

WJEC A LEVEL MEDIA STUDIES UNIT 3 SECTION B MAGAZINES SET PRODUCTS

One magazine from **each** of the following three sets must be studied:

Set 1: Historical Magazines		
<i>Vogue</i> (July 1965, Conde Nast)	<i>Woman</i> (23-29 August 1964, IPC)	<i>Woman's Realm</i> (7-13 February 1965, IPC)

Set 2: Contemporary mainstream magazines online			
<i>Cosmopolitan</i> www.cosmopolitan.co.uk	<i>Hello</i> www.hellomagazine.com	<i>Men's Health</i> www.menshealth.co.uk	<i>Vogue</i> www.vogue.co.uk

Set 3: Contemporary non-mainstream magazines online			
<i>Adbusters</i> www.adbusters.org	<i>Attitude</i> attitude.co.uk	<i>Huck</i> www.huckmagazine.com	<i>Pride</i> pridemagazine.com

Centres are responsible for monitoring the content of the magazines online chosen and ensuring it is appropriate for their learners.

For further information please see pages 36-38 of the specification.

Set 1 Historical Magazines

Option 1 – Vogue

Vogue (July 1965)

All of extracts below must be studied.

- Front cover of magazine
- Contents Page (p.3)
- Feature: 'Money: Questions and Answers' by Sheila Black (p.14, 18)
- Advert: Revlon 'The applied art of eye-making' (p.17)
- Advert: Cutex 'Bare essentials' (p.23)
- Advert: Imperial Leather (p.27)
- Feature: 'Picnics Probable and Improbable' (p. 34-35, 36-37, 40-41, 42-43, 50-51)
- Fashion Feature: 'Heatwave Holiday: clothes new in the shops now' (p.58-59, 60-61, 66-67)

VOGUE

JULY 1965 3/-

*marvellous mad midsummer
sand swim sea sun
sheiks sophia
and how to
scintillate
almost
anywhere
even at a picnic*

VOGUE

BRITISH | AMERICAN | FRENCH | AUSTRALIAN | NEW ZEALAND | SOUTH AFRICAN | PRESIDENT I. S. V-PATCEVITCH
 PUBLISHED 16 TIMES A YEAR NUMBER 9 WHOLE NUMBER 1958 VOLUME 122 JULY 1965



COVER: Sophia Loren photographed by David Bailey during the shooting of her newest film, *Lady L*, at Castle Howard, York. Here, as Lady L dressed as a Turkish dancer for the masked ball scene when her aristocratic husband (David Niven) appears as Macbeth, her anarchist lover (Paul Newman) as Casanova. Adapted from Romain Gary's novel by Peter Ustinov, who also directs and plays the part of a Bavarian prince. Produced by Carlo Ponti for MGM, *Lady L* will be released later this year.

Vogue addresses. British Vogue: Vogue House, Hanover Sq., London, W.1; 1 Brazennose St., Manchester. Telephone: GRO 9080. Telegrams: Volon, London, W.1. American Vogue: 420 Lexington Av., New York 17, New York, U.S.A. French Vogue: 4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7e, France. Australian Vogue: 49 Clarence St., Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. SUBSCRIPTION RATE to Vogue for sixteen numbers, post paid, is £3 5s. home and overseas. Copyright © 1965 by THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS LIMITED. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or part without written permission is strictly prohibited. All French models shown are copyrighted and reproduction is forbidden. The title "Vogue" is registered in U.S.A. Patent Office and in Great Britain as a trade mark. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. Vogue shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price stated on the cover. Vogue shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover, by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Special attention is called to the fact that your acceptance of this magazine with notice of the above terms constitutes a contract upon these terms between you and the person who sold or supplied it.

FASHION AND BEAUTY

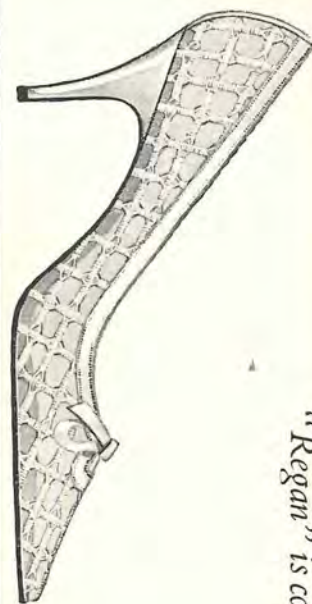
- 29 Vogue's eye view of hypnotical illusions: op art breaking out all over
- 36 Picnics probable and improbable: Nile, terrace, riding, desert, caravan, punt, beach, woods.
- 58 Heatwave holiday: clothes new in the shops now
- 68 Heat rave beauty: the face that starts at twilight
- 70 Arabian nights: flighty new featherweights, brilliantly flowered
- 72 Dolce vita: the sunset prints
- 76 Midsummer white, resort looks, Deauville scenery
- 100 Beauty: make-up, hair, suntanning, by Elizabeth Kendall

FEATURES

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Editor:	Beatrix Miller	
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Features:	Polly Devlin	Chairman-Managing Director:
Travel:	Jenepher Wolff	Reginald A. F. Williams



"Regan" is cool

BREEZY
SUMMER
ELEGANCE



RAYNE moulds the finest of trellis-work into an elegant court shoe for summer; reinforces heel and toe to make the delicate look hold its shape. In black, white, navy, beige, and a variety of summer pastels. "Regan" 12 gns.



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Her Majesty the Queen
Shoemakers
H. and M. Rayne Limited



By Appointment to
H.M. Queen Elizabeth
The Queen Mother
Shoemakers
H. and M. Rayne Limited

RAYNE

Tileyard Road, London, N.7
and all Rayne Salons & leading stores

money

Questions and Answers
by Sheila Black of the *Financial Times*

In the six months that I have been a small part of *Vogue*, I have come to learn a lot about *Vogue* readers from their letters. Most of them confirmed things I already knew or suspected. For example, I knew that they were intelligent (I mean, I've always been one myself . . .) I knew that most of them were happily free of financial problems, that a number were definitely rich, and that there must be a fair ballast of those who have more taste than money.

The thing that has most surprised me is the number of women with money who admit that they have done nothing more with it than buy what they want and leave the rest in the bank. The wish to invest is there, but the fear of losing money inhibits most women from taking the first steps.

Most of these letters ask for my advice in rather vague terms. "Dear Miss Black, what can I buy with £500," is just not enough. Some readers even leave out the £500 bit. I have had to ask something like one-third of my correspondents for more information before I can give any kind of helpful answer. So I hope those of you who are not so vague will be patient while I make some suggestions for the others.

First, the borrowers. I'm all for people borrowing money. But when you ask how to go about it, please say what you want the money for, and what security you can offer. Security means anything you own that has an intrinsic value. Pictures, jewellery, share certificates. And any security you offer has to be lodged with the bank that lends you the money. That is, anything saleable like jewellery or certificates. Houses and other property involve documents. No lending company—banks, finance houses—lends without security. Although it can sometimes be estimated profits from a business, intangible securities of this kind are not usual. And before leaving the subject of securities, they have to belong to the borrower or pledged by the borrower's guarantor on her behalf. It may sound obvious enough, but it seems that a lot of people expect lenders just to take the joint home "on trust" and advance any loan asked.

Home improvements crop up in many letters. Enough to make it worth repeating that these can often be done through hire purchase companies on "personal loan" schemes which give some income tax reliefs that hire purchase repayments don't offer. And that building societies, with insufficient funds to meet full mortgage applications, are lending more and more to existing borrowers to improve the value of the houses partly owned by both lender and borrower. But there are usually minimum amounts one can borrow in this way. It costs money to administer "loans" and few companies will lend such small sums that they lose on the deal. So don't expect to get £50 for repainting the hall from anyone except the bank manager, if he's willing.

On insurance problems, there is also a dearth of information. So much so that I am beginning to understand why so many people have the wrong policies. Taking life insurance as an example, essential data includes the age of the insured and the beneficiaries. Income, sources of income and how long both are likely to be stable. Medical history is important. Whether or not one wants an

(continued on page 18)

money

continued from page 14

endowment and at what age. Whether one's expectation is of greater or smaller income in the years ahead. And so on.

Then there are the women who want to insure, borrow or invest without their husbands knowing about it. I am not going into the moralities of this. I can only say that, in British financial law, married women are never independent even if they are the chief breadwinners, and they have no chance of keeping their affairs completely private. Banks honour wifely privacy. But, in the end, comes that income tax return which has to be signed by the husband after all the details of "wife's income" etc. have been entered. And, in nearly all other financial transactions, married women have to bring their husbands in somehow. Sorry, but there it is.

And that brings me to another subject of letters. Summed up, the question is, "Can I invest and make money without paying income tax?" The answer is a positive NO. The illusion that tax-free dividends don't have to be declared is just that—an illusion. The stock or share or bond holdings have to be declared, as do the dividends, even when no tax is due. Forms should be filled in regardless of whether anyone is eligible for any tax or none at all. And now that there is capital gains tax, the position is even stricter.

Which brings me to shares. One woman asked how she should invest £10,000. Others were more modest, but the question was as basic. A good many just wanted to "dabble," or just "do something about money." Obviously, any adviser must first know what proportion of your total wealth is represented by £10,000, £5,000 or even £100. It's worse to lose £100 if that is all you have, than £10,000 when you have £20,000. Then one must know whether you are able to lock the money away, and for how long—if it might be needed suddenly, premium bonds are the safest answer since you should not be forced to sell shares at a loss. Another thing is whether one wants a good income and, therefore, high-yielding shares, or no income and as much capital gain as possible, taxed or not. Age is important too—there is little point in the really elderly buying long-term or undated stocks of many types.

These are the recurring points in letters. I hope I don't sound too pompous when I say I do feel rather inadequate when I have to keep answering that I can't help without another letter, but it's true. Anything I'm told is completely confidential—and the same is true of any information you give to your bank manager, insurance broker or agent, building society or anybody else.

Finally, I am always being asked about shares and why I don't tip them. In broad terms, I will, after the shake-out of the last budget restrictions and a re-settlement to normal in the early Autumn—we hope. But only broadly. Share buying is rather a sensitive day-to-day business, with prices and situations altering while the magazine is being printed, or in even less time.

Obviously, under present conditions, one should back super managements and skills. So I shall talk to the top managers and the successful buyers of jewellery or pictures or antiques and pass their advice on in the hope of shedding some light on what looks like being a long dark winter.



The applied art of eye-making by Revlon

Making eyes has always been a great feminine art. But never has a woman had so many utterly devastating (and easy to use) products at her command... as with Revlon's new 'Eye Makers À La Carte'. Here are the secrets to make your eyes make history for you!



Begin with Revlon's new 'EYE VELVET'. Squeeze a dab on your fingertip, stroke it on from the inner corner, blending upward and outward across your eyelid. This matte-finish eyeshadow never streaks or fades, keeps velvety for hours. Positively alluring!

To make your own eyelashes darker, silkier and most of all longer (with a most natural look), brush on Revlon's new 'FABULASH'. It's slash-lengthener and mascara in one. Go even longer with the separate super-lengthener... a Revlon exclusive! Let's you keep adding length until you say "stop". It's simply 'Fabulash'!



Make your eyes look twice their size with Revlon's new liquid 'EYELINER'. Dip the brush in bottle; then holding as a pencil, draw a fine line with flat edge of brush from inner corner of eyelid to outer edge extending the line slightly upward. The results are dramatic... dazzling... so very beguiling!



Newest eye idea is Revlon's 'BROW BEAUTIFUL' for today's soft-shaped brow. Brush on natural-looking colour with this new stay-put powder. Comes complete

with a clever angled brush that makes it easier and faster to arch, fill-in, extend and colour... all at the same time. It's called 'Brow Beautiful' and it most certainly is!



Don't wait another minute. Create all the eye-illusions you need—shape them, change them, colour them, darken them, deepen them! It's all so easy to do with Revlon's new collection of

**'EYE MAKERS
À LA CARTE'**



This
Summer
don't go out
without
the
"bare
essentials"

New sunnied, honeyed hues that
say the chalky-white look is o-u-t!

Just uncovered! The newest,
you-est look in lipsticks! Now,
Cutex unveils four birthday-suit
hues so naturally you...they're
just barely decent. Not wan, not
white...but warm and womanly.
Are you woman enough to
wear them?

by

CUTEX

• (of course!)



Essentially Honey

Essentially Pink

Essentially Naturelle

Essentially Bare



You want skin that feels soft . . . soft as a child's. And for that you need Cussons Imperial Leather . . . good, pure soap, blended with 21 essential oils to care for your complexion, gently, safely. To keep your skin as soft as a child's. Enjoy Imperial Leather's perfume in bath cubes and talcum powder too.



IF THE WORLD DIVIDES INTO THOSE WHO LOVE OR HATE.

PICNICS

the next sixteen pages are strictly for addicts: picnics photographed in settings probable and improbable, from the Nile to an English country garden; plus the clothes to wear scintillatingly at each of them.

