

Co-operative **Home**

APRIL 1958

M A G A Z I N E

IN THIS ISSUE

**HENRY
WILLIAMSON**

**URSULA
BLOOM**

**RAYMOND
POSTGATE**

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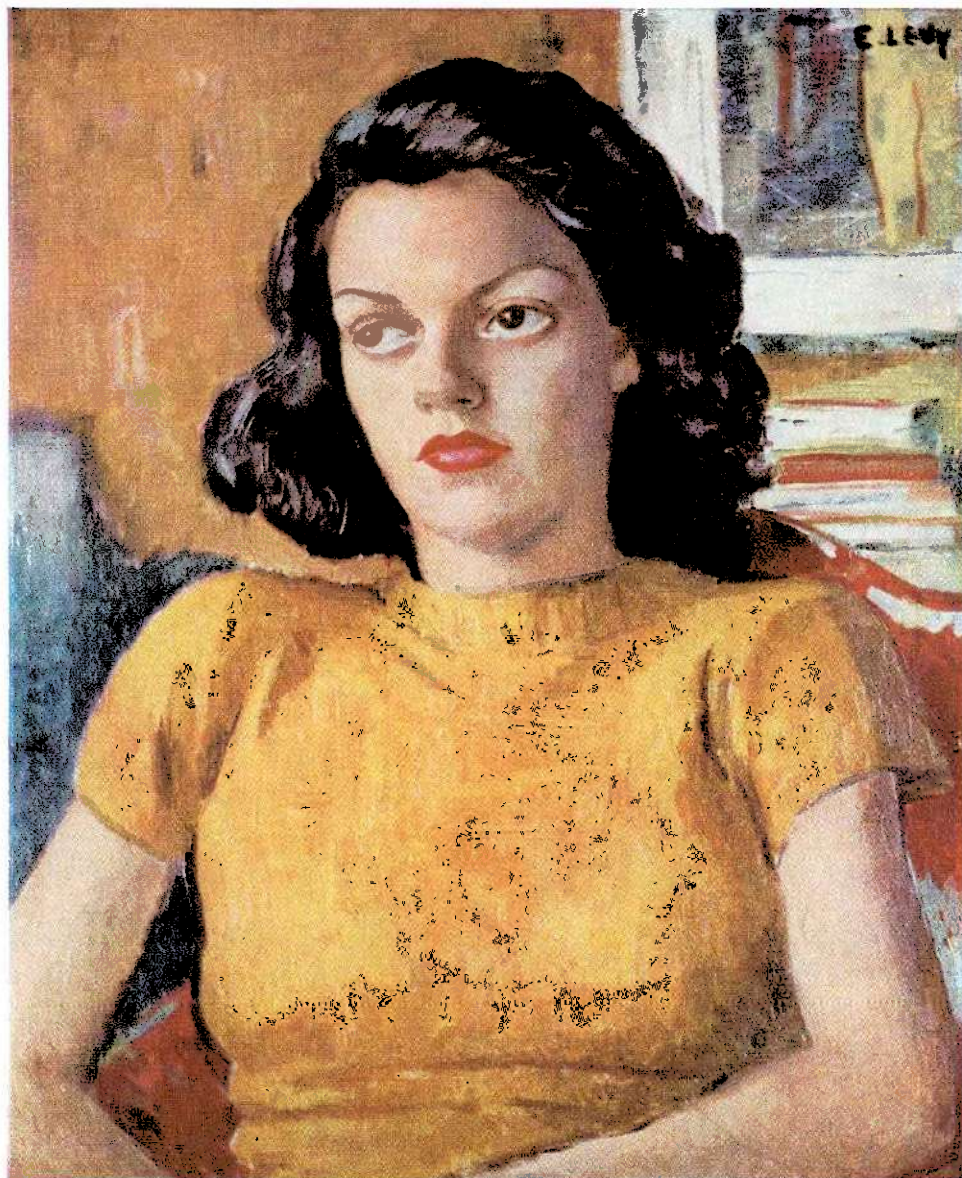
ALEX KERR

GIRL IN YELLOW JUMPER

by

Emmanuel Levy

*By courtesy of the
Salford City
Art Gallery*

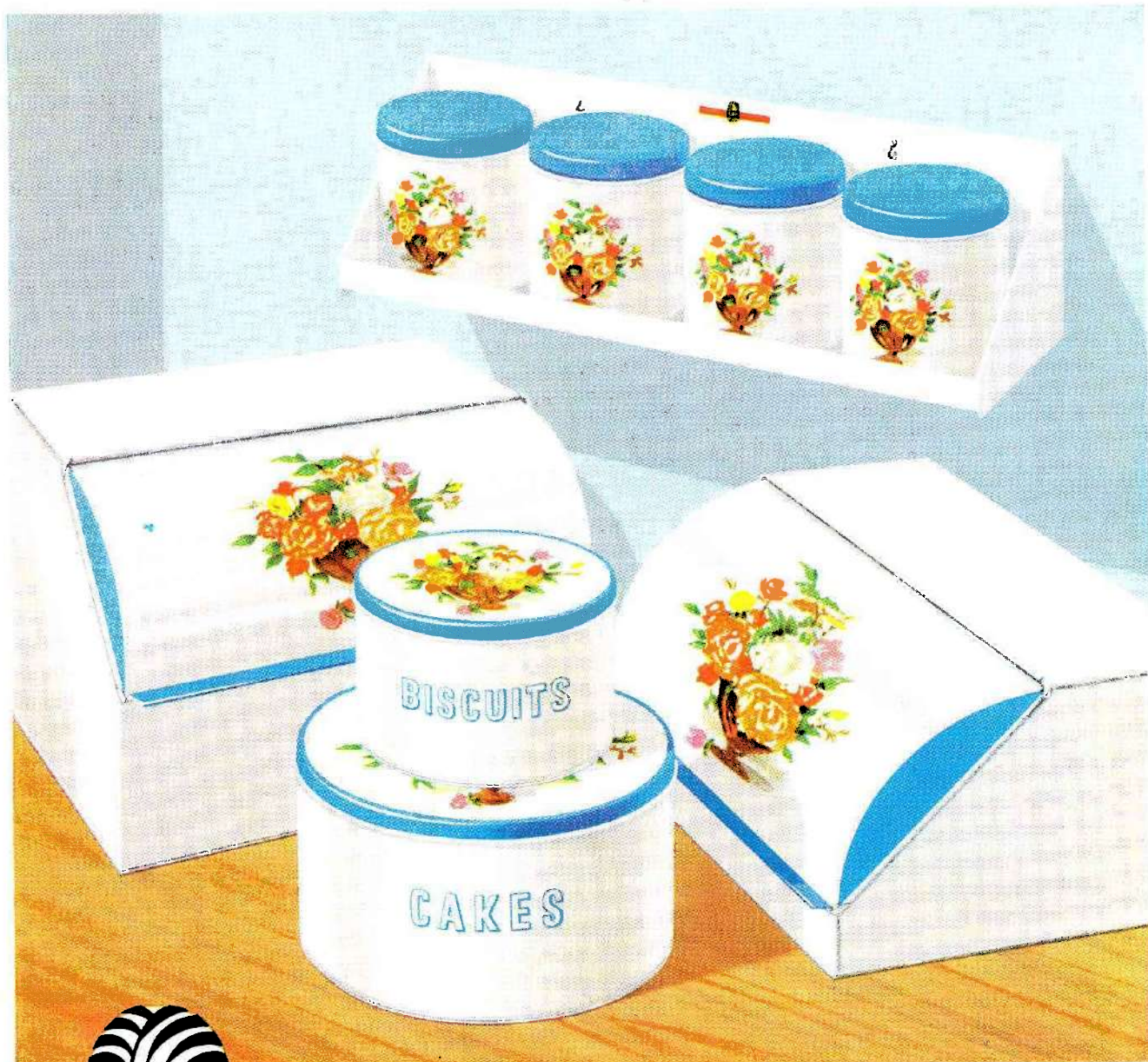


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Housewives' Choice

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BIRTLEY KITCHEN WARE

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

The Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

APRIL, 1958

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FRONT COVER

Emmanuel Levy is a well-known Manchester artist whose activities include, besides painting in oils, stage designing and drawing for the Press. He received his artistic training at the Manchester Art School, now the Regional College of Art, and teaches privately and at the Stockport School of Art.

The model for his painting, GIRL IN YELLOW JUMPER, was a student at the Manchester School of Art when Mr. Levy was teaching there.

Mr. Levy is interested in the theatre generally and has written a number of one-act plays for Festivals, including *Alter-piece* which was recently reprinted.

Rock 'n' Roll Rhapsody

THIS column carries a torch for youth. It sees nothing wrong with rock 'n' roll—indeed, we applaud it. There is a lot more harm in wandering about 'back streets than in healthy and vigorous dancing in a public hall.

Most of the trouble youngsters get into can be traced back to their homes. "There are no bad children, only bad parents," was how one expert put the matter.

The fuddy-duddies who shake their heads over the rising generation are just like their grandparents who did the same thing before 1914 and their parents who grumbled in a similar way in 1939.

What a wonderful reply the youth of those momentous war years made to their critics! "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth," wrote Disraeli and, although one could not subscribe to this completely, the men who do great things are usually those in whom the spirit of youth still flows strongly.

At this time of year youth is at its best. Spring is the season of love and adventure and thoughts of holidays. For holiday-makers going abroad HOME MAGAZINE will start a special series next month. It will take you to some of the most entrancing cities in the world.

The first article by S. J. Byron will describe Vienna, the magic setting for the *Third Man*, the inspiration of Strauss and the capital of Austria.

A few miles from Vienna lies Mayerling, scene of a love drama unparalleled in its day in which the heir to the Austrian throne shot himself and the young girl he loved. It is a story that has

thrilled succeeding generations and HOME MAGAZINE tells it now with details that have only been revealed by the passing of time.

In the following article there is all the thrill and mystery of Monte Carlo and the sensations that spring from scenes at the Casino gambling tables. You will feel the warm Mediterranean breezes on your cheeks as you follow the triumphs and tragedies of those who haunt the most famous gaming town in the world.

Other articles in May will include "A Housewife in New York," in which Iris Emmitt describes the impressions of a housewife who unexpectedly found herself among the skyscrapers of Broadway.

Jean Mann, M.P., will write about the day's work of women at Westminster. Everyone has heard of the men's smoking room there where world-shaking secrets are discussed. The women members have their own room, too, and Mrs. Mann



JEAN MANN, M.P.

takes you behind the scenes and reveals what they talk about—and what they think of their critics among the public and in the Press.

