

Our Competition

"What Makes a House Into a Home?"

THIS time you are all agreed, in the main things, on what makes a house into a home—they are love, kindness, and a mother always waiting to welcome you back again. Not easy to judge these essays, they were all so interesting, and written with such a depth of sincerity, that I am sure in every case they came right from your heart.

To "Alter Ego," Clinton, goes the first prize, while "Ageyli," Marlborough, is a close second. Highly commended we have "Silver Puss," Taihape, "A.M.D.," Inglewood, and "Fay," Kaipara.

I know you'll enjoy reading the entries, so here they are for you:—

First Prize

ONLY one answer to that—Love. Love makes a home, and not just a habitation. Love cleans and polishes, and doesn't growl when tiny feet patter over the newly-washed kitchen. Love doesn't snatch away cushions just when a tired head is about to recline on them. Love doesn't scream, "You can't smoke in here!" "Don't yell like that—play quietly!" or "You'll have to mend your own socks. I'm tired of it."

No. Love cooks plain meals, and tries to slip in the time for an "extra-special" dainty that is somebody's favourite. Love remembers birthdays and anniversaries, and makes them real fete days. Love keeps an open door, and all and sundry are welcome to come in to share a meal, or have a chat. Love remembers to laugh a lot, to deal out praises, and little words of endearment. And Love never forgets that a home is not a home unless there are higher, nobler sentiments than "the three-meals-a-day" philosophy. Love never forgets the Grand Things of Life, and tries to remember that the place to learn about these things that are "lovely and of good report" is the home.

In short, Love makes a home, because Love keeps its tone high, physically, mentally, and spiritually.—**Alter Ego, Clinton.**

Second Prize

YOU ask what is the secret alchemy that turns four walls and a hearth into that most precious noun in the English language, "Home." The answer lies in many things, but principally in

these three: affection and harmony between those who live in the house; comfort (regular meals, easy chairs, cosy fires); and, lastly, something that is implied in the two first—a woman's



Tops in sweater fashions are worn by Maureen O'Sullivan. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress selects for sports a bright red long-sleeved sweater with a Tyrolean motif. Gay embroidered flowers in green and white accent the front and back of the sweater.

hand, or, rather, a woman's self-sacrifice, gladly given.

The happiest home I ever saw was not a wealthy one. The wallpaper was torn and dingy, the crockery battered, the tablecloths darned, the bed linen home-made, but there was always a fire in the living-room on cold days, plenty of well-cooked food, and an atmosphere of peaceful harmony over all. The woman who was responsible for all this never spared herself. Nothing was too much trouble—the finding of young sonny's Meccano screws, the mending of daughter's frock, the making of dad's favourite curry. When

people asked this woman the secret of her happy home, she would laugh and say: "There's no secret about it. Just make people comfortable, that's all. Anyone can have a happy home if she likes to take the trouble."

I agree with her. The foundations of a home are built upon self-sacrifice, but I think it is worth it. Don't you? —**Ageyli, Marlborough.**

Highly Commended

IT is a much-quoted saying that "Home is where the heart is," and although it is a very much used and well-worn phrase, it is so true that I can think of none better to express the great difference between a house and a home. Two of the loveliest words in the English language are Peace and Joy. Peace is the absence of fear of any kind, but Joy is a more positive thing—it is something that goes from one to all other people. We can have peace without joy, and joy without peace, but the two combined make happiness. If we find peace and joy in a dwelling we find happiness also, and we find a home. Without these it is merely a house, and as both peace and joy come from the heart we find ourselves back at the old saying, "Home is where the heart is," only in a slightly different manner to the general way of saying.

A home reaches out and embraces you the moment you enter the door, a house is cold and aloof. It is the hearts within that make the home, be it a mansion or a cottage. If warm hearts live within the walls their effect on the house is evident in a thousand ways: the little touches that transform it into something friendly, something that welcomes you, something that puts you at ease. The room talks to you as its owner would. The sound, or merely the echo, of children's voices, the scent of flowers, the presence of well-worn, loved, and familiar things—all these make a home.

I, who have been happily married for years, have had the joy of many friends, and I have known their homes well. And I have found that where there is joy and peace, there also is happiness and a heart, and as a quiet reflection of all these—a home.—**Silver Puss, Taihape.**

What is it makes a house a home, Wherever o'er the world we roam? It is its comfort, love, and charm, That keeps us glad, and safe from harm.

YES, that is the secret: comfort, love, and charm. Comfortable surroundings, our favourite chair by the fire, old slippers, our favourite book, in fact, a complete relaxation of heart and mind and soul. And love—loved ones, father, mother, and children living in happy companionship. Sharing everything—meals, experiences, the joys of