

# *Co-operative* **Home**

FEBRUARY 1958

M A G A Z I N E



*BARROW HILL, by Malcolm Milne*

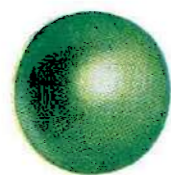
*By courtesy of the Salford City Art Gallery*

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## 12 DELICIOUS TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES



BRAZIL NUT  
CARAMEL



CHOCOLATE  
ORANGE CREAM



CHOCOLATE  
MILK JAP



CHOCOLATE  
NUT BRITTLE



CHOCOLATE  
RASPBERRY CREAM



BUTTER  
CARAMEL



MALTED MILK  
CARAMEL



CHOCOLATE  
NOISETTE



CHOCOLATE  
ECLAIR



DEVON CREAM  
CARAMEL



CHOCOLATE  
CARAMEL



MINT  
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## The Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE

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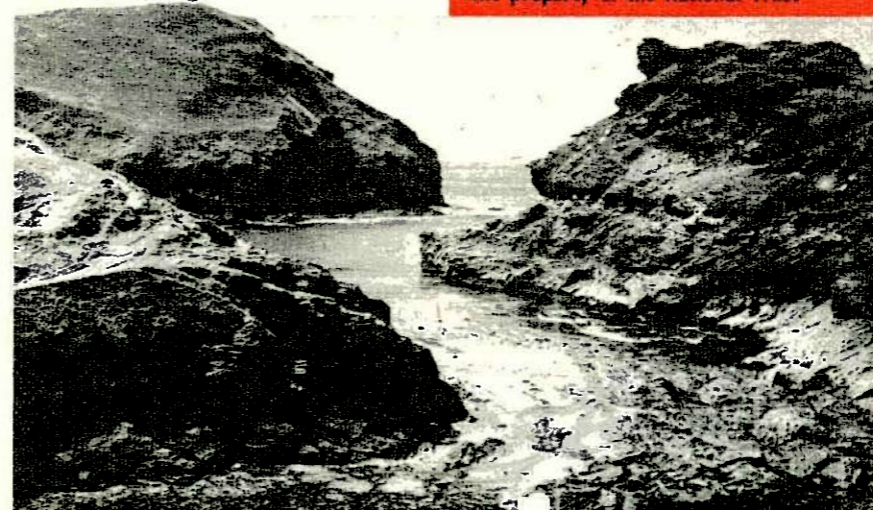
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### FRONT COVER

English painters have always excelled in the interpretation of landscapes. In BARROW HILL Malcolm Milne, while painting in the 20th century and using a range of colours brighter in tone than usual among English painters, still manages to express the essential character of the typically English landscape.

The picture was bought by the Salford City Art Gallery from the 1943 Spring Exhibition of the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts.



## The Badge of Courage

COURAGE is not to be measured by the ribbons on a man's chest. During the war a pleasant American sergeant, newly arrived from his native land, blushed crimson when I asked him about a bronze-coloured Maltese cross which decorated his left breast. It was in almost every respect an enlarged version of the British V.C.

I had visions of some heroic last stand on Corregidor, a journey under machine-gun fire with a wounded comrade or, at least, the saving of the battalion's rations.

At the time, Britain was being bombed on successive nights when the enemy struck at any town without warning, and the cockiest American soldier fresh from the States was very soon aware of what war meant.

"Gee," said my companion with visible embarrassment, "this is nuthin'. I got the darn thing for hitting the target with a rifle at 100 yards."

NO doubt he got his chance to earn real medals when, a few months later, the Americans made, with the British, their outstandingly successful landings in North Africa.

A great compatriot of the sergeant's wrote a noble book at the turn of the century called *The Red Badge of Courage* about a soldier in the Civil War. The red badge, to Stephen Crane, was the soldier's wound. Medals alone are not the symbol of bravery.

Courage is the theme of two articles that will appear in HOME MAGAZINE next

### THIS BRITAIN...

The tiny land-locked harbour at Boscastle on the rugged north coast of Cornwall is the property of the National Trust

month. A mother left her home for twenty minutes. She returned to find one of her three children dead through a simple household accident. That mother was Mrs. Jean Mann, M.P., whose brave and persistent campaign to protect children from danger has won support on all sides in the House of Commons.

With her own tragedy in mind, Mrs. Mann has written an article that will move all mothers, based on her own shocking experience which she recalls so that other children may be saved.

THERE is courage of another kind in a new series that will bring thrill after thrill to readers of HOME MAGAZINE. We all throb to the brassy blare of the circus band, the smell of the sawdust ring, and the tense moment when a man, alone and unarmed, enters a cage of roaring lions.

Accusations have been levelled against the circus in the past but nobody has ever doubted the courage of the men who perform with wild animals. Alex Kerr, a 37-year-old Glasgow man, is the king of animal trainers in Britain. I have talked with him. He is quiet and modest. I have seen him training his charges. He is a model of patience and control.

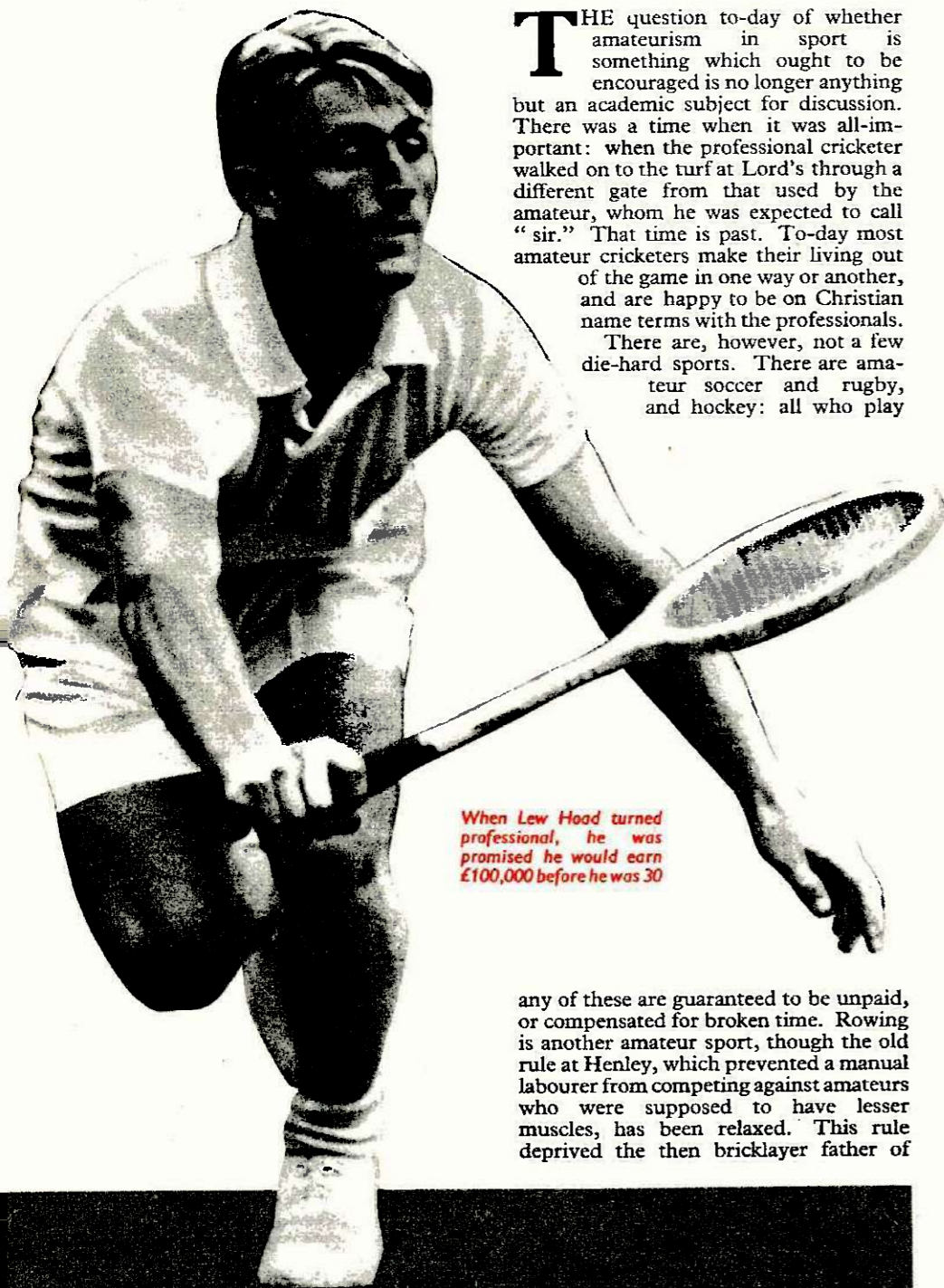
"I have proved that neither chains nor guns nor violence of any sort are necessary to train the most savage, forest-bred, adult beast—neither necessary nor prudent, for I should hate to give any animal a lasting bad impression of me," says Alex Kerr.

"I am not only very keen on preserving my own skin, but I have responsibilities towards my wife and children, and if I ill-treated my animals they would very soon destroy any future for me and my family."

THAT makes commonsense to me, for Alex Kerr is one of the few lion trainers who perform with lions, tigers, and a leopard, all in the same cage. What is his secret? How does he persuade the king of the jungle to jump over his trainer, teach a tiger to take meat from his mouth, and bear only three scars, the result of mistakes—"My mistakes," says Alex—in the cage?

In a series of articles starting in the March issue of HOME MAGAZINE, Alex Kerr reveals his secrets of the show ring. The first article will tell how, nightly, he watched one of his lions, Nero, prepare to attack him and how, at the psychological moment, with the lion only two feet away, he boldly met and defeated the attack.—The Editor

# You Pays Your Money...



When Lew Hoad turned professional, he was promised he would earn £100,000 before he was 30

**T**HE question to-day of whether amateurism in sport is something which ought to be encouraged is no longer anything but an academic subject for discussion. There was a time when it was all-important: when the professional cricketer walked on to the turf at Lord's through a different gate from that used by the amateur, whom he was expected to call "sir." That time is past. To-day most amateur cricketers make their living out of the game in one way or another, and are happy to be on Christian name terms with the professionals.

There are, however, not a few die-hard sports. There are amateur soccer and rugby, and hockey: all who play

any of these are guaranteed to be unpaid, or compensated for broken time. Rowing is another amateur sport, though the old rule at Henley, which prevented a manual labourer from competing against amateurs who were supposed to have lesser muscles, has been relaxed. This rule deprived the then bricklayer father of

Princess Grace of Monaco of the opportunity of winning the diamond skulls.

There still are one or two anomalies: for example an amateur boxer recently decided to become a professional footballer, and discovered to his bewildered indignation that he has forfeited his amateur status in the ring in the process.

**A**GAIN, there's the case of the lawn tennis player. He is, at the time of writing, allowed to receive expenses for fifty-two weeks a year from promoters who consider he is worth attracting to their tournaments. He is not supposed to show a profit on his appearance-money, but it is known that many great stars build up handsome bank-balances out of amateur tennis... and it is winked at.

This sometimes leads to acquisitiveness: there was a recent case when an Italian player was invited to appear for his country in the Davis Cup. He replied by writing to the national authorities to demand a big sum for appearing in this strictly amateur competition. Persuaded by a friend that this was going too far, he sent a wire asking that his letter should be torn up unread, but his telegram arrived after his first communication had been opened and digested. He found his invitation revoked and himself disqualified for some seasons.

But, by and large, the time has come when it is widely appreciated that a sportsman good enough to draw a crowd is an entertainer in his own right and must be paid accordingly. Don't, by the way, suppose that great sportsmen only play for their wages. If the Football League clubs ever went on strike, the boys would spend their time—playing football—for nothing.