But we have many more plans for our readers. The May issue will announce a new feature of first-rate interest to every housewife. Don't miss it. Written by Doreen Browne, it will keep you in touch with the latest developments on the home shopping front.

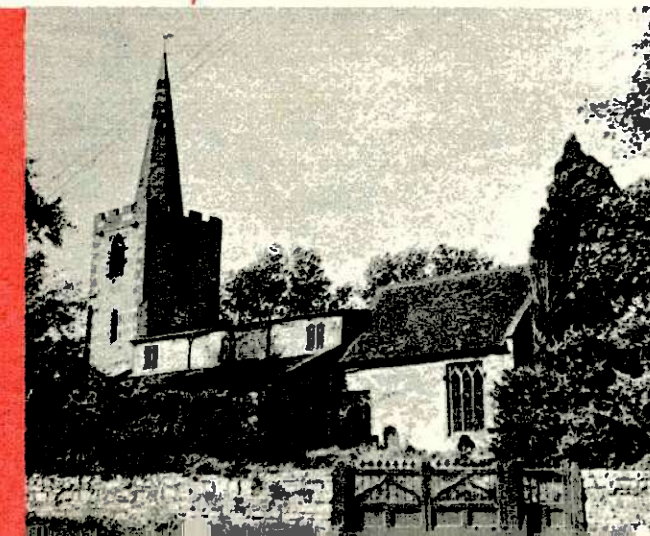
Every day of the year something new comes on the market. Most housewives are too busy to keep track of the unending stream of gadgets and devices for easing their work. But this will be only one of the tasks that Doreen Browne will undertake for you in conducting **Housewives' Club**, a new feature exclusive to the readers of HOME MAGAZINE.

Fashions and accessories, food, and furniture will all come within her scope and her discoveries and tips will put you in touch with new moves in all household fields. Doreen Browne meets and talks regularly with the leading manufacturers in all these industries and will pass on her knowledge to you in **Housewives' Club**.

Each month, too, you will be able to write in, with a stamped addressed envelope, for further particulars of the items mentioned. This comprehensive service will ensure that you can order at once the articles which attract you.—The Editor

THIS BRITAIN...

Typical of Britain's many picturesque village churches is this one at Wysall, Notts. The building contains a pulpit 550 years old and two ancient misericords.





From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

EVERY animal, bird, fish, and plant, to be happy, must have a base or place of security. In the nature of things, individuals grow old, and come to value memories—the life still in the mind—more and more. That is part of their security.

The longer I live, the more I believe that animals, including fish (which I have studied) are related not only structurally to man, broadly speaking, but also spiritually. By spirit, I mean the essence of life. And while that essence remains in the body, we all need security, or a base from which to live outwardly.

The body is related to the earth, it comes from the earth, and returns in due course. Old countrymen speak of the top soil of a field, its fertility, as the mother soil.

WHEN I went to farm in Norfolk some years ago—hoping to make a new base for my then-growing family of four sons—I was puzzled by my stockman, a sensitive, intuitive man, saying that “the marther had been hid” on the near-derelet fields.

The fertility, which is a living balance of bacteria ever re-making the soil, had been filched, crop after crop had been taken, and “marthing put back.” It was nearly barren. The mother soil had been outraged. The basis of life, health, happiness, had been removed. Unemployment on the land; rotting cottages; near-bitter spirit in the village, based on decayed love, which is hatred and fear.

It was a hard struggle, in those days before the war, to alter things; and when the war was over, I returned to the West Country, to a particular field, which I loved more than any place on earth. Originally it was two acres of grazing, by four cross-ways, and “hedged” by raised banks of earth and stone, topped by thorns. I had bought it in my youth

with the prize money from a book I had written about an otter here in Devon.

What excitement, to own a piece of land for the first time! With tape measure and prismatic compass I made a map of my field of would-be mathematical accuracy, and related its position to the stars above, wheeling around Stella Polaris, behind the beech spinney to the north. My young self was a discoverer, charting a new continent. My little boy rolled with me in the summer grass, and watched butterflies and bees among the shaking pollen.

The field was 600 feet above the Atlantic, which rolled upon sands a mile away and below, to the west. Winds blew hard at times. I planned a wooden hut, with open hearth. First, wind-belts of trees to be planted, to enclose all sides except the south, with its views over a distant estuary, and farther on, the grey tors of Dartmoor.

Thus the first year; then the hut was built, teaching myself the trade. It had an oak frame like a wooden ship, bolted to a concrete sill. Panels of compressed straw and wire covered the frames. They were water-proofed with 40 gallons of bitumen, before being roofed on top with Cornish peggle slates, held by copper nails, and the sides enclosed in wavy elmboard.

INSIDE, across one corner, stood my open hearth. There I sat, while gales of salt-wind and rain blurred the windows, before a drift-wood fire, while the chimney roared, making my first pot of tea from the heavy cast-iron kettle hanging from the chimney bar.

To-day, nearly 30 years later, my hut is still the same, strong and friendly. The oak frame is now dark brown. Outside, the trees rise 30 feet and more into the sky—pine, oak, beech, ash, larch.

The drive I dug and laid with stones, the seaweed-composted garden and orchard, lie within my domain. Here I have known a tame fox, a pipistrelle bat that got tidily on six drops of sherry.

A pair of buzzard hawks nest in one particular tree every year. Tom-tits roost behind the elmboards.

Here I enjoy my life and work, content with a small scope which permits the happiness within to arise and spread outwards. I am content.

After trials and errors I have found my true home, and serene in that my son will have, and care for, the same things when in due course I go back to the “marther.” Fortunate is the man, animal, or bird on its own base.

Treasures under the Hammer

CHRISTIE'S! The name has become a synonym for auction, and its rooms have long been the haunt of connoisseurs, and of all the fashionable world.

Magnificent pictures, rare jewels, fine furniture, ceramics, pictures, silver, precious tapestries and embroideries, valuable snuff-boxes or what you will: all the treasures of the past go through Christie's rooms.

The name of Christie's persists, though there has been no Christie in the firm since 1889. The first James Christie (1730-1803), after serving in the Navy, became assistant to an auctioneer in Covent Garden, and in 1763 set up for himself, though his first recorded sale was on December 5th, 1766.

About 1768 he moved to Pall Mall, where the business remained until 1823, when his son, James Christie the Second, transferred it to the building known as the European Museum in King Street. Here it continued until the building was bombed in 1941.

Though the front had been rebuilt by the architect, J. Macvicar Anderson, in 1893-94, the premises behind, including the principal auction room with its fine lantern roof, were substantially unaltered. After the bombing, Anderson's facade stood, damaged but not destroyed. Everything else, save one strong room containing valuable old catalogues, had perished.

The new building in King Street follows upon the lines of the old. Macvicar Anderson's facade was taken down, stone by stone, and re-erected.

WHEN I looked in at Christie's, a small painting was knocked down for something over £2,000—a mere trifle compared with £60,900 for a small Romney portrait in 1928; £50,000 for Rembrandt's *Old Woman Meditating Over A Book*, in 1916; £54,500 for Reynolds's *Mrs. Siddons*, in 1919; £54,500 for Romney's *Beckford Children*, in 1920; and more recently £43,050 for Constable's *Stratford Mill on the Stour*.

After his father died in 1803, James Christie II, fostered all the things he had held dear, and during the next 20



The scene in Christie's auction room as an important sale of old silver and other treasures takes place

years—up to the time of Christie's removal to No. 8 King Street in 1823—he considerably widened the scope of the firm's operations.

The auction rooms became a hive of activity (often tragic) when the treasures of Regency beaux came under the hammer, to satisfy the creditors of those who, like Brummell, had squandered their fortunes.

JAMES CHRISTIE III, and his brother, George, sons of the second James, in turn carried on the family business, taking into partnership in 1831, one William Manson, and in 1859, their assistant, Thomas Woods. Since then the full title of Christie's has been Christie, Manson, and Woods, Ltd., with Sir Alec Martin for many years the moving spirit.

The nineteenth century was a period of great sales. The European turmoil of the Napoleonic Wars threw numerous treasures of art and antiquity on to the market and it became the accepted thing that Christie's was the clearing house, usually in its own premises, but sometimes in the stately homes where precious pictures, furniture, and effects had accumulated through the centuries.

One famous sale was that of the possessions of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos at Stowe House in 1848. It lasted for forty days and realised £77,862.

Such sums may appear high, but in the boom years after World War I, these figures were easily eclipsed. At the Holford Sale in 1926, one day's takings amounted to £416,000. A single picture, *Mrs. Davenport*, by Romney, sold for £60,900.

The first and second world wars were marked by famous sales for the Red Cross and other prominent war charities, as well as those of gifts to the Treasury, as Christie's contribution to the national

effort. Vast sums were realised and the Red Cross Sales especially became a feature of London life during the war years.

Treasures which have survived the ruin of dynasties and Empires—Egyptian, Assyrian, Mogul, Byzantine, French, Scottish—all have reached Christie's. A gold chalice out of which great Constantine drank, and the sword which Prince Jamie wore at Flodden Field; a superb genre painting by Meissonier and the casket of Queen Mary containing her letters to Bothwell.

Christie's library contains over 7,000 volumes of their auction books, going back to the earliest ones which list coffins, barrel-organs, pigs, sedan chairs, farmyard dung, as well as James Christie's record price for a single lot, the notorious Borough of Gattin in Surrey, that carried a seat in the Commons, which he sold for £39,000.

Charles Dickens treasures were brought from Gad's Hill to be sold at Christie's. Here, too, was sold the Duke of Cambridge's collection.

ONE of the most amazing incidents at the King Street rooms concerned a well-known, though rather impecunious, man about town, who had to buy a wedding present.

He thought he was getting an unheard of bargain when a silver ornament was knocked down to him for thirty shillings. Later he discovered that the bidding was so much an ounce, and that the vase was appallingly heavy!

The housewife making do with ordinary table-ware may like to picture a table containing a £5,700 salt-cellar, six teaspoons worth £650, a £750 sauce boat, a £900 teapot, a £520 tea-service, a single spoon costing £1,300, a £760 tea-kettle. All these have figured in Christie's sales, just as part of the day's routine.

By F. W. SADLER

HE WHO SHOUTS LOUDEST

BREAKING each new animal is a widely differing experience. My brain is stimulated afresh with each one. First, I must formulate my theories about his nature, then I must decide in which way my mind can most easily approach his, and finally there is the regrouping of my ideas as the animal and I give and take in our approach to one another.

