

# Co-operative Home

MAY 1958

M A G A Z I N E

## IN THIS ISSUE

JEAN MANN,  
M.P.

HENRY  
WILLIAMSON

URSULA  
BLOOM

IRIS EMMITT

DOREEN  
BROWNE



ANN TODD

by  
T. M. Ronaldson

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# GOLD SEAL MARGARINE



FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



## The Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

MAY, 1958 Vol. 63, No. 5

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### FRONT COVER

Thomas Martine Ronaldson, M.A., who was born in Edinburgh in 1881 and died in 1942, was a noted portrait painter in both oils and water colours. His portrait of the Queen Mother when she was queen was purchased by the late King in 1937. Educated at Marchiston Castle School and Trinity College, Oxford, he received his art training in Edinburgh, London, and Paris. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Royal Society of Arts, the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, and the Paris Salon, and was awarded the Salon's silver medal in 1926. His portrait of Ann Todd, the famous stage and film actress, was presented to the Oldham Municipal Art Gallery by the artist's wife in 1944.



## Dignity of Democracy

THIS is not a political column. But it reflects the thoughts of men and women usually too busy earning their living, and running their homes, to relax and weigh the problems delegated by their votes to the representatives they have appointed in Parliament.

For with all the bluster and pomposity that so often emerges from Westminster



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

when a candidate finds himself an M.P., let us remember he is only a representative after all. His bow to the Speaker does not suddenly and automatically endow him with a new wisdom, though unfortunately it seems too often to fill him with a new sense of self-importance.

Over a number of years it was my onerous privilege to sit in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons. What should have been the fine spectacle of democracy ruling itself was too often merely the snarling of the bear garden.

To-day many men and women of all parties are concerned about the deterioration in political standards. A leading spokesman of the Government seeks publicity by ringing handbells or posing in bathing trunks. A colleague, one of the supposedly dignified Ministers of the Crown, puts on an apron and allows a

photograph to appear showing himself as the household cook.

In America the President is reported more often on the golf links than in the council chamber and a retinue of doctors rather than elder statesmen follow him around.

THE ideals that inspire a man's or a woman's first approach to politics must not be lost in the somewhat cynical world that revolves around Westminster. The public will not feel themselves fitly led by men who appear in public as jesters rather than legislators, or hurl abuse instead of proffering constructive suggestion.

Much of the less spectacular, but equally valuable, work of the House of Commons is done to-day by the women members. In this issue Mrs. Jean Mann, M.P., herself an indefatigable fighter for the best interests of the home, tells something of a woman M.P.'s daily life, the conditions under which she works, and the particular problems she has to face. Perhaps, all in all, no particular piece of legislation has been more fruitful than that which gave women the vote and brought women members to Parliament.



POSTMASTER GENERAL

This month sees the first article in HOME MAGAZINE of a series that will picture for readers the holiday centres of Europe and the dramatic stories behind them. Monte Carlo, Berne and Vichy will follow in turn, describing their sunshine and gaiety and the shadows behind.

With the second contribution from his Country Journal Henry Williamson discusses in this issue the wild life round his Devon village and reflects on the changes he has seen there in the thirty years he has known it. Succeeding extracts from his diary will unfold the country scene with the touch of a philosopher, and the penetration of a born naturalist and writer.

Meanwhile Housewives' Club conducted by Doreen Browne makes its first appearance. From time to time it will appear as your own forum to tell you the latest news on the household shopping scene.—The Editor.

### THIS BRITAIN . . .

Kenilworth, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in the novel of the same name, is famous for its ruined castle and the Augustine monastery that later became an abbey. The road which leads from the modern town to the castle is bordered with delightful old half-timbered houses



From a

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

## COUNTRY HILLTOP

SOMEbody said to me, "You have lived in Devon many years now. What are the changes in your village that strike you most?" I can look back to before the first war, when simplicity was the keynote. Everyone "knew his or her place." The test of a person was the work done—the ploughman, the thatcher, the baker (delivering bread by horse and cart), the "oil-man" who came from Ilfracombe, walking beside his horse up and down long hills with his tall covered cart hung with brooms, salted "tea fish" (cod, hard as board), boots, pans, and a tank of paraffin under the floor. The oil-man walked 20-30 miles a day, cheery, hard as nails, regular as the church bells on Friday practice night.

The squire, employing most of the village, was in the Big House, which was built either of local stone or of cob, a traditional mixture of loam, cowdung, straw, and broken stone, the thick walls of which protected from heat and cold, but must be kept dry by over-hanging thatch.

So close was the village as a unity that neighbouring villages were regarded with suspicion and sometimes contempt.

AFTER the war, the change began. The old squire sold up. Unemployment came. Repeal of the Corn Production Act meant arable "tumbling down to weeds." The "tumbling down" phrase came from the tumbling thistle seed, a term probably used long before the Plymouth Brethren left in the *Mayflower*, for to-day the thistle in America is called Tumbleweed.

Bitterness ruled in the village, as elsewhere in Britain. The inns at night were scenes of quarrelling. Malnutrition produced thin children, some with haunted

eyes. It was worse in industrial areas. At least we had the sun in Devon.

To-day, what a change! But it is everywhere. Red-brick houses, neon-lighting in the old inns, well-dressed boys and girls, the old crafts almost gone; but so are the rancour, the bitterness, and the rivalries due to insecurity. In my opinion Britain—that is the people as a whole—have never been so free and happy in their long history. This spirit we owe to two great wars. Good and evil (otherwise human nature!) are inextricably mixed.

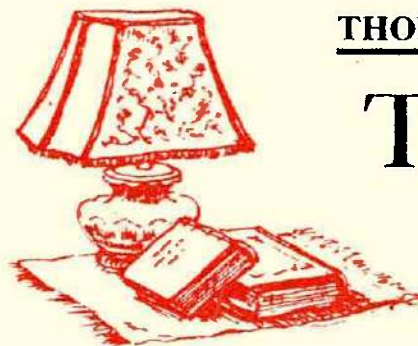
WE have all read about teddy boys.

Personally, I think rock-and-roll a real dance, wonderful exercise for the body, and so for freedom for the spirit.

Now let me tell you about some teddy-birds. Vans with jingling crates of milk bottles pass along our Devon lanes, calling at cottage and bungalow, sometimes followed by flocks of tomtits. As soon as the van stops, the tits alight among the bottles, and rip off the metal caps, not so much for food, as for "devilment," as the old village term went. They're out on a spree. Well-fed, their security as it were guaranteed, they have their fun, or sport.

In my hilltop field, I have a bird tray. Woe betide me if I am late with the daily spread! As I write this in my hut, a blackbird is staring at me through the window, while a robin is waiting on the threshold of the open door. Jackdaws are beginning to chatter in the treetops. A blue titmouse is actually scolding me. I'm late, you see!

What a wonderful morning! The cuckoo calls in the valley below, white-throats and willow warblers sing in the shade of the tall hedge-parsley, the hawthorn buds are opening and the larks are high over the pale green barley plants.



THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on

## The BOOKSHELF

HALF the population of Britain live in suburbs. The wives meet at the shopping centre and the clinic, the husbands nod to each other in the train or on the bus. But few authors have fully seen the human drama there.

Now R. F. Delderfield has found a worthy theme for a novel he calls *The Dreaming Suburb* (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) that firmly lifts him to the rank of story-telling excellence for which he has so long appeared qualified but lacked, seemingly, the impetus of subject.

He shows the impact of the inter-war years on the families in Manor Park Avenue, the street you will find on the outskirts of any city. There are many characters, each with individual interests and love stories, business struggles, happiness and tragedy compellingly told. This is a novel all women will love and all the family can enjoy.

A VERY different book is *The Complete Works of Nathanael West* (Secker and Warburg, 25s.). West was a young Hollywood writer, killed in a car crash. Here are four of his novels, two of which reflect outstandingly the confused world of the thirties in which he lived. *Miss Lonelyhearts* is about a male newspaper columnist, disillusioned and frustrated in his sham world. *The Day of the Locust* paints an inside picture of Hollywood that is unknown to the fan magazines. This is a volume with a message from the past.

DRAMA at the Admiralty has its place with drama on the high seas in *Victory at Sea 1939-1945* by Lt.-Com. P. K. Kemp (Muller, 30s.). It tells the splendid story of Britain's long battle of the oceans and will fascinate alike those old enough to remember and those young enough to ask questions.

The mistakes are here too—the wretched withdrawal of the escort to the PQ17 convoy, the failure to block Scapa, and the German escape through the Channel. Yet we made fewer mistakes than Hitler and, with many triumphs, we won through.

FEW periods are more richly romantic than the nineteenth century life of millionaires, business tycoons, and wild characters of the U.S.A. They are cleverly caught in *Ladies' Day* by Chard Powers Smith (Macdonald, 16s.), where Sally Lathrop finds herself, despite her social and cultural background, falling in love with Race Kirkwood, ruthless in business, love, and politics alike.

This sequel to *Artillery of Time* lacks the strength of that fine book but nevertheless has qualities of its own. Sally has to choose between two directly contrasting men and the hurly-burly background of vice and corruption in the city near New York has its own strange fascination.