**W**ELL, they deserve to be paid, these champions. The only question is how much are they all to get? In team games, is the star to be given preferential treatment? Don't forget that in baseball Ted Williams of the Red Sox at his peak drew at least \$80,000 a year, whereas Bert Trautmann gets £17 a week in season, and £14 when there is no R in the month, with a bonus of £4 for a win, £2 for a drawn game.

In Rugby League the player's cut is very much less. He's liable to be paid £10 for a win, £5 for a defeat, with the possibility of a £5 bonus if his side wins

a match against particularly brilliant opposition.

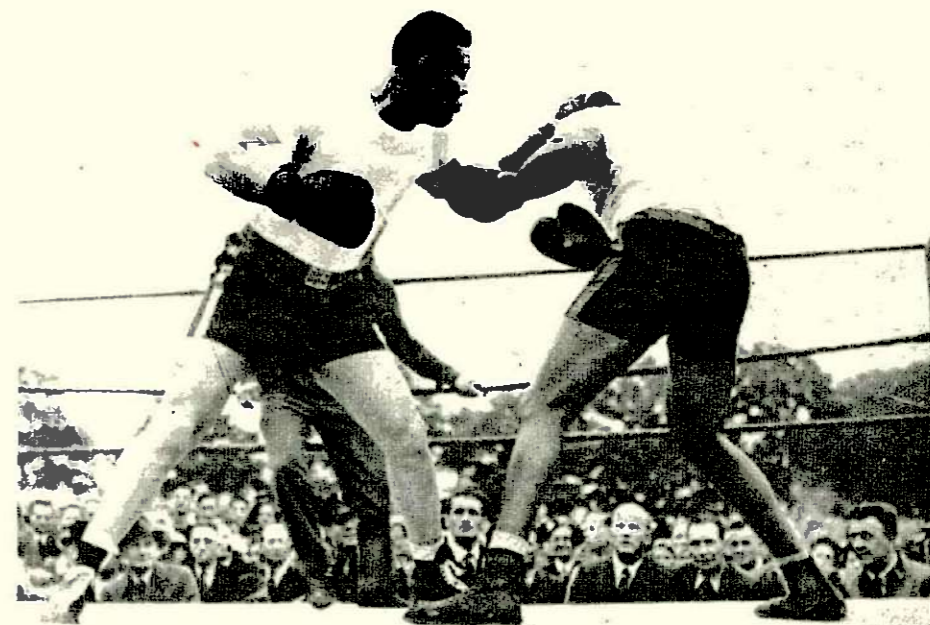
Many soccer stars feel they should get more, though not everyone agrees with them. For helping to win the Cup Final there's an extra £25 in the pay packet, as well as £20 for being on the winning side in the semi-final. The gate at Wembley is nearly £50,000, and it must be admitted that there are star entertainers who get a greater share of the takings at the box-office than these performers.

**T**HE vexed question of transfer fees comes in at this point. Let us suppose that Manchester United pay £40,000 for a player from Chelsea. The footballer's share of that sum is the signing-on fee of £10. But John Charles is eligible for as much as he can negotiate of the £65,000 his club receives from him when he leaves League football altogether to play for an overseas team.

Another to draw big money is the new recruit to Jack Kramer's professional tennis circus. He must be the world's best amateur or Kramer will have no use for him. When he signs his contract he signs away his freedom for some nine months of the year. Perhaps it is worth it. Lew Hoad received in return £44,600, and the assurance—I heard Kramer give it to him—that he will earn £100,000 (as Kramer himself did) before he is thirty. Moreover, at Hoad's disposal are the ablest lawyers Kramer can buy to make sure that he is mulcted as little as possible by the income-tax authorities.



John Charles was eligible for as much as he could negotiate when he left English football. But the footballer's share of a British transfer fee is a meagre £10



Big money goes to the boxing boys, and the heavier they are, the larger their purses. Joe Louis made over £1,000,000 in the ring

Make sure of your copy of the

## HOME MAGAZINE

MARCH ISSUE

*It will be packed with articles of gripping human interest.*

★ ALEX KERR starts a great series: **LION TAMER**

★ JEAN MANN, M.P., writes on **EVERY MOTHER'S DREAD**

★ MARTHA BLOUNT starts a new diary: **HERE AND THERE**

★ A. FRAPE, F.M.A., says **MODERN ART IS NOT SO CRAZY**

★ ERIC ROSE gives good spring-cleaning advice in... **CARING FOR YOUR CARPET**

★ DOREEN BROWNE reviews the latest fashions in a special supplement... **RUSTLES OF SPRING**

For many years it has been held that the greatest money earners in sport are the boxers. Not—he it understood—the British boxers, whose purses are small, beginning at £5 for a four three-minute-round contest or £25 for a bottom-of-the-bill six-rounder in a large London hall.

**T**HE big money goes to the American champions, and the heavier they are, the larger their purses. Joe Louis made over £1,000,000 in the ring. Jersey Joe Walcott was paid over £80,000 for being knocked out in one round by Rocky Marciano. Before you start envying them it is worth remembering that only one big money-earner in fifty in the boxing game leaves anything when he dies. There is more than one world champion buried without a gravestone, because the estate could not afford it.

Jockeys also come into the top bracket among highly paid sportsmen. Their chance of keeping their money is much better than that of boxers. They have no managers to take a substantial percentage of their earnings, and much of their money comes in the form of gifts from owners, which should not be subject to taxation.

**W**HO is the luckiest sportsman of all, as far as finance is concerned? Perhaps the golfer. He can earn up to £10,000 a year and keep on making it for fifteen or twenty years. He can add to his earnings by teaching, playing exhibition games, writing, running a shop, getting royalties on clubs bearing his name, and taking a retainer from his club. And it's a lovely open-air life. Nice work if you can get it!

THREE OF THE LATEST editions by Pan Books have inspired films. They are *The Young Lions* by Irwin Shaw, and *Raintree County* by Ross Lockridge, Jr., each 3s. 6d., and *Carve Her Name with Pride* by R. J. Minney at 2s. 6d. All are war stories, the first about Nazis and Americans, the second set in the U.S. Civil War, and the third the true story of an English resistance heroine, Violette Szabo, G.C.

# My Search for Good Food



By **RAYMOND POSTGATE**

trade. He was publicity officer of a most enormously important body whose name I mustn't mention, and he was giving me kindly advice.

So I was writing a *Guide* was I? Very good idea! Just let him see the proofs and he'd correct them.

Well, I explained, I was so whimsical I liked to write my own books; and after that I made the awful mistake of hinting at a criticism. I said that wine prices were too high, and hotels were putting on too large a margin of profit, for I knew the prices they paid.

He drew himself up to all his five-foot-four of cock-sparrow indignation. "You had better not print that sort of thing" he said. "We shall not allow it. The public has no right to concern itself with such things."

**YES**, I heard those words. "The public has no right to concern itself with such things." No comment!

Another strange thing has happened to me. Since I won't take free food (silly fool that I am) others will oblige for me. I have found out that there are people going round the country pretending to be sent by me, and asking for free meals. I've just got a most extraordinary postcard, which had come to me through the dead letter office—the address was wrong.

It is signed by somebody I've never heard of, "for Raymond Postgate, editor

My wife and I had been staying at a small inn in Buckinghamshire. It had fine elaborate menus, and it was, deservedly, in our *Guide*. When we came to go, I asked for the bill. The message came: "There will be no bill." No bill was presented in publicity cases. I became stern. "The bill! The whole bill and nothing but the bill!" I said.

The landlord came up himself. He was an ex-naval commander, six-foot-three and very, very offended. If there was something wrong, he said, he would like to be told about it. If his hotel required criticism, he would like it made to his face. He could take it.

**I AM** only six-foot-one-and-a-half, and my eyes are not an angry blue; but I did my best. I didn't want, I answered, to insult him by refusing his courteous offer, but my principles forbade me accepting free holidays and meals. It wouldn't be honourable.

Indeed, replied the landlord, it was unusual for him to be accused of anything dishonourable, and he was most surprised. He also seemed to grow taller every minute.

Gradually, I got the temperature down, and I saw the slow realization come into his face that he really had struck that rare thing—somebody in that trade who wasn't on the make. I, too, compromised. I let him stand me a glass of wine and ever since then he has been my good friend.

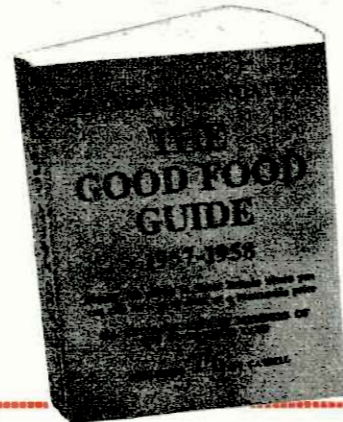
But there is a reason for objecting to honest reports on food and wine, and I found what it was when talking to one of the great high pundits of the catering

**T**HE hardest part of this curious job which I have wished on myself has been to persuade people that I'm honest. I'm really a historian and a scholar, I ought to explain, but about ten years ago I became so angry at the bad cooking and service which we are offered in Britain that I started an organisation to make lists of places where the food and wine were good. Not unnaturally, this idea caught on.

Now, a *Guide* like that is no good unless it is quite independent. So I made a strict rule that no entry could be paid for and no advertisements be allowed; and also neither I nor my wife, nor anyone reporting to us, would take free holidays from hotels, or free meals, or free anything. That seemed plain commonsense.

But it didn't seem so to anybody else. I never would have believed, if I hadn't run into it, that there could be a trade in which what the French call the *pot-de-vin* was so universally accepted. Of course, I expected there would be people who said; "Postgate doesn't take money? That's what he says . . . I could tell you a story, though!" But what I didn't expect was that the *hotelkeepers* would be angry. I was saving them money, wasn't I?

**I SUPPOSE** they were so used to having "a write-up" proposed to them for "a consideration" that when they were told nothing whatever was wanted, except the facts, they thought it was just a trick. It brought me some very nasty letters, and one tense moment. This was it.



Nearly 700 places in Great Britain where you can obtain good food at reasonable prices are listed in Raymond Postgate's famous annual review of better eating

of the *Good Food Guide*." It says that my "cainers" (I haven't got such people) have recommended the restaurant concerned for inclusion in the *Guide*. It asks a few questions, and ends: "There is no charge for inclusion of your name. The only obligation is to give free meals, on demand, to yours faithfully,

An ingenious man! I wonder how many of these postcards he sent out? I should like to meet him. In fact, if you happen to hear of him, I should very much like to get after him.

## Everything for the Gardener

**CRIMSON** Monarch is the name of a new variety of convolvulus starred in the C.W.S. Garden Seed Catalogue for 1958. The modern garden convolvulus is far removed from the wild bindweed of our hedgerows, and Crimson Monarch certainly makes a handsome plant. It bears brilliant cherry-crimson bells, each with a gold and white centre star, and grown in a sunny spot, has a lengthy flowering period.

The catalogue lists the usual wide range of seeds, with valuable notes on how to grow them. For those who plump for proved favourites there are all the well-known varieties, while for green-fingered gardeners who like to try something different each season, there are novelties and recent introductions in both the flower and vegetable sections.

But the catalogue is more than a seed list!

The C.W.S. can supply at very reasonable prices the hundred and one items a gardener needs in the course of a year. Fertilisers, insecticides, tools, and sundries: you will find all these listed in the 36 pages of this comprehensive booklet.

A special bargain offer of general purpose fertiliser and Co-Hop manure will appeal to gardeners who want to get the best results from their labours.

Bulbs for spring planting are featured in another section, with some attractive special offers of gladioli.

Early flowering chrysanthemums, dahlias, and tomatoes are among a big selection of plants the C.W.S. can supply, and the catalogue includes particulars of the scheme under which the C.W.S. doubles first-prize money won at shows with produce grown from certain C.W.S. seeds.