When he has arrived and settled down in his den in the menagerie, I stand and watch his reactions on seeing the other animals through the thick mesh that separates him from them. He may be indifferent; he may cower away from

ALEX KERR tells how he tackled the task of training an aggressive lion called Rajah

their challenge; or he may be the aggressor, the true potential boss animal.

My initial theories are formed. Perhaps the animal carries his head sideways—so he is inclined to be a bit nervous mentally. Perhaps he walks with a great show of swagger—so he will probably bluster and

attack immediately I am in the cage. Or perhaps he was interested in my movements outside the cage when he first saw me, not shying back when I approached the bars but meeting my eyes squarely and unafraid. I must be just as cautious with such a type, for an original lack of fear means also a lack of respect and I do not want him to think that I am contemptible.

The principle is the same in dealing with no matter how tough or fierce a lion. Nothing can be achieved until mutual trust and respect are established between the animal and myself. With a fierce lion,

LION TAMER

however, it is not so much a question of gaining his confidence as of instilling into him the knowledge that I am as confident as he and that, although I shall never attack him, I shall be quick to answer any challenge he may make.

From the first moment, as I stood watching him from the outside of the cage, Rajah's attitude was aggressive. A normal lion will keep away from me, at the other end, but Rajah would rush and snarl at anyone he saw.

The day seems to arrive only too soon before I must go in and face such an animal. I tell myself that I know all about him and that I have counter-plans for any emergency that might arise. And that morning, somehow, I find something else to do and there is no time to go into the cage.

In the evening I tell myself that I must be getting yellow. I lie awake remembering that I can never know all the answers. In most cases I go into the cage thinking that I know at least ninety per cent about the animal's nature—though I am not

sure that I am right until I have come back out again—but with the obviously unpredictable Rajah, the percentage of uncertainty loomed as large as sixty per cent. But with my fears comes the comforting thought that my own mind will be keyed up to a far greater extent than normal: the brain is more alive and quicker to react when stimulated by fear.

And the next morning I take a grip on my kitchen chair, slip through the cage door, and hope to blazes that my summing-up of the beast's character is correct, because once I am inside with him no one can help me but myself and I shall not come out again until I have established some contact with the animal.

IF I went in and ran out again because I was afraid, I would never be able to work that animal, for I would have admitted to him that he was my cage boss and his respect for me would be lost for ever.



The day I need to take the smallest drink to give me courage will be the day when I pack up working with wild animals. A man who has a drink before he goes in the cage is a fool. If I have a headache or a cold I will not take any form of drug; I am not sure of their properties and they might stimulate me into taking chances that would interfere with my judgment and slow down my reactions.

So I had to get into the cage somehow when he was already there, preferably when he was engaged with something at the other end from my entrance. One of my lads stood holding a rope tied to my door; it was his job to flick the door shut behind me as soon as I entered.

ANY strange being near the cage was enough to provoke an attack from Rajah so I told another lad to distract his attention by showing himself close to the bars at the other end. As soon as Rajah made a rush at the lad I jumped inside and the door was already closing as he noticed me and turned to attack.

He came straight across the cage with his mouth open and his tail rigid behind him like a bar—a lion stiffens his tail as a rudder to steer him in a charge. I answered his challenge at once. As he came I bellowed, to make more noise than he—like most bullies, lions understand such tactics—and crouching in the same way, with my kitchen chair in front of me for better balance, I sprang forward to meet him. He stopped in his tracks, amazed, about a paw's reach away from the chair and stood there.

HE was surprised when I did not follow up what he assumed was my "attack": he evidently thought it was from weakness on my part and I could see from the way he hooded his eyes from me that his courage had renewed itself. I did not wait for the snarl—which comes at the moment of attack—but "challenged" him again before he gathered his quarters to spring. Again, he was taken by surprise and stopped uncertainly.

But he was so keen to assert himself that it took five days before his bluff was finally called and he realized that, although I was not going to attack him and although I used no weapons against him, I was by no means weak and I would always resist him. It was the old story of he who shouts the loudest shouts the other down.

NEXT MONTH

ALEX KERR will tell of the problems raised by "mixing" lions and tigers, and of his feelings each time he turns his back on Khan, the famous tiger which "takes him for a ride"

THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on

The BOOKSHELF



will be possible to turn to an excellent series, *The Making of the English Landscape*, edited by **Dr. W. G. Hoskins** and published by Hodder and Stoughton at 25s. The first book took the name of the series and Dr. Hoskins described the changes brought generally by the Black Death, the Enclosures, and the Industrial Revolution.

Books on Cornwall, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire by different authors have so far appeared, and now Dr. Hoskins has contributed a volume on *Leicestershire* where he once worked. It has been painstakingly undertaken, and is at once scholarly and individual, with excellent illustrations. Like others in the series it is the true breath of England.

FEW things are better done to-day than the novel of action. It springs from the school of James Cain, W. R. Burnett, and other American writers and it combines slick psychology with crisp situations. As accomplished as anyone is **Winston Graham**, and *Greek Fire* (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) is one of his best.

From its subtly tense opening in an Athens night club with a calculated murder, the book throws Gene Vanbrugh into the post-war maelstrom of Greek politics and a love affair on the slopes of Parnassus—all with an espionage background.

BRITAIN may envy American possession of **John P. Marquand**. Here is an author whose gently ironical portraits of his countrymen have given him a permanent place in U.S. literature.

As the first volume in a new edition of his novels, *The Late George Apley* (Collins, 16s.), is a satire on Boston life that stands by itself in presentation of character. The story is human and moving and, like all Marquand's work, can be read again and again.

OFTEN one travels through a hitherto unknown part of England's coloured counties and wishes there was a handy volume to describe it. In due course it

EVERY Scot knows the meaning of "doon the watter," and *Clyde Waters* by **Maurice Lindsay** (Hale, 18s.) is a record of all that the Firth of Clyde has to offer in beauty and amusement. Its mixture of history, personal experience, and dissertation—such as Mr. Lindsay's antipathy for fishing—make it a charming miscellany spoiled slightly by a pompous caption to a sitting-room photograph called "The author in his study."

WHAT is an amateur? **Lew Hoad** in *My Game* (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.), reveals that Dunlops "paid me £1,200 a year as an amateur." A champion has problems. One was mix-



Gourock, looking over to Dunoon and the Holy Loch. From "Clyde Waters" by Maurice Lindsay, reviewed on this page
By courtesy of the Scottish Tourist Board

Make sure of
HOME MAGAZINE
for MAY

Put the kettle on and draw up your chair. It's time for elevenses and the first session of **Housewives' Club**. You'll read here of all the latest from the shopping front with particular emphasis on the home.

Don't miss **Henry Williamson's** second Nature Diary and another thrilling story of **Alex Kerr's** lion-taming adventures.

Ever wanted to walk down Broadway? **Iris Emmitt**, an English housewife, tells you what it feels like.

A love drama set to the dazzling background of Old Vienna opens our dramatic series on holidays-with-thrills.

Now that April's here...

you want shoes with the casual air and stylish ease, you want these new sparkling **WHEAT-SHEAF** styles to bring Spring to your toes and keep your feet in fashion.



T 5122 Velour suede. Casual with gilt motif. Covered heel and leather sole in Silver Birch. Also in Black. **49/11**



T 5021 Calf Court with perforated tab relief. Leather sole. In Regency Cream. Also in Black. **53/6**

From Co-operative Societies everywhere

ing tennis and courting: when he lost his temper and hit a ball over the grandstand, Jenny, later to be his wife, would not speak to him. Those who read this honest and instructive book will perhaps appreciate for the first time the dilemma facing an amateur offered 125,000 dollars to turn professional. As Hoad says, the money is too much.

A noble man is understandingly portrayed in *Schweitzer, Hero of Africa*, by **Robert Payne** (Hale, 16s.). When he went to give two lectures in America it was because he was offered £2,000 for his hospital at Lambarene in return.

Mystery beatings-up and shorn heads make the latest racy adventure of a lively character in *The Toff and the Stolen Tresses*, by **John Creasey** (Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.), well up to Creasey standards.

A girl has to decide between two very different men in *Monkey Tree in a Flower Pot*, by **Ursula Bloom** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), written with this HOME MAGAZINE contributor's keen knowledge of human nature.



THAT the "pop" can have a warmth of its own is shown by two of the latest recordings. Indeed there is imaginative insight in *Prince of Players* sung by Tommy Frederick and the Hinoes on London HLU 8555. It's a song with a message on the theme of the Great Prompter that comes over very effectively in modern harmony and Tommy Frederick has a high, haunting voice that matches the words.

Another song with real feeling put over by the singer is *That's why I was born*, a London recording HLO 8562 by Margaret Whiting with orchestra and chorus. On the other side is *I can't help it*.

There is verve and vigour in the sharp tones of Little Richard and *Good Golly Miss Molly* will set every youngster's toes tapping towards the gramophone shop. It comes on London HLU 8560 with *Hey-Hey-Hey-Hey* on the reverse. A must for the many Little Richard fans.

Finally, for the sentimental mood that recalls other days Cyril Stapleton and his orchestra have made an E.P. with a difference. *I've got you under my skin* and *September Song* are on one side and *All the things you are* and *Time on my hands* on the other. Cyril Stapleton's band has reached the front rank among dance orchestras by sheer merit and this charming record of nostalgic songs on Decca DFE 6418 adds to his laurels—T.O.

GAILY

GEOMETRIC and abstract designs are making a come-back for summer frocks. Gay and colourful, they are featured in many of the styles in the new C.W.S. Lanfield range, some of which are shown on this page.

All are available in your local Co-operative fashion department—and you would be wise to go and snap up your choice now, before all the most popular styles go.

Crisp, cool cotton is the favourite material, of course, and most of your cottons this year will need little or no ironing. If you want a tailored style, however, look out for frocks made of sailcloth; heavier and more suitable than cotton for formal wear.



COLOURFUL—

By
DOREEN BROWNE

Brightly-patterned materials demand a simple style, and the frocks are delightfully free from fussy trimmings, apart from an occasional touch of white braid or piping to outline a yoke or neckline. Even collars are out of favour, most of the frocks having cool, fairly low-cut round or square necks.

Skirts are either very full or pencil slim,

and waists are clearly defined with narrow belts.