TWO crime thrillers appear in the current Pan Books at 2s. 6d. They are *The Secret of Chimneys* by Agatha Christie and *Diamonds are Forever* by Ian Fleming. *I Burned My Fingers* by William Simpson, D.F.C. and *The Diary of Anne Frank* are poignant books of the last war. A B.B.C. serial success is *Journey into Space* by Charles Chilton at 2s., and *Emotional Conflict* by Peter Fletcher at 2s. 6d. is a book that will help the sensitive to come to a better understanding of themselves.

AT last a book that really teaches bridge—simply! *The Penguin Hoyle* by Hubert Phillips at 5s. is a brilliant tutor for all the well-known card games, and many lesser ones, with party games thrown in for good measure. A Penguin at 2s. 6d. is *The Bafut Beagles* by Gerald Durrell, another of this author's human and humorous accounts of collecting wild animals in Africa.

TAUT writing makes *Black Midas* by Jan Carew (Secker and Warburg, 16s.) an outstanding first novel. The British Guiana author tells of a coloured boy's wild life in a tropical land. Powerful and outspoken, in the picaresque tradition.

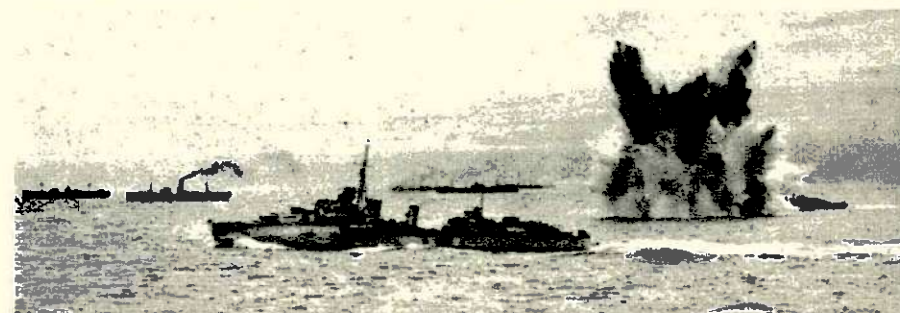
The big city calls a negro in *Move Over, Mountain* by John Ehle (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) and the novel tells of his struggle to get there and final choice between New York and his home town. A human study of negro problems in the U.S.A.

In *The Dragon Tree* by Victor Canning (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) an Englishman finds himself in charge of two strange exiles on a lonely island. Tension grows and explodes with typical Canning speed of action in this gripping thriller.

*A Scent of New-mown Hay* by John Blackburn (Secker and Warburg, 13s. 6d.) describes the aroma of a "nameless horror" unleashed on the world and how it was fought. Ingenious and morbidly fascinating.

THERE is topical interest in a fireside book. Detailed description makes *World Chess Championship 1957* by H. Golombek (MacGibbon and Kee, 18s.) a fine collection of the games with which Botvinnik lost his title to Smyslov. This month sees the conclusion of their return match. If you don't think chess can be exciting, read this!

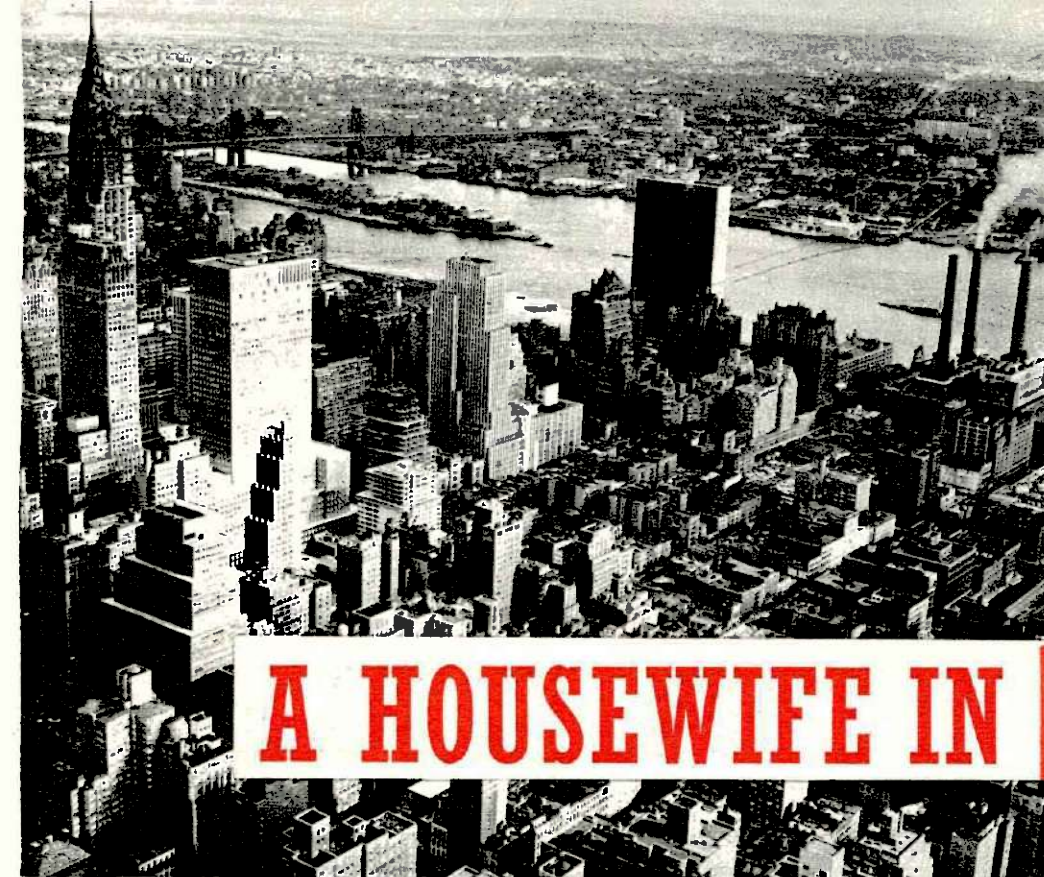
For fishermen the "How to Catch Them" series produced at 3s. 6d. by Herbert Jenkins Ltd., is publishing's best bargain to-day. All are packed with expert information at a ridiculous price. The latest titles are *Grayling* by H. G. C. Claypoole, *Coarse Fishing Baits* by Frank Oates, and *Eels* by Raymond Perrett. Just the present for a youngster to give a brother or father.



Hitler's war provided plenty of drama on the high seas, but there was drama at the Admiralty, too, as Lt.-Com. P. K. Kemp reveals in "Victory at Sea," reviewed on this page (Imperial War Museum photo)







# A HOUSEWIFE IN NEW YORK



Professors of the pavement are New York's homely newsvendors (above). The author's English voice prompted an offer of three papers for the price of one

Left: Midtown New York from the top of the Empire State Building

By IRIS EMMITT

**I**F you want to see New York, and you can afford it, now is your time. You won't forget it ever, and though you can't go far on £100 unless friends will stake you, you will see much you cannot see anywhere else in the world.

Manhattan! All you need is a mobile neck and a good pair of feet and it's all yours. Night time is best. Go up top of one of the sightseers' sky-scrappers and gaze down at the Hudson gleaming in the hundreds of winking lights, looking just like a scene from the Arabian Nights. Parallel with the Hudson are the wide sweeping streets full of cars so small from these heights, they seem no larger than a child's Dinky car.

By day, buy, if you must, an English pot of tea, and sit watching people from three years old to 70, ice-skating on the Rockefeller Centre open-air ice-rink, smack in the centre of Manhattan, with the clear blue sky above, and not a smut of soot in this clean-air city.

**V**ISIT the famous church in New York which does not forget any nation. In this quiet, most beautiful place of worship, people are friendly, especially when they hear your English voice. This does arouse their interest, so remember to use your best Queen's English.

I met none of the loud-voiced wise-cracking Damon Runyon characters of fiction—I wish I had.

Get on the subway and get lost. This is a fine way to learn about people and places. Twenty years ago I thoroughly enjoyed the London and Paris under-

ground transport, getting lost most of the time, but once I knew them well, it was never so interesting. Familiarity deadens the senses!

Never lose the chance of watching the newsvendors on the corners of the streets. They are the professors in anybody's tongue. A one-time Austrian, now a 100 per cent citizen of the United States of America, always pressed me to have three newspapers for the price of one, because he heard my voice (I always believe he first called me a Limey, but hurried to correct himself).

He knew that as visitors we were allowed little spending money, though I assured him I was very well off as guest of a ship on its maiden voyage, and now proudly berthed in the dock allotted as a rule to one of the Queen ships.

**C**ERTAINLY you can eat expensively in America; but more than in any country I have visited you can eat in scores of places where food is clean, exciting, and prices moderate. The service is always fast and efficient. I never saw a chipped piece of crockery, or dirt, or unclean nails in any cafe, snack bar, shop, or super restaurant.