Write for your free copy of the C.W.S. Garden Seed Catalogue to the C.W.S. Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby, and please mention CO-OPERATIVE HOME MAGAZINE.

## Walking on Ponyskin

Models in the C.W.S Spring Range feature this very novel material



### FROM THE C.W.S RANGE

Illustrated are (top to bottom): A Myra peep-toe court in black or fawn suede with calf overlay; a wide-fitting shoe in black or navy suede with nylon mesh panel; a Myra court in black suede with self buckle motif; and a step-in casual with microcellular sole, in mahogany, stone, or black. On the right is a ponyskin court in brown and grey spotted design.

**I**F you're looking for something really new in shoes this spring, watch out for styles made of ponyskin. This attractive and unusual material is used for several models in the C.W.S. spring range of shoes, which will shortly be on sale in your local co-operative society, and it's just the thing to give you a high-fashion look at very little cost.

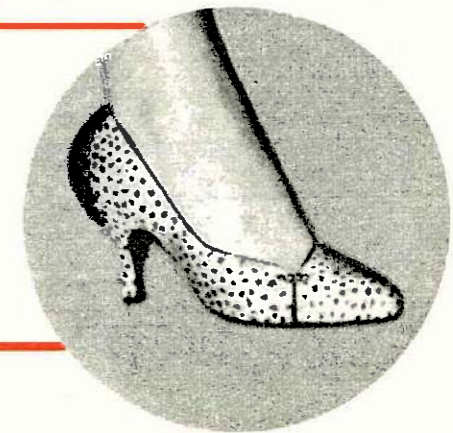
Outstanding example of the ponyskin shoe is one in a brown and grey spotted design, with a neat gilt motif and a high, slender heel. Like most stiletto heels on C.W.S. shoes, this one is made of almost unbreakable plastic.

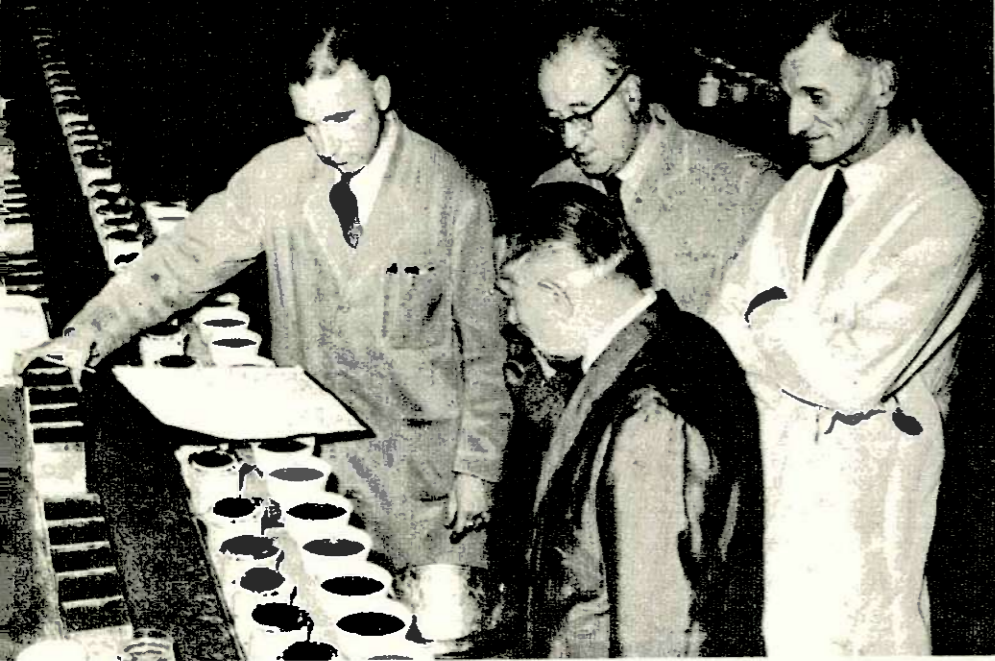
Another new trend is the two-tone look, sometimes achieved by using different colours, sometimes by combining different materials. Popular colour combinations are coffee and cream, and different shades of beige.

The Italian influence is still noticeable in the spring shoes, modified a little in the interests of comfort. Your toes will be just pointed enough to give you the 1958 look, but not so exaggerated as to cramp your feet.

Good news for you if you have a difficult foot is that this range includes several models which, while giving the necessary support, don't stamp you as "matron" as soon as you put them on. One style, in black suede with a wide elasticated band and nylon mesh vamp panel, is particularly successful in combining comfort with smartness.

The range also includes some Italian-style sandals, with cushioned soles, in gay colours like honeysuckle, crimson, peacock blue, heavenly blue, and narcissus. The elegance—and price—of sandals always seems to increase as the amount of material in them decreases, but while the first point may be true about the C.W.S. styles, the second is not, for they sell at under two pounds.





the price of one of the thirteen blends packed by the English and Scottish Joint C.W.S., one of the biggest tea firms in the country, is only 4s. od. per pound, which works out at only one-fifth of a penny per cup.

Certainly tea has come down considerably in price since it was introduced to England in the seventeenth century. Then, at a cost of from £6 to £10 per lb., it was a luxury only the very rich could afford to buy in quantity. Poorer people could buy it by the cup—in coffee houses.

Tea is big business in Britain, for we drink more of it than any other nation in the world. We certainly leave the Americans at the post, for the consumption per year of Co-operative tea alone in Britain is equal to the total consumption of tea in the United States over the same period.

But the Americans, of course, have bitter memories of tea. It was the

## Cheapest Drink in the World

Top-price tea costs you only a ha'penny a cup. You can get 200 cups from a pound

**W**HAT'S my line? I'm a tea-taster! It sounds good enough for television but the thoughtful faces over the cups in the picture above represent the back-room boys of the tea trade. Seen at work in the London factory of the English and Scottish Joint C.W.S., the tea-tasters are men whose sensitive palates can tell the country, and even district, of origin of a tea simply by sipping a sample.

It is thanks to their skill that you can rely on your favourite brand of tea always to taste the same, despite the fact that it can contain 15 to 20 different types of leaf, and that its ingredients can change from week to week.

Although the tea-tasters spend all day sipping tea, they never swallow it—except during their mid-morning and afternoon "break." Tea that is being sampled goes only as far as the back of the mouth, where the sensitive taste buds lie; then the liquid is ejected. Samples are tested in batches, so that the taster can clearly distinguish the subtle differences in flavour.

**B**ESIDES compiling the "recipes," or specifications, for the standard blends, the tea-tasters also have the important task of tasting and valuing samples of tea before they are bought at the weekly auctions held in Mincing Lane. The E. & S. Joint C.W.S. does buy at the auctions, but it also has its own source of supply, obtaining about ten million pounds per year from its own estates.

There are eighteen of these in India

and Ceylon, employing about 18,000 people: doctors, nurses, and teachers, as well as the labourers and office and administrative staffs, for the estates are really self-contained communities, with hospitals, schools, and excellent welfare facilities.

Next time you grumble about the price of tea, pause for a moment and consider whether your complaint is really justified. For tea is actually the cheapest drink in the world, next to water. It may seem hard to believe, if you consider the price in bulk; but remember that from one pound of tea you get at least 200 cups, so even if you buy one of the dearest brands, at 8s. 4d. per pound, your tea costs you only a halfpenny a cup.

And, of course, you can buy tea at a lower price even than that. For instance,



Packing one of the most popular brands of Co-operative tea—Number Ninety Nine—at the London E. & S. tea works. The machine can deal with ninety packets per minute

British Government's attempt to perpetuate an English Company's monopoly of the tea trade in America that precipitated their revolution.

Tea-making is something of a ritual. Every housewife swears by her own method, but here is the advice given by the experts.

Use a good tea, of course; it's more economical in the long run.

Put the tea in a warmed earthenware pot, and pour on the water as soon as it boils. Always use water which has been freshly drawn from the tap, and never let it over-boil, or it will be flat and ruin the flavour of the tea. Let the tea stand for six minutes—and there you have the best possible brew.

If you're a real connoisseur you will then pour the liquid away from the tea leaves into another earthenware pot before pouring it into the cup—but most people can't wait so long to get at that refreshing "cuppa."

**DOREEN BROWNE**



One of the tea-tasting staff measuring the leaf capacity of a tea; that is, the amount of space it would take up in a packet

## Miss Torrance Returns

**W**ITH customary meticulous care, Miss Torrance closed her front door, realising with something of a shock that it no longer mattered if she made a noise, now that her father was dead. No longer would she meet the querulous reproach when she returned from her work in the evening.

Sighing, she turned down the avenue towards the station. Her first day back at the office! She had dreaded it. Especially this moment of meeting with neighbours.

She tried to slip past Mr. Anstruther's gate before he reached it. But he seemed to dart out at her.

"Ah! So you're going back after all?"

"Of course," she replied coldly.

"A good long holiday would have done you a world of good. My wife was only saying last night that you looked tired in Church yesterday. A change—"

But another neighbour joined them. Miss Torrance hurried ahead and found, with relief, her usual empty compartment in the train.

This half-hour run to Victoria had always been a kind of restorative interlude between the two aspects of her character. The girl Gwen Torrance relaxed, then revitalised herself to become Miss Torrance, chief cashier of Laystone and Laystone.

But this morning the revitalization refused to operate. The girl Gwen seemed unable to relax, unable to shake herself free from the years of the busy life of evenings and weekends, cooking, entertaining old men, playing bridge, playing chess, having no friends of her own, because after so many years they had all been absorbed into the different world of family life.

**T**HE train drew into Victoria. Miss Torrance made an effort, stepped from her compartment, and hurried crisply towards the omnibus.

In spite of a hope that she would arrive early and escape to her own office before the outer general office was occupied, she was disconcerted to discover that her train had run a little late and the office was alive with activity.

Was there a note of commiserative enquiry in the greetings that welcomed her? She had been away six weeks. Had these young clerks thought she had gone for good? Perhaps even hoped it?

Well, they'd better get used to the idea

that she was back for good! She arrived at her own office, went inside, then stopped. There, at her own desk, sat Edward Gillings.

**E**DWARD was the office manager. She and he had started with the firm about the same time, had seen it through its teething troubles, had assisted it to grow to a prosperous maturity.

But while her entire life had centred upon the firm, Edward had married and now had two grown-up boys at university and, as far as she knew, an energetic and absorbing private life. As the years had flown, they had had less and less in common apart from their work.

She thought she detected a flush of—could it possibly be guilt? upon his face as he looked up at her.

But, "Goodness, how grand to see you back!" he said.

"Have you been demoted?" she heard herself saying, as she took off her jacket and placed it carefully upon its hanger.

"Promoted surely. You have always been senior!" he

grinned, but seemed to be avoiding a straight glance.

"Who's doing your work?" she asked, sitting down because her knees had suddenly become oddly insecure, as though they would let her down.

"Young Laystone's been shuffling round. Didn't he tell you when you were on the 'phone the other day?" He seemed genuinely surprised.

"Not a word," she said, gripping the desk for support.

"Bramley's gone to my office. And I, bless your heart, have been made a director!"

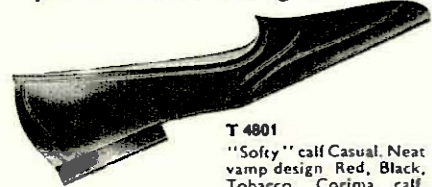
"Congratulations, Edward. I am glad about that. But plus this—" she spread her hands, "Chief cashier?"

"This is temporary, I suppose, until everything's sorted out."

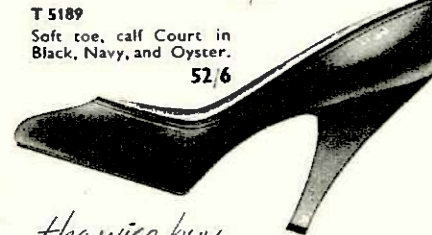
There was a deathly silence. Questions flooded towards her lips, but were

## Casuals or Courts?

Either are fashionable and you'll find these two charming WHEATSHEAF styles just what you want for trim-fitting smartness.

