

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 27, 1958

## Santa Claus is a bureau in Denmark

Santa Claus is a slickly-operating bureau in Denmark. A "delighted-to-have-your-letter" department which brings a warm word every Christmas to children all over the world.

The department is staffed by three dozen schoolchildren. A Scandinavian airline provides the envelopes and stamps.

Their annual mission: sending Santa's "personal" greetings to every one of the 40,000 children who each year address a letter to "Santa Claus, Greenland, c/o Denmark."

It all started in 1948 in the Greenland Department of the Chief Post Office in Copenhagen, where a young girl called Gerda Stauning was busily sorting out Christmas mail.

Suddenly, she turned up a letter addressed to "Mr. Santa Claus, Greenland." She put it aside. Then came another. And another. Soon there were 29 in all.

Miss Stauning looked at the letters for a long time. Should she defer them for returning? Instead, she took them home, opened them and replied with Santa's "warmest greetings."

One of her replies reached a little village in Essex, England. It was shown to a local newspaper. The newspaper gave it headlines, the Danish Tourist Association took note—and the scheme was launched.

Over the years, the number of letters multiplied. Last year, there were nearly 40,000.

Dealing with the letters is a much sought-after job among the Danish secondary school-children. But there is no scope for initiative in the replies, for the children's task is simply to sort out the legible from the illegible, the genuine from the joke, and to address the reply envelopes.

Sometimes, the Santa Claus Department is called "Heart-break Corner." The name comes from letters like this: "Dear Father Christmas —

"Could you please find a bed in a sanatorium for my big sick brother?"

Or this, from Brentwood, in Essex:

"I don't want a mama dolly

or a teddy bear for Christmas. Please could you give my Mummy and Daddy a house instead."

But many of the letters provide a clear (and sometimes startling) insight into the foibles, fears and adorations of the younger generation.

Pat, aged eight, lists her own requests (for a doll's pram, roller skates and a teddy-bear to hug) then says:

"My brother would also like someone to hug. He says Marilyn Monroe would be fine, so please see if you could get her for him."

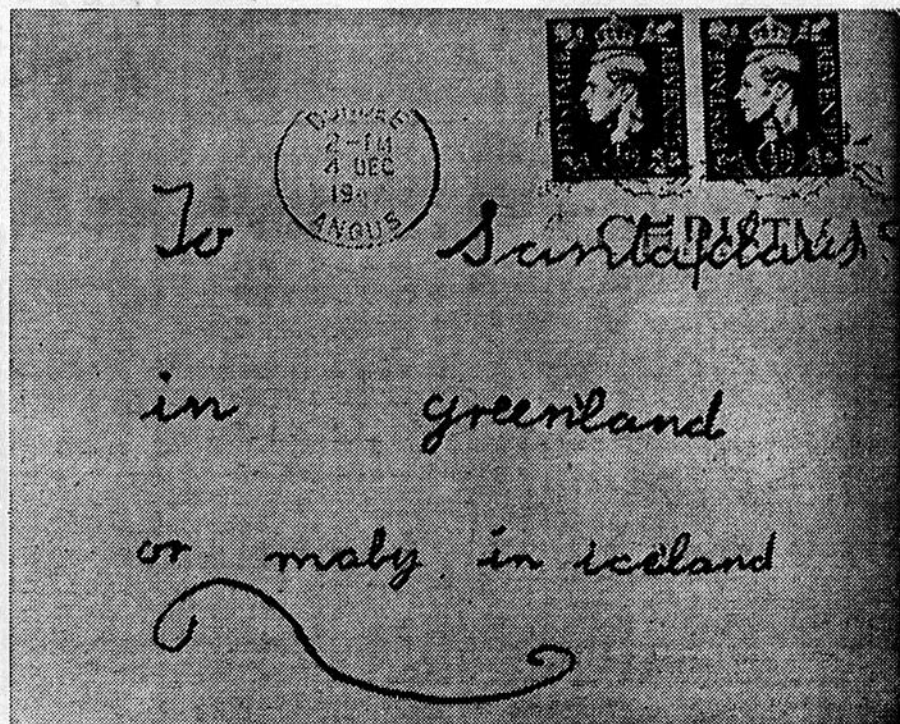
"He is 21, and he says that he would not need another Xmas present if he gets Marilyn."

From Karl, in West Germany:

"I want a train, a jeep and a dog that talks. P. S. If you need sum money, just take it out of my dad's pants pocket. He's a captain and is loaded."

Many letters tempt Santa with food and drink, like that of David's, aged six, of Birkenhead: "I will leave you some coffee, a mince pie and a sugar lump for Rudolph."

Even Mrs. Santa is catered for: "If you bring your wife, please tell me then I can put two lots hot chocolate."



EVERY YEAR thousands of children all over the world write to Santa Claus. Often they address their letters to "Fairyland". One little girl in Dundee, Scotland, was not sure — but she was taking no chances. Her letter, you will be glad to know, was safely delivered.

Some letters are faintly sinister, like the request of one six-year-old who asks for a "bulldozer, a cement mixer and some Egyptian mummy books."

Others are plainly threatening:

"Dere Santa Claus —

"I would like a naregun, sum bulets and a target. I no you are a kind man, but if you dont bring them I will by them myself when older and wate for you at the chimley."

Some children are worried about Santa's travelling powers. Margaret, "c/o British Consulate-General, Haifa," reminds Santa that he will have

to get a visa to visit her home.

Is there a repentant note in the letter from Kenneth, of Water-street, Middleton (England) who, discreetly reminding Santa of the name above the local toyshop, adds:

"Could you send a dummy for my brother and sum soap for my dirty face?"

But the children generally keep up with scientific progress. Last year, it was rockets and airplanes. This year, it will undoubtedly be sputniks and guided missiles.

Even so, the most popular requests from the youngest are for "a napple, a norg and sum sweets," and from the

older, toy construction outfits.

Also much appreciated are cowboy and policeman sets, lorries, toy trains and air-fields, and something called "a oof-oof."

Books and clothing are rarely mentioned.

The record for brevity must go to Leila, of Sheffield, who requests (perhaps after a chiding?): "Ples cood I hev a new daddy."

And the record for optimism to Wallace, of East London, who demands a "grate big station in Ostralia so I can use my airgun."

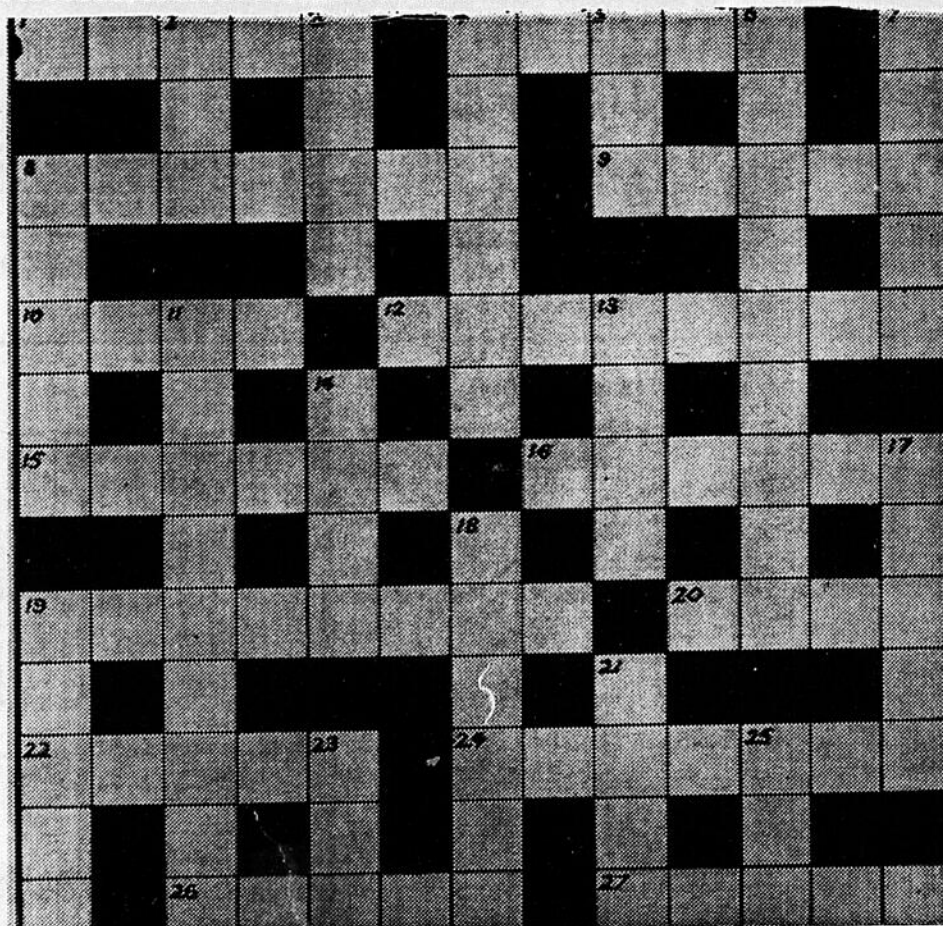
The addresses on the letters (continued on page 4)

### Across

- 1 and 4. Reindeer draw his sleigh (5, 5)
8. She probably sings carols at Christmas (7)
9. He makes us laugh at the circus (5)
10. Crackers often contain them (4)
12. They're for Shrove Tuesday really—unless Wendy bakes them for Peter! (8)
15. Sailor, popular in 11 (6)
16. Many letters to 1, 4 across, are (6)
19. Children hope to enjoy it and 27 should keep it! (4, 4)
20. Too slow to conceal a northern capital (4)
22. Sage companion? (5)
24. Where the Christmas pudding is prepared (7)
26. Entertainment begins with this (5)
27. The shepherds kept theirs by night (5)

(answer on page 3)

## A Christmas Crossword



### Down

2. Peter's turn for a card game! (3)
3. Sorry, a lass isn't all there (4)
4. Many Christmas services are fully this (5)
5. Joan's village; Archer doesn't want her (3)
6. They are hung up on Christmas Eve (9)
7. Three brought gifts to Bethlehem (5)
8. However many does 1, 4 across, transport? (5)
11. Characteristic Christmas entertainment (9)
13. He presides in the 24 (4)
14. Every actor in 11 hopes for a good one (4)
17. "Come, let's — our sorrows" (5)
18. He hopes for a present of cigarettes or tobacco (6)
19. 11 girl, and an alternative to turkey (5)
21. Confection which may include 22 (4)
23. The last of that ice-cream cornet! (3)
25. How 21 should be served? (3)

# FUNLAND

by A.W. NUGENT

**T**RY TO FINISH THE INCOMPLETE WORDS BY ADDING THE NAMES OF TWELVE ANIMALS. THE DASHES INDICATE THE MISSING LETTERS. "LION" WILL COMPLETE "DANDYLION" TO GIVE YOU A START.



- 1 DANDELION
- 2 ---ARD
- 3 ---CHER
- 4 ---GER
- 5 GR---S
- 6 ---ROD
- 7 ---EE
- 8 S---S
- 9 ---WOOD
- 10 ---ES
- 11 B---ES
- 12 ---DED

2. COWARD 3. CATHER 4. STAGGER 5. GRAPES 6. RANROB 7. GOATE 8. SHARPS 9. DOORWAY 10. RATES 11. BOXES 12. BARBERS

# PICTURE ARITHMETIC



- 5 + 5 = 10
- 4 x 4 = 16
- 15 + 3 = 18
- 25 - 6 = 19
- 16 + 7 = 23
- 5 x 4 = 20
- 31 - 5 = 26
- 2 x 11 = 22
- 9 + 8 = 17
- 2 x 7 = 14
- 27 + 3 = 30
- 20 - 7 = 13
- 18 + 3 = 21
- 5 + 6 = 11
- 9 x 2 = 18
- 7 x 3 = 21
- 3 x 5 = 15
- 16 + 4 = 20
- 5 x 5 = 25
- 18 - 6 = 12
- 21 + 3 = 24
- 12 - 10 = 2
- 4 x 2 = 8
- 12 + 4 = 16
- 2 x 12 = 24
- 6 - 5 = 1
- 3 x 9 = 27

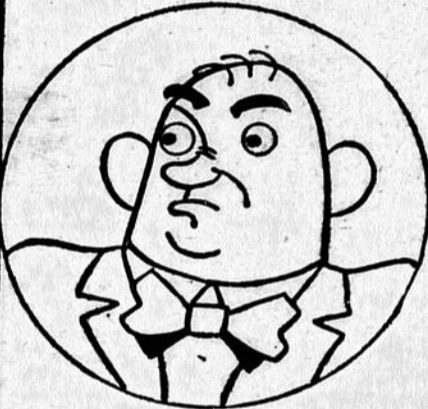
**F**IRST WRITE IN THE ANSWERS TO THESE SIMPLE PROBLEMS.

10. 15. 20. 25. 30. 35. 40. 45. 50. 55. 60. 65. 70. 75. 80. 85. 90. 95. 100.

**F**INALLY JOIN ALL THE DOTS IN THIS CIRCLE, IN THE EXACT ORDER OF YOUR ANSWERS IN THE COLUMN READING DOWNWARD, TO DRAW BILL'S PET.

A.W. NUGENT

**CAN YOU** DRAW JUST 5 STRAIGHT LINES, FROM BORDER TO BORDER, SO AS TO MAKE EACH LINE PASS THROUGH 3 DIFFERENT NUMBERS? 1-11-59

DRAW THE FIVE LINES THROUGH THESE NUMBERS: 10, 15, 13, 4, 11, 12, 5, 14, 8, 3, 1 AND 9, 7, 2.

**C**ARRIE CASH SPENT HALF OF THE MONEY SHE HAD FOR A DRESS, ONE-THIRD OF THE REMAINDER FOR A HAT AND IS GOING TO SAVE THE REMAINDER, WHICH IS \$20. **H**OW MUCH DID SHE HAVE IN THE BEGINNING? 1-4-59



**WHAT FRUIT IS SUGGESTED HERE?**



**WHAT FISH IS SUGGESTED HERE?**



**KIDDIE CORNER** TOLD THESE NUMBERS FACING A MIRROR, THEY WILL CHANGE TO LETTERS TO SPELL OUT THE NAME OF A COUNTRY.

A 1 A 7 T 8 1 1 A

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8

**WHAT'S MY NAME?** JOIN EACH PAIR OF LIKE-NUMBERED DOTS.

# VIRGIL

by Len Kleis

I ASSISTED A LADY ACROSS THE STREET THIS MORNING.

THAT'S WHAT A KNIGHT IN ARMOR WOULD HAVE DONE.

SHE SAID I WAS EVERY INCH A GENTLEMAN.

SURE!

DID SHE REWARD YOU?

WELL... YES...

SHE TOOK ME IN HER HOUSE AND WIPED MY NOSE.



# THE GHOST OF CASHEN'S GAP

by Henry Lewis

This is the traditional time of the year for sitting by the fire and telling ghost stories. This story is remembered by many people and possibly ranks as the strangest ghost story ever told . . .

The haunting of Cashen's Gap began in the winter of 1931. Farmer James Irving was sitting with his wife in their lonely cottage 750 ft up Dalby Mountain on the west coast of the Isle of Man, where they had lived peacefully and quietly for 14 years. Their 13-year-old daughter Voirrey (Manx for Mary) was in bed upstairs.

Then, "Tap. Tap. Tap." The noise came from the attic which was boarded in. "Must be mice," said the farmer to his wife.

Next day he opened up the ceiling and went into the attic. He found no mice but he did find a little wood carving that had been missing. When dropped on the floor it produced the sort of tap that he had heard the previous night.

That evening the sounds came again. Louder. Then came a running noise. "That's no mouse," said Mr. Irving to his wife.

Then in succession came animal sounds, barks, growls, spitting and hissing, a thump that set pictures on the walls swinging, a noise like a baby starting to talk, more barks and silence.

Mr. Irving waited. Nothing happened. He looked at his wife, then made a barking sound himself. Back came a bark. Mr. Irving meowed. Back came a meow.

And so according to Mr. Irving the Dalby spook, came to Cashen's Gap. The story was to become stranger still.

## THE THING

The "thing" next began to imitate Mr. Irving's voice. And in a matter of weeks was talking like a human, talking in a high-pitched screech.

"What in the name of Heaven can he be?" demanded the frightened farmer. "What in the name of Heaven can he be?" came back the mimicking screech from the walls.

Then it answered the question: "I am a ghost in the form of a weasel and I shall haunt you with weird noises and clanking chains." There was a noise like metal clanking.

"If you are kind to me I will bring you good luck. If you are not kind I shall kill all your poultry. I can get them wherever you put them. I am not evil. I could be if I wanted. You don't know what damage or harm I could do if I were roused. I could kill you all if I liked but I won't."

And to prove it, the self-described ghost in the form of a



weasel began to throw things. Gravel was hurled at the windows from outside. Things were pitched across the rooms indoors.

## RAT POISON

The farmer put down rat poison and the animal screamed and shook the house with great bumps. He hunted with a gun and found nothing. The job was difficult because the house had double walls to guard against draughts and keep it warm. There were spaces between the walls and it was from these spaces that the voice generally came.

By now the farmer's story of the strange happenings at Cashen's Gap had spread. The first reaction was the obvious one. That the Irvings must be going mad.

Yet Mr. Irving was known as a healthy, educated man. Mr. Charles Northwood, a retired cotton broker and a friend of Irving's for many years, dashed to the Island to clear up the business.

He was greeted by the voice of Gef, as the ghost was now called, "Charlie, my old sport!"

Gef went on: "Tell Arthur not to come." (Arthur was Mr. Northwood's son "I'll blow his brains out with a threepenny cartridge." Mr. Northwood was staggered.

Captain Macdonald, a racing motorist, also claimed to have heard Gef screaming and knocking and saying "Hello, everybody."

Two boys from Peel, Harry Hall, 19, and Will Cubbon, 15, told of conversations with Gef. According to Harry when he tossed a penny in the porch Gef called: "Tails," and was right. He tossed again and Gef called correctly. He muffed the next one and Gef screamed: "You didn't turn the penny."

Gef asked Will: can you drive a steam-roller?" "Yes," said Will. "You young rascal," said Gef. "You would put it over a hedge."

## KEEN INTEREST

Reporters and ghost-hunters began to arrive at the lonely farmhouse in droves. Harry Price, one of the most famous ghost hunters alive at the time investigated the case.

And the stories that Irving told them all grew even

stranger. How Gef killed rabbits and left them on the porch.

How Gef would daily discover new words and ask about them: "Jim, what is countenance! Jim, what is a nun?"

How he would read the daily newspapers over Irving's shoulder and scream at him when he opened a letter: "Read it out you fat-headed gnome."

Irving said Gef told him: "Thou wilt never know what I am. I am a freak. I have hands and feet. And if you saw me you would be paralyzed, petrified, mummified, turned into a pillar of salt. I am the fifth dimension. I am the eighth wonder of the world. I can split the atom."

But soon the Irvings were claiming to have caught glimpses of Gef — a weasel-like animal with a long bushy tail and hands like human hands. No one else saw him.

## FIVE YEARS

The haunting, if haunting it were, went on for five years. And the stories grew more remarkable. According to Mr. Irving, Gef knew everything that was going on in the island. He knew the names of horses and when a foal was born. He could describe furniture in houses 20 miles away.

He told Irving all the gossip, saying he had overheard it while riding on buses. Certainly it was difficult to understand how else Irving could have known of conversations on buses.

The islanders, of course, became angry and John Cowley, a mechanic at the Pell bus terminal fixed a contact plate under a bus to electrocute Gef.

Irving was becoming attached to Gef, and told him about it. "Oh, I know all about that," Gef replied. "It's under bus 81." Irving checked. It was!

Stones, some weighing a pound, were thrown at islanders from nowhere. They blamed Gef.

Now Gef told Irving that

he was a mongoose, born on June 7, 1852, and came from Delhi.

The ghost hunters and reporters suspected ventriloquism. The Islanders suspected that Voirrey, the Irvings' daughter, was responsible. But, despite all manner of test and traps, the investigators were unable to get to the bottom of the case. Anyway what could the Irvings gain from a hoax?

And then the case of the talking mongoose reached the High Court. One of the people who had helped investigate it was the then Editor of the BBC paper, The Listener. When a titled man laughed at his interest in the affair, the editor sued him for slander and after a sensational

action reported all over the world, was awarded \$25,000 damages. Later the case was mentioned in the House of Commons. Radio comedians took it up.

But Gef's public career was almost at an end. The Irvings moved away from Cashen's Gap and vanished — at least from public notice.

Gef has never been heard of since. Some islanders believe Gef went with the Irvings. Others believe that he was the odd, polecat-type animal which was trapped and shot in 1947, by Mr. Leslie Graham, the next tenant of Cashen's Gap.

Was Gef a real talking animal? The Irvings claimed to have seen him and that he raided their larder.

Was he a ghost in animal form? No one else ever saw him, despite the number of investigators who searched the farm over a period of many years. Was the whole affair a delusion or a hoax?



## Charm Talk

BY MOLLY SACKS

Weight control is one of the most important rules of health and beauty. The person whose weight stays at a normal level usually enjoys good health and a long life.

Since food is the essential element in human life, and is the fuel which keeps our body operating, the problem in every day living is weight control. If we overeat, we gain and if we eat too little we lose.

It is far healthier to be underweight than overweight. Overweight is a danger signal. Life insurance figures show that overweight people are more prone to heart disease, high blood pressure, diabetes and other serious ailments. Any person who is more than 15% overweight and over the age of forty should visit their doctor for a checkup and diet, for this degree of overweight must be carefully evaluated

before a safe reducing plan is worked out.

More people are fat simply because they overeat. They start out by putting on a few pounds and don't bother to check themselves and their weight increases to the extent where it becomes a problem. If you are one who seriously intends to reduce — whether you mean to lose five pounds or fifty, the important thing to do is to follow a sensible diet and not succumb to easy methods of losing weight. Slow and steady weight reduction is the easiest and safest way to insure your health and beauty.

Follow a diet that contains the right amount of calories, vitamins, proteins and minerals. Eat foods that turn to energy instead of fat. Dieters should eat three nutritional meals a day and at regular hours. — MOLLY SACKS.

## Crossword

### SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1 and 4. Santa Claus. 8. Soprano. 9. Clown. 10. Caps. 12. Pan-cakes. 15. Sinbad. 16. Penned. 19. Good time. 20. (To) O-slo(w). 22. Onion. 24. Kitchen. 26. Entertainment. 27. Watch.

DOWN: 2. Nap. 2. A-las(s). 4. Choral. 5. Arc(her). 6. Stockings. 7. Kings. 8. Sacks. 11. Pantomime. 13. Chef. 14. Part. 17. Drown. 18. Smoker. 19. Goose. 21. Stew. 23. (Cor)net. 25. Hot.

# MY WAR UNDER THE SEA

(Continued from last week)

Zest was added to this operation by the fact that we were on the surface, close to the enemy coast with a flat battery, and for all we knew the hunt still on.

The forward standard still battered about, but finally we lassoed it, lashed it to the ship's side, and endeavoured to cut it adrift.

Men worked in 15-minute shifts, endeavouring to saw through the jumping wire with a hacksaw at arm's length with one hand, while struggling to maintain their precarious position with the other.

Sawing through a heavy serrated steel wire which is jerking about is no light task, and we had only got through one strand when some hours

## by Rear-Admiral BEN BRYANT

C.B., D.S.O. and Two Bars, D.S.C.

later we had to dive because of an aircraft.

Meanwhile Clarke (C.F.O. Tel. Clarke, D.S.M.) had rigged up a makeshift aerial, and I had to report to Flag Officer Submarines that we were useless and coming home.

The code book had a number of phrases and words which could be represented by a single group, but any word not in that limited vocabulary had to be spelled out, a group to each letter.

The longer the signal, the easier for the enemy to fix our position by W/T direction-finding. We had to keep it short. Groups existed for being rammed and coming home, but I wanted also to convey

that we were quite happy and needed no help.

There was no group for happy, but there was one for the port of Blyth. I, ended up: "Blind but Blyth." This caused consternation to the Wren who deciphered it, and she told Max Horton, the Flag Officer, Submarines, that we were making for Blyth, not our base but the nearest home port. Max, however, quickly saw that "blithe" was meant, and grasped the implication.

I was not really so blithe. We were far from out of the wood, even when next night we cut the standard adrift.

Anxiously I watched the preventer wires which I had had fixed to the jumping wire

to prevent it wrapping itself around the propellers and bringing us to an impotent stop. I wished I had had them made stouter, for they looked terribly thin and were subject to chafe. One by one they parted, but the last held until we were going alongside at Port Edgar three days later.

It parted, the jumping wire whipped round the propellers, stopping the motors and ignominiously we rammed the pier, adding a broken nose to the other ravages to Sealion's beauty.

I had been feeling most apprehensive. I had been in collision and hazarded my ship, putting it out of action when we needed every boat we had.

Court martial at least. Their Lordships' severe displeasure loomed menacingly in my mind.

To my amazement, Ruckers, our Captain (S) — now Vice-Admiral Philip Ruck Keene, C.B., C.B.E. — gave me one of his most enthusiastic welcomes.

Embarrassingly we found ourselves heroes, and Admiral Forbes, our C-in-C., found time to hand us out a bouquet, which ran "... in carrying out their offensive patrol right up to the enemy's shore and in successfully extricating their damaged submarine so close to the enemy coast, is worthy of the highest praise. If a tonic is needed when we have so recently suffered the loss of several of our most successful submarines, then Sealion certainly provided it."

## Santa Claus . . .

(continued from page 1)

are varied, but often highly imaginative. One was to "Santa Claus, Toyland, Snowy White Ice Forest, Fairy World Iceland or Greenland." Another was to "Santa, c/o The Seven Dwarfs, Reindeerland."

Whatever the address, postmen in Britain, and in many Commonwealth countries, know where to forward them — to Copenhagen, whether or not the postage is adequate.

And back comes the reply, printed in a wobbly blue hand: "Dear Little Friend,

"I was delighted to have your letter which reached me in my country, Denmark of which Greenland is a part.

"If you are very good, I believe you will have your Christmas wishes fulfilled.

"In any case, I am sure you will be pleased to receive one of the fairy tales written by our Danish story-teller, Hans Christian Andersen . . ."

And so on, into the fairy tale.

Thank-you notes are fairly common:

"Dere Santa  
"Meni thanks fora big red books an fora bloons an chokilts and most of all fora crane of wich works well.

"I dint wont anything better.

"See you again.  
"Peter."

Letters to Santa come in all shapes and sizes, and the decorations at the top range from green-crayoned houses billowing smoke to balloon-like fairies. Some are written on cheap, ruled paper with old sums scratched out on the back; others come on formal note paper.

Those on the formal note paper are usually very polite: "I should be very pleased, sir, if you could come to . . .", and "Nothing could have pleased me better than . . ."

It was a shock, therefore, when one turned up with the blunt protest:

"You silly old man! I said I wanted a TALKING doll!"

Whatever the plea, or the insult or the threat, Denmark's busy Santa Claus Department works on enthusiastically.

But then, it all seems worthwhile when a letter like that of Brian's (Glasgow) comes into the crowded sorting room:

"My frens dint belev in you til your letter came. Now they do and Mummy and Daddy do too now.

"Thank you very very mush Santa Claus."

## What would you choose...

IF you could have anything in the world for Christmas, what would you choose? And where would you spend Christmas?

Eight internationally-known personalities were asked these questions. Their answers were surprising.

**BERYL GREY**, the famous ballerina, the only British dancer ever to perform with the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow, is Mrs. Svend Svendsen in private life, the wife of a Swedish doctor.

"I would love to spend Christmas with my in-laws in Sweden," Miss Grey said. "I have always wanted to see a real Swedish Christmas, but somehow I've always been unable to get there — sometimes because I'm dancing abroad, or on tour.

"In Sweden they celebrate Christmas in a really big way. You have a huge dinner on Christmas Eve, and they all go to church through the snow on sleighs — my small son Ingvar would just love that."

Will Miss Grey manage to spend Christmas 1958 in Sweden?

"I live in hope," she said. What would Miss Grey like best of all for a Christmas present?

"I'd like a little house near the sea on the English South Coast," she said. "We've been searching for one for ages, but it always seems to be the wrong price, or has too many rooms, or too much garden. I have to be fairly near to London so we can't go as far as Devon or Cornwall. But there are just one or two spots on the South Coast that would be ideal, so I'm still hoping something will come up."

**TOMMY STEELE**, the 22-year-old rock 'n roll star from Bermondsey, who used to be a steward on a liner before he was discovered playing his guitar in a Soho coffee bar by a West End showman, has a hankering after going to sea again.

"I'd like to spend Christmas on board the old Mauretania. I used to be swimming-pool attendant on her, and when I was off duty I used to go down into my cabin and practice the old guitar until my fingers bled.

"What I'd like to do is to charter the liner and put all my friends on board as passengers — including a mem-

ber of the crew, Dick Campion, who taught me all I know. I'd take the family along, too, and Anne of course (Anne Donaghue, the 21-year-old actress to whom Tommy is engaged).

"Around Christmas time I reckon we'd be somewhere in the South Seas, but I'd still have the turkey and Christmas pudding and all the trimmings. Christmas wouldn't be quite the same without them."

**JAYNE MANSFIELD'S** choice was completely out of character.

"What I'd like most of all," said Jayne dreamily, "is a Cornish pasty delivered to me each week for a year. When I was a little girl in Pennsylvania, my grannie used to often make me Cornish pasties and I loved them. You know, my family came from Cornwall originally.

"How I miss those pasties today! The people in Hollywood don't know what you are talking about when you mention them. But here in London it is different. My chauffeur knows a lady who makes the most wonderful Cornish pasties, and he brings me along some from time to time."

Jayne was emphatic about where she wanted to spend this Christmas.

"Whatever happens, we're going to spend Christmas right home this year. We've just bought a new house — it is just an empty shell at the moment, but we are going to decorate it and put in a swimming pool.

"We are going to have a real family Christmas, Mike, Jayne-Marie and me. We'll invite my people over, and I'll cook the turkey.

"Last Christmas, Mike (Mike Hargity, her husband) and I were touring the Far East. We spent Christmas Eve in Korea. This Christmas I want to have all the family at home."

"Last year I had two Christmases," said Jayne-Marie Mansfield, who is seven. "Mummy was away at Christmas time, but when she came back we had Christmas all over again."

What would Jayne-Marie like to have as a Christmas present?

"A prancing white charger," said Jayne junior promptly.

ly. "Like one of those lovely horses they have at the changing of the guard at Whitehall. I used to have a little pony, but we had to sell her as I wasn't around to ride her very much. I'm hoping Mummy will buy me another one soon."

A girl who has made horses her career, Pat Smythe, would like a new home for them for her Christmas present.

"I'd like to be given a little estate with a charming house and excellent stables," says Pat. "I'd like a lovely garden with swimming pool and a tennis court, and also a large barn which could be made into an indoor school for horses, and plenty of good paddocks, with safe fences, for grazing, and a flat field with springy turf for a jumping area."

Pat, who lives in a Gloucestershire village when she is not jumping her way round Europe, says that she has little hope of getting her ideal present, but that there is nothing like knowing what she wants.

Pat says she would like to spend the holiday — in the right company — camping by Lake Villarica in Southern Chile.

"It has wonderful scenery with the towering Andes and beautiful lakes and rivers, excellent fishing and perfect peace in ideal mid-summer weather.

**Sir Miles Thomas**, chairman of Monsanto, former chairman of British Overseas Airways and probably Britain's best-known captain of industry, wants to spend Christmas at home with his children and grandchildren.

"I do so much travelling during the year," he says. "That I always make a point of being home for Christmas."

What would he like for a present?

"Although, domestically, we are very happily placed, my ideal Christmas present would be a kitchen furnished with all the latest labour-saving devices, and engineered so that, by time and motion methods, the minimum human exertion would be required to operate it.

"Our present kitchen goes some way towards this ideal, but I have always been firmly of the opinion that liter-

ally millions of woman-hours could be saved in the homes of the world if time and motion study were devoted to the task of not merely preparing a meal but the washing up afterwards.

"I know that the household appliance industry is making practical progress along these lines, but what I have outlined would be a wonderful thing to pass on to one's womenfolk."

**The Duke of Bedford** is probably better known as the man who believes half-crowns mean more than coronets. His ducal home, Woburn in Bedfordshire, attracts record numbers of half-crown visitors each year, and includes such attractions as a pet's corner, a juke-box and boating on the lake, as well as a magnificent collection of paintings.

But what many people do not know is that he had to give up a successful career as a farmer in South Africa when he succeeded to the title (his father died suddenly in 1953).

It was not too hard to guess where he would like to spend his ideal Christmas.

"I'd like to go back to my farm in Africa," he said. "It is about 60 miles from Capetown and I haven't been there for a long time. I miss it very much."

Since the Duke of Bedford has to pay off death duties, amounting in all to over a three million dollars, he might have asked some help from Santa Claus in paying off the debt — but he had other ideas.

"I'd like a helicopter," he said promptly. "I do a great deal of travelling around Britain and I'm so bred with British roads. I could also use it to commute between Woburn and the continent, or wherever I pleased."

**JACK SOLOMONS** had no difficulty at all in making up his mind what he wanted. Jack is Britain's Mister Boxing. Most of the big boxing events in Britain have a Solomons label tagged to them. His stock-in-trade are a midnight blue evening suit, cigars of Churchillian length, and the ability to talk money — big money — all the time, often on the end of a \$3-minute transatlantic telephone.

"The best Christmas present I could imagine would be for a British boxer to win the heavyweight championship of the world," he said.

"And I would like to spend Christmas in an arena watching a promotion of mine when the British boxer wins the title."

## ..for Christmas?

# Buy your wife's gift . . .

by  
**ARTHUR BRITTENDEN**

# IN COMFORT

I WAS trying to drum up some sympathy for myself today over the chore every man hates — doing the Christmas shopping — when a friend said: "Nothing to it! You can have it done for you while you sit back in an armchair and drink a cocktail."

Within seconds I was on my way up Fifth-avenue to the store which lays on this dream service.

At the main entrance was a swarm of women bouncing off one another in the battle to get in or out.

But I went to a side door marked 721 Club For Men Only. A page in a pillbox hat let me in, took my coat, then guided me across one of those lush up-to-your-ankles carpets to the promised armchair.

### EVERYTHING

As the page bowed away a blonde undulated up to me and asked: "What would you like to drink, sir? Martini, Manhattan, Scotch on Rocks?"

I began to wonder if it was the blonde or the drink going to my head as I found myself clutching a brimming, ice-misted glass (which I was told I didn't have to pay for) and heard the blonde asking: "Are you sure you are quite comfortable?"

But she brought me back to earth a second later by asking: "Now what have you in mind for your wife?"

It was then that I looked round the room and realized that its shelves and tables were loaded with whatever my wife might want for Christmas — from a jar of bath salt to a chinchilla stole.

The idea of this store is to put into this room one of everything a man might want to buy a woman. As he sits there each article that takes his fancy is brought to him by a hostess.

### PEARLS TOO

Once a man decides: "Yes, I like that dress" (or that skirt, housecoat, or underwear) all he has to add is: "My wife is a bit taller than you, but not quite so slim"

The hostess then goes off to get the right size, while Steve, the barman, pours another drink.

Some of the men were running up bills of \$1,000.

One man bought a furry toy rabbit, price \$5, with each free martini he sank.

I saw he had also bought a \$1,000 string of pearls, hanging round a rabbit's ear.

### NOT TO WORRY

Some men, of course, are not as quick at choosing as others. Or perhaps they are just slower drinkers. But this is not allowed to cause them a second's worry.

There are telephones around the room where their offices can get hold of them — or a man can ring up his secretary to ask: "What size hat does my wife take?"

Or call his wife to ask: "Has my secretary already got a gold inlaid powder compact?"

Even if his wife replies: "And what's that got to do with you?" there is nothing much else she can do about it. For this room is barred to women.

The official explanation of this is: To preserve the element of surprise . . . so that a wife, fiancée or sister cannot see what is being bought for her.

But one of the hostesses told me: "You couldn't guess at the number of men who come here, saying they want to buy a present for their niece. We never knew there were so many nieces in America."

The men can either pay in cash for their purchases — or an account (to be sent to their business address) is opened for them on the spot if they look honest.

The hostesses are incredibly patient, but a woman executive at the store told me: "Women are supposed to dither over their shopping. But most of the men who come here haven't the vaguest idea what sort of gift they are after."

"We've known them to sit here for four hours with girls parading up and down in one dress after another. Then they walk out with a \$2 scarf."

"Invariably they imagine the woman they are buying for to be smaller and more petite than she really is. So after Christmas, wives and sweethearts come along to get their gifts changed."

I could have stayed in 721 Club for hours myself. But there is so much to see in New York just now as Christmas excitement sets in.

There is a Santa Claus on every street corner. Well, on more than 60 of them.

This can be a bit disconcerting until you know why they are there. They are collecting money to provide Christmas dinners for old people who might not otherwise get one.

### LOT TO LEARN

Each of these Santas (paid 28s. a day plus 7s. for lunch by the charity he works for) is splendidly turned out in scarlet robes, with elastic tucks that fit Santas large and small, and nylon beard which he is supposed to run through soapsuds each night so that it is fresh and white when he sets out each morning.

I talked to one of them as he stood on Broadway, ringing a handbell.

"We have a three-week school before we turn out on this job," he told me. "There is a lot you have to learn before you can be a Santa Claus."

Some of the rules a New York Santa has to remember are:—

- 1—Give special attention to your whiskers.
- 2—Avoid eating garlic and onions.
- 3—Never promise children anything. But send them away hopeful and happy.
- 4—Don't engage in any argument or dispute.
- 5—Don't smoke, eat or drink on duty.
- 6—Never leave your chimney unattended.

The last is the strictest rule of all. For the chimneys of the sidewalk Santas — they are made of wood — are what you drop your money in. And it would be disastrous if Santa went off for a cup of coffee and a



He bought a furry toy rabbit with each free martini.

doughnut and came back to find his chimney had vanished.

So what does he do? He hoists it under his arm and takes it with him.

### LINES JAMMED

I do not know how New York's mothers and fathers explain away 60 Santas to their children. And their task cannot be made any easier by the fact that, at the same time you see a Santa in the street, you can step into a phone booth, dial Yukon 32121, and speak to him "at the North Pole."

This Santa's voice is recorded. So many children ring him up around bedtime that the lines become hopelessly jammed. Nothing could delight the children more because it means they have to stay up a little longer until the lines are clear.

Some of the presents for children this Christmas — you can hardly call them toys — are enough to make anyone but a millionaire blench.

There is a 6ft. 9in. long scale model of a car, costing more than \$1,000, that runs on a small motor at five miles an hour. This "toy" weighs more than 250 pounds.

### THE LAST WORD

The young miss can have

her big moment if Daddy is wealthy and reckless enough to buy her a mink-trimmed pram for her doll. It costs more than \$3,500.

I thought the last word in dolls was the one with eight changes of clothes — among them "an authentic tutu ballerina costume, street dress, strapless evening gown and TV lounging outfit."

But there is another — "The electronic doll" — with a radarlike gear inside it which is beamed to a remote control panel. This 18in. doll, with no visible means of support can walk, run and ride a bicycle.

For boys the shelves are filled with space ships and satellites.

There is a three-stage rocket (\$3.50), driven somehow by a mixture of water and air, which has a push-button control that fires it to 300 feet. Then there is a bank as the first stage falls off, and the rest soars on.

I also saw a four-foot long "atomic cannon," which actually shoots polyethylene shells (\$7.)

Among all these things a cuddly wool dog looks grotesquely old-fashioned — even if it does have a tag sewn to it reading "Laika," the

name of the dog that went up in one of the Russian sputniks.

### HOW MUCH?

How much will the United States spend on its children's toys this Christmas?

The makers are going to be disappointed if it is less than a billion dollars.

If, after that, the grown-ups have anything left to spend on each other, they can send out cards costing up to three guineas each. They bear a Bible message and your name hand-painted.

There is one solemn suggestion in magazines that no husband could do better than give his family a car for Christmas.

Or he can always settle for "A Merry Music Christmas" with a spinet organ at \$2,000.

A husband can also have a telephone (choice of seven colors) fitted for his wife in the kitchen. She can reciprocate by having one put at the bedside for him (nine colors) — with electrically lit dial or a fitted stopwatch, "perfect for timing long-distance calls . . . making impromptu appointments."

Also FOR HIM — a set of

(Continued on Page 7)

## Toys made in Britain having a boom year

THE Christmas spending spree this year promises to provide more toys for the children than ever before. And the preference is for toys stamped "Made in Britain."

"The majority of manufacturers have completely cleared their showrooms to meet the bigger demand," said a spokesman of the British Toy Manufacturers' Association.

Christmas 1958, will climax a year in which British toy-makers expected to achieve a record output, worth about five million more than last year's value of a billion dol-

lars. Exports, which in 1957 amounted to thirty millions of dollars will benefit from the increase.

"It is definitely a boom year," said the spokesman. "There is a bigger demand and people, have bought earlier." Some manufacturers had been "rather embarrassed" by the demand.

### 'VERY CONSERVATIVE'

The consumers' choice is surprising: "Space suits are out. Innovations and gimmicks not to any great proportion. It is dolls for the girls, cowboy-and-Indian outfits and trains for the boys, and cuddly toys for the youngsters. Children are very conservative."

The British boom in toy-making is one of the biggest post-war success stories in light industry. Before the war British manufacturers' production was worth only \$20,000,000, a fraction of this year's record. Expansion has been helped by the renowned German toy-makers who escaped from the Hitler regime.

"We have got some of the best brains of the pre-war German toy trade to help the British trade," said the association's spokesman.

Britain's best customers are Canadians who in 1957 bought British toys worth more than \$3,000,000.

London Express Service

# ROBERT PITMAN ASKS WHY



## ... are we waiting ?

WHILE the ordinary people of Britain relax in their fireside chairs this weekend a portly young man in a Yorkshire town will be desperately at work.

Near him, as he jabs and thumps at his typewriter, baubles will tinkle on the Christmas tree. But that plump, worried author will not hear them.

He will be listening to quite a different Christmas sound — to a carol which whines relentlessly on the winter wind and moans its refrain through the letterbox. The old familiar words of that refrain: "WHY ARE WE WAITING?"

For the author in question is Mr. John Braine, of Bingley, whose first and only novel, *Room at the Top*, appeared in March 1957. And the taunting chorus which he seems to hear comes from all those authors and critics who ask: "Was that success just a flash in the literary pan? When are we going to see

your second novel, Mr. Braine?"

### UNASHAMED

They cannot be blamed for asking.

In the 20 months since he found room at the top with *Room at the Top* John Braine has remained a permanent mote in the public eye.

On television his bulging lips are as familiar as the whiskers of Lenny the Lion. His broader-than-Priestley vowels have droned like trombone notes at a series of literary festivals. Wherever there has been a platform available, Mr. Braine has stepped on to it. He has rushed in where even Bren-

dan Behan fears to tread.

Unashamedly Mr. Braine has enjoyed the publicity. But his fellow authors have not enjoyed it at all.

With cool eye they have read the details of the John Braine success story which has been issued with zest by John Braine.

"I always travel first-class. I never travel by bus when there's a taxi handy. I always stay at a good hotel. And I'm acquiring a taste for brandy and cigars."

Without enthusiasm they have seen him pictured with Simone Signoret on the film set of *Room at the Top*. ("You are all just figments of my

imagination," Braine told the assembled stars. "Just think, a couple of years ago I sat alone in a little room and created you all in my mind—and now you are here.")

It is scarcely a wonder if the older, established authors are not fond of Mr. Braine.

Mr. Somerset Maugham has been scathing about authors of his type.

As guest of honor at a Foyle's Literary Lunch Mr. H. E. Bates set the coffee cups rattling with an anti-Braine onslaught.

### WARNING TALE

Early this year, when I drank whisky with Eric Linklater at his Ross-shire home, he spat out the name

of Braine as if it had been a brand of soft drink.

So what a mixed prospect the coming year offers John Braine. For some time in 1959 his second novel is due.

Bleakly before Braine's eyes flickers the warning tale of Colin Wilson. Once Wilson was a poor, would-be author sleeping out on Hampstead Heath.

Then came his book *The Outsider*. It was obscure and difficult to read. But the seekers after culture concluded it must be pretty profound. It had fabulous success.

Then for the critics who praised Wilson there followed a galling sequel. In his turtle-neck sweater Colin Wilson proceeded to occupy the television screens. He lectured. He spoke at big dinners. His name was everywhere.

The result was inevitable. When Wilson produced his (Continued on Page 7)

## It's Ted Heath ... and his Dad!

by  
**Nancy  
Spain**

THE scene: a dark street outside Wandsworth Prison.

The time: before the First World War. And then the air is suddenly bright with the brassy beat of the Wandsworth Borough Prize Band. Hearts are lifted. Bosoms burst with pride.

And the boy in the trombone section, playing with his head a little on one side, ever so slightly deaf from the din all around him, probably proudest of them all.

His name is Ted Heath. This is his dad's band . . . and that is his dad in front there with the magnificent waxed moustache . . . and Ted himself has already won cups at the Albert Hall . . . and by the time he is his dad's age he will have the bestest band in the land . . .

Bless the boy. Now at the age of 56, Ted is acknowledged (even by the Yanks) to have beaten them at their own game. His entire British band, 12 Englishmen and five Scots, has more Long Playing records on sale than any other band.

Yet he has not turned out brash or brassy himself. He



still speaks in comforting cockney accents.

He says he loves London more than any other place on earth: and he opened his own front door when I drove down to Wimbledon on Common to see him this week.

Once inside the enormous house I was enveloped with coziness.

### BIG SCALE

HE took me into a drawing-room where a coal fire roared. On the grand piano stood the Ivor Novello award, a statuette "for services to music."

"Useful to bonk burglars on the head," said the Heaths. For I was now introduced to Moira, Mrs. Heath, who explained that the Heaths had to have everything on an

enormous scale because of the enormous Heath family . . . five sons and a daughter ringing from the late 20's down to Tim, aged 6.

Moira, who was one of Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies, was dancing in cabaret at the May Fair Hotel when Ted married her.

"Everyone prophesied disaster for us," says Ted comfortably "because I was an ex-street musician, you know, and she was very well educated and her father was a consul in South America."

"But it's worked out marvellously. We have our silver wedding this month, we got married for Christmas, and Martin, our boy who's a jet pilot, is getting married to make it a double event. He's

a great lad, Martin. Wants to do things on his own, make his own way."

The Heath marriage is, like everything else around Ted a simple success. When they had been married a year or so, in the war, they snatched a weekend together and Moira bought Ted a present and left it on his pillow with a little note.

### \$20,000 NOTE

THE note began: "I haven't said thanks for that lovely weekend, those two days of heaven you helped me to spend . . ." and Ted, very touched, set it to music.

"I was playing with Geraldo at the time," he said. "And we made about \$20,000 out of the song, so I decided to get some music of my own."

"First date was in Manchester. It cost \$200 out of fares and things for the boys to get there. Our takings? \$240. So Heath's music started off in the red . . ." Now every one of Ted's boys makes \$200 a week steadily.

"And they surpassed themselves," said Ted. "They played magnificently. Tears were running down my cheeks at the end. They played themselves out though. They were really rotten at the second house."

I got a strange view of the life of the band, travelling in a specially chartered bus.

"Cricket crazy," said Ted "Will play anywhere."

Ted himself is soccer silly. "Every Saturday," he ex- (Continued on Page 7)

# THIS STARLET has a mind of her own

**THEY** all complain about being called starlets, though they usually say they don't want "to be stars too soon."

But Beth Rogan is a starlet, star to be, or aspiring actress, who can at least lay legitimate claim to other professional labels. Like commercial artist.

She is also one of the few starlets who sounds, as well as looks, attractive, whose eloquence statistics include a full-sized mind, whose eloquence is not entirely sensual.

She says: "Acting is more of a challenge to me than painting and drawing."

### HER BOOK

"And I suppose acting is more ego-satisfying. I have to be honest and admit that mine needs a fair amount of satisfying and feeding."

"But if there's no acting to do I go back to the easel."

She has just returned from a holiday in Rome, where she spent some time at the easel. But she was also tested for a film and she may return soon to play in it. It's called "The Soft Life."

About her life as a starlet she is planning to write a book and illustrate it herself. She has some hardish, satirical things to say.

She was under contract to the Rank Organization for two years.

They changed her name from Jennifer Puckle, and she can't blame them for that, though she thinks Beth Rogan makes her sound like a fugitive from an imported TV cowboy serial.

She was too rebellious and individualistic for the Rankery of starlets.

"You have to conform. And

I'm strictly a non-conformist.

"They tried to give me the full treatment and some of it was useful, but not all."

"I got a dose of the Method. I was told once to give myself completely to the table. I remember it was a table with fluted legs."

"I was also sent to a centre to learn how to relax and overcome my inhibitions. The first thing that happened was I was told to lie down while someone ran their fingers over my face and body to find the tension spots."

"I'm still fairly tensed up."

Several members of the Rankery of starlets have been receiving the same treatment in the centre. Its full name is the Centre for Psychosomatic Re-education.

I suggest that some of the Rank executives should also be sent for psychosomatic re-education.



BETH ROGAN . . . "I'M STILL TENSED UP."

## It's Ted Heath . . . and his Dad!

(Continued from Page 6)

plained mildly, "we're off to Fulham to cheer Johnny Haynes on. He's my idol. He's the Fulham and England inside forward. Another great friend is Stanley Matthews."

Ted waved towards the foggy windows. "Outside in the garden we have goal posts. My sons are at it all the time, shooting and dribbling. Yes, I have a go too."

And this was from Ted Heath, the man who discovered Dickie Valentine, Lita Rose, and Dennis Lotis. He also, it seems, turned down Frankie Vaughan.

And then while we were drinking our coffee Ted produced a battered old gramophone record in a tat-

tered brown-paper sleeve. He put it on a magnificent gramophone.

### DRUM GONE

**I**T was the Wandsworth Borough Prize Band, playing "Atlas Those Chimes" and the "Lost Chord."

The noise poured out lugubriously from the Hi-Fi, all the weeping desolation of Wandsworth at its worst . . . the sobbing of the cornet . . . the sad thunder of the drum . . . Ted looked nonplussed.

"I know," he said. "I've got it on the wrong speed. It's playing 33½ instead of 78. I'll speed it up."

He did so. It still seemed pretty sad to me. But Ted cocked his head on one side and, delighted, crept closer

and closer into the Hi-Fi equipment, until he seemed about to disappear into it altogether. "Hear that trombone?" he said, with joy. "That's me 38 years ago."

The noise was now deafening. I shouted at Moira: "Is he a little bit deaf?"

"Yes," she yelled back. "One of his ear drums has gone from standing up against the brass. Of course it's a vicious circle. He tells them to play louder because he can't hear them so well and then they play louder and so he gets deafer."

She very firmly switched off the Wandsworth Borough Prize Band's rendering of "Atlas, Those Chimes" and Ted came back into circulation, looking vaguely disappointed that the noise had stopped.

### NO CHANGE

**T**HE years fell from him. At any moment one felt Ted would put on his uniform and pick up his trombone and pop back to the street corner at Wandsworth to give them a little tootle . . .

He got out the Jaguar (brand new, dark green, snazzy, successful) and drove me back to London where he was going to have lunch, he said, in a little cafe in Maddox street where "all the boys go."

He would probably have sausages for lunch. He likes them. "Oh yes," he said, "I often go back to Wandsworth and look 'em all up. It doesn't alter much, you know."

But he couldn't have sounded wistful, now could he?

## Buy your wife's . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

three solid sterling silver golf tees (\$20).

**FOR HER** — "a beguiling jewelled dog pin" (\$650).

### I WONDER . . .

There is, too, a great craze for "personalised" gifts — meaning that you have inscribed on them the initials of persons to whom you are giving them. There are personalised ear muffs, tooth picks, door mats, and candles. The list is endless.

Not for a moment do I believe we are going to have

## Mother pushed her into singing fame

**ALMA** COGAN, the girl with the giggle in her voice, was born May 19, 26 years ago.

When Alma was 10 her Mum used to drag her into the Piccadilly Hotel to hear the tea dance band and would persuade the leader to let Alma get up there and sing.

"Oh, how I hated it," Alma told me, "standing there in my gym slip. I didn't know which I was more frightened of: singing, or arguing with Mum."

mother. "The only girl to sing deep enough," Alma explained.

Alma is still completely surrounded by her ever-loving family.

### AND DOWNS

"When mother was making me sing," says Alma, "we were in hosiery. I've no idea why they were so determined I should be a singer. But one of the real sadnesses of my life is that my father never lived to hear me sing at the Palladium."



ALMA AND MOTHER . . . WITH LIBERACE.

I learned 'Begin the Beguine' when I was four. I was at St. Joseph's Convent and was sure the nuns wouldn't think it suitable."

### UPS

Alma adored every minute of school. Even hockey. She made a big hit in the school operetta as Minnehaha's

anything but a joyful rollicking Christmas here in New York. But I can't help noticing the advert which keeps cropping up, in some of the newspapers.

It is put there by a bank and it reads: Join our 1959 Christmas club now. Then you'll have \$25 to \$500 for Christmas 1959."

I hope they are right. For the way we are heading towards Christmas 1958 makes me wonder if any of us will have anything in the bank ever again.

Mr. Cogan was a dazzling personality who died suddenly at the age of 49. His family, who depended on his enthusiasm, went into a sharp decline.

"One of the hosiery shops was sold," said Alma. "Mother ran the other. My brother went to America and became desperately ill. I lost my voice. For six months I just did housework here in the flat. Couldn't even answer the telephone."

"I got a job as an extra in 'The Blue Lamp'. Promptly fell downstairs and cracked a bone in my back. It still hurts when I get tired."

"Then I sang again, went on tour. When I got back to London I met a girl who was married to one of the Keynotes. So I got Joy Nichols's job in 'Take It From Here.' Joy was one of my idols."

"Take It From Here" took her to records and so to the top.

## Why . . . are we waiting?

(Continued from Page 6)

second book, Religion and the Rebel (slightly better than The Outsider, it seemed to me) a unanimous shower of mud descended on his head. That was in 1957, but Wilson is still trying to wipe it off.

Could the same happen to Braine?

Some fear it could be worse. Braine's detractors are not only asking what his new novel will be like when it is finished. They are asking whether it will ever be finished at all.

It is a year and a half since Braine announced the plot of that novel which he said would be titled The Vodi.

It was to start with an imaginary game played by two small boys at a Bradford school. They pretend that smoky Bradford is somehow dominated by the Vodi, a set of secret, mysterious people who are pleased only when things go wrong.

When they grow up one boy becomes a sensitive failure, the other a tough success (Braine approves of success). The failure finds himself in hospital (Braine wrote Room at the Top in a TB sanatorium) and in hospital he remembers the Vodi, whom he once imagined to be his enemies. He also (as those who remember some sizzling

scenes in Room at the Top might guess) falls in love.

Such is the framework of the new Braine book. How far has he got with it? In 1957 he wrote 30,000 words. Then he scrapped them and started again.

Now he tells me that he has completed his first draft of the whole book. At his big house in Bingley he is pounding out his final draft at the rate of 1,000 words a day.

"I will take three whole days off at Christmas," says Braine. "The book will be finished in March."

Will it be a flop? Will it give the critics the excuse they want to tear Braine's good name to shreds?

I do not believe so. For Braine is a man of surprises. In public he may seem fierce and bumptious. In private he is one of the kindest and most gently-spoken men I know.

To less-publicised authors he may seem a mere wind-bag who is just about to pop. In fact he is a dedicated craftsman who will write and rewrite until he gets what he wants.

On the phone I asked Braine about his Christmas. He said: "In 1956 we had chicken. Last year it was goose. This year it will be turkey."

Have no doubt it will go on being turkey for John Braine.



**TARZAN**  
by Edgar Rice Burroughs



# Priscilla's POP

by AL VERNEER

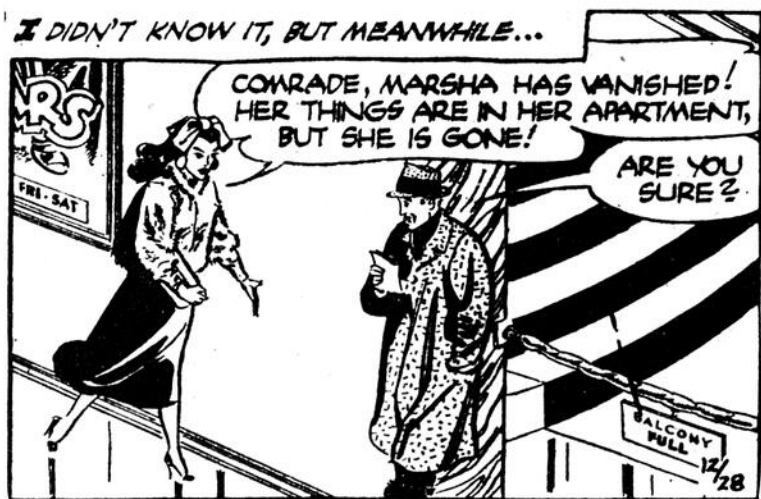


## TARZAN

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



# Vic FLINT



## TARZAN

by Edgar Rice Burroughs



# Dixie Dugan

BY MCEVOY AND STRIEBEL



# TARZAN

by Edgar Rice Burroughs





**TARZAN**  
by Edgar Rice  
Burroughs

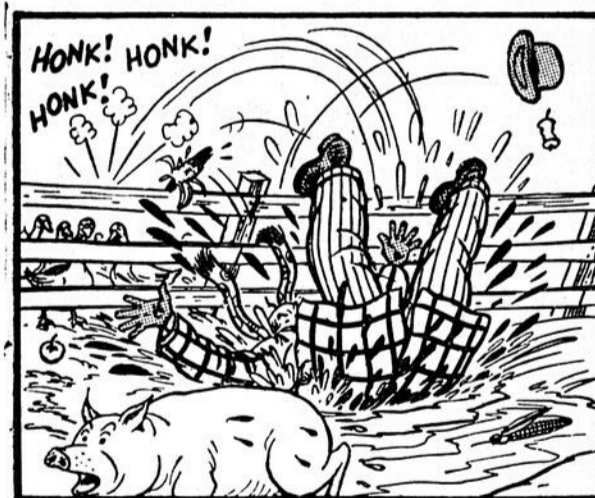
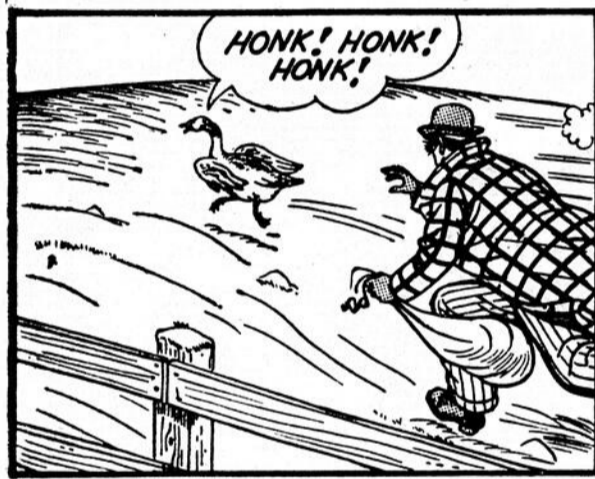




**VIRGIL**  
by *Len Kleis*



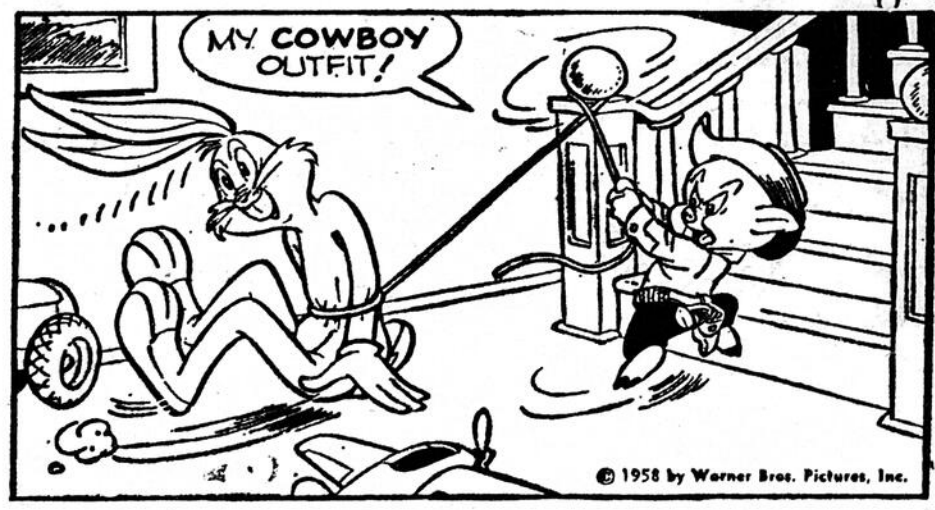
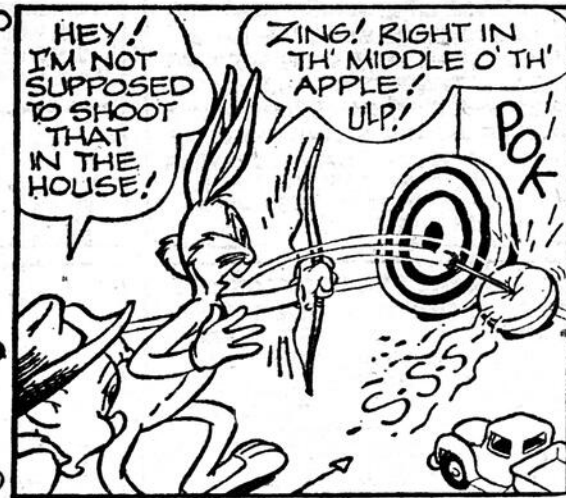
# MICKEY FINN by LANK LEONARD



## VIRGIL by Len Kleis



# BUGS BUNNY



## VIRGIL

by Len Kleis



WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 27, 1958

## MUTT & JEFF

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Created by Bud Fisher

12-28-58

**MUTT and JEFF** Our Sincere Thanks and a Very Happy New Year!

IT'S A LETTER FROM A NEWSPAPERMAN IN NEW SALEM, N. D. HE WRITES, DEAR MUTT & JEFF: ANOTHER YEAR IS ABOUT TO OPEN BEFORE US. WHAT WILL 1959 HOLD IN STORE FOR US? WE DO NOT KNOW. WE ARE ALLOCATED ONE DAY AT A TIME. THAT IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

FOR IN MANKIND THE HOPE FOR BETTER THINGS TO COME SPRINGS ETERNAL IN THE HUMAN BREAST. WERE THIS NOT SO WE ARE AFRAID THAT WE WOULD NOT HAVE THE FORTITUDE TO FACE LIFE! A NEW YEAR IS A TIME TO TAKE STOCK OF WHAT WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN THE YEAR OR YEARS THAT ARE NOW HISTORY! THOSE DAYS AND YEARS ARE PAST, YET WHILE WE CAN PROFIT FROM OUR MISTAKES, IF WE ARE SO INCLINED, WE CANNOT CHANGE THE DAYS OF YESTERYEAR. OF COURSE WE CAN, IN A MEASURE, MAKE AMENDS FOR OUR MISTAKES BY RESOLVING TO CHANGE THE FUTURE -

THROUGH THE GRACE OF GOD WE CAN MAKE AMENDS AND THAT IS ONE OF THE THINGS WE SHOULD RESOLVE TO DO IN THE YEARS THAT WE THINK SHOULD BE OUR NATURAL LIFE SPAN. HOWEVER, WE SHOULD NOT PUT OFF RESTITUTION FOR WHEN WE AWAKE IN THE MORNING, THERE IS NO ASSURANCE THAT WE WILL BE AMONG THE LIVING WHEN THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT BEGIN TO LENGTHEN!

MAKE 1959 A MORE ENJOYABLE ONE, NOT ONLY FOR YOURSELF BUT FOR OTHERS AS WELL. IN THESE TIMES OF WORLD UNREST AND DISSATISFACTION, ONE PEOPLE AGAINST ANOTHER. IT IS TIME TO PONDER, TO TRUST IN GOD, TO LIVE BY THE SUBLIME VIRTUES AS LAID DOWN IN THE HOLY WRIT -

MAY THE THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE, THE ONE AND ONLY TRUE GOD, BE AND ABIDE WITH YOU AND YOURS THROUGH-OUT 1959 AND SO LONG AS HE GIVES YOU THE BREATH OF LIFE... HAPPY NEW YEAR!

W. L. DICKEY.

GOSH!

12-28-58

## CICERO'S CAT

Grade-A Popsicle

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12-28-58

## VIRGIL

by Len Kleis

VIRGIL! BEFORE YOU GO OUT TO PLAY - DID YOU CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM?

YUP!

DID YOU HANG UP YOUR SCHOOL CLOTHES?

YUP!

DID YOU WIPE THE DISHES?... AND DON'T SAY 'YUP' - SAY 'YES, SIR!'

YESSIR

I REALLY DIDN'T WIPE TH' DISHES - BUT HE TOLD ME TO SAY 'YESSIR'.