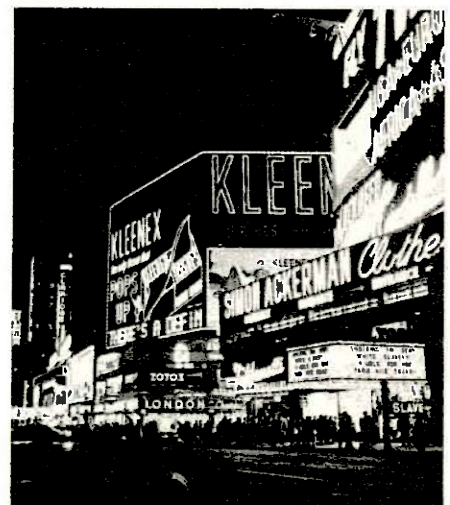
Stores and shops are stupendous, and it is stupid of anyone to deny it. Brace yourselves, females. No use sighing. Be satisfied to look, wish, and hope for the next generation!

They have everything. You could spend weeks in the bargain basements watching dozens of practical demonstrations of gadgets. The American

woman is certainly gadget minded, but the gadget must work or there's no sale. So they demonstrate before your very eyes. And the best wins, so competition is virile and the gadgets first-class.

Orlon, nylon, and similar materials are very cheap by our price standards; and although clothes are made for the masses and not just for the Dior customer, the Americans seem experts at making each garment look a little different!

Getting your hair trimmed in New York is very expensive. I did not dare look how much it was for the full treatment.



Broadway at night time. Its myriad lights make it look like a scene from the Arabian Nights

No smoking is the order in shops, but on most floors there are various enchanting corners where every sort of snack or a four-course meal can be had, and smoking here is allowed.

Every place is air conditioned making shopping a relaxed and pleasant affair.

Save a few dollars and have a rubber-neck sight-seeing tour. This is a must. Takes in all the things you ought to see: Grant's Tomb, Greenwich Village, China Town, and so on, and if you are lucky you'll find a bus with a friendly guide who is as wise as Socrates. He will non-chantly give you the benefit of his all-embracing education and above his head will be a notice which says "We ain't mad at nobody." Well, the U.N.O. building is on the route!

The New York street-car driver has a tough assignment which he carries out with the ease of the expert. Have the right coin ready or you throw everything off beat—I often did—but you soon catch on. No conductor! You pop your coin in the slot, the driver watches it click, and away goes the bus. One man and the machine do the lot; a swift service and cheap.

**I**F you have a few dollars for gifts, by-pass the usual tourist junk except perhaps something in nylon or a cake mix with the separate packet inside containing the equivalent of 12 eggs. This packet makes a cake as rich and gargantuan as ever you ate on a Rhine steamer before World War II. I found my post-war-gear innards could not eat this in large portions, though it is delicious.

Advertising is almost a natural phenomenon in America. I saw a dignified funeral hearse used for advertising the firm's efficiency, and on the back it said "Do Not Hurry—We Can Wait." You may think this crude, but if it saves life—why not?

Customs coming home are fair, and you can bring all you can afford without any fear of L.S.D. reprisals at this end.

You will never forget New York, wherever else you go. Before you leave have a waffle with hot, really hot, maple syrup, and you'll argue forever about France being the place to eat!

## HOLIDAY CITIES WITH A STORY

# A Love Drama that shocked the World

**F**EW tourists sightseeing along Vienna's Triester-Strasse know this wide main thoroughfare to Italy leads also to the scene of a great love tragedy which not so many years ago shocked the world.

Some 15 miles south of the city, a narrow, right-hand fork meanders westward to the village of Mayerling.

Here, perched on a hillock among tall, elegant firs, stands a white-walled convent with roofs steeply sloping to the buildings clustered round a cobbled courtyard. Serene and shut off from the road by a high stone wall, the convent is scarcely the place to associate with tragedy and violent death.

Yet it was behind that same high wall, 69 years ago, that a tragedy occurred which shook the court of the Emperor Franz Joseph to its very foundations, and set the gay, music-loving city of Vienna agog with wild rumours.

**M**AYERLING Castle, as the convent was known in the mid-19th century, was a royal hunting lodge. It was here on the morning of January 30th, 1889, in a private wing which later was rebuilt as a chapel with a high altar, that the monarch's only son, the Crown Prince Archduke Rudolf of Hapsburg, was found dead beside the body of a beautiful, 18-year-old girl with whom he had fallen desperately in love. The story is one of broken hearts, an unhappy marriage, and a love which could never be fulfilled.

At once and by royal decree a blanket of secrecy was drawn over the whole affair. The letters which the couple left were seized and the court servants were

sworn to silence. An official communique released for publication in the Austro-Hungarian Press announced that His Imperial and Royal Highness had died suddenly of heart failure. Actually, Archduke Rudolf had shot himself and the girl who lay on the bed beside him.

Franz Joseph hoped to hush up the tragedy and prevent scandal to the Royal House. There was also Rudolf's widow to be considered, though it is doubtful whether consideration for her influenced

the Emperor's decision on that fatal morning. Franz Joseph was only too well aware that his son's marriage, eight years earlier, to Princess Stephanie of Belgium had been anything but a happy one.

To use the time-worn phrase, it had been a marriage of convenience for reasons of State. The domestic bliss, the haven of love, affection, and kindness in which the Crown Prince fervently hoped he would find refuge from court intrigues and the arrogance of his father never materialized. Almost from the outset, Stephanie proved an egotistical, cold, and domineering partner, her mind obsessed with one overriding passion—that she would one day be Empress of Austro-Hungary.

**R**UDOLF was a romantic, a man who could not tolerate life without love. Frustrated both intellectually and emotionally, he sought the companionship and lighthearted gaiety of other women who were neither unsympathetic nor boring, nor repellent to him physically.

It was after a succession of these clandestine escapades, whereby Rudolf



Mayerling at the time of the tragedy



vainly tried to gain the warmth and affection denied him by his legal spouse, that he met for the first time Marie Vetsera.

Marie's critics have denounced her as a coquette who felt highly flattered at receiving the attentions of a royal prince. But at least she succeeded in giving Rudolf the loving-kindness and understanding he craved.

AT their very first meeting, on November 5th, 1888, Marie Vetsera fell instantly in love with the pale, romantic-looking prince. Their friendship quickly ripened into something stronger and more intimate, and became a topic for court gossip.

Inevitably, whispers reached the Emperor, who sent for his son and in the curt manner of a tyrant ordered him to

"stop this senseless and revolting infatuation forthwith."

Rudolf went away infuriated, and soon after was on his way to Mayerling, where, by pre-arrangement, Marie was to join him.

Next morning, Loschek, Rudolf's personal valet, announced he was unable to rouse his master. The door of the Crown Prince's room was locked.

Prince Philip Coburg, Rudolf's brother-in-law, immediately gave orders for the door to be smashed open.

Loschek, the valet, was the first to enter the silent room. He stood transfixed at the sight which met his horrified gaze. The blood drained from his face, and he kept murmuring through trembling lips, "Oh, dear God! Oh, dear God!"

IN a farewell letter to his wife, Stephanie, Rudolf wrote, "I go to my death calmly." And in a last letter to his mother, the Empress, he expressed the dying wish to be buried with Marie Vetsera, a wish which Marie herself expressed in a letter to her own mother. "Forgive me for what I have done," she wrote. "I could not withstand love. I want to be buried beside him in the cemetery of Alland. I am happier in death than in life..."

There was no letter for the Emperor.

Of a telegram found among the letters no record remains. But it is believed to have been addressed to the Pope, and that in it Rudolf begged for permission to be given a Catholic burial.

Franz Joseph accepted the tragic news in much the same cold, austere way he accepted many other blows in his life.

By royal order, the last wishes of the dead couple to be buried together were totally ignored. Rudolf's coffin was taken to the Imperial palace and, on February 5th, was placed among those of his ancestors in the crypt of the Capuchin church.

The body of Marie Vetsera was given harsher treatment. Her corpse was placed in a hastily-made coffin, and lowered into a lonely grave. Not even the dead girl's mother was permitted to be present to shed her sorrowing tears over the remains.

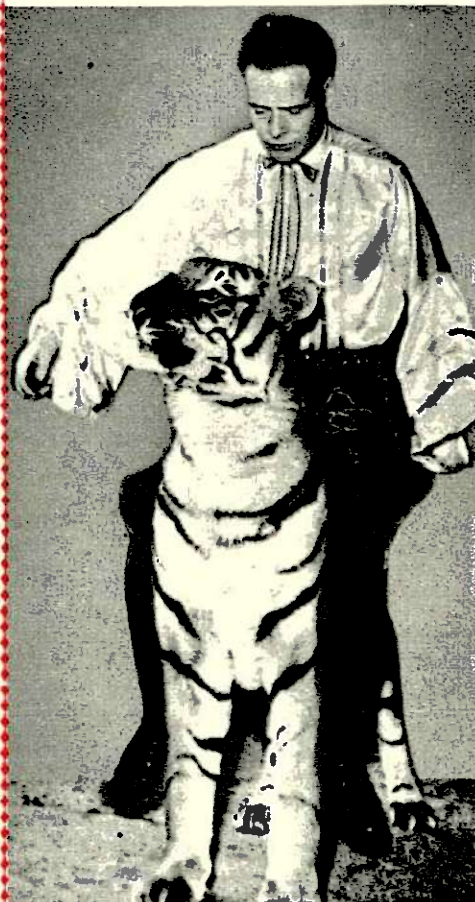
DESPITE elaborate measures to conceal the truth, Franz Joseph could not hide the facts. Within a week, the tragic story had leaked out to shock Vienna and the world beyond the Blue Danube.