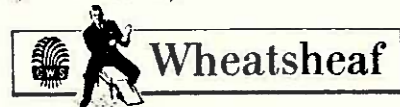


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they should share an office. What was she to do if this, her entire life, were thus to become unbearable? This was the place where she had felt a real person, doing a worth-while job. Now he and the rest of them were trying to take it away from her.

What would be left for her if they succeeded? Where could she spend her days? Bad enough to go home alone to a silent house after a day's work, but with a new day ahead it was at least some measure of living.

SHE was immensely thankful when, half-way through the afternoon, Edward was summoned to the office of the senior Mr. Laystone.

She sank back in her chair, conscious that her body was shaking in the effort to conceal the tension within her. Ridiculous that she should feel like this, she who was renowned for her powers of coping with any eventuality. She covered her face with her hands. Had it been anyone but Edward to have been installed as her usurper, the situation might have seemed less distracting. But Edward...

"Gwen, you're tired!" He had come in quietly. Her hands fell to the desk. She could not face him.

"It's a strain, the first day back. Especially after a major personal shock," she heard him say.

"Father was ill for three weeks. Desperately ill. I suppose it was a shock, nursing him, knowing he would die..." Her voice trailed away.

"You must feel terrible." The tone of solicitude was more than she could endure.

"How can you know, Edward? Your life has been so different. No major personal shocks as you call them!" She rose from her chair and went to the window.

"Gwen, don't turn your back on me. I know what I'm talking about, too. My wife left me years ago, and later committed suicide. I didn't tell you. I didn't tell anyone, because I was ashamed. But we've always been friends, you and I. You were so serene, so good and so preoccupied with your own anxieties. Now they are over."

"Over?" she began.

"And you're feeling sorry for yourself because you think you're unwanted."

"Edward! How can you be so unkind?" She turned to face him.

HE was smiling, "Because I know it isn't true. You're simply overwrought. Besides, old Laystone's asked me, just now, to send you in. Also I happen to know what for, and if you weren't so miserably modest, you'd have a good idea yourself. He's going to offer you a directorship too. News of it's been buzzing around this place for weeks; it's a wonder it hasn't stung you."

"But, I don't see—he didn't say—"

"That they truly appreciate all you've done for this firm? That you're indispensable? That we all love you? He will in a moment. And by the way, that last bit goes for me more than anyone."

Miss Torrance felt the colour rise to her cheeks.

"Oh, Edward!" she gasped and fled from her office in a way which the former self-possessed and efficient Miss Torrance would have considered almost intolerable.

## Caring for Old People

TO grow old gracefully is a desirable way to end one's days, but economic circumstances and limited welfare facilities too often mean that, instead of serenity and peace, Britain's old people spend the evening of their lives in poverty, uncared-for ill-health, and loneliness.

Britain's population includes a growing proportion of old people, whose welfare demands urgent action to ensure that all who need care of any kind shall receive it.

It is more than a problem of adequate pension, important though that is, and a policy statement issued by the Co-operative Party\* discusses the wider aspects of welfare for the aged.

While endorsing the extension of superannuation schemes to cover the whole of the working population, the policy examines the twin evils of ill-health and loneliness which beset so many old

people, and puts forward many thought-provoking suggestions for alleviating them.

There will also, the statement suggests, have to be a radical change in Britain's attitude to the retirement age. The elderly should have free choice between work and retirement, and provision should be made for those who, while not wishing to retire completely, must needs adapt themselves to part-time or unaccustomed work.

When this policy statement is discussed at the Co-operative Party's annual conference at Easter, it may be amended or referred back, wholly or in part, but whatever its fate, co-operators will agree that the Nation's conscience should not be allowed to rest until the lot of our ageing countrymen—and women—is far happier than it often is to-day. R.F.F.

\* Care of the Aged, Co-operative Party, 54 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. By post, 11d.



THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on

## The BOOKSHELF



THE family saga is now a stand-by in fiction. Sequels, once thought to threaten failure, to-day make a linked chain as successful as Trollope's.

No one is more skilful than Howard Spring in the portrayal of the family scene through changing years. He has succeeded J. B. Priestley as the master recorder of provincial life.

*Time and the Hour* (Collins, 16s.) is something of a *tour de force*. It describes the further fortunes of the characters in *Dunkerley's* and, opening with a cleverly drawn study of Bradford life in 1912, it continues to the eve of the last war when Hitler and Mussolini had replaced the Kaiser and Franz Joseph as the bogey men of the day. The story is woven from the stuff of ordinary life heightened by all the distinction a skilful writer can provide.



THE saga that Henry Williamson is telling about Phillip Maddison provides a direct contrast. With the sixth volume, *The Golden Virgin* (Macdonald, 16s.), Mr. Williamson is in full stride.

A veteran of Loos, Phillip is home on leave with some prospect of a quiet life in the Pioneer Corps when all officers are recalled to the front and the battles around Albert and Bapaume flame up in horrid grandeur.

In previous volumes Maddison's young growth has been brilliantly delineated. The sensitive boy has become a more solid young man, tempered in the fire of war.

Through characters like Spectre West, whose courage leads Maddison to discover his own, he moves slowly towards fulfilment.

Henry Williamson is outstanding among British novelists to-day.

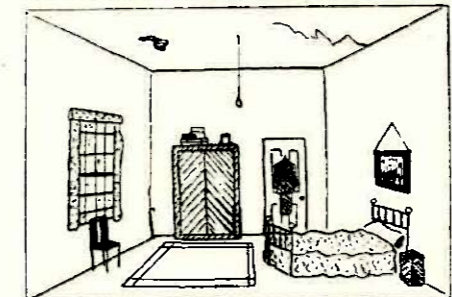
STRUGGLE is something common to several of this month's books. *Scotland the Brave* (Michael Joseph, 16s.) is an autobiography by Iain Hamilton set in Scotland between the wars. He is a gifted writer of sharp perception who is conscious of all aspects of modern life.

Scotland's problems are foremost in the minds of her sons to-day. There is a new spirit in the land, and not necessarily a nationalistic one. Young Hamilton fell under the spell of Scottish Nationalism in due course but found its solemn pompousities unbearable and shook himself free.

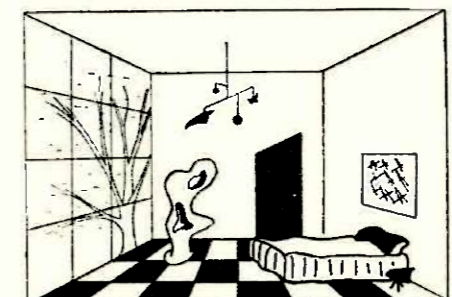
There is much to delight the reader in the colourful Renfrewshire life he led. Burns and the Covenanters were real people to him, as they still are to Scots children, a part of the common life in a way that Shakespeare, a greater poet, misses in England.



A STALWART protagonist of forceful speech is the heroine of *Mrs. Bessie Braddock, M.P.* (Hale, 18s.) and Millie Toole, a Manchester journalist, is unabashed in her heroine-worship. But



She decided we would live in my flat after a few necessary alterations...



... I was not consulted.

From the sad but salutary "I Married a Model" by Doro Launoy (Macdonald, 6s.) told in pictures and introduced by Digby Morton



Mrs. Bessie Braddock steps out with Marlene Dietrich. Reviewed on this page is Millie Toole's biography of the Member for the Exchange Division of Liverpool

while everyone may not agree with Mrs. Braddock's methods, no one can doubt her courage and enterprise.

Bessie Braddock is as frank about her size as she is about her beliefs. And in her younger days she had a fine *panache* that attracted young men before she made a love match.

As a youngster she worked behind the counter for Liverpool Co-operative Society and Ernest Silverman recalls her as "a reasonably slim girl with fair hair, a lovely fresh complexion, and blue, honest, enthusiastic eyes."



A QUIET smile sits on the lips of Ian Wood in the frontispiece to his book *My Way with Salmon* (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.) It shows the hunter home from the hill with seven salmon taken from Loch Lomond on the fly in one day's fishing, a record total weight of 77½ lb.

How did he do it? Confidence, determination, concentration, observation, "and possibly a sympathetic outlook" are the qualities he lists for success, and of these the greatest is confidence.

In addition he reveals two secrets he learnt on Loch Lomond. He fishes with two flies on a 9 ft. cast and does not mind stout gut. His rod is 12 or 14 ft. and he uses a line only two yards longer than the rod. His Loch Lomond flies are all of one pattern—gold tinsel body and black-and-white turkey wing. This is a book of supreme value to the man who goes for salmon in river or loch.

# Now's the time to RENEW THAT BRUSH



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and every alt. row: p. 3rd row: k.2, (p.9, k.3) to last 11, p.9, k.2, 5th row: k.3, (p.7, k.5) to last 10, p.7, k.3, 7th row: k.4, (p.5, k.7) to last 9, p.5, k.4, 9th row: k.5, (p.3, k.9) to last 8, p.3, k.5, 11th row: k.6, (p.1, k.11) to last 7, p.1, k.6, 12th row: p. These 12 rows form patt. Rep. then, until 15 1/2 ins. from cast-on edge, fin. after a p. row.

**Shape armholes:** Cast off 6 on each of next 2 rows (97), dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows (91) then next 3 alt. rows (85). Cont. straight until 24 1/2 ins. from cast-on edge, fin. after a p. row.

**Shape shoulders:** Cast off 7 on each of next 8 rows. Leave last 29 on st.-holder for back neck.

## THE FRONT

Work this exactly like the back until 20 1/2 ins. from cast-on edge, fin. after a p. row: 85 sts. on needle.

**Shape neck:** Patt. 31, take 2 tog., put next—centre—19 on st.-holder for front neck and last 33 on another for right front, turn, and dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every right-side row until 28 sts. rem. Cont. straight until 24 1/2 ins. from cast-on edge, then **shape shoulder** by casting off 7 on each of next 4 alt. rows at armhole edge.

Join wool to neck edge of the other 33 sts., take 2 tog., patt. to side edge, and complete this side to match the first, with all shaping at opposite edges.

## THE SLEEVES (Both alike)

With No. 11 needles cast on 56 sts.

## THE BACK

With No. 11 needles cast on 108 sts. Work 3 1/2 ins. in k.2, p.2, rib, inc. 1 st. in centre of last row (109).

Change to No. 9 needles and patt.

1st row: k.1, (p.11, k.1) to end. 2nd

Work 3 1/2 ins. in k.2, p.2 rib, inc. thus on last row: rib 5, (inc. in next st., rib 10) 4 times, inc., rib 6: 61 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and patt. as on back, and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th row then on every 8th row following, bringing extra sts. into patt. as they come, until 91 are on needle. Cont. straight until side edge measures 19 ins. or length required, from cast-on edge, fin. after a p. row.

