she could have found any fulfillment with Charles she knew she no longer wanted it. Their ideals and interests were too divergent ever to build anything lasting.

Even though it might be too late to win David back now, she had decided she couldn't keep her integrity and continue working for Charles. She was no longer interested in building up his power, now. She couldn't go back to a completely impersonal relationship with him after having played the part of an office wife. He would sense her changed attitude and be puzzled and hurt. No, the only fair thing was to break it off cleanly, to leave at once.

"Seriously, Mary," Charles said, "you want to give this idea of making any change more thought. Try to see all around it."

"I have already. I've looked at it from every possible angle, and I know that I've been at this job long enough. It's better for me to do something new."

Surprised, upset, and dissatisfied though he was, Charles Bell had to yield to her decision. What must be behind this was that she had begun to care too much.

"I wish you wouldn't rush things," he protested.

"There's nothing for you to worry about. Everything is in order. The office can almost run itself for a short time." Mary looked at her watch and said, "Don't forget you have an appointment at three-thirty. And I do thank you, Charles, for everything. So very much."

He didn't believe it. The job and their relationship had been much too pleasant for her to throw the thing up. Obviously she had something on her mind, but it would ultimately clear up. Charles went on to his meeting, but when it broke up he went back to his own office again, though it was past five o'clock.

But Mary was not there. On his desk he found an envelope, and within it the keys to the office and a folder of his personal business papers which Mary had always taken care of for him, and a little note. "... and I know you'll understand, Charles, why I am leaving like this. At once. Forgive me if it does put you out a little, even though I've drilled Kathleen into the routine pretty thoroughly ..."

So she really had gone. He told himself not to take it so seriously. Secretaries came

Tomorrow

Her job and her ambitions had been insurance against the future—but now in this new love she saw the truth . . . there is no escape from reality

BANNING

and went. Once again he put on his hat and went out restlessly.

Mary treated herself to a taxi as a celebration. She felt rather bad about walking out without waiting for Charles, but, unconventional though it was, to stay after proclaiming her decision would be a tax on the emotions of both.

At a flower stall she bought a great bunch of Canterbury Bells to take back to her mother-in-law. Then she told the taximan to drive her home. As she went in the door voices reached her from the den.

She heard Mrs. Rand say, "I have no idea when Peter's wife will be home."

"Here I am," said Mary.

She went into the little room. Yes, Mrs. Rand was clearly upset about something. Mary saw a strange girl sitting on the sofa.

The elder Mrs. Rand stood up quickly. "Don't bother to come in, Mary. I know you must be tired."

But the girl said challengingly, "Hello, are you the one who was Peter's wife? Well, I'm Claire Brent. A very great friend of his."

THAT wouldn't be astonishing. The girl was very pretty and very feminine. Peter would never have passed this girl by without a second look. But hadn't she seen her somewhere before, thought Mary?

"Perhaps he told you about me?" asked Claire.

"No, I don't remember anything."

"Not about meeting me just before he went overseas? In the train coming back from camp. After that we . . ."

"Did you want to see me about something in particular?" asked Mary.

The girl put on an ingenuous expression, which she had probably meant to wear. "Why, I wanted to meet Peter's people. I knew that was what he would want."

"It's a little late for that," said Mary. The girl probably hoped to get something out of them. Then, as Claire offered the smile again, Mary remembered. She had seen this girl in a picture, the one which had been developed from the film in Peter's camera that had been sent back to her after he was killed.

"In a way," said Claire Brent deliberately, "I regard myself as Peter's widow."

"There can't be two of us," said Mary.

"Such insolence!" Mrs. Rand broke out. Claire paid no attention to Mrs. Rand. She spoke to Mary: "From what Pete told me you and he were breaking up. If he hadn't been killed when he was going to get a divorce and marry me."

Mary's voice was quiet: "No, he never would have married you."

"That's all you know about it!"

"I know all about it," said Mary; "I know more about it than you do. You see, I saw Peter the night before he went overseas."

The girl laughed disbelievingly. "I suppose you're trying to tell me you got together again?"

"No," said Mary. The word was bitter and sad. She recovered herself and met Claire's glance again. "You're really wasting your



David took Susan by the shoulders and shook her until she started to scream at him

ILLUSTRATED by HODGSON

Another GOOD TASTE Competition

★ ★ ★
FIVE 25 GUINEA
SPRING SUITS
as Prizes



A
FASHION'S darling coat—
three-quarter length in cherry
(Utility) with big pockets



B
AFTER Jaques Fath—black
fine wool suit with asym-
metric line, straight skirt



C
FITTED coat in navy wool
with a parade of pleats



D
OFF-WHITE casual coat
with big easy sleeves

Good Taste "dressing for a date" Competition

FREE ENTRY COUPON

These are my selections for Della:

<input type="checkbox"/>	FOOTBALL MATCH	<input type="checkbox"/>	COCKTAIL PARTY	<input type="checkbox"/>	CHURCH ON SUNDAY
<input type="checkbox"/>	COUNTRY RACE MEETING	<input type="checkbox"/>	FLYING TO PARIS	<input type="checkbox"/>	COUNTRY WALK
<input type="checkbox"/>	A DAY SHOPPING IN LONDON	<input type="checkbox"/>	INTERVIEW FOR JOB	<input type="checkbox"/>	SIGHT-SEEING IN A CITY
<input type="checkbox"/>	LUNCH AT SMART RESTAURANT	<input type="checkbox"/>	MATINÉE	<input type="checkbox"/>	CIRCUS WITH SMALL NEPHEW

NAME

ADDRESS

time," she told Claire. "There's nobody to scandalize or willing to pay anything to hush you up. I—and Peter's mother—know all about Peter's various girls. Where have you come from?"

"London. I came because I thought Peter's family would be decent enough to realize that they owed me something. After all, I was the one who made him happy."

Mary opened her handbag.
"This will take you back. There will be nothing more."

"I don't want your money," said the girl, taking it, "but I know that Peter would—"

"You really must have forgotten Peter," said Mary, and walked behind the girl until the front door was closed on her.

Mrs. Rand had burst into tears. "Mary, that girl was lying, making up every word—"

"There was a picture of her in Peter's camera."

"That girl!"

Mary said yes. She stood at the window,

watching the blonde girl swing down the street. At length she said, "You knew Peter? Didn't you?"

The quiet question brought truth into the room. Honesty was finally between them.

"Even after he was married?" asked Mrs. Rand miserably.

"More or less."

"Girls were always getting hold of him. And he was such a wonderful boy!"

Mary heard the pain. She came to the chair in which Mrs. Rand sat weeping, and knelt-down beside her. "Of course he was wonderful," she agreed. "In many ways."

"I so hoped that after he was married he would settle down. He would have, except for the war. But you never told me..."

"Peter and I were all right," she said softly. "We had our troubles, of course, but we had wonderful times, too. We used to get into that little car and chase sunsets. Sometimes we almost caught them."

"But what that girl said wasn't true, Mary?"

You and Peter weren't thinking of divorce?"

Mary said reluctantly, "We talked about it. But that was why Peter came to see me that last time—when I was still up north. When he found that he was really going overseas, he rushed up to see me. He said he wanted us to try again."

"Of course he did, dear! And if he had come back, everything would have worked out."

Mary's arm was tender. Let Peter's mother believe that if it helped.

"You were the one he loved."

"I was *one*," corrected Mary. "What does it matter? You know what he did. You've heard David Nash talk about how Peter behaved over there. How Peter held up every-one's morale. He always understood men."

"I'm glad you're still proud of him, Mary!"

"I always shall be."

She thought: But Peter was never proud of me.

There were things she would never tell



E SNUG camel cloth coat with hold-everything pockets hidden by pleats



F SIMPLE elegance in a "Slendalyne" suit of fine sage green wool



G CLASSIC tweed suit in muted checks, red and green predominating



H SMART "Slendalyne" fitted coat in light and dark grey tweed



J DIOR-INSPIRED black suit buttoning at the waist only

PICK THE RIGHT OUTFIT FOR THE RIGHT DATE

(Full Competition Rules on page 59)

IT'S competition time again with GOOD TASTE and again we've something really interesting for you to do . . . something really smart to win!

The prizes are five of the very latest "Slendalyne" Suits—each worth twenty-five guineas—and, as usual, there is NO entry fee.

Della is a well-known London mannequin. Tall, slim and fair, she's a girl who gets about a lot, and is much in demand, socially as well as professionally. That is why we asked her to model for our competition. We have listed on the coupon twelve "dates" and we show you how she looks in nine outfits—nine "Slendalyne" suits and coats—and we invite you to say which she should wear for each occasion.

Under each picture we give the colours and other important details. Naturally, she will have to wear

some of them twice, or even more, because you may think that some of them do not become her too well, or are not suited to the "dates."

To make your entry write on the coupon the key letter of the outfit you would choose for Della for each occasion. For instance, if you think outfit J just right for her at the "Smart Lunch," write J against that "date" on the coupon—and so on until you have filled in all twelve spaces. Then sign and address the coupon.

Entries must be made *in ink*, and posted to
Slendalyne Competition,

GOOD TASTE, 5 Carmelite Street,
London, E.C.4, (Comp.)

to reach this address by Thursday, February 1, 1951, the Closing Date. Full rules on page 59.

Peter's mother. Mary laid them back in her own mind and covered them up again. Then she helped to get supper ready. She was not sorry that Claire Brent had come. It had cleared away a barrier of falseness between her and Peter's mother.

But she wished, before she could stop herself, that David Nash had seen Claire and heard her story.

MR. FLOWER said consideringly, "So you want a job with us, Mrs. Rand?"

"You said once that you might be able to place me if I should leave Anchor Glass."

"You say you've already cut your connection with Mr. Bell's office? Might I ask why?"

"There was no future in my job."
"I see. Yet Mr. Bell seemed to think very highly of you."

She let the comment pass.
The shrewd little man liked that. "My

ideas are not definite," he said at length.

Mary stood up. She had been on the edge of her chair, anyway. "I'm sorry to have bothered you, Mr. Flower."

"Wait a minute. I'd like to think this over." She looked competent and charming as she stood there, and suddenly Mr. Flower was reluctant to let her go. "What I had in mind when I spoke to you about a possible opening is an experiment I've been considering. The idea is to open a men's shop in the store, a kind of gift shop where men might buy with comfort."

Mary was thinking hard. "Don't let it be called a gift shop. Make it a special service for men from beginning to end. Individualize it. If you could make a man enjoy buying in a place like that he'd get into the habit of popping in every time a birthday or anniversary came along. Of course, Christmas would be the big season. You see what I mean?"

Mr. Flower chuckled deeply. "I think you see what I mean. Well, young lady, there

might be a nice job for you, if you can fill it."

It was as good as done. She was grateful for the work and even for the problems. They gave her companionship.

HER mother-in-law protested. "You're working too hard, Mary. You're too thin!"

"I've never felt better."

"But you should go out more. Everett Moulton was saying to me that you don't have enough recreation." She went on, as if the thoughts dovetailed. "I see in the paper that Mr. Bell is going to be married. To Lady Oakhill.

"Yes, I know," said Mary. The announcement had been no surprise to her. This was the kind of wife Charles had been wanting and seeking.

"Where is that nice young Mr. Nash who came around to see you?"

"I think he's busy with someone else," said

Please turn to page 40

Angels in Uniform

by SHEILA MacKAY RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATIONS by JEAN McCONNELL



Life has been eventful for Susan Bates since she started on her nursing career. There's plenty happening now! We have pleasure in presenting further chapters of her spirited chronicle, specially condensed for GOOD TASTE readers from the popular American book*

"I WISH to serve..." was young SUSAN BATES' reply to the hospital superintendent when asked why she wanted to be a nurse. With **ABBIE CAMPBELL** and the rest of the junior class she was given good opportunity! During those hectic early days and later on night duty, working under the stern but kind-at-heart Sister Gertrude, and in gynecology (which showed Susan "the rawest version of life in the raw I had so far seen") she experienced every emotion from exultation to despair. Susan also fell desperately in love with **DR. JAMES CHALMERS ALCOTT**, but love turned to hate when he patronized her, and kissed her because she was "such a sweet, little-big girl". What right had he to talk to her like a grandfather, make her feel so young? Yet Susan was conscious—especially after they worked together on an emergency case—of a growing awareness between them, and when Jim asked her out one evening she accepted. As they sat talking by the river Susan was afraid that Jim guessed too much, that by letting herself love him she was asking to be hurt and when he took her in his arms and kissed her she took refuge in his arms and abashed, Jim told her she must stop running away from everything, said she would have to see him again, anyway, as they would both be on duty soon in the operating room. "At least you won't be able to lay hands on me there!" Susan cried. "Oh, you wait and see!" Jim replied as Susan founced in the

front door of the nurses' home, seriously resolving to change her blunt surgical scissors for ones with points!

NOW READ ON:

SOON came the inevitable day when the bulletin board in the nurses' home informed me that I was to go the operating room. And I knew as I stared at the typewritten words that in spite of my efforts to forget that such a day must come, I had, nevertheless, been waiting for it, steeling myself in readiness for it, dreading it, wanting it, and subconsciously, if not consciously, worrying almost constantly about it. But to sort out that mass of contradictions was still beyond me. At one time I would have known how I felt about going to the operating room. I would merely have been eager for the new experience and a little perturbed, as one usually is, about faring into the unknown. But the operating-room now meant primarily one thing—seeing James Alcott again.

Time had been at work, rendering mountains back into molehills, blurring issues that had once seemed clear, clearing others that had once seemed blurred, changing things. Dulled now were some of my fears, steadied some of my insecurity. But the change most

obvious to me was the absence of my hot indignation at the man who had injured my dignity and refused to take my ultimatum seriously. I failed to find a vestige of it. It had seeped away somewhere during the intervening weeks. In its place was a recalcitrant excitement and persistently recurring memories of a lean profile, a dark head resting in my lap, not to mention some very masterful love-making which I couldn't help but recall with a certain appreciation. All of which, I proceeded to tell myself sternly, was a fine thing. Obviously, I must give no indication of my wavering. When I met James Alcott again I would be as inscrutably cold as a sphinx. I would show him that the little girl had grown up!

But when, with chin lifted and jaw set, I advanced upon the operating room, I found that I could relax for a few weeks. Any danger of my meeting James Alcott was considerably minimized by the fact that, to begin with, we moved in very distant circles. In the operating room, a student nurse begins at the bottom and works up. I was once more a lowly junior.

The operating room, so called, wasn't just one room. It was a whole surgical unit with many rooms. There were the large theatres where major operations were performed, the smaller theatres for minor operations, the sterilizing rooms, the doctors' rooms and the workrooms. Of all these, my first domain was the lowest in the scale of workrooms. This was a large place with sinks around the wall and what was originally intended as a clear space in the middle. I have seldom seen it clear, however. Even when, by superhuman efforts, my comrades and I had cleared it, it never remained that way. As soon as an operation in one of the theatres was finished, a door would open and great piles of linen, tables covered with instruments, and people carrying basins would burst in upon us.

Fortunately, the situation remained controllable as long as it was just one operation which had been completed. When it was six or more, all three doors would open and the magnitude of the onslaught would be so overwhelming that it was almost possible to lose one's life in it.

This was illustrated one day when I was down on my hands and knees, looking for a precious skin needle which I had dropped. Suddenly a door opened and a great bundle of linen struck and broke over me. Before I could struggle out from under, the other two doors had opened and a veritable avalanche



All characters and names in GOOD TASTE stories are fictitious and no reference is intended to any living person

had covered me. Tables were immediately pushed in, pinning down the edges of the heap without anyone being aware that I was part of it. I was almost smothered to death.

I can honestly say that I was not sorry to move on to the next room, where the rubber gloves were washed, tested for holes, powdered and wrapped for sterilizing. I can't say I minded leaving the gloves either, when I was moved to the room where the sponges were sorted and wrapped.

By sponges I don't mean the bath kind. The kind I mean were made of gauze and were used for keeping the operative area clean during an operation. They came in all sizes and were made up into bundles for sterilizing, and every sponge that went into a bundle had to be counted, while every bundle had to be checked and rechecked by two nurses and a supervisor. This, I found, was to prevent that little eventuality known as "leaving the sponge in the patient". The same procedure was gone through in the course of an operation. Every bundle and every sponge brought into the theatre had to be noted and accounted for before the incision was closed.

It was always a surprise to me to note how few sponges were actually used during an operation. Contrary to popular opinion, the majority of operations are not reminiscent of scenes in the local slaughterhouse. Indeed, I have never ceased to marvel at the neatness of them. The surgeon does not seize something resembling a butcher knife, jerk back the sheet from the patient's abdomen and yell, "Stand back, everyone!" The patient is carefully draped in sterile sheets with only a slit left open over the operative area. Then, with a small razor-sharp scalpel, an incision is made in the top layer of skin and each layer of muscle and tissue is carefully cut, in turn, until the culprit organ is reached. It is not the habit of blood vessels either to wave about like hose pipes, aiming at everyone within shooting distance. The larger ones are clamped as they are cut and the smaller ones have a happy propensity for self-sealing when exposed to the air. I was rather disappointed in operations for that reason and because I found that after the first few one witnesses, they become a routine piece of work, like any other systematized procedure. When you have seen one of each kind, you have seen them all.

Our class was writing intermediate exams during the first half of my surgery term. We were working a ten-hour day then, and I was dragging myself off duty in utter exhaustion to attend lectures in my two free hours and to try to study at night. I don't know how I managed to pull through. Miraculously, I did, though my practical exam in massage was nearly a flop, thanks to Abbie. An unfriendly fate not only gave her to me as a partner but also decreed that I should have to demonstrate abdominal massage on her. Poor Abbie. She did try to help. But she has an



• A Lamp is Heavy

extremely sensitive abdomen and in spite of herself, she hampered me terribly by going as stiff as a board and jerking with silent, convulsive laughter every time I touched her. Not that it was funny to her. It wasn't. It was a grim proceeding for both of us.

We used to have to go on night call for surgery, too, and though I wasn't called for many operations, I spent many nerve-racking hours working overtime when we were behind in our sterilizing.

I was on one of those occasions that the moment for which I had been waiting finally arrived—coming, not openly and towards me as I should have liked, but creeping upon me unexpectedly from behind. There had been an emergency operation in one of the major theatres and Dr. Alcott had apparently stayed behind to help clear up. Whether he stumbled upon me by accident or whether he had deliberately sought me out, I had no way of knowing. But he must have been standing in the doorway of the sterilizing room for some time before I became aware of his presence.

With my back to the door I was engrossed in packing the largest sterilizer and I had just climbed on to a low stool in order to push the packages of dressings well to the back, when he spoke to me.

"Hello, Susan," he said quietly, but the unexpectedness of hearing his voice startled me so that I bumped my head in the sterilizer and almost fell off the stool.

"Steady there," he cautioned, with a note of amusement in his voice which, along with the blow on the head, was more than sufficient to ruffle the sphinx-like poise I had planned. I emerged, red-faced, to find him close to me, his eyes a little below the level of mine.

In spite of myself, I was filled with a treacherous gladness at seeing him, but before my eyes could give me away, I hastily averted them to the top of his head. His hair was damp and waving at the temples. It surprised and fascinated me. I found myself fighting a desire to smooth it down.

"Your cap is crooked," he said. "I didn't know you were working here until today. Aren't you even going to speak to me, after all these weeks?"

"I didn't know that your hair was wavy!" I said, and could have kicked myself for my inanity.

"It gets that way when I take a shower. Come on down from that stool."

"I have to put some more dressings in here."

"That can wait," he said, and lifted me down.

Backing away meant sitting down on the stool. So I stayed where I was, disturbingly close to him and looking anywhere but at his face.

"Susan, you've gone coy on me again," he accused, lifting my chin. "Look at me and tell me you've missed me."

"Somebody might—might come in."

"Oh, who cares? You're much too gossipy-conscious. I want to know if you have missed me!"