The spectre of the romantic Archduke Rudolf of Hapsburg still casts its shadow over the capital. The white-walled convent with steep roofs among the firs 15 miles away, remains a memorial to two lovers who preferred death to the bitter loneliness of life without each other. Their everlasting requiem is the wind that sighs through the trees.

# TAKING ME FOR A RIDE

By ALEX KERR

## LION TAMER



side, and from then on I am truly not looking at him until I feel his shoulders between my legs. Sometimes I catch a shadow of him as he comes across, and I am always looking down on the deck trying to see that shadow fully, hoping that it flows on smoothly towards me.

If that dark shadow ever stops and rears upwards, I hope fervently that my reflexes will be quick enough for me to drop forward and roll clear of him. I feel I can afford to take such a chance—our mutual trust has lasted so many years now—but sometimes, when he is in a niggly mood and I hear him grumbling as he ambles over, the muscles of my neck contract.

IT is always my neck that I think of, for he would treat me as he would another animal and, taking advantage of my unprotected back, rear up and take my neck in his jaws. He would not have to mean me any harm; he would do the same to his tigresses if they annoyed him in play. To them it would mean no more than a little niggly nip, but the human neck is frail, and I would be powerless to turn.

There are several causes for trouble brewing up in the den, but the usual one is jealousy; and the main reason for that is the old one: *Cherchez la femme*.

The two tigresses are very attractive to the lions when they are in season—apparently more so than to Khan—perhaps because they are never allowed to meet at close quarters.

ATLAS has been a particular worry at such times. He shares the right of being "den boss" with Bebe as a rule, but his jealousy over the two tigresses became so inflamed and he was so aggressive in the den—challenging Khan through the bars and fighting the other lions for the spot next to the tigresses—that I had to separate him from the rest for a while.

There was also a time when his jealousy concentrated most of all on me. He is the last lion to leave the cage in the act: he started turning towards me reluct-

I THINK my tiger Khan is most famous for his trick of coming—apparently unexpectedly—through my legs and taking me for a short ride on his back. But that is also taking advantage of something natural and turning it into a habit. He was not forced into it; indeed, it was never my idea to train him for such a trick.

When he was small, I used to stand with my back to him, and let him see my face through my legs, then call him over. And he would come galloping between my ankles, loving the game.

I have been called a fool for allowing an adult tiger to approach my back like this. But, to the audience, the essence of the trick is surprise. I am moving a prop in the middle of the cage without, apparently, having noticed that the tiger is off his sling. The audience holds its breath. "Has he seen the tiger?" And suddenly Khan drops his head and I am on his shoulders. The public sigh: "Oh, it was all just part of the trick after all."

But of course it is a risk each time. His cue to come off his prop is when I pick up a piece of meat from the cage

The full story of ALEX KERR'S career is told in his book *No Bars Between* published by Cassell at 16s.

antly at the tunnel door, and I realised that he was angry at leaving me behind in the ring with his lady-loves.

Later, as I gave him the cue to go out, he would drop off his sling and run a little way towards me, and I saw that there was a half-formed challenge in his mind that he had not yet thought of putting into action. He bolted out as soon as I lunged at him, but he would turn again as the door closed, hoping for another chance to come back.

SOMETIMES he had to be driven up the tunnel backwards—a very slow affair—and I told the beast boy to fire a shot from my blank revolver to turn him and drive him up the right-way round. The gun is not fired at the animal, and certainly not across his nose, or it could blind or scar him; just having an unexpected bang close by him is generally enough.

Atlas's jealousy went on mounting over several days, and his little runs towards me increased determinedly. I felt I must take some action or very soon he would think he was getting the best of me, and I should no longer be the boss animal in his eyes.

It was no use waiting, as I had with Nero, for the exact day that Atlas meant to attack; I had to provoke him into attacking me. He was tough, and I did not dare to have a close battle with him when he was on his toes and really intent on action, so I had to choose a time a day or two ahead of his day; in fact, while he was still thinking about it.

DAILY he made a little more ground towards me, until I noticed that my lunge at him did not seem to have the effect it should. This time I threw the lash of my whip, catching him lightly on the nose, so that it stung him and made him think. It was just enough for him to realize that I was still the boss animal and that I was not standing any nonsense.

I would not have given him a harder blow. It is senseless to hurt an animal, for he would lose his respect for me in his rage and my control of him would be gone for ever.

He only felt the slightest flick—from what he had always thought of as a part of me—and he respected it, remembered that I was boss in the cage, and forgot his challenge.

Working with wild animals, however much you love it, must be a constant nerve strain, keeping on your toes, finding reasons for their behaviour and staying one jump ahead of them. And that is the main reason why I intend to retire in about eight years, when I shall be forty-five.



The tigers at play

I hope that when that time comes I shall be at my peak, and that I shall know I cannot do anything better. After that, I am sure my reactions will be slower than they are to-day, and my brain and my reflexes will not be fast enough to avoid trouble in the cage.

The mind becomes quickly dulled, and I shall probably no longer be able to remain an animal among my animals—and I do not want to go the way of all true animal "bosses" who finish by being challenged and defeated by a younger beast.

## Your Spring footwear fling!

New shoes are a "must" for Spring. Here are two stylish ELEGANTE Courts that will tempt you to go on a spending spree.



T5103. Neat Court in Black calf. Smart perforated vamp, leather sole, medium Louis heel. In Brown and Blue, too. 52/6

T5271. Attractive Court in Fiery Red calf. Self petersham bow, leather sole, slim Louis heel. Also in Black and Oyster. 52/6

ELEGANTE SHOES

From Co-operative Societies Everywhere





# Lanfield

the fashionable  
answer

Model 515/516

Here's a classic HUTHELLA Twin-Set in pure wool with high buttoning cardigan in daffodil yellow, and other bright colours. Fully fashioned.

Wms. (36") approximately 64/6

WX. (38") approximately 68/3

OS. (40") approximately 72/3

Also produced in 'ORLON', shrink-resistant, shape retaining, colour fast and well worth the little extra in price.

Model 2901

A beautiful "All-rounder" Skirt in permanently pleated Terylene. Choice of light or dark grey.

Sizes: (waist)

24" to 32" approximately 49/6

34" to 38" approximately 53/11

# Lanfield

puts you right in the height of fashion

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



IN YOUR NEW GARDEN



# The Lawn is Most Important

In April W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER talked about some of the gardening problems which face the newly-weds, John and Mary, when they move into their new home. This month he takes them a stage further with his expert advice on Planning the Garden.

I AM going to deal this month with planning the garden, and you will find on this page a sketch of a simple layout for a rectangular plot about which I want to talk. But you needn't treat this plan as hard and fast: if you want to alter it in any way, do so by all means. And if your garden is at all irregular in shape you will of course have to alter it. But the main principles will apply.

John and Mary are keen to grow their own vegetables and fruits, so I have included quite a large space for this purpose. Later I hope to give an alternative plan for any readers who don't want to go in for vegetable gardening, but want to use their garden mainly for flowers.

LET us look at this plan for a moment. First of all there is a fair-sized lawn on which to relax; then on the left we can have either a herbaceous border so that there will be plenty of cut flowers for the house, or a flowering shrub border if we want to do the minimum of work. So as not to make the garden look unnatural, we have a wavy edge to this border, and on the other side, so that we cannot be accused of having the symmetrical balance, we have planned a narrow annual border with a straight edge, which is going to be sown with simple seeds like cornflower, love-in-the-mist, mignonette, nasturtium, and the like, all of which the C.W.S. will be glad to supply. This is a border which will please Mary because she will be able to see quick results. The seeds will be sown and the plants will flower in a few months' time.

It may be well to concentrate on this half of the garden first of all.

It will be quite a simple matter to make the division. Eventually, at the point marked "A" there will be a lonicera hedge, which will be cut back to about 3 ft. in height, and will screen the vegetable plot from the flower garden. To enhance the long view down the main centre path, we shall plant two pyramid shaped apples at the two corners nearest the house, and a similar pair at the bottom of the path, as shown in the drawing.

We will leave the remainder of the garden, and the planting of the trees and hedges, for another time, and start on perhaps the most important part, the lawn.

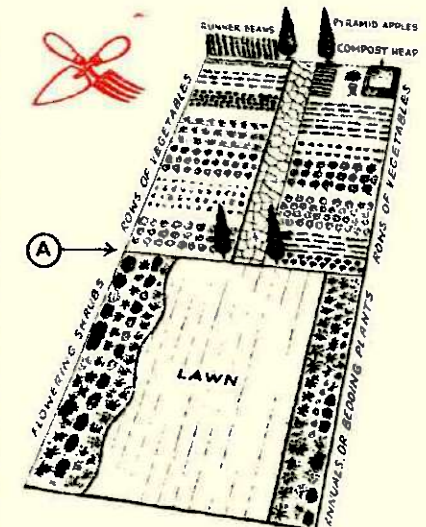
It is not really necessary to dig very deeply. For this area fork over to a depth of four inches. During this forking the bulk of the big stones will be removed, as well as the brickbats and other rubbish left by the builders. The stones and brickbats can be used as drainage material for the main path. There may be lots of unwanted material which can be buried along this strip to form a good drainage base for the gravel or paving which may be placed above.