In addition to the ordinary women's sizes—36 to 42 in. hips—there is a range specially designed for the not-so-slender. In soft, muted patterns, the frocks are cut on slimming lines, with straight skirts, pleated for easy movement, and simple, uncluttered bodices. These go up to size 54 in. hips.

Other special ranges are for teenagers—they will love the style shown on this page, with its wide sash drawing attention to a tiny waist—and for the petite woman of 5 ft. 2 in.

Not the least attractive features of the frocks are the prices, ranging from 38/6 to 77/3, approximately.



Above: in polished cotton, this is a style specially designed for the teenager. The cuffed square neckline gives a bolero effect, and the wide sash emphasises a slim waist. Price about 56/6

Far left: a gay design in cotton, with white ric-rac braid and buttons picking out the shoulder trimmings. Price about 46/6

Centre: simple style for the petite woman, with leather belt and matching buttons. Straight skirted in sailcloth, with decorative stitching on sleeves and collar, it costs about 69/9

Near left: designed on slimming lines, this frock for the fuller figure has soft folds on the bodice, giving a yoke effect. Price about 69/-



Part of the Jupiter range of contemporary-style space plan furniture, showing the writing cabinet and one of the two sideboards available. Handsomely finished in tola, the units will harmonise with your existing furniture so that you can buy piece by piece and build up gradually to the full range. The handles are of polished brass

Space-plan Spreads Its Wings

Matching furniture for Dining-room and Bedroom is latest furnishing fashion

THINK of a theme for the dining-room; repeat it in the lounge and bedrooms—and there you have the latest fashion in furnishing. So I was told at a recent exhibition in London, where all that was new in C.W.S. furniture was shown. The effectiveness of the idea was demonstrated by the two matching ranges of unit furniture—for dining-room and bedroom—which were the star features of the show, and which are the fore-runners of many more to come.

Created by Peter Hayward, M.S.I.A., one of the country's leading furniture designers, the contemporary-style Jupiter range offers a comprehensive choice of units that will enable you to tailor your dining-room to suit your own individual needs.

There are two tables—one frame style, the other gate-leg—two sideboards, dining chairs, a writing desk, open book-case, tea trolley, and Long Tom coffee table.

The units are attractively finished in tola, a popular timber which lends itself particularly to contemporary design. The cupboard and cabinet interiors are finished in mahogany.

The matching bedroom range, also on contemporary lines, includes 15 units: spacious wardrobes, some with interior fittings of polished brass; dressing tables with single or triple mirrors; chests of drawers of various sizes; bedside cabinets; and a Continental-type headboard.

This range is also available in an oak finish.

Cheerful news for the housewife is that at last somebody has provided her with the sliding doors to her kitchen cupboards and cabinets that she has been demanding for so long.

Not only space-saving, they also lessen the risk of accidents in the home. There is no chance of the children running into these if they are left open.

Neat and compact, but providing plenty of storage space, the pieces in this range include a sink unit in porcelain enamel or stainless steel.

The hard-wearing Formica working surfaces are in a star pattern in red, blue, green or yellow, with woodwork cheerfully painted to match. The units also have plastic-edged kicking plinths, which will preserve their life and smart appearance for many years.

Comfort is the main consideration when choosing a three-piece suite, and there is nothing lacking in this direction in the Saturn suite, with its new-style lumbar cushions that fit snugly into the small of the back.

Added bonus is the smartness of its upholstery.

Other outstanding new suites are the Perivale, Dainty, Talbot, and New Conway. These are designed on traditional lines, but given a contemporary air by their gay moquette coverings.

For those who do not need—or cannot afford—a full three-piece suite, there is a good choice of fireside chairs. Newest is the Winchester, with cheerfully-coloured upholstery and ebonised under-framing. For modern-minded grannies there is the Clifton, up-to-date version of the old rocking chair. This has a contemporary beige and green colour scheme, and coiled springs give it the authentic rocking movement.—D.B.



Gay and colourful, this kitchen furniture will last you a lifetime. Working surfaces are of Formica, in a star pattern of red, blue green or yellow. Woodwork is in matching colours. Boon for the housewife with a small kitchen are the sliding doors, which run on fibre tracks for easy opening

Mr. P. Redfern

A FORMER editor of C.W.S. publications and a prolific writer on Co-operative topics, Mr. Percy Redfern has died in hospital at York.

Mr. Redfern who was 82, was the editor of "The New History of the C.W.S." which was published in 1938 and brought up to date his earlier "Story of the Co-operative Wholesale Society" published in 1913. His autobiography, "Journey to Understanding," was published in 1946.

Mr. Redfern was a founder-member of the Balloon Street Luncheon Club and became its first and so far only life member in 1939.

The Monk who made a Monkey of his Clubmate

MEDMENHAM ABBEY—pronounced Mednam—still stands by the Thames-side between London and Oxford. It is even now an elegant and well-preserved building, and you still can't go over it. But I do not suppose the reason is the same as it was in the eighteenth century.

For in those days it was the home of the Hell-Fire Club, and that is why it has its place in history, not because of the Cistercian monks who built it originally. The Cistercians were very good men, I expect, and the Hell-Fire clubmen I know were not good at all. It is very sad that history finds rascallions so much more interesting than virtuous people.

The Hell-Fire Club was only the popular name for them. They called themselves the Medmenham Monks, and they dressed themselves up in long white cloaks modelled upon Roman Catholic friars' costumes. They also had a ceremonial which was a parody of Roman Catholic ritual.

So far, there was nothing very startling about them. There was fierce feeling against the Roman Catholic church in those days, dating from the fall of James II, which was less than a century before, and the invasion of the young Pretender, which was less than twenty years earlier.

They were also a jovial social club which met together every so often for good eating, hearty drinking—and for amusing themselves with obliging young women. This also was not unusual in the eighteenth century, though there weren't many clubs which were quite so plain about their third object.

What startled their contemporaries was the combination of both characteristics—feasting and great impropriety accompanied by solemn ceremonial. Everybody was soon talking about the Monks, and the stories lost none of their luridness in the telling.

The heyday of the Hell-Fire Club was in the 1750's and 1760's and some of the men concerned were very eminent. I cannot tell you about the women—in one respect at least the Monks were perfect gentlemen, and the girls' names were never revealed.

THERE was the Earl of Sandwich, a Cabinet Minister and an inventor (you can eat his invention in any pub). There was the famous democrat John Wilkes. There was Sir Francis Dashwood, Chancellor of the Exchequer and the builder of that most peculiar church which still stands in West Wycombe.

Some of the Monks' jokes were quite witty, but they were mostly in Latin, and on the whole had better stay in it. The Church itself is a joke. It has on top of it a large, hollow, gilt globe, into

which you can still climb by a ladder, and view the countryside.

Round the base of it is, or was, the word *Memento*, meaning "Remember." The word which follows it normally is *Mori*, meaning "that you must die," and so the pious people of West Wycombe read it.

But in fact the missing word was *Meri*, the genitive case of the latin word for "wine."

The inscription means "Remember the drink," and Dashwood, and the rest used to climb into the globe, bottles in their pockets, and get drunk on the church roof.

Such were the rather schoolboy-like jokes that amused them. The Order was eventually broken up by a joke which was a little too strong.

Lord Orford, a particularly silly Monk, had a habit of reciting prayers to the Devil. Wilkes, with the help of a servant, dressed a baboon in red trousers and coat, strapped horns on its head, and hid it in a cupboard. To the doorhandle he attached a string, and when Orford recited his prayer, Wilkes pulled the string and the monkey, angry and frightened, leapt out.

Orford thought his prayer was answered, and screeched like a maniac. The monkey, equally scared, ran round barking and biting. The Monks poured out of the Abbey in consternation. The

Into the hollow sphere at the top of this church the members of the Hell-Fire Club used to climb for their orgies of drunkenness. Around the base runs the inscription: Memento Meri—Remember the Drink



monkey broke through a window and ran up the main street.

This joke was considered in very bad taste, and the Monks quarrelled and never met again.

WHAT is the point, you say, in recalling the antics of such men? This, that it reminds us that very useful and valuable men aren't always good men in the copybook sense.

Wilkes, who played that joke, was a danger to any reasonably pretty woman. But he also, if you remember your history books, was responsible for some of the most important personal liberties that we have to-day.

The American Mrs. Grundies said General Grant was a drunkard. "Is he?" said Abraham Lincoln. "Then tell me what brand of whisky he uses and I'll send a barrel to my other Generals."

THE NATION'S TEAPOT

More than 95 million pounds of Co-operative Tea were sold during 1957. Blended and packed by the English and Scottish C.W.S., Co-operative tea is being more and more sought after for the nation's teapots



URSULA BLOOM, in a plea for the lonely, asks

Are You A Good Neighbour?

WE live in a new world where homes are easier to run, where each day brings some new invention to lighten the task of the housewife. Yet one eternal wretchedness remains; in fact I think it is often intensified to-day.

It is loneliness!

This is a hard world. In it there are people who are growing elderly, or who are shy, and do not make friends easily, who live alone, and who see no future ahead for them. It is an unhappiness which each of us should try to mitigate.

Have you ever walked out in the evening to wander round the streets, or the fields, feeling at a loss and aching for a friendly word you do not find, the handclasp of a real friend, for understanding?

Have you ever cried yourself to sleep because to-morrow is just another day, you had hoped for so much more from life, and feel it is passing you by?

All of us have done this.

I am desperately anxious to fight the battle for the lonely, for I know how hard it is. Some of them are stand-offish people, not from unpleasant intention but because they were born shy, and don't know how to break down the barriers. Some are scared of a rebuff.

The tragedy is that these are kind people, nice people who are not pushful. And because of this they cannot help themselves. The chance to ease their unhappiness lies within the grasp of every one of us, and if we are good neighbours we grasp the opportunity.

Are you a good neighbour?

Not one who always says "Good-morning" and leaves it at that. Nor the interfering kind with a nose over the fence, and an ear at the keyhole. Nor yet the chatterbox, the eager spreader of tit-bits of scandal. The good neighbour is kind and attentive. She wants to help.

I learnt my lesson years ago. I have lived for a long time in a big block of

flats, so few of the occupants know one another. On my landing there are a number of doors and behind those doors anything can happen. One day someone told me of the middle-aged couple who lived at the far end of my landing.

"He died last night," she said quite casually, "Heart, you know." I asked if the wife had anybody with her, and apparently she had no relations. I went home. I found that I was thinking a lot about it. The landing was very quiet.

I wondered how I would feel in her tragic position, and if something could not be done. But I also dreaded pushfulness, and at such a time.