**Shape top:** Cast off 3 on each of next 2 rows (85), dec. 1 st. at both ends of next 3 rows (79), then every alt. row until 47 rem.,

WAVECREST wool can be bought from your own Co-operative Society

## TO COMPLETE

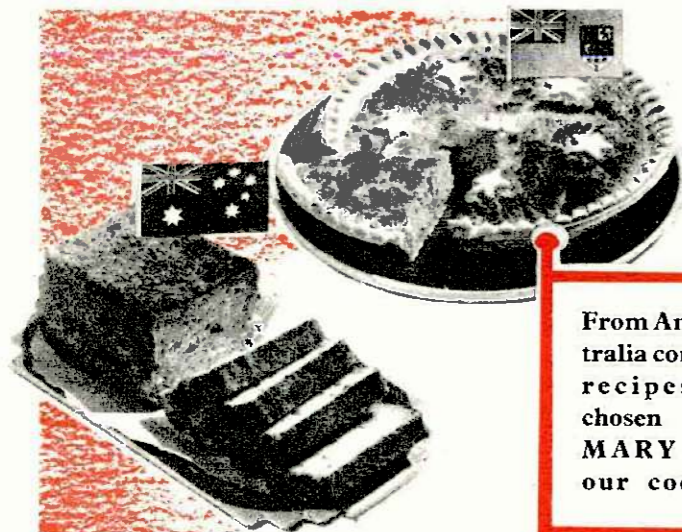
Press lightly on wrong side with damp cloth and warm iron, avoiding ribbing. Join right shoulders and press seam. Right side of work facing, with No. 11 needles pick up and k. 26 sts. round left front neck, 19 from centre front, 26 round right front neck and 29 from back neck (100). Change to k.2, p.2 rib for 7 more rows then cast off loosely in rib. Join left shoulders and neckband and press seam. Sew in sleeves and press seams. Join side and sleeve seams and press them.

## Beauty on the tea table

THIS lovely tea-set, which would grace any tea-table, is the work of the C.W.S. Windsor Pottery at Longton, Staffs. The pattern, named "Falling Leaves," has been selected by the Council of Industrial Design for display in its Design Centre in the Haymarket, London. The Design Centre is a national shop-window of the very best in design in British-produced goods.



# ACROSS THE WORLD...



## CHEESE AND GHERKIN LOAF (Australia)

8 oz. Federation or Excelda S.R. flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, cayenne pepper, 2 oz. Avondale butter, 4 oz. grated cheese, ¼ pt. milk, 1 egg, 4 gherkins (chopped).

Sieve flour and seasonings. Rub in the butter, add the cheese and gherkins, and mix to a soft dough with the egg and milk. Put into a greased loaf tin. Bake 40-50 minutes (Mark 5, 375 F.). Allow to stand 10 minutes before removing from tin. Cut into slices and butter.

## PEANUT BRITTLE COOKIES (U.S.A.)

8 oz. Federation or Excelda S.R. flour ½ teaspoon C.W.S. cinnamon, 4 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. vanilla essence, 3 oz. brown sugar, ½ lb. salted peanuts.

Cream fat and sugar until soft. Add the eggs gradually and beat well. Mix in essence. Add half the peanuts and sieved dry ingredients. Spread on to a greased swiss roll tin and sprinkle with the remaining peanuts. Bake in a slow oven (Mark 2, 325°F.) for 20-25 minutes. Do not overbake. When cool break into pieces.

## COCONUT CRUNCH PIE

4 oz. Shortcrust pastry.

Filling: 3 eggs, 6 oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ pint milk, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. almond essence, 8 oz. C.W.S. coconut.

Line a 7 in. pie dish with pastry. Separate egg whites and yolks. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt. Add milk, fat, and essence and beat well. Fold in coconut and stiffly beaten egg white. Pour into pastry case. Bake 35-40 minutes (Mark 4, 350°F.).

From America and Australia come this month's recipes, specially chosen for you by MARY LANGHAM, our cookery expert

## LEMON SURPRISE PIE (U.S.A.)

½ lb. Shortcrust pastry.

Filling: 6 oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons Federation or Excelda plain flour, pinch of salt, 4 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 3 eggs, 2 lemons, ½ cup water.

Line a 7 in. pie dish with half the pastry. Mix flour, sugar, and salt together. Cream fat. Beat in the flour, sugar and salt. Beat in the eggs gradually. Grate lemon rind. Peel lemons and slice very thinly. Add water, lemon rind, and slices, and mix well. Pour into case. Roll out remaining pastry. Cover filling and brush with egg white. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven (Mark 6, 400 F.) 30-35 minutes.

## TORONTO TARTLETS (Canada)

½ lb. light brown sugar, 2 tablespoons syrup, 3 tablespoons creamed Silver Seal margarine, 1 beaten egg, 1½ teaspoons vinegar, 1 oz. chopped walnuts, 4 oz. C.W.S. sultanas or raisins, 6 oz. shortcrust pastry.

Mix all the ingredients together. Line the tart tins with pastry. Fill cases two-thirds full. Bake 10 minutes at 425°F. (Mark 7) and then reduce to 350°F. (Mark 4) to finish baking.

## SHRIMP AND POTATO SOUP (Australia)

1 large onion, ½ oz. Avondale butter, 3 medium potatoes, ½ pint water, salt and pepper, 1 tin Lokreel shrimps, chopped parsley, grated cheese, 1 pint milk.

Slice onion and cook in the hot butter without browning. Add the diced potatoes, water, and seasoning, and cook 20 minutes. Add the shrimps and milk and bring to the boil. Add the parsley and cheese and serve at once.

## TUNA CHEESE PIE (U.S.A.)

Pastry: 8 oz. Excelda or Federation S.R. flour, 4 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk.

Filling: 1 tin Lokreel tuna fish or salmon, 5 or 6 thin slices of cheese, 2 tablespoons juice from fish, 1 tablespoon grated onion.

Rub the fat into the flour until like fine breadcrumbs. Add egg and milk, and mix well. Roll out two-thirds of the pastry to about ¼ in. thickness and line a 6 in. pie dish. Mix fish, onion, and juice, and put into dish. Place cheese in layers on the top. Shape remaining pastry into a round and place on top. Brush with milk or egg. Bake in oven (Mark 5, 375 F.) for 20-30 mins. Serve with a vegetable sauce.

Vegetable Sauce: 2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 2 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 pt. milk, 1 packet Eskimo frozen mixed vegetables.

Melt fat, remove from heat, and blend in the flour. Return to heat for a few minutes to cook the flour. Remove from heat again and add the milk gradually, stirring all the time. Bring to the boil and then add vegetables and simmer gently for 5 minutes.



## FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

Advice on any cookery problem is offered free of charge to "Home Magazine" readers. Address questions to Mary Langham, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," P.O. Box 53, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope

# The World is on your Hearth

MANY people say that the home hearth to-day is not as important as it used to be. Once it was supreme but now the young go further afield; the old folk have not got the same pull. This is the era of the coffee bar, rock 'n' roll, the Teddy Boys' picnic, pony-tail allure. The hearth has lost its power, some say.

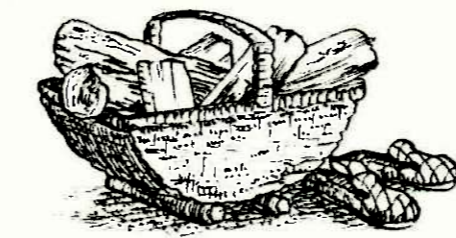
That is not true! It is as strong as ever it was; it is suffering because some parents have misused it.

The more dominant type of father and mother have mistakenly turned it into a judgment seat rather than the place where young people turn for sympathetic understanding and help. It should never be the place for reprisals. Home can only lose its importance if the hearth is turned into a confessional box where the young lose self-confidence in the eternal ticking-off!

I REMEMBER the hearth in the rectory dining-room of home, with the wood fire burning in the ingle, and my father who was never angry. To his hearth came all his village if they so wished for sympathy and for kindly advice, *but not for preaching*. Once he said to me, "Too few parsons realise how little preaching does for us; the power to talk something over is so much greater."

I admit that to-day teen-agers are more sophisticated. We live in an era of gay young people who want to assert themselves—sometimes quite wrongly, but youth has a right to liberty. To hold them back, to preach at them merely strengthens the attempt to avoid frustration.

They seek new confidence in flashy clothes and arrogant behaviour. It is a phase through which youth passes. It always has done: it always will. Parents say sadly, "Well, I never went through



it," but if they think back surely they remember their parents saying, "What are the young people coming to? They were never like this when we were young."

The kindly hearth should not lose strength, and parents should not have to say, "We just *can't* keep them in." Even young people stay indoors if they are happy, and if they are understood.

Recognize the tremendous sympathetic authority of your own fireside. It should be no on-the-mat court for parental jurisdiction, but a place where topics can be freely talked over and advice, not command, be given as a free gift. Your

By  
**URSULA BLOOM**

fireside is where the happiest control is born. It has the very heart of home in it.

To the new old people, the new young folk seem at times unbelievable. But they are made of the same stuff as we were. Think of the 1920's when a crazy England went dance-mad, and when parents were shocked by the fox-trot and the Charleston. They were the same to your parents as the rumba and rock 'n' roll are to-day to you. *But there is no need to fly off the handle about it.*

I STILL believe in home as the nest to which the young return. I think it should give comfort and kindness, and not just become the place where there is always a row. Criticism is a poor commodity, if commodity it is at all. Each of us has faults. Maybe with age we do grow narrower and less sympathetic because the whole world changes about us, is misleading and extraordinary at times, and the greyer we are the madder it may seem to be.

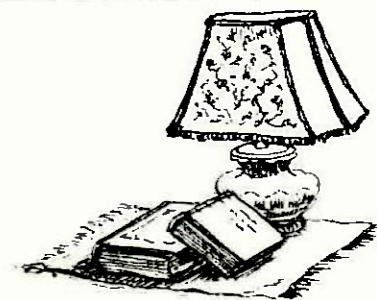
But home should not change, save in a little decor perhaps. It should be the shrine of security and of confidence, and when it fulfils those roles people do not

leave it. There should be no apprehension of a scolding at any time, because when the young grow up—and they do grow up earlier these days—they have outstepped that era. When it comes to analysis, what have you ever accomplished by scolding? How far has it really got you? If you are truthful you'll find the answer is: nowhere.

YOUTH knows all the answers. This is nothing new, for it always did! It learns that it is in the wrong by the hard way, and sometimes it is quite a good thing for it to learn from strangers. For often youth respects strangers more than parents, whom it knows so well.

What is the good of saying, "Yes, I know. But why *did* you do it? What-ever came over you?" No young person has the answer to that, because all of us do crazy things in the companionship of an over-stimulating friend, egged on by what we believe to be a personal success. It is sickening enough for something to have been a flop, without having salt rubbed into the wound.

In all lives there is need for a sanctuary—a place where one can be sure of a safe haven of encouragement, and the under-



standing of human kindness. That sanctuary should be the hearth. Don't stamp it as being old-fashioned and out of date, for it is never that. Home is the vital background of everybody's life; all of us should remember with love and affection our early hearthside. It can be so much more. It can be the golden link that keeps the family together.

## Palms and Ferns make best plants for indoors



*Primula obconica* is the only one of the primulas which will really stand up to normal room conditions, says our contributor

**O**F the many pot plants given as presents for Christmas and New Year, few seem to live after the middle of March, sometimes due to ignorance, sometimes owing to modern heating.

I have been asked for a few tips about the care of room plants, and these notes are specially for those who have no greenhouse at all.

Let it be said, right at the start, that it is not easy to keep certain plants going year after year in the room of a house. There is often insufficient light, the temperature is not kept constant, and of course there are problems of feeding and potting on.

Do not, therefore, keep cinerarias or most of the primulas. The only one of the latter that will live on in a house is *Primula obconica*. The red-berried *solanum* may last for two years, but they are a bit of a gamble. I have known azaleas go on for five or six years, but it is, of course, the palms and ferns which last better than any other type of plant.

Fortunately to-day there are many of these available, and many other types of evergreens and succulents.

Ferns need plenty of water in the summer, but little in the winter. If they need repotting, do this late this month in the John Innes potting compost. It is a good thing to put ferns nearer the window in the winter so that they can get all the light available, and towards the centre of the room in the summer when there is really bright sunshine.

**I**F you have an azalea, the flowers, perhaps, are now starting to fade and the new growths are being made. Syringe the plant over from time to time with tepid water. This will encourage the production of the new shoots. Water the plant only when it gets really dry. Repot in March, using the John Innes compost, which you can get from the C.W.S. Horticultural Department at Derby. In June take the plant out of doors and plunge it into the soil or in ashes, where it can grow happily on its own. There it can be fed once a fortnight with Liquinure, diluted. At the end of September the plant will come indoors again.

If you have one of those little cherry trees, as some people call them, cut the shoots back by half when the red fruits start to shrivel. Then, when new shoots begin to appear, repot and once again put the plant out of doors in the summer in a sheltered place.

**P**ERHAPS your favourite plant is a cyclamen. This is a plant that needs keeping quite dry when the leaves have fallen, and in fact the pot can be laid on its side out of doors in the summer. Repotting is done in July, and the plant brought into the house late in September. It needs a moderate amount of water until growing well.

Now for a few general hints. Never allow the plants to stand in a draught, or in the direct line of a fire, for they hate this. More plants are ruined by over-watering than by under-watering, so do not stand a plant in a saucer of water. This causes the base of the roots to die. Occasionally wash or syringe the foliage; dust often blocks up the breathing-pores. If you make this a regular Saturday morning job, it will be a great help. Cut off yellow leaves, broken stems, and dead flowers regularly.

### AUTUMN-SOWN ONIONS

**I**F you made a sowing of onions in the autumn, they will probably be looking well now, but it may not be long before they begin to turn yellow and gradually peter out. If this happens, it means you have left them to the mercy of pests, diseases, and the weather. Go over the rows now and carefully pull up any weeds you see. Apply a little old soot at a good handful per yard-run, to make the soil warmer and to release slowly the nitrogenous food. Thin the plants at the same time to a quarter of an inch apart. Overcrowding invariably causes trouble.

## How the French sow broad beans

**D**URING a visit to France I discovered people there are fond of the Circle Method of sowing broad beans. Sowing in a series of circles proves to be just as effective as in straight rows, and it is claimed plants grown in this way give better results. Certainly pollination troubles are reduced to a minimum and the pods are easy to pick. The seed should be sown 6 inches apart and 3 inches deep in a circle about twelve inches across.

The circular plots need some preparation. The French find it sufficient to plunge a fork perpendicularly into the ground where the seeds are to be sown, and then push it back and forwards a little so as to help aeration and break up the ground a little. If this is done two or three times in different parts of the circular area, there should be no need to dig in the normal way.

Next cover the circle with sedge peat or finely-sifted compost to a depth of an inch, and fork in lightly. At the same time add a good fish manure at 3 oz. to the square yard. Tread the ground well and whiten with lime.

# A Seal Called Johnnie

Became the town's pet in Finland's far-off Porvoo. So did Svea the Moose in Denmark

**I**N Porvoo, a little country town by the Gulf of Finland, a young marble seal has become the darling of the population. His owner, Dr. Tor Ulfstedt has named him Johnnie, though no one yet knows whether he is really a male. Only when he has matured can his sex be determined.

He has been named Johnnie for the time being because Dr. Ulfstedt's sons hold that the seal's robust antics must be those of a male. He loves shrimps and devours tinfuls with a speed that deceives the eye and would certainly make a conjurer think. And he has a ravenous appetite for tasty Baltic herring.

For Johnnie, it is always dinner time and the smell of the spicy herring must tickle the seal's nostrils constantly for he seems to know the exact minute dinner is ready.

Johnnie consumes two pounds of average-sized Baltic herrings at one sitting. Fish after fish disappears into the seal's hungry gape. With 15 herrings inside him Johnnie is ready for his bath. He's got used to all the fuss and attention which has been showered on him lately and he likes to show off.

**T**HE seal was found by an officer of the Finnish Preventive Service. The official could have turned him in and collected a handsome bounty, but the wonderfully bright eyes which gazed at him seemed to plead for mercy. So instead of a bounty the official received the warm thanks of the Ulfstedt family.

We have got used to chimpanzees, horses, and even lions grimacing at us through the cathode ray tube, but who ever heard of a moose that liked people?

Svea, the moose, did. She was a gift to Denmark from the Swedish newspaper publisher Torsten Kreuger. He found her with a broken leg on his farm and nursed her back to health.

Once safely in Denmark Svea was turned loose in the Gribkov woods. It was hoped the two bull moose who were known to roam the woods would find her. But Svea preferred the company of humans.

She knocked at the door of Ranger Joergensen of the Royal Danish Forest Service and looked dolefully at the Ranger's daughter Kirsten. "Please stroke me!" her eyes seemed to plead. When Kirsten scratched the top of her huge head, Svea nuzzled closer.

The two became fast friends and it became a ritual for Svea to see her friend Kirsten every morning. She always liked to listen when Kirsten talked to her

and when she had listened attentively she replied with a deep rumbling in her throat.

Then Svea discovered Mr. Rosendahl's pastry shop in Helsingør and Rosendahl made the cardinal mistake of giving the moose some of his fresh bread. After that Svea returned consistently for more. She was also very partial to pastry and used to cavort in front of the shop in the hope that the children, who naturally stopped to watch her, would spend their pocket money for some odd eclairs or meringues.

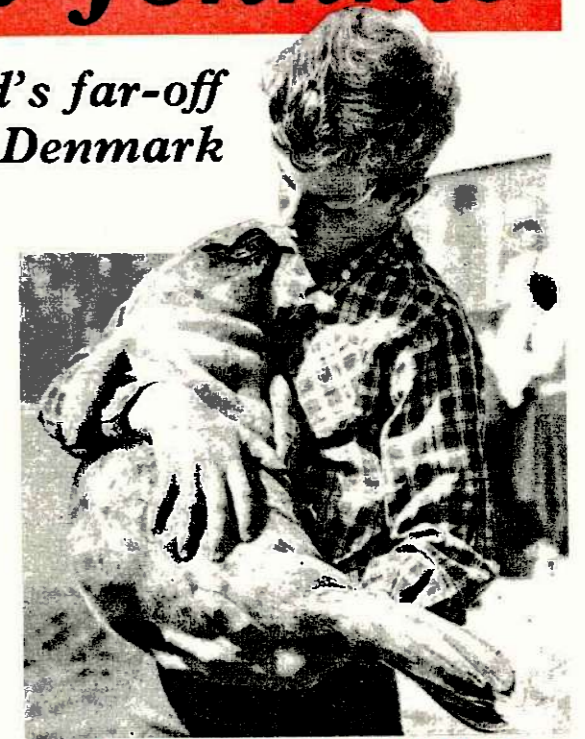
**S**VEA was also fond of motorists. Often she would stop cars and investigate the motorists, nuzzling close to the driver if he spoke gently to her.

The authorities got worried. Svea had been accepted from Kreuger in the hope that she would produce a strain of Danish moose. So they sent her to a game reserve in North Sealand where the two bulls ranged. But Svea did not take to them and she was soon back in Helsingør, gazing longingly at the pastries of Mr. Rosendahl.

Svea town council debated the matter. "Svea," one of the councillors said, "must be made to realize that she is an animal. She must not be allowed to disrupt the orderly government of the town."

Copenhagen Zoo offered to take her and she was shipped off. But Svea did not like zoo life. With a flying leap she cleared the nine-foot moat that separated her from human civilisation.

Soon she was back nuzzling her huge head into cars. But she realized that life



Johnnie loves to be cuddled in the arms of Dr. Ulfstedt's sons

would be more comfortable in her enclosure and she leaped back again. About five years ago Svea died of pneumonia although everything was done to save her.

Queen Salote of Tonga has a pet tortoise who is a very affectionate animal. Now tortoise-keeping has been popular on and off for many decades, but Queen Salote's tortoise does fall into a special category.

**T**HE story goes that this tortoise was left by Captain Cook in the latter half of the 18th century. The Tongans call him Tui Malila, a name taken from a town in Tongatabu. He is honoured as a chief and his name is solemnly called in the *kava* ring in order that he may receive the bowl of *kava* which he never drinks.

The animal seems to enjoy its special position of privilege. His shell is scarred by bush fire and his sight has been dimming lately, but he is still a fine creature, wandering as he pleases about the royal grounds.

Distinguished visitors like meeting him and before formal introductions are made, his shell is carefully oiled with every mark of respect. His greatest day, in a long and honoured life, was surely the occasion when he was presented to Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their visit to Tonga.

By MICHAEL GRAY

# For boys and girls

## YOUR OWN PAGE

Do you enjoy reading our page for boys and girls? Or would you change anything in it? What do you like best - pictures, puzzles, competitions, cartoons, jokes or news items? And what sort of things do you think interest other children?

Write out your opinions and suggestions in the form of a letter to the Editor. For the most interesting and helpful letters the Editor will award two special prizes.

There will be a BOOK prize for the best letter from a reader aged nine or over, and a CUT-OUT MODEL for the best entry from the under-nines.

Post your entries not later than March 5th to: The Editor, Co-operative HOME Magazine, C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balcon Street, Manchester 4.

## December Competition Winners

**Josy Pitt,**  
197a Milton Road, Cambridge

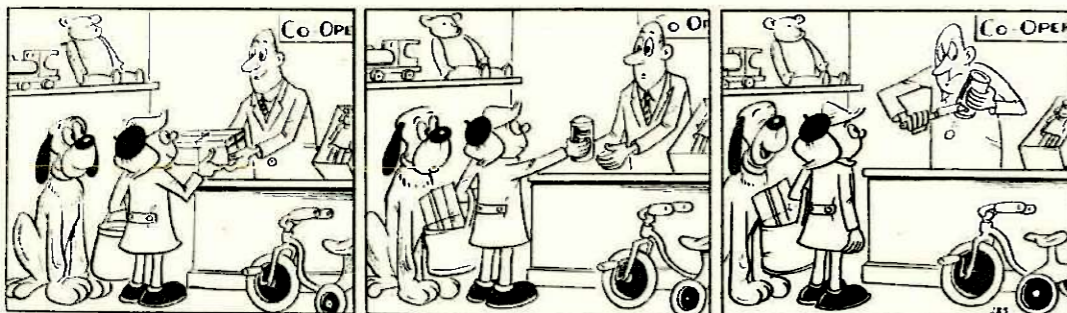
**Valerie Evans,**  
4 Coventry Road,  
Queen's Park, Bedford.

## Lambeth Degrees

UNIVERSITIES usually confer degrees, but since the reign of Henry VIII the Archbishop of Canterbury has also had the privilege.

This month for the first time Lambeth degrees as they are called are to be conferred on two women: Mrs. M. B. Ridley and the Mother Superior of the Deaconess Community of St. Andrew. Their Master of Arts degrees will be in recognition of conspicuous service to the Church of England.

## PENNY and BOB



## RACING TO FAME

**MAKING** a strong bid for fame on the world's car-racing tracks is a fifteen-year-old Mexican schoolboy named Ricardo Rodriguez. In 1500c.c. sports-car races Ricardo has already beaten some of the leading American racing drivers.

In Britain, you cannot get a competition licence until you hold a full driving licence, so no one under the age of 17 can race here.

But Stirling Moss was only 17 when he won his first races.

Your friend, **BILL**



## What is it?

A prehistoric monster? The jaws of a whale? Or something much more homely? If you can't decide what it is, look at foot of column 4.

## Tongue Twister

Say as quickly as you can: *Peter's pop prefers Patsy's pet pouter properly penned.*



Surprised look on the face of this inmate of the London Zoo is his normal expression, and not the result of catching sight of himself in a mirror. He is a grey-necked crowned crane from East Africa, and delights to show off the beautiful golden crest which is his crowning glory.

## THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

### Five Sisters

Uncle John shared £1 among his brother Tom's five daughters. He gave most to the eldest. To the next he gave 10d. less; to the third 9d. less than the second; to the fourth 8d. less than the third, and to the youngest 7d. less than the fourth. He used up the £1 exactly. How much did he give to each of his nieces?

### Historic Episode

Beside a river meandering through a meadow stands a tent. In it are a number of men dressed in the armour of the Middle Ages. Outside are troops. The men in the tent look angrily at one who wears a crown. He, too, is angry because he is being urged against his will to sign a document spread out before him. At last he sets his seal to the document and throws himself on the ground in temper. What historical scene does this represent?

## HOME, SWEET HOME

**IF** you found yourself in a long house, do you know what country you would be visiting? The name is a very good description of the communal homes of Malaya where sometimes a whole village may live in one house, families being separated by thin partitions.

Siamese folk often live in river house-boats, while the natives of the Andaman Islands build lean-to houses which can be moved to face any direction they wish.

In the French Cameroons quite decorative houses are built of sun-dried mud, while the Samoans live in houses without walls. Mats rolled up to the roof during the day are let down at night time.

You will find houses built in trees on the island of Timor, and often these have the extra protection of a palisade made of sharpened stakes round the foot of the tree.

### Night-watchman's Dream

A night-watchman dreamt one night that a burglar was going to break into the warehouse he was guarding on the following night. He told his employer, who set a trap, and caught the burglar. Then he sacked the night-watchman. Why?

### In Days Gone By...



**WHEN** you wanted pepper in the seventeenth century you couldn't just pop into the Co-op and buy a packet. You had to grind it yourself in a mill like the one in our picture.

## PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

**What is it?** A clothes peg.  
**Five Sisters:** 5s. 6d., 4s. 8d., 3s. 11d., 3s. 3d., 2s. 8d.

**Historic Episode:** King John signing Magna Carta.

**Night-watchman:** The watchman ought never to have been asleep at night.

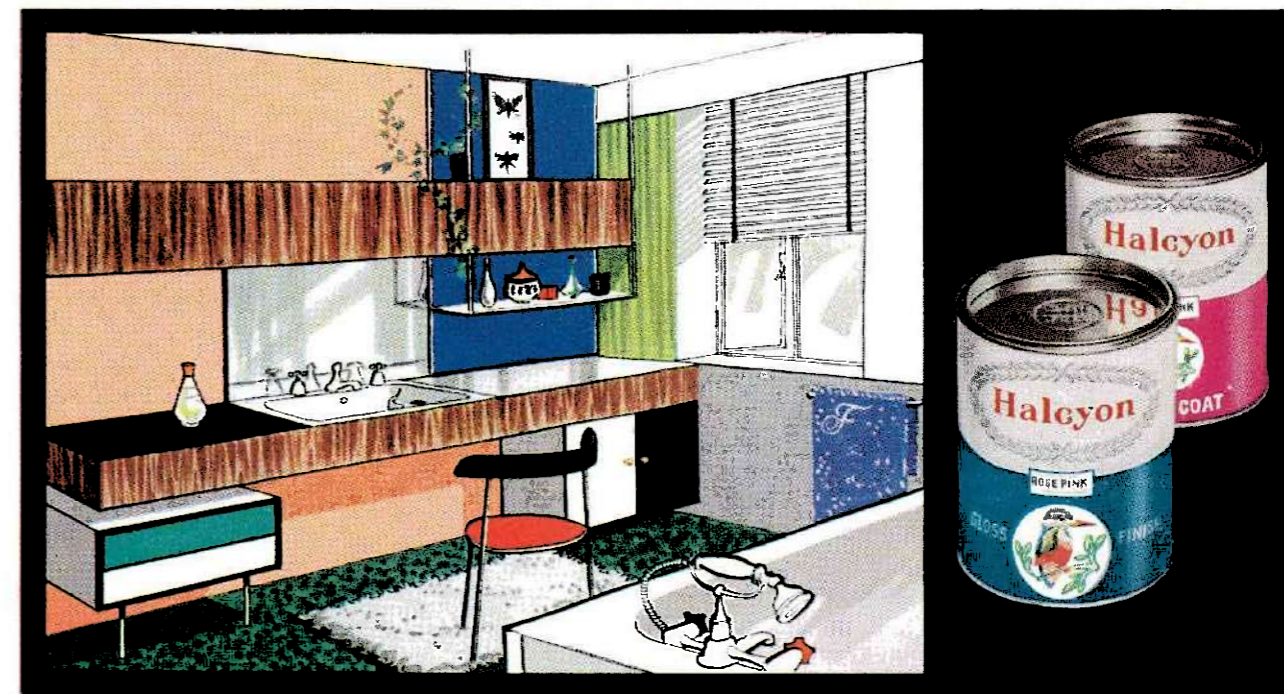
introducing




Calling all do-it-yourself home decorators—we've good paint news for you! Here's HALCYON the newest and best paint on the market—the result of recent research and all the technical knowledge gained by years of good paint making.

*the paint you've been waiting for!*

The high opacity of HALCYON makes it a wonderful one-coat paint (*but, as for all paints, an undercoat is recommended*). Its easy-brushing properties make it child's play to use and it dries with a very high gloss finish that is not only beautiful but has great resistance to steam and damp. HALCYON is the modern paint for all purposes, interior and exterior—and you have a choice of 36 colours. You can buy HALCYON in 1-pint, 1-pint, and 1-gallon tins.



**Halcyon** brilliant newcomer to the  range of fine paints

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## 1,560,000 Checks in Half-year

### AUTOMATION IN OFFICE

**H**OW many times, when you have been in the general office, have you wondered what was that subdued noise and clatter of machines that you could hear as you waited to be served. Typewriters say most, no idea say others, but no one gives a guess that it is machines sorting and calculating your purchase checks to arrive at the amount of dividend that is due to you, and our photographs show the girls operating these machines.

It was in October, 1951, that the machines came into operation, following months of consideration by the management committee for these machines are very expensive, costing some thousands of pounds. Before October, 1951, check sorting was done by hand, the perforated copies of the check given to you having to be separated and then sorted into a pigeon-hole of your share number, and then later to be totalled on adding machines.

It was a slow, laborious job, and although not so many checks were dealt with as to-day, kept 16 girls busy. The committee because of the changing times, more checks to be sorted, the need for more girls, the extra room for them to work in, the difficulty of finding more room, and the fact that girls did not seem to want to do check sorting, had to consider the installation of machines to do the work.

It is no use showing you photographs unless one attempts to tell you something of what they are doing.

In the No. 1 photograph you can see the start of the operation of modern check sorting; these two girls are reading from the duplicate pages of the check books that your purchase check has come from, and are tapping the details of the department which issued the check, the share number, and the amount of purchase on to the keyboard (something like a typewriter) of their machine which punches holes into a small card, which now becomes the record for your "divi." Each of these girls can

comfortably deal with 7,000 checks each day.

In the same photograph you can see the supervisor, Mrs. B. Pegg, checking on some detail of the work, and in the background many rolls of duplicate checks that are ready to go into storage, where they will stay for about two years before being destroyed.

### Does Two Jobs

On the desk in the foreground you will see some stacks of the punched cards ready for the next operation, which takes us to photograph No. 2, which is a machine that has two functions, the first one being that of an adding machine, the second one we will look at later.

The second operation of modern check sorting is to feed the punched cards into this machine, which at tremendous speed prints and adds the purchases which the machine takes from the holes in the card. From the printed list that the machine makes it is possible to check the cash taken by the various departments and deliverers, besides making sure that no errors have been made in punching the holes in the cards by the first machine.

The function of machine No. 3 shown in the third photograph is to sort the cards into numerical order, again from the holes, and it does this at the rate of 28,000 per hour (a new machine fitted after this photograph was taken sorts at the rate of 40,000 per hour).

It would seem that the machine has been stopped while the supervisor discusses some point with the operator, but this is not so, the cards are still being sorted at the rate of 28,000 per hour, and it is the speed at which the photograph was taken which makes it appear to have stopped.

The last operation in this modern sorting comes next, and it is back to machine No. 2 for it. Up until now a card for every single check has been punched, but it is necessary to find out the total of all the cards of each member in order that the correct amount of dividend can be credited to you.

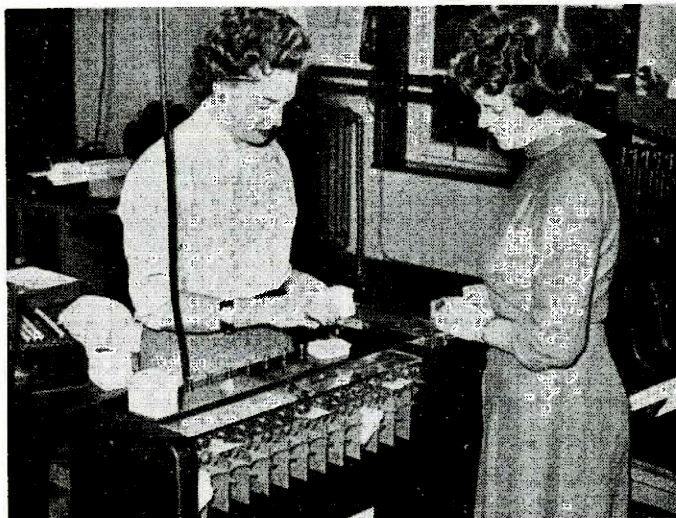
An adjustment is made to machine No. 2 and all the cards are fed into it once more, and in due course out come all the cards with an additional punched card giving an up-to-date total of each member's purchases.

It is only necessary to do this summarising two or three times during the half-year, the last time being, of course, at the end of the half-year when your "divi" is calculated, either to be paid out in cash or credited to your share account.

*Photograph No. 2.*



*Photograph No. 3.*



*Photograph No. 1.*



Labour Saving

That, briefly, is what happens in modern check sorting by machines; before 1951 16 girls to deal with a smaller number of checks, to-day seven girls. Who is the man in No. 2 photograph? It is Mr. F. C. Bennett, our assistant secretary, no doubt making an inspection of the work being done.

What is it that the girls would like to help them in their work? CLEAR AND DISTINCT FIGURES on checks and no alterations, so will shop assistants and deliverers please note. Members, too, can help by insisting that if a wrong number or figure is put on their checks, that the check be cancelled and a new one be made out.

Mrs. Pegg, the supervisor, tells me that at times it is very difficult to read the figures on some of the checks, and this is how errors in dividend can be made.

During the half-year the number of checks used is 1,560,000, and the number keeps growing. If they were placed end to end, a check is 2½ inches long, they would stretch a distance of 61½ miles, or roughly from Tamworth to Sheffield.

Last month we asked you to keep your checks, and that advice is repeated this month, and if you do have anything wrong with one, please bring it to the general office immediately.

Children Entertained

At 5-15 p.m. on Wednesday, January 8th, the Assembly Hall, Colehill, was invaded (by invitation of the education committee) by just over 40 children, members of the Co-operative Playway and Pathfinder groups, and within a few minutes the annual new year tea and party was on.

The tea arranged by the wives of the members of the education committee

quickly disappeared, and in time even the most hungry had to say "no more." After tea it was party time, until a little after eight, when after another cake or two, each one received a present of a ½ lb. box of C.W.S. chocolates before making their way home.

Our photograph shows some of the happy faces at the party.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Lilac Villa, Hurley, February 10th.

No Tricks Here

A conjuror is always sure of a big success at a children's party provided his tricks have the right blend of skill and bafflement. Indeed, we have only to look at the names of some of the great illusionists of the past 50 years or so to realise that "magic" has had a big appeal for adults too—witness Maskelyne and Devant, the great Houdini, and other stage stars whose names were household topics in their day.

Sophistication is the enemy of the illusionist and magician. Witch doctors, of course, are particularly lucky in this respect, as they deal with natives who often are little more than children at heart.

Even in these modern and sophisticated days you will notice that most people will spare a moment for a passing glance at the escapologist wrestling with chain or rope on the sands at a holiday resort, or for the edification of a racecourse crowd.

The element of wonder is very close to the surface in human beings. The "marvellous" has a distinct appeal.

So, the sputniks were a source of wonder when they were first launched by the Russians, but time is the enemy of all

"wonders." They eventually become accepted, the ordinary thing.

For more than 100 years the Co-operative movement has been accomplishing wonders—it is still doing so for the ordinary man and woman. But there are no tricks, and no illusions—the Co-op has been built on a fair deal, the fairest deal that can be devised. Members are priority shareholders in their own business—it is run to give them service, and the surplus belongs to them. And what could be fairer than that?

Obituary

We regret to announce the deaths of the following members, and offer our sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

Percy Howes, Polesworth, November 4th.

William Sharratt, Tamworth, December 4th.

Emily Whitehall, Tamworth, December 7th.

Fanny Maria Pratt, Halloughton Grange, December 8th.

Rose McKenny, Tamworth, December 9th.

John Evan Ernest Ellis, Tamworth, December 12th.

Joseph Gladwin, Tamworth, December 15th.

Benjamin E. H. Cardy, Dordon, December 16th.

Ethel Bealey, Hints, December 20th.

Ethel Moore, Tamworth, December 21st.

Benjamin Hall, Amington, December 22nd.

William Buckler, Belgrave, December 22nd.

Ethel Tryphena Hannah Furnage, Hurley, December 22nd.

Frank Sidney Webster, Hurley, December 25th.

William Joseph Thompson, Fazeley, December 30th.

George Ross, Dordon, December 31st.

Albert Edward Miller, Dordon, January 1st.

Mary Beatrice Bishop, Glascote Heath, January 3rd.

Thomas Ellison, Tamworth, January 6th.

Nellie Gibson, Tamworth, January 6th.

Emily Wragg, Tamworth, January 7th.

Ernest William Heath, Tamworth, January 9th.

Edith Mary Hennessey, Two Gates, January 12th.

Mary Boonham, Fazeley, January 12th.



Playway and Pathfinder Party.

TAMWORTH Industrial Co-operative Society Ltd.

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Established 1886

Branches: POLESWORTH, DORDON, AMINGTON, GLASCOTE, WILNECOTE, WOOD END, GILLWAY, BOLEHALL, KINGSBURY, and MILE OAK

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THE OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY are the social and intellectual advancement of its Members and to carry on the trade of General Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Bread and Confectionery, Butchery, Coal, Footwear, Drapery, Outfitting, Dairying, Carpets, Furniture, Hardware, Boot Repairing, Greengroceries, Chemistry, Funeral Furnishing, Catering, and Radio.

The success of the movement depends entirely on the support given by each member.

IMPORTANT NOTICES:

HOURS OF BUSINESS FOR MEMBERS' TRANSACTIONS as at JANUARY, 1958

DEPARTMENT	MONDAY		TUESDAY		WEDNESDAY		THURSDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
OFFICE	9	5-30	9	5-30	9	12	9	5-30	9	5-30	9	5-30
MILK BAR	9	6	9	6	9	12	9	6	9	6	9	6
CHEMISTS	8-30	6	8-30	6	8-30	12	8-30	6	8-30	6	8-30	6
FURNISHING, RADIO, and CROCKERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	6
OUTFITTING & TAILORING	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	6
FOOTWEAR	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	6
DRAPERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
CENTRAL GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
MILE OAK GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
GILLWAY GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
KINGSBURY GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
AMINGTON GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
WOOD END GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
DORDON GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
BOLEHALL GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
GLASCOTE GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
WILNECOTE GROCERY and POLESWORTH GROCERY	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
SWEETS & TOBACCO	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8	12	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30	8-30	5-30
BUTCHERY	8	5	8	5	8	12	8	5	8	5	8	5
BOLEBRIDGE STREET SHOP	8	5	8	5	8	12-30	8	5	8	5-30	8	5
WORKS DEPT. (Builders' Yard)	8	5-30	8	5-30	8	5-30	8	5-30	8	5-30	8	12
DAIRY—Marmion Street	6-30	4	6-30	4	6-30	4	6-30	4	6-30	4	6-30	4

Dairy—(Sundays and Bank Holidays—6-30 a.m. to 2 p.m.)

DATES TO REMEMBER IN 1958

QUARTER ENDS: JANUARY 11th APRIL 12th. DIVIDEND PAID: March 6th, 7th, and 8th.  
JULY 12th. OCTOBER 11th. SEPTEMBER 4th, 5th, and 6th.  
HALF-YEARLY MEETINGS: MARCH 5th, SEPTEMBER 3rd.  
SHARE BOOKS TO COME IN FOR AUDIT BEFORE: SHARE BOOKS READY:  
FEBRUARY 15th. MARCH 22nd.  
AUGUST 16th. SEPTEMBER 20th.

HOW TO JOIN THE SOCIETY.—Persons may become Members of the Society by paying 1s. 6d. for Pass Book and Rules, and may then participate in all benefits accruing therefrom. The Share Capital is raised by Shares of £1 each, payable at once or by one instalment of 3s. 3d. per quarter. Interest is allowed on monthly balances, dating from the beginning of a new quarter, at the rate of 2½ per cent per annum on sums ranging from £1 to £500 (see Rule 46). Interest and Dividend may be allowed to accumulate as Share Capital. Loan Capital may be invested without limit. For further information apply at the Office or Branches.

PENNY BANK.—We have a Penny Bank, where Members or Non-Members may deposit from 1d. to 40s. Deposits received any day during Office Hours. Interest paid on quarterly balances at 2½ per cent per annum. Encourage your Children to Save.

NOMINATIONS.—All Members are requested to nominate the person to whom their money shall be paid at their decease. Nominations can be made at the Office any day during the hours appointed for receiving or paying Capital. 3d. charge for nomination.

WITHDRAWALS.—Members wishing to withdraw Capital from the Society are requested to attend personally, if possible; if they cannot do so they must send a note bearing the Member's signature, instructing the Office to pay the money to the bearer of such note. No Capital paid without the production of Pass Book or Pass Card.

COLLECTIVE LIFE ASSURANCE.—On the death of a Member or wife of a Member, notice should be sent to the Secretary of the Society at once, accompanied by a Registrar's Certificate of Death and the Member's Share Pass Book.

*There will be great demand for*

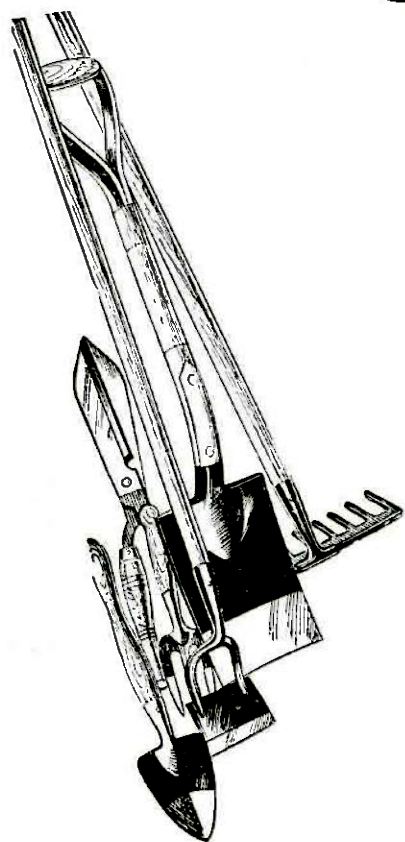
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*for the coming season*

and we have pleasure  
in offering

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*as follows:*



	7 lb.	14 lb.	28 lb.	56 lb.	112 lb.
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DUKE OF YORK .....	4/3	8/-	15/3	29/3	53/-
ECLIPSE .....					
HOME GUARD .....					
SHARPE'S EXPRESS .....					
ARRAN BANNER .....	4/-	7/6	13/3	24/9	46/-
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FINEST DUTCH SEED SHALLOTS ..... 1/8 per lb.  
FINEST ONION SETS ..... 2/4 " "

Vegetable and  
Flower Seeds, also  
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His home had taken a lifetime to pay for. Now it was destroyed . . . how much would it cost to replace ? It happens to countless homes every year. *How much would YOUR HOME cost to replace ?*

### **SO GREAT A RISK SO EASY A REMEDY**

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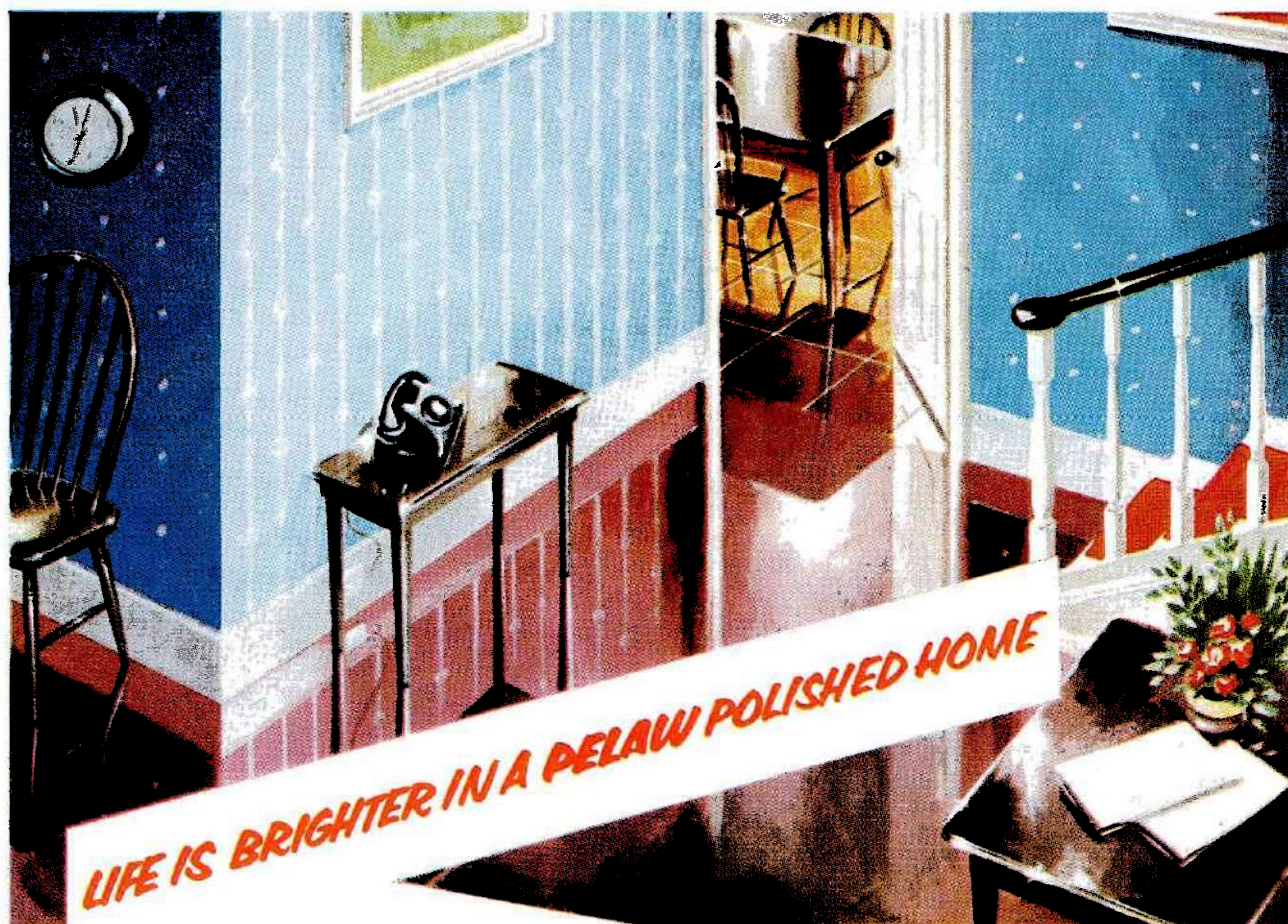
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