To ensure that the four inches you are treating is in the right condition, sedge peat should be added at a bucketful to the square yard. As before the C.W.S. will be happy to supply this.

After forking, the land should be left for a week or so, and then a light raking may be given, to leave it level.

Again it should be left for a fortnight, so that the weeds may grow, and then with a Dutch hoe these may be hoed off.

Of course, if there are any perennial weeds, these must be tackled, as I advised last month.



Now comes the time for the next raking, and if the land is sandy and poor then it will be as well to apply a fish fertiliser at 2 to 3 oz. to the square yard. Don't, whatever you do, add lime, because this will encourage clover, and we are hoping to grow a sward of beautiful grasses.

Your aim is to produce a fine tilth before sowing the seeds; a tilth is a condition in which all the particles of soil in the top half inch or so are finer than a grain of wheat. It is on to this fine seedbed that you will sprinkle the "pedigree" lawn seed, at the rate of about 1 oz. to the square yard. Ask the C.W.S. to let you have a mixture consisting of 5 parts chewings fescue, 2 parts creeping red fescue, and 3 parts New Zealand bent, though if you have a really heavy soil it is possible to produce a good lawn from sowing the seed of a single species of grass, i.e., *Agrostis tenuis*.

To sow the seed evenly you can mix it with twice the quantity of silver sand or sifted soil. To ensure even distribution, you divide the lawn up into one-yard squares, with strings crossing one way and the other, and sow one square at a time.

Once the seed is in position, rake lightly to bury it, for remember that birds can be a nuisance.

Borrow a roller from a neighbour if you have not got one (it should not be heavier than 2 cwt.), and follow the raking by giving your prospective lawn a light rolling.

Garden seeds and requisites mentioned on this page may be obtained from the C.W.S. Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.





# HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

**H**OUSEWIVES' CLUB has no membership fee! This page is the clubhouse where we can get together. And here I will bring you news of my shopping discoveries. If you want more details write to Housewives' Club, Co-operative Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. Be sure to enclose a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.



Crockery that will set your tea-time guests talking features plates in the new coupe shape—a sort of extended circle. I liked a set with a delicate design of flowers and ferns in black and white on a background of grey, green, or blue. Price of a 21-piece tea service is just over £4.

★

Whatever the weather, baby's washing has to be dried. Something to help you avoid those festoons of nappies all over the kitchen is the telescopic clothes maiden. Strongly constructed of wood, it has twelve drying rails, each 2 ft. wide. When not in use it can be folded flat for storage. A boon also for flat-dwellers with no garden, it costs 16s. 6d.

★

The uses of Terylene are endless. It turns up now as a quilt filling, making a light-weight but warm covering for your bed. Special advantage is that a little of it goes a long way; it puffs out to make a quilt as thick and expensive-looking as a feather-filled one of a much higher price. Design I like best has a centre panel of flock printed satin, with a scallop-edge border of plain satin. Colours are rose, gold, green, beige, wine and cedar. Price is about £9.

★

Terylene again, this time in the form most of us know it best—one of those useful permanently-pleated skirts you can wear on almost any occasion. Washable, crease-resistant, and shrink-resistant, it will stand up to the roughest treatment and still come back for more.

To wear with it, a fully-fashioned twin-set with short-sleeved, round-necked jumper and cardigan that buttons to the neck. Both can be worn all the year round; the cardigan is particularly useful for wearing over your holiday cottons during those chilly English summer evenings. With a grey skirt, it looks attractive in daffodil yellow,

but is available in many other colours. Price of the skirt is 49s. 6d. (53s. 11d. for larger sizes), and the twin set costs from 64s. 4d. to 72s. 3d. according to size.

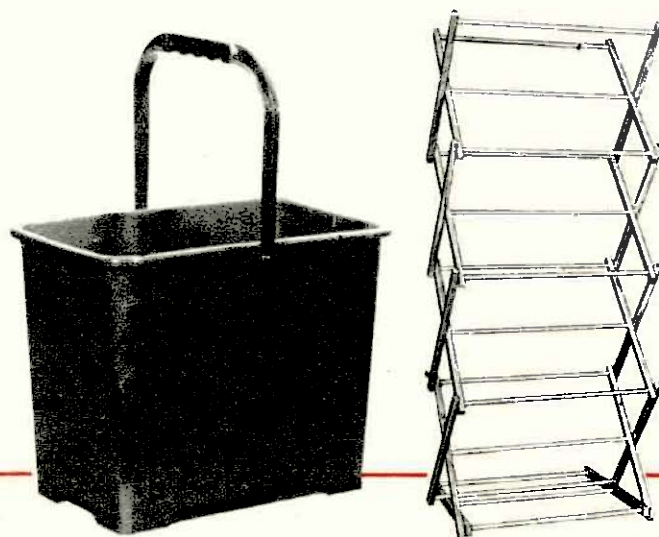
★

Still on the subject of clothes, have you shortened your skirts yet? Gadget to make light work of all the laborious unpicking of hems is the Quickunpic. Moving quickly and easily along a seam, it cuts the threads without any danger of cutting the cloth. It can also be used for removing buttons, snap fasteners, and zips, and for cutting buttonholes. Complete with its own dainty shell-pink case, it costs only 2s.



It's surprising how much weight a housewife has to carry during her working day. Something to lighten the burden a little is a galvanised mop-bucket, lighter in weight than the normal type. Price is 16s. 11d.

Another bucket with a difference is rectangular, made specially for use with sponge-type mops. Of polythene, it is easy to handle, durable, and non-corrosive. In a cheerful range of colours—green, red, blue or yellow, with contrasting handle—it costs 16s. 6d.



## We Need More Women M.P.s

says JEAN MANN, M.P.

**A** SELECT Committee of the House of Commons is to be set up to inquire into the procedure of the House and "to recommend improvements in the present system." It would appear that the men are frustrated, disgruntled, and dissatisfied. The women opened not their mouths, which is strange procedure on the part of women, particularly when one recalls the early days of the Co-operative Guilds where (according to the men), a show of work meant "You all put out your tongues."

It is true that in the House of Commons women speak but rarely. Some, not at all. There are no women Cabinet Ministers; no woman member occupies even a Junior position. Not even at the Treasury or the Foreign Office, though one would deem it a certainty that Finance and War are of paramount importance to women.

Does this indicate that men are unfair, and consider women unfit to enter these citadels? If it does, then the House of Commons is not alone. It merely reflects the position in the country, perhaps in the world.

The world might be better if there were, for we cannot compliment statesmen on their achievements in either of these spheres at the moment.

What, then, is the position of the woman member of the House of Commons? Frustrated? Not on your life.

**T**HE women members' room is a hive of industry. With thirty women confined to such a small space one would think there would be bickering (especially as we have to wait turns for a desk) or gossip (since we are a compact bunch and, according to the male, wherever women gather there is gossip).

Yet it is only truth to state that in all my years in Parliament, constantly in contact with women who differ so much politically, I have heard neither bickering

nor gossip. A fact for which I give them all highest marks, knowing that Parliamentary life (10 a.m. till 11 p.m.) would be impossible were it otherwise.

The men, however, have a real pow-wow room—the smoking room, where they can have coffee, or drinks. The teetotallers go into the smoking room, not for drinks, nor gossip (men never gossip). Yet a passer-by can see heads huddled together just like a bunch of women at a Glasgow "close-mouth."

**I**'M told the unwritten rule of this smoke room is: no carrying, no repetition of anything said. This is a very fine rule, but the women M.P.s have a better one: "Do not say it." And it is adhered to. No one has ever suggested "gossip leaks" from the women members' room.

Nor do women M.P.s fall for the suggestion so often trotted out that there is a woman's point of view, that women alone can pursue and possess.

Long before I ever entered Parliament men were saying the things I wanted to say, and working for them, too. They still are. And in the House of Commons we are all colleagues working together. We have no sex privileges and ask none.

Women M.P.s, as a rule, are considered "news" by Fleet Street, and have the advantage of better publicity for anything they say. They also are commented upon for dress, hair-do, and appearance. Some journalists are looking for glamour girls. Some women journalists even tender advice. One actually described how Barbara Castle and Pat Hornby-Smith should alter their hair-styles. This was carefully studied by a group of women M.P.s, and caused gales of merriment. We much preferred our colleagues' own ideas.

Let it be remembered that every woman M.P. has reached the House of Commons via the committee rooms, selection conferences and, most important of all, the hustings. These knock the

sharp corners off any woman, broaden her outlook, and enrich her knowledge of life. That perhaps explains why I find that our talk is usually on broad public issues, and heaven knows there are so many of these that women M.P.s cannot possibly feel frustrated.

I find, too, that the public prefer to impart their *personal* problems to women. All of us have heavy mail-bags, "because you are a woman," or "because you are a mother."

But there is more to it than that. Our correspondents think they get closer personal attention, and from what I've seen of my women colleagues I'm certain they do. I've often to threaten to turn off the lights at 11 p.m. to get them to leave their desks!

Moreover, the women's vote is a big factor in every constituency, and women M.P.s, are in particular demand by all political parties, for meetings, sales of work, conferences, and so on. Over 600 men competing for 30 women for "a meeting in my constituency, please." That means constant travel.

