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CHRISTMAS AT PEACE

The first in six years. In the toy factories, the wheels are turning again and the old traditional atmosphere is back. Austerity still rules the roost and the export drive swallows all the best toys. But there's that old holiday feeling in the air and - we hope - a gift or two in the stocking.

For the kerbside trader, it's been a bumper season. Balleons at 2/6d, home-made toys, paper-chains at 4/6d. Yo yos made from packing cases, - crackers at 16 bob the box - the toy shortage did somebody a bit of good. Our cameraman failed to track down a controlled price turkey - but he met a sailor who'd been luckier.

Business was brisk in the Black Market. Very often, the turkey passed through quite a few hands - all, with sticky fingers.

"There's a hell of a black Market in turkeys." said the Minister of Food a little while ago - and don't we know it.

The traditional ceremonies of the season are the same for the less fortunate as for the wealthy. At London's Hungerford Club, it's not the size of the gift but the spirit behind it that counts.

Bang goes another week's sugar ration.

It's make-do-and-mend among the decorators. And a good job they make of it - without spending a fortune on those four and sixpenny paper-chains. There may be empty chairs at the family table - but none that memory can't fill.

Six years of war and now the traditions of our people are back, but they are singing to a new world.

"Thank you, God, for a lovely day and for bringing Daddy home. Please don't take Daddy away again - ever."

CAROL