At last I could bear it no longer, and

them. They do not need your money, your food, nor your drink, but they do need the loving kindness of sympathetic companionship, the handclasp, the gentle word of encouragement, and the stimulating power which helps them to go on.

Dare you give it? Or are you too afraid of the possible rebuff. (You will never know how scared I was as I stood on that poor woman's doormat!)

Next door to me lives a woman who is over eighty. Every week-end she goes to the country, and every Monday morning she returns from her cottage and brings me a little bunch of flowers. They are the kind I love so much, the homely sort, the daisies, the pansies, the rosemary and rue such as once grew in my father's garden at home. In the beautiful wisdom of her kindly years she knows that these are the very ones I cannot buy in London, and she brings them to me.

There can be no payment for this type of kindness. Nothing but the extreme gratitude of my heart, and this I have in abundance.

Once she said to me, "But it costs me nothing, my dear, only the small amount of trouble, and after all nobody minds that."

But average people do mind it. They hold back. I thought of noble gardens with

lots of gardeners, where I have been taken round and never given so much as a single flower, though I longed for one.

It would have cost the owner nothing, and most certainly it would not have been missed.

The truth is that some of us are not good neighbours.

What do you give of yourself to those around you? When you go out to-morrow, try speaking to the casual fellow-shopper, the tired bus conductor, the worried girl or the man with a headache. You'll feel all the better for it; so will they. For happiness is a boomerang; give to others and it returns to your own feet. Try it!



Two happy old people! But the elderly often suffer the unhappy loneliness of isolation from their neighbours

I told myself, "I am this poor woman's neighbour, and I just ought to do something about it."

I went along, and while I still had the courage left, I rang her doorbell. She opened it herself. She was hollow-eyed, with tears still running down her pathetic face. She looked at me and she sobbed.

"I was just praying somebody would come to me."

I want you to think about this, because had I not summoned up my courage she would have stayed alone. Has one the right to shun a duty? And being a good neighbour is a duty.

There are lonely people all round you, who need the help that you could give to

SWEATER for the Outdoor Girl

KNIT IT FOR THE SPRING IN THE NEW
WAVECREST DOUBLE CREPE

HOME
MAGAZINE
KNITTING
PATTERN
No. 31.



MATERIALS.—22 oz. Wavecrest Double Crepe. Two No. 7 and two No. 10 needles. Set of four No. 10 and No. 9 needles with points at both ends. One Cable needle. Two stitch-holders.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 34-36 inch bust. Length at centre back, 24½ ins. Sleeve seam, 17½ ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; k.b., knit into back of stitch; p.b., purl into back of stitch; st., stitch; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches; c.3f., cable 3 front by working across next 6 sts. as follows:—slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, knit next 3 sts. then knit 3 sts. from cable needle; c.3b., cable 3 back as c.3f. but leave sts. at back of work in place of front.

TENSION.—5½ sts. and 7 rows to one square inch on No. 7 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 101 sts. **1st row:** **p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to last st., p.1. **2nd row:** **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 3 ins. from beg.

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed in fancy rib patt. as follows:— **1st row:** **p.1, k.b.1, rep. from ** to last st., p.1. **2nd row:** **k.1, p.b.1, p.1, p.b.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 15 ins. from beg., finishing at end of a 2nd row.

Shape raglan armholes as follows:— **Next 2 rows:** Cast off 3, patt. all across.

Proceed as follows:— **1st row:** p.1, k.b.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, k.b.6, p.1. **2nd row:** k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1. **3rd to 6th rows:** Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. **7th row:** p.1, c.3f., p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, c.3b., p.1. **8th row:** k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1. These 8 rows form cable patt.

Keeping cable patt. correct throughout, continue dec. as before on next and every alt. row until 29 sts. remain. Slip sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave.

FRONT

Work as for back until 45 sts. remain at raglan shaping, finishing with wrong side facing for next row.

Next row: Work across 14 sts., work next 17 sts. on to second stitch-holder, work to end.

Proceed on 1st group of 14 sts. as follows: **1st row:** p.1, patt.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib 2, k.2 tog. **2nd and alt. rows:** Work all across. **3rd row:** p.1, patt.6, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1, k.2 tog. **5th row:** p.1, k.b.5, (k.2 tog.) twice. **7th row:** p.1, k.b.3, (k.2 tog.) twice. **9th row:** p.1, k.b.1, (k.2 tog.) twice. **11th row:** p.1, k.3 tog. **13th row:** p.1, k.1. Work 2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to remaining 14 sts. and complete to match first half of front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins. **Next row:** Rib 7, (inc. in next st., rib 3) 10 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (65 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed in fancy rib patt. as on back, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 6th row until there are 97 sts. on needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 17½ ins. from beg., finishing with right side facing for next row.

Shape raglan top as follows:— **Next 2 rows:** Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

Proceed as follows:— **1st row:** p.1, k.b.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib patt. to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, k.b.6, p.1. **2nd row:** k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.2 tog., rib patt. to last 10 sts., p.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1, p.b.6, k.1. **3rd to 6th rows:** Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. **7th row:** p.1, c.3f., p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib patt. to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, c.3b., p.1. **8th row:** k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib patt. to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1.

Keeping cable patt. correct throughout, continue dec. on next and every alt. row until 19 sts. remain, finishing with right side facing for next row.

Next row: p.1, patt. 6, p.1, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., p.1, patt.6, p.1 (17 sts.).

Slip 17 sts. on to a length of wool and leave.

ROLL NECK

Join raglan shaping of sleeves, back and front together. With right side of work facing, with set of No. 10 needles knit up 110 sts. round neck including sts. from

stitch-holders and lengths of wool. Work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins.

Next round: (Rib 9, inc. in next st.) 11 times, (121 sts.).

Turn work round and proceed in rounds in opposite directions as follows:— **1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th rounds:** **p.1, k.b.1, p.1, k.b.1, p.1, k.b.6, rep. from ** to end of round. **5th round:** **p.1, k.b.1) twice, p.1, c.3f., rep. from ** to end of round. **6th, 7th and 8th rounds:** As 2nd round. Rep. rounds 1-8 once more.

Change to No. 9 needles and rep. rounds 1-8 twice more, dec. 1 st. at end of last round.

Work 3 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Block and lightly press each piece on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back-stitch seam join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

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Co-operative society.

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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

BAKED TRIPE AND MUSHROOMS

1 lb. tripe, 2 tablespoons C.W.S. vinegar, 2 tablespoons C.W.S. Salad oil, 1 lb. mushrooms, seasoning, 2 oz. Avondale butter, 1 shallot or small piece onion, 1 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 2 cups of canned tomatoes, 1 cup breadcrumbs.

Cut the tripe into 2 inch wide strips. Soak in vinegar and oil for 30 minutes. Clean mushrooms and cut into thin slices. Chop the shallot or onion. Heat butter in strong pan. Add the shallot. Brown slightly. Add mushrooms and cook 3-4 minutes. Remove from pan. Add flour to fat in pan, and mix to a smooth paste. Add tomatoes and cook until sauce is thick. Strain and season well.

Grease a casserole or fireproof dish. Put a layer of tripe in dish. Cover with sauce. Cover with mushrooms, then layer of sauce and half of the crumbs. Cover with remaining tripe and coat with sauce. Sprinkle with the rest of the crumbs. Dot with 1/2 oz. butter. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes.

LEeks AND TRIPE

4 leeks, 1 lb. tripe, 1/2 pint stock, 1 1/2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1/2 pint milk, pinch of C.W.S. mixed herbs, salt and pepper, parsley.

Carefully clean the leeks removing all sand and grit. Cut in half lengthwise, and then into 2 inch pieces. Wash the tripe well and cut into small pieces. Put the leeks and the tripe into a sauce-

ONE of Lancashire's most popular dishes, tripe, is famous throughout the North, where its appetising, nutritious, and digestible qualities are fully appreciated. I hope that Southern readers, too, will try some of these recipes and discover for themselves just how tasty tripe can be.

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 St., Manchester 4, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope

pan with three-quarters of a pint of the liquid, add the herbs (tied in a muslin bag), and season well. Cover and simmer slowly for 2 hours, until the tripe is tender. Remove the herbs.

Mix the flour and one-quarter pint of liquid until smooth. Mix into the tripe, stirring well. Cook 2-3 minutes. Season and serve in a deep dish, garnishing with chopped parsley.

SAVOURY TRIPE ROLL

1-2 lb. tripe, 4 large potatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 2 oz. cooked ham, seasoning, nutmeg, a little milk, a little flour, C.W.S. Salad oil, 3-4 slices fat bacon, C.W.S. tomato sauce.

Use a piece of tripe of a suitable shape for rolling. Prepare in the usual way. Cook the potatoes and mash well. Add the parsley, chopped onion, and breadcrumbs. Season well with salt, pepper and nutmeg. If a little dry, moisten with milk.

Place the tripe flat on a board. Spread

the mixture on the tripe and then roll up tightly. Tie with string. Roll in flour, and then in oil and flour again. Cover the top with strips of bacon. Place in a baking tray on a rack. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350°F., Mark 4), for one hour.

Slice and cover with hot tomato sauce.

TRIPE AND ONIONS

1 lb. tripe, 1 lb. onions, 1 pint milk, 2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 2 oz. Gold Seal margarine, salt and pepper.

Wash the tripe well and cut into 2 inch pieces. Slice the onions thinly. Place alternate layers in a fireproof casserole and cover with the milk. Season well. Cook in a slow oven for 2 hours.

When cooked strain off the liquor and measure it. Allow 1 oz. fat to half pint of liquor. Melt the fat in a pan. Blend in same amount of flour. Mix in a little of the hot liquid. Add to the tripe and onions stirring well. Bring to boil. Season well and serve hot.

TRIPE AND SHRIMPS

1 lb. tripe, 1/2 pint white sauce, 1 cup picked shrimps, seasoning, pinch of C.W.S. mace, squeeze of lemon juice, parsley and lemon to garnish.

Cut tripe into small pieces after cooking well for 2-3 hours. Make white sauce using 1 oz. fat, 1 oz. flour, half pint liquor (milk and tripe juice mixed). Season and cook well. Add tripe and shrimps, mace and lemon juice. Cook for a few minutes stirring well. Re-season if necessary. Serve garnished with slices of lemon and parsley.