**T**HE House of Commons has a peculiar way of finding out the specialists, and more or less relies on them for guidance and direction. The women M.P.s represent the home, the family; and in these subjects we specialise. To this extent our contribution is welcomed whether it is given in the privacy of party meetings or on the floor of the House.

Every woman has an equal, often more than equal, chance with the men. Mr. Speaker often calls a woman member, not because she is a woman but because he knows she will have some knowledge to add to the debate.

We are still less than five per cent of the House. Our numbers must therefore greatly increase before we can make any big impression on the House of Commons. That must rest with the electors, and also primarily with the selectors.



# What Are You Afraid Of?

asks URSULA



BLOOM

EVERYBODY is afraid of something and frequently for no reason at all. Once I was scared stiff of the dark and suffered greatly, for every night the dark must come and every night fresh fear came with it. But fear is something man should face and conquer, because fear is frustrating. It saps one's energy, and makes one feel uncertain, and a sense of insecurity is no help in living life.

Most of us would go much further and do much more if only we dared. We hang back because we are afraid. How does one tear down this infuriating but desperate barrier.

Sit back and look into your own heart, acknowledging the weakness, but facing it and all that it means.



Are you afraid of death? This is often the result of a natural childish terror of the insecurity of the unknown. Few reasonable men and women have not been afraid of it at some time in their lives. Be sensible and realise that death itself is painless, though the illness approaching it may not be. All pain must end with the physical body. Entering into a new world will be no worse than entering this one, where kind arms welcomed you and love and care received you. No fear possessed you then; you just arrived "out of the everywhere into here." Why doubt with terror the arrival in yet another world, when this one gave you no reason for apprehension?

Sane, wholesome thinking is the answer to fear.

Some of us nurse the horror that one day we shall go mad. I have friends who tell

me this. Then, they tell me, "we shall be herded into an Institution and locked in with the world shut out." This can be the bogey of some story heard as a little child (and many of the old-time fairy stories were bad for provoking fear), for to-day those suffering from mental sickness are treated with great consideration; it is an acknowledged form of illness from which cures are often affected.

POVERTY haunts many of us—the wolf on the threshold of our lives. Most of us have had bad, hard-up moments. We dread the approach of old age, and the miseries of constant deprivation. But to-day the poor are far better cared for; the old tragic years of last century, when old folks died in the ditches for want of bread, have gone for ever.

The feverish apprehension of one who is afraid distorts the true facts, and everything grows to a giant proportion.

You dread disease? Most of us have one particular bogey here. But there are great research laboratories forever at work on all the big diseases, and the end of that fight is not so far away. I have talked with some of our great doctors and they told me that by the end of the century they hope to have downed the killers. This does not mean they will conquer death, for bodies wear out, but they will have set aside the horrors of painful illness, and death will be robbed of fear when it only means a tired body falling into a quiet sleep.

Worry is itself a killer. Don't accept it as part of your world; don't live with it and allow it to threaten you. But you needn't make an almost intolerable effort to be valiant, to challenge it with every nerve on edge and the body taut with apprehension. That does more harm than good. Consider the true facts of how little there is to fear.

WHEN you face the rightful argument, and see how you have emphasized the horror, and have exaggerated the fact, then you become more accustomed to your own angle, and you cool down. Ask yourself questions about what your fear can do to you? If the worst happened and this walked into your life, how much would it really affect you?

My trivial fear of the dark (and it had been immense to me) had caused me untold suffering, but it died the night my mother fainted in a dark bedroom and

I rushed in to help her. In that single moment I had conquered the fear within myself in my apprehension for her.

One has to face this sort of thing oneself, and I believe that facing the truth behind what you believe to be the harsh facts is the answer every time. I can, to-day, walk into a dark room without going into a cold sweat of horror. It is—I know—the same as when it is light and can do nothing more or less to me. The answer was so easy that it surprised me. Whatever you fear, you will probably find the same thing.

I had a friend who, after having a baby, got a phobia about going out. One lovely summer day I was with her. Her little boy was playing in the garden, but nothing would make her go out. She thought it could hurt her.

THEN the child fell, and lay screaming on the path. She said to me, "Go to him." I did not bat an eyelid. "You go," I said, and sat back.

In horror she rushed into the garden to him and picked him up. I went to her a few minutes later, and she stared at me. "I'm out of doors again and it can't hurt me," she blinked.

I nodded. I had refused to go on purpose because I thought this was a wonderful chance to get her out again. "The out-of-doors could never hurt you," I reminded her, "but each of us has the power within to hurt ourselves, by being afraid." That is the real answer.

Make sure of

## HOME MAGAZINE

for JUNE

- ★ R. F. Delderfield describes how he decided to write a new kind of novel about family life.
- ★ Stanley Byron writes about one of the tragedies which are never far from the romance and excitement of Monte Carlo.
- ★ Henry Williamson, Ursula Bloom and Doreen Browne are other well-known contributors to this star-packed issue.

# FASHIONED for FUN says DOREEN BROWNE

HOLIDAY planning involves quite a lot of arithmetic, but here's one exercise it's fun to do. Go along to your local Co-operative fashion salon and choose a holiday wardrobe of cotton separates from the new C.W.S. Belmont range. You'll soon realise that for once two and two can add up to a lot more than four.

These colourful casual blazers, blouses, sweaters, skirts, shorts, and slacks can be mixed and matched to give you a new look every day of your holiday. Guaranteed to make you the belle of any beach from Morecambe to Monte Carlo, they are easy to pack, and the prices will not strain the tightest budget.

One of the most versatile outfits is a three-piece consisting of blouse and skirt in blue-and-white candy stripes, plus brief blue shorts trimmed with the same striped material. The blouse and shorts together make a playsuit for the beach or garden; the skirt can be buttoned on to make a dress smart enough to wear at

any time. The whole outfit costs only 45s., and all three items will team with the odd skirts and blouses you already possess.

To give you that endearing little-boy look there are some gaily-striped blazers, teamed with plain jeans edged with the blazer material to link the outfit together.

I liked, too, snappy tartan shorts, edged with white, and tennis shorts zipped at the back to give a neater fit. To wear with the shorts you can buy sleeveless, V-necked cotton sweaters in white or any other colour, for only 5s. 11d.

All the separates are inspired by Continental designs, but there is one outfit in particular which might have come straight from an Italian sportswear salon. This is a sleeveless jerkin-type top, blazing with colour, worn with yellow rompers. Jerkin and rompers together cost 45s.

Another useful addition to your wardrobe is a white poodle-cloth jacket with three-quarter-length sleeves, trimmed with

gold buttons. At 22s. 11d., this is a real snip, for it can be worn with any of your summer frocks, and it makes a smart change from the inevitable cardigan.



## MANCHESTER'S NEW CO-OP STORE

OPENED on March 21st, Britain's newest Co-operative store, New Deansgate House, Manchester, is proving a shopping Mecca for the North of England.

Luxuriously fitted, the store has seven floors and an imposing frontage that dominates one of the city's most fashionable shopping streets.

Of special interest to women is its thickly-carpeted fashion floor, which includes a mannequin walk on which trained members of the staff will display the latest styles.

On the floor above is a contemporary cafeteria, with an infra-red grill that cooks meat to order in two minutes.

The record department—the most modern in the city—is equipped with listening "lorgnettes" through which can be heard the current top pop favourites.

## ★ SPECIAL OFFER!

NEXT month Housewives' Club will have an exclusive offer for Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE readers—a wonderful cookery book produced to sell at 1s. 6d. which you can buy for only 6d. plus postage. It gives you all you need to know in compact form with many useful tips as well.







# For boys and girls

## Find the PETS

If the catable PET is CRUM-PET, what is the musical PET, the clinging PET, the defensive PET, and the PET which lies on the floor?

## Missing Consonants

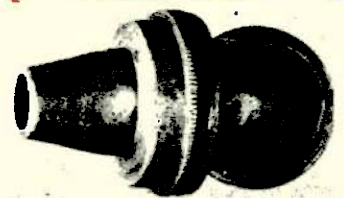
We've removed the consonants from the words below. Put them back and you'll have completed a well-known proverb.

--E-E'-- A-- A -L--  
--I-- --E -U- A--  
--E -I--

## How Many Marbles?

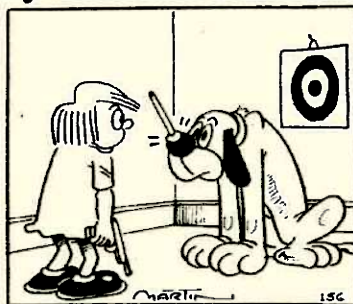
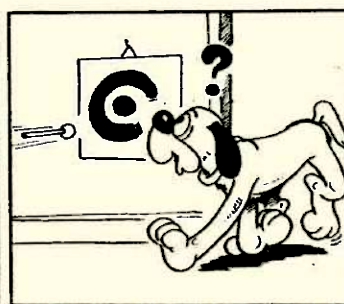
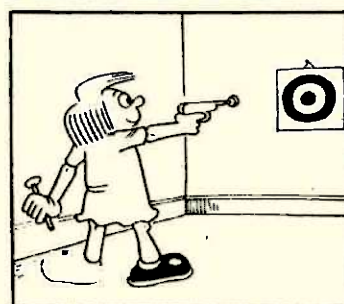
"How many marbles have you got?" asked father. "Well," replied Tommy, "If Harry gives me four he'll have half as many as Jack. But if Jack gives me four then the three of us will all have the same number." How many marbles did each have?