Here, Tissot's view of a 19th-century picnic beneath the chestnut trees and

Antonia Fraser's

account of some celebrated picnics, adventurous, fictitious and romantic

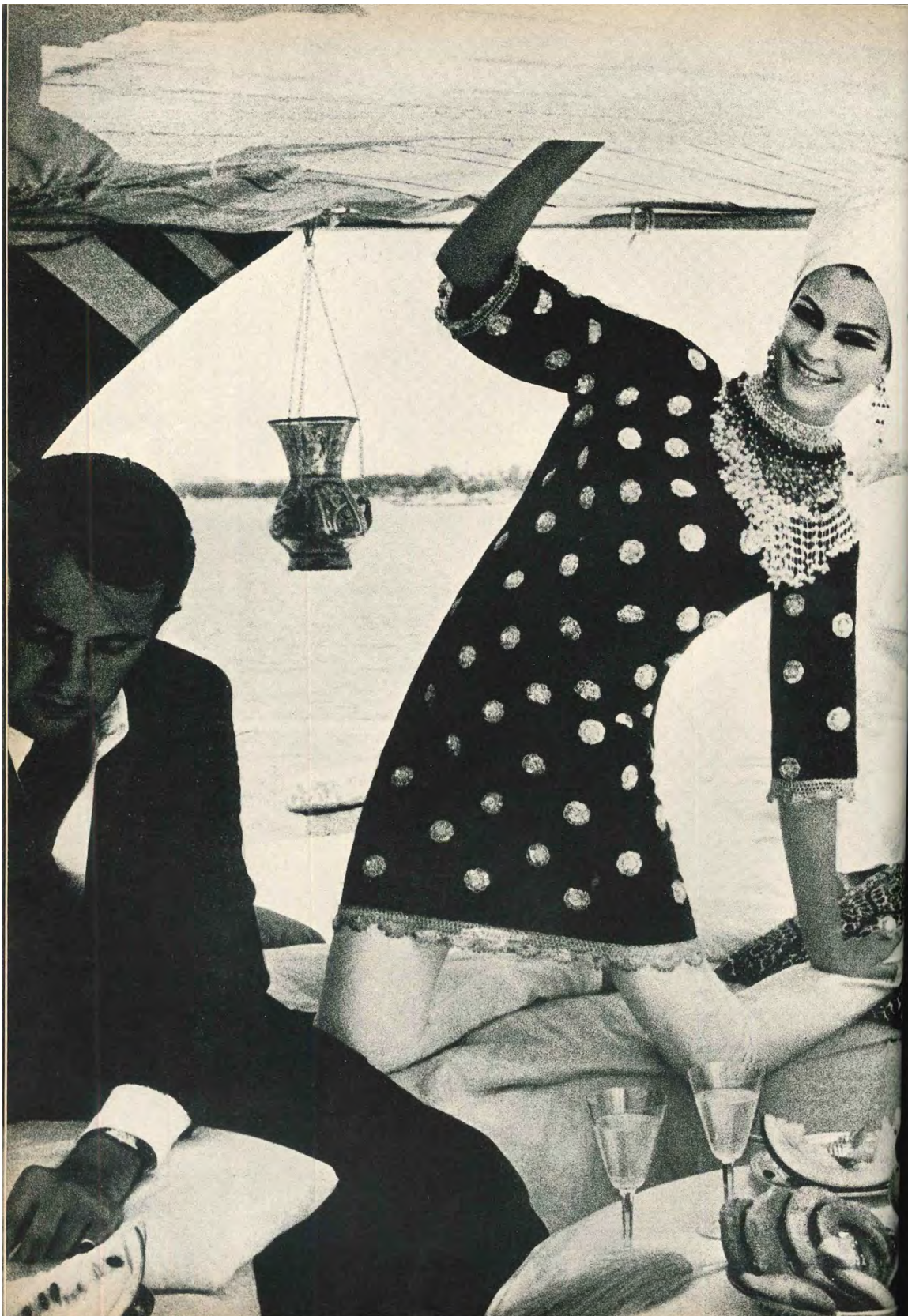
There are those who are prepared to picnic at a moment's notice and enjoy it, and those who, like the late Lord Wavell, think of picnics as "sitting on a nettle and eating a wasp". I am firmly on the side of the picnickers, and I don't care whether the origin of the word is French (*piques niques*), German (*piquen und niquen*), or Italian (*piccola nicchia*). To me it is the spirit of the feast which counts, and this is surely firmly English. One might refine the field still further, and say that the picnic is the special province of the English lady; I can never quite forget that in our family my mother was a determined picnicker, whereas my father, when asked to describe his idea of a picnic, replied lugubriously: "I think of the Feeding of the Five Thousand." Of course this male-female contrast is obviously not confined strictly to England: at the most famous of all pictorial picnics, the *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*, the men's dress was strictly formal, whereas the women were somewhat more relaxed. In Tissot's *The Picnic*, opposite, though the man looks placid enough, it is the ladies who are clearly enjoying themselves.

It might, however, be politic to establish a few rough rules for picnics, if only to convert more of the unhappy hot-lunch-at-homers to this delightful pastime. First of all, I will concede that as man is born free, picnickers ought not actually to be taken in chains. I must have put a great many people off picnics forever by my enthusiasm for them, my conviction that everyone is enjoying themselves as much as I am: sadly, therefore, I plead for the picnic voluntary.

This is a rule which would have been appreciated in the past by the entourage of lady picnickers of high rank: the Ladies-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria never ceased moaning at how they were compelled to picnic with her in Scotland in all weathers and all seasons. One feels that the picnic voluntary at Balmoral might have been rather sparsely attended. Yet the Queen clearly brought a great (continued on page 97)

REPRODUCED IN PART BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY, LONDON





“ . . . She came from Egypt.
Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,
The tackling silk, the streamers waved with gold.”

All for Love, Dryden



Shimmering seductive
silk tunic, Eastern blue
fringed with golden lace,
flowering pearly gold
and silver roses; 55 gns.
Pure white pure silk
Choridar pants; 22 gns.
Cascade of golden, pearly,
green glass beads.

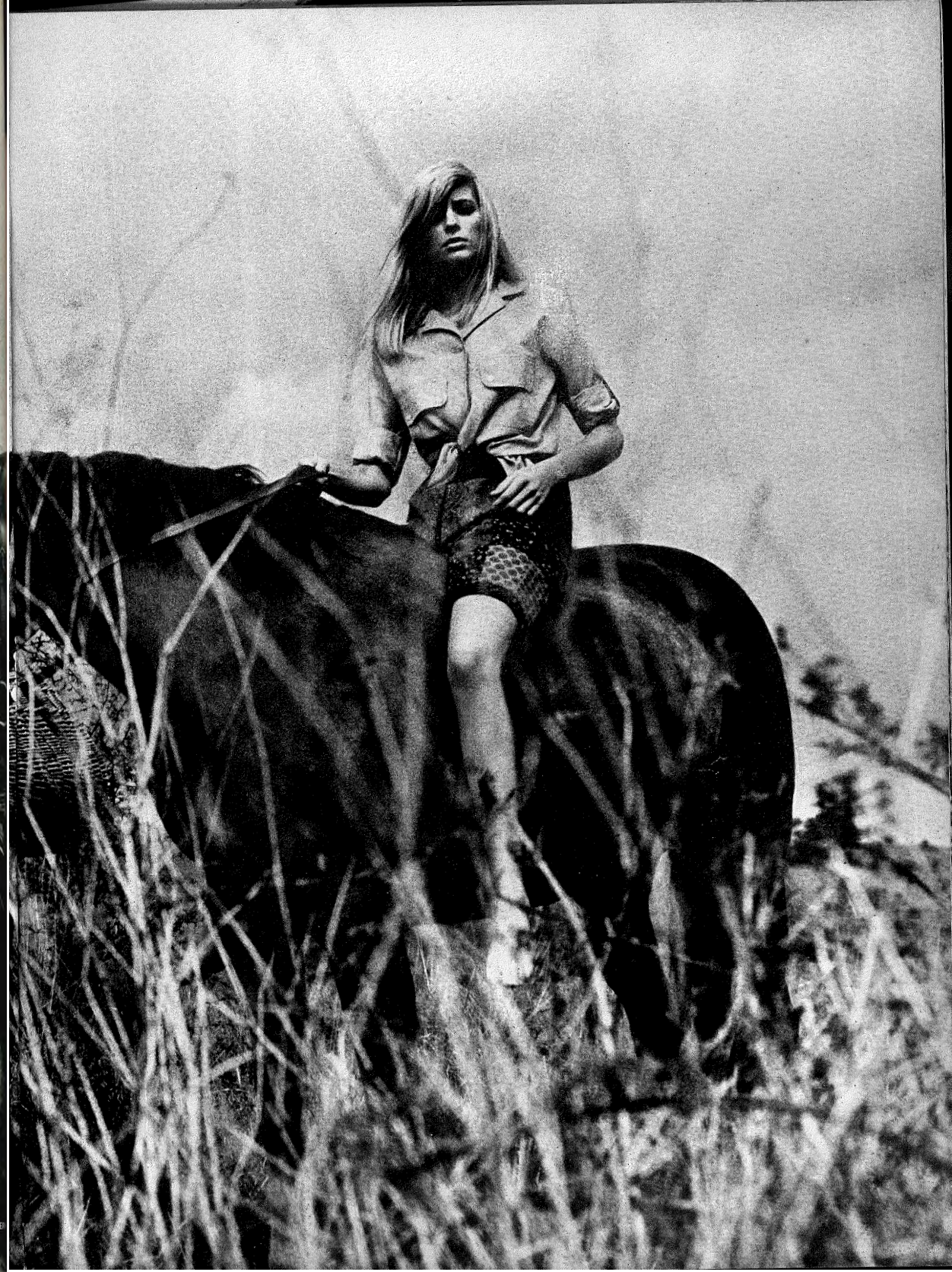
All at Savita.

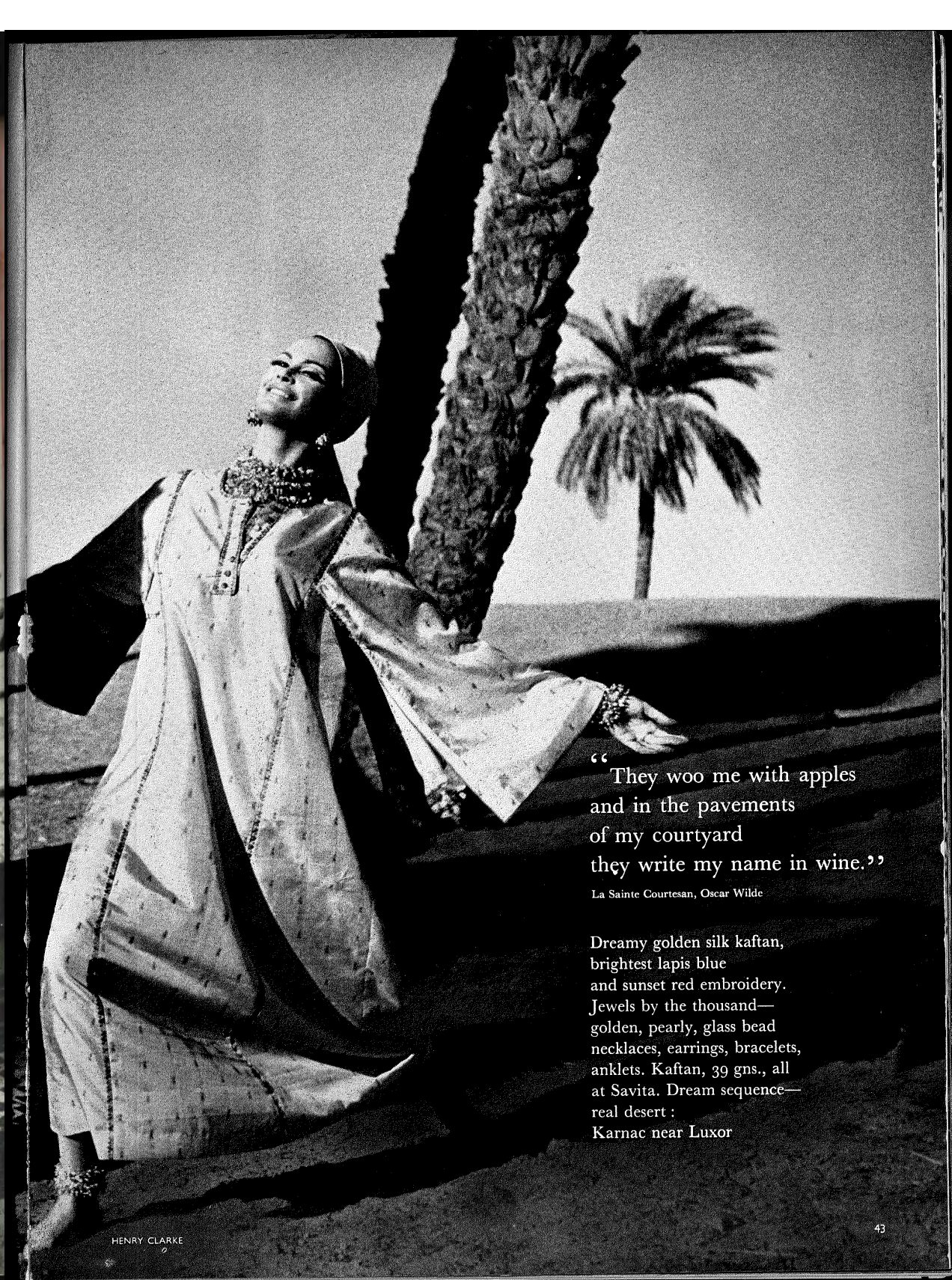
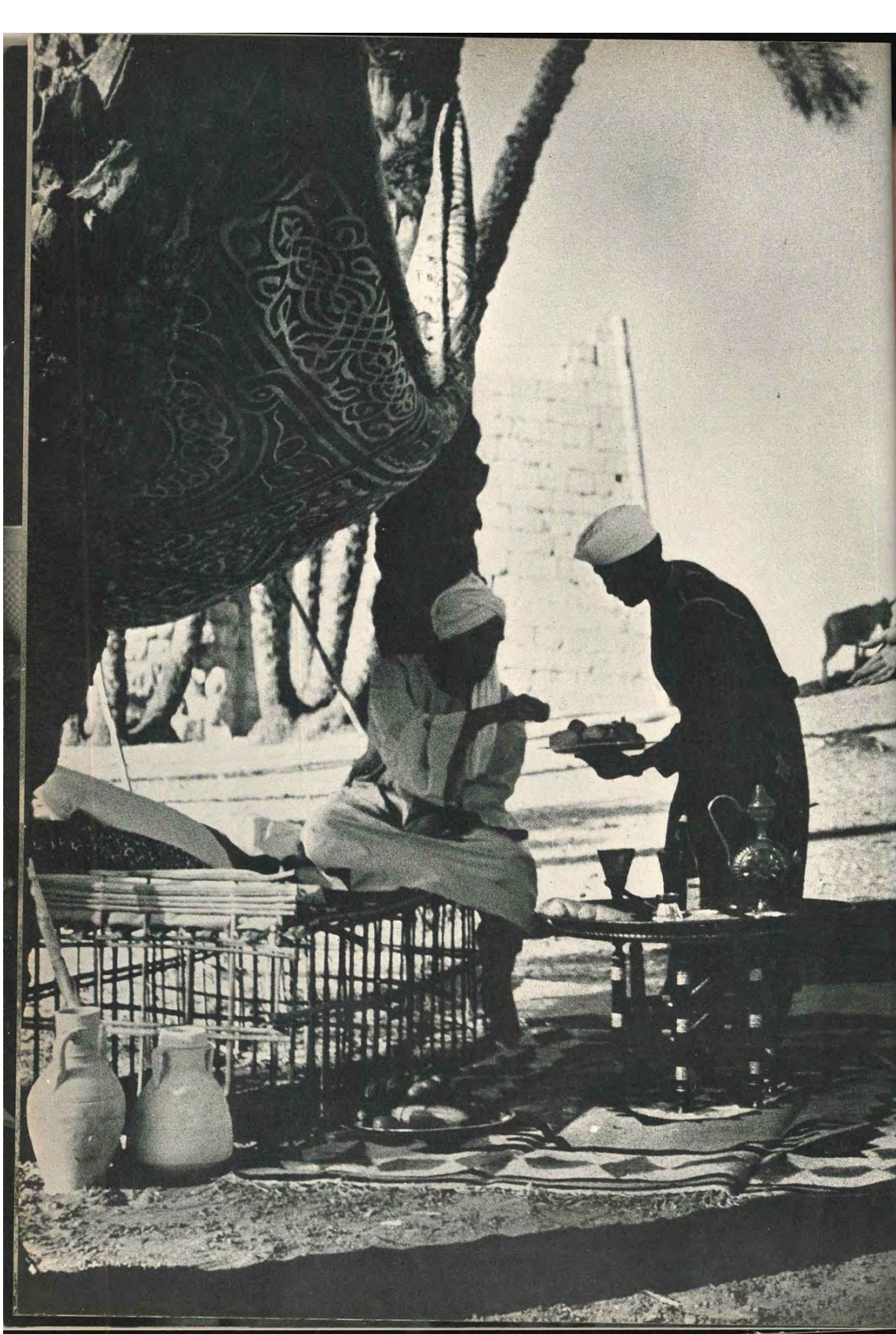
Moonwhite chiffon turban,
Ascher, £3 4s. 6d.,
Simpson. Nile picnic
prepared by the New Winter
Palace Hotel, Luxor

“ They came in sight at the top of the hill, lost in the sky,
above the tall grass, through which the horses moved slowly . . . ”

The Roots of Heaven, Romain Gary

Bareback rider
in Madras cotton
Bermudas, blue, green,
red patchwork;
blue denim shirt,
buttoned flaps on sleeves
and pockets. Thocolette,
shirt, £3 9s. 6d.,
Bermudas, £4 17s. 6d.,
at Gordon Lowe.
Horses from the stables
of the Belmont Riding
Academy, Mill Hill





“ They woo me with apples
and in the pavements
of my courtyard
they write my name in wine.”

La Sainte Courtesan, Oscar Wilde

Dreamy golden silk kaftan,
brightest lapis blue
and sunset red embroidery.
Jewels by the thousand—
golden, pearly, glass bead
necklaces, earrings, bracelets,
anklets. Kaftan, 39 gns., all
at Savita. Dream sequence—
real desert :
Karnac near Luxor

Simply romantic white, *near right*, tucked cotton and lace; 18 gns. Empire look, *centre*, lace top, cotton skirt, pink ribbon tie; 15 gns. Blonde straw hat, Otto Lucas, at Fortnum & Mason. Dreamy white, *far right*. Ripples of lace, tucked cotton. Skirt, 10 gns., top, 7 gns. All at Mexicana. White parasols, Charles Judson. Hair by Susan of André Bernard. Little boy's white cotton suit, 14½ gns.; pink flowered white voile dress, 29½ gns.; white cotton romper suit, 12½ gns.; all at The White House. Shoes, Start-Rite, at Lilley & Skinner. Man's clothes, Monty Berman. Birdcage, Geoff King Antiques, Cale St. Cakes, Fortnum & Mason.

"I adore simple pleasures," said Lord Henry. "They are the last refuge of the complex." Oscar Wilde



CECIL BEATON

Darling, the moment we landed there it was—a **HEATWAVE** larger than life. As we drove along to the hotel the



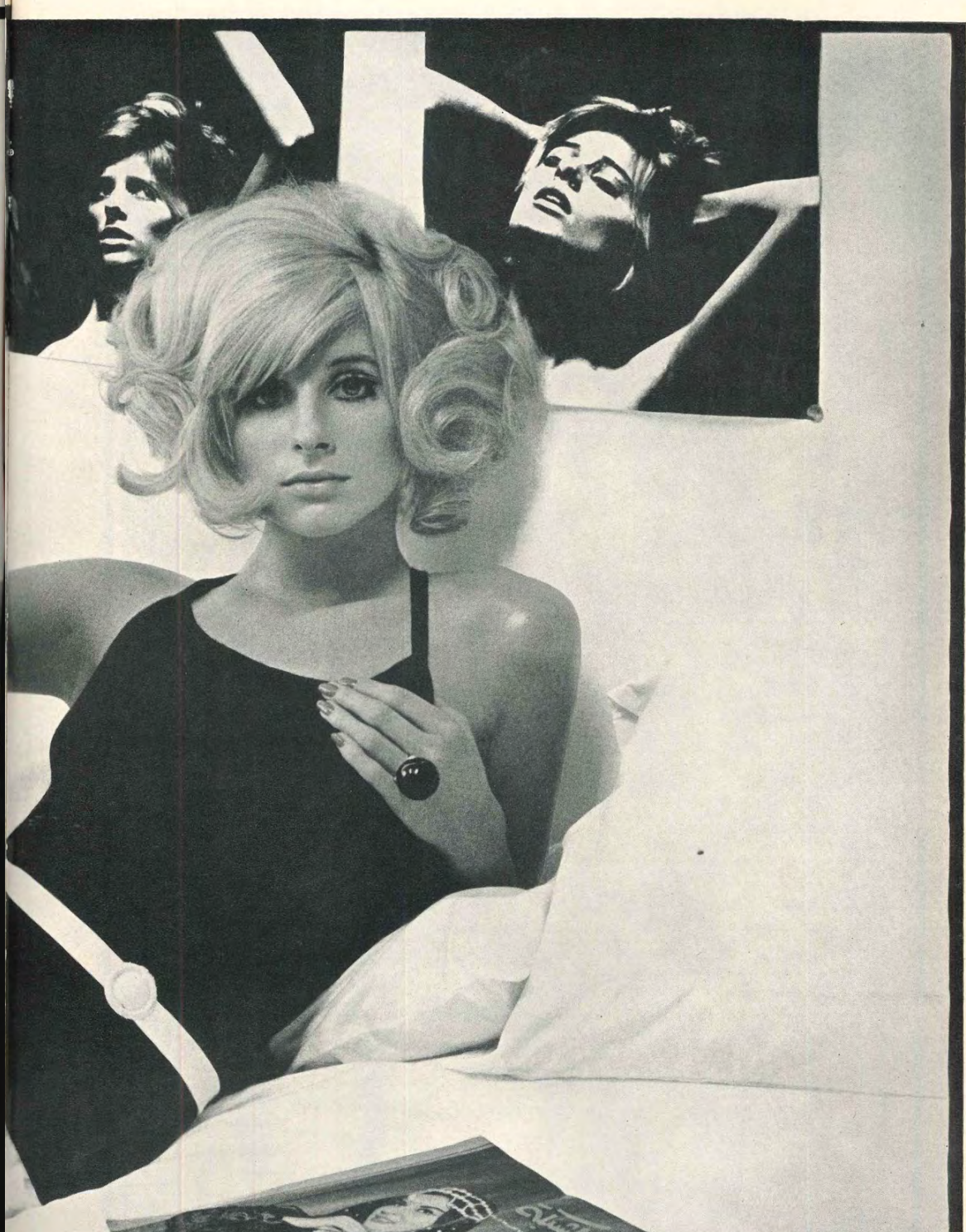
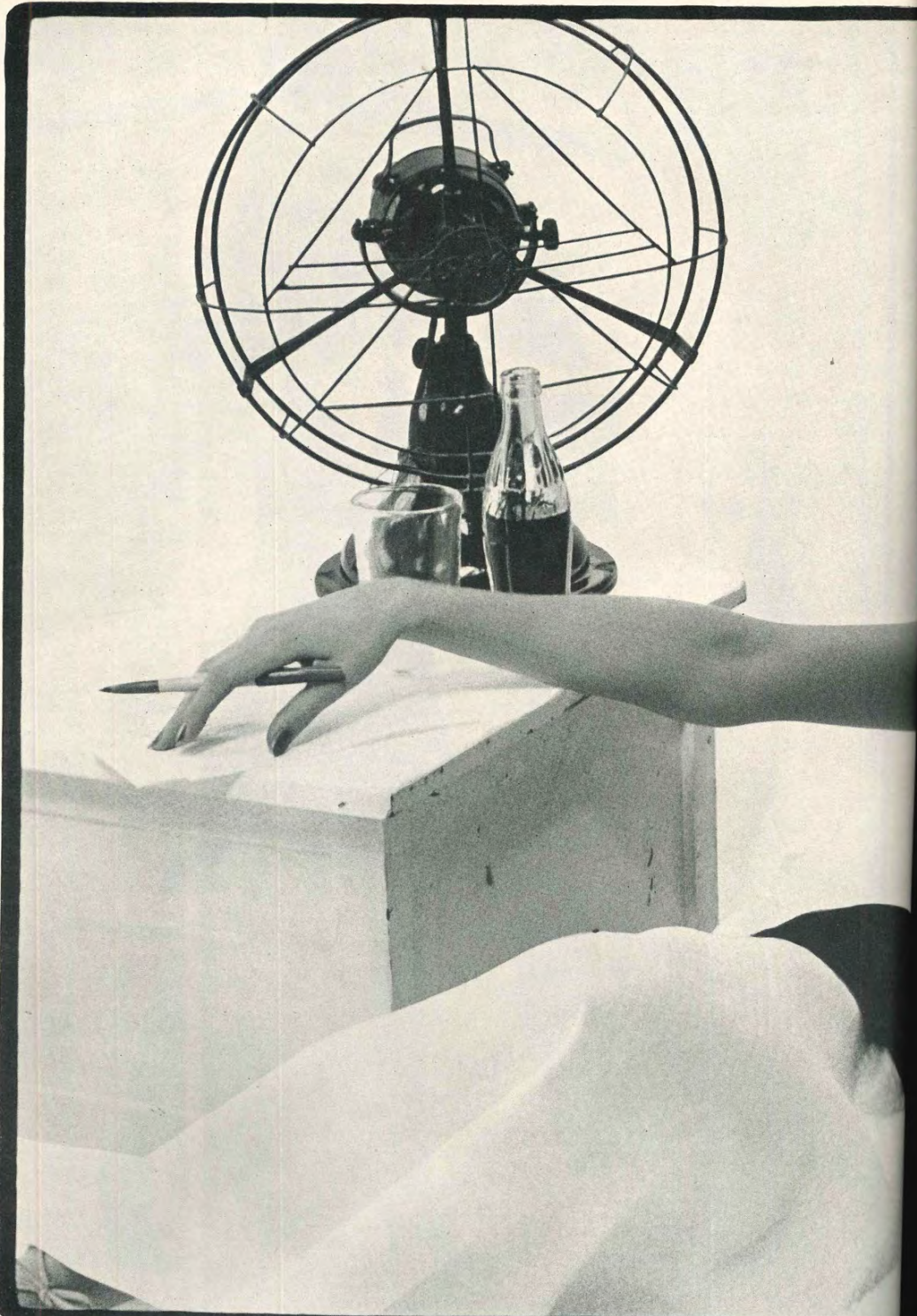
Thank heaven for iced blue, skinny too. Little girl coat, Courtelle lace, Coin bonded to acetate tricot, great new fabric idea, little nothing bodice. Cool white collar, cuffs. 15 gns., with skirt, Wallis Shops, Knightsbridge; Marble Arch. Accessory details p. 104

town seemed still and deserted. I unpacked all my **HOLIDAY** clothes, at least I'm all prepared for a sunstrike



Slipped into something free and easy, a slip shape in crepe with a built-in dazzle. Thunderbolt V of white on black, small size top free-falling into a flare skirt. Simon Massey, 6½ gns., Dickens & Jones. Sandals, 8 gns., Kurt Geiger. Other shops, page 104

HELMUT NEWTON



HELMUT NEWTON

To call it a sweater is cutting it a bit fine—but there you are: finely cut sweater ribbed in black wool, fine straps crossing be

£3 9s. 6d. I wear it with a long icy white waffle piqué skirt and belt; 7 gns. Both at Jaeger, Regent Street and Kings Rd. branches



Dear
 It's so hot
 here I love
 you and
 get you from this
 awful place.



Have you the feeling you've seen it somewhere before? In those days a vest was a vest, but in St. Tropez this summer *this* is the heat. Natural, threaded with ribbon, scalloped edges. By Vachon, available from Maxine Leighton Boutique. Trousers, 22 guineas, in

Woollands. Belt, a chiffon scarf, 52s. 9d., by Ascher. Sun swept natural straw hat, sprung with an over-blown cabbage-green Mexican flower. Hat, by Otto Lucas, to order from Woollands. Flower, 17s. 6d., available from Mexicana. Viva Maria! and is it as hot as this in Mexico?

HELMUT NEWTON

Set 1 Historical Magazines

Option 2 – Woman

Woman (23-29 August 1964)

All of extracts below must be studied.

- Front cover of magazine
- Contents page (p.3)
- Feature: 'Alfred Hitchcock Unravels the Mystery of British Women' (p.8, 9 and 12)
- Feature: 'Extra Special on Men' (p.13)
- Double page spread: 'Are You an A Level Beauty?' (p.14-15)
- Double page spread: 'A Present for Your Kitchen' (p.28-29)
- Advert: Crème Puff by Max Factor (p.38)
- Advert: Breeze Soap (p.41)
- Advert: Women's Royal Army Corps (p.52)
- Problem Page: Evelyn Home

WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY FOR WOMEN
Week ending August 29 1964 Every Wednesday

7d

Woman

**ALFRED
HITCHCOCK**

**"British
women
have
a special
magic"**

**SEVEN STAR IMPROVEMENTS
FOR YOUR KITCHEN**

LINGERIE GOES LIVELY ★ ARE YOU AN A-LEVEL BEAUTY?

WORLD'S
GREATEST WEEKLY
FOR WOMEN

189 HIGH HOLBORN
LONDON WC1
TELEPHONE: CHANCERY 3344

AUGUST 29 1964
VOLUME 55 NUMBER 1420

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COVER BY JON ABBOT

© Odhams Press Ltd., 1964

Second Class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

The long road back to happiness

—HOW A CLUB CAN HELP

PERHAPS the Americans who've had a hand in Jacqueline Kennedy's decision to leave Washington—it's reported that sightseers in cars and coaches have daily haunted her house from 7 a.m. on—have done her a service. By moving to New York, far from the home she and her husband once shared, Mrs. Kennedy may find it easier to make a new life after last November's murder. To help, she has a devoted family, wealth, youth, beauty: no one would begrudge her any of these blessings. But how much harder must be the road back to happiness for women who face widowhood without them. *That's* why the Cruse Club movement was born. In Richmond, Surrey, six years ago doctor's wife Margaret Torrie decided not nearly enough was done to meet the special problems of wives-left-alone. Was she right? Well, the little local club she started has since swelled to a chain of twelve, with a national counselling service for widows and their children aimed at meeting every call with compassion and commonsense. Though Cruse Club fact sheets on such subjects as pensions, income tax, job training and economy ideas are in big demand, finance often isn't a widow's main worry. She may be much more desperate for friendly aid in facing her grief and, later on, in finding a new place in a world where she's suddenly a lonely odd-one-out. Club membership can do a lot to help; we'll gladly pass on inquiries.

Thanks card

Seen in a stationery shop: sets of silver-printed white cards (six for 1s. 11d.) saying *Thank you for your most acceptable wedding present which has been received with great pleasure.*

"They sell fairly fast," said the assistant. "Some customers now think it's square to write."

no excuses

Call us cubes, then! Even if your gift turns out to be the



Sailor, beware: landlubbers are after your clothes! We're not surprised: sailors go for such good cut and colours—toughness, too. Shiny black p.v.c. mac (left) also in buttercup, is around 52s., small size (also in red) 36s., Beatle-style cotton cap 13s. 11d., all from a yachting gear-and-gift shop. Its free catalogue—we'll forward postcard requests—sometimes goes adrift on glamour; and our macs, though up to 38-inch bust, are both in the children's range. But once on, wow!



Public life again: President Kennedy's widow meets Memorial Fund trustees

bride's seventeenth toast rack, we reckon you're still entitled to a private thank-you, not a printed announcement.

Brides with the biggest excuse for short cuts never break this rule of common courtesy. The Queen, Princess Margaret and Princess Alexandra each had hundreds of wedding gifts; but each sender received a proper personal reply.

Royal holiday

The Royals relax at Balmoral with very homely entertainments in the evenings. They often play Scrabble, draughts and backgammon, sometimes make a concerted attack on a very complicated jigsaw laid out on the drawing-room table.

There's a small room set aside for TV. The younger set often prefers to play records and dance.

film show

But everyone—staff, too—gets together now and then for an after-dinner film show in Balmoral's ballroom. The Queen herself picks the programme, has pictures specially sent up from Wardour Street.

She keeps an eye on film

reviews, and any movie which promises good family entertainment is likely to get a special Royal "release."

Mark Sid

Shock for all film fans (and Shakespeare's admirers): the screen's next Mark Antony is to be Sid James.

Not quite as dramatic as it sounds, however: picture is *Carry On, Cleo!*

Soviet service

You'd carry on in Russia if you wanted to buy paper hankies: they seem unknown there. In a hurry we left some crumpled but clean tissues on a Moscow hotel dressing-table and came back later to find they'd been ironed neatly flat and folded.

Stacked milk

Flattened milk cartons are good sense from a storage point of view. A new carton being used in some areas has clean-cut rectangular sides that make a neat pile of pintas possible. Fine for small fridges. Any other packaging improvements you'd welcome?

Telephone talent

Fresh idea introduced by a recording company in America last month: it ran a vocal talent contest by inviting would-be pop stars to telephone and sing their entries into a tape machine.

Judges played the lot through later; winner was promised a chance to repeat his or her performance with full orchestra—and no bangs on the call-box door from the queue outside!

Sized Up

"No, of course there's nothing wrong with your weight, Mildred—it's just that, according to this chart, you should be six-foot-five."

Personally Yours

PATIENCE BULKELEY

A BORN ENGLISHMAN

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH MARGARET HINXMAN

UNRAVELS THE MYSTERY OF BRITISH WOMEN



“THEY’RE LIKE SNOW-CAPPED VOLCANOES”

ONE of the most surprising women I’ve ever met was a seemingly unemotional English housewife. In a crowd, I doubt whether I’d have given her a second glance. I mentally marked her down as the sort of woman you’d go to for an animated discussion about horses, the weather and the outrageous price of brussels sprouts.

How wrong could I be! I later learned that beneath that Mrs. Miniver disguise beat the heart of a Cleopatra. This woman had a jealous husband, a devoted admirer and the kind of romantic reputation you usually associate with movie stars.

Again, I marvelled: never under-estimate British women! They’re like snow-capped volcanoes: all shimmering respectability on top and simmering passion underneath. To me, they’re the most unobtrusively seductive creatures in the world. They seem to have a special magic all their own.

I’ve come to these conclusions after years of selecting, grooming and directing some of the most beautiful actresses in the world.

The image of the snow-capped volcano first occurred to me when I was working with Grace Kelly—now, of course, Princess Grace of Monaco. Technically, I agree, Grace is American. But then I’ve always held that there are no such people as Americans. Their ancestors were European and the basic European characteristics survive.

By no stretch of the imagination could you mistake an Italian or Greek American for a Scandinavian or British American.

Grace had an Irish father and a German mother and she represented ideally the cool, tantalizing British—or Nordic—type of beauty

I look for in my actresses. All of which may sound double Dutch, but is quite logical when you work it out.

In the early days of her career, I think Grace baffled Hollywood.

After I’d decided to cast Grace in a film, well-wishers were full of foreboding: she’s a cold fish, they said. I didn’t contradict them. I just let her performance speak for itself.

You see, I was British and I knew Grace—or, rather, I knew the kind of woman Grace was. I wasn’t fooled by that touch-me-not beauty: I’d come across it time and time again in England.

And, as mystery is my business, this variety of sex appeal provides the ideal complement to the other thrills I produce on the screen.

With Grace, the interesting trick was in making use of this aura of suspense that she carried around with her.

In *To Catch A Thief*, I introduced her first as a snooty, disinterested society girl. She hardly spoke. Then in the next scene she was alone with Cary Grant and, without warning, she threw herself at him. It was quite a shock effect. But, in a sense, it was nothing but the truth. Any man who hasn’t been caught off guard by an English girl’s sudden revelation of seductive depths doesn’t know what he has been missing.

Personally, I find this far more intriguing than the Latin brand of sex appeal that puts everything in the shop window.

Naturally, I chose an English girl, Alma, for a wife. She was in the film business, too, and she comes from Nottingham. I understand Nottingham has a thriving industry in pretty, flirty girls. Madame (my title for Mrs. H.) didn’t get much chance to test that home-grown reputation, because, very sensibly, I

quickly snapped her up thirty-nine years ago.

I proposed on board ship during a howling North Sea gale. Trust Hitchcock—you may say—to choose this setting for such an occasion: all that was missing was the corpse in the bilge and the spy in the lifeboat.

From that stormy beginning, I haven’t regretted a moment of our life together.

So far as I know, Madame hasn’t regretted it either. At least her prowess as a cook has never wavered and I’m convinced that one of the first signs of indifference in a wife is when her cooking suffers.

After nearly forty years of marriage, I think I’ve unravelled most of Madame’s mysteries. Except her recipes. She keeps them to herself: even our housekeeper can’t prise them out of her. She did, however, make the supreme sacrifice for my art, when she revealed the secret of a delectable cheese and bacon soufflé for *To Catch A Thief*.

Perhaps it’s because I’m such a happily married man that I can look at women quite objectively, without letting emotion clutter up the view.

Every time I return to England I’m struck by the number of exciting women you can see just strolling down the street. This Nordic quality of the unexpected isn’t limited to the professional actresses.

I can detect it here in girls from all walks of life. This isn’t to say that they’d all make actresses. The acid test is whether they could speak lines. If they can’t, there’s nothing you can do to make them act convincingly.

But that potent kind of sex appeal certainly isn’t the private property of the stars.

For instance, Tippi Hedren, my leading lady in *The Birds* and *Marnie*, wasn’t at all an experienced actress when I first saw her. She



At first Grace Kelly had Hollywood baffled. But I recognized in her at once that cool and tantalizing beauty I call British

My kind of star has a special magic



Naturally I chose an English girl for a wife. I snapped her up thirty-nine years ago. I’ve not regretted one moment of our life



Deborah Kerr is British and yet she knows how to burn up the celluloid

was a fashion and TV model. I remember she was appearing on a TV commercial for a slimming liquid. For a moment or two she turned to the camera and laughed.

There was a liteness about her, the way she moved. I didn’t even bother to see her in person before signing her. I’d noted her impact on the screen and that was enough.

Needless to add, Tippi also embodies that British feminine high-style I find so attractive.

But I’m constantly amazed at how many British men fail to appreciate it. Still, if they were as avidly affectionate as, say, the Italians, their womenfolk might perhaps shed the deceptively ladylike appeal that distinguishes them.

Britain, of course, is a male-dominated society, unlike America where you can judge a man’s wealth by the quantity and quality of his wife’s furs and jewels.

You judge an Englishman’s status by the car he drives, which is hard luck on his female appendages who, I assume, have to save up for their mink tippets and diamond solitaires out of the housekeeping.

Obviously, British women don’t suffer from such deprivation. Maybe it’s good for the spirit. Though I can’t think how, because it’s against my fondest belief about women which is that to look good she has to feel cared for. The time I’ve spent in grooming actresses has never been wasted.

Any woman who hasn’t responded to the psychological pep-up of a new hat or dress or hairdo is no credit to her sex. Some people might have thought it extravagant of me to engage Alexandre of Paris to design Tippi’s hair styles for *Marnie*. But to me that’s the

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kind of extravagance that pays off. A few years ago I discovered another British-girl-by-proxy, so to speak. Her name was Eva Marie Saint. I was casting a sophisticated thriller called *North By Northwest*. And the girl had to be the essence of *soignée* sex appeal.

Well, Eva, a delightful actress, had hitherto spent her screen life playing waifs. Again I was told, she's not the type. But, again, I knew she was. Cool, blonde, with that matt air of British restraint controlling an irrepressibly sexy wickedness.

By the time the designers, make-up artists and I had finished with Eva she looked perfect. I wouldn't allow her to go before the cameras with a hair out of place.

I think she enjoyed playing in that film because, for the first time, she felt glowingly feminine. And of course I nurtured that feeling on the screen. There she was, travelling on a train, all calm, calculating and correct. But it was she who tipped the wink to the conductor to steer Cary Grant to the one free dining car seat beside her and, before you knew it, she was having a flaming love scene with him.

This illustrated exactly my feeling about another libel that's always being brought up against British women. I mean, the fallacy that they're inhibited.

Now, in America the woman is brought up to be a tease—she dresses up to the part. But in fact there's a lot of coldness in her make-up. English women are the opposite. They can be witheringly modest in public but in the privacy of their homes they're different creatures altogether.

Am I being disrespectful? Well, apart from the fact that I've never been much of a respecter of persons, I can't help feeling that what British women need is a little less respect and a little more honest admiration.

One of the loveliest women I've ever encountered suffered from this innate British lack of confidence. Madeleine Carroll.

Before the war I made a film in England called *The Thirty-Nine Steps* and Madeleine was cast as leading lady to Robert Donat.

She was a beauty, no doubt about it. She was the epitome of the English rose type. But her acting was stiff, stilted. The first day's work was disaster. So I took her aside and talked to her. In private, her true personality soon emerged: she was vivacious, charming, alive.

Yet this personality didn't come through in front of the camera: perhaps she felt, typically British again, that it wasn't adequate, that she had to become someone different to be attractive on the screen.

I MANAGED to convince her that the reverse was true. And, of course, the film was the making of her. She went to Hollywood, became a big star and, incidentally, married two or three times—not bad going for a shy, reserved English rose!

I might add that in the interests of the film I treated her ruthlessly: as indeed I treat many of my actresses (there's nothing so fascinating, from the audience's point of view, as to create a pristine image of femininity and then rough it up a little).

Poor Madeleine had to scramble over moors and mountains while handcuffed to Robert Donat. What outraged one eminent gentleman—who shall be nameless—was that she was wearing high heels. Watching the filming, he told me I should be ashamed of myself. He was

HOW IT'S DONE



by ANGELA TALBOT

Can I advise you? Then write to me at 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please don't forget a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

STICKY FINGERS!

As I run a small boarding house where children are welcome, I would like to have my curtains and upholstery treated with some repellent against sticky hands. Do you know of such a service?

There is a service which at present operates around the London area and the Home Counties and which hopes eventually to cover the whole country. The cost is about 11s. 6d. per square yard. I've posted you particulars.

Motorist in the family? The R.A.C.'s excellent booklet "Know Your Motorways" contains a map of large-scale sections of the M.1, M.45, and M.6, smaller-scale maps of eleven other motorways, Highway Code hints, as well as safer motorway driving. Free and post free. I'll pass on requests

For the deaf

My aunt has recently become very deaf. Is there a club that would help her to come to terms with this and enable her to make friends with others who are similarly handicapped?

The British Association Of The Hard Of Hearing aims to help the deaf in just the ways you describe. Write to the Hon. Secretary of the Association at Briarfield, Syke Ings, Iver, Bucks, for particulars and list of the clubs throughout the country.

Passport improvement

Is there any way I can get a reasonable passport photograph of myself, rather than the usual monstrosity one has taken?

You can choose a photograph of yourself from a sheet of 16, 20 or 48 prints, taken by a well-known photographic service. Though the

We are anxious that our child should become a fluent reader at an early age. Is there any way in which we can co-operate with the school?



Discuss this with your child's teacher first, but a recently-published book on this subject is "Teach Your Child To Read" by Dorothy M. Glynn (Pearson, 10s. 6d.). The author, a highly qualified teacher who is also a mother, gives much practical instruction on how parents can co-operate with the teacher in helping the child to read easily and with real understanding

number of prints per sheet varies from one studio to another, each sheet costs 12s. 6d. The three passport-size photos you require will cost a further 7s. 6d. a set. I have sent you a list of studios and addresses throughout Great Britain. I'll pass on requests for copies.

Legal fees

We were halfway through the legal formalities when the owner of the house we were purchasing suddenly decided not to sell. What happens about the legal fees?

Naturally, your solicitor is entitled to payment for any work he has done on your behalf.

Goat's milk

Back home after a long farm holiday, the children are asking for goat's milk. Do you know of any dairy that sells this kind?

Goat's milk can be delivered to your door daily through any branch of the Express Dairy. As supplies may be limited, you should give your order a few days in advance to the manager, not to the roundsman.

Hey, you!

I shall shortly be starting my first job. Should I call my boss by her Christian or surname?

To start with, unless she tells you otherwise, it would be polite to use her surname. If she prefers you to call her by her Christian name, she will tell you so once you are acquainted.

Removing rubbish

The builders left behind a pile of valueless junk in the garden. How can we get rid of it?

Get in touch with your local Council. They may arrange for collection. If not, the Keep Britain Tidy Group, 27 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, will advise you if you write to them.

convinced that she'd break a leg or, at the very least, an ankle.

I told him, not very politely, to mind his own business. Secretly I was rather pleased, because that was exactly the reaction I wanted from the audience and he'd given me a private preview.

ALTHOUGH British teenagers have changed over the years, from what I've observed they're as fascinating in their own defiantly modern way as the young girls of thirty years ago. I can't understand why they come in for so much criticism. All young people feel the need to assert themselves: I suppose it's just that when you get older you don't much care to admit it.

And, though the English rose type may be out of fashion, these teenagers, for all their modernity, still have that intriguingly provocative quality that to me epitomises the appeal of British women, which is ageless and timeless.

Sometimes even the stars are put out at the effects I try to achieve. Take, for example, love!

Nothing can go so hideously wrong as a love scene. And when you do go wrong you can be sure that everyone in your audience above the age of sixteen (less, these days) will know it.

Love isn't a sometime thing. If it's there it's there all the time. And sometimes being a good wife can complicate a good career.

WHEN Grace became Princess Grace and quit films, I discovered Vera Miles, a girl whom I believe had many Grace-ful qualities, if you'll pardon the pun. I planned to give her a big break in *Vertigo*. But, a devoted housewife, she had a baby instead and I ended up with Kim Novak in the film.

My wife takes a keen interest in my choice of actresses. She sees all their tests and makes suggestions, but leaves the decisions to me.

Being English herself, she can understand my fondness for the "subterranean" style of British beauty: elegant on the surface and explosive underneath. I sometimes think, though, that my daughter Pat feels a twinge every time I choose a new girl for my films. She's a trained actress herself and a good one—I successfully used her in *Strangers On A Train*.

But she's a character personality. My heroines are very much of a certain type and Pat isn't it. But she has another nice British quality: discretion. She doesn't nag me about it.

You may have got a rough idea from all this that I like British women in general. So I feel perfectly justified in saying what I don't like in particular. The typical British voice. It's too high I can't understand it. I don't think they teach little English schoolgirls to sing their twice-times tables soprano, do they?

Tippi—although American—had the same trouble. But, so as not to embarrass her in front of the unit in *Marnie*, I used code. I'd say "Gorki" and she knew I meant "keep the tone of your voice down." Gorki, of course, wrote the "Lower Depths."

One regret I have is that I've never made a film with Deborah Kerr. I admire her as a British girl and as an actress: but, most of all, I admire her for proving my point.

For years she played prissy Lady Bountifuls. Then suddenly she got the chance to be a steamy sexpot in *From Here To Eternity* and fairly burned up the celluloid.

Which just goes to show, you never can tell about British women. Long may they mystify! »»

EXTRA SPECIAL on MEN

REPORTERS: HELEN SPEED CHRISTINE JONES



GIVE-AWAYS FOR GUYS

Splash out on a wine rack which takes six man-size bottles. It costs 16s. from Presents of Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

Bolster his comforts with a striped head-rest cushion. Price 32s. 6d. from John Bell & Croyden, 50 Wigmore St., W.1.

Egg him on with a bachelor spatula. Cuts, peels, scrapes, serves. Price 8s. from Bentalls of Kingston.

Make an impression—leather bookmark slips over page edge, tells him where he went to asleep. Price around 3s. 6d.

Play practical by giving a four-month road tax licence for his motor-car. It'll cost you £5 10s.

Collar a compliment for a stretch tie that gives any size knot. Costs 15s. 6d. from Male West 1, 38 Carnaby St., London.

Get personal with clothes brush shaped like his initial. Price 35s. 6d., from Loewe Boutique, London Hilton, W.1.



KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT

We've been snooping round the barbers—detect that men's hairdressing is catching up with ours: The look is "fuller all round," and London stylist Robert James declares that false pieces will soon be commonplace. Must confess we can't see every Tom, Dick and Dad shelling out about fifty guineas to cover bald spots; they might go for "grooming" sprays at 5s. 6d., making do with what hair they have. Its colour is something else again. So many males want colour treatments the barbers are talking of providing private cubicles. "Blokes," we were told in Sheffield, "feel embarrassed waiting in public for colour to take." Couldn't it be that the blighters don't want pals to find out that those distinguished grey temples aren't really their own?

GETTING TO KNOW THEM

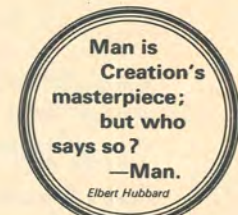
"When a girl wants to find out whether her boy friend really cares, all she has to do is eavesdrop on his conversation with other men," says comedian Norman Vaughan. "If she's not mentioned, he cares all right."

Doing a spot of eavesdropping, we found that four topics still top the list in man-talk: women (in general), sport, cars, politics. Biggest fallacy is that all men enjoy nights out with the boys. "They're my idea of hell," comments disc-spinner Peter Murray. Days out, it seems, are different.

In London there's a luncheon club—members all men. Motive? Just talking! Chaps like Prince Philip and actor James Robertson Justice are so keen on good conversation their lunches have been known to last till four o'clock.

What d'you get to talk about? we quizzed fellow-member Larry Adler. "Oh, current events, the world scene. . . ." They detest table-pounders: "They keep talking, afraid they might learn something." They love good story-telling: "To succeed with stories you must be self-conscious—not worry 'what are they thinking of me?'" They don't talk about women but sometimes they invite a woman to talk with them.

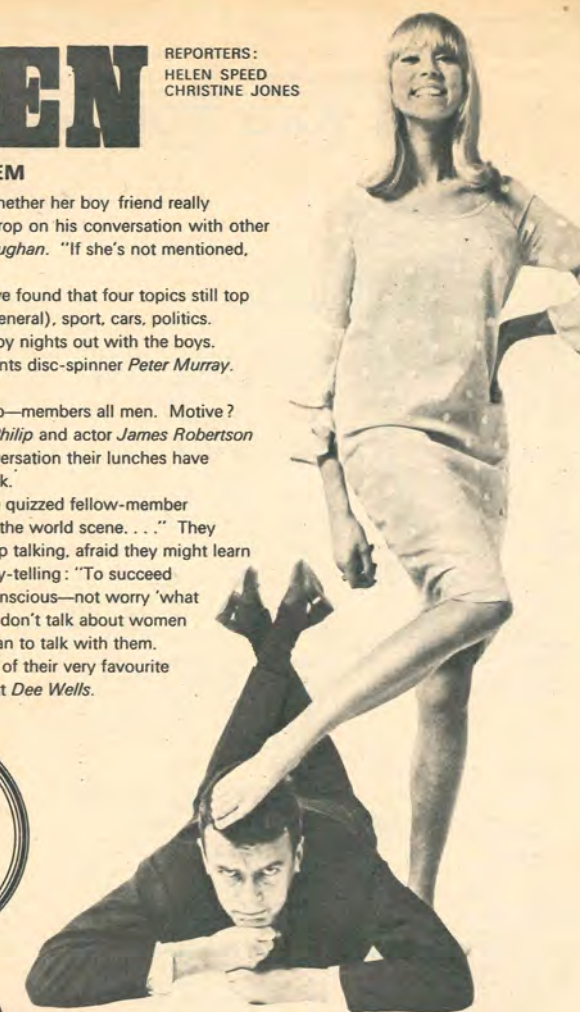
It deer-lights us to report that one of their very favourite conversationalists is lady journalist Dee Wells.



DIG HIM

Like the looks of autumn's Mr. Average? Savile Row predicts he'll wear natty hat with narrow brim; crafty car-coat; tweedy tapered trousers; burnished boots.

He'll buy most on Mondays—after talking it over at the weekend with his wife. He'll buy best, say those nice trade types, when he takes her with him: "Women," care more informed, "care more about quality."



THAT'S WHERE WE DIFFER . . .

If your kid brother crayons his fields red and his skies yellow, chances are he's colour blind. About one in ten men are. "Red and green blindness is most common," says an expert.

If your husband makes you run for the bus and you're the one who pants, that's predictable. Men have a greater lung capacity than women—one reason why they beat us at games. We score in water: experts believe we're more buoyant than boys.

If your boy friend trots out the old man-is-a-superior-animal business, point out that no intelligence test has been devised which can accurately measure the relative mental capacities of men and women. Say psychologists, it's like trying to prove blue is superior as a colour to red, which is pretty well where we came in.



ARE YOU AN

A-LEVEL BEAUTY?



The "mauve" fade-out method—"halo" of mauve powder (or mauve foundation by Germaine Monteil) right around the face trims it down to a better oval. An "egg" of peachy pink foundation on cheeks completes this make-up. Place it longways as above on a round face, lengthways to balance a long face.



High cheek-boned look—flattering for any shape of face—is result of shading tricks above. Deeper toned triangle under cheeks, following curve of cheekbones, gives contour a lift. White highlighting over cheekbones accentuates lift.



Slim-faced model look comes from shading at side of cheeks from top of ear, curved inwards and downwards to jawline. Lops pudginess from a plump face, gives a slightly heart-shaped look to an oval face.

A-level girls change their looks with

FOUNDATION

—blend in several tones to reshape features

HAVE YOU . . .

Shaded for illusion? Any of the flattering ways in our sketches. Or used that dark shading technique to slim a broad nose (blended down each side). Over tip and nostrils to shorten a long one; on chin tip to foreshorten a long face.

Plumped out hollows with light base? Smoothing white or pale pink in that crescent under eyes. Softening a too-thin face with lighter foundation down from the forehead to jaw-line at outer sides of face.

Changed skin colouring? By blotting out your skin tone with pale covering base like Goya's Creamy Opal Mousse Foundation, finger-printed in and pressed with tissue. Adding new colour with the tinted foundation of your choice on top (this way, even an olive skin could look quite creamy).

Brightened a dull complexion? Mixing just a spot of liquid rouge with moisturizer, smoothing over face before applying foundation (banishes sallowness, too).

Score 3 if you own more than one foundation shade. Double the score if you have used them in any of these ways



Face lift—achieved by shading in deeper toned foundation in triangles at sides of jaw. Super slimming for a heavy or square jaw. Does young things for a droopy chin-line, helps to strengthen a receding chin.

A stands for Advanced. In beauty it means the sheer cosmetic wizardry that clever girls like models use to look—well, frankly, often far, far prettier than they really are.

O for Ordinary Levellers just use make-up—full stop. A-levelers use it in dozens of ways—to change colouring, to re-mould their features, to work near miracles!

Are you A-level? Sit our "exam," tot up your marks. It's a test which teaches over 40 make-up tips. Pass or not—you score glamour-plus!

HELEN TEMPLE

Model Christina Gregg scores A-Level marks. Adds a powder tip of her own: mixing a scraping of block powder rouge with her own powder for really subtle brush-on blush under eyes



A-level girls create "illusion" with

POWDER

—use it for a glow, for depth, for translucence —not merely for dulling down a shine

EVER TRIED . . .

"Lavender shaded" powder? Gives translucent look for evening flattery; dust over normal powder.

The magic of "green"? Pale green powder cools an over-rosy complexion, gives evening date opalescent sheen (dusted over normal powder) to any skin.

Suntan powder on a pale skin? Adds soft summer glow when brushed lightly just over cheeks,

centre forehead and chin on top of normal powder.

Topping a tan with pale rose Achieves a "lift from underneath" look with light beige rose powder over an even paler pearl beige foundation. Glowing example: Lenthéric's Neutral Sheer Beauty foundation and Rose Brunet powder; Yardley's Honey Pin Moisture Tint Foundation and Rose Peach powder.

Score 3 if you have tried any of these finishing tricks

HOW YOU SCORE

SCORED 20 OR OVER?

You're way up with the Advanced Level! How about sending us some of your tips?

SCORED 10 TO 19?

You've made the grade. A little more practice should send you to the top of the class.

SCORED 5 TO 9?

Beauty school report: "Will go far if she tries a little harder."

SCORED UNDER 5?

You need to do some more beauty homework if you're aiming for A-level. Get swotting!

A-level girls make

EYES

—make them bigger, more lustrous with sometimes frankly bizarre colours

EVER USED . . .

"Double Decker" shadowing techniques? Like any of the three sketched (or your own permutations). Score a bonus mark if you've already discovered the sparkle of pink shadow—using Elizabeth Arden's Fragile Pink or liquid or cream rouge mixed with your foundation.

White eye make-up? Applied first over lid or mixed with colour to soften shadow; dotted at inner eye corners to make eyes seem farther apart; stroked under brows to "bring out" deep set eyes. A-level whitening kit: Max Factor's white Pan Stik; white lipstick like the one by Rimmel, 1s. 6d.

Block powder eyeshadow to thicken lashes? Brushed on the lashes between two layers of mascara. Method: liquid mascara, grey powder block eyeshadow, final coat of liquid mascara (Revlon do a special lash-building pack using this method, 17s. 6d.).

Coloured liner? Outlining eyes with blue or turquoise for blue or blue-grey eyes, with green or lilac matched to hazel or brown eyes. Liners to try: Revlon's liquid, Leichner's G. Liner pencil.

Score 2 for each of these eye-catching ways



Mermaid Eyes—sheer sorcery for green- and blue-eyed girls. Pale blue lid shadow mixed with green above lid, fades off towards brow. Green eyeliner accentuates green mascara-ed lashes. (Or try Eylure's green fake fur lashes, 13s. 6d.)



Big-eyed look for blondes that's bewitching on pale brunettes too—white highlight on lids enlarges small eyes, colour comes from streak of blue close to lashes. Blue or blue-grey colour accentuated with navy blue mascara.



Pink sparkle for evenings that's exotically A-level. Rose lid colouring extends at outer corner to give long-eye look. Eye-line shaping at outer corner accentuates this. Exotic finish: green shadow mixed with beige towards brows.

A-level top model Sophie knows all about beauty tactics. Her tactic with false lashes: she wears two pairs together—one row trimmed sparse and shorter than the other



A-level girls alter their

TACTICS

—are always searching for new, prettier ways to apply their make-up

DO YOU KNOW . . .

The Double Pencil trick? Brows emphasised with two shades of eye pencil to give them a more natural look. A light tone feathered in, followed by a deeper shade. Examples: light brown and dark brown, grey and black. And for blondes: lilac and grey.

The Smudge Technique? Way to achieve modern softly shaded look by blending tones into each other, banishing hard lines. Slim paintbrush or little finger tip can be used to smudge one shadow over another, soften eye-liner edges, melt rouge into foundation for natural-looking blush.

Dotty Way With Brushes? (The experts call it stippling.) Ideal for applying small areas of colour like foundation shading in our sketches—rouge or cream or liquid eyeshadow. Tiny freckle-sized dots dabbed on with a paintbrush, then brushed in lightly so that colour is built up gradually and faded off whisper-softly.

How to Play the Sponger? Using a small cosmetic sponge to polish in liquid foundation (using light circular movements) so it stays put longer. Or for applying powder block eyeshadow. (Some products are complete with sponge.)

Score 2 for each of these methods you've tested

A-level girls own at least two

LIPSTICKS

—may use as many as three shades together, or use off-beat shades for top-level looks

HAVE YOU WORN . . .

A new lip shape? By blotting out natural lip line with a tinted covering foundation like Max Factor's Pan-Stik. Then outlining a prettier shape with a slim paintbrush or pencil-slim lipsticks like Gala's Slim-Line.

Two or more lip colours together? Combined in any of the ways our sketches show. Lipstick special: Score one extra



Three-lipstick trick gives lips the dewy look of a fresh rose petal. Start with a wide deep pink outline. Blend mid-rose from centre of lips, overlapping deeper shade a little. Then hold palest lipstick between lips like a cigarette, gently swivel to achieve light inner lip colouring.



The pretty pout craftily constructed with brown lipstick. (Gives lower lip a daring dimple.) Looks the most effective paired with a pale lip colour. Blend brown inwards about a quarter-inch at outer corners.



The clear lipped look—pretty lips well defined by an outline (draw it first) that's two or three tones deeper than "fill in" shade. Keep lip tones to same colour range—pale and deep peach or light and dark rose—so that the result is soft and natural.



Two-tone impact—two close-together shades, one on each lip, to give exciting depth of colour and blend. Can be used to even up mouth shape. Paler tone should be painted on thinner lip, deeper shade is best on fuller lip.

mark if you've chosen the new pearly colours for the paler shading, such as Elizabeth Arden's Silver Pink, Gala's Shot Silk two-in-one lipsticks.

Blatant brown lipsticks? Choosing cool coffee, like Innox's Café Olé, to mid chocolate, like Coty's Cuban Caramel. Wearing one with a tan for an all-bronze, emphasis-on-the-eyes effect. Or

streaking one over a too bright lip colour for a more subtle tone.

White camouflage? Disguising uneven lip-line with white lipstick by blending it round lip edges over normal tone. Or using it over colour for creamy depth.

Score 3 if you've worn one of these ways; 5 if you've worn more than one

LIP LATEST:

A-levelers watch out—green lipstick is the last word in America. Could be on its way here. Designed to be worn over "conventional" lip colour to give "misty" sheen. Our testing verdict: striking over a pale lipstick if you're tanned, can make pale-skinned girls look slightly under-nourished. Also coming: lipstick with *candy* flavour!

New table top for under 10s. . . and fifteen minutes' work. That's all it takes to cover a stained wooden let-down table with smooth, wipe-clean plastic. Any thick surface is out—the flap wouldn't click back into place. Best material to use is self-adhesive plastic in the toughest quality at 8s. 6d. a yard, 36 in. wide. Best colour, a paler shade of the wall unit's colour. Secret of a perfect fit is to stick down one side of the plastic at a time, smooth and stretch, then stick down the other, taking it over the edge and folding round the corners. Surface won't stand chopping, and excessive heat causes wrinkles, so invest in a wooden chopping board.



TABLE TOP, SAUCEPAN STORE OR DRAINER—LESS THAN £1



Saucepan store for under 15s. . . . ideal for a kitchen that's so narrow you bang your back bending down. All you need is a series of wood strips—you decide how many—and some masonry pins at 2s. 6d. for four dozen to fix each strip to the wall. Good idea to seal the wood strips with polyurethane first to prevent splitting from damp. Then screw hooks on to strips and you have all your saucepans at your fingertips.

Drainer for 15s. . . . is really a face-lift for the old wooden type. You need laminated plastic in a gay pattern, impact adhesive and beading to tidy the edges and channel the sudsy water away. Scrub old drainer clean and leave to dry. Then stick on sheet plastic to fit—odd-shape off-cuts are cheaper; standard sizes you trim to required size. Panel pin on the beading and don't forget diagonal strips at sink end of drainer.



A PRESENT FOR YOUR KITCHEN

SEVEN WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR KITCHEN EDITH BLAIR GIVES A WISE MONEY-SAVING GUIDE WHETHER YOU SPEND 10s. OR UP TO £20

CUPBOARD AND SNACK BAR OR SINK SET UP TO £10



Wall cupboard, £5, snack bar, £2 1 the price of practicality and high drama kitchen. Hanging cupboard home-knotty pine is ideal for storage and Fluorescent light hidden under shallow illuminates work top to give a special supper time. Switch out main light and out the cooker and sink for a more cosy atmosphere. During the day, light shines what you are doing without shining eyes. Unit is grand enough for the dining for the kitchen, anti-damp varnish at 1 can, proofs it. For instruction newsh to address on page 3, enclosing s.a.e.

A sink unit for under £10 . . . it slots so any girl can assemble it quickly. A your door packed flat, but sliding d already hung, polypropylene sink just di frame. Get the man in your life to glue a unit together, then paint it. Height is unit can fit in with existing furniture. Ne needed, are extra. And there is a team pack-flat storage units in the same r catalogue (we'll pass on postcard req

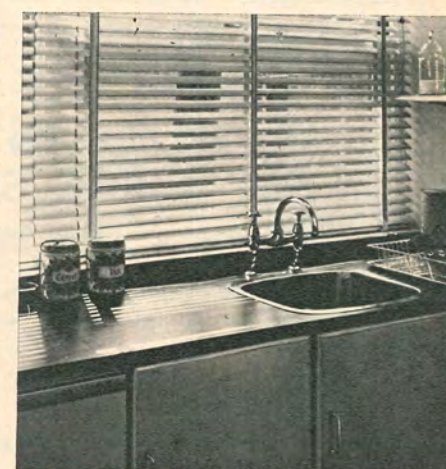


PINE FITTINGS OR UNIT IN TEAK—UP TO £20



New look kitchen for £15, plus sink . . . this transformation scene takes a handyman a good week's work, but look at the money-saving that's involved. Tongue and groove boarding covers scarred walls—lasts a lifetime treated with an anti-condensation seal. Deal is used to box in sink and old-fashioned washing machine, hides kitchen equipment, cleansers, giving a neat, unified line. Shelves and cupboards made in the same wood turn the corner to give ample storage for a small kitchen. Send for our instruction newsheet to address on page 3, enclosing s.a.e.

Sink and work counter for under £20 . . . a buy to last a lifetime of hard work and still look rich and luxurious. The counter stretches the length of the wall, in this kitchen that's just 7 ft., gives plenty of elbow space. Made of two planks of teak it needs oiling each night for the first three days of its life, then about once a week to keep it waterproof and stain-free. Ideal place to put hot pans without fear of scorch marks. Stainless sink costs just under £7 and the drainer is a plastic rack on a tray.





Beauty at a moment's notice...

Now you can be sure of your beauty always... it's so easy! Just make sure that you have your Creme Puff handy. Simply ideal for touch-ups... it's an invaluable aid to beauty! Frantically rushing to meet that exciting someone? Dashing out on an important date? Just a few quick touches with the puff... and you're perfectly lovely again. Creme Puff—one of Max Factor's greatest inspirations—is a delicate blend of rich foundation which clings softly like cream, and fine face powder, to give a velvety even finish. Now your complexion has a flawless bloom that lasts for hours. Luxury mirror compact with puff 6/-. Pastel-blue pack with puff 4/6.



CREME PUFF by MAX FACTOR

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Because you're a woman...
you want a soap that can promise
you absolute freshness. Because
you're a woman... you need a soap that
will show you kindness. Darling, you
need Breeze. Because Breeze with
Triodin destroys perspiration odour...
guarantees your freshness. Yet
Breeze has the gentlest lather to look
after your skin. To be sure you're all-
over feminine... all-day fresh... darling,
please, bath with Breeze.



all-over feminine... all-day fresh...

LBA-1



These are things girls worry about...

Loneliness in a busy world. How to meet more people and make more friends—that's what's worrying Margaret, whose home is in a big seaside town in the south of England. 'Everyday I work alongside hundreds of girls and men, but I never get to know them' she says. 'How can you be busy like me and still be lonely? There must be some sure way of making friends, but I don't like clubs and things like that. I want to meet people naturally and get to like them in the ordinary way. What's the answer?'

One answer is to join the Women's Royal Army Corps. Right from the start you're part of a team, and you learn to rely on each other as girls seldom do in a 9 to 5 job. Many girls who first met during their initial training in the W.R.A.C. are still close friends today, although often they have been separated by postings and promotion. Also the fact that the W.R.A.C. spends so much time abroad promotes friendliness. When the sun's shining and there's plenty of space to relax in, everyone's in a better mood. If Margaret wants to make friends, the W.R.A.C. is ready to give her the chance.

Just Drifting. 'Sometimes I say to myself, you can't go on drifting much longer. What seemed a temporary solution at 17 seems depressingly permanent now I'm 25.' That's how Brenda describes her problem. She works in a big store, and though at one time it looked as though she'd be made head sales girl in her department, someone else has been promoted over her head. She thinks it's time she made a clean break but she expects to have difficulty in finding a job that offers something better.

It's obvious Brenda is worried about employers' reactions to her age and education. Some employers, of course, are pretty unimaginative and hide-bound. With her experience, she could make her mark at any of a dozen different jobs in the W.R.A.C. In cases like hers a complete change of atmosphere is often a good idea. Girls in the W.R.A.C. move around a lot and visit many different parts of Britain—they also spend a lot of time abroad. There are new faces and plenty of challenges to accept. The W.R.A.C. is more than just another job—it's a complete way of life.

Nothing ever happens here. Beryl is frankly fed-up. 'Nothing ever happens here', she says of her home town. 'I want to go somewhere and do something exciting. I want to stop vegetating. Any ideas?'

Things happen to people not places, so Beryl may have herself to blame. But if she wants a job that's got variety, purpose and action and requires real initiative, she should join the W.R.A.C. There's security, too—you're well looked-after in the W.R.A.C. Anyone interested in seeing the world in the company of friends, and earning good money while doing it, should join the W.R.A.C. That's a suggestion Beryl might think about.

What About You? Do you feel like these girls about your work or your day-to-day life? Are you wondering how to be more than just a cog in a machine? If so the W.R.A.C. could be the right answer for you. The W.R.A.C. respects individual characters and temperaments. Find out more about it: write today for further information.

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NAME _____

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DATE OF BIRTH _____

WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS

Applicants must be resident in the U.K.

(WA/W48A)

continued from page 51

was out somewhere, probably with David. Somehow this made her feel more desolate than ever.

Julie had been home only a few minutes when the doorbell sounded. She heard David's voice saying: "Let me in, Julie."

She went slowly to the door. He came in, questions in his eyes.

"Saw you out of the window," he said, "paying off the taxi. I could see there was something the matter. What is it? Philip?"

Julie nodded. "It's all over." She began to cry again and David put his arms round her. Julie leaned her head on his shoulder and sobbed out the whole story.

He listened, and said at last: "Do you still love him?"

"Yes. No. I don't know. You don't stop loving people, just like that. It wasn't any good, that's all."

"No," said David. "You didn't like him, then?"

"No, I thought he was a stuffed shirt. But maybe I'm prejudiced."

"Prejudiced?" What did he mean?

David grinned. "Go wash your face, Julie, while I make some tea."

When he came in with the tea she said gratefully: "This is sweet of you. I felt so miserable when I got home and Carol wasn't here."

She paused. "Why aren't you with her?"

David looked amused. "Should I be?"

"Well, I thought..."

"You thought wrong, didn't you?" David said cheerfully. "Carol has a date, but not with me. Superficially, he's a bit like Roger. Her taste runs to that type. But he's a bit more reliable, I'd say."

"Oh... I see." For some reason Julie felt a little more cheerful.

He peered at her. "Feel better?"

"Yes, a bit. But I'm still in an awful muddle. I know it was right to break it off, and yet I can't help feeling it's all my fault, that if I were different it wouldn't have happened."

"That's silly," said David. "If you were different, you wouldn't be you. Everybody's got some weakness. Yours is having no sense of time. It's part of your character. It comes about because of all the good, lovely things about you—your tender heart, your warmth and candour..."

David broke off, and then said: "I didn't mean to say all this."

"David," Julie said. She looked at his rugged face, his kind mouth, his eyes full of love and tenderness for her. "I thought it was Carol."

"Oh, no, darling. Carol leaned on me for a bit, and I looked after her, but there was nothing romantic about it. It's always been you, Julie, but by the time I realized what had happened you had met Philip. Well... I didn't mean to spring this on you now, love. Don't let it worry you." After a moment he added drily: "But—just in case you're interested—I'm not the appointment-keeping, executive type. Not even you, at your most haywire, my angel, could prevent me doing that when my mind is on work."

Julie said with a rueful smile: "I can believe that. You haven't any illusions about me, have you?"

David looked at her steadily. "No. I told you. I love you."

Julie sighed. She put out her hands and he took them and drew her close to him.

She looked down and whispered: "David... give me time."

David smiled. "Time's something you'll always need a lot of, isn't it? But I don't mind. I'll wait, Julie," he added softly. "I'll wait for you." »

Evelyn Home

Friend and counsellor to those with a personal problem



Worried about something? Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your question to me at 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1
Evelyn Home

Risk of lost love

Now there's a risk of losing my husband, I feel I should try to re-awaken my feelings for him. He's having an affair with a neighbour's wife (she is very attractive), and I am unhappy because I really love him, although I've been cold to him in the past. If only we could move, I am sure I could make my husband love me again. But how do I find an excuse? Must I confront him with the truth, or should I ask her husband to intervene?

YOU say you really do care for your husband; I'm glad of it, because this is much more likely to bring him back to you than moving house. In fact, I'd suggest that you become a really warm and loving wife, night and day, and see what happens. It may not be necessary to have any scenes or to go house-hunting; a change of heart can change a situation completely. If your husband asks what's happened, tell him truthfully that you suddenly realized you could not bear to lose his love. Unless your coldness has killed all his affection (which I hope is not so), the two of you should be able to solve this problem.

Sex and the young

When a girl and boy are very attracted to each other, but marriage isn't going to be possible for years, what on earth is expected of them?

Are they supposed to ignore sex?

Of course not, but this doesn't mean they must become slaves to sex. It will not be fear of sex which rules them, but fear of weakness; self-control strengthens personality.

Only babies, when they want something, automatically make a grab at it. Mature people accept that the price of sexual love is marriage; that way, as far as is humanly possible, no one should be treated unfairly.

Possessive Mum

Every time I have a girl friend my mother nearly goes into a frenzy. She doesn't seem to care whether the girl is nice or not—she just has to make a fuss. (My father doesn't).

Also, she gets mad if the girl finishes with me—she doesn't want me to have girl friends, but she doesn't like them to leave me, either.

I'm an only son, and I realize this makes her worse. Do you think at nineteen I can afford to live on my own? I feel I ought to get away.

You don't tell me your wage, but many boys of your age manage on their own, either in hostels, digs, or sharing flats with other young men.

Your mother is, as you realize, jealous and possessive. Forgive her, because she's come first with you all your life so far, and can't bear the thought of losing that position.

But it will be better for all of you if you're apart. So search for digs or a hostel room, but don't quarrel with your parents. Your mother will eventually get over the jealous stage.

Fond and foolish

Love of my children is all that keeps me going—at least I haven't wronged them, I hope.

To be honest, I have been another man's mistress for two years; my husband knows nothing, because I've feared he might leave me and our two children, and I alone couldn't afford

to bring them up properly. But now my lover says I must either go away with him or he will tell my husband everything. The children need me; how can I save them unhappiness?

A pity you did not think of them earlier; now it seems to me the only thing left for you to do is stop all lying, tell your husband the truth and ask him to be kind.

He may forgive you; if so, for heaven's sake, keep out of further stupid romances. And be a real mother to your children, teaching them goodness and the value of truth, not sex intrigue.

Solo holiday bliss

Sometimes I think that what saves our marriage is the sailing holiday my husband takes with his pals each year. We're farmers, living and working together all day and every day—the break is good for us both.

When he's away I please myself entirely. I use the car whenever I like, sometimes decorate the house, make a few clothes, take the children on odd outings. I like being alone, so I'm absolutely suited by solo holidays.

Thank you for a sensible viewpoint on a regular summer problem.

I do hope that sometimes you, too, manage to get away from the home for a few days; a change of scene is very valuable relaxation.

Added to grief

Left a widow with two babies under two and a mortgaged cottage, I have had a hard job to manage.

But, far from rallying round, my in-laws never visit me and hint that I am very dilatory in erecting a stone on my husband's grave.

I feel dreadfully hurt by this; it is hard enough to bear my grief without having to cope with their hostility.

What a lack of understanding and sympathy; I am so very sorry that you have this additional load to bear.

But are you quite sure that in a clumsy way, your in-laws are not trying to offer to help with the expense of this stone?

Don't be too proud to say that at

the moment you can't afford a memorial; this could give them the chance to help (if this is what they really want) or it will stop their nonsense at once.

Try to forgive them eventually, tactless, unimaginative people merit more pity than blame.

Non-petting girl

Just once we made love because he wanted it so much, but I knew at once I'd been foolish.

I haven't let it happen again, but when I say no, he thinks it's because I don't love him. We used to be so happy together going dancing or out with friends—now he's always trying to get me alone and I'm terrified.

Avoid twosome dates and don't let your boy get away with that old male tale about a non-petting girl being a non-loving girl.

Tell him that a loving man won't ask his girl to risk her future just for kicks (she may not even share them; girls are often too worried about illicit sex to enjoy it). Stick to your principles—and don't regret him too much if he goes. He wasn't looking for love, only self-satisfaction.

Overworked wife

Our three children are five, eight and ten; my husband has a fairly tough job (usually twelve hours a day) but with Sunday and a half-day off.

Recently we took over a small pub, agreeing that he should get a job part-time and help with it.

But he hasn't done so, and he won't lift a finger to help me.

I get up at seven, toil till nearly eleven every night, with no time for proper meals—I eat standing up.

The work is getting on top of me.

I once kept a pub and I know what sheer hard labour it can be. Tell your husband today that you must give notice or he must come home to help you. Be brave for the sake of your children and your marriage.

Otherwise you'll be ill, maybe seriously. Make your husband understand that you're not just moaning; don't wait till a doctor has to tell him.

Set 1 Historical Magazines

Option 3 – Woman's Realm

Woman's Realm (7-13 February 1965)

All of extracts below must be studied.

- Front cover of magazine
- Contents Page (p.3)
- Advert: Atrixo Hand Cream (p.4)
- Short story: 'Game of Hazard' by Jane Aiken Hodge (p.10-11 – first two pages only)
- Beauty feature: 'Bottled Beauty' (p.12-13)
- Cookery Feature: 'The Sunday Cook' (p.18-20)
- Advert: Gor-Ray Skirts (p.49)
- Advert: Australian Sultanas (p.66)
- Problem Page: Clare Shepherd (p.70)

woman's

REALM

EVERY
TUESDAY
Week ending
February 13,
1965

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TREASURY OF
HOMEMAKING**

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woman's REALM

VOL. XV No. 358

189 HIGH HOLBORN
LONDON, W.C.1.

Telephone: CHAncery 3344

FEBRUARY 13, 1965

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BEAUTY

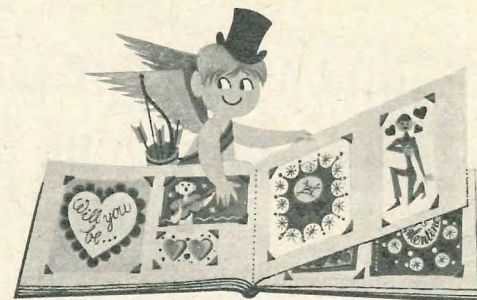
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Second-class postage paid
at New York, N.Y.

First and Foremost



VALENTINE cards are becoming prettier every year, but will they ever be as enchanting as those received and sent by our grandparents? Delicate concoctions of lace and paper, containing tender messages hidden among little posies of flowers, these cards must have made many a heart beat faster on St. Valentine's day. Collecting them is a delightful hobby, and you can still buy them for a few shillings in second-hand and print shops.

Put together in an attractive, well-bound album, what a wonderful present they would make to give your eldest daughter when she gets engaged.

WE don't take St. Valentine's Day very seriously now, but once, many customs were earnestly observed round about the fourteenth of February. Single girls believed they would marry the first bachelor they met on St. Valentine's Day—which must have made life very tricky for young postmen! Others, before retiring on St. Valentine's Eve, used to scoop out the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, fill the cavity with salt, then swallow it complete with shell. Until morning, they neither drank

nor spoke, but their reward was supposed to be a vision of their future husband.

WHEN her sister was in Venice recently, an Essex reader tells us, she heard for the first time the legend of how the design for the local lace-work originated. Many years ago, a young sailor gave his sweetheart a rare and beautiful sea-fern before he left on his first long voyage, from which he never returned. To keep her memory evergreen, the girl copied the delicate tracery of the fern in white lace thread. It was so beautiful that other lace-workers used the design. And today some of the most famous Venetian lace is said to be a variation of the pattern.

A NORWEGIAN reader who has come to England for a year to teach in an infants' school asks an interesting question. During her first week as a teacher, one little boy in her class stroked her elbow and told her with a smile: "I love your fat arms." Another climbed unbidden on to her knee and said: "I want to kiss you, and kiss you and kiss you." If Englishmen at the age of five, she asks, are outspokenly affectionate, why do they later become so very reserved?

Let's fall in love

Poets write about it, singers sing about it, and February 14 is here again to celebrate it because, as we all know, it's love that makes the world go round. And when a boy meets a girl and his heart starts to beat a little faster, even a rhinoceros skin won't be able to protect him from the power of Cupid's swift and penetrating dart.



HOW A PERFECT MARRIAGE CAN RUIN YOUR HANDS



WIFE keeps everything clean and spotless and shining and bright



HUSBAND keeps the home papered and painted and newly decorated



But the unfair fact remains: the more you use your hands, the more you can ruin your hands. Hands need to be looked after *before* anything can spoil them—*before* you use them. Atrixo hand care is made to be used before you use your hands.

This way Atrixo **Keeps Out Roughness**—guards hands against grime, grease and water. **Keeps In Smoothness**—actually feeds hands nourishing oils. Keep some handy and, remember:

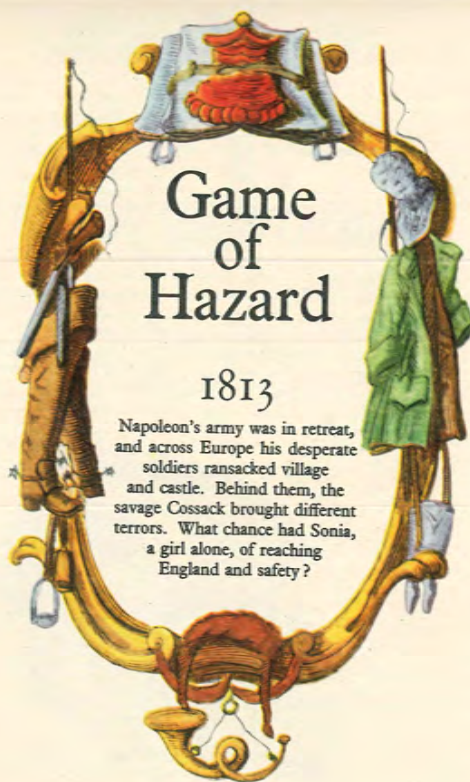
BEFORE YOU USE YOUR HANDS—USE



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IT KEEPS HANDS SMOOTH AND PRESENTABLE



Napoleon's army was in retreat, and across Europe his desperate soldiers ransacked village and castle. Behind them, the savage Cossack brought different terrors. What chance had Sonia, a girl alone, of reaching England and safety?

Beginning a stirring serial of romance and danger in the closing months of the First Empire
by JANE AIKEN HODGE

MISS BARRYMORE'S voice came faintly from somewhere inside the castle. "Sonia! Sonia!" Then, nearer: "It's time for your music lesson."

Sonia von Hugel took no notice. She had found where the castle cat had hidden her kittens and now, sitting on the floor of a turret above the stables, she was playing with them.

She was tired of music lessons, tired of being cooped up indoors. The sun was shining, the first time for weeks, and her father had forbidden her to leave the castle.

A battle had been fought a few days ago somewhere beyond the mountains at Leipsic. At first, Father had been incredulous. That Napoleon might have been beaten at last was surely too good to be true.

Father had double cause to hate the French Emperor. The loss of his estates in Hanover had been bad enough, and then, on top of that, had come his son's death.

Compelled to join Napoleon's army, Frederic had set off to help him add Russia to his conquests. There had been one letter, from Moscow, then—nothing.

That had been almost a year ago now. Poor Frederic—and poor Father. Frederic had been just like him, a sportsman, unromantic, short-tempered, and often impatient with what he called her whimsies.

Only he called them *launen* since, like his father, he thought English a ridiculous language.

Only Sonia, faithful to her mother's memory, spoke it by preference.

"Sonia! Sonia!" Her governess's voice chimed in with her thoughts. She moved forward to peer down through the turret's narrow windows into the castle courtyard. Miss Barrymore was standing at the main doorway, autumn sunshine glinting in her red-brown hair.

Sonia experienced a little shock of surprise. Dear old Barry looked actually handsome today, despite that ridiculous coronet of plaits. Old? Well, thirty at least, and to Sonia, at seventeen, anyone over twenty-one was old.

"I can't find her anywhere, Baron." Miss Barrymore was speaking to Sonia's father.

He shrugged broad, leather-clad shoulders. "Thinks herself too old for lessons, I suppose. But she's not left the castle. I told the gatekeeper to see she didn't. If the French are really in retreat, this is no time for her to be roaming about the countryside."

"You think there is danger?"

"Afraid, Miss Barrymore?"

"Sometimes it is sensible to be afraid, Baron."

"For women, perhaps. But they've never come

up this high before. I only wish some of the murdering ruffians would come this way. I have a score to settle with them." His hand lingered for a moment on the butt of the gun in his belt.

Her cool grey eyes took him in, from leather jacket to shabby boots. "That is precisely what I am afraid of."

She turned away. "But as you say, there is no reason why they should come this way. I just wish I knew where that child was." And, raising her voice, she called once more, in English: "Sonia, where are you, child?"

Sonia put down the kittens. She was too fond of Barry to let her worry. She bent forward to call down from the little window, then hesitated; it was too good a hiding place to be given away so lightly.

She was shaking dust from her skirts before climbing down the tiny, twisting stairs when a new noise brought her hurrying back to the window.

Something was happening outside the closed main gate of the castle. There were shouts, and then, sudden and horrifying in the still autumn air, a shot. She could see nothing, and neither could Miss Barrymore or Father, who stood, as if petrified, gazing at each other on the steps below the castle door.

Now there came a loud knocking on the main gate and shouts from outside in French and then in halting German: "Open up! Open up in there!"

Father and Miss Barrymore still stood immobile,

staring at each other. Then: "Best open to them," said Barry after a moment.

"Never!" Father was priming his gun.

"Open up!" German again. "Or we will break the gate down and it will be the worse for you."

And then a little, horrid pause.

"There must be a great many of them," said Miss Barrymore. "For the child's sake, open!"

Father's face was red with rage. "I'd rather die." And then, as she made a sudden dart forward towards the gate: "No you don't."

Caught in his furious grip, she raised her head and shouted: "Sonia, if you can hear me, hide!"

Now there was a new noise from beyond the gate. Sonia could hear a voice counting in French: "One, two, three!" And then a tremendous crash. The hinges of the gate, rusty with age, had yielded to the pressure from outside and a group of French soldiers almost fell into the courtyard.

Sonia caught her breath at sight of them. She had seen French infantrymen often enough during her country's long vassalage, but never any who looked like this.

Their uniforms hung in tatters; some had lost their shakos, others had wounds wrapped in blood-drenched rags, but worst of all were their faces, grimed black with powder and drawn with the fatigue of their long retreat.

A sergeant pushed forward. "You're the

continued overleaf

"The Battle of Leipsic, 1813." Contemporary print by courtesy of B. Weirich Prints and Maps Ltd., 39 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.



Sonia had heard from her father of the battle fought a few days ago beyond the mountains at Leipsic. But it was surely too good to be true that Napoleon might have been beaten?

bottled beauty

In every skin product there's a touch of magic, says Anne Marsh



Today, when experts have given so much research to beauty products, it is easier than ever before to look attractive. It is mainly a matter of choosing the right products for your particular skin type and using them regularly. This list gives you a general idea of some of the most important of them and what they can do.

CLEANSERS

These are essential for every woman, whether or not she uses make-up. Choose a creamy type if your skin is dry, a liquefying cream or a spirit cleanser such as Cosmedin for an oily skin. Use the cleanser generously until the cotton wool, tissue or face square on which you apply it is absolutely clean. This way your skin will stay spotless—and spot free, too.

SKIN FRESHENERS

Skin tonics or one of the milder skin fresheners are suitable for most types of skin with the exception of those which are exceedingly dry and sensitive. They should be applied immediately following cleansing and are wonderful for toning

and refining the skin, closing the pores, and removing final traces of cleanser.

MOISTURIZERS

These help the skin to retain natural moisture. They are vital for a dry skin or for the older woman and should be used lightly under a foundation. If you don't use make-up use them generously. Newest is Goya's Golden Girl Magic Moisture at 7s. 6d.

FOUNDATIONS

A good foundation protects your skin, covers tiny blemishes, and provides a smooth, even base for powder. For a dry skin, use a moisturizer under your foundation. Whatever foundation you use, blend it sparingly and lightly.

SKIN FOODS

There are many different kinds of skin food and it is important to choose the right one for your particular complexion type. Dry, flaky skins, lacking oil, often require a light cream with an oily base, while a mature skin with deeply etched lines may well need a cream containing

specialized ingredients. Even inexpensive skin foods such as Yardley's Improved Skin Food or Coty's Vitamin A-D Complex Cream, may contain added vitamins. Newest skin foods are liquid and very easily applied. Look out for Ardena Liquid Night Cream, Cyclax Emollia and Coty's Notturna.

HORMONE PREPARATIONS

We manufacture hormones of different kinds in our bodies. As we age, our skins receive fewer hormones and deteriorate, but a good hormone cream or lotion will sometimes correct the deficiency. Although hormone creams can be expensive, Endocil is excellent at 6s. 6d. a tube.

SPECIAL SKIN PREPARATIONS

These are the expensive products which contain various biological or chemical ingredients other than hormones. Lancôme's Juvénale, Germaine Monteil's Super-Royal Cream, Orlane's Bio-Catalys, Rose Laird's Thelane "4" and Eterna 27 are all in cream form, while Lancaster Tissue Serum "V" and Anna Pegova's Bio Dermo Serum come in ampoules;

these products plump out the tiny cells, giving the skin a more youthful appearance. They go a long way and, for a neglected skin, can work wonders.

WRINKLE-SMOOTHING LOTIONS

Made from natural proteins, these lotions work by invisibly lining grooves and wrinkles so that they are no longer obvious. The effects normally last for anything between two and eight hours. First on the scene was Magic Secret; latest and cheapest is Smooth Skin. Revlon, Coty and Dorothy Gray also produce these lotions. None of them will actually remove lines—only disguise them. These lotions are quite safe but are not recommended for people who suffer from any allergies, nor should they be applied to a broken or inflamed skin.

If you have a beauty query, write to me, Anne Marsh, WOMAN'S REALM, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For those of you who enjoy entering competitions, there is a chance to win a Revelation case filled with Morny products in the March issue of EVERYWOMAN.



The Sunday Cook

For the nicest, most leisurely, day of the week, Susan King chooses dishes with a difference for breakfast, lunch and tea



Sunday is the only day of the week when most families can really take time over meals. So start with a leisurely breakfast—one that is a little more substantial and interesting than those served during the week. Below are several good ideas for breakfast dishes. Each one is a little unusual and makes a change from eggs and bacon.

Poached Egg Circles. Form thin haddock fillets into circles. Break an egg into centre of each. Poach for 5 mins., or until eggs are firm and fish tender.

Egg Scramble. Add fried chopped mushrooms and fried bacon pieces to scrambled egg. Stir in tomato ketchup to taste and serve on some hot buttered toast.

ROAST COLLAR OF BACON

Cost: about 9s. 3d.
Approximate preparation time: 15 mins.
(plus overnight standing)
Cooking time: 1 hour 28 mins.
Enough for six

2-lb. piece of bacon (collar)
1 bay leaf
4 white peppercorns
2 oz. Demerara sugar
salt and pepper
3 medium-sized cooking apples
1 oz. butter.

Soak the bacon in cold fresh water overnight.
Next day, drain; discard water.
Put bacon in a large saucepan with bay leaf and peppercorns

and cover with fresh cold water. Bring to the boil and simmer gently for about 1 hour or until tender.
Twenty minutes before end of cooking time, turn on oven; set at moderately hot, 400 deg. F. (Mark 6).
When cooked, drain bacon well. Remove rind. Put bacon in a roasting tin and sprinkle the fat surface with the sugar and salt and pepper. Brown in the oven for 25 mins.
Ten minutes before end of cooking time, wash and core the apples. Cut into 1-in. thick slices. Melt the butter in a frying pan and fry the apple slices for 2 mins. a side, or until golden. Serve the bacon hot with the

Bacon and Sausage Sandwiches. Dip bread slices in beaten egg and milk. Sandwich with fried bacon rashers and slices of cooked sausage. Fry in margarine until golden on both sides.

Baked Cheesy Eggs. Put some fried chopped mushrooms in base of an ovenproof dish. Break over some eggs; cover with grated cheese and bake for 15 mins., or until eggs are firm in centre of moderate oven, 350 deg. F. (Mark 4).

Kidney Omelettes. Prepare kidneys for cooking and fry lightly with chopped mushrooms. Add to beaten eggs and some milk; season lightly—cook as for omelettes.

golden butter-fried apple slices.
Use any cut of lean bacon.

PORK WITH APPLES

Cost: about 12s.
Approximate preparation time: 25 mins.
(plus overnight standing)
Cooking time: 1 hour 10 mins.
Enough for four

2 oz. cheapest prunes
2-lb. piece spare rib of pork
salt and pepper
½ oz. lard
4 medium-sized cooking apples
1 oz. currants, cleaned
2 oz. fresh white breadcrumbs
½ level teaspoon mixed dried herbs
juice of ½ a lemon.

Soak the prunes in cold water overnight.
Turn on oven; set at moderate, 375 deg. F. (Mark 5). Have ready a large roasting tin.
Wipe the meat with a damp, clean cloth. Season well with

more recipes on page 20

A wonderful tea-time spread includes fruit-filled Meringue Gâteau, Lemon and Orange Trifles, Savoury Ham Scones, Iced Tea Loaf and Crumpets. Recipes on this page and on page 20.



The Sunday Cook

continued



continued from page 18

salt and pepper. Score any skin with a knife. Rub skin with salt, then with lard. This gives crisp crackling. Put meat in tin; do not add any fat. Cook for 1 hour 10 mins.

To test if done, pierce flesh with knife. If pink juices run, meat is not cooked. Cook longer.

While meat is cooking, wash apples and cut them in half, across the core. Do not peel. Remove cores. Drain and chop the prunes, discarding stones. Put into a bowl with currants, breadcrumbs, mixed dried herbs and lemon juice. Mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Stuff the centre of each apple half with this mixture. Place around the meat 35-40 mins. before the end of the cooking time, basting with fat.

RAISIN-STUFFED SHOULDER OF LAMB

Cost: about 11s. 10d. (using imported meat)

Approximate preparation time: 25 mins.
Cooking time: 1 hour 40 mins.
Enough for six to eight

3-lb. piece of shoulder of lamb, boned
4 oz. fresh white breadcrumbs
2 oz. stoned raisins, cleaned
1 level teaspoon chopped parsley
1 level teaspoon chopped dried mint
grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
4 rashers thin streaky bacon
1 medium egg, lightly beaten
salt and pepper
3 oz. lard.

Turn on oven; set at moderately hot, 400 deg. F. (Mark 6). Have ready a large meat tin. Wipe the meat.

Put the breadcrumbs, raisins, chopped parsley, dried mint and lemon rind into a bowl. Remove and discard rind from bacon; chop bacon finely. Add to bowl with egg, lemon juice and a little water to make stiff paste. Season to taste.

Spread the stuffing down the centre of meat and roll it up. Secure with string. Place in meat tin; spread lard over meat.

Cook in centre of pre-heated oven for 1 hour 40 mins., or until cooked, turning oven down to moderate, 350 deg. F. (Mark 4) after 30 mins. cooking. Remove the string before serving.

SAVOURY HAM SCONES

Cost: about 2s. 3d.
Approximate preparation time: 25 mins.
Cooking time: 12-15 mins.
Makes 8 scones

8 oz. plain flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ rounded teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1 rounded teaspoon cream of tartar
pinch of salt
1 level teaspoon mixed dried herbs
1 standard egg, beaten
milk to mix
2 oz. cooked ham
2 large tomatoes.

Turn on oven; set at hot, 450 deg. F. (Mark 8). Grease a large baking sheet.

Sift the flour, bicarbonate of soda, cream of tartar and salt into a bowl. Stir in the dried herbs. Add egg and milk to make a stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board; roll out to a quarter of an inch in thickness. Cut out 8 rounds using a 3-in. round cutter. Brush tops with milk. Bake in centre of pre-heated oven for 12-15 mins. Cool. Meanwhile, cut ham into neat squares and roll up. Wash and slice the tomatoes. When scones are cold, cut in half and butter. Fill with tomato and ham.

ICED TEA LOAF

Cost: about 2s. 9d.
Approximate preparation time: 40 mins.
(plus 1 hour standing)
Cooking time: 45 mins.

1 lb. plain flour
pinch of salt
2 oz. margarine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fresh yeast or
1 level dessertspoon dried yeast
1 level teaspoon caster sugar
approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
2 oz. glacé cherries
2 oz. angelica
4 oz. icing sugar, sifted.

Sift the flour and salt into a warm bowl. Add the margarine and rub in until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs.

If you use fresh yeast, cream it with 1 level teaspoon of caster sugar. Stir in half the milk and stir into the dry ingredients with rest of milk until a fairly stiff dough is formed.

If you use dried yeast, heat all the milk slightly and pour into a small bowl or jug. Sprinkle the dried yeast and 1 level

teaspoon of caster sugar on top and leave for 15 mins., or until the top is covered with bubbles. Add to the dry ingredients and stir until a fairly stiff dough is formed.

Turn on to a floured board and knead for 5 mins. Return dough to a clean bowl and cover with a warm tea-towel. Stand dough in a warm place until double in size—about 45 mins.

Turn on to a floured board; knead dough for 5 mins. Grease and flour a 2-lb. loaf tin.

Wash, dry and roughly chop the cherries and angelica. Knead lightly into the dough.

Place the dough in prepared tin. Leave in a warm place until the dough rises to the top of tin.

Meanwhile, turn on oven; set at moderately hot, 425 deg. F. (Mark 7). When the dough has risen, bake in centre of pre-heated oven for 45 mins., or until golden. To test if done remove it from tin; tap the loaf base; it should sound hollow. Cool loaf.

Mix the icing sugar with enough cold water to make a fairly runny consistency. When the loaf is cold, ice the top and leave to set.

LEMON AND ORANGE TRIFLES

Cost: about 5s. 7d.
Approximate preparation time: 17 mins.
(plus 30 mins. standing)
Cooking time: 5 mins.
Enough for four

4 small sponge trifle cakes
11-oz. tin mandarin oranges
3 rounded dessertspoons custard powder
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. caster sugar
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk
1 small orange
few drops orange colouring
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. carton double cream, whipped.

Cut cakes into small pieces; divide between four glasses. Drain the oranges (reserve juice) and arrange segments over cakes. Pour juice over cakes. Blend the custard powder and sugar with a little milk. Put the rest of milk in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Pour on to the blended custard powder; return to saucepan. Bring to boil; stir until thickened.

Allow custard to cool slightly. Divide half of it between the glasses. Squeeze juice from orange; strain into remaining custard; colour orange.

When the plain custard has set, pour on the orange custard and allow this to set.

Put cream into piping bag fitted with star nozzle, and pipe cream on top. Or spoon on.

MERINGUE GATEAU

Cost: about 6s. 3d.
Approximate preparation time: 50 mins.
Cooking time: 4-5 hours
Enough for six to eight

4 large egg whites
8 oz. caster sugar
8-oz. tin peach slices
8-oz. tin cherries
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. carton double cream
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. carton single cream.

Turn on oven at lowest setting. Grease 3 baking sheets; line with greaseproof paper and brush with oil.

Whisk egg whites in a bowl until stiff and standing in peaks. Add half the sugar and whisk again until stiff. Fold in the remaining sugar carefully, using a metal spoon. Put into a large piping bag fitted with a medium-sized plain piping nozzle.

Draw a 7-in. circle on each piece of greaseproof paper. Pipe a circle on each. Fill in the centres with meringue, smoothing with a small palette knife.

Place in the warm oven; leave for about 4-5 hours or overnight. When completely dry, cool.

Drain the peach slices and cherries. Halve and stone cherries. Whip creams together until thick. Place the cream in a piping bag fitted with small star pipe. Pipe stars around outer edge of one meringue round and pipe a little cream in the centre.

Arrange some halved cherries around edge of the piped cream, reserving one third of cherries.

Place second meringue round on top and pipe with cream as before. Cover with remaining meringue round. Arrange the peach slices around edge of round, as in picture, page 19; place cherry between each slice. Pipe a circle of rosettes around the edge and on top—see picture on page 19.

HOME-MADE CRUMPETS

Cost: about 10d.
Approximate preparation time: 20 mins.
(plus 1 hour 10 mins. standing)
Cooking time: 24 mins.
Makes 9 crumpets

8 oz. plain flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. fresh yeast or
1 level dessertspoon dried yeast
 $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon caster sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm water
pinch bicarbonate of soda
1 oz. lard.

Sift the flour and salt. Cream fresh yeast with the sugar. Stir in milk and water. Add to flour to form a soft batter-like mixture. If dried yeast is used, place the sugar, warm milk and water in a bowl and sprinkle on the dried yeast. Leave for 15 mins. or until thick and frothy.

Add liquid to flour and beat to form a soft batter.

Cover with a damp, warm, tea-towel and leave in a warm place for 40 mins. for mixture to double its size.

Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in 1 tablespoon warm water and add to the mixture. Beat well. Cover with the tea-towel; leave in a warm place for 30 mins.

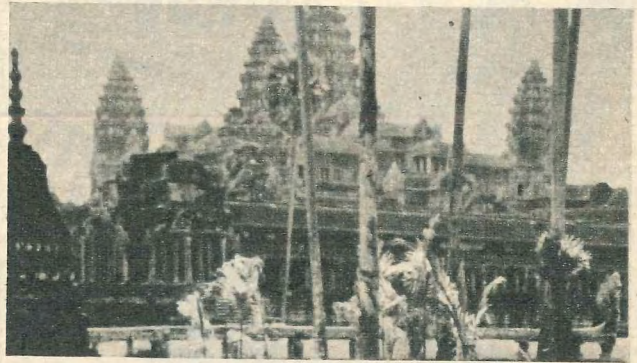
Melt the lard in a large heavy frying pan; pour off melted lard and reserve. Grease three 3-in. plain cutters. Place the cutters in the pan and pour in enough of the batter to cover the bottom of each cutter to a depth of $\frac{1}{4}$ -in.

Cook gently for 5 mins., or until top is set and bubbles burst. Turn; cook gently for 3 mins. Repeat with rest of mixture, to make 9 crumpets, greasing pan in between.

Serve toasted, with butter.

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may I help you?

Clare Shepherd invites your questions



Address your letters to Clare Shepherd, WOMAN'S REALM, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. If you would like a reply by post, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. All letters will be treated in the utmost confidence and your identity will never be disclosed



A WORRIED reader wrote to me: "We gave our consent to our daughter's marriage when she was seventeen. Now she is twenty and has two young babies, but she has had a terrible time with the man she married. She left him recently and is living at home with us. She says she wants to divorce her husband and marry another man, who does seem to be everything her husband is not—good, kind and fond of the children. However, my husband and I have always been against divorce and do not know whether to give our consent or not."

This married daughter, although she is under twenty-one, does not need her parents' consent before she obtains a divorce or re-marries, the decision must be hers alone, and she must do what she thinks is best for herself and her two young children.

If these parents can give their daughter and her two babies a home for a while, then the best thing they can do is to try to persuade her not to be in too much of a hurry to come to a decision. She has been married, borne two children and left her husband within three years. She now needs time to think quietly about the future. Divorce should never be undertaken lightly, especially where children are concerned, but few people would wish to condemn a girl of twenty to a totally unsuitable and unhappy marriage for the rest of her life.

Clare Shepherd

PLEASE could you help me as my life has become so miserable since I came to live with my daughter and her family last year. They got me to sell my home and said they would look after me as I am eighty and partly crippled, but they don't care about me. I have a small bed in the living room, which is always very noisy with loud pop music and TV, and I don't get the food I should have although I pay my daughter for my keep. I never thought my family could be so cruel. I have been good to them and never interfered but helped them out in any trouble. Now I need them to help me, they don't want to. I have nowhere else to go. A friend has

inquired about old folks' homes, but was told they cost a lot of money so I cannot afford to go to one.

I am sorry to hear you are so unhappy and can see that it would be hard for you to be content in the noisy conditions in which you now live.

It is not true that only people who can afford to pay a lot can be admitted to an old people's home. I suggest you write to the medical officer of health at your local town hall, and ask if a welfare officer can call to see you, as he may be able to arrange for you to live in a home. You could also write to the national assistance office and ask if they would help you.

I do hope you will soon find a place, for you would enjoy peace

and quiet and good food in a properly run home for elderly folk.

MY cousin is soon to be married for the second time, and we wondered if it is customary for wedding presents to be sent for second marriages. We did send a very nice one to him the first time he was married.

Wedding presents should always be sent by those who are invited, even if it is a second marriage.

If you have not been invited to the wedding, you can either send a small gift or write a letter of congratulation.

NEITHER my boy friend nor I have previously believed in "love at first sight" but since experiencing this marvellous feeling after our first meeting, we know it is possible. Do many people fall in love like this?

Yes, of course, there are many cases of love at first sight. But remember that this love may be only physical attraction. If it is to deepen and to last, you should have similar aims and values in life. Good luck to you.

OUR daughter, aged sixteen, likes to go out on a Saturday night. As this is my husband's one evening off from work a week, I don't like her going. Also there are so many rough young people about at the coffee bars and dances, and I don't want her to mix with any of these. How can I make her see this?

Saturday evening is the time young people like to go and meet their friends—of all classes. Even if this is her father's only evening at home, I don't think this will

seem a reasonable argument to a girl of sixteen for staying at home.

My advice is to let your daughter go out, but have definite rules; she must tell you where she is going, how she is getting home, and she must be in by a definite time.

If possible get her to join some well-organized youth club and then encourage her to invite her friends home so that you will know who she is with. It is worrying when teenage daughters want to go out and about during the evening, but so long as they behave properly, I think parents must give them some freedom.

WE are six girls all aged fifteen who have been told that it is possible to have a baby without sexual intercourse. Is this true? Our mothers have not told us the full facts of life, so will you help us please.

There have been cases where women have become pregnant without full sexual intercourse but these are extremely rare.

I suggest you write to the National Marriage Guidance Council, Book Room, 58 Queen Anne St., London, W.1, and ask for leaflets about sex facts for teenage girls.

EVEN though we are very much in love and have been married for only two months, my husband and I often quarrel over little things. How can we avoid this?

Marriage means learning to live in peace and love with a person of the opposite sex. This is quite difficult and needs tolerance and forbearance on both sides.

It takes two to make a quarrel and perhaps you should both learn to count to three before beginning an argument. But if you make up and love each other afterwards, an occasional row does not matter.

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