OUR ★ RECIPE

GRAPEFRUIT WHISKS

(A light refreshing sweet)

1 C.W.S. Lime Jelly, 1 tin C.W.S. Grapefruit segments, 1 egg, 1 dessert-spoon castor sugar, glace cherries.

Using hot fruit juice and water, make half of the jelly up to half a pint. Allow to set in individual dishes. Arrange grapefruit on the top. Keep a few segments for decoration. Beat the egg yolk with the sugar until thick. Make up remaining jelly to half pint and while still hot pour on to the egg yolk, beating all the time. Whisk the egg white stiffly. Fold into the cooled egg mixture. Pour on to grapefruit and decorate with grapefruit and cherries.



The Day of the Butterfly

By FRANK RICHARDS

IN the magical world of Spring all Nature is in a hurry. Go, on successive days, for a walk in the country and you will see something new in the very spot where you stood and gazed but a few hours before.

Here in a grassy ditch and snugly hidden under a blanket of dried beech leaves are the shy wood violets. Over the hedge in the meadow the first of the cuckoo-pints or "milkmaids," as the country children call them, shine all silvery white in the afternoon sunshine.

Down by the wood you may hear the first migrant chiffchaff. You will certainly not miss the soaring lark, for this little



brown bird cannot help but pour out his heart to the Spring day and even the April showers that sweep the hillside pastures cannot blot out his exuberant song.

All sorts of unexpected miracles are happening. You may see the first of the butterflies broken free at last from the thorny thrall of the chrysalis case which has held it captive the long dark winter through.

The butterflies that have slept, the small tortoiseshells, the peacocks, and the brimstones, may surprise us as they flicker by, but they have not started from scratch. The true pioneers are the whites, freed by the sun's increasing power to cast caution aside and challenge fickle Spring's uncertain and oft-times frosty fingers.

AS the weeks pass and April advances, the meagre ranks are reinforced until, in May, the first real mass emergence of butterflies begins.

One of the gayest of the new arrivals is the dainty orange-tip, a butterfly that you will meet flying along the lush country lanes and about the flowery hedgesides where the ground tends to be marshy, for the orange-tip lays its eggs on cuckoo-pint, hedge mustard, and the wild cresses.

The male butterfly is easily recognised

by the brilliant half-moon orange patches that decorate the tips of the forewings. The female lacks this fiery colouring but both sexes bear on the underside a dappling of moss-like patches which appear to be green in colour but are, in fact, made up of lemon and black scales. This mottled green and white effect renders the butterfly almost invisible as it settles, as it so often does, on the flowering wild parsley heads.

THE orange-tip is, indeed, in all its stages, a remarkable example of protective mimicry. The eggs are laid on the foot-stalks of selected food-plant flowers. At first they are a greenish-white, then yellow; later, they become wholly orange in colour and finally, as the flower-heads wither, assume a brownish violet. And as for the caterpillars they, too, resemble the seedpods on which they feed.

As the grander peacocks, painted ladies, and red admirals typify the maturer

beauty and colour of the late Summer and Autumn, so the orange-tips reflect the freshness of an English spring. Where the hedge parsley and the dead nettles bloom and the scent of the damp earth and the thrusting grass surrounds you, here is the true home of the Spring butterflies.

We may even be excited at the appearance of the first cabbage whites, those ravagers of the kitchen garden for whose misdeeds, committed in the kale-yards, the innocent green-veined white so often and so unjustly pays the penalty.

And did you know?—there is one subtle and exquisite gift that the male white butterflies share. They are perfumed. The green-veined white exhales a scent that is like lemon verbena and the small whites smell of *millefleurs*. Not so pleasant is the geranium-like scent of the large white.

Fresh Fruit in Fancy Dress

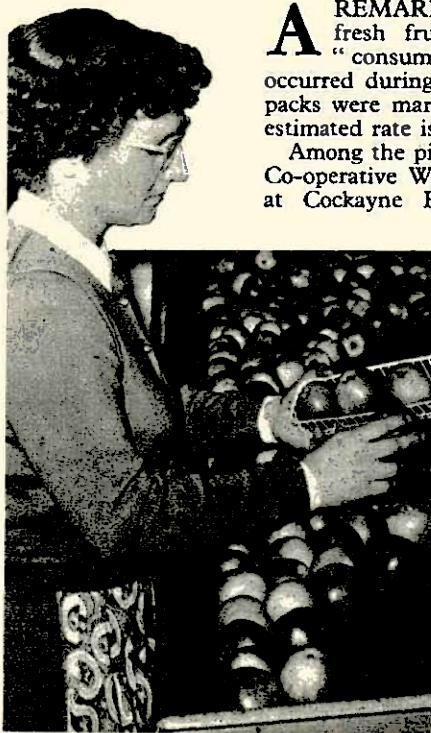
A REMARKABLE increase in the quantity of selected fresh fruit and vegetables sold ready packed in "consumer-size" quantities to housewives has occurred during the last four years. In 1954 only 100,000 packs were marketed in the United Kingdom: to-day the estimated rate is 200,000 a year.

Among the pioneers of the new-style presentation are the Co-operative Wholesale Society, on whose extensive estate at Cockayne Hatley is an established grading-packing station.

This estate was recently chosen for a conference of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire fruit growers who saw in operation automatic equipment already installed at Cockayne Hatley and also an exhibition of semi-automatic machinery, materials, and commercial pre-packs.

ANNOUNCING the conference the organisers, the National Agricultural Advisory Service, said "The availability of new packing materials and an increasing demand from the public have resulted in a remarkable increase in pre-packaging during the past few years."

The Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire Agricultural Executive Committees welcomed the co-operation of the C.W.S. in planning the conference and exhibition, which was the first of its kind in this country.



John and Mary have just moved into a newly-built home, and they find the mass of debris left by the builders a little discouraging. In this and subsequent articles W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER will tell them how to get their plot ship-shape. But seasoned gardeners will also find much in the articles to interest and help them. If you have any gardening queries, Mr. Shewell-Cooper will be pleased to answer them. Write to him c/o The Editor, Co-operative Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

Creating your own Garden

SO the thoughts of tackling that wilderness which ought to be a garden is worrying you? Never mind! There's nothing which a little patience and hard work won't overcome, and there's more satisfaction in creating your own garden than in walking into a ready-made one. It will express your personalities, not someone else's.

Unfortunately builders do not usually care about gardens. They dig out the footings of the house, and distribute the useless subsoil on to the topsoil. If that has happened in your case, you have some hard work ahead of you. You must dig this subsoil into the ground at least nine inches deep. Or you must skim the subsoil off the surface of the ground and stack it in one corner of the garden to mature and to be dealt with later. Another method of coping with the situation—but a more expensive one—is to cover the affected part of the garden with sedge peat to a depth of about four inches, and then allow the worms to do the job of improving the subsoil for you. You will have to wait patiently, however, in this case.

Make up your mind what features you want in your garden, and plan accordingly. If you would like a fairly large lawn, have it at the back of the house as a link, so to speak, between the back door or terrace, and the rest of the garden beyond.

Don't make the mistake of having too many paths. Where you do have them, make them of concrete, so that you won't have any bother with them later. Gravel paths get weedy; cinders from cinder paths get carried into the house; and bitumen and tarred paths have to be renewed from time to time. Making concrete paths takes time, but it is a wonderful investment.

Arrange one corner of the garden for your compost heap and bonfire, and as a spot for storing peasticks, beanpoles, and the like. You will need to make lots

of compost, year after year, using tea leaves, apple peelings, coffee grounds, pea pods and the like from the house, as well as the tops of the potatoes, the leaves of the carrots and beetroot, and any other vegetable waste you get from the garden itself. This you can rot down with an activator, and if properly done it will produce the most wonderful manure—better than dung. The C.W.S. Horticultural Department* can supply you with the activator you need to sprinkle over the heap. And if you don't know how to do this work I can let you have a 2d. leaflet; send me the stamps, plus a stamped addressed envelope.

Don't think that you have to dig the whole of your garden over deeply. Old-fashioned gardeners will tell you this is necessary, but it is not true.

Where you are going to grow flowering shrubs or heathers, a light forking over will be ample, providing you are going to adopt the sedge peat mulching system afterwards. In this case you don't have to use a dressing more than an inch deep.

You don't need to dig deeply, either, in the area you are going to sow with lawn seed. Here it is far more important to hoe the ground regularly to get rid of the majority of the surface weeds. I shall be telling you how to make a lawn later; all I want to stress now is that it pays to buy the right seed.

You will have to dig over the land where you are going to grow vegetables, and it will be advisable to do this on the strip where you are going to have a herbaceous border.

The only time where all-round deep digging is really a necessity—and in this



case it has to be very carefully done—is where there are lots of perennial weeds like thistles, nettles, ground elder, couch grass, and the like. You can't plant crops among perennial weeds.

If you are prepared to wait afterwards, you can use a strong hormone solution which the C.W.S. can supply to get rid of the majority of the weeds. You water the ground with such a solution at this time of the year. But for ground elder and one or two other persistent weeds, you will have to use dry sodium chlorate, sprinkled over the leaves of the weeds.

It is worth knowing something about your soil, particularly from the point of view of lime content, so if you buy a B.D.H. Soil Indicator from your Co-op chemist, you can test your soil for lime, and then you will know whether you can grow the lime-hating plants like rhododendrons, azaleas, pterias, and the like; or whether you must apply lime as a top dressing so that you can grow successfully brassicas (members of the cabbage family), peas, beans, and the like, which will not do well in acid soil.

* The address of the C.W.S. Horticultural Department is:—
Osmaston Park Road, Derby.

For boys and girls

APRIL SHOWERS

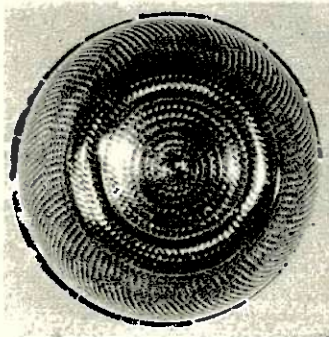
How many words can you make up from the letters in "APRIL SHOWERS"? For the longest lists the Editor offers two prizes.

There will be a prize of a STORY BOOK for the longest list from a competitor aged 9 or over, while for the under nines there will be a CUT-OUT MODEL.

In your lists of words you may include any with three letters or more, and where letters appear twice in APRIL SHOWERS (R and S) you may use them twice in any of your words.

Write out your list in alphabetical order, and at the end put the number of words you have made. Then add your full name, age, and address and post to reach the Editor, Co-operative HOME Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4, not later than June 5th (3d. stamp on the envelope, please).

What is it?



It's not a bird's eye view of a flying saucer, nor yet an oriental cupola. As a clue, we'll tell you it's something you might hunt. Guessed it? If not, look in column 4.

DESIGNS COATS OF ARMS

HERALDRY and art are the two hobbies of 15-year-old Michael Keulemans of Tooting, S.W. London, a pupil at the Bec School for Boys. Michael has recently had accepted a design for a coat of arms for Stevenage New Town. He had previously won awards for his designs for Elstree and Harlow.

Strictly speaking, the word heraldry refers to all the business of a herald, but nowadays it is generally used when speaking of what, in olden times, would have been called armorial bearings.

In this connection it can be traced back to very ancient times, and its history and development are most interesting, as you will find out if you care to read about it in a good encyclopædia.

Your friend, BILL



In Days Gone By



When Scottish housewives made their oatcakes on the hearthstone, they turned them with this queer-looking instrument known as a broad spoon.

FEBRUARY COMPETITION WINNERS:

Gwendoline Tyler,
129 Wellington Road,
East Ham, London, E.6.

Sylvia Yates,
71 Park Avenue,
Chadderton, Oldham, Lancs.

Next month BILL will be writing about some of the interesting letters received for this competition.

"Please sir," asked Sammy, "How do you find the horsepower of a donkey engine?"

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

In Rhyme

Can you think of rhyming phrases (e.g., stooping man = bent gent) for these clues:—

- (a) Vigorous man
- (b) Distant celestial body
- (c) Chinaman
- (d) Steal beef

Hidden Countries

The names of four countries are hidden in this sentence. Can you find them?

Yes, I am sure there's pain and sorrow awaiting Pam, Eric, and Frances if they are not careful.

A Fishy Square

Rearrange the words in this square so that reading diagonally downwards from top left to bottom right you have the name of a freshwater fish:—

F I R T H
P L A N T
S L I C K
D E N S E
F O R T Y

Beginning with Z

Answers to all the following clues begin with the letter Z:—

- (a) King of the Olympian gods
- (b) Striped animal
- (c) African river
- (d) Flower

NEW STAMPS

TO commemorate the Asian Games being held in Tokyo next month the Japanese government is issuing special stamps. One of these shows a silhouette of a diver and another depicts a sprinter.

Last month Switzerland issued four stamps portraying special events taking place in the country this year.

Three of the events are anniversaries: it is just 200 years since the foundation of the town of Nyon on Lake Geneva; 75 years ago the Salvation Army became established in Switzerland; and it is 25 years since the crossbow was chosen as a general Swiss trade mark.

Fourth event is an exhibition in Zurich depicting the role and work of women in Switzerland.

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? A thimble.

In Rhyme: Hale male, far star, yellow fellow, purloin sirloin.

Hidden Countries: Siam, Spain, America, France.

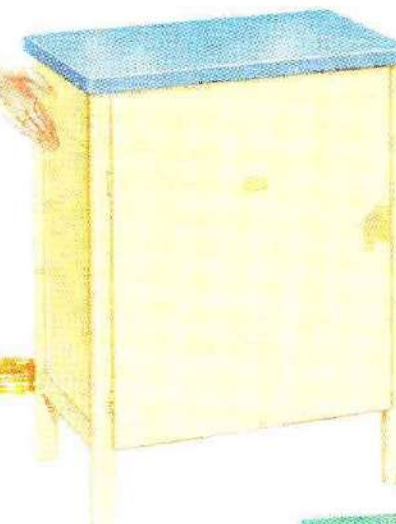
A Fishy Square: Perch.

Beginning with Z: Zeus, zebra, Zambesi, zinnia.

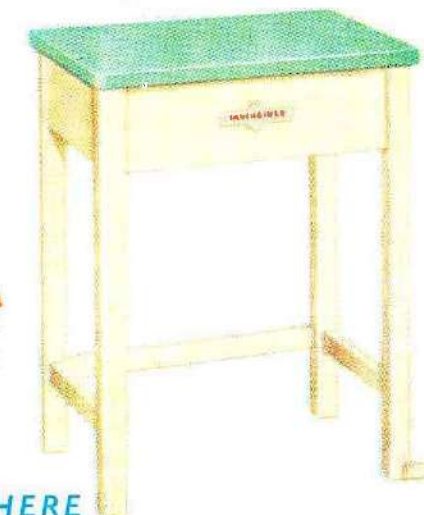
Designed for the bright kitchens of today



Smart INVINCIBLE Cabinets and Tables with up-to-the-minute Wringers are designed for modern homes. Wonderfully efficient and so easy to turn, these INVINCIBLE Wringers are quickly transformed into elegant cabinets or tables. Here are two examples from the range of models.



1208
14 in. x 14 in. rubber rollers. Blue plastic table top. Also in red, yellow, green, or fawn. With matching edges.
£9 · 6 · 9
(Inc. Purchase Tax)



1204
14 in. x 2 in. rubber rollers. Green plastic table top. Also in red, yellow, blue, or fawn. With matching edges.

£8 · 16 · 0 (Inc. Purchase Tax)



INVINCIBLE
Cabinet and Table Wringers

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

PENNY and BOB

By GEORGE MARTIN



TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

MEMBERS' HALF-YEARLY MEETING

Sales Increase by over £33,000

THE half-yearly meeting of members was held on March 5th, with Mr. E. Collins in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed on the proposal of Mr. A. E. Langtry, seconded by Mr. Tomson.

The chairman, in presenting the report for the last half-year's working, hoped it would meet with the members' full approval. He continued: "As a board of management everything is being done which can be done to present a satisfactory report. You will see we have increased our sales by £33,309 over last half-year and £53,942 over the corresponding period of last year. This increase in trade has assisted us to meet the larger amount of expenses for the period of £6,244. Much of the increase is in wages, amounting to about £200 per week, and we shall feel the full effect of this in the next half-year. We feel that adequate wages should be paid and only the best workers are good enough for the Co-operative society."

Mr. Collings continued by saying that as far as the other items in the report were concerned there was very little he wished to say.

"Only three nominations have been received for three vacancies on the general committee," he said. "This is something over which our younger members must look to their laurels. To have a continuous run which we have had is not a healthy state of affairs in the Co-operative movement. Those pioneers of many years ago were not as apathetic as people are to-day. If only young people would get hold of this great idea, this socialistic economy, this movement would stand second to none."

More Interest Needed

He wished that more members would take an interest in the education committee and learn the ways and means of Co-operation. "It is your business," he said. "We are only acting as your servants. I leave the thought with you."

The chairman continued: "This apathetic attitude, not only to Co-operation, but to the socialist movement in general, has got to be brought to an end, and the sooner the better for all concerned."

"Since our last report we have opened our No. 10 branch at Mile Oak and this is progressing quite well. You will see the photograph of the premises on the front cover of the balance sheet. The contract for the cattle sale yard has been completed, and we hope soon to see erected thereon a large grocery warehouse suitable to meet the increasing trade of the society."

"The erection of the Glascote branch is proceeding satisfactorily, and we hope that soon the work will be completed on the first half of the job. As soon as this is done the demolition of the remainder of the site will be carried out."

"Aminington branch at 264, Main Road has taken longer than expected to complete, but we hope soon to have a shop there which will prove of lasting benefit to the members in the locality."

"Our labour force has been stretched beyond the limit in carrying out work at Mile Oak and other places."

The chairman then called attention to a model exhibited in the room which showed the central premises redevelopment scheme in three stages. He said the first stage may be completed in 12 months; the other two stages would follow. "We may have to break off for a while between the stages to give our attention to the other side of Colehill," he said.

He invited criticism or suggestions on the proposed new premises.

Another question on which he said a few words concerned day baking, which became law on January 1st. In the baking trade throughout the country bakers had been pressing for the abolition of night work.

"At the moment it is not giving quite the satisfaction that some of us hoped it would do," said Mr. Collins.

"In the Teething Stages"

"We are in the teething stages of this change, and the board of management will look into the matter to see how far it is possible to get newer bread into your homes. We are as anxious as you are to get bread into your hands in first-class condition."

Mr. Collins then referred to five employees who were due to retire during the year, namely Mr. Walter Cotterill (foreman painter), Mr. George A. Stock (secretary and executive officer), Miss H. Langtry (general office), Mr. George Peers (coach builder), Mr. L. Leadbeater (manager of the chemistry department).

Apart from Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Stock, some of the others were staying on in their capacities for six months, according to the situation of the department concerned.

"So far as Mr. Stock is concerned," said Mr. Collins, "this will be his last meeting as your official. He feels that after 52 years he is due for retirement."

"On your behalf I wish him and Mrs. Stock many years of happy retirement, good health, and good fortune, for which he has worked so hard. You, as members, have been blessed with a chief officer who is one of the nicest gentlemen that I know."

"Having said that I am convinced that he is one of the straightest gentlemen I have known."

He then wished Mr. Stock, on behalf of the members, all that is best for him and his family, saying that Mr. Stock would always be welcomed at the society, and his sound advice on Co-operative matters would be listened to with great interest.

That brought Mr. Collins to the last item but one—the retirement of Mr. H. Tomson, who had been a scrutineer at the meetings for 26 years.

"Here again," said the chairman, "you have had good service from a man who has never failed you in attendance at your meetings, and has been sincere in his duties to you."

"He was the first man to approach me to see if I would take an interest in the Co-operative movement in Tamworth. He said we needed a man on the board of management who would do the society good. Mr. Tomson has come to the time of life when he does not want to climb the stairs so often. I wish him all the best of good health and happiness."

Mr. M. Sutton seconded the report, and it was carried.

Not Very Enthusiastic

Mr. Sutton said it was not a very enthusiastic report. He congratulated the outfitting department on its purchases from the C.W.S. "If the decrease in dividend was accompanied by lower prices, we should be more happy," he said.

"The note in the reduction in prices does not tell us anything—it does not give the percentage reduction."

The most serious part of the report was that there was no election. In the last six years there had been two elections, and the position was serious. The committee had got to do something about it.

Mr. Sutton continued: "I hope the committee will have something concrete to bring before the members at the next meeting. I am pleased to see the model of the central premises. It is proposed to put the furnishing and hardware in the basement and two floors as a first instalment. In view of other departments being short of space, like the outfitting department, we shall never get the trade we should have with a shop like that. The footwear and chemists departments also are very overcrowded."

"Will the furnishing department economically use the new space?" he asked. "What is to become of the space they are using at the moment?"

He joined with the chairman in expressing good wishes to retiring employees.

Mr. Langtry then said Mr. Sutton had covered most of the items he had in mind. Old age was catching up on everyone, and it had already caught up with the committee!

Mr. W. Walton thought there were plenty of men in the district who would be interested in Co-operation.

"A Good Report"

The chairman then said that in his opinion it was a good report which had been presented to the members' meeting.

"My colleagues will never take anything from reserves to pay dividend," he said. "We have had increased rates, increased taxation, and increased wages to deal with. Two burglaries cost us over £300, and the C.W.S. dividend is smaller."

The secretary explained in outline how the committee proposed to proceed with the central premises development, and then said: "I thank you for the kind remarks concerning my wife and myself. It is many years since a little boy in

knickerbockers went to his schoolmaster at Glascoate and was told they wanted a boy at the Co-operative society. I had to attend before the committee and pass an examination. When I started here in 1906 Mr. Bills was chairman and it was only a small society. We had 3,070 members—now we have nearly 18,000; sales were £1,500 per week—now they were £31,000; share capital was £33,000, with £1,213 reserves. Now the figures are £785,000 with reserves of £71,180.

"I am one of those who benefited by the assistance of the education committee. We used to hold quarterly meetings at the Town Hall, and I used to get 2s. 6d. for being on the door."

The secretary then detailed the opening of various departments up to date, including the purchase of the old vicarage and car park for £14,000.

"Then," he said, "the committee changed its policy and commenced opening branches, and we bought the funeral furnishing business."

"We Have Our Difficulties"

"We have our difficulties in the rising cost of distribution, and the labour problem has been a headache for years."

"During the time this society has been in existence there have been periods of adversity and prosperity, but we have always had a band of good members who have supported it. I wish to thank the committee and members very much."

"I must have seen thousands of members in my time at the society's office."

The chairman then asked Mr. Tomson to accept a small gift as a token of appreciation, and Mr. Tomson briefly replied, thanking the board.

Mr. C. Brown commented on the branches which showed decreases in trade, and said that a lot of trade had been lost at branches because goods were cheaper at the central.

Mr. M. Sutton said the grocery trade had increased, but not by enough. He compared the coal sales of to-day against 1938 on an estimated quantity basis, and he said Bolebridge Street butchery shop showed poor sales.

The secretary replied to these remarks and explained that during reconstruction some Glascoate trade was being done from central. Sales of our own confectionery were up slightly, but included in the figures were biscuits sold along with confectionery.

"We are retailing C.W.S. biscuits to the extent of 37,000 lb. more last year than the previous year," he said. "It is true that our registrations for coal are down. They have been going down for about five years and we do not know the answer. We have had to have above one third of our coal in smaller varieties."

The chairman added that the National Coal Board was competing against the society.

Drop in Turnover

Mr. Waine said that there was a drop of between £1,300 and £1,400 in turnover per week in the grocery department, due to reductions in several main grocery items. Bacon, cheese, butter, and sugar were all down.

Mr. M. Sutton congratulated the committee on the reserve position.

The secretary said: "You have 96.61 per cent of your capital reinvested. We only use 3.39 per cent to run this whole business."

Mr. M. Sutton moved the balance sheet, including the educational account, and this was seconded by Mr. F. Wood, and carried.

Mr. E. Collins reported on the statement of accounts of the Co-operative Party, Mr. A. E. Langtry seconded, and the report was accepted.

Mr. Heathcote moved: (a) That £4. 4s. be donated to the Stafford district of the Co-operative Union Limited; (b) £25 to the Tamworth Society Co-operative Party.

Mrs. S. A. Wood seconded, and it was carried.

Mr. C. W. Deakin moved the confirmation of the following donations and subscriptions.

	£	s.	d.
Tamworth and Trent Valley Football League	2	2	0
Tamworth District Allotments Association	3	0	0
Dordon Horticultural Society	3	0	0
Canwell Estate Agricultural Society	3	0	0
British Baking Research Association	32	0	0
Tamworth Carnival	10	10	0
Elford Horticultural Show	1	1	0
Tamworth College Prize Fund	5	5	0
Stafford District Wages Board	1	1	0
Necessitous Members, &c.	86	10	7

Mr. F. Wood seconded and it was carried.

Elections

Mr. F. Wood was elected delegate to the C.W.S. divisional meeting, midland section.

The chairman declared Mr. C. Brown, Mr. R. J. Longden, and Mrs. O. Waine duly elected to serve on the education committee for 18 months.

Mr. J. Hinds moved, Mr. Stafford seconded, and it was resolved that the three retiring members of the local Co-operative Party, Messrs. F. Egan, A. Heathcote, and F. Wood, be re-elected en bloc.

Miss Redmile moved, Mrs. S. A. Wood seconded, and it was resolved that Mr. C. Brown be elected scrutineer.

Nominations for the education committee were accepted as follows:—

Mr. M. Sutton—proposer Mr. C. Brown, seconder Mr. A. E. Langtry.

Mr. A. E. Heathcote—proposer Mr. F. Wood, seconder Mr. W. F. Jackson.

Mr. F. Egan—proposer Mr. H. Tomson, seconder Mr. H. Lucas.

A report of the last C.W.S. divisional meeting was given by Mr. F. Wood and was duly accepted.

The chairman declared Messrs. E. Collins, F. Day, and F. Egan duly elected to serve on the committee of management for two years.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Drake, Edge Hill, Hurley, March 23rd.

OBITUARY

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

Norman Lees, Badlesley, February 11th.

Nellie Duddell, Tamworth, Feb. 20.

Ellen Bryan, Newton Regis, Feb. 10.

Albert E. Fox, Tamworth, Feb. 16th.

Sarah M. Abbott, Tamworth, Feb. 8.

Mary R. Moore, Tamworth, Feb. 9th.

Albert Walker, Tamworth, Feb. 11.

Emma Betteridge, Tamworth, February 12th.

Fanny Montgomery, Edge Hill, February 23rd.

Lucy Stokes, Two Gates, Feb. 23rd.

William Taylor, Glascoate, Feb. 25th.

Samuel R. Lathbury, Tamworth, February 25th.

Edward L. Ball, Tamworth, Feb. 28.

Walter Stocks, Wilnecote, Feb. 8th.

Arthur Shakespeare, Tamworth, February 24th.

Florence C. Hopkins, Middleton, March 3rd.

Richard Hill, Hockley, March 7th.

Edith M. Simmons, Dosthill, March 10th.

Betsy Fielding, Amington, March 13th.

Gertrude E. Preece, Hints, March 9.

John Bowler, Fazeley, March 9th.

Two Old Employees Die

Since last month's "Home Magazine" was published two more of our old employees have died, and it is with regret that we record the deaths of Mr. E. L. Ball and Mr. J. Cooke. Both these men were concerned with part of our society that is itself disappearing, and no doubt both Mr. Ball and Mr. Cooke watched with sorrow the lessening in the number of horses that we have, for both of them were concerned with horses all their lives, Mr. Ball, as blacksmith, making sure that at all times our horses were well shod, and Mr. Cooke, as horsekeeper, making sure that they were well fed and in good condition.

Mr. Edward L. Ball, who was employed by this society as blacksmith for many years, and retired on January 2nd, 1947, died on February 28th.

The funeral was held at the parish church on March 5th, and representation on behalf of the society was made by Mr. J. Wrench, member of the board, and Mr. G. A. Stock, executive officer. In addition several of his old colleagues were present, including Mr. G. Pearce, coachbuilder, Mr. R. Plant, blacksmith, Mr. W. Cotterill, painter, and Mr. A. Hall, works clerk.

During the time Mr. Ball worked for this society we found him to be a conscientious

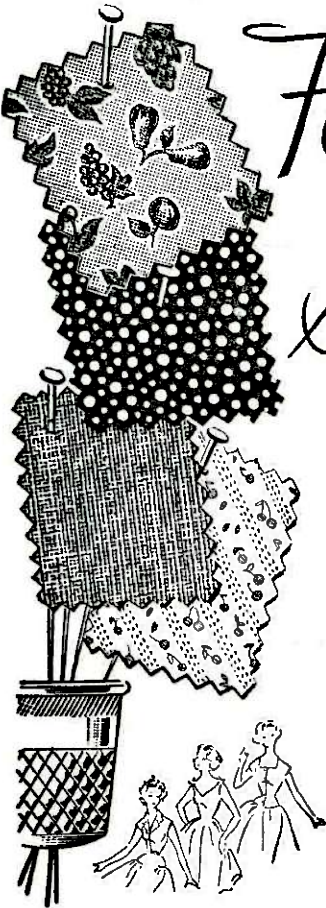
servant, who carried out the work he had to do in an efficient manner.

Mr. J. Cooke, our former horsekeeper, passed away on March 16th, and his funeral was on March 20th.

The representatives from the society were Mr. Collins and Mr. Muggleston, members of the board of management, Mr. W. Walton, Mr. J. Myatt and Mr. A. Brown, retired employees, and Mr. G. A. Stock, executive officer.

Mr. Cooke worked for the society from February 18th, 1935, until his retirement on November 7th, 1946, and he, too, was a good employee, conscientious in all things he did.

EXCITING
Fabrics for Spring



In our displays there is a fabric for your every purpose. Sew your spring coat, suit or frock just the way you like them, and save money.

LATEST PAPER PATTERNS BY WELDONS AND SIMPLICITY

Drapery Department

SPECIAL NOTES FOR MEMBERS

PLEASE MAKE SURE THAT THE CORRECT SHARE NUMBER IS ALWAYS STATED ON YOUR CHECKS, AND CHECK YOUR CHANGE BEFORE LEAVING THE DEPARTMENT

ADVISE THE OFFICE OF ANY CHANGE OF ADDRESS, AND TAKE GREAT CARE OF YOUR PASS CARD

All these things assist, and save much time in the execution of your Business. Don't forget you can now hold up to £500 in your Share Account

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Cotton Sheets—Bleached White	}	70" × 100" 39/11 pair
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Knife handles
in five colours
and black



**UNITY STAINLESS
CUTLERY**
It's GUARANTEED

The design of this cutlery has been paid the highest authoritative tribute available by being accepted by the Council of Industrial Design.



Prices:—TABLE KNIVES per $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. 38/6. DESSERT KNIVES per $\frac{1}{2}$ doz. 32/9

Here's just the thing to give a delightful contemporary touch to your table—UNITY Cutlery with coloured-handled knives. There's a choice of blue, green, red, ivory, pink, or black. And UNITY Cutlery is Sheffield made—to last you for years.

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