## What is it?



Boys and girls with green-fingers shouldn't find it hard to guess what this is. You'll find the answer in column 3

## PENNY and BOB



# YOUR OWN PAGE

I HAD a most interesting time reading the entries for our February competition—the one in which you were invited to tell the Editor what you think about your own page. It was a difficult task to choose the winners.

Most of you said you liked the features which already appear. Competitions were most popular of all, with puzzles and jokes next in demand, but each of our regular features had its fans.

Several readers made interesting suggestions for new features, and we shall try to introduce some of them from time to time. Two appear in our competition this month.

Valerie Shipp, of 31 Eric Close, Forest Gate, London, E.7., who is 10 years old, said she would like a picture to paint or crayon. A similar suggestion was made by 8-year-old Laurence Wright of 4 Madison Terrace, Hayle, Cornwall. So this month we are using our Penny and Bob cartoon as the subject for a colouring competition.

Susan Hardy (11), of 7 Holmesdale Villas, North Holmwood, Dorking, Surrey, wrote, "I think you could change the prizes." Well, Susan, you will see that whoever wins our competition this month will have the choice of two new prizes.

Your friend, BILL

## Puzzle Solutions

What is it? A garden syringe  
Find the PETS: Trumpet, limpet, parapet, carpet.  
Missing Consonants: There's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.  
How Many Marbles? Tom 8, Harry 12, Jack 16.

## March Competition Winners

SHEILA ROYAL, 24 Stevenage Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6.  
ROBERT H. MARTIN, 4 Broomhill Park Road, Southborough, Tunbridge Wells.

## In Days Gone By



A CENTURY ago travellers staying the night at an inn aired their sheets with this device which looks as if a flat iron has somehow got mixed up with a kettle stand. The iron was heated in a fire, placed in the slot, and the whole contraption tucked into bed.

## Early days in the Wild West

HERE'S a grand book for every boy's bookshelf! It is *The Book of American Frontier History* by Philip Wilding (Harrap, 15s.), and it tells you about the wars of the Sioux, the Crows and all those other exciting tribes. Davy Crockett, Colonel Bowie and Buffalo Bill, the James Gang and the Pinkerton men are here in a hundred adventures with action illustrations. Get on the family warpath now and get this book.

## By GEORGE MARTIN

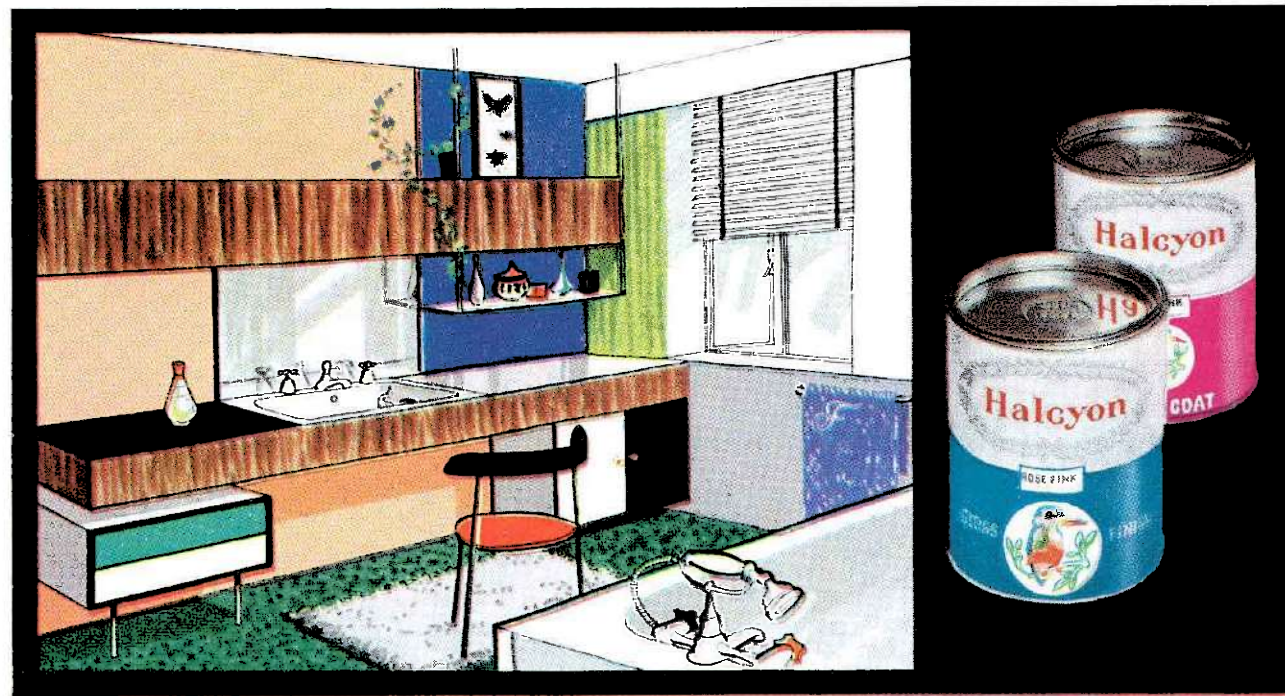
introducing



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.

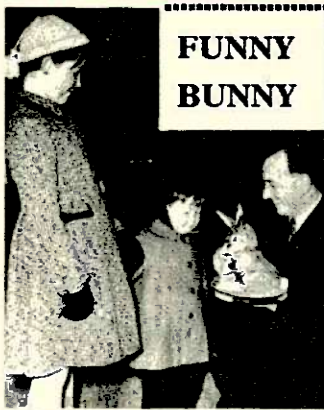
the paint you've been waiting for!

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 CWS range of fine paints

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



## FUNNY BUNNY

THIS amusing rabbit was an entry for a competition at a Co-operative bakery exhibition recently. Made of marzipan, it was a great attraction to young visitors.



# TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

## LOCAL EDITOR'S NOTES

### Chairman's Report—Important Points Raised

LAST month's "Home Magazine" contained the report of the March half-yearly meeting, which was a little better attended than the previous two or three, but still poorly attended considering the number of members of the society to-day. What did you get from the report, presuming that you were not at the meeting to hear for yourself your society's business being considered?

A number of important points were raised in the chairman's report, and he is to be congratulated on his comment regarding the fact that again there were no new nominations for the election to the management committee, the three retiring members being automatically re-elected. 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 so apathetic as the people are to-day."

How right the chairman was in what he said. For any democratic organisation to continue to be democratic in its outlook and workings, it must have all the time a continuous flow of new ideas, new visions, and must never be satisfied with things as they are. It must be forever seeking, searching, and working for perfection.

To stand for election to committees, councils, or other organisations does not necessarily mean that one completely disagrees with the sitting members, but rather that the one who offers himself or herself for elections believes that they have something to give in the way of interest, ideas, and work.

#### More Elections Needed

To be a member of a Co-operative management committee is a great honour, for here in our Tamworth Society one is a representative of 18,000 members, manages and controls a great business, and is in constant touch with Co-operation not only in this country but throughout the world. It is to be hoped that the next six years bring about more elections than the two of the past six years.

Another very important matter in the report was that concerning the new buildings to be erected on the Church Street-College Lane site. The model of these buildings, which are only part of a master plan for the whole block extending down Colehill as far as the car park (the model shows the whole block) was on view, and the chairman asked that members should examine the model and send in their criticisms and suggestions in order that the committee could have the views of the members towards the proposed alterations.

I wonder how many have done this, and I also wonder how many will realise when the new block is going up that it belongs to them.

#### Night Baking Ended

One more very important matter in the business of the half-yearly meeting was the report that in accordance with the law of the country the night baking of bread had finished. How many of us stop to think of the effect this makes in the way of life to which we have become accustomed? In a membership such as ours, where a large proportion of male workers are shift workers, one knows of the evils of night work; of trying to get to sleep during the day; of being unsettled in the continual changeover of days, afternoons, and nights; of children forever having to be told to be quiet; of the womenfolk trying to do the housework without disturbing those "on nights." But to the shift worker this only happened once in three weeks; to the bakery night worker it happened every day of his working life.

We should be pleased to think that by the ending of night baking of bread it is now possible for bakers to enjoy a more normal working life

and to take part, with their families, in the everyday pleasures which we have always had.

The effect of this changeover on ourselves is very small, although, of course, it has been noticed by a few, and it is that sometimes our bread, when it is delivered to us, will be a few hours older than it used to be. Most people will not notice any difference, particularly if they have wrapped bread, and one thing is certain—there is no better bread than ours in Tamworth, or the area which we cover.

If you have been used to hot bread and like it that way, and now it is cold when you get it, remember that for the first time the bakers of your bread are able to enjoy a better working and leisure life.

One could continue to comment on the report of the half-yearly meeting, but a much better idea is for you to come to the next meeting on the first Wednesday in September to make your own comments, and perhaps gain sufficient interest to stand for the committee at a later date.

### Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Chesters, 21, Wiggin-ton Road, Tamworth, April 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallbank, Church Road, Dordon, April 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, 23, Bamford Street, Glascote, April 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, 4, Parkfield Avenue, Two Gates, April 20th.