"Why should I always be the one to answer the questions?" I asked with a revival of spirit. "Why don't you tell me if you have missed me?"

"Well, I have!" he said a trifle irritably. "But I stopped phoning because you obviously didn't want to see me or you would have called me back. Haven't you missed me at all, Susan?"

"Yes, in a way—I mean, a little—sometimes." I groped for all the reasons why I must continue to run away and found that they had deserted me. "But I still don't think you—I . . ." I continued valiantly, if vaguely, "I don't think you—well you didn't even apologize for—for . . ."

The look of questioning and faint puzzlement in his eyes gave way to something resembling disappointment. "For kissing you? You want me to apologize for that?"



"Yes, I think you should," I said without much conviction, but clinging desperately to the one definite grievance I could remember. "You are a prude, Susan," he said wearily. "I can't honestly apologize for that because I'm not sorry I did it. I enjoyed it—and it was good for you. What are you doing tomorrow night?"

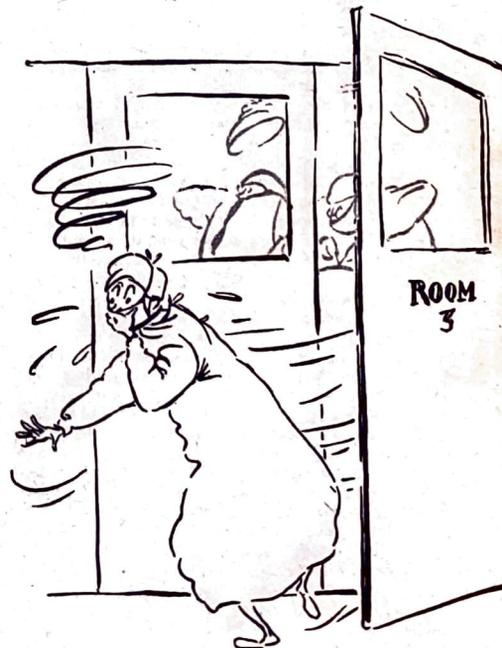
I found this too much for even my softened frame of mind.

"I think you have the wrong girl, Dr. Alcott," I told him coldly. "What you really want is somebody beautiful but dumb whom you can dazzle and dominate to your heart's content! Someone who will applaud every minute of your one-man show even when it involves being mauled like a—like a . . ."

Ordinarily he would have been amused, but for the first time since I had known him he was angry.

"And all this," he said finally in a low, incredulous voice, "for no other reason than that I made love to you! Having gone out with fairy princes all your life, Susan, I suppose it was shocking for you to go out with a man for a change?"

"I have been made love to before!" I said,





my fury beginning to sound in my voice. "But I didn't want you to do it. What you don't understand is that I will not be made love to against my will! Most men have the sense to leave your sort of tactics to their ancestors. You've had me at a disadvantage from the very beginning. After all, I'm only a student here and you are a staff doctor. But even that isn't enough for you. You have to prove to me that you are also my physical and mental superior!"

I had only expected to anger him. I hadn't expected to hurt him. But I recognized pain and defeat in his eyes as he said, "If you believe that, Susan, I guess there is no use in my trying any longer." He turned away and, hesitating, turned back. "I would like to say, though, that I hadn't realized that our status here made any difference. That was stupid of me, of course. I should have understood your position. But if it's any satisfaction to you, I haven't felt superior to you. Rather the opposite."

Footsteps approached the door and he shrugged again, turning away as Liz Jenkins entered and looked at him curiously.

"Goodbye, Susan," he said with a finality which left me staring after him sickly.

"WHAT'S the matter, Sue?" asked Liz with concern, looking from the cap held limply in my hand to the flush on my cheeks. When I turned away without replying, she added, "It's none of my business, of course, but we sort of thought that affair was over."

"It is . . . now . . .!" I choked.

"Well, why let it bother you then?"

"I—I—oh, please, Liz, don't ask me about it," I wailed. "I'm a fool and a coward—and I've done something I may never forgive myself for!"

This was what came of running away from yourself, of not knowing what you wanted and not having the courage to take it when it was within reach. You lost it. You lost everything; your happiness and your confidence, and there was nothing left. That's what I had done.

It wasn't easy to go on then, fighting that feeling of loss and sickness on the inside without showing it on the outside, and knowing that soon I would have to face the ordeal of scrubbing for major operations with the eyes of a certain anaesthetist watching me coldly and distantly from the head of the operating table.

Added to everything else, Abbie had arrived on the scene and was occasioning me a good deal of worry. She was deathly afraid of surgery and consequently developed her usual aptitude for doing the wrong things. With saddening frequency I saw her chided for bumping into sterile tables, opening sterile bundles the wrong way, and mixing sterile and unsterile equipment, with a nervous abandon. Miss Gruber, the head supervisor, followed her every move like a relentless Nemesis and yet, perversely, pushed her through her training with unprecedented haste. Perhaps she feared that if she didn't get rid of her fast, she would commit some ghastly error like

mine on my first major, when I gave Dr. McCluster, the Great White Father of the medical staff, a large sponge when he wanted a small sponge, an unpardonable sin if ever there was one.

Yes, I scrubbed for Dr. McCluster on my first major—and the anaesthetist was Dr. Alcott. I couldn't have had a worse combination of circumstances arrayed against me, and I couldn't have made a worse mess of my part in the operation. Gowned, masked and capped, I stood beside the doctor and attempted with trembling, rubber-gloved hands, to hand him what he wanted when he wanted it. But, try as I would—and I tried desperately—I couldn't forget that the hazel eyes of the anaesthetist were upon me. And everything I handed to Dr. McCluster was something he didn't want.

He was very patient. He didn't throw anything at me, as he had been known to do more than once in his loud and explosive career when a scrub nurse annoyed him. After my third blunder, he merely looked at me coldly and said, "Young lady, have you ever thought of leaving the nursing profession to get married? It would be easier for you. Perhaps your husband wouldn't mind if you handed him a shovel when he wanted a spoon, or a pitchfork when he asked for a comb. But I'm fussy. When I ask for a small sponge, I want a small sponge!"

Everybody laughed appreciatively at this point, except Abbie and me—and the anaesthetist. My humiliation was too painful for amusement, much less amusement at my own expense, while Abbie was more miserable on my behalf than I was. And I knew with a quivering sensitivity that the anaesthetist hadn't laughed or stirred. He remained a silent, white figure at the head of the table.

As it happened, Abbie was doing her first job of "waiting" on a major that day—which is to say that she was standing by, ready to run hither and thither for anything that might be needed—and soon she mercifully distracted attention from me by tripping over the cord of a light which had been placed at the foot of the table to shed a more direct beam on the operative area than that of the circular light overhead.

The first time Abbie did this, Dr. McCluster carried on bravely until it was plugged back in again. The second time, he laid down his instruments and said to her politely, "May I suggest that you go round the other way, Miss What's-your-name?" The third time, he threw back his head and howled, "Will somebody take that female octopus out of here or must I murder her in cold blood?"

Abbie and I slunk out of the theatre together. Miss Gruber was amazingly kind.

"You two Calamity Janes go and get some coffee," was her advice to us. "Maybe, with something in your stomachs, your heads won't be so empty. It's a faint hope, but I'm desperate enough to try anything."

The workroom where the coffee was usually brewed was deserted. I sank into a chair.

"Were you terribly nervous, Sue?" she asked.

"Yes. But it wasn't so much the operation itself as . . ." My voice trailed off.

"Oh . . . Did he throw you over?"

"No, it was my fault."

"Well, why don't you apologize?"

I stared at her blankly. The simplicity of it stunned me. "It never occurred to me."

"Well, for heaven's sake do something. You've been talking in your sleep every night for the last two weeks. Even an octopus needs sleep, you know."

Good old Abbie.

I shut myself in the phone box the moment I got off duty. When he came to the phone, I said, "Hello, this is Susan. And I'm sorry."

"Susan who?" he asked politely.

"You know perfectly well Susan who!"

"Oh, that Susan."

"I'm not doing anything tonight," I offered.

"Is that good or bad?" he enquired calmly.

"Don't be obtuse. What are you doing?"

"Going to an autopsy. Want to come?"

I shuddered but gave no ground. "Yes," I said firmly.

It was a nice evening. The autopsy was educational and the walk there and back was invigorating. My companion set the pace and we practically ran all the way. As we charged up to the gate of the nurses' home, he touched his hat courteously and said good-night. Yes, a nice evening all in all—if you like autopsies.

SEVERAL weeks after that brought us to the evening of the annual graduation dance. This was the major social event of the hospital year. It was held in the ballroom of a down-town hotel and was memorable for a number of reasons, one being that Dr. Alcott and I appeared together at a hospital function for the first time. I flatter myself that it created somewhat of a stir. After all, I was barely more than an intermediate—not quite a senior yet. Who was I to annex the most promising bachelor on the staff! It even surprised me.

Minus their professional fronts, the people whom I worked with every day looked so vaguely strange and vaguely familiar that they tended to move for me in a colourful, dreamlike unreality. The uncertain, hazy quality of the evening might never have been dispelled had not my escort said with maddening docility, "You would like to dance, wouldn't you, Susan?"

Drat the man! There was nothing dreamlike about my surge of annoyance at him or the superhuman effort which it took to swallow it. But swallow it I had to. I had been subjected to this poisonous treatment ever since our exchange in the sterilizing room, and I couldn't even complain about it. After all, I had asked for it. I had fought like a suffragette for my emancipation and had been given it so completely that I felt like a balloon with a hole in it.

"Of course I would!" I said. "What do you think I came here for?"

"To be with me," he murmured, taking me in his arms as the music started. "You're lovely in that pale green creation, Susan. It brings out the green glints in your eyes."

I began to be glad that my mother and father had been magnanimous regarding my extravagant purchase of the green dress. The conversation was beginning to get dangerous—when someone tapped my partner on the shoulder and whirled me away.

I was unexpectedly popular that night and it was some time before I found myself back in the arms of Jim Alcott.

"I'm rather curious to know," he began at once, "how many men you've been out on the terrace with tonight."

"Oh, almost every one I've danced with. Don't tell me you want to take me out there, too? I had hoped there was at least one man who didn't want to kiss me beside the fishpond. The fishes are getting to know me."

"I'm going to show you," he said grimly, "that there is one man in your life who is different. Fishpond! I'm taking you into the summer-house."

"I won't go there. It's too crowded."

"Good lord! Have you been there, too?" he demanded in a muted bellow. "All right then. We'll go somewhere where we can sit and meditate on your sins."

"Can I confess them?" I murmured eagerly. "How exciting for you . . .!"

After some difficulty, he found a seat which was both secluded and unoccupied and all but pushed me on it, whereupon I, with a homey gesture, kicked off my shoes. They were beginning to pinch—and I wanted to enjoy this. I had been ready and waiting for it for some time. I had stopped running away. I knew what I wanted now and was prepared to take it in both hands.

I also recalled with incidental satisfaction that, thanks to Miss Hardy and the benevolence of the night staffs, I could sleep in until eight the next morning, instead of crawling

"If I Were Twenty"

A WONDERFUL New Year, Twenties! If I were twenty and the New Year bells were rocking in the Unknown Adventure of 1951, I would make one resolution I have never kept: to answer all letters as soon as I got them. Especially to answer the stimulating sort of five-page letter that came from—well, I'll call her Kay—who is very nearly twenty and writes with young wisdom—and with what zest! She wrote to me after she had read this column in November's GOOD TASTE. Such a letter of spirit and confidence.

"We're fine, thanks," she writes vigorously for the Twenties of today. "And strictly speaking, you know, we ought to be. We've had plenty of advantages you never had—although of course, there are disadvantages to weigh the balance."

I am glad she put in that last bit. It shows she really has the imagination to know what she is talking about: if I were twenty today, one of the advantages I should miss would be a world with a lighter heart and the *time* to grow up that I had.

"Fundamentally," she writes, "we're just the same as Twenties of any time, only we have more opportunity and individual responsibility than others in the past have had. We're on our own . . ."

Yes, you are. Yes, so is every individual worth her salt, in the deepest matters of life—yet we are all tied up with each other, too. All belonging . . . If I were twenty, I would remember both things at once. Or try to!

"We're certainly earnest," the letter goes on later, "but we're learning to laugh, to be sympathetic, to have wide interests . . . We want to have hobbies, and we are almost embarrassed by an abundance of facilities."

There is one of the things that would frighten me about being twenty today! So much seems to be summed up ready to be *learned* that sometimes I wonder where people delve for fine discoveries of their own. *Finding out* is an exciting game. If I were twenty and went in for being *laughed* things, I would shake in a good dose of finding-out-for-myself. From Kay's letter, full of acute observation, I guess she always keeps *her* eyes open too.

"Many of us," she points out, drawing in bit by bit a background for her Twenties, have not the home-life which previous Twenties have had. One girl's parents were killed in the war; another's home is split up owing to housing problems; another's parents are divorced. Don't forget, these girls represent a lot of us, especially the last one . . ."

Well, Twenties, that does give me a question I really wish you would answer: what are you going to do for marriage? What is marriage going to do for you? I wonder if you have many thoughts of your own on why so many break up and any secret ideas on how you are determined to make a success of yours!

A laughing, happy, stay-put background—children flourish in that sort of setting. It is a difficult thing to give them—and something rich and wonderful, for ever and ever in their memory, if you can.

Kay stresses the importance of love to the Twenties: "By love," she explains, "I don't only mean the kind that leads to matrimony, (or doesn't): I mean love for people, jobs, beauty, interest, qualities—indeed, love for life. We want to learn to live, and living, to us, is using feeling, intellect, body and spirit so that they reach the finest possibilities."

I wonder if *a'll* the Twenties of 1951, even if they couldn't express themselves so clearly all of them, have something of that feeling in their hearts. If I were Twenty, I would read over the paragraph below, from Kay's letter, *twice*. She's got something when she says: "Yes, there is a full life waiting for us, waiting to be grasped with both hands. Courage? We've got it. And if we didn't have—at least we have the chance to *train* ourselves to face life boldly. We're going to make life good."

Hurrah! That's the bold spirit for the New Year! That is one of the best resolutions you or I or anyone could adopt for the three hundred and sixty-five days of 1951! Away with moaners and groaners! It is a fine thing to commit yourself to this philosophy of *making* life good. If I were twenty, it would chime in well with the bells ringing out for a wonderful New Year—a wonderful outlook on a new grown-up life.

Thank you, Kay. I hope we shall all—Twenty or not—have a good shot at this business of making life good—and especially 1951. And I am looking forward to the first letters from any of you with a 1951 postmark!

bring myself out of the clouds, I smiled away Abbie's curious glance and turned my attention to my assembled colleagues. The mood of the night was not one of unmixed happiness. Behind the music and the gaiety was a sad note. This was the hospital's farewell to the graduating class. It was all over for them, the hard work, the long hours, the frantic studying, the close companionship, the protec-

tion and the regimentation of the institution. It was over, and they were on their lonely, wobbly own. There were only the goodbyes left and they were not easy to say. They were poignant and strangely final; they meant the up-rooting of deep attachments.

It was always the vow of our class that we would never drift apart, and I could see it being silently renewed that night as we sat at

the midnight supper tables, knowing that the next graduation dance would be one I could see the dread of it in Abbie's face she turned to me. "Sue, we're seniors now. Isn't it awful!"

We weren't remembering any of the drugery or the heart-aches or the disillusionments. We had grown used to them. We were remembering only the comradeship and the laughter, only the youthful parts of our training and none of the ageing parts.

"I wish we never had to leave one another. I wish we could all go and work some place together when we finish," said Abbie. "I feel like bawling when I think of leaving the other kids in the class."

"Never mind, Abbie," I tried to comfort her. "Maybe the anticipation of it is worse than actually doing it. And, after all, there's a whole year yet. Probably before it's over there will be lots of times when you will be wishing it was."

After supper the dance went on, and it was when I felt I couldn't dance another step that Jim and I sat out on the terrace again. For some reason that I couldn't lay my finger on I felt vaguely depressed.

"Cheer up, little one," Jim said, putting his arm round my shoulders. "You'll always have me."

The way he said it should have meant more to me, but it was two o'clock in the morning and suddenly my sureness was gone and I doubted. I doubted Jim and myself and everyone and everything, and about me there crept a strange sort of loneliness.

"I wonder," I said, raising my eyes to search his face. "You've probably said that to other girls—haven't you?"

He didn't answer my question; it didn't deserve to be answered. Instead he said, "Don't tell me. Let me guess. You're doubting me. You're away at sea, alone in a small boat, with darkness in front and darkness behind. Just you and the unknown and the uncertainty . . ."

"But how did you know?" I asked, climbing gratefully out of my little boat into his arms again. "How could you know?"

"Your eyes told me," he said smiling. "You looked the way I sometimes feel. I suppose everyone feels that way sometimes."

"But why? Why should we feel that way?"

"I don't know," he replied thoughtfully. "Unless it's because each individual is essentially alone. Even his worst battles aren't so much with other people and outside forces as they are with himself."

It was he who was now miles away from me, off on a tangent of thought which might lead him further away from me. Already he had released me from his arms and was beginning to pace back and forth, talking as it took hold of him. Yet I began to smile inwardly. At one time, or even a few moments before, I might have felt shut out and personally affronted by this typical change of mood. But with growing insight, I knew that he wasn't shutting me out at times like these. He was letting me in. He was letting me in on all that was going on inside him, giving me a part of himself.

I coughed discreetly, and his eyes saw me again. He began to chuckle as he came over and took me in his arms. "I can see what you mean when you say I'm the most impossible man you know. Kiss me good-night, darling. And get to bed. You'll be dead on your feet tomorrow."

As I climbed into bed that morning, I was busy listing to myself all the reasons why I was in love with Dr. James Alcott.

Next month: Love may triumph, but life goes on! Her senior year at the hospital sees Susan on duty in the maternity ward, in Sister Gertrude's ward—very different from the early days—and facing her final exams. The concluding chapters of Susan's story in the February GOOD TASTE (on sale January 30) simply must not be missed!



THE Passing HOUR



Ever since she could remember she had seen the year come in . . . at home

STELLA felt that it was too bad about Mrs. Repton's dance. Bad because it would be the loveliest party ever, running into the small hours, and there was nothing that she could do about it.

Ever since she could remember, she had seen the new year come in the same way, going with Mother and Dad to the watch-night service, and coming back to the first meal of the new year, known in the family as "Little Christmas". There were small gifts and the feeling that this would be the best new year ever.

Now, as she looked down at the expensively printed invitation card, she felt confused. How could you leave a smart party in the middle to go to a watch-night service? And she had longed to go to this particular party, too. Hugh Somers would be there, and she felt for him something she had never felt for any boy before.

Stella was eighteen. Most girls had had boy friendships before then, but perhaps hers was explained by the fact that she was a stay-at-home (the ewe lamb, as Mother called her) and now, because love had come when she was a bit older than the others, it came in a big way.

She wanted to meet Hugh against the right background. Not just at the tennis club, for those brief instants that had simply flashed by, or at the regatta, or the summertime picnics. A ball-room was different. The thought sent her vibrating with excitement. Perhaps it was crazy to care like this for someone about whom she knew so little, but she couldn't help it. It was a secret she would never tell a soul, a very private secret.

"Of course you'll accept?" said Mother, highly delighted for her ewe lamb.

"Yes, but . . . but Mummy, it's watch-night service and, if I go, I won't be able to break away, and . . . well, 'Little Christmas' is something of a tradition, isn't it? I hate the thought of disappointing you and Dad."

Mother reached out and took her hand. "We want you to be happy. You're only young once, and your happiness is the most important thing in the whole world to Daddy and me."

They hugged one another, and for half a second Stella wondered if she would mention Hugh; then she decided against it. Maybe when she got to the dance Hugh would hardly look at her, then she'd be glad that she hadn't worn her heart on her sleeve.

Christmas realized all her dreams. Mother and Dad bought Stella a present between them—a blue evening dress with a strapless bodice of ruffled tulle, and an air of sophistication that Stella felt to be extremely pleasant. Her favourite aunt sent her a cheque with which she bought a pair of soft silver kid shoes, and a cousin in America sent the kind of nylons you dream about.

After that she used some of the token tickets (another Christmas present) at a local beauty salon, and she had a special hair-do. The beauty shop did magical things to her face and the hair-do was an achievement. A Mr. Gaspard did it, and explained that at night you just pinned it "to the face". It sounded simple enough in the salon, but when bedtime came she hardly dared to bed in case something ghastly happened to it.

"I shouldn't worry, my lamb," said Mother. "Your hair is always lovely, anyway."

The last day of the old year blew across the world with a hint

of frost in it. When evening came, Stella dressed as she would for her wedding, and with as much joy in her heart. The blue frock opened up a new world, and she was Cinderella who had come—transformed—to the ball.

"You look lovely, darling," said Mother, and her eyes had gone misty.

"Belle of the ball," agreed Dad.

Stella went out into a night that seemed spangled with joy and happiness. She took a taxi to the Reptons', and as she approached she saw the house vivid in yellow light and could already hear the music coming out into the roadway. She had her money in her hand as the taxi drew up; it would be awful if it checked up yet another threepence, but it didn't. The taxi man beamed at her.

"Enjoy yourself. You're only young once," he said.

Hugh was there. She saw him the moment that she entered the room but pretended not to because, inside her, she was sort of scared. A second later he came across.

"What about a dance, Stella?"

"Yes, of course."

They danced, but when she thought about it, it wasn't dancing, it was moving to heaven, with the sound of heart-throbs for drums, and the feeling that one had no hands, no feet. She didn't know what they talked about, only that it was delightful. A coming-closer. An understanding. She wished that Mother could see her now.

Then Mrs. Repton introduced her to a series of young men, and all the time Stella had the feeling that Hugh was watching her. Maybe she was flattering herself. He was so attractive he could win any girl. He was so accustomed to parties, what was one more to him?

Then came the Paul Jones.

NOTHING could hide her glowing colour as they danced round excitedly. When the music stopped, and she got Hugh, that was just luck. The second time it was a coincidence. But the third time it was nothing short of a miracle.

"Is this a conspiracy?" she asked.

"What do you think?"

"I do think."

"You're about right. I had to push that fat chap out of the way; just as he thought he had got you, he found himself facing the ginger-haired girl with the enormous mouth."

"You're being most unkind. It's Susie Dean, and she is awfully nice."

"I'm sorry. I'm sure she's nice."

"She's very, very nice."

He said: "I never know why hearts of gold lurk behind such queer exteriors. You're the lucky one, aren't you? You've got it both ways."

"How do you know what colour my heart is?"

He looked down into her eyes as they danced, and the very look

Please turn to page 51

Short Story by **URSULA BLOOM**

JILL SYMON'S
DRESS & BEAUTY
SECTION

Your PARTY LOOK

Time to plan—prepare—look forward . . . all goes to make you and your evening beautiful

TAKE your prettiest look to a party and it'll see you have a wonderful time. *Who's the pretty girl over by the door?* can be you, not the haughty beauty who's just swept in ahead of you. A really grand-mannered dress is only a mass of tulle and satin unless the girl who's wearing it brings it sparkingly to life. You can wear the simplest frock in the room yet be the most remembered girl in it if you know that shining hair and soft white hands are more important than nylons in jewelled slippers, and that a clear smooth skin and white shoulders are more admired than any fur wrap covering them.

Getting ready for a party is almost as nice as being there. The fun of it is starting right from your skin, making *that* sweet, then making a success story of hair, hands, make-up—everything.

Doing things in the right order turns you out looking as cool and poised as a Christmas rose. It's too easy to scatter powder on dress, smudge nails looking for a lost earring! Here's the plan that looks after first things first, ends with a "partified" you and five empty minutes at the end of the "partifying." Five calm saved minutes that give the family time to admire you before your escort rings the bell, whirls you off.

You should try to allow an hour for your

Please turn to page 37



K



HAVE you a Cinderella frock in your wardrobe? A plain little dress that's dying to meet a fairy godmother? Our party girl opposite wears a dress in camelia coloured faille that couldn't be plainer, but scatterpins twinkling on the bodice, spanking white gloves and gleaming satin slippers see it freshly on its way.

On this page are a bunch of attractive ideas to bring a little new excitement to your own party dressing.



First, there's our notion of dress-up gloves. Lilac satin shorties ringed round with swinging silk tassels in a deep violet shade. We see these with a floaty dress in white chiffon, that has a large bouquet of violets pinned at the waist.

Next, there's a separate plan. Suggestion for an off-the-shoulder blouse in black silk jersey to be worn with a quilted skirt. Quilting by the yard in a flower sprigged pattern makes the skirt. Think how pretty it would be, how warm!

Satin slippers have spelt parties for all of us since we were two. This pair are white satin ballet slippers dyed to match a dress, given ankle straps of satin ribbon and fired with *diamanté* studs clipped into the satin.



The girl in the right-hand corner has given a slim-skirted gold taffeta dress something to think about. She's made for it a full overskirt in black net, given it outsize pockets and popped golden roses at the bottom of each.

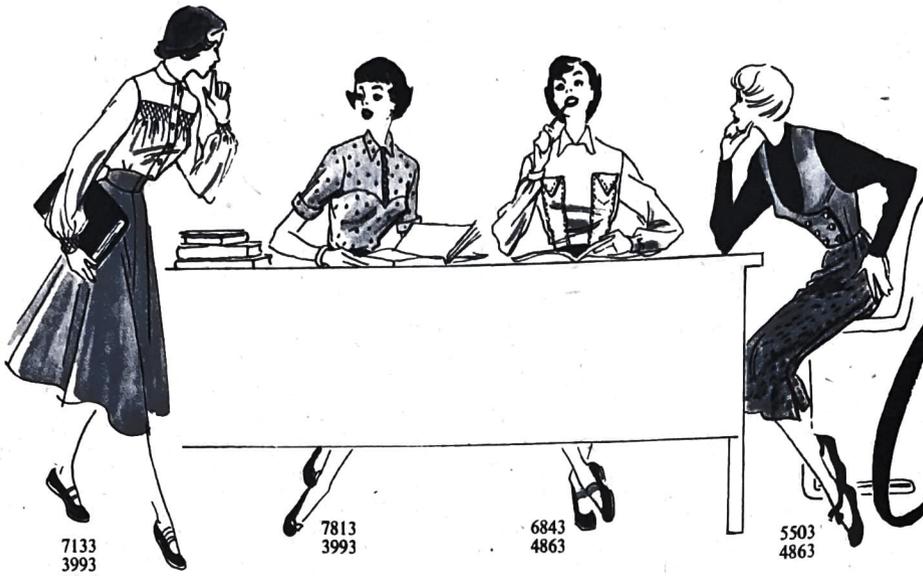
Nothing like a wonderful bustle to make nice things said about you behind your back! Here's a romantic dressing for a plain frock—pastel satin ribbon looped into a series of bows with long streamer ends that float down to hem level.

The strapless dress is the reigning favourite and one of these classic beauties that's been to a round of parties is wonderfully refreshed with an entirely new top. This one is made from 15-in.-wide pleated ribbon, with a velvet ribbon and a big bow over the bustline, the waist caught invisibly inside to release a tiny peplum.



An evening handbag can make a big hole in a budget. This one doesn't. Make it yourself from two circles of satin-covered canvas stitched together and hidden behind a lush pink rose. Velvet handles dangle it from your wrist!





7133
3993

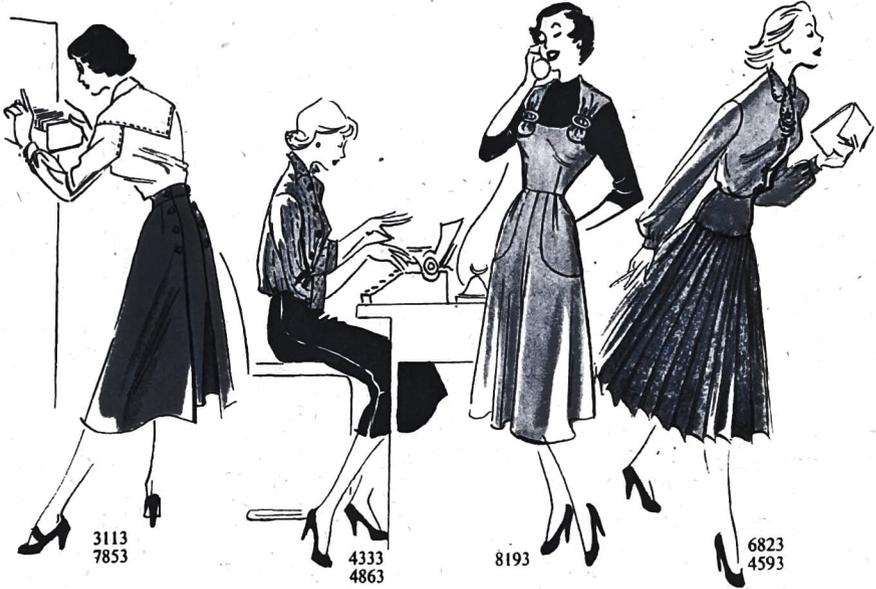
7813
3993

6843
4863

5503
4863

Clothes

You can do with
a new blouse or skirt?
Then you'll find
your pattern
here



3113
7853

4333
4863

8193

6823
4593



1323
6863

4003
8443
4863

8443

3223
6953

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

for the job...

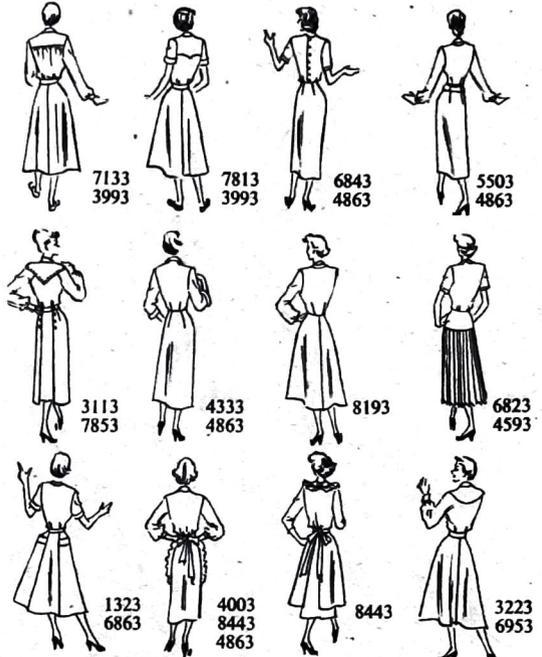


MADE FROM WELDON'S PATTERNS

STUDENTS . . . go to the top of the class in gay blouses and skirts—clever separates that combine and fill out a lean wardrobe. First on the left is a neat little plain-yoked blouse, Pattern 7133, with youthful bands of smocking on bodice and wrist bands. With this goes skirt Pattern 3993, it's flared, and kind to teen-age figures, with a tall, flattering waistband. Next blouse, Pattern 7813, is easy as ABC to make, has a bodice heart-shaped back and front, a line of loop fasteners down the yoke, making a neckline which can be closed up to the collar or left open. Pattern 6843 has stitched strips up the front that make pockets with turn-over triangle flaps. Down the back go a row of buttons. Fourth in the row is a clever girl wearing a horseshoe-front waistcoat, made from Pattern 5503, to light up her dark sweater, with bright double buttoning. The skirt she chose is young and straight, and couldn't be easier to make—because it's cut in only two pieces, from Pattern 4863.

SMART girls in an office love clothes that start off each day fresh as the morning mail—neat skirts, and blouses that go for frequent laundering. Pattern 3113 has pretty goings-on at the back and the same dipping yoke line in front, with cleverly set-in sleeves, and bobble buttoned wrist bands. The skirt, Pattern 7853 has an interesting back view, too, with buttoned-down pleats towards the centre, that incidentally keep it from seating. The front is smoothly straight out with slanted hip pockets. A tailored shirt is a must for office life, this one, Pattern 4333 looks good in crisp poplin, has sleeves that can be long or smartly cuffed at three-quarter length. Pinafore dress Pattern 8193 sees you through the day in style, and with a change of tops, off to a date, too. It has an easy flared skirt, and darted-to-fit bodice with amusing bracer straps. Blouse No. 6823 is simple to sew, has an interesting double-tongue tie buttoned down on the front line opening. Saddle stitching trims it. All round pleating is a slim style, and skirt Pattern 4593 has it beneath a flat panel round the hips, to swing out gaily when walking.

HOUSEWIVES like their clothes comfortably smart, unfussy but fun to wear. Pattern 1323 is a blouse with four-a-side pleats at the front, held down with little stitched straps that match the cuffs. The skirt, Pattern 6863, has a double deal of buttons, is gently flared with pockets set around the hips. Prim push-up sleeves that wisely stay out of the way make Pattern 4003 perfect for a job of work. The collar is prettily curved and buttons lead off down the front. A frilly afternoon pinafore is the gay little partner to the cover-up apron-of-all-work next door to it, which has a skirt that just clears floor level when kneeling, and a big useful pocket. Both these can be made from one pattern, No. 8443. Pretty for teatime Pattern 3223 has scalloped edges to give a fine finish to collar and cuffs, a yoke that's curved at the back, softly gathered in front. The skirt, Pattern 6953 has an up-pointed cummerbund, a centre seam that breaks into a group of fine pleating. Yardages for all these patterns, prices and details of ordering are given on the right.



Backviews above are of patterns on the left

ALL blouse patterns here, also waistcoat, aprons, and pinafore dress are cut in bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Yardage given is for bust size 36. All skirt patterns here are cut in hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Yardage given is for hip size 38.

Pattern 7133	takes 3 1/8 yds.	material 36 ins. wide.
" 3993	" 2 yds.	" 54 ins. "
" 7813	" 1 5/8 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 6843	" 1 3/4 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 5503	" 7/8 yd.	" 54 ins. "
" 4863	" 1 yd.	" 54 ins. "
" 3113	" 2 1/4 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 7853	" 1 3/4 yds.	" 54 ins. "
" 4333	" 2 1/4 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 8193	" 2 1/2 yds.	" 54 ins. "
" 6823	" 2 1/8 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 4593	" 1 3/4 yds.	" 54 ins. "
" 1323	" 2 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 6863	" 2 yds.	" 54 ins. "
" 4003	" 2 1/8 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 3223	" 2 yds.	" 36 ins. "
" 6953	" 1 1/8 yds.	" 54 ins. "

Pattern 8443 takes 2 1/2 yds. for large apron, 1 1/8 yds. for small apron, both in material 36 ins. wide.

Glynis Johns's Blouse, shown on page 27 is made from Pattern 8393, cut in bust sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 takes 2 5/8 yds. material 36 ins. wide.

How to order Weldons Patterns

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

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SILK LIPSTICK so that you can capture
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transparency, natural skin beauty is accentuated—appears through its protective, delicate veil of powder. Silk powder gives a natural, living bloom—no hard, mask-like look. It is economical—"spreads" so evenly and clings so tenaciously you need not use so much. Each tiny particle is absorbent—so your powder takes up excessive perspiration and remains matt the day through. And to meet every complexion need, Helena Rubinstein has blended with the pure, natural, atomised silk, eight flattering shades—*Sport; Rachel; Beach Tan; Dark Peaches & Cream; Light Peaches & Cream; Pink Champagne; Pink Beauty; Bronze.*

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Helena Rubinstein's Silk powder can be used with your usual foundation. But she has created, in SILK-TONE, the perfect foundation for the powder.

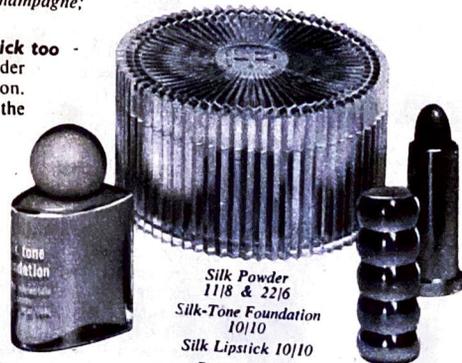
- ★ Gives a transparent, protective, silken film
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Your PARTY LOOK

continued from page 32

dressing. Time to pin up your hair first and snare it down with a net sprayed with brilliantine—the *simplest* way of giving your hair an all-over shine. Now, before you tub, lay out your finery—and that's everything. Clean suspender belt, bra, stockings, slippers, gloves, jewellery and then your dress. See make-up things are at hand, that your mascara brush isn't missing, that you've tissues and cotton wool to work with and a clean chiffon scarf to tie over your hair when you slip into your dress.

Cold-cream and tissue your face before you get into the tub, then relax in the warm crystal-sweetened water to chase off the day's tiredness. In a few minutes you can scrub throat and shoulders with your bathbrush, make finger nails immaculate with a soft-bristled nailbrush, scrub feet energetically, too, for well-scrubbed feet shed hard skin, dance tirelessly afterwards!

Out of the bath, dry yourself thoroughly, coat hands with lotion and use more of the milky stuff for shoulders and elbows. Dust the rest of you with talc to match your crystals then off with you to dress.

If you've time you can prepare eyepads now—ovals of cotton wool soaked in skin tonic. Keep these handy then give your nails a fresh coat of colour (Peggy Sage's shimmering *Rose Pearl* is a pretty choice for parties) and while it dries stretch out on your bed and use the palms of your hands to pick up and press your eyepads gently into position. (Incidentally a coat of Peggy Sage's quick-drying oil brushed on after the colour job guards against smudging.)

NOW you're ready for make-up. A rosy foundation over face and throat since bright lights drain colour from the skin. For the same reason, a little more rouge than usual and a *pinkier* shade of powder. For a smooth coating, press powder generously over face and neck then tissue-off the surplus. A lipbrush gives full value to mouth curves. Use it to outline the mouth shape, fill in the colour afterwards with lipstick. Be certain to blot your mouth on tissues. A final coat of Max Factor's *Lip Gloss* sets the colour beautifully and, unlike a last powdering, it doesn't take colour from the lips or dry them.

Go carefully with eye make-up. Easy to overdo it. Shadow goes on first—iridescent ones are pretty at night—and a contrast, not a match, to the eye colour is very effective. Shade the outer third of each lid only and blend the colour up and out.

Brush up the lashes with waterproof mascara next. Colour top lashes only and for a wide-eyed look put a second coat of colour on the outer lashes only. A few feathery strokes with a mascara brush define eyebrows nicely—the effect isn't as hard as a pencil job.

Veil your face and hair with your chiffon hanky before you put on your dress. A lipsticked neckline is a calamity at the last minute. Now use your chiffon to protect the top of your dress while you comb out your hair and fix it to your liking. A little back-combing will fluff out any big curls that are inclined to sit down, and any stray ends at the nape of your neck can be put in place with a touch of pomade or even a soapy finger!

Put on your little twinkling earrings next, and your necklet, and when you come to use perfume don't touch any metal with it. Perfume can take the glitter out of these pretty conceits, make them stain your skin, too.

Perfume is best sprayed on your skin with an atomizer or else use a glass rod dipped in perfume to touch behind your neck, under your chin, under your arms, in the crook of your elbows and on your wrists. Fragrance applied where movement is means you emanate the heady stuff at every turn. Now a drop of fragrance on your hanky, before you draw on white gloves that look fresh as snow. You're ready now, ready to decorate and bring a sparkle to anybody's party.

★ ★

DON'T take beauty "black marks" with you into a bright new year, settle them now and start off looking your very best. I can help you do it—I have seven specially prepared leaflets which I know help solve most general beauty problems going. For those who sigh over extra pounds there is leaflet No. 1, which tells you the best way to a streamlined figure. No. 2 is the answer to most hair worries, and of course tells you how to get rid of the most common of all—dandruff. Spots and blackheads are soon on their way if you take the advice in leaflet No. 3, and the more specialized problems of lines and crowsfeet are helped by leaflet No. 4—relaxed neck muscles, too, by No. 5. Most other bad complexions start from a too greasy or dry skin, or one that can even be both—and all these types are effectively dealt with in leaflet No. 6. Last of all, No. 7, explains exactly what can be done about superfluous hair.

If you would like any of these leaflets, or my personal help with any individual problems (and don't forget that means fashion ones as well) do write to me. My address you will find on page 9, and please would you enclose a stamped addressed envelope when you write.

Jill Symon



Up to Your Neck

in a clever fur tie that you can
make from our simple instructions

MAKE-BELIEVE fur is a new young fashion. Easy on the eye, easy on the pocket, too, it's used to make anything from drain-pipe slacks to snug dressing gowns. Small quantities of the warm rich stuff make cute little helmet hats, coat collars that snub the cold, "little boy" ties to spice up plain white blouses, and warm wristlets to give an expensive look to dark long-sleeved wool frocks. Waistcoats of fake fur are witty and wise, so are slender fur belts to cinch in knitted sweaters.

For sheer comfort plus good looks we'd recommend any girl to make the clever fur bow that our model wears. Here's how: You need $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. ocelot fabric, 8 in. deep; the same amount of tailor's canvas and of wadding, silky material for lining, a hook and eye.

To make neckband, which is joined at the back, cut from the length of fur two 3-in. pieces, and join short sides to make a strip 3 in. by 16 in. Trim this strip to 14 in. (or your neck measurement plus 1 inch). Place a layer of tailors canvas, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. smaller all round, to wrong side of fur strip, then a layer of wadding. Turn in raw fur edges, and catch down all round. Line this side with silky material.

To make bow cut off two 9 in. lengths, pad out each with canvas and wadding, then line—in the same way as neckband. Gather one 8 in. side of each piece, draw up to 3 in. and finish off firmly. To make the bow ends pointed, fold top corner of each piece under, and stitch down to lower edge. From remaining fur make a knot for the centre, and join in gathered edges of bow ends neatly underneath. Join neckband to underside of bow, towards the centre, add hook and eye for fastening.

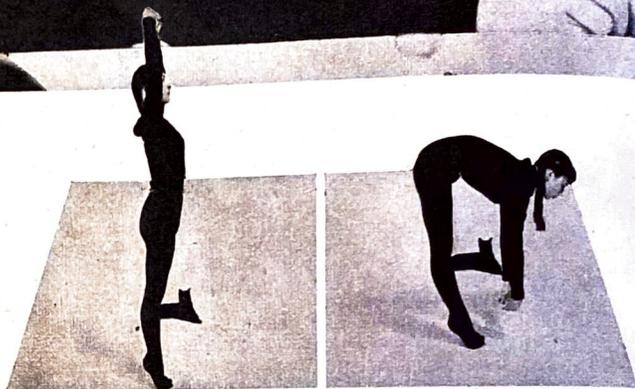
**JILL SYMON'S
DRESS & BEAUTY
SECTION**



1 Stretching. The thigh and lumbar muscles.

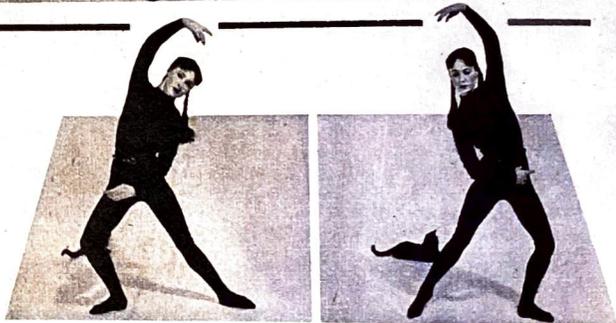
Stand upright on tip-toe, body straight, legs together, arms stretched high, continuing the neck and head line. Then, keeping knees straight and still high on your toes, bend over and touch your toes, while breathing out. Breathe in as you regain the first position.

Do this exercise 8 times running for the first week, and then once more each week until you are doing it 12 times in succession.



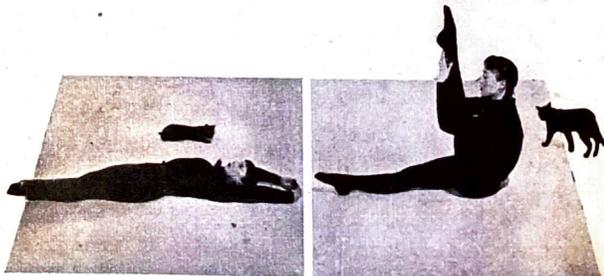
2 The waist, hips and thighs.

Stand legs apart, then flex the right leg, bending the top of your body as far over to the left as it will go. Bring your right arm up and over, in a line with your neck and head, and let the left arm drop in front of you, hand resting on your right thigh. Repeat movement in reverse, with left leg flexed, and bending to right. This exercise is an alternate swinging movement. Breathe in as you bend to the left, and out as you bend to the right. (8 times.)



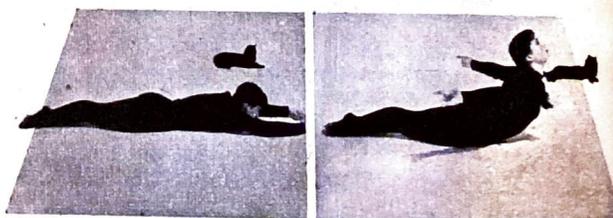
3 The stomach and the abdominal muscles.

Lie flat on your back, legs together and stretched out, arms above the head, following the head and neck line. Lift your chest and one leg in one movement, keeping the other leg flat on the ground. Then lie flat again and repeat the movement with the other leg. Breathe in deeply while flat on your back, and out as you lift yourself up. And don't forget to keep your toes pointed all the time. (8 times for each leg.)



4 General. To prevent spinal curvature and round shoulders.

Lie flat on your tummy, on the floor or on a table, arms in front of you. Lift your chest up as far as you can, stretching your arms sideways. Then return to the first position. It is most important in this exercise to keep your feet and ankles on the ground. So either hook your feet under a chair or table-leg, or get somebody to hold them down for you. Breathe in as you lift your chest up, and out as you lie down. (8 times.)



IN 8 STRETCHING MOVEMENTS YOU CAN BE

As supple as a cat

These movements are based on respiratory gymnastics, and will prove a very efficient "loosener-up" for swimming, skating, rowing, badminton etc. They are also a good elementary introduction to classical and acrobatic dancing.

So in doing these exercises, remember :

1. To watch your breathing.

2. To watch your "style", that is, make sure you really get up on your toes and stretch your legs as far as they will go, and so on.

3. Never begin each day's exercises with the same movement. Changing them round is better for your body, and you will find them more attractive, not so much of a "duty" if you vary the routine.

4. Never force a movement, and you will avoid stiffness. Take a cold shower or have a hot bath afterwards. By the way, if you're afraid of being stiff at first, don't repeat each exercise more than two or three times to begin with.

5 The legs and thighs.

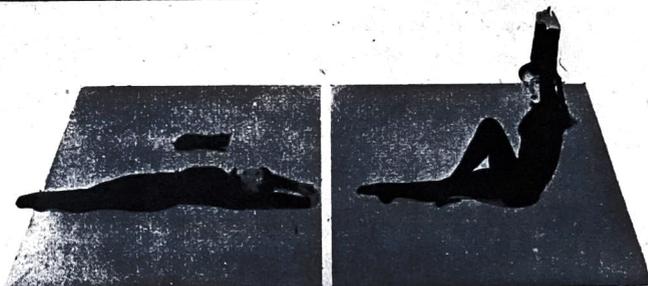
Stand upright, legs apart and supple, arms stretched out on a level with your shoulders.

First bend your knees as far as possible, then spring into the air, bringing your legs together and your arms above your head. Open your legs immediately and stretch your arms, so that when you land you are again in the first position. Breathe in as you jump, and breathe out as you bend your knees. (6 times.)



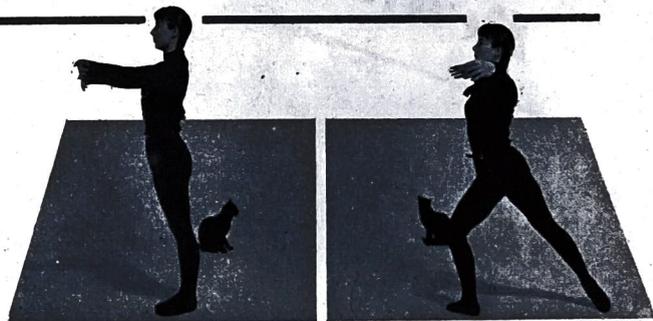
6 Stomach and hips.

Lie flat on your back, legs stretched, arms stretched behind your head. Sit up, keeping your back straight and your arms still above your head. Bend your left leg up, drop your arms so as to encircle the knee and bring the leg up to your chest. Resume your initial position, then repeat the movement with your right leg. Breathe in as you lie flat, breathe out as you encircle the knee. (8 times alternately—4 times each leg.)



7 Development of chest muscles. The bust.

Stand upright, legs together, arms out in front of you on a level with your shoulders. Bring your arms out to your sides, bend your left leg and stretch your right leg back as far as possible, keeping it straight. Come back to the first position, and reverse the movement, stretching the left leg back. Breathe in while stretching out your leg, and breathe out as you come back to the original legs-together position. (6 times each leg.)



8 General. Stretching.

Stand upright, body straight, the left leg and right arm resting on a bar (or a table, etc.), right leg straight, left arm lifted above the head. Bend down and touch your left knee with your chin. Stand up straight, then bend as far backwards as you can. Repeat with the right leg and left arm on bar.





Next Month's Cover Girl

You can look forward to

January 30 when next month's number will be on sale! Now at the beginning of the year we have been putting our heads together to produce features—articles—pictures, which will cheer all the months of 1951 for GOOD TASTE readers.

February GOOD TASTE . . . on sale January 30th

Go shopping for good looks with Jill Symon—here is her pick of what's new

Buying Beauty

A PAIR of well-kept hands deserves a bottle of really wonderful nail lacquer. Chen Yu have glamour shades as mouth-watering as their new names—flowering plum for the new pale, dark-lipped look, peking pink, a lively rose shade, sea shell, a pretty, discreet colour that's good for office hours, are just three of ten lovely colours. Nice to know that the lacquer is really hard-wearing, lasts quite a week and each shade has its own exact match in lipstick. Lacquer is 7s. 6d., lipstick 9s. 6d., in a really good-looking gift case.

Another nice present for hands is Hinds' famous bleaching almond milk now packed in one of the new non-spill, non-break flexi-bottles. This new help is 4s. 6d., should be in the office drawer of every girl who's proud of her hands.

Girls who take to glasses these days can have real glamour-specs, for the new ones, besides helping you to see better, are clever

A really lovely Dress and Beauty section, planned by Jill Symon, will put at your finger-tips the ideas and information to help you look your best in the remaining dark days of winter, and to approach the early spring with confidence.

We know our King and Queen as leaders—symbols of the Nation . . . even as friends of the people. But they are householders, too! "Behind the Scenes at Buckingham Palace" will give you a close-up of the domestic plans behind the most important household in the country.

Disraeli, of the last Royal Command film—brought vivid life to the story of Queen Victoria in the Widow of Windsor period . . . and left the actor, Alec Guinness, with a more powerful reputation still—as a versatile actor—and inscrutable person. Inscrutable? Barbara Vise, writer of our "If I Were Twenty" column, has called on and scrutinized Mr. Guinness specially on your behalf! We shall publish her report, with special picture, next month.

Yourself in your handwriting—irresistible peep at your possibilities! That subject—handled by an Expert crops up next month too.

* To make sure of your copy do leave a regular order with your newsagent for

fashion accessories. Bateman's, the big opticians, now make eyes beautiful with frames that come in as many as seventy different colours and in a variety of new flattering shapes. Harlequin and butterfly shapes, frames that lift at the corners to match the doe-eyed look, ones with attractively beaded bands over the browline, two-colour frames, pearly ones, even rainbow coloured ones—here are the prospects.

Full dress parties should show off shoulders that are smooth and gleaming, and Dorothy Gray's Texture Lotion works for a velvety skin all over. Bleaching and refining, it helps out rough elbows, too, makes short work of chapped or fire-scarred legs that snag fine stockings. The cost is 8s. 4d. for a really generous-sized bottle.

Brunettes, do you envy blondes their party rinses . . . the new pink and lilac ones? Now comes news of a clever shade for really dark hair. Made by Steiner in liquid form, a 5s. 6d. bottle holds enough to give dark hair a frosty sparkle a dozen times in all.

ALL MY TOMORROWS

continued from page 25

Mary. "Watch the papers for news of him. "But you really should have more friends." "Friends?" Mary repeated the word almost mockingly. Then she laughed at the irony, or at herself, perhaps.

The announcement of the new personal service for men at Graham & Field's went out as Mary had planned. Mary's name did not appear, but the news of her got about by word of mouth.

Lady Oakhill mentioned the shop to Charles Bell when he asked her what she wanted for Christmas. "I don't care. Any little thing! They say the things they are showing in that new shop at Graham's are divine. You know who's in charge?"

"Who?" he asked. "That pretty girl who used to be your secretary. She certainly did well for herself." "She's a girl of unusual ability," he answered rather stiffly.

DAVID NASH had tossed the announcement into the wastebasket and forgotten about it completely.

But Susan told him about it. "Of all the disgusting things!" she began.

"What now?" David was discovering that he didn't always agree with Susan.

"This racket they've started at Graham & Field."

"What are you talking about?"

"That girl! The one you took to the circus. Who made that ridiculous fuss about cocktails in that display business. You remember!"

"Oh, Mary. I still don't know what you're talking about! And you're all wrong about her, Susan."

Susan laughed. "Nonsense. I know her game."

"Please, Susan. Remember that she was married to an old friend of mine."

"Well, he's out of it. Probably happily. And I have a right to my opinion."

"Opinion about what?"

"You know what she's doing?"

"No, I haven't seen Mary or Charles Bell for weeks. Isn't she still doing publicity?"

"Publicity!" Susan exploded into a derisive laugh. "Not exactly! She's running the men-only shop at Graham & Field's, and I bet she has plenty of dates after business hours!"

"Susan! You can't talk about Mary like that."

"You seem to know a lot about her."

"Enough to be dead sure that Mary Rand is a fine girl. She's got character, poise and experience."

"Plenty of experience, I don't doubt! And you're one who should know."

David took the girl by her shoulders. He shook Susan until he stopped for lack of breath. He enjoyed shaking her, and suddenly that made him sick with himself and he walked out of her house. Susan was screaming after him.

"A GENTLEMAN is asking for you, Mrs. Rand," said her assistant. "All right. I'll come," Mary went to the front of the little panelled shop and confronted Charles Bell. He looked at her as if she were a changeling.

"How nice of you to look in, Charles," she said, shaking hands.

"I wanted to see how you were getting on." "We've just started. It's interesting work."

"It doesn't seem right for you! Selling." "We were doing that at Anchor Glass."

"Not in the same way." She said, "My experience there was very helpful. How is the office?" "Fine."

Please turn to page 44

A Useful Year

This is supposed to be a practical age . . . we are always hearing people say they would like to be "of use" and to do something helpful.

MARTA LANG of GOOD TASTE staff has collected a treasury of good ideas to meet this need—through any one of them you could spread a lot of helpfulness.

THIS is the traditional time for them: those fervent vows to give up smoking, get up earlier, walk out in the open more and sink into the cinema less. And perhaps because conceived on impulse alone they so frequently are born only to die during the first days of their practice.

There are resolutions, though, made of sterner stuff. This also is the time when even the worst of us feel, however faintly, the warm re-stirring of a fundamental desire to do something better and to be something better—even if the more sagacious of us harbour the less cosy-suspicion that to do so may entail thinking of others a little more and ourselves rather less.

But if we act on our *charitable* intentions (in the true sense of that now welfare sounding word) we make the surprising discovery that in the blessed act of giving we are indeed receiving the proverbial hundredfold. Which is one of the facts of life quite easily proved by personal trial!

What have you to give? So much. There are urgent demands on your time, your interest and your sympathy. Deprived children to whom a weekend of your "adoption" would seem a fairy tale; old people to whom patient listening would be a solace; young people looking for leaders; sick people needing "comforts"; foreigners aching for friendship; and, in animal dispensaries, literally lame dogs waiting for helping hands.

Details? The "godmother" scheme is the splendid idea of the W.V.S. who ask child lovers to take friendless orphanage boys and girls for short periods into their own homes and lavish on them the love which is their lost birthright. A task which pays huge dividends in human happiness—theirs and yours. Another need is help with handicapped children: visiting cripples, taking blind children for suitable excursions, organizing games among mentally undeveloped children. An urgent local need is at the Caius College Mission, London, S.W.11, who are appealing particularly for helpers with experience in the various arts. The secretary of this most worthwhile club says even one hour a week, regularly given, would be of inestimable value.

Young people have wants of such infinite variety that there is scope for every willing worker. The National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs say they particularly need people

who can take a dancing class, produce a play, organize P.T., play the piano and instruct in carpentry, doll-making, patchwork, quilting, or practically any other activity or hobby. So, if you are a born leader, here is boundless opportunity for moulding young characters during those vital formative years, while seeing a good time is had by all.

And, by the way, if you would like to do holiday-helping, and incidentally get a summer vacation absolutely free, you can apply for a "helper" job in one of the many holiday houses which are set amidst glorious scenery throughout the country. Half hostess and half houseworker, your commitments will vary from organizing bathing parties to helping in the kitchen. Two sessions, each of about four hours pleasant work a day, and the rest of the time yours to enjoy as you please. You can sign on for a weekend, a week or a month and, in the latter case, even your travel fares will be paid.

HAVE you the gift of sympathy? Then you will be loved by the old. The Darby and Joan clubs are wanting instructors for simple hobbies, helpers to cut sandwiches and dispense tea and, above all, kind people who will *listen* with gentleness and understanding to all those rambling opinions, complaints and reminiscences. There is also need for "sitters" who can give a few hours or even a whole night to the sick old, shoppers who will buy for the infirm, book lovers who will advise and change at the library, and readers with pleasant voices. Too often the old are the forgotten people with contemporaries dead and descendants seemingly indifferent; but they are easily pleased and, indeed, in no other age group does so little mean so much.

There are many worthwhile jobs for the energetic. "Meals on wheels" is active service going into rural homes of needy folk. "Trolley shops" in hospitals give patients the opportunity to buy this little thing and that. Escort service conducts the aged, the infirm and the youthful on necessary journeys. Then there are home help activity, national savings campaigning and the valuable "salvaging" operations in house and garden.

If you like nursing you are wanted by the B.R.C.S. or the St. John Ambulance. Work here, after the necessary short training, may be in hospitals or first-aid

posts at race meetings, processions and other large gatherings. After this training, as a V.A.D., you can become attached to the Army or Navy, when you will be required to take specified free time paid training and be liable to call-up in national emergency.

How would you like to be most affectionately known as the "Animal Lady" to local folk? Because you probably will be if you take on the job as auxiliary secretary to the R.S.P.C.A. Here your duties would be to dispense free literature, report cases of flagrant cruelty find homes for unwanted kittens, gradually become familiar with the various laws, statutes and regulations relating to livestock, collect local information of holiday accommodation, lecture to private schools (if you feel the urge) and, possibly, arrange local film shows. To you, anxious owners will bring dogs with thorns in their paws, rabbits suspected of mange, canaries which are moping, and every kind of dumb friend in distress. Voluntary workers are also needed in the various animal clinics to assist the veterinary surgeons and for secretarial work.

Then there are the overseas students in our university towns. Would you, say, like to offer hospitality to an Indian, Chinese, or one of our own Colonial girls? These strangers in a strange land would find a place by your fireside warming to heart as well as body. The East West Friendship Council and the W.V.S. will gladly arrange introductions.

AND there is still more. Books and magazines will be willingly collected, knitted "squares" for blankets gratefully received, garden plants and bulbs gladly accepted, and sewing offers received with many thanks.

Here, then, are the fine opportunities to make of life something richer and fuller; to find new friendships and gain a growing sense of personal achievement in the great adventure of living. But one important point: do please carry out any help you undertake to give. The greater the need, the greater the disappointment; and this is particularly so with children and old people whose feelings of "let-down" are intense. If you would like further details of any organization write to me, MARTA LANG. The address is GOOD TASTE, 30-32 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. And will you please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CINEMA

by Film-taster

Growing



OVER in Hollywood thirteen-year-old Margaret O'Brien is facing the biggest challenge of her career—her first "grown-up" part, as an American bobby-soxer in a film temporarily titled *The Romantic Age*.

Why a challenge? Because Margaret's performance has to be so good that it will stand up to the inevitable comparison with her famous childhood characterizations in such successes as *Journey for Margaret*, *Meet Me in St. Louis*, *The Unfinished Dance* and many others; because she has to prove that the cute little girl has grown into a real actress. Which must be pretty alarming to a sensitive and intelligent girl of thirteen.

Though Margaret still has to attend lessons at the studio school, the quaint little girl with the long straight mid-brown hair done in plaits (for years she refused to have it cut) is no more. Her first appointment was with the studio hairdressers, who have designed her a smart, up-to-the-minute coiffure. The make-up experts, who used to be chiefly concerned with toning down the flush on her cheeks when she had been playing too strenuous games between shots, are this time plucking her eyebrows, accentuating the curve of her lips and the size of her eyes. Instead of the *Little Women* style of clothes she favoured during her visit to London in 1949, Margaret has a wardrobe of the latest American teen-age models to wear in her new picture.

And, most important of all perhaps, film-making, which used to be for her the best of all nursery games—"pretending to be somebody else" she called it—with her mother telling her the story and teaching her the dialogue—has become a serious adult business.

MMARGARET O'BRIEN is, in fact, going through the same process to which Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Diana Lynn, Elizabeth Taylor have each in their turn been subjected. And how much depends, not only on the young star herself, but also on the wisdom of her studio and the guidance of her parents at this crucial point in her career.

Obviously you cannot jump headlong out of child parts into a romantic lead, any more than you can hurry the process of growing up. It has to be achieved gradually and the plain fact is that suitable parts for very young actresses simply do not grow on every tree in Hollywood.

To make matters more difficult, we filmmakers cherish illusions about the youngsters we loved as curly-headed little girls. Deanna Durbin was fourteen when she sang her way into our hearts, a chubby-cheeked youngster with a golden voice, in *Three Smart Girls*. She grew up into a clever young actress, but

her most devoted admirers could never quite forgive her for playing a "bad girl" part in *Christmas Holiday*.

So it seems that, if the right part fails to materialize, it is safer to "retire" or even change your name! Shirley Temple, you may remember, was a front-rank star at five and took the precaution of disappearing from the screen altogether for two years at the frankly awkward age of thirteen. Though she came back as a fully fledged ingénue, Shirley has had a sufficiently uphill struggle to make her say now that she does not want her own little daughter, Susan; to go into pictures as a child—because it might prejudice her chances of an adult screen career.

Did you notice anything familiar about pretty Marsha Jones, youngest of the three sisters in *The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady*? Marsha was once Marcia Mae Jones, child star of *These Three*. She decided that the best way to bridge the gap was to change her name and only admit her identity when she had established herself a second time.

AS Diana Lynn says: "It's harder to get re-established in the movie industry than to make the grade for the first time." Diana, now twenty-three and recently seen in starring parts in *My Friend Irma* and *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*, knows, because she broke into films in *There's Magic in Music* as a schoolgirl, played in some of the Aldrich family series—and then found herself hanging around the studios, doing school lessons and waiting for the right part.

In Diana's case it was versatility that saw her through. After playing a "brat" in two pictures, she really scored as the youngest comedienne in films with her rôle in *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, graduated via a sophisticated "other woman" portrayal in *The Bride Wore Boots* to her first romantic lead in *Easy-Come, Easy-Go*. Diana, incidentally, is almost as well known in America as a pianist, and Hollywood recognizes her as a strong individualist, who once stipulated in her contracts, "no leg-art pictures and no working with horses!"

But the classic example of the child who grew up to beautiful womanhood without any apparent difficulty at all is Elizabeth Taylor, the girl with the jet-black hair and beautiful eyes, who is today an even bigger "headliner" than she was when she starred in *National Velvet*. Exactly the right parts were found for Liz, whose real-life wedding, you will remember, coincided with the showing of *Father of the Bride*, and whom we shall soon be seeing as a beautiful society girl in *A Place in the Sun*, and as a young married in *Father's Little Dividend*, the sequel to *Father of the Bride*.

Over here, there are Jean Simmons and

For seven-year-old Margaret (top) film-making was all a game of "let's pretend"—the gay musical "Meet Me In St. Louis" (left) specially enjoyed! And here's perhaps the last glimpse of a familiar Margaret (below) as Beth in "Little Women"



Up

A favourite screen "baby" reaches her teens—and the turning point of her career



Here is the new Margaret you'll be seeing soon in her first semi-grown-up part. Her film friend's name is Allen Martin

Petula Clark to prove that British child stars, if carefully cast in the right rôles, can grow up gracefully. It was a rather grave Jean Simmons who told me, only a few months ago, when she had already reached the heights of fame: "I'm so glad I started off in small parts and worked up. It must be such a terrible let-down to find yourself a great big star, with great big publicity, all at once!" But though Jean did scale the ladder by steady steps—five films to her credit before *Great Expectations* brought her right to the front—she admitted that only when she started work with Sir Laurence Olivier in *Hamlet* did she realize that "so far it had all been a bit too easy."

As for Petula Clark, at eighteen one of the most popular B.B.C. television stars, she, I think, stands as a perfect example of the greater restraint with which we in this country handle the problem of growing up in the public eye. Though "Pet" had been enthusiastically voted V.E. and V.J. Queen by the American troops at London's Stage Door Canteen by the time she was thirteen, she was not allowed to play even a juvenile romantic part for another four years, when she appeared in the recent *Dance Hall*. And she had her first really grown-up evening dress for the Royal Command Film Performance last October.

Yes, the process is, I think, made rather more gradual and painless here than in Hollywood, but that is largely because American girls really *do* grow up more suddenly than we do and blossom into quite grown-up people at fourteen or even younger.

But please, Hollywood, don't glamorize all the fresh, individual charm out of young Margaret O'Brien. Not just yet. She is much too distinct and likeable a personality to be moulded into the typical pattern of a film "lovely". In return, I promise to put right out of my mind all the delightful memories of her childhood performances when I go to see her for the first time in her "nearly but not quite" grown-up part. After all, haven't we all suffered the agony of having our new and treasured adult personalities compared adversely with ourselves as children?

Well, here's one of your most devoted fans, Margaret, who won't do that.

THIS month cinema-goers meet for the first time an eleven-year-old who will at least be spared any "glamorizing" process as he grows up—one of the big advantages boy stars have over the girls. Andrew Ray, son of radio comedian Ted Ray, succeeded in tugging almost unbearably at my heart-strings as the tow-headed, wide-eyed, ragged little waif in the Royal Command Film *The Mudlark*. Yet

the picture as a whole leaves behind a medley of disjointed impressions—of a Windsor Castle apparently consisting entirely of interminable corridors (carpeted with some magic substance which enabled the small intruder, straight from the coal cellars, to walk along them without leaving a single sooty foot-mark!); of Irene Dunne, in a truly wonderful make-up, *looking* amazingly like my idea of Queen Victoria, yet being forced by her script to show us a side of the great Queen's character that is unfamiliar and never entirely credible. But through it all there shines, consistently and unflinching, the really splendid characterization of Disraeli by Alec Guinness, which rises to a grand crescendo with that stupendous flight of oratory, the speech to the House of Commons.

September Affair is so superbly well acted by Joan Fontaine, Joseph Cotten, Françoise Rosay and Jessica Tandy and set against such beautiful and romantic backgrounds—Rome, Naples, Capri, Pompeii, Florence—that only afterwards do you realize how impossible it all is: two people simply *couldn't* start life afresh, just because they had been reported killed in an air crash. Yet there are moments which have all the tenderness of Noël Coward's unforgettable *Brief Encounter*—it even has Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto—and how refreshing, in these days of complex plots, to see a film solely concerned with two people in love.

Jean Simmons's new film *The Clouded Yellow* (for your information it's named after a butterfly) is a fast-moving thriller with a totally impossible story, highlighted by the wonderful performance of Barry Jones (the Professor in *Seven Days To Noon*) as an elderly butterfly collector with a gruesome secret, magnificent Lake District scenery and a new locale for the final chase—the roofs of Liverpool docks. Trevor Howard co-stars.

It isn't the first time Baroness Orczy's famous novel has been seen on the screen—but this time it's a particularly lavish pro-

duction in Technicolor with David Niven as *The Elusive Pimpernel*, playing his part in this fantastic story with such a detached air of amusement and gay bravado that you feel he doesn't believe in himself either! But visually it's a beautiful picture.

Quite the most fascinating aspect of *Harriet Craig* is the way the personality of its steely-hearted, egotistical heroine (Joan Crawford) is reflected and amplified by the house of which she is so inordinately proud. Harriet's house is an unwelcoming, yet beautiful on the surface as herself—a show place, tastefully decorated with lovely pieces of furniture, and not a solitary comfortable chair. You'll hate Harriet—but you'll love her clothes!

Is it a fact that even the most despicable woman has it in her to rise to the heights of unselfishness when her child's happiness is at stake? Could three women, with nothing in common between them, become real friends through shared anxiety for their children? I think the answer is "Yes", but whether you agree with me or not, you will be arguing about the behaviour of the three heroines of *Three Secrets*—Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal and Ruth Roman—for some time to come.

Film detectives usually behave either like flat-footed dim-wits or super Sherlock-Holmeses. But not those in *Union Station*, who are flesh and blood human beings with a big job on their hands and no time (believe it or not) even for romance! And what could provide a more dramatic setting for a slick thriller of astounding technical perfection than a busy main-line railway terminus? Barry Fitzgerald and William Holden are excellent, and watch Allene Roberts walking with her eyes wide open, yet really looking as if she were blind—a masterly piece of acting.

NEXT MONTH: Do you like film stars to play true-to-type parts—or break new ground? Film-taster gives her own views in a special article

Am I Right?

That question, asked by a young mother, will interest you whether your child education problem is past, present or future!

IN a train, before the war, when my husband and children were no more than a romantic dream, the talk turned to education and one man said: "My wife and I brought our son into the world. It's up to somebody else to educate him."

"Who?" I asked.

"The State," he said.

"Why?" I asked again.

"It's their job," he said.

There and then, out of my indignation, I resolved that if ever I had children I would work for them. It was the parents' privilege, I believed, and no one should deny me that privilege.

My husband hasn't attempted to do so. He takes it for granted that women should follow their natural talents and that marriage does not automatically make housework their only career. So I pay someone else to do this for me, and carry on with my own profession. And I believe I am doing the right thing for our two children, Peter, aged eight, and Mary, just five.

In this way I can give them the benefits which will, I believe, prove much greater, in the long run, than the extra time we would have together if I sacrificed my own work to wash clothes and cook meals.

The better part of my income goes on the children, my husband maintains the home. In the past it has worked well—but now we've struck a seam of argument about education.

Now I believe that education is one of the most vital factors in a child's life. I also believe that the best education is to be had at a boarding school. My husband, on the other hand,

is very inclined to take advantages of the so-called State "free" education—but which, in fact, we pay for with rates and taxes—and keep the children at home.

But I have already given State education a chance. Peter started at the local elementary school when he was five. At eight, he reads fluently and writes well—but it ends there. He can't tell a poem from a comic joke, history and geography might be Dutch for all he knows of them and, almost worst of all, his manners are appalling. And yet this was one of the most modern and up-to-date junior schools.

The experience has convinced me, too, that home influence is not all-important with regard to manners. There is too much time spent amidst other children with not only different speech but different standards. A standard of life which assumes, for instance, that it's mad to work when the penniless idle fare just as well. At least, that is how it has sometimes seemed to me. And although I would never see anyone go in want through me. And although I would never see anyone go in want through me. And although I would never see anyone go in want through me. And although I would never see anyone go in want through me. During the holidays in their mouths through their own efforts. In term he is a helpless hooligan.

What about another type of day school? At eight, Peter needs more than the local schools can offer, and to get to the nearest preparatory school he would have to leave the house daily at 8.30 a.m. and return at 5.30 p.m. He would also have to make an awkward train journey. One of the reasons why I believe the healthy communal life of boarding school, with no outside hurry and scurry, would be more settling.

I look at it this way. For eight months of the year, Peter, Mary—who, too, will go to a boarding school as soon as she is old enough—and I will put all our efforts into our work. For the remaining four months we will, as far as possible, spend our time enjoying each other's company. During the holidays I shall put myself, as far as possible, at their disposal; and the termly partings will prevent our relationships from growing stale.

So many parent-children troubles, I feel, are caused simply by seeing too much of each other. Valuing the intimate friendship that now exists between my children and myself, I am determined

ALL MY TOMORROWS

continued from page 40

"And you? I hear that you're going to be married."

"Yes," he said, rather self-consciously, for it might hurt her. Charles had been more and more convinced that he knew why she had left his office.

"You must be very happy."

"I am," he agreed. "But I miss you, Mary. There's no life in the office now. No fun. It's routine. Mary, how about coming back? I think I could get you a substantial rise."

"I'm very happy here."

"What I need," he said, "is someone who understands me. In the office, I mean."

"Oh, I know you mean in the office." Their glances crossed, but he was not sure what was in Mary's expression. It couldn't be that she was mocking him. "No, I'm afraid I can't come back. There are more prospects here, Charles."

"There's a customer asking for you, Mrs. Rand," said her assistant again.

"Please say that I'll be free directly."

She looked to see who it was this time. So did Charles Bell. Their eyes rested on George Moulton.

"So he's still hanging around," said Charles. He wondered again, as he had wondered so often, more often than he knew, if Mary really cared for anyone, if she ever had loved that husband of hers, what it would be like if she did care for a man. He never would know. And somehow he felt cheated.

Mary greeted George Moulton. "How nice of you to come in! What can I show you?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mary, I was wondering if you would have dinner with me. At Angelo's."

"Thank you, George. But I'm sorry. I must go home."

"But I never get a chance to talk to you there."

How long had she known this was bound to come? George Moulton had been watching her, letting time elapse decently, but she had known what was growing in his mind. He must not say it. For his own sake. And for hers. She did not want this man to be the

only one to put her first! She shouldn't be first with him. It was like stealing.

"There is something I want to ask you, Mary," he said. "I'm very fond of you."

"I've felt that," Mary said, "and I'm so grateful. You and Peter's mother have both treated me as a daughter. I wish I could be a better one to you both."

Talk fast, she told herself. Save his face and make him realize what he ought to do. It would solve loneliness for Peter's mother.

"I always think of you two together. You don't mind my saying that?"

"Why—" he fumbled.

Mary was direct: "I think she probably wouldn't like to tell you so, but you are the only person who could ever make up to Peter's mother for his loss. It's none of my business, and I know it, but I do keep hoping that you two will get married."

George Moulton reddened. "We're old friends, that's all. I think very highly of Mrs. Rand, but—"

"I know," said Mary, with sympathy, "it's hard to be sure you can care again. But I'm on your side, George. I keep putting in a



to maintain it. My profession is my insurance against ever being financially, or mentally, dependent on them; and they will never, if I can possibly help it, have to say, "What shall we do about Mother?" I shall try never to be a burden on them. But I shall also try to be there when they want me—and with theories and ideas kept up to date and not cramped by the confines of home.

Suppose I did leave Peter at the junior school to try to win a scholarship and he failed? At that late age it might be impossible to enter him for a public school, and no amount of later education would make up for the training and back-

ground he missed in youth. When he does finally leave school, I want him ready to walk on his own two feet out into the world; not to step suddenly from a narrow path, a prey to difficulties which his experience has not been wide enough for him to learn how to counter.

It is the advantages they will get, and not snobbery, that makes me go on with my career so that my children can go to boarding school. And why should my children have advantages? Because I am prepared to work myself so as to pay for them. These children are the concern of my husband and myself, and to allow others to provide for them is, eventually,

to give them a say in moulding their future. If I choose to spend my money this way that is my privilege. I could save it up and leave it to them in my will. I'd rather invest it in them now. They will not let it waste. I've that much faith in my children!

Am I egotistical? Am I selfish? And, most of all, am I being unkind in sending them away from home? Some people think so. They say, "But why did you have children if you allow them to grow up away from you."

I answer, "To do the best I can for them." I think I am doing just that . . . but, I wonder, do you?

word for you. Look—you know what I'd do? Take her a little present. It breaks the ice. We've some beautifully fine real silk stockings."

It was good comedy while it lasted. She sat down and laughed after he had gone. Then she felt ashamed. The only man who wanted her was George Moulton.

There was a car in front of the Rand house when she got home. Mary was glad that her mother-in-law had company, for she could excuse herself and go upstairs.

But she had hardly opened the door when Mrs. Rand came happily towards her. "David Nash is here, Mary," she said, as if David's height did not make that more than obvious. "I've been trying to get him to stay for dinner, but he says that he planned to take you out."

"Not unless you want to," David interrupted. "I just popped in. I haven't seen you for such a long time." He said that last as if someone was to blame. "Will you come?" he asked.

"I'd love to," Mary told him. It was good to let out the true words.

She ran upstairs past Peter's old room. But

when she had pulled off one dress for another, she passed that door again on the way down and stopped for a second to look in. There were no ghosts there now, not one.

"If George Moulton comes in," she said to her mother-in-law, "do be nice to him. He's in a state! Don't you think you've kept him dangling long enough?"

"Mary, what things you say!" "He needs a little encouragement," whispered Mary, and went out quickly.

DAVID closed the car door. "Where shall we go?"

"I don't care. Just go." After a moment she asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. What makes you think anything's the matter?"

"You have all the signs of it," said Mary.

"A bit of an argument," he said. "How did you know?"

"I've seen a lot of them myself. There's a way a man looks when a girl has said things to him—"

"Maybe the girl was right in this case."

"She wasn't! And I'm sure she's sorry now that she said it."

"Not Susan."

"Yes. She'll take it all back tomorrow."

"She can't. She said too much."

"But you still love her. And probably she loves you."

"That isn't love," he said harshly.

"There are all kinds."

"You never knew this kind."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know how you felt about Peter. How he felt about you."

She spoke with sudden impatience—"If you want to know the truth, we quarrelled terribly. We were on the edge of a divorce. You see, that's how we felt about each other."

"You and Peter!" he exclaimed.

"I'm telling you because it upsets me that you think everything was perfect. Peter was all you said he was. A hero. A man of courage and charm. But he wasn't a good husband. And I wasn't a satisfactory wife."

He stopped the car carefully, as if he could no longer drive and think.

"But that can't be true. Of course, Peter

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THE DAY

I WROTE

FOR IT"



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always had an eye for girls. But then you—

"I disappointed him. I wasn't feminine enough. I opposed him on so many things all the time we were married. He didn't want me to work. He hated to feel I was independent. But I had to work or we couldn't pay our bills. He spent money on other women. I couldn't take his susceptibility, even though I knew all the time it didn't really mean very much. And he couldn't take what he called my hardness, the fact that I could forget an episode when it was over.

"But I was the worse of the two. For just before he went he came back to me. From a yellow-haired girl who had begun to bore him. He wanted to try again with me. I didn't really believe it would be much good, but he was going overseas, so I pretended I did. I hoped, anyway.

"Then he behaved as if he didn't trust me, and I said things. That night. That was the kind of wife and the kind of perfect happiness poor Peter had. That was why I was crying at his funeral. Not because I'd lost him. I never really had Peter. No girl did. I was crying because he had had so little love and no more chances of finding it. He never had had anything real. I sent him off so cruelly."

"You're wrong, Mary," said David.

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you what I mean. I'd have told you before, but I thought, of course, you knew. Peter always boasted about you."

"Me!"

"Yes. I remember distinctly. Just what he said. We were talking about women one night—pretty disillusioned stuff—and I remember him saying, 'Not my wife. She's different.' And somebody said—they talked pretty crudely—"

"Please go on."

"Somebody said to Peter, how did he know his wife was different? Peter said, 'I never have to worry, because she can take care of herself. And she would never let a man down.' He went on talking, saying that he used to hate your having a job, but now he was glad because it made you independent and kept you happy."

"Oh, no, David!" The tears were falling from Mary's eyes as they had not since the day when they had buried Peter. "He didn't say that? He never would. Oh, please, David, did he? For it would make up for everything if he did come to realize that it was better to work than to hang about. That it wasn't just selfishness. I could forgive myself if he didn't die thinking I didn't care enough to mind how he felt about it."

"He thought you were wonderful."

"Did he really say all that?"

"And a lot more. Peter saw things clearly in his own way. He knew his own nature. He admired everything about you. He made some of the rest of us admire you, though he might be kidding himself. Then I came to see you that day, and I saw he hadn't been kidding himself. Every word he had said about you came back to me when I saw you."

"Why?"

DAVID said, with a kind of thoroughness, "Because I fell in love with you at that moment."

"You never said so."

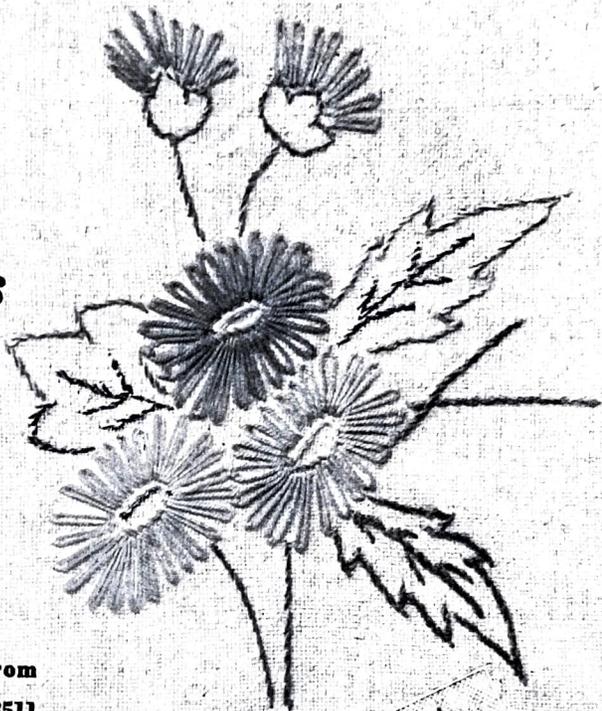
"How could I? On that day. Afterwards, there was Charles Bell on the spot, saying that he couldn't get along without you. You kept saying that he'd done so much for you, was so wonderful. I thought you cared for him. I couldn't interfere, even when I wanted to break his neck. For if he was what you wanted, even if you weren't going to get him, there wouldn't be much for anyone else."

"He wasn't what I wanted. I found that out. But I couldn't tell you, could I? When you were so obviously interested in Susan?"

"I was a fool. I knew that all the time. The few hours you and I had by ourselves gave

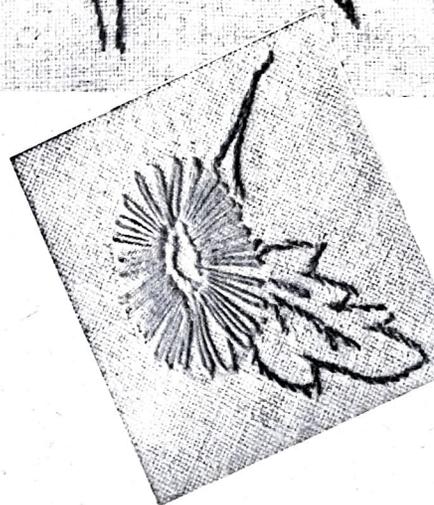
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Transfer 23511 can be obtained by post from Pattern Dept., GOOD TASTE, Weldons Ltd., 30-32 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. The Transfer price is 8½d. post free for one copy, or 1s. 2½d. post free for two copies.



 Small sketch shows lazy-daisy stitch

me an idea of what living could be like. What happiness was with a girl. Peace in being with a woman. You know that night we went to the circus? I haven't felt like that since."

"That night," she remembered softly.

"That day after the row at your display, I went up to the show again," he said.

"You weren't there."

"Why did you?"

"I wanted to see that breakfast table you were talking about. I did. And all I could think of was you at one end of it."

"Not Susan?"

He said, clumsily and without vanity, "For a while I thought she might do. She was so young and full of life, and I thought that maybe she might grow to be like you. But it didn't work. I knew that even before that last row we had."

"Poor David, I'm so sorry you had to be hurt again."

"Nothing hurts much," he told her, "except not seeing you. Can't we be friends?"

"Not friends. Everyone wants to be

friends. You have a friend when you have work. I know that. But a woman has to have more than friendship or she's not satisfied. It's not friendship I want."

"Then tell me, Mary, and let me give it to you. I would give you anything. What do you want?"

"Everything!" She said it freely, released at last. "All that you've never had. All that I've never had. Loyalty, truth, happiness, joy, and anything we have to take with it. Everything!"

"With me?"

She couldn't say any more. It was his moment, and he knew it.

He said, "What I found out, Mary, was I couldn't get those things from anyone but you. I couldn't give them to anyone else, because I love you and I had to save them for you. They were all marked for you. But I didn't know—I didn't even hope—" He turned her face to his own. "When did you know, Mary?"

"I fell in love when you did," whispered Mary, partly in words.

End



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JOHN GARRICK

talks about

Books

NURSING a cold by the fire or sailing out gaily to a party—whatever January means to most of us, it is usually a peak month for reading, with so many late autumn and Christmas books still clamouring for attention.

Reading or re-reading the Elizabeth and Robert Browning romance comes high on the list, for it is one of the tenderest, most spiritual love stories in literature. Dormer Creston's *Andromeda in Wimpole Street* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 16s.), now reissued, combines easy narrative with intimate extracts from their letters. We are supposed to be tougher, more sophisticated these days; but how inspiring is the mutual faith of these two Victorian poets who had to fight so hard for their happiness.

The vastly different standards of the time may be studied in detail in *Queens of the Circulating Library* (Evans, 12s. 6d.), comprising selections from the novels of "Ouida," Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Charlotte Yonge, Marie Corelli, Miss Broughton, edited by Alan Walbank: a nostalgic treasury for older people with fireside memories, a period piece for younger readers who have heard their grandparents enthuse about these best-seller Victorians.

A Scots writer in their tradition was Anna Buchan ("O. Douglas") of Peebles, sister of the late John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir. In *Farewell to Priorsford* (Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) his widow, Susan, A. G. Reekie and others write touchingly about her as introduction to five of her Border stories and eight chapters of an unfinished novel. Anna had a ready wit. Once at a crowded tea-party a guest, mistaking her for Susan, said gushingly: "I have always so longed to meet your husband." "So have I," she replied quietly.

With Evelyn Hardy's *Summer in Another World* (Gollancz, 18s.) it is Irish peasant character that delights us, for the author bought a cottage in the remote west and kept a journal of her summer stay there. She quite fell under the spell of the country and people, and writes of them with charm and humour.

B.B.C. documentary broadcaster Leonard Cottrell felt that many people anxious to know more about ancient Egypt are bewildered by the mass of learned works on the subject, some highly-specialized. So he has written *The Lost Pharaohs* (Evans, 15s.) as an amateur, for amateurs, and I cannot imagine a simpler, more readable introduction to the archaeological wonders of this ancient land. Illustrated with photographs.

An R.A.F. escape story, thrilling in its suspense, was that of Sir Basil Embry from occupied France in 1940. Anthony Richardson, who served in the same squadron, tells it dramatically in *Wingless Victory* (Odhams, 9s. 6d.), with photographs taken later at places on his escape route.

Ace raconteur of anecdotes about U.S. celebrities, Bennett Cerf, musters a new collection in *Shake Well Before Using* (Hammond, 10s. 6d.). One about our "Bea" Lillie records that when she thought of

visiting Bermuda she wrote to the owner of an estate there for particulars. "My place is on a small island," he replied, "so you will need my boatman to ferry you to Hamilton and back. The estate rents for 25,000 dollars, but with the boatman's services included, the price will be 30,000 dollars." She cabled back: "Kindly rush photograph of the boatman." Stories galore, especially about film and stage folk, provide a smile on every page.

Sixty photographic studies, with comments on her various rôles, make Gordon Anthony's *Margot Fonteyn* (Phoenix, 12s. 6d.) a charming book for this distinctive dancer's admirers. Ninette de Valois, her early teacher and present director, writes an introduction.

Since *The Citadel* I have admired Dr. A. J. Cronin's clear, vigorous story-telling. *The Spanish Gardener* (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.) is a significant study of a U.S. Consul in a Spanish seaport, his relations with his son, his tragic, possessive jealousy of the gardener who wins the boy's love—a jealousy all the more intense because he has been warped by separation from a wife whom he repelled. A mature, satisfying, if short novel.

Susan Ertz can tell a good family story, despite the interminable small-talk she permits her characters. In *The Prodigal Heart* (Hodder & Stoughton, 10s. 6d.) Medwin Blair, a young widow, finds a job as secretary to two rich, charitable old ladies who both make demands on her loyalty, which leads to a poignant climax.

"Domesticity is a subject on which it pays to be ignorant," says Auriol's mother in Monica Ewer's *Johnny's Girl* (Sampson Low, 8s. 6d.). And as Auriol herself is romantic, "in a sort of perpetual, emotional



Another "Queen"—Charlotte Yonge—had a more tender, tear-provoking style. In this Kate Greenaway illustration "Amy Edmonstone hears Sir Guy Morville's declaration"



This mid-Victorian cover (from "Queens of the Circulating Library" here reviewed) may make us smile—but "Ouida's" exotic romances were considered most daring by readers in her day!

rough house," the kitchen doesn't menace this very human story!

The whodunit issue in Nancy Spain's *R in the Month* (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) is: why did Major Bognor's wife die after giving an oyster party at the seaside hotel where they live? If the bivalves were poisoned, who did it, and how? But the pearls in the story matter more—the farcically amusing characters, including that Gingoldish showgirl sleuth, Miriam Birdseye.

Write a novel about an old gardener, his peaceful progression from garden-boy to head, his placid retirement, the threat to turn him out of his cottage? Why not? Reginald Arkel of *Green Fingers* fame does it wisely, simply, as an obvious labour of love, in *Old Herbaceous* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) with John Minton's drawings to help lure us down the garden path.

Most wives try to pardon a susceptible husband's peccadilloes, while others break up the marriage and leave him. Ann, the much-tried doctor's wife in Mary Essex's *An Apple for the Doctor* (Jenkins, 8s. 6d.) reaches the point where she tells him "I've had enough . . . I'm going to California." Whether or not she goes, sharpens the interest in a most diverting situation!

LIGHT novels for your list: D. A. Ponsoby, *Family of Jaspard* (Hutchinson); Dennis Parry, *Fair House of Joy* (Hale)—at 12s. 6d. each. Elisabeth Ogilvie, *Rowan Head* (Harrap); Winston Graham, *Jeremy Poldark* (Ward, Lock); Stuart Mary Wick, *The Statue and the Lady* (Hodder)—10s. 6d. each. Francis Leary, *This Dark Monarchy* (Evans); Alan Kennington, *All Fall Down* (Jarrolds); Kay Roche, *The Shuttered House* (Hurst & Blackett); Muriel Elwood, *Towards the Sunset* (Long)—9s. 6d. each. Keats Hill, *Bound in Shallows* (Rich & Cowan); Eleanor Burford, *Believe the Heart* (Jenkins); Sylvia Thorpe, *The Scandalous Lady Robin* (Hutchinson); George Harmon Cox, *Fashioned for Murder* (Hammond); Ruby M. Ayres, *The Man from Ceylon* (Hodder)—these five at 8s. 6d. each.

Readers young and old look forward to this popular monthly feature



Philippa's Journal

It sometimes happens that the most longed for party turns out an ordeal—Philippa tells us about a most unfortunate one!

GREAT problem solved at last. Simply had to have new evening dress (Christmas money helping) but couldn't make up mind whether to have long sweeping skirt and chiffon blouse, taffeta "cocktail" dress (more useful?) or really sophisticated one.

Office owed me an afternoon so devoted whole time to getting dress. Even so, it was a rush. Shopping in the big stores takes such a time. It's half a mile's walk to find the right department. Had to trail from shop to shop. Some frocks too big, some too short, some wrong colour, all more than I wanted to pay. Would see something and think, oh! that's heavenly! then find I'd strayed into the model gown department.

Eventually got an absolute peach. (So

proud of myself because relied on own judgement and didn't take anyone with me. Find lately that I get on better shopping alone.) Dress is butterscotch coloured satin. Off-the-shoulder, with *very* narrow detachable straps. To wear with it at front of waist got three big bunches of polyanthus (not real) and long velvet gloves the colour of darkest flowers. "Although I sez it," was really proud of my choice.

Three weeks ago Micky's mother gave a dance (hence the new dress!). Hadn't been to one for ages (not counting a small one at Church Hall) so was thrilled at the idea. Of course, I've been to Micky's house to tea and I pop in whenever I want to, but never to a formal "do" before.

Great evening arrived. Tried not to recognize it, but felt my dress was rather too . . . too . . . something. All the other girls wore flowered frocks or ballet-length skirts and only I wore a *sophisticated* dress. I felt pretty queer. Some of the older women's were more eveningified than mine. But I mean the young ones. Somehow my lovely new dress put a barrier between me and the rest.

We Live and Learn

Didn't notice anything at first, in fact felt very pleased with myself. Then gradually sensed that other girls were inclined to get into corners and look my way—not obviously, but I could feel it. In the end, when I was dancing with Micky, I whispered, "Do I look a bit too—grand?" He didn't want to say anything at first, then he said, well I did stand out a bit. Of course, personally, he thought it was smashing, but was it, perhaps, er, overdoing things?

My first reaction was to be furious, but I kept calm, then I saw what he meant. Felt a bit panicky in case my dress wasn't in good

taste after all. Weighed on my mind so much that in the end I went out into the hall where Micky's mother was telephoning and waited to ask her what she thought. She could see I was upset, but after talking to her felt much better. "Philippa," she said, "it's just that since you've been away you've altered; got a smoother towny look, and I expect that makes the other girls feel country-fied. Inferior, perhaps, though they shouldn't. Don't you see? Can't you guess how you'd feel in their place? It's a lovely frock, so don't let it spoil your evening." Suddenly I saw what she meant. They didn't mean to be nasty and it was up to me to show myself extra friendly, which I did (not patronizing) and soon we were all laughing and talking together, with no one feeling out of things.

Spent the whole afternoon looking for an evening dress



Somehow my dress put a barrier between me and the rest



Micky took me home in his father's car. We sat outside my house and had quite a serious talk, *apropos* the dress I suppose. Micky said did I know I was a different person since I'd been to town and shared the flat with Janet? I said, better or worse? He could only repeat, *different*.

Spoke my Mind

I began to feel a bit wild, everybody getting at me. So had my say. Said how on earth could any girl stay the same, wherever she lived. Everyone must progress otherwise we'd stagnate. Also hinted it might be a good thing for him to alter a bit himself! People who stay in the same place and go on doing the same old things have no right to criticize other people. They do what they want, we do what we want.

What, I wanted to know, was he doing with his life, anyway? Was he going to vegetate for ever, stuck in the small country town, surely it would be a good thing for an architect (budding) to get around a bit more! Rubbed it in so much that it wouldn't surprise me to find him coming to the great big city to seek his fortune, too! Rather fun, in a way. Or wouldn't it be? Do I really want to keep Micky part of my life at home, only? Don't know.

Sniff! Snort! Cough! Writing this in bed with a revolting cold. Thank heaven I'm at home. Flat would have been lonely with Janet throwing a boiled egg at me at nine, then having to rush off till six. One evening throat felt tickly and if I touched anything cold (like knives and forks or glasses) shivers went all over me. Next morning throat felt as though it had a Victoria plum stuck in it; cheek-bones ached, also head. Mummie made me stop in bed. Best thing, feel better already.

Quite like having to stop in bed for a short while, as long as don't feel too bad. Wireless, puss cat, papers, barley sugar, tablets, diary, glass of lemonade, etc., all up here beside me. And *Little Women*. Whenever I'm what Grandma calls "poorly" I fly to *Little Women* for comfort. Also reading library book of short stories by girl not much older than me. Makes you think. Her vocabulary seems limitless; she has the perception of someone really adult. How can anyone really young know how old people feel? Before reading these should have said impossible. Must own can't understand half of her stories but those I can I love. Feel terribly humble.

Just a Dream

Up now, plus post-cold depression. Daddy's so sweet. Whenever I'm depressed he always knows how to cheer me up. We've got a silly secret, a great big dream. It can never come to anything as far as I can see, but we get a lot of fun just pretending. It is that one day soon I'll have a car of my own. The game is for Daddy and me to talk as though it is not a remote possibility but a near probability. We read out advertisements to each other as though the only thing that is stopping us buying one is the bother of telephoning the owner. We discuss the merits of this make and that, argue about colours. He told me that before the war you could buy an old car for twenty pounds. Can't believe it.

Being in bed had plenty of time to think. Mummie was awfully good about bringing up trays but I tried not to keep wanting things, besides, couldn't shout because of throat. So had quite a long time alone. Some thoughts weren't pleasant ones. Realized that I never



Thank heaven I'm at home—almost able to enjoy cold!

do anything for anyone else. I mean big things, like nursing lepers, reforming drunkards (don't know any) or saving someone from themselves (whatever that means). Perhaps I could have a cause. Or give away alms. Daddy says, "You just be my nice girl and you're all right." That's all very well, but feel there should be more to life than that. Must do something about it.

My Life in General

Wonder if my life is too material and not cultural enough (remembered how Janet and I talked about our lives being such a rush and how we are inclined to crowd out the *important* things). Somehow when you talk about "culture" you make real culture feel self-conscious, it hangs its head and creeps off into the woods to hide in embarrassment. Don't know who to discuss this with. Does conceit come into it: the desire to be spoken of as well-read or brilliant or "a scholar"? But if none of my friends are well-read or brilliant scholars maybe it's as well I'm as ordinary as I am. Otherwise they might get sick of me.

Wonder if other girls go on like me. Seem to keep worrying myself about problems I can't solve. Don't know whether to go on fretting and fussing or whether to try to let things slide and work out how they will. But don't really like people who say, what does it matter, what does *anything* matter. Like to think that everything *does* matter.

Down to mundane things. Hair in a state. Something must be done.

Am going to take new steps in my life—so that the next page of this Journal will convey progress of my mind. This year shall begin with a *new me*—and I will record it faithfully!

Don't miss Philippa's new entries in February *GOOD TASTE*, on sale January 30.

Hair in a state—I must take new steps in my life



THE PASSING HOUR

continued from page 31

set her heart whirling. "I know because you come of a family renowned for hearts of gold."

"I'm afraid they're old-fashioned."

"That's to the good. The old-fashioned things are pretty sweet."

She nodded, because those were her sentiments, too; the way he said it somehow stirred confession within her. "I'm feeling awfully bad about tonight—about Mummy and Dad."

"Bad?"

"It was the wrong night for a party. We have always gone to the watch-night service, and come home after to what we called 'Little Christmas' together. It wasn't much, you know, small gifts, a party snack, lots of good resolutions, and Daddy the first man over the threshold because he is very dark."

"What fun!"

"I don't suppose it is your sort of fun, but it was part of *our* lives." She was suddenly shot through with the surprising aching thought that she wished it were part of *his*. She wanted him to share *that* passing hour.

"I suppose it's ridiculous of me remembering them going all alone."

"You're a sweet kid, aren't you? But why can't we slip away and surprise them?"

"But Mrs. Repton'll think it so rude."

"I'll fix all that. You leave this to me."

As they went out to Hugh's car the bells were ringing. A new year with all its possibilities for the world and themselves was coming over the hill.

THE wind blew Mr. Gaspard's remarkable new hair style this way and that, but somehow it didn't seem to matter. Hugh parked the car outside the church under a couple of yew trees, with the pale shimmer of frost on them.

They managed to slip into the pew just as the bell stopped, and somehow Mummy and Dad did not seem to be one bit surprised—it was almost as though they had expected their little ewe lamb to appear. Stella saw Mother's smile, and knew that she had done the right thing. She had had the courage to come and she was proud; she had grown up.

They went home afterwards, all crammed into Hugh's little car, and Dad first footed it over the threshold. It was 'Little Christmas', with sherry and tea, the very last of the Christmas cake, and some sandwiches. And tonight she was celebrating it in her new blue dress. Grown-up—and she had brought her first boy home. Somehow Stella thought she would have worried about the house looking dowdy, but she didn't. It looked quite lovely after the smart party.

"I call her my little ewe lamb," said Mother affectionately.

"That's nice," said Hugh, "and your little ewe lamb has nice ways. She tore me away from the party."

"Was it fun?" asked Mother.

"As parties go—and it's gone," he said.

Mother slipped out to fetch more tea, and she called to Dad to come and lend her a hand. It was obvious, of course, typically Mother! Stella looked across at Hugh, and they laughed.

"I like your parents," he said.

"Yes, they are dears."

She stood there with the little five-year diary—Mother's gift—in her hand. What would the next five years bring? They would probably be the most eventful five of her whole life.

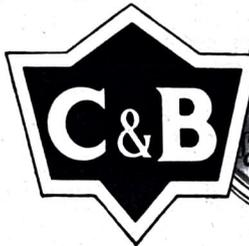
Hugh looked at her. "The new year is thirty-five minutes old," he said, and very gently kissed her forehead. "I do wish both of us the happiest new year ever," and then slowly, as though it was dawning on him, and very, very definitely, "You're such a pet! Why aren't there more old-fashioned girls, or have I found the only one?"

She looked into his eyes and smiled. End

WINTRY WEATHER
calls for warming food



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A THOUSAND PITIES!

she's liable to
lose half her teeth
by the time she's 40
because of

Mouth Acid

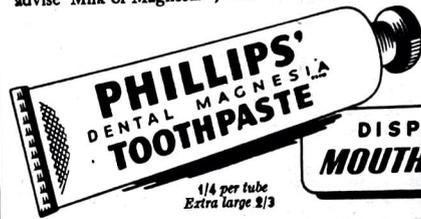


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Quickly Knitted

NOTHING simpler to knit than this stout-hearted classic sweater. It grows on the needles like wildfire, is the answer to every cold day this winter as soon as it's finished.

Materials.—21 ozs. W.B. Kwiknit Wool; knitting needles, two each Nos. 7 and 10; medium size bone crochet hook; spare needle for cabling; 2 buttons.

Tension.—Over ribbing on No. 7 needles, about 7 sts. to one inch in width.

Measurements.—To fit a 36 to 38-inch bust; length from shoulder to lower edge, 21 inches; sleeve seam, 18 inches.

Abbreviations.—K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; tog., together; inc., increase, by working into back as well as front of same stitch before slipping it off left-hand needle; dec., decrease, by taking 2 sts. tog.; alt., alternate; foll., following; patt., pattern; cont., continue; c.f., cable front; c.b., cable back; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; rem., remain; ins., inches; st.-st., stocking-stitch, which is k. on the right side, p. on wrong.

Back

With No. 10 needles, beg. at lower edge, casting on 89 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 7 needles and cont. in rib, inc. one st. at beg. and end of next row and every 6th row foll. until there are 109 sts. Cont. on 109 sts. until back measures 13 ins. Shape armholes. Cast off 5 at beg. of next 2 rows; dec. one st. at beg. and end of every row till 89 sts. rem. Cont. on 89 sts. until back measures 20 ins. Shape shoulders. Cast off 7 at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off rem. 33 sts. for back of neck.

Front

Right Side.—With No. 10 needles, cast on 32 sts. Work 2 rows in rib of k. 1, p. 1. Now cont. in patt. thus: **1st patt. row**—K. 9, p. 1, k. 12, p. 1, k. 9.

2nd and each alt. row—P. 9, k. 1, p. 12, k. 1, p. 9. **3rd row**—As 1st row.

5th row—K. 9, p. 1, slip next 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave at front of work, k. next 4 sts., then k. 4 from spare needle [these last 8 sts. form the cable and will be referred to as 'c.f.'], k. 4, p. 1, k. 9.

7th and 9th rows—As 1st row.

11th row—K. 9, p. 1, k. 4, slip next 4 sts. on to spare needle and leave at back of work, k. next 4 sts., then k. 4 from spare needle [the last 8 sts. also form cable and will be



This handsome husky is the warmest thought this winter

referred to as 'c.b.'], p. 1, k. 9. **12th row**—As 2nd row. These 12 rows form the patt. Cont. in patt. until front measures 3 ins., ending with a wrong side row. Change to No. 7 needles. Cont. in patt., inc. one st. at end [beg. in Left Side] of next row and every 6th row foll. until there are 42 sts., working the inc. sts. in st.-st. Cont. on 42 sts. until front measures 13 ins. ending at side [shaped] edge. Shape armhole. Cast off 5 at beg. of next row, then dec. one st. at armhole edge in every row till 32 sts. rem. Cont. on 32 sts. until front measures 20 ins., ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulder. Cast off 8 at beg. of next 4 rows that start from armhole edge.

Left Side.—Work as for Right Side.
Centre Panel and Collar [worked lengthways].—With No. 7 needles, cast on 155 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 16 rows.

17th row—Rib 84, slip these on to a spare needle, cast off 30 for front opening, rib 41. Work 19 rows rib on the 41 sts. for first half of collar. Cast off in rib. With No. 7 needles, cast on 41 sts. for second half of collar and work 19 rows rib. **Next row**—Rib 41, cast on 30, then rib the 84 sts. of panel left on spare needle [155 sts.]. Work 16 rows rib. Cast off in rib.

Sleeves (both alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 49 sts. Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1, for 3½ ins. Change to No. 7 needles. Cont. in rib, inc. one st. at beg. and end of next row and every 4th row foll., until there are 73 sts., then at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 85 sts. Cont. on 85 sts. until sleeve measures 18 ins. Shape top. Cast off 5 at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. one st. at beg. and end of every alt. row until 43 sts. rem. Now dec. one st. at beg. and end of every row until 27 sts. rem. Cast off in rib.

To Make Up

Press all pieces lightly on wrong side, using a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Join centre back seam of collar. Pin seam of collar to centre back of neck and sew collar and front panel to back of neck and edges of side panels. Sew in sleeves. Work a row of double crochet round collar and front opening. Press seams. Sew one button each side of front opening about 1½ ins. below edge of collar. Crochet a chain about 5 ins. long, join into a ring and fasten off. Stitch firmly through centre of ring to form 2 loops for buttonholes. Pass loops over buttons.

Look out for these Smart Knitteds in February Good Taste

Next month you can add three jumpers to your wardrobe by knitting two! One of them is a simple classic, the other leads a double life—it's reversible—and smart coming or going. See you don't miss them!

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How to put savour into stew

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Readers Opinions

Your letter marked Readers' Opinions should be kept brief and sent to **GOOD TASTE** at the address on page 9. There may be money in it!

Nurse's Note

"I'm a nurse. I've only just devoured November **GOOD TASTE**. It always arrives a little late—the whole family have to read it first, so it usually comes with Mother's Monday letter. Some kind soul pushed it under the door and in doing so woke me up—I'm glad they did.

"First thing I saw was a notice: How to Get On With Men. My ward full of men—young and old—tell me it's back rubbing that gets me there! Then I always have an early turn to Philippa. She certainly had a jolly time this month.

"Of course, I am eagerly awaiting the next instalment of Angels in Uniform! I'd like to join the equal pay fight—do you know a male orderly's pay far exceeds the pay of the student nurse who does the same job?—*B. H., Salisbury.*

Well—Why?

"Oh dear, that ha'porth of tar! Why do I spoil all my efforts in the house by never being able to do jobs properly? I make a beautifully iced sponge cake—and spoil it by not having creamed the mixture for long enough. I make a glamorous dressing gown for my daughter—and ruin its perfection by not having bothered to press open the seams as I go along. It's the same with all my work—from cookery to laundry. Now is it what my conscience calls it—just plain laziness? Or is it a fundamental lack of training in youth?—*M. W., Dublin.*

Readers! Any views on the subject? Editor.

And Why Not?

"I wish the British Post Office would send air-mail with insufficient postage by ordinary mail, as they do when anything is enclosed in those air-letter forms. We would then get them eventually."—*E. S., Australia.*

On The Level

"I am sure that hundreds of expectant mothers would be very grateful indeed to any shops which showed maternity wear on the ground floor."—*M. F., Blackburn.*

Received With Pleasure

"Among my many failings is one of extravagance in the direction of periodicals. No matter where I travel, I invariably buy something to read. There is, however, one book which I look upon as 'my' magazine, and that is **GOOD TASTE** which, in my case, has earned the distinction of a regular order with a local newsagent—not just 'something to read' rescued from the bookstall amidst the early morning battle-royal!

"Congratulations to all of you responsible for the production of **GOOD TASTE**. Your magazine, especially in its larger edition, simply bulges with articles of interest for all ages and all types.—*V. P. B., Lewes.*

We have picked one to represent the big batch of kind letters we have received on the enlarged Good Taste. The only complaints were from readers who missed the "handbag" size, and most of those seem resigned to keep Good Taste for the cosiest reading time of all—fireside armchair.

★ ★ ★

Kate Hall's Courtesies . . .

When young Miss X is introduced
to Lady G,
How very much politer it would be
If the younger one would get up
from her seat
When an older lady she is asked
to meet



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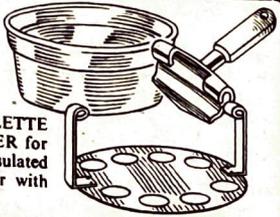
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Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve and you'll look and feel years younger.

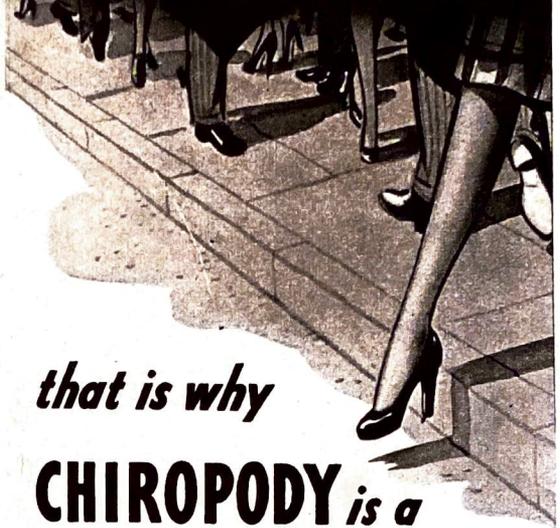
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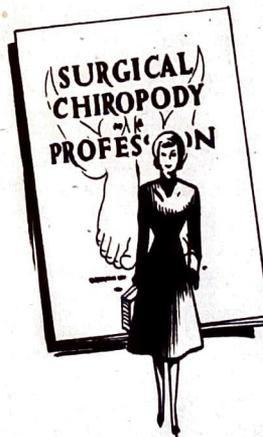
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WHAT'S WRONG?

SPECKLED PASTRY

"Why does my flan pastry always have little brown specks in it?"

You have used coarse sugar. The heat melts and caramelises it and, therefore, you have specks. Use the finest castor sugar or even icing sugar and this will not occur.

OMELETS THAT STICK

"I can never brown and turn an omelet successfully. It always sticks and breaks."

In the first place, why brown the omelet? Do, of course, if you like it that way, but the perfect omelet is yellow outside as well as inside. Beat the eggs (no milk) just enough to combine the yellow and white. Heat the omelet pan, then add enough saltless fat (clarified butter or lard) to coat the bottom and sides. Then pour in the eggs. Stir them with the back of a fork so that the cooked parts do not get time to colour. As you stir, you can judge how long to keep the omelet over the heat. Lift the pan away from the heat and let it rest for half a minute or so. Return it to the heat and, with the fork, lift the edge nearest you and gently urge the omelet down the tipped-forward pan, tapping the forearm holding the pan with your other closed hand. Then lift the opposite edge over the omelet. Hold a hot plate under the rim of the pan and roll the omelet on to it. The inside should be moist, so do not overcook it, unless you like it pancake style. All the same, your omelet, however brown, would have come neatly from the pan if you had used unsalted or clarified fat. It is salted fat that causes fried foods to stick

WATERY SCRAMBLED EGG

"When I scramble eggs, I always add a little milk, then fry the mixture in a small dollop of butter so that it shouldn't stick to the pan. But I find, when turning the eggs on to a plate, that they haven't completely solidified and there is still a certain amount of liquid. Is it the milk that causes this?"

The milk can be one factor, especially if you use too much, but your heat is probably too fierce. This separates the egg from the milk in the same way as too much heat curdles a custard. For perfection, cook scrambled eggs at the lowest possible heat, and then you will have no liquid. Do not allow more than a tablespoon of milk for each egg. Better still, use only a dessertspoon. In France, it would be considered quite wrong to add any milk at all.

LUMPY SAUCE

"I never get creamy white sauce. It's always either lumpy or oily."

White sauces are lumpy mainly because the liquid is added too quickly—over the hotplate or fire. You know, of course, that white sauce is made by melting butter or margarine in a saucepan, then adding and gently cooking the flour in it. The liquid—milk or stock—is then stirred into the mixture, away from the fire. If you do not remove the pan from the heat to a cool place while you stir the liquid into it, you are almost certain to have lumps to heat out. Always have the liquid under boiling point and stir all the time or your sauce will be lumpy. I always stir in three quarters of the liquid I am using before replacing the pan on the heat. The remaining liquid can then be added or not, just as required. A greasy white sauce means that you have overcooked the fat and, more than likely, used too much of it.

CAKE THAT SINKS

"Why do my rich butter cakes and the fruit in them sink?"

You are using too much raising agent. If you use self-raising flour, use only half of it and half plain flour and sift them together three times. Cakes also sink if the oven is too hot or if the oven door is slammed during the baking. Another reason: if you think the cake is ready and remove it before the centre is quite finished, it will sink and the centre will be soggy. Fruit sinks if it has been washed and not thoroughly dried or if the mixture is too slack or if you add the fruit before adding some of the flour.

TOUGH STEW

"My husband likes a nice rich stew, but the meat in mine is always tough. What do I do that is wrong?"

There is an old saying that "boiled meat is spoiled meat." Never allow meat for a stew to boil. It must gently simmer—not even "move"—and it will then be tender. Nicest meat for stewing is leg or shin beef, but it requires long and very gentle simmering.

MOULD ON JAM

"Why has my last season's jam gone mouldy? This is the first time. For fifteen years I have made it the same way and stored it in the same cupboard, and always successfully."

I suspect mould in the cupboard, introduced by something of which you have no suspicion. The air is full of floating moulds. If your jam had been sixty per cent. sugar, it would probably not have been affected. I think, also, that you did not boil your jam quite long enough, although you may have thought you had.

BAD TIMING

"How does one time the cooking of a meal so that everything is ready to be dished up at the same moment? For instance, I have the vegetables ready and drying up in the oven while I am still making gravy; or I want the oven at a high temperature for tarts while the joint needs a slow one. Can you suggest even the beginning of a system?"

First, the vegetables. I prefer to make the gravy before dishing the vegetables since gravy improves if it stands for a little while over a low heat, whereas vegetables do not. Best way to handle the oven is to plan a sweet which requires the same heat as the joint. For instance, you can roast a joint and bake an apple pie at the same time. Here is a sample menu for an hour's cooking in a hot oven (Regulo 7 or 430-450 degrees Fahr.): Roast neck and best end of lamb or 2½ lb. rib or sirloin of beef and Yorkshire pudding (cooked in the last half hour), baked potatoes, braised carrots or baked tomatoes and apple pie or baked lemon pudding or casserole of prunes or figs. In the little book you keep for written recipes, make a note of the times your favourite dishes require to cook and you will soon overcome that last minute "gap" of time.

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

... A Swiss roll cracks, when rolled, because it's overcooked. ... Watery custard is caused by cooking at too high a temperature—it needs slow cooking. ... Peel rises in marmalade when bottled too hot—allow to stand for 3-5 minutes. ... Fruit rises in bottles because syrup is too heavy or because contents are overcooked. ... Pears, peaches, apples and bananas discolour if not immediately coated with lemon juice. ... A pudding may go heavy because the water goes off the boil. ...



Flan Pastry



Omelet



Scrambled Egg



Sauce



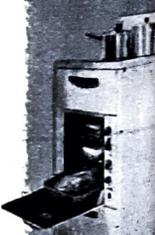
Cake



Stew



Jam



Timing



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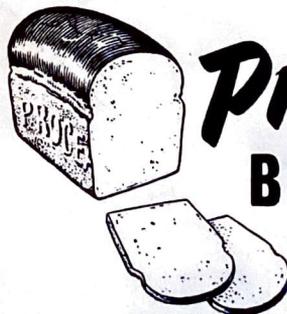
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your husband?



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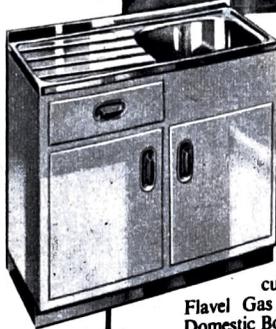
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Dear Sirs,
Having been afflicted with stomach trouble for years and suffering great pain due to acidity and flatulence, I can honestly state that your Moorland Tablets are really wonderful. The relief I experienced after using one small box was simply amazing. I know I can always rely on Moorland Tablets to give me freedom from stomach pain. You have permission to publish my letter. Your Tablets have given me relief beyond description. Thanks for freeing me of a distressing ailment.
(signed) F. R., Glasgow.

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Figure Grooming (Underweight and overweight). ● Health and Beauty Culture (including superfluous hair treatments). ● Figure defects corrected, including Bow Legs.

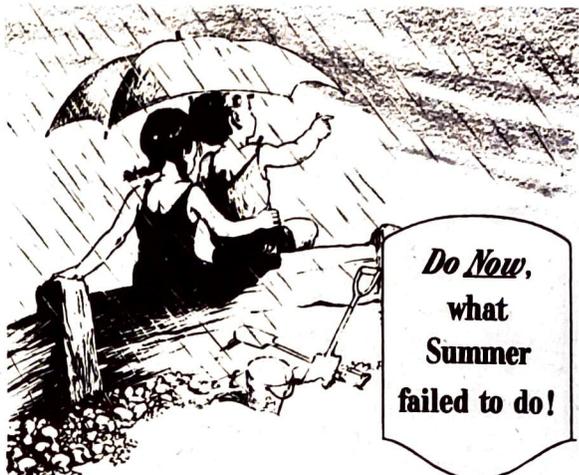


Here, there and everywhere, we're on the look-out—and if it's new we'll find it!

NEWs for the nimble fingered and artistically inclined. Harness your talent to a loom and weave yourself a wardrobe. Learn from a skilled specialist organization; a local technical or art school; by book and letter to create dress and furnishing fabrics in wool, cotton, linen, silk or nylon for yourself, for gifts, for sale and even export. ● To show what can be done with a length of thread and perseverance, take a look at the facsimile of the **Bayeux Tapestry now touring** the country: 230 feet long, 20 inches wide, this flashback into Norman England was worked by thirty-five diligent Victorian ladies. This month it's at Bristol. ● If it's word pictures you'd rather weave, the Poetry Society have branches all over Britain, America and New Zealand: arrange readings of new and published works and organize **verse speaking examinations and poetry competitions**. Schoolgirl of fourteen, working girl or housewife, your work will get valuable criticism and, perhaps, a prize. If you can't get to a Society centre, have a fireside recital with the H.M.V. or Columbia records that run from Chaucer to Eliot. It's Gielgud at the touch of a switch! ● For the snow-maidens there's news of **winter holidays at minimum costs**. We've heard of a scheme that gives you nine days of snow, sun and succulent eating at Sestrieres, Italy, for a bare £25 inclusive of travel, and another that takes you to Chamonix, France, for £36 10s., inclusive of travel, equipment and ski school. Parties leave from December to March. ● Stay-at-homes, winter sport may come to you! The Lethbridge Maple Leaves, Canada's Intermediate **Champions of ice hockey** arrive on December 31. They are to play in England and Scotland before crossing the Channel, and there may be an all-American battle with the U.S. team sailing East in early spring. Dates and places from us. ● Whatever the place, **plant flowers over England**. Join the Village Garden Scheme planning to enlist volunteers in every corner of the land to turn spare ground into groomed plots for the Festival of Britain. Information from local parish councils. ● Local progress is being made daily by a **go-ahead London and suburban dairy**. They are gradually switching over to a self-service system. Stores are transformed at weekends and Monday morning shoppers find themselves in shops where they can buy at high speed and in comfort. Expected openings at Greenford, Eastcote, and Stanmore this month. ● **Your resolution!** Answer the country's call and take a preliminary training in Civil Defence. You may not get the whole answer to an atom bomb, but you'll learn some commonsense ways with fire, emergency cooking, first aid, and many problems of every-day. ● **For more information**, write to the address on page 9, enclosing stamped addressed envelope. Meanwhile, we will continue to be on the look-out!

RULES FOR OUR "DRESSING FOR A DATE" COMPETITION

1. There is no entry fee, but every attempt must be written in ink on the proper coupon (given on page 24), which must bear the entrant's own usual signature and address.
2. The competition will be judged by the Editor of GOOD TASTE, and Jill Symon, Fashion Editor.
3. Every coupon will be examined, and the Prizes of Five New Spring Suits (to the winners' choice) awarded for the attempts adjudged the best selections of outfits submitted—style, colouring and general suitability to the model and the occasions all being taken into account. No entrant may receive more than one prize.
4. In the event of too many ties for any of the prizes, and to ensure that the prize suits are all duly awarded, a simple elimination contest will be arranged to decide the winners of such prizes.
5. Any attempt received after the closing date will be disqualified, as will any mutilated, or illegible, or bearing alterations or more than one key letter in each space. No responsibility will be taken for any entry lost or delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence will be entered into.
6. The decision of the Judges, and of the Editor of GOOD TASTE, in all other matters concerning the competition, will be final and legally binding. Employees (or their families) of the proprietors of this magazine are ineligible to compete.



*Do Now,
what
Summer
failed to do!*

REMEMBER that the wet, dreary summer has deprived your children of the health-giving benefits of sunshine. It is, therefore, particularly important to build up their vitality and resistance *now*, to withstand the severe wintry conditions ahead.

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PLAIN OR IODIZED - SAME PRICE

Reasonable Recipe No. 77

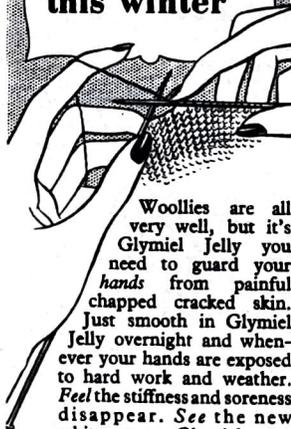
LENTIL SOUP

Put 4 ozs. washed lentils in a pan with a large sliced onion, a carrot and a small turnip. Add seasoning, a small bunch of herbs and a quart of water or white stock. Simmer gently until tender. Rub through a wire sieve or colander. Blend 1½ ozs. flour with ¼ pint of milk. Add it to the boiling soup. Stir until boiling. Simmer for 5 minutes.

Other Recipes on Packets and Wrappers.

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Signature..... Date.....
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SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR MOTHERS

When your child refuses good food at mealtimes, looks pale and listless—these are often signs the youngster is constipated. When you notice them, act at once, Mother!

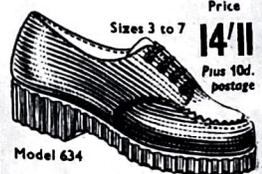
To bring back your child's eager appetite and high spirits 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. This laxative, which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon regulate the youngster's system and back will come those high spirits and eager appetite. Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy—buy a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' (Regd.) —that's really important.

DIETING IS A PLEASURE if you eat **ENERGEN ROLLS.** Starch - reduced, light, easily digestible and satisfying. Obtainable from high-class grocers, chemists, bakers and stores everywhere. Booklet on diet and nutrition available post FREE on request. Energen Foods Co., Ltd., (Dept. G.T.3), Willesden, N.W.10.

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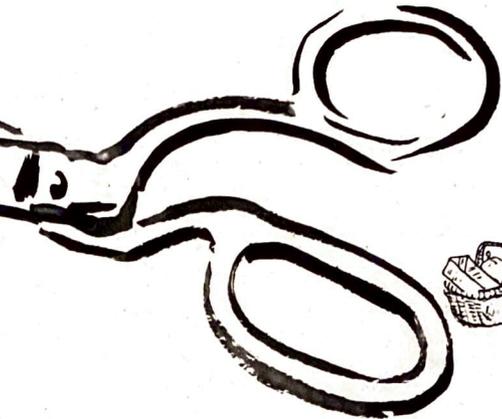
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Cutting the Costs



MARTA LANG passes on some "penny wise" household advice

WE are all poorer! With purses considerably lighter from the exuberant spending of Christmas, we face a day-to-day expenditure increasingly heavier from the rising cost of living. However, if, just now, we do have to cut our housecoats more according to our cloth, we can still afford some trimmings if we are crafty! Most of us would admit—anyway to ourselves!—that we do throw some money "down the drain".

How much money do we waste? Quite a bit, emphatically declared several companies and associations approached on your behalf. They gave figures. More important, they gave facts—facts about saving.

The owner of the all-electric home can, if careless, run up a big bill, and *The British Electrical Development Association* had helpful advice. "Centralization," they said, saves as much as anything, for by keeping a low wattage "background" heater continuously in circuit you need a minimum of "topping-up" from the heavy consumption fire. A thermostat (costing from 45s. upwards) is another fuel-saver—automatically switching off when the temperature rises and on again when it falls, it maintains an even temperature, while using only the exact amount of current required.

Most electric water heaters work by thermostat so current is only used when the temperature of the water falls below a certain degree. Lag home-converted water tanks and any long runs of piping to retain the fullest amount of heat: to neglect this is to warm your home partly from your hot water system—an expensive procedure.

An electric kettle saves on small amounts of water, and, in hard water districts, a lime deposit remover keeps the inside free from coating and consequently ensures that all heat penetrates. You can get one for a few pence at most good ironmongers.

Do make sure you are on the most economical tariff. There are two: flat rates for lighting and heating at separate chargings,

and an all-in domestic tariff. Your local electricity service centre will be glad to advise.

The Gas Council have three helpful leaflets: on how to read your gas meter, gas and coke saving, and fuel saving in general. All are free and obtainable from local gas showrooms or from us for a stamped addressed envelope. In particular, the Council advises that appliances should be kept scrupulously clean, broken radiants replaced, worn radiants renewed. Don't forget to turn off the gas poker immediately the fuel is alight (a common failing) and do plan all-in meals to use your oven to capacity.

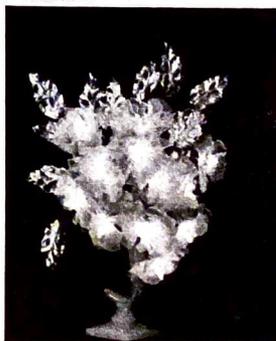
DO you know *The Lighting Service Bureau* implored us not to economise unwisely on lighting! There's many a slip on a dimly-lit step. (A month's free board and lodging in hospital is no way to save.) On the other hand, you can increase apparent lighting power of bulbs by fitting white shades with wide top openings, and placing bedhead fittings a little higher than customary to throw light into the room as well. An automatic door switch (costing a few shillings) ensures that larder or boxroom light is not left burning unnecessarily. Most people, if they remember to switch off when they go out can use as much light as they need when they stay in the room—and still save!

How to save on the weekly wash? *The Lux Washability Bureau* (a famous firm's department for test and advice in relation to laundering) has this to say. First, use only sufficient water for number and type of articles; then use enough washing agent to make a good lasting lather (this will wash more articles, and cleaner, than several weak solutions). Never leave articles until dirt has become ingrained. Shake dusty things, such as curtains and loose covers, and rinse in clear water before putting into suds.

Clothes. There's a really big way to save here that's as simple as it's stimulating. Make your own! Perhaps you've already heard of the dressmaking classes organized by the *Singer Sewing Machine Company*? In eight lessons you learn to choose, adapt, cut, fit and finish—and all on the garment of your choice so that you have an exciting addition to your wardrobe at the end. Cost is 2 guineas

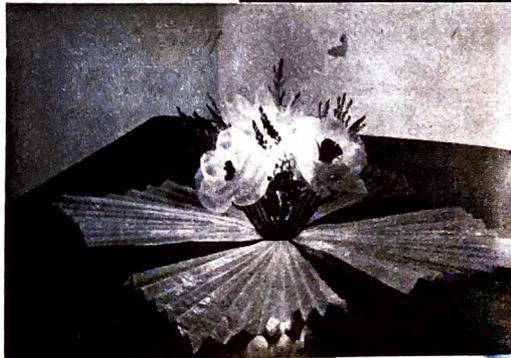
Continued overleaf

MUSLIN makes the flowers and the silver leaves are the ordinary decoration type. A standard set of twelve "fairy lights" is used, each lamp forming the centre of the flower. Make sure lamps are firmly screwed into holders and complete decoration before switching on



FLOWER FANTASY for your party

ORIGINAL, cleverly lit, either of these "set pieces" would be the centre of attraction. Here, flowers and pleated fan are made of stiffened muslin or book muslin and arranged among sprigs of heather. Lighting comes from one low wattage lamp (40 watt at most) which rests upright in its holder and with flex connected to nearest socket outlet. For safety, see there is a good gap between lamp and muslin flower petals



continued from previous page

(or 30s. if you are under seventeen), and if you would like to know if there are any in or coming to your district, write to me. By the way, to be certain of success, use a Weldons pattern!

All this good help was given by public concerns. Equally excellent advice came from private folk.

The waiter in a popular restaurant declared that too many of his customers made poor menu choice: the "dish of the day" usually gives best value for money, and biscuits and cheese are more nourishing than most sweets. An office junior said she saves on puddings altogether by eating an apple or orange back in the office. She also brings coffee in a vacuum flask. Five minutes spent in the morning, and soon five shillings in the kitty!

Two bachelor girls living in the same block of flats save cleverly on "small" entertaining by arranging it for the same day and then sharing many of the food items. They will divide a tin of fruit, a cheese or a head of celery and this way halve the cost and have no left-overs. Another idea of this enterprising couple is to flat "let" for occasional short periods—especially during holiday seasons—by doubling up together in one flat so leaving the other free. Somewhat cramped, they confess, but it does provide spare cash for small luxuries.

I think real wisdom came from an actress friend. Now brilliantly successful, then she was absolutely down on her luck and forced to practise saving down to the most sordid details. She was utterly depressed. "Then," she told me later, "I realized that to come through I must alter my attitude. Be positive instead of negative. So firmly I filled all time left over from visits to theatrical agents with planned activity: lectures, demonstrations, visits to art galleries, and even concerts. All free. I developed a hobby, too. Pot-gardening. I fixed a wide board inside my attic window and begged friends for cuttings of all kinds of indoor plants which, in my sunny south alcove, grew as luxuriantly as in a greenhouse. In every way I tried to 'think' success even in such small matters as covering my dress hangers and shoe trees with scraps of silk and making lavender bags. One day a small-part actress friend said: 'I can't afford luxuries. I suppose you do a lot of filming?' Somehow this naive remark so set me up that, through sheer self confidence, I sailed straight into a touring lead the very next day. Psychology of success!"

And there with, I think, the very last word—I take my leave! But if you would like more details of anything I have talked about, or have a household problem, do write to me. You'll find the address on page 9, and please will you enclose a stamped envelope?

MARY HOPE
PERSONAL PROBLEMS
GOOD TASTE
30 SOUTHAMPTON STREET
STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

WORRIED? If you would like sympathetic advice a letter addressed like this, with a stamped addressed envelope enclosed will bring you prompt reply privately by post

Lonely and Hard-up

"I am living on such a small pension that I have to watch every penny, and I confess to great loneliness and a longing for the 'good old times,' when I lived in a big house with an ample income and many friends. Now these friends, through choice or circumstance, have gradually faded away and I am left alone. Every pleasure or occupation seems to require funds, and even an extra bus fare has to be considered twice on my present pittance. I am hesitant about taking up your time because my own common sense dictates there is no solution; but my niece, who takes your magazine, insists there is no problem you cannot tackle. What delightful optimists the young are!"

I APPRECIATE your niece's confidence.

Certainly I wouldn't refuse to tackle any problem a reader might put, though I can tell by your letter you wouldn't expect a foolproof "cure" on paper for your difficulty. I do deeply sympathize with how you feel in your changed circumstances. You've taken one valuable step in summing them up which shows you can take a detached view of the altered pattern of your life without moaning in self-pity. Acceptance of change is one of the biggest symptoms of being fully alive and growing. To have a static, permanently nostalgic attitude to the past—automatically labelling it "better" just because it seemed easier—could bring your life to an end as regards development and adventure. Some people are well favoured materially in the early stages of life so have an opportunity to experience, at first hand, good living and a certain worldly spaciousness; others struggle for years to attain that objective. Of the two I would say that the latter are in more danger of putting too much of themselves into the pursuit of acquiring goods which may in time not satisfy them.

But both have the opportunity to make a full life from the mixed experiences which are so helpful to understanding and friendship. And to use experience, rather than just suffer it, is a step towards wisdom!

Perhaps you tended to be a little careless in friend-making or keeping friendships in repair when you circulated easily among many people through the pattern of your social life? You now have a chance to put far more into the fascinating and rewarding business of enjoying people entirely for their own sakes. Like all happiness, as you know, this is a demanding business, but it will take you a long way towards a more satisfying life, and also it is certain you will help, to warm up and change somebody else's life.

As regards opportunities to move among "likely" friends, voluntary work, of which

there is crying need, would supply that. I am wondering if the article on page 41 of this issue might help you there?

Now, the actual money question: you don't tell me whether you've considered a job or part-time work of any kind. We could help you more fully by post if you could give us some details of your capabilities, experience, tastes, etc.

If you want to pursue that possibility you couldn't do better than write to our Career Expert, Victoria Stevenson, with a stamped envelope, at the address on page 9. She is most knowledgeable and practical on all subjects related to jobs of all kinds.

I hope that these remarks may start up some new train of ideas for you.

The Giggling Habit

"I have read the booklet 'How to Get on With Men' and I should be very grateful if you could give me some advice. Whenever I am in company I always have an uncontrollable inclination to giggle. I laugh almost hysterically for no apparent reason. I cannot often make this coincide with someone telling a joke, or something funny happening! It sounds stupid, but I feel it alarms men and makes them find excuses to go away."

I UNDERSTAND your confusion, but worrying about it is the first thing you must get rid of! Giggling is frequently a sign of nervousness and I feel this is the reason in your case. Nervous or shy people are usually too self-centred, too inclined to feel that everyone is watching all they do and criticizing it. It would help you if you could concentrate on the people you are meeting and on making them at ease and happy. Look for the shy, left-out-of-it person in any gathering and try to draw him or her into the general fun. You're not the only shy person, you know, and your own nervousness should help you to understand and aid those similarly bothered.

At a party, offer help with refreshments, moving chairs or anything else that needs doing, then you will be too busy to be nervous and the mere act of helping will give you a warm, friendly feeling towards other people. Almost everyone has some little peculiarity to be sensitive about—a mannerism, a scar or a trick of blushing, perhaps—and yet no one bothers about it if they are friendly, sociable people who aren't always concentrating on these things themselves. You will lose your giggle as you gain confidence!

Meanwhile, if you do giggle occasionally, don't let it be important enough to make you unhappy. Get to like people, be genuinely interested in their affairs and they'll like you back—giggle or no giggle!

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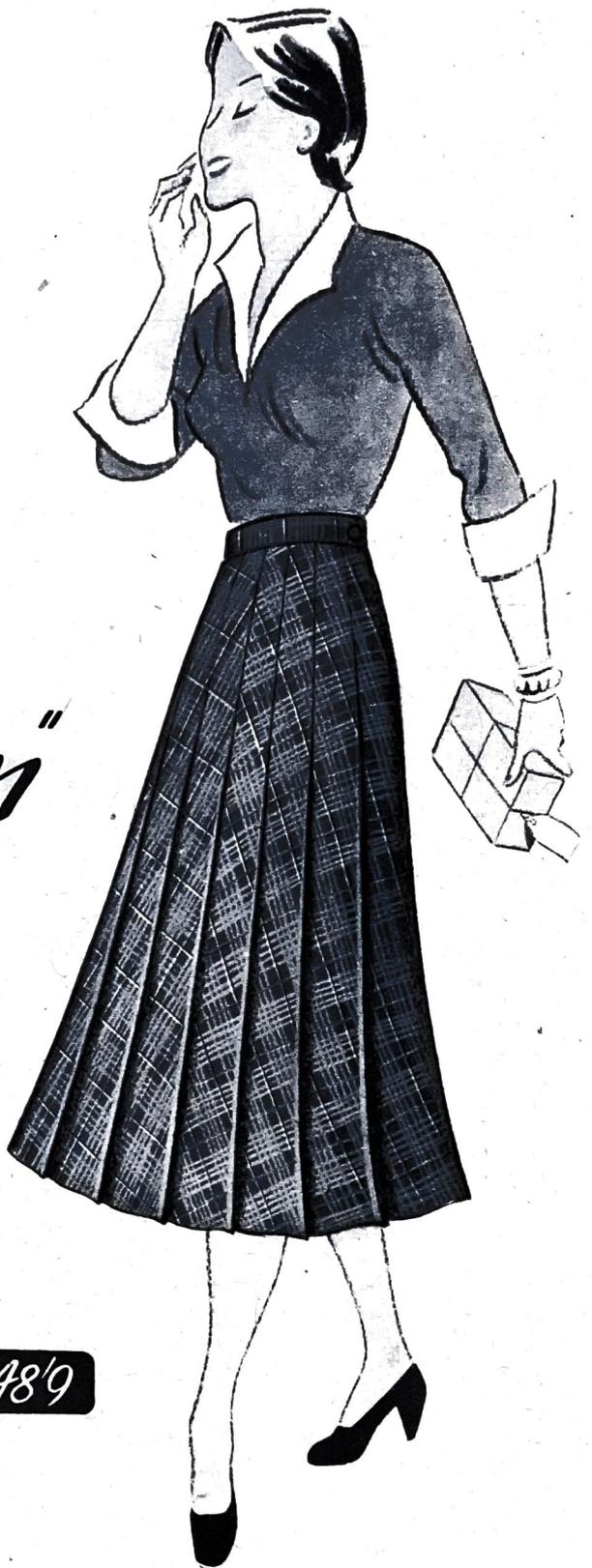
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