Mr. and Mrs. Payne, The Beck, Elford, April 20th.

### Singers' New Post

MISS KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, the world-famous Norwegian soprano, has been appointed director of the new Norwegian Opera Company formed last summer in Oslo. Miss Flagstad retired from public performances two years ago at the age of 60. Since then she has made a number of recordings for the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation, and last year she took part in a concert in London commemorating the centenary of Edward Grieg.

The Norwegian Opera Company is to receive a grant from the Government of about \$130,000 a year.

### Visitors from the Co-op

"IT'S meeting your opposite number that's so valuable," said young Mr. Burton. "I'd never been abroad before, and I'm sure that if I had gone as an ordinary tourist I wouldn't have been able to talk to people, and wouldn't have known what to say if I had. This way we had a common interest. We saw an awful lot, and we learned an awful lot and . . ."—*here a wide smile broke out over his face*—"how we enjoyed ourselves!"

"This Way" is a scheme devised by the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation to promote better understanding among the peoples of the world by means of exchange visits and study tours for workers.

Mr. Burton works at the London Co-operative Society. He was talking of a visit members of the London Co-operative staff paid to Switzerland at the invitation of the Swiss Co-operative movement. They travelled under the auspices of Unesco, assisted by a subsidy from the London organisation.

Nineteen in all went on the trip—16 workers in the London Co-operative Society who act as tutors in the evening classes organised for staff members during the winter, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, the staff administration officer, and two members of the management committee.

The aim of the tour was to see the Swiss Co-operative movement, and get to know something of the country and the people.

"Rather a tall order, wasn't it?" said Mr. Wilson, "seeing that we only had ten days. But we did it—we did it all."

They visited Basle, Lucerne, Weggis, Interlaken, Montreux, Lausanne, Geneva, and Berne. They attended luncheons and official receptions given in their honour by the Swiss Co-operative movement, and went over Co-operative warehouses, retail shops, flour mills, restaurants, and holiday homes, discussing Co-operative problems with directors, managers, and fellow-workers.

And they still found time for visits to the Swiss Fair at Lausanne, a couple of art exhibitions, the United Nations building, and the International Labour Office at Geneva, and took an afternoon trip on Lake Geneva with a stop at Evian on the French side.

## OBITUARY

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

William Michael McDonald, Kingsbury, February 22nd.

Alice Maude Phillips, Tamworth, February 25th.

Basil William Hatton, Fazeley, March 4th.

Evelyn Sharratt, Tamworth, March 13th.

John Cook, Tamworth, March 16th.

John Fowell, Thorpe, March 16th.

Samuel Monk, Polesworth, March 17th.

Gertrude Annie Willis, Warton, March 18th.

Samuel Spencer, Dordon, March 19th.

Sarah Ann Platts, Tamworth, March 19th.

Ellen Moore, Dordon, March 19th.

Ida Emily Nicholls, Tamworth, March 19th.

Harry Lawson, Fazeley, March 19th.

Mary Julia Frisby, Tamworth, March 19th.

Wilfred Thomas Hankinson, Whateley, March 20th.

William Snow, Canwell, March 20th.

Matilda Johnson, Twogates, March 24th.

Nellie May Sigley, Mile Oak, March 25th.

Sidney Cope, Tamworth, March 26th.

Sarah Elizabeth Lockwood, Belgrave, March 29th.

Lily Grassby Hudson, Kingsbury, March 31st.

Horace Abraham Earp, Dordon, April 2nd.

Alice Gertrude Blood, Kettlebrook, April 4th.

Sarah Ann Aust, Erdington, April 7th.

Fanny Maria Playfair, Kettlebrook, April 8th.

### Columbus and You

THERE is a simple mnemonic for recalling the date when Columbus discovered America. It is—"1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

It took this intrepid sailor months to cover the distance that is now reduced by an airplane to a matter of hours. Yet, despite the wonders of this age, jet propulsion, radar, and the rest, the long lonely voyage in the *Santa Maria* was certainly the greater achievement.

It is one thing to take an aircraft, with a calculated load, across a definite distance at a predicted speed to a known landmark. It is quite another to embark on a voyage to a land whose existence is problematical, and across a sea that might (as many believed) end in a sheer drop into eternity. One requires intelligence and training; the other, sublime courage and limitless faith.

If you wished to open a shop selling, say, paper-clips, you could first enlist the services of research experts who would find out for you (at a fee) how many other shops in your area sold paper-clips, what the demand was, where the best site could be obtained, and outline the décor of a shop calculated to make people buy your clips and nobody else's.

When the men of Rochdale opened their little grocer's shop, they had no such advantages. But they did have faith and courage in abundance. They also had a very good system that soon found popularity, and has continued over the years to gain more and more adherents—12 million in these islands alone.

This achievement, remarkable by any standards, has been based largely on a simple fundamental basis—honest trading, fair prices, and surplus returned to the customer—and that basis is to-day still the warp and weft of the Co-operative movement.

The C.W.S. stands four-square behind this practice. Its goods are the very best that can be made; the people who make the goods enjoy the best conditions and are all trade unionists; the Co-operative societies which buy from the C.W.S. get back dividend on their purchases, and this helps them in turn to pay the dividend received by members.

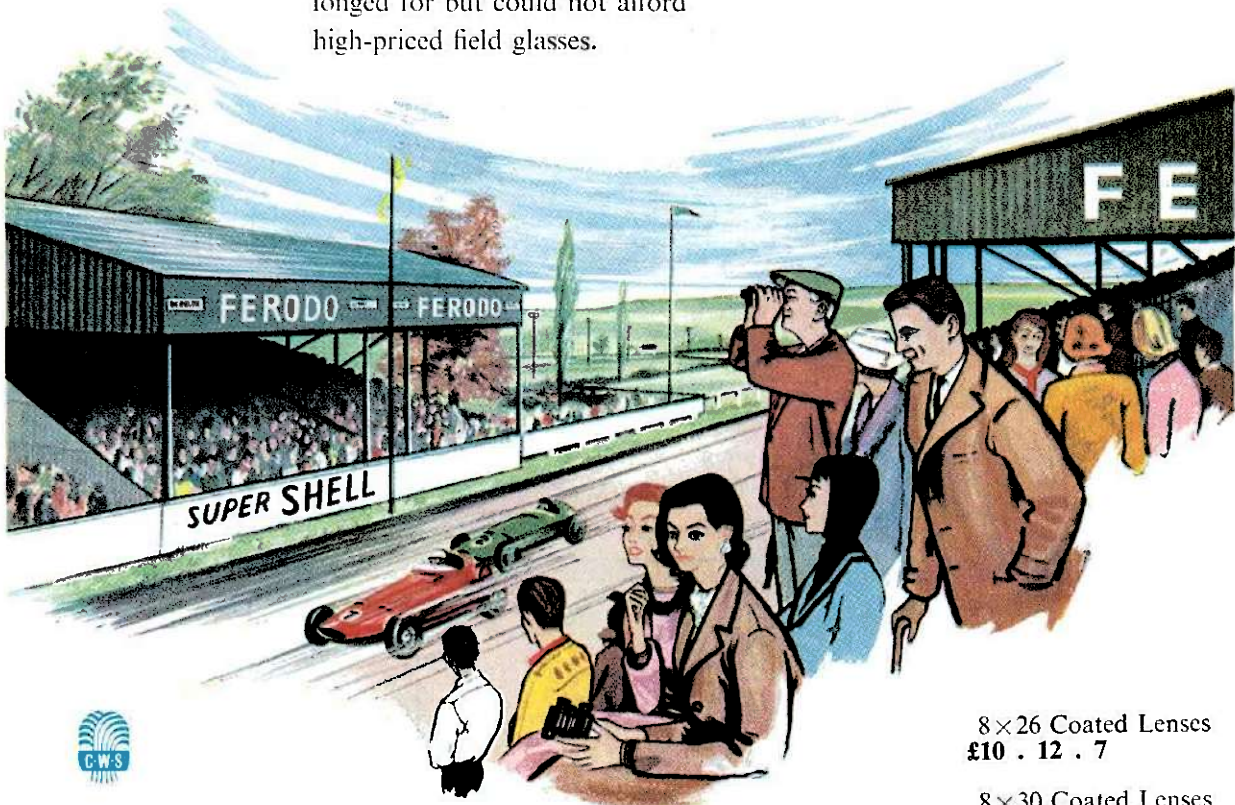
If there is a better system than Co-operation, it hasn't come to light yet.



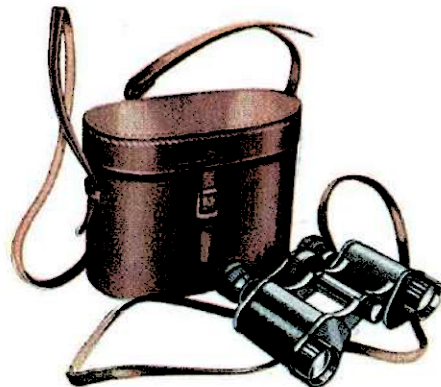
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and seaside holiday-makers, who have longed for but could not afford high-priced field glasses.



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FROM C.W.S OPTICAL AND PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENTS OR THROUGH YOUR CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY