

Co-operative **Home**

JULY 1958

M A G A Z I N E



DENZIL BATCHELOR ★ URSULA BLOOM
KNITTING ★ HENRY WILLIAMSON ★ RECIPES

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The Co-operative **HOME** MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

JULY, 1958

Vol. 63, No. 7

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FRONT COVER

Albert Woods, Associate of the Royal Cambrian Academy, was born at Preston in 1871. He studied under another Preston artist, John Park, at St. Ives in Cornwall, and also under two Royal Academicians, Julius Olsson and Algernon Talmadge.

Tiring of Cornwall, he returned to Preston where he died in 1944.

Much of his painting was done in the Fylde area, and typical is this month's cover picture, *FYLDE WINDMILL*, which hangs in the Grundy Art Gallery at Blackpool, and is reproduced by courtesy of the Blackpool Corporation.

South Seas Adventuring

IS housekeeping easier to-day than it was for our grandmothers? It's true that money values are constantly changing and prices fluctuate in a way that the older generation never knew. But the housewife who can afford them has many aids in the home—and out of it—that pre-war mothers lacked.

Washing machines, refrigerators, spin driers, vacuum cleaners are a few of the more obvious benefits. Electric mixers, potato peelers, and dish washers are some others. Outside the home there has been change in the shopping outlook. Self-service is coming into fashion and pre-wrapped goods and refrigerated foods make shopping easier and provide far wider choice.

Talking of housekeeping, with the August issue *HOME MAGAZINE* will start the story of some highly adventurous housekeeping on a voyage from Los Angeles to Australia. Through the sun-warmed islands of the Pacific **John Caldwell** steered the good ship *Tropic Seas*, with his wife Mary and their sons Johnnie and Steve, aged five and one, for company.

They covered 8,000 miles and braved storms, coral reefs, sharks, and a regular routine of nappie changing to reach their destination. And they sailed with a secret. An addition to the family was on the way when *Tropic Seas* left harbour.

Says author Caldwell: "By night we stood our short storm watches, tugging and bracing against the thrust of the tiller. By day there were the daily jobs that, storm or no storm, called to be done: cooking meals, tidying ship, overseeing the boys . . . When the gale faltered, we exulted. We had won again from the sea."

This is a story every member of the family will want to read. It starts with a two year struggle to earn and save enough money for the voyage. And then begins the reality which for so many people remains forever only a dream.

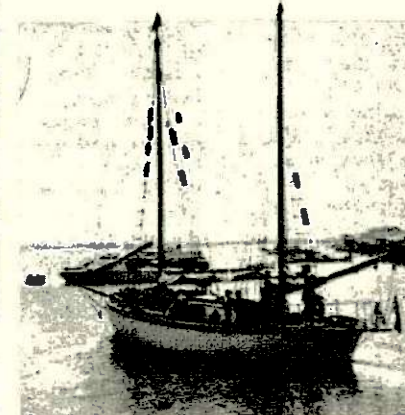
How often have you wished you could sail "away from it all" in a dream yacht to tropical islands?

John and Mary Caldwell decided to make their dreams come true and *Family at Sea* will tell you all about it in future issues of *HOME MAGAZINE*.

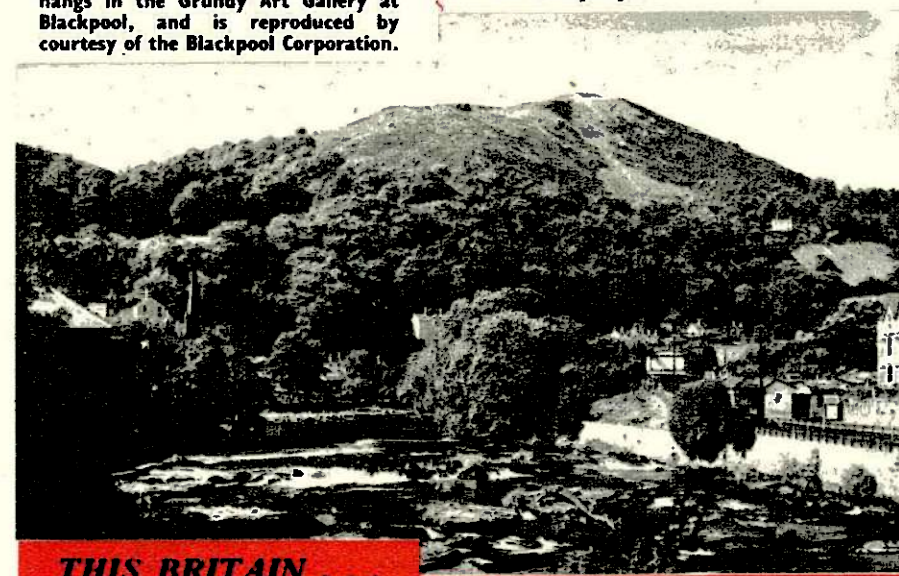
Martha Blount returns to our pages next month with another edition of her entertaining occasional diary "Here and There."

In the present issue a new writer appears. The pros and cons of television-itis may still be argued, but TV has come to stay. **David Dewar** knows the men and women behind the cameras as well as the stars in front of them. This month he answers a question that everyone asks sooner or later: what happens to the famous TV "families" once the series ends? Unlike old soldiers they don't fade away. They find new outlets for their energies, and David Dewar brings you news of what they are doing to-day.

Meanwhile letters are rolling in praising **Housewives' Club**, the popular new feature that tells you all about the latest gadgets for the home. Turn to it now and see what **Doreen Browne** has for you this month.—The Editor.



"Tropic Seas" leaves San Diego for the Marquesas



THIS BRITAIN . . .

Lovely little Llangollen is known the world over for its International Eisteddfod, held every year in the month of July. This delightful view is from the bridge over the River Dee.

DENZIL BATCHELOR says IT'S THE AGE OF

NOTHING in the history of sport has been more remarkable than the growth in performance and public interest in women's achievements over the past thirty years.

Women first competed in the Olympic Games in London, 1908, when they took part in lawn tennis, archery, and skating events. It was not till the Amsterdam Games of 1928 that women athletes were admitted to the programme.

It is interesting to note that an 800 metres event was run on that occasion: it was omitted at the last Games as being too severe for women, though N. Otkalenko of Russia had by then cut more than 10 seconds off the 1928 winner's time.

The most astonishing thing about women athletes is the speed with which they have improved since they were first allowed to be athletes at all.

Miss Otkalenko's time for the 800 metres is better than that put up by the male winner in the second Games in Paris in 1900.

The advance made by women athletes since World War II is about as phenomenal as any feature in the history of sport.

Why since World War II? Because, with the Wembley Games of 1948, women's athletics not only came of age; they also came into their own.

The reason, as so often happens, was an outstanding champion. As W. G. Grace riveted public attention on cricket in the "seventies" and Walter Lindrum

Women in Sport

focused the universe's gaze on billiards in the nineteen-thirties, so did Fanny Blankers-Koen make the whole world conscious of women athletes in the Wembley Olympic Games of 1948.

REMEMBER, Zatopek competed at Wembley. Yet Fanny was the outstanding personality. The Dutch woman was tall, fair-haired, gangling, and mother of two children. She was coached by her husband, and was, like nearly all world-beating athletes (Zatopek is an exception), a bundle of nerves. She won four gold medals, and we all said we should never look upon her like again.

We were wrong. Four years later Marjorie Jackson won a pile of gold medals, too, and eclipsed Fanny's times. Now we have Australia's Betty Cuthbert and Marlene Mathews who are taking Marjorie Jackson's place. Both of them add glamour to their athletic pre-eminence. It is therefore impossible for global interest in women's athletics to wane.

Don't forget the swimmers. Young Lorraine Crapp of Australia broke five minutes for 400 metres in 1956. This was far better than Johnny Weissmuller's time in the Paris Games of 1924, and

would also have won the men's event at Amsterdam in '28. And here you can't excuse the men by saying that conditions have improved: the water is just about the same as it was thirty years ago.

It takes, I have suggested, some bright particular star to make the world sport-conscious.

WOMEN'S lawn tennis was absorbingly interesting in Britain in the days of Mrs. Lambert Chambers and Miss Dorothy Round. The whole world sat up and watched Suzanne Lenglen with her razor-blade face, the bandeau round her hair, and her Gallic temperament rounding out her personality.

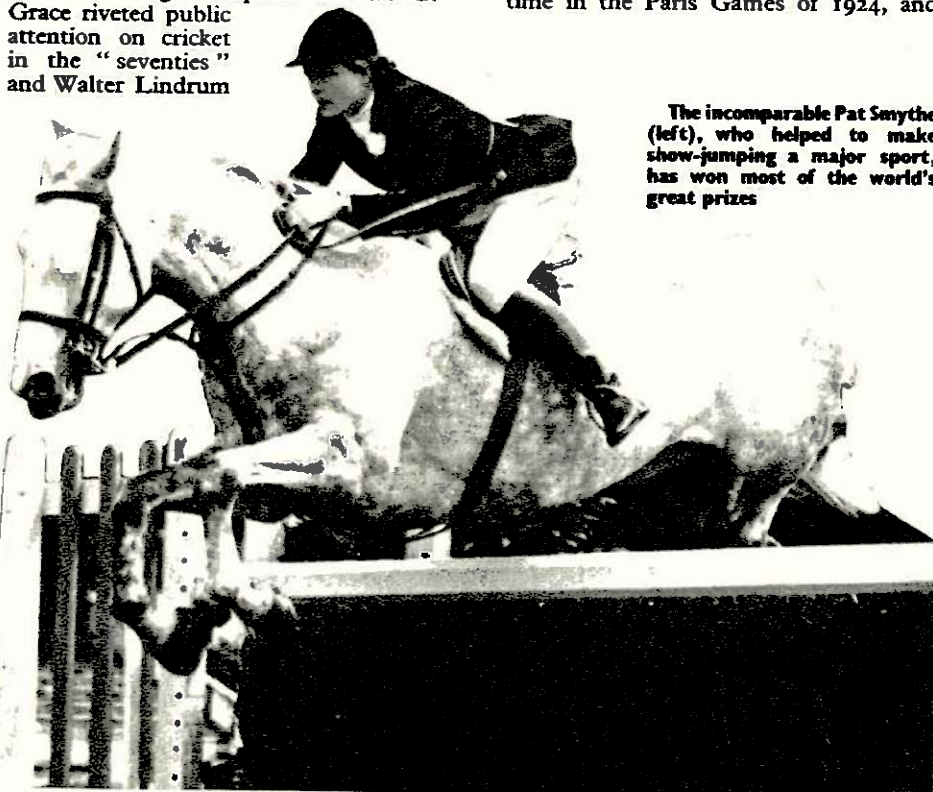
It also could not take its eyes off Maureen Connolly, a poised, unruffled child who might have been Alice in Wonderland's elder sister and who completely dominated the world of lawn tennis in the nineteen-fifties.

ONCE in a blue moon, you get an all-round sportswoman dominating the public imagination. Such a one was the late Babe Didrikson Zaharias. She was a protégée of Grantland Rice and went to the Los Angeles Olympic Games in 1932, with hopes of picking up a medal somewhere. In fact, she won the 80 metres hurdles, putting up a world's record, javelin (again a world's record), and was second in the high jump—equalling the winner's best jump and again beating the world's record.

With no more athletic fields to conquer, she turned to golf. She duly won the American Women's Amateur Championship, and in 1947 became the first American woman to win the British title when she beat Miss Gordon (5 and 4) at Gullane. Bob Ferrier names her as the outstanding woman golfer of the past decade. She was also a brilliant baseball player, having gifts at this game which were quite wasted on a woman.

ALL these brilliant queens of sport—yet it is arguable that the most wonderful is still to be named. She is, of course, Pat Smythe, who ranks with Harry Llewellyn and Wilf White as one of the great triumvirate who have made show-jumping a major sport to-day. The daughter of an Army officer who died in her childhood, she had to decide between taking a safe job as a secretary or making a name for herself in the equestrian world. She made the right choice, and has won most of the world's great prizes. She was the first girl to jump in the Olympic Games.

The incomparable Pat Smythe (left), who helped to make show-jumping a major sport, has won most of the world's great prizes



Russia's N. Otkalenko (above) put up a better time for the 800 metres event than that of the male winner at this distance in the Olympic Games at Paris in 1900

Her sport has attracted many other wonderful women: Michèle Cancre of France, who shoots big game on the equator when out of the show ring; Dawn Palethorpe; Mary Marshall; Sheila Wilcox on *High and Mighty*, beaten in the 3-day event by one man (Frank Weldon) and no woman in three years.

Yes, it is the age of women in sport. My only hope is that, while becoming more and more wonderful in their chosen fields, they will never lose their femininity.

THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on

The BOOKSHELF



WITH summer suns beating down, the reader is inclined to turn to holiday guides. He is more likely to worry over the cost of hotels in France than the latest masterpiece in the publishers' lists. And where France is concerned he is well served by two outstanding books.

That it is still possible to have a relatively cheap holiday across the Channel is shown by *Michelin's France, 1958* (900 francs) and *Annuaire des Hôtels Logis de France* (300 francs).

The *Annuaire* can be got for 10 international reply coupons from 26, rue d'Artois, Paris, 8, and is a bold attempt to list modestly-priced hotels all over France from Brittany to the Mediterranean.

It shows that you can still get all-in terms for £1 a day, but 30s. would be a fairer average.

Michelin has a wider range. Here are road maps, town plans, lists of sights to see and a star system for rating hotels. A 3-star hotel, for instance, is "one of the best tables in France, well worth the journey," while five knives and forks show a luxury restaurant. Towns are listed where good meals for less than 750 francs (15s.) may be bought and though this may still seem dear to us, French cooking is lavish in its use of the best.

A bed can be had in many places for 10s. a night with light breakfast at 2s. 6d. or 3s., even in Paris.

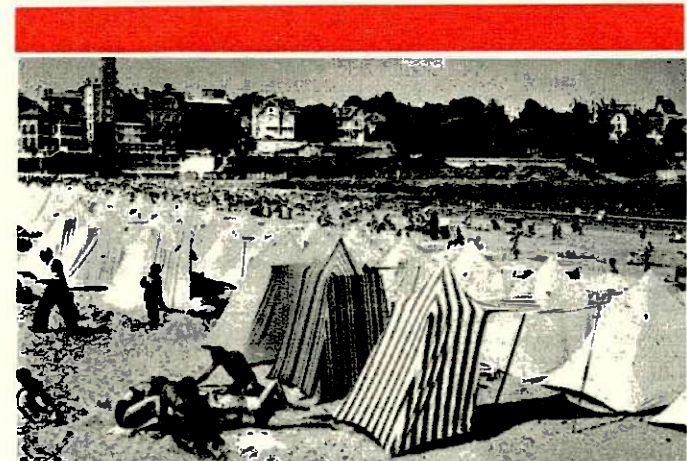
For armchair reading *Michelin* is superb and I have eaten many a meal in the imagination.

For motoring or general visiting it is, of course, indispensable.

THOSE who still have time to choose a holiday abroad will find *Holiday Beaches of Northern France* by Dawson Gratrix (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.) a most useful and readable survey. The author follows the coast from Dunkirk to St. Nazaire, looking at all the resorts and villages from the family man's point of view—with a careful appreciation of good eating and drinking. His description of Quimper, for instance, makes it irresistible. He warns that touring is extremely expensive and *pension* terms for several days are best.

IN 1945 there were a dozen archery clubs in Britain and to-day there are 500. To meet this astonishing growth *Archery from A-Z* by Howard Wiseman and Fred Brundle (Faber, 18s.) has been published. It is a helpful, careful treatise with good photographs and deals as much with the history of the sport as with the technical side. How many people know that Roger Ascham, the famous tutor to Queen Elizabeth I, wrote a standard book *Toxophilus* on the subject in 1545?

FISHING in lake and loch has not produced the vast amount of literature devoted to river sport, although



On the beach at DINARD, popular resort on the coast of Brittany, the "Nice of the North" From "Holiday Beaches of Northern France," reviewed on this page

R. C. Bridgett has written notable books. An up-to-date approach is made by Col. H. A. Oatts in *Loch Trout* (Herbert Jenkins, 15s.). Writing from Kilmelfort, in the heart of the Scottish lochs, he has much of value to say. He emphasises rightly that "striking" is really only tightening the line and his advice on one-man boat fishing is most useful. This carefully prepared volume is packed with good ideas.

TWO stories of high—and true—adventure are *The Phantom Major* by Virginia Cowles (Collins, 16s.) and *Channel Dash* by Terence Robertson (Evans, 16s.). The first is a thrilling account of Colonel David Stirling's exploits behind Rommel's lines in the North African desert and the S.A.S. Regiment's bold, calculated attacks on airfields and depots hundreds of miles from their own base. How three German warships escaped through the English Channel is told in the second, with some caustic comment on our failure to stop them.

FOUR contrasting Penguins at 2s. 6d. each make an excellent pocketful for holiday travel. *Fair Stood the Wind for France* by H. E. Bates is a fine war novel of an R.A.F. aircrew forced down

in France, and *The Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger is a penetrating novel of U.S. adolescence.

The incompetence behind the glory of the charge of the Light Brigade is the theme of *The Reason Why* by Cecil Woodham-Smith while *The Atom and the Energy Revolution* by Norman Landsell is a thoughtful Penguin Special on atomic developments.

Concerning *Subud* by J. G. Bennett (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.) is by a follower of Gurdjieff who finds his philosophy of living brought to new heights by Pak Subuh, founder of the Subud way of life in Jogjakarta.—T.O.



WITH the old raccoon coat hanging on the cover it hardly needs the straw hat to stamp *Bing and the Dixieland Bands* as the work of the maestro. A Brunswick L.P. on LAT 8228, bands include those of Bob Crosby, Eddie Condon, and Woody Herman. Real Dixieland style played and sung for Bing fans.

Other L.P.s include *This is London*, on Oriole MG 20015, one of the best collections of songs about London sung by Maxine Daniels, Vanessa Lee, and others. The selection is splendidly made and will rouse instant nostalgia.

Another unusual Oriole is MG 20021, *The Sounds of Time*, which recalls the period 1934-49 with the voices of Hitler, the Duke of Windsor, Churchill, Attlee, and many more. History in a very successful nutshell.

From Oriole, too, on MG 10004, comes an L.P. from the Chee-Chee Girl—Rose Murphy. The shrill silver voice is as attractive as ever in a selection that includes *Cecilia*, *My Blue Heaven*, and *The Best Things in Life are Free*. Another coloured singer with a Mercury L.P. is Sarah Vaughan and her trio in *Swingin' Easy* on E.J.L. 1273, featuring *Pennies from Heaven*, *Body and Soul*, and bop numbers.

An attractive newcomer is Jacqueline Nero with four *Songs from the Left Bank* on Felsted ESD 3059 that makes it a notable E.P. breathing the spirit of modern French song.

Finally, for the classics lovers, Mercury present a splendid recording of Brahms' Symphony No. 1 by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rafael Kubelik on MRL 2563. Here is all the majesty and wonder of a great master's splendid conception.—T.O.

Where are those Once Familiar Faces?

THE GROVES

asks DAVID DEWAR

TELEVISION is the most immediate, intimate, and ephemeral of mediums. People hitherto insignificant appear one night and wake the next morning to find themselves famous—for about 24 hours. If they appear a second time, they obtain a new brief lease of television life; and, at one period, the scaling of that giddy summit of publicity—a seat on the panel of "What's My Line?"—would gain almost as much prominence in the popular press as membership of the Cabinet.

As for the B.B.C. television announcers, before their banishment from the evening screen their faces were as familiar in viewers' homes as those of some relatives, and frequently more welcome. When the Independent Television News started there seemed to be much more interest in the "news-caster" (especially if he happened to be Chris Chattaway) than in the news.

BUT the TV public is notorious for being fickle and also (mercifully for some) for shortness of memory. It's a stern test of the hold an actor has gained on the concentration of his vast fireside audience if his performance is vividly remembered by more than a microscopic minority of viewers a week after the transmission.

Yet it must have seemed to players who for years were appearing regularly in popular family sagas that their hold on the affections of their followers would be fairly secure. The experience of the creators of the Groves and the Apple-

yards proved that these expectations were doomed to partial disappointment.

Take the case of the Groves. They started on TV in April, 1954. By the end of 1955 they seemed as stable an institution as the Dales and the Archers. I have before me an issue of a *Radio Times Annual* for that year in which there are pages devoted to detailed biographies of the characters and cast with a miniature album of illustrations. I remember also attending junketings under B.B.C. auspices at Lime Grove to celebrate some anniversary or other; such family gatherings seemed likely then to be annual events.

BUT the series stopped—and where are the Groves to-day? Or rather—and this is the question that matters—what happened to the careers of the capable actors and actresses who sank their own professional identities for years in the Grove family?

I asked Edward Evans (Mr. Grove) to tell me, and here is his reply: "In some ways I found my identification in the public mind with the Groves a bit of a handicap. It typed me in one role for so long that apparently viewers couldn't think of me as anyone else than Pa Grove."

After a hard battle, Edward Evans has fought back. In April, for instance, he played the part of a police officer in a Sunday production of *The Lost Men*.

Peter Bryant (Jack Grove) has also grimly persevered to prove to viewers that he's not a one-part player. He appeared in another family serial, Ian McCormick's trilogy, *The English Family Robinson*, and in a dramatic documentary, *The Challenge*.

Undoubtedly the most famous member of the Grove Family was Gran, that formidable old matriarch; and when



Gran Grove vanished the viewers just seemed to take it for granted that Nancy Roberts would vanish too. That, in a way, was a compliment to a superb characterisation, but it's not one that such a sterling actress would agree to accept! She was welcomed back to the stage in a variety of roles and has done a lot of touring.

Ruth Dunning (Mrs. Grove), by way of a complete change, chose Shakespearian repertory for a while, but we have seen her on TV in women's features.

The aftermath of the dissolution of the Appleyards has been similar. In fact, perhaps because they had a longer TV life than the Groves (they were "born" in October, 1952, and established a record for longevity on children's TV before they made their last appearance in 1957) some members of the cast have found it even more difficult to force the public to let them doff the disguises they wore so long.

For instance, when I had a fleeting glimpse of Douglas Muir in a commercial the other day, a younger member of the family instantly hailed him with a welcoming cry of, "There's Mr. Appleyard," and I'm certain that the majority of the viewers would have the same reaction. Yet Douglas Muir was a familiar name in the casts of films and stage plays years before the Appleyards were conceived. He has made another TV niche recently in the *Our Miss*

Pemberton series. As for Mrs. Appleyard, Constance Fraser, she's concentrating for a time on sound radio plays.

This persistent identification of the players with the Groves and the Appleyards is a very real tribute to both; but it is akin to the attitude of readers who, because they enjoy the first novel by a writer, are very indignant if he doesn't write his second in the same vein. Actors should not be expected to play one part for years or else risk a partial loss of livelihood.

For some reason difficult to explain viewers seem almost to resent a face which has become familiar in one role changing to play another.

They are almost as conservative as the listeners who were furious when Grace Archer died.

It is a form of escapism; in a world of too rapid change it's obvious that many people want their

favourite radio and TV characters, such as the Dales, the Archers, the Appleyards, and the Groves, to remain almost as untouched by time as the great creations of fiction.

Whatever the cause of this emotion it does exist, and the warning to actors is a real one: Such roles are dangerous. Or, to be less melodramatic about it, my tip to anyone offered a family part would be "Take it by all means. But don't put all your acting eggs in one basket."



DAVID DEWAR, leading television critic, is also a recognised authority on W. H. Hudson, the naturalist and author. Dewar lives with his wife and child just far enough north of London to be on the fringe of the countryside. He divides his time between walking, writing, reading, and watching TV

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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

A Woman Looks at Congress

By DOREEN BROWNE

AT Whitsuntide more than 300 women from all parts of the country took trains to Scarborough. They were not going on holiday. They were going to take part in the Co-operative parliament which meets every year and is called Congress.

They formed a sixth of the total delegation of over 2,000, elected by their local societies to take part in discussions and make decisions which ultimately affect housewives more than anybody, for they are the people who take home the goods from the Co-operative store.

Congress opened on Whit-Monday morning, and there was an electric atmosphere in the Spa Grand Hall as delegates filed in, bright and early, to secure good seats. Sunshine streamed through the big glass windows high up near the roof, picking out the bright colours of the flowers banked on the platform, and gleaming on the red, blue, and gold badges of the delegates.

WOMEN delegates and visitors made their presence known immediately, their soprano voices soaring to the high notes in the traditional opening hymn, "These Things Shall Be." With all due deference to the Welsh delegates, this must have sounded rather dull and heavy in the days before women went to Congress in such large numbers.

Business started on a bright note, with a humorous welcome from the Mayor of Scarborough, Councillor R. P. Robinson, J.P. With him was his charming Mayoress, Mrs. Robinson.

Mr. G. R. Douglas, vice-president of Congress, then presented a cheque for £120 to the chairman of Scarborough Hospital House Committee, to purchase a surgical-instrument cabinet for use in the operating theatre. This presentation of a gift to the host town is another

Congress tradition, and on previous occasions Scarborough Hospital has been given a blood bank and a new porch for the casualty department entrance.

Welcomed with thunderous applause, the president of Congress, Mr. J. M. Peddie, M.B.E., a C.W.S. Director, who is also chairman of the Co-operative Party, made a thoughtful, challenging opening address.

"The heart of the movement is sound," he said, "and there lies before us the possibility of unparalleled expansion. But progress is neither accidental nor inevitable; it must be won. We must not allow complacency, inertia, or vested interest to bar our way."

Congress then welcomed the fraternal and overseas delegates, who included M. Marcel Brot, president of the International Co-operative Alliance, making a speech which was only the second he had ever delivered in English.

Highlight of the opening morning was the visit of Mr. Hugh Gaitskell to speak on the report of the Independent Commission set up two-and-a-half years ago to inquire into Co-operative organisation.

Mr. N. Tattersall, J.P., President of the C.W.S. (left), and Mr. D. Dow, Scottish C.W.S. President discuss exhibits on the C.W.S. crockery stand at the Congress Exhibition



Delegates who had slipped out for coffee came rushing back as the word went round that he was speaking.

His plea, "Do not defer, defer, defer," was taken up by many later speakers when the resolution to receive the report was debated. Only one woman spoke in this discussion. She was Mrs. L. M. Delaney, South-western section, who welcomed the recommendation that chains of specialist shops should be set up. One felt, however, that in thanking the Commission for presenting the report in clear, simple terms that an ordinary woman could understand, Mrs. Delaney was under-estimating the intelligence of her sex.

AFTER Congress sessions had finished for the day, a big attraction for many delegates was the great exhibition staged by the C.W.S. Housed in a huge marquee covering 38,000 square feet, it had nearly 70 stands illustrating the vast range of Co-operative productions.

The wide range of goods shown was a surprise to many people, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Scarborough, honoured guests on Tuesday morning, who told me it was the most impressive exhibition they had seen. A marine engineer and member of the Veteran Car Club, the Mayor disorganised the schedule by inquiring at the stands where goods were actually being made, while the Mayoress showed keen interest in the fashion show and cookery demonstration.

An innovation at the exhibition was the Market Research stand, where visitors were invited to take part in tests on margarine, sweets, and soap powder, detergent, and biscuit package designs.

BERNE, SWITZERLAND



A Suicide that Shocked Berne

MAGNIFICENTLY situated on a sandstone ridge within a loop of the river Aare, Berne enjoys a wonderful view of the distant Alps. Few cities in Europe have finer promenades. Many of those in Berne have beautiful 16th-century fountains, and there are numerous ornamental arcades lined with smart shops. The older part of the city has preserved its picturesque, mediaeval aspect. The flower-decked houses in the residential quarter are mostly built of stone.

On Sunday, March 24th, last year, one of these fine old residences became the setting of a suicide which threw Swiss public opinion into a turmoil. The influential Liberal newspaper, *Neue Zuercher Zeitung*, proclaimed the affair "one of the gravest since the Swiss Confederation was founded in 1848." Indeed it was.

Imagine the shocked horror of the Swiss people when they read in their newspapers that Rene Dubois, the Federal Attorney-General, had committed suicide at his home in Berne. What could have caused this tragic end to the career of a man who seemingly had everything to live for; who had, in fact, held office for less than two years?

ONE scarcely associates the contented orderly life of Switzerland with sudden and violent death. An occasional skiing accident, or an avalanche crushing mountain chalets that happen to stand in its path—yes; such incidents are commonplace, like road accidents or fogs in Britain. But for a high-ranking official in his middle 40's to turn a gun on himself—that was a tragedy beyond the realm of comprehension. It shocked the people of Berne into stupefied numbness.

It has often been remarked that there are more resident spies in Berne than there are watchmakers. It was known that as Switzerland's chief legal officer,

Rene Dubois was conducting a searching investigation into a case of espionage in which Max Ulrich, a Swiss police inspector, was alleged to have passed secret information to a foreign power. But that, surely, argued the populace, offered no answer to the awful riddle of the Attorney-General's untimely death.

Dubois took his life because he was ensnared in a web, a web thought by some to be not of his own making, but albeit a web from which he could not extricate himself. Whether he inherited it when he took government office or allowed himself to become involved after his appointment is beside the point.

In March last year all Switzerland was shocked by the news that the Federal Attorney-General had taken his own life. The inside story of this affair is told

By STANLEY BYRON

Either way, the situation was black and condemning.

When, as Federal Public Prosecutor, it became necessary for him to conduct an inquiry into the espionage case concerning police inspector Max Ulrich, Rene Dubois must have known it was for him the knell of doom.

Since counter-espionage comes into the Swiss Attorney-General's sphere, Dubois when he took office was fully aware that Switzerland had for some time become a rallying and communications base for Muslim nationalists from North Africa working closely with the Egyptian Embassy in Berne.

In the midst of the Suez crisis, the Egyptian Embassy learned that its telephone lines were being tapped at a "listening post" of the Swiss police, and recorded conversations passed to the French, if not to other countries as well. The Egyptian Ambassador made a strong protest to the Swiss Foreign Minister.

About the same time, the Swiss government was warned by American officials that they, too, knew what was going on. In view of its own neutral status, the government could do no less than order an immediate investigation.

From the moment he began the inquiry, Dubois knew that the truth could not long be concealed. The Embassy lines were being tapped and by one of his own subordinates. He himself had passed recorded conversations to the commercial attache at the French Embassy in Berne.

ALL this the Attorney-General knew. He knew also that his Government could not protect him. To do so would be tantamount to admitting that Switzerland had violated her neutrality.

In a last desperate effort to save himself he sought the counsel of the Minister of Justice. It proved a wasted interview. There was no way out, no loophole of escape.

Dubois went home, crushed, fear-ridden, the spectre of public disgrace haunting him. Next day he was dead.

In those last fearful moments separating life and death, before his finger pressed the trigger of his revolver, what were his thoughts? Some argue that he was a victim of circumstance rather than a conscious knave, that he died to save the reputation of his Government and his country. The real answer is known only to a few in top circles. And they, no doubt, prefer to forget the tragedy of Rene Dubois.

NEXT MONTH: Last in the series on Holiday Cities with a Story will be about VICHY

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Chopped Pork

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WHEATSHEAF CANNED MEATS

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



DOREEN BROWNE conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

APPEARANCE is everything, whether in dress or design. This was my reaction when I saw a new model from a famous firm of radio manufacturers. A portable battery set, its streamlined handbag appearance is highly attractive. It has four low-consumption valves to give long life to the batteries, and its own internal ferrite aerial so it can be used anywhere. It receives long wave and medium wave bands, and is just the thing for tedious train or car journeys, for picnics, or for the beach. Price is 11½ guineas.

Another equally good-looking product from the same firm is a single record player. Its price, fourteen guineas, puts it within reach of the teenager's pocket,

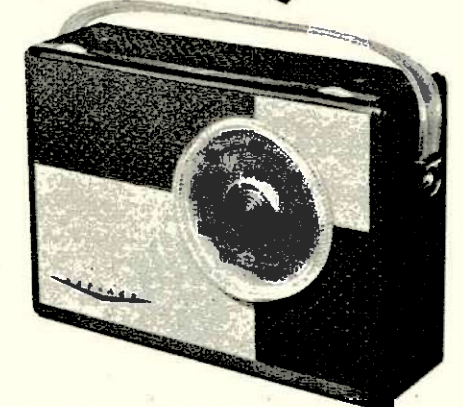
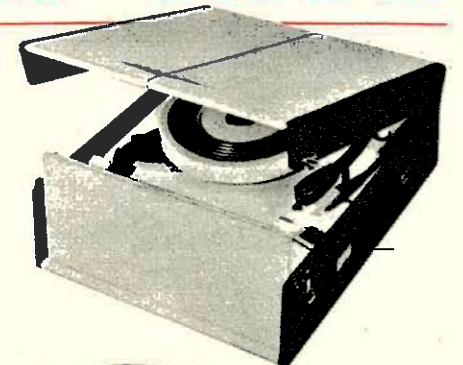
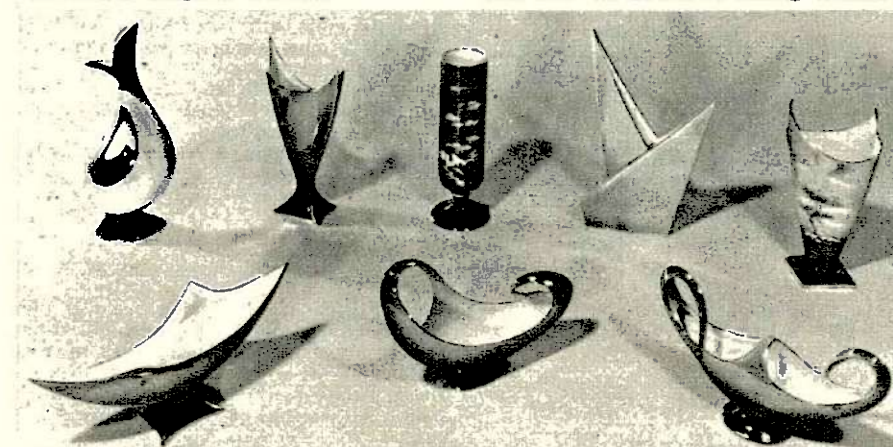


and it will play records at four speeds. Separate tone and volume controls are provided, and the two-stage amplifier gives a fine range of volume.

The sputnik seems to have had its influence on pottery, judging by an Italian range I saw recently. The spiky pieces look like something out of a moon landscape, and by contrast there are some classical pieces, including a graceful hand-painted urn. In delicate pastel shades, with lustre finish, each piece costs about £2 7s. For about the same price you can buy hand-painted wall plates to match, equally futuristic in shape.

Have you ever had the frustrating experience of spotting a hat you admired, only to be told it wasn't available in the colour you wanted? This isn't likely to happen in a hat department I visited recently. Admiring the latest "floppy" style, I was told that it could be bought in more than thirty different colour combinations, including the fashionable coffee and cream. Navy and white is another attractive team which, incidentally, is coming back into favour. Made of felt, with a petersham ribbon, the hat is versatile enough to flatter any face and hairstyle; you just pull it on and arrange it any way you like. At 22s. 11d., it is hardly likely to break the bank.

Most of us think of fluorescent lighting as something for the office, shop, or factory, but it can be an asset in the home, particularly in the kitchen, and one firm has now brought out a kit for installing it yourself. For three-foot, four-foot or five-foot ceiling fittings,



in stove-enamelled white, prices are £4 15s., £3 17s. 9d., and £4 4s. respectively. A chain suspension can be supplied for 9s. 6d. extra.

There's no doubt a tidy kitchen is a great help to a housewife, so I was glad to see two new storage units in my favourite hardware department. The first was a new-style vegetable rack, consisting of pieces that can be bought separately and built up to a three-tier unit. Made of polythene, strengthened with metal in the legs, the racks are rust-proof and very hard-wearing. They are available in bright colours to match your kitchen scheme, and cost 12s. 6d. a unit.

The second item to catch my eye was a folding lightweight-metal pan stand. It has five tiers, and looks very attractive with its two-tone colour scheme. Price is 36s. 11d.

For where-to-buy details of the items mentioned, write to Housewives' Club, Co-operative Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. Don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

ELEGANCE

IS THE ESSENCE OF THIS DELIGHTFUL CARDIGAN
TO KNIT IN WAVECREST WOOL



MATERIALS.—14/15/16 oz. WAVECREST 4-ply knitting wool. Two No. 11 needles. Seven buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 34/36/38 inch bust. Length from top of shoulder 24½/24½/24½ ins. Sleeve seam, 18 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; k.b., knit into back of stitch; p.b., purl into back of stitch; st., stitch; sl., slip; w.r.n., wool round needle; w.o.n., wool on needle; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; tog., together; 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.

TENSION.—7½ sts. and 9½ rows to one square inch on No. 11 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 60/64/68 sts. Work 12 rows in k.1, p.1 rib (mark this point). Proceed in stocking stitch with front panel as follows:—1st row: k.5, (p.1, k.1)

twice, k.5, p.1, k.b.3, p.1, k.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, k. to end. 2nd row: p. to last 28 sts., (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5, k.1, p.b.3, k.1, p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5. 3rd row: k.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, k.5, p.1, w.o.n., sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.r.n., p.1, k.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, k. to end. 4th row: p. to last 28 sts., (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5, k.1, p.1, p.b.1, p.1, k.1, p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5. These 4 rows form the patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 15½ ins. from point marked, finishing at front edge.

Commence front slope as follows:—Next row: patt.28, k.1, k.2 tog., k. to end. Keeping patt. correct, work 5 rows. Next row: patt.28, k.1, k.2 tog., k. to end. Work 5 rows.

Continue dec. inside front panel in this manner on next and every following 6th row until work measures 17 ins. from point marked, finishing at side edge.

Still dec. inside front panel on every 6th row as before, shape armhole by casting off 8/9/10 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every alt. row until 8/8/8, dec. in all have been worked at armhole edge.

Continue dec. inside front panel only until 32/35/38 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measured 7/7½/7½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows:—1st row: cast off 10/11/12 sts., work to end. 2nd row: work all across. 3rd row: cast off 11/12/13 sts., work to end. 4th row: work all across. Cast off 11/12/13 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work to match right front, reversing position of panel and all shapings, first 4 rows after ribbing has been worked, reversing position of panel, being as follows:—1st row: k. to last 28 sts., (p.1, k.1) twice, k.5, p.1, k.b.3, p.1, k.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, k.5. 2nd row: p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5, k.1, p.b.3, k.1, p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p. to end. 3rd row: k. to last 28 sts., (p.1, k.1) twice, k.5, p.1, w.o.n., sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.r.n., p.1, k.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, k.5. 4th row: p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p.5, k.1, p.1, p.b.1, p.1, k.1, p.5, (p.1, k.1) twice, p. to end. First row of the front shaping: k. to last 31 sts., k.2 tog., k.1, patt. to end.

BACK

Cast on 127/135/143 sts. and work 12 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Proceed in stocking stitch until work measures same as fronts up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 8/9/10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 95/101/107 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work matches fronts up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulders as follows:—1st and 2nd rows: cast off 10/11/12 sts., work to end. 3rd to 6th rows: cast off 11/12/13 sts., work to end (31 sts.). Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 53/55/57 sts. Work in moss stitch (every row **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1) for 3 ins. Next row: p.3/4/5, (inc. in next st., p.4) 9 times, inc. in next st., p. to end (63/65/67 sts.). Proceed in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 7th and every following 8th row until there are 97/99/101 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18 ins. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 69/71/73 sts. remain; every alt. row until 59/61/63 sts. remain; every following 3rd row until 37/39/41 sts. remain. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 8 sts. 1st row: **p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. 2nd row: **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to end. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: moss stitch 3, cast off 2, moss stitch to end. 6th row: moss stitch 3, cast on 2, moss stitch to end. Continue in this manner, working buttonholes as on last 2 rows on 27th and 28th rows from previous buttonhole until 7 buttonholes in all have been worked.

Continue without further buttonholes until work measures 50/50½/51 ins. (slightly stretched) from beg. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, block and press on wrong side, using warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back-stitch seam, join shoulder, side and sleeve seams, and stitch sleeves into position. Turn up 12 rows of ribbing at lower edge and flat stitch on wrong side to form hem. Stitch on front band. Attach buttons. Press seams.

From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

tunnels, into which at night they drew down dead vegetation, to turn it into finest food for our vegetables.

ONE of the things I enjoy about my life in this field, whence on a clear day the tors of Dartmoor can be seen nearly forty miles away to the south, is the garden. Originally poor moorland soil, grown with heather, it was enclosed for a park in which to accommodate oxen on their way to Barnstaple market, eight miles distant. In those days there were no cattle floats, so bullocks went to market "on the hoof."

Two acres of moorland were enclosed within stone and earth "hedges," on which thorn was planted. The names on the deeds from that time, over a hundred years ago, show the field to have two names: Down Close and Ox's Park. Here were herded the beasts, to be rested the night before their final walk to market. The enclosure was made at the junction of four tracks or lanes, called, simply "Cross."

To-day, holiday-makers on their way to Ilfracombe and other places on the North Devon coast often stop at the tall white signpost with its four arms, and say, "This is Oxford Cross, isn't it? Yes, it's on the stem of the post!"

Then I have to resist a desire to say, "Those clots from the town, making the Ordnance Survey map years ago, asked a stone-cracker on his pile of stone, tapping away with his long-handled hammer, what the place was called. "Ooh, us calls 'n Oxen Cross, zur."

"Oxen Cross, eh? D'you mind saying it again?" And so the "educated" correction was made, OXFORD CROSS, and there it remains to-day, although the field is 560 feet above the sea a mile away, and no river ever ran in the lanes outside for the oxen to ford.

THE labourers I knew in my youth spoke with beautiful simplicity, based on the prose of the Authorised Version of the Bible.

Speaking of a dead neighbour, "He were as proper a man as ever trod ground."

Of myself, nearly forty years ago, ignorantly trying to garden in wet weather, "Wait till the ground be in temper; it's no use mucketting."

An old man in the Rock Inn, after hearing of a Parish Council squabble, said, "If thee want good neighbours, thee must first be a good neighbour thyself, midear."

Of an eccentric visitor, who had a fad

about food (justified to-day!), it was said, "Her praiches (preaches) to the wind," and of a sudden cloudburst, following a tremendous thunderstorm, when the farmer's young dog fled, tail-down, "The dog cleared at the first clap, and the rain come down like ought out of a sieve." I suppose ought means something, as nought means nothing.

BUT to my garden! The soil was neither poor, nor good. We set about giving it fertility. A compost heap! Everything rottable was built into it. It was built with coigns or corners, squared up, no mere trash heap. Lawn mowings, of course; straw; sea-weed off the beach (taken dry, so much lighter); old shirts; sacks; over-darned woollen socks; egg-shells—everything to make the "mother soil" which is life to plants.

We brought up shell-sand from the beach, lime to counter the acid of original peat.

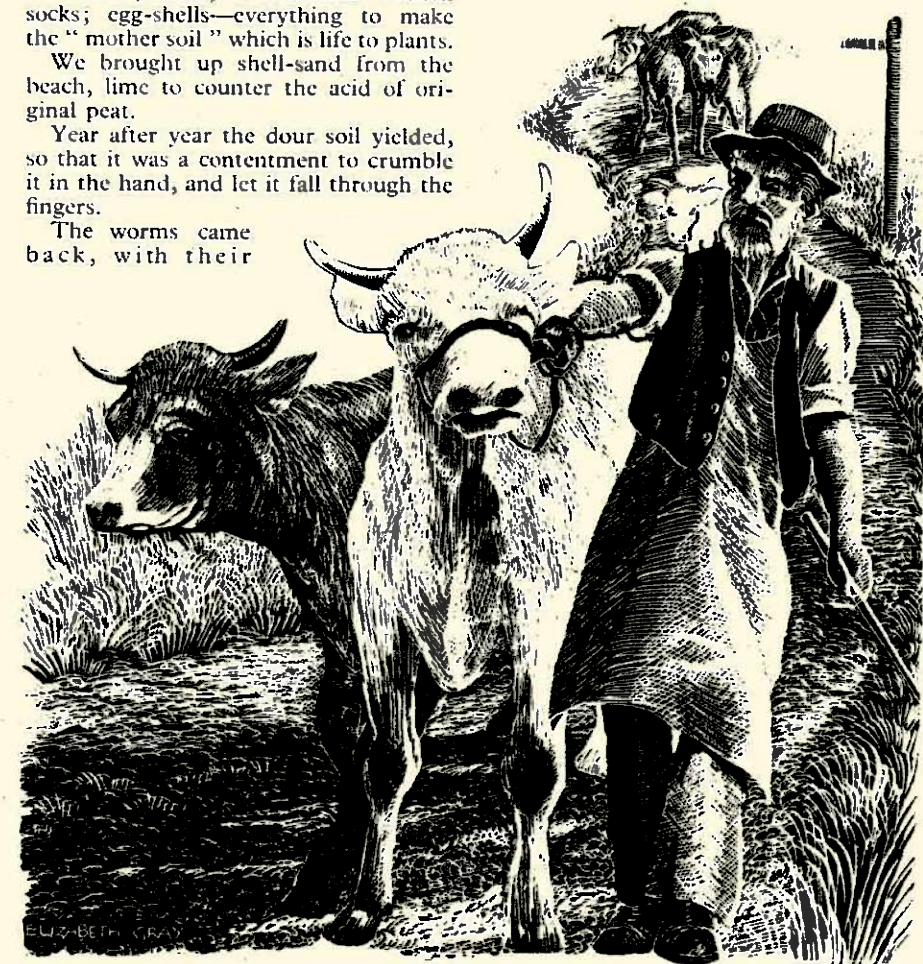
Year after year the dour soil yielded, so that it was a contentment to crumble it in the hand, and let it fall through the fingers.

The worms came back, with their

THIS summer, we are rewarded by crisp and tasty lettuces, peas in long pods almost blue with health and strength, new potatoes as clean as any grown in Scotland.

The birds have benefited, too. Goldfinches, chaffinches, warblers of all kinds, and even quails come to our field. We keep a nettle patch for the Red Admiral butterflies to lay their eggs on. All kinds of trees flourish, behind the wind-shields of *Pinus insignis* and privet. A nature paradise as we walk and work barefoot on our own "blessed plot."

But one thing is missing. We simply can't find that river, which the oxen once (apparently) forded on their way to market. (Those surveying clots from London!)



Buy WAVECREST wool from your Co-operative Society



URSULA
BLOOM
says

Beware the Spoken Word

HER eyes flashed and her colour was bright. "I told him off!" she announced to me. It was plain that she was very proud of herself. "I gave him a right good ticking-off because I wasn't going to stand his nonsense, and I sent him off with a flea in his ear. He won't forget that one in a hurry!"

I asked her if she thought that this was really a good idea? She paused a moment.

"Well, it made him think," she announced, "and I'd been burning to do it for some time. I don't believe in bottling up a row. Have it out and be done with it, is what I always say."

Now I think that is a bad way of living life. If you could have a row and have done with it, then perhaps it would work out all right, but the first part is far easier than the second. Any vituperative man or woman can have a row. But there's no such thing as a "good" row in my view—none of us can "have done with it."

Every man and woman is master of the unspoken word. It is something we can keep securely locked inside our hearts and as long as it stays there in the heart, it does no harm to man or beast. It lies doggo. In vigorous and most alarming contrast, the spoken word is master of us all, and because it sets the unending echoes ringing it can do intolerable harm.

Looking back into your own life, which is the only one you really know, think of the rows that other people have had with you. You remember, "She said this," and "He said that," and the memory of what they actually said, never entirely dies. You tell yourself that you can never feel quite the same about them because of their remarks. The row is not over!

Giving away one of those pieces of the mind has broken more marriages than anything else I know. It has wrecked the happy relationship between mother and son; father and daughter; and true friends. For all that a row ever does is to stir up bewildering resentment.

That spoken word is one of life's most

"Every man and woman is master of the unspoken word... the spoken word is master of us all. The soft answer turns away more than wrath. When pinpricks tempt you to let fly, DON'T SAY IT."

dangerous possessions. Safe in harness and the sanctity of your own mind, once it gets free there is no end to the damage that it can do.

In marriage one often gets irritated and annoyed by those little things which in wider circumstances would pass unnoticed.

It's ridiculous, of course, that everyday events should get one on edge. And it is always the little things do this for you, not the ones that really matter. Then it happens, and out bursts the angry word. It is so much easier to let fly than it is to keep quiet. It's so much simpler to remember nasty remarks than it is to forget them.

Give your husband no nasty memories if you value your marriage. My advice to every bride coming out of the church with her veil thrown back, and her eyes bright, would be this: "When the glamour of your honeymoon is over and the pinpricks of everyday married life tempt you to let fly, DON'T SAY IT! Everybody makes mistakes; all of us have weak points; all men and women are difficult, touchy, and irritable, at times. But we need not put all this into words.

The spoken word can always cock a snook at you; the unspoken one tries turning in its grave, but buried there, it cannot do you any harm. Getting it off your chest on to somebody else's is the poorest idea you've got, and it won't help you, or the other person either.

Even at the time you do not get one

half the comfort you anticipate from letting off steam. Having had your say in a big way, you feel merely deflated. A row leaves most of us in a state of spurious triumph, and although we console ourselves with "Well, I said it, anyhow," it gets us nowhere.

Have you never heard a friend say. "Do you remember telling me you'd always found me conceited? I've never forgotten that." And he's right. He never will forget, for to remember is far easier, and far, far more dangerous!

I want you to read this piece again and learn a lesson from it, because it has the power to change your whole life. The soft answer turns away more than wrath. It warms the cockles of the heart. It inspires confidence, and if you try it straight away, you may find that it makes a very welcome change for you.

It costs nothing to try. There might be everything to gain from it.



WAR BOOKS are Literary Top Pops

WHAT types of books are most popular with adults and children? How are they selected?

What proportion of book-buyers are women? These and similar questions concerning reading habits were answered by publishers' surveys recently made.

Perhaps the most significant fact to emerge is the tremendous popularity among young people of war books, which are almost as popular with girls as with boys. *The Cruel Sea*, *The Wooden Horse*, *Above Us the Waves*, and *Reach for the Sky*, were among those most frequently mentioned. No doubt the cheap paperback editions issued to coincide with the releases of the films were partly responsible for this popularity.

THE types of books most popular with the different groups of readers were shown to be as follows:—

Men and Women: fiction, 1; biography, 2; travel, 3; history, 4; reference books, 5; natural history, 6.

Women: fiction and biography, 1; travel, 2; history, 3; juvenile, 4; natural history, 5; handicrafts, 6.

Girls: adventure, 1; crime and detection, 2; romance, 3; war, 4; travel, 5; sport, 6.

Boys: war, 1; sport, 2; adventure, 3; crime and detection, 4; hobbies, 5; westerns, 6.

Most interesting were the methods that influenced people's selection of books. In groups again they were:—

Men and Women: reviews, personal recommendation, literature from publishers, advertisements, literature from booksellers, browsing.

Women: personal recommendation, literature from publishers, reviews, literature from booksellers, advertisements, public libraries.

Girls and Boys: libraries, recommendations, bookshops, reviews, radio, TV.

OTHER methods mentioned by readers in selecting their books were sometimes amusing. One lady wrote: "With a pin." Another gave "Taste." A girl summed it up neatly in one word, "Parents." And there was perhaps a touch of smugness in the reply, "My friend is a librarian."

Of every hundred book-buyers, it was found that forty-three were women. Among boys and girls who were asked if they bought books, 66.93 of every hundred boys, and 62.23 of every hundred girls, said they did.

In the last ten years more books have been published, and certainly more copies of individual titles have been sold, than in the same period pre-war. It would seem that reading was stimulated during the war. Another factor is the growth in popularity of the public libraries.

ALTHOUGH fiction heads the list of book categories for adults, there has been a definite increase in the demand for non-fiction. Here again, one can detect the influence of the war, for never



By R. H. LANGBRIDGE

before has there been such a flood of real-life adventure stories. Most of these took the form of biography or reminiscences.

In the same way the spate of travel books stems from the war. Men who had become accustomed to facing death in many forms found it difficult to settle down to the dullness of civilian life, so they pitted themselves against nature. Some crossed the oceans on rafts or in small boats, others penetrated unexplored jungles or travelled thousands of miles across inhospitable country by cars and motorcycles. The records of

many of these adventures eventually appeared in book form.

Very full information is now available on the reading habits of boys and girls in this country.

So far as individual authors were concerned, W. E. Johns, was an easy favourite with the boys, followed by Paul Brickhill, Conan Doyle, Charles Dickens, C. S. Forester, and R. L. Stevenson.

Girls were overwhelmingly in favour of Enid Blyton, followed by Agatha Christie, Charlotte Bronte, Charles Dickens, and Louisa M. Alcott. Next in popularity were H. D. Boyleston, Lorna Hill, Malcolm Saville, and Mazo de la Roche. P. C. Wren, Henty, Edgar Wallace, Ruby M. Ayres and Florence Barclay now appear quite out of favour.

SOME of the younger boys and girls had great difficulty with the spelling of book titles and authors' names. As examples there were: *Little Wimen*, *Olliver Twise*, *Corroil Island*, and *The Balley Shoes*.

Among the mis-spelt names of authors there were: Enid Blighen and Eany Bloyton, Aggitha Cristy, R. Louise Stevinson, Coninyn Doyel, and Rider Hadik.

At the other extreme, senior boys and girls at public and grammar schools gave the impression of being very well read, combining good contemporary books with the classics. Titles taken at random included: *Under Milk Wood*, *Seven Years in Tibet*, *The Robe*, *Hamlet*, *Rebecca*, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *War and Peace*.

There was little evidence to show that space-fiction books had any significant hold on young readers, although of course a limited number of boys did mention this category.

Many girls expressed a wish for more career books.

Hobbies frequently influence taste in reading. Books on trains, ships, and aircraft are always popular with boys, and nursing, needlework, and knitting with girls.

READING still retains its popularity in spite of the many counter-attractions available to-day from films, rock 'n' roll, and television. Actually, only about one child in a thousand gave TV as a hobby, but reading was easily the most popular hobby with girls, and third on the list with boys, following model-making and stamps. A high percentage of both girls and boys belonged to libraries, and many of them said they made several visits each week.



It isn't sufficiently realised, writes W. E. SHEVELL-COOPER, that the C.W.S. Horticultural Department offers a unique service. Not only can you get seeds, tools, and manures; the department offers all kinds of plants: dahlias, chrysanthemums, geraniums, rose trees, bedding and rockery plants, and so on. And you get dividend on your purchases in the usual way, whether you buy the plants direct from the department or through your local Society.

PLANNING YOUR GARDEN

COMPOST

can be the secret
of your success



A well-stocked kitchen garden

I MUST tell you, this month, how you can make your own compost, for all through the summer and autumn you will be able to collect vegetable waste which you can turn into wonderful manure.

Make a bin, say 4 feet wide and 5 feet high, in the right hand bottom corner of the garden, in the space purposely left next to the marrows. Into this bin will be placed the potato peelings, the carrot tops, the beet tops, the fresh-cut grass, the tea leaves and coffee grounds from the house, the apple and orange peel, straw, in fact anything that is organic. I even put old newspapers on my heap, after they have been soaked in plenty of water.

When you have a 6 inch thickness of vegetable refuse collected in this way, sprinkle on top a fish manure at 3 oz. to the square yard. Another 6 inches of vegetable waste should then be accumulated, and, yet another sprinkling of fish manure given, and so on.

Every fourth layer should be covered with a sprinkling of carbonate of lime instead of the fish manure, and this will help to keep the heap from becoming too acid.

If you can get poultry or rabbit droppings, these can go on the heap also.

THE heap, when completed, should have a capping of soil about 3 inches deep, and then it must be left for about 6 months before it is ready for forking into the soil.

I therefore have two heaps, one which is being filled, and one which is being used, and they are kept going all the time.

The compost, when ready, is dark brown or almost black in colour, and is free from any objectionable smell. It

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

serves as a plant food and as a source of energy for the development of the millions of beneficial organisms there are in the soil.

So don't put organic waste into the dustbin. Use it on your compost heap and you will make manure which is, better than the old-fashioned dung.

NOW to get back to the garden we are planning together. Last month we discussed the making of a main path down the centre, and the growing of the vegetable crops.

Don't think it isn't worth while growing your own vegetables—it is. Not only do you save money but in addition you get fresh vegetables and salads rich in vitamins, which do you and your children a tremendous amount of good.

Of course, you may if you wish concentrate on salads and salads only. This would mean that you would grow lettuces, tomatoes (both the red and yellow varieties), ridge cucumbers, radishes, chicory, endive, corn salad, spring onions, watercress in trenches, mustard and cress in boxes on pieces of damp sacking, and so on.

In the case of the lettuces you can have various types, like the cos, the Frilled Wonder, the Bronze Beauty, the Tom Thumb, the crispy Webb's Wonderful, and the delicious Osmaston Gem. The latter is, I think, my favourite lettuce, for it's particularly good in very hot, dry weather. You are not, however,

going to be successful with these salad crops, unless you are able to fork in lightly plenty of well-rotted compost, or to use instead the ideal substitute, sedge peat, which you can buy from the C.W.S.

YOU will remember that in the plan (May issue) we allowed for four fruit trees, two at either end of the path, the idea being to get a "vista" effect. As you look down between the fruit trees, it gives you a sense of distance, and that makes the garden appear much larger.

Instead of allowing these fruit trees to spread out, as they will in the normal way, they will be kept pruned back so that they form a pyramid shape. You can buy trees that have been trained in this way, but it's much more fun buying two-year-old trees, and pruning them yourself.

You should buy trees that have been trained on the delayed open centre system. That is to say the centre branch, which grows upwards, must not have been cut out.

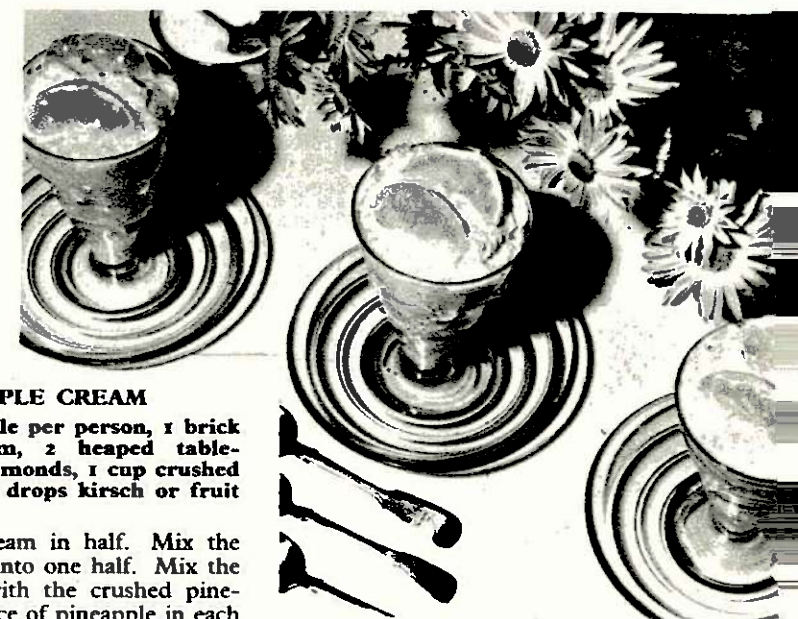
I would recommend for the purpose, highly coloured dessert varieties, because they not only look beautiful when the blossoms are out, but equally pretty when they are covered with the fruits.

Scarlet Pimpernel is a good variety, and so is Red Ellison. Tydemans Early Worcester could be included, and so could Tydemans Late Red. You could try instead Michaelmas Red, Tydemans Late Orange, or Merton Worcester. The alternative to having these pyramid apples, is to have a pergola and train roses on it, but I shall have to deal with that another month.

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE

A few ideas and a block of ice-cream combine to make a variety of delicious sweets. Here are some of Mary Langham's suggestions for serving this warm-weather dainty.

SUMMERTIME FAVOURITES



BANANA SLICES

2 small blocks of ice-cream (vanilla and chocolate), 4 bananas, 4 table-spoons raspberry puree, 1 oz. chopped walnuts, wafers or sponge fingers.

Place a spoonful of vanilla ice-cream in the bottom of each dish. Cut bananas in half lengthwise and put two halves in each dish. Place a large spoonful of chocolate ice-cream on the top of each. Pour one tablespoon raspberry puree over each and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve immediately with wafers or sponge fingers.

ICE-CREAM SUNDAE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint C.W.S. strawberry jelly, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint C.W.S. lime jelly, selection of mixed fruits (pears, peaches, raspberries, bananas) or 1 medium tin C.W.S. fruit salad, 1 family block ice-cream, whipped cream to decorate.

Chop the red jelly and place one table-spoonful in each glass. Place a layer of chopped mixed fruit on top of this. Cover with a layer of ice-cream. Chop the green jelly and place on the ice-cream. Continue the layers until fruit and ice-cream are used up. Top with whipped cream and a half cherry.

PINEAPPLE CREAM

1 slice pineapple per person, 1 brick vanilla ice-cream, 2 heaped table-spoons ground almonds, 1 cup crushed pineapple, a few drops kirsch or fruit juice.

Cut the ice-cream in half. Mix the ground almonds into one half. Mix the remaining half with the crushed pineapple. Place a slice of pineapple in each dish. Cover with vanilla-almond ice-cream. Place the pineapple ice-cream on the top. Pour over the kirsch or fruit juice.

BAKED ALASKA

A delicious "hot" ice-cream dish

1 piece of sponge cake (shape of family brick), 1 family brick ice-cream, fruit juice or sherry, 2 egg whites, 2 oz. castor sugar, cherries or fruit to decorate.

Place the sponge cake on a fireproof dish. Moisten with fruit juice or sherry if liked. Whisk the egg whites in a clean bowl until stiff. Whisk in half the sugar and fold in the remaining half carefully. Place the hard ice-cream on top of the sponge and cover completely with the meringue, making sure the ice-cream is air-tight. Place in a hot oven for 2-3 minutes until lightly browned. Decorate with fruit or cherries and angelica.

STRAWBERRY ICE SHORTCAKE

4 oz. C.W.S. Excelda or Federation plain flour, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz.

FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

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

Avondale butter, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. baking powder, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 family block ice-cream, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. fresh or frozen strawberries.

Sieve together the flour, sugar, and baking powder. Rub in the butter thoroughly. Mix lightly with the egg and milk. Pour the batter into a well-greased 7-inch sandwich tin and bake 20-30 minutes (Mark 5 or 375°F.). Crush the fruit, keeping a few for decoration. Split the cold cake in half and spread with some of the ice-cream and crushed strawberries. Replace the top. Pile remaining ice-cream on the top and decorate with whole berries. Serve immediately.

Make sure of

HOME MAGAZINE

for AUGUST

★ John Caldwell starts the story of a family's adventurous voyage across the Pacific.

★ Rose Tenent introduces you to the once-famous Nicholas Culpeper, the People's Doctor.

★ Maurice Moyal tells of a French sheep-farmer's trek with his flock to the Alps.

For boys and girls

THE END OF THE ROAD?

IF, like me, you are interested in lighthouses, you will be sorry to learn that the Upper Mersey Navigation Committee have decided to close the well-known lighthouse at Hale for a limited experimental period. This lighthouse, which stands on the shore of the Mersey at Lancashire's most southerly point, was opened in 1836, and the light has been lit continuously since then. Now, however, with the decline in shipping in the upper reaches of the river, and the increased efficiency of the gas-lit buoys marking the channel, it is felt the lighthouse is no longer useful. It can however still be brought back into service should the need arise, for the new caretaker is none other than the old lighthouse-keeper.



Your friend, **BILL**

COMPETITION

PENNY and BOB AGAIN

The Penny and Bob colouring competition proved one of the most popular contests for some time, so we propose to repeat it this month. What you have to do is to colour the three sketches of the Penny and Bob strip cartoon which appears at the foot of this page.

You may, if you like, cut out and colour the printed drawings or, if you do not want to spoil your *Home Magazine*, you may trace or copy the drawings on a piece of drawing paper. Competitors will again be divided into two classes: (a) those aged 9 or over, and (b) those under 9. The Editor offers a prize for the best entry in each class, and the winners may have either a retracting ball-point pen, or a box of coloured pencils. When you have finished your entry, fasten to it a slip of paper giving your full name, age, and address, and the prize you would like if you win.

Send your entry to the Editor, *Co-operative Home Magazine*, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4, to reach us not later than August 5th. Please put a 3d. stamp on the envelope.

MAY COMPETITION WINNERS

GEOFFREY SKILTON,
71 Park Barn Drive,
Westborough, Guildford,
Surrey

AUDREY WATSON,
96 Rainsford Crescent,
Middlesbrough

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? Worm's eye view of a bubble hanging from a bubble-pipe.

Last Letters: A stitch in time saves nine.

Mend these Tools: Plane, hammer, chisel, screwdriver, hacksaw.

Holiday Pair: Folkestone and Eastbourne (flew, oval, lass, kite, ebbs, stop, true, oars, nine, even).

Hidden Animals: Bear, jackal, ape, weasel, bat, camel, ram, hare, sable, deer.

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

Last Letters

There's a well-known proverb which indicates the importance of doing things without delay. Below we give you the last letter of each word. Can you guess the proverb?

A H N E S E

Mend these Tools

Mr. Carpenter was coming up from his cellar with five tools in his arms. He tripped on the stairs and dropped them, breaking them all. Here are the pieces. See if you can find what tools he was carrying.

AAAA CCC D EEEEE
HHH II K LL MM N
P RRRR SSS V WW

Holiday Pair

Here are clues to 10 four-letter words. Write down the answers one below the other, and the first and third files, reading **downwards**, spell the name of a pair of well-known seaside holiday resorts.

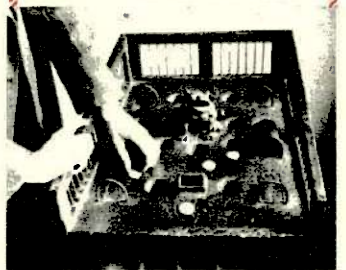
Clues: (1) went fast, (2) egg shaped, (3) girl, (4) flying toy, (5) flows back, (6) halt, (7) fair, (8) rowers, (9) number, (10) level.

Hidden Animals

Hidden in each of the following sentences is the name of an animal. Can you find them all?

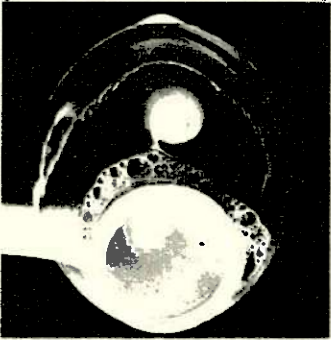
- BOB earmarks some of his money for charity.
- JACK always is kind to his Mother.
- JANE gave her friend a pear.
- JILL the artist, needs a new easel.
- HARRY bought a bulb at the store.
- AUDREY came last to the party.
- PETER amazes all his friends.
- EDNA'S parents both are so loving.
- ROGER has a bleeding finger.
- Have YOU made errors in this PUZZLE?

In Days Gone By



TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE is a sausage and batter dish to us, but to our grand-parents it was the equivalent of the modern pin-table. Brass discs were thrown by the player; one down a hole scored 100, one in the toad's mouth 1,000. Hoops and tunnels supplied further variety.

What is it?



Look in column 2 if you can't guess what it is!

Heights...

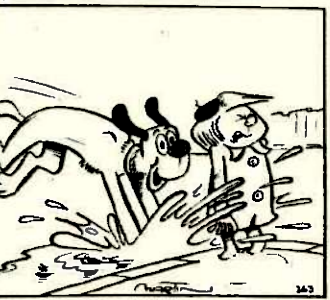
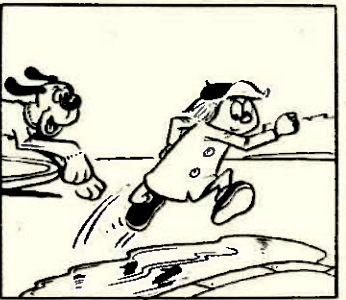
RUSSIAN climbers, who clambered for days up a sheer rock wall to reach the hitherto inaccessible Mata-Tash Treasure Cave in the Pamir Mountains, discovered that the golden hoard supposed to be hidden in the cave was a myth. All they found in the cave was a single eagle's egg.

...and depths

A FRENCH expedition is to spend three months exploring the ocean depths off the coast of Japan. It is led by Commander Houst, joint holder of the deep-sea diving record, who descended 14,700 feet into the depths of the Atlantic off Dakar in 1954.

The expedition will use a bathyscope belonging to the French navy.

PENNY and BOB



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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

AU REVOIR (BUT NOT GOOD-BYE) TO MR. G. A. STOCK

IT was by a series of presentation gifts from the board of management, the departmental managers, the employees and from the Tamworth and Polesworth branches of the women's guilds that we recognised Mr. Stock's 51 years and nine months service to the society.

The presentations were made during a social gathering at the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, June 18th.

A spontaneous gesture was made by nearly 400 employees at the end of a pleasing ceremony when they all rose to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow" in honour of an official frequently referred to during the speeches as "a true English gentleman."

From the top table, at which Mr. and Mrs. Stock sat with members of the board of management, Mr. James Hinds, chairman of the board, paid the first tribute to Mr. Stock.

He said the function had been arranged to mark the retirement of "one of the finest men ever to work for the society," and a man who, from the age of 13 years, had

worked his way from the bottom to the top, and in doing so had never lost a friend and gained many.

Unbeatable Record

MR. STOCK, Mr. Hinds added, was a man who had always had his feet planted firmly on the ground. His service to the society was unique in that it was unlikely to be equalled by many present Co-operative officials, and could not be repeated by any of his successors.

Councillor Edwin Collins and Mr. Frank Day, past chairmen of the society, added their tributes. Mr. Collins said that Mr. Stock's loyalty, his sincerity, and his unfailing goodness stood out as a shining example to everyone.

It was 12 years ago, Mr. Collins said, that he had heard Mr. Stock referred to in that same room as "a great Christian gentleman." That was an apt description of Mr. Stock and one that could not be enlarged upon.

As one who had been associated with Mr. Stock for the past 25 years, he knew the worth of Mr. Stock as a man who could not think ill, let alone do ill to anyone. Mr. Stock's one interest had been the welfare and the growth of the society. It was a fitting tribute that so many were there to wish Mr. Stock many happy years of retirement, and they hoped that both Mr. and Mrs. Stock would have good health to enjoy the rest they had so richly earned.

Special Issue

+ +

IT is our pleasure and privilege to devote this month's news to a report of the presentation ceremony at which our society, its employees and its members, paid tribute to the long service of our esteemed secretary and executive officer, Mr. George A. Stock, on the occasion of his retirement.

Mr. Day said he had been in close association with Mr. Stock for nearly 31 years, and he heartily endorsed everything that had been said of a man who had always gone about doing good. Mr. Stock had seen the society grow from little or nothing to what it was to-day. It was nice to see other old employees at the ceremony—men who in the eventide of life had come to pay their respects to a man held in the highest esteem not only by the society but also by the town and district.

15 Second Briefing

MR. F. C. BENNETT, who has succeeded Mr. Stock as secretary and executive officer, recalled his first introduction to the office by Mr. Stock 37½ years ago. Mr. Stock showed him to an old-fashioned high desk, and in 15 seconds told him all he had to do in the next 37½ years.

"Mr. Stock has always been a glutton for work," Mr. Bennett went on. "I remember the motto he



Mr. Geo. A. Stock.



Left to right : Mrs. Stock, Mr. Stock, Mr. Hinds and Mr. Chandler.

always carried on his desk that 'no life shall be dreary when work is a delight.' At the time I took a dim view of it, but as time went on I became aware that there was much more to that motto than I saw at first. There is no question that this would be a better world if work was not regarded as irksome and if we could all take a better view of it than we do.

Everyone acquainted with Mr. Stock would agree that no official or employee of the society had earned his rest so much, and the finest tribute they could pay him would be to continue the work to which Mr. Stock had dedicated his life.

Mr. G. W. Wagstaff, the new assistant secretary of the society, said that to follow, even in second place, a man like Mr. Stock placed a tremendous burden on one's conscience.

The first presentation of an easy chair was made to Mr. Stock by Mr. L. Leadbeater, manager of the society's pharmaceutical department, on behalf of the departmental managers.

It was followed by the presentation of a cheque to cover the cost of two more easy chairs. Mr. Stock received the cheque from Mr. Walter Chandler,

delivery department, who has a record of 49 years' service, on behalf of the employees.

Mr. Hinds handed to Mr. Stock a walking stick and umbrella, gifts from the board of management.

Mrs. F. A. Chapman presented Mr. and Mrs. Stock with gifts from



Mrs. Chapman (Tamworth Co-operative Women's Guild) presents Mr. and Mrs. Stock with gifts from the Guild.

Tamworth branch of the women's guild, and Mrs. S. A. Wood presented gifts from Polesworth branch.

Miss Freda Beardsmore, Mr. Stock's personal secretary, presented Mrs. Stock with a spray of flowers.

"Sympathetic Understanding"

A LETTER was read from Mr. W. F. Jackson, now retired from the position of chief cashier of the society, in which he wrote that he could not let the opportunity pass without registering his warm appreciation of Mr. Stock's kindness, sympathetic understanding, and warmheartedness throughout the years they had worked together for the society.

He sincerely hoped that Mr. Stock would have a long and happy retirement, and that both Mr. and Mrs. Stock would have many happy years together.

Mr. H. F. Walker, the only surviving member of the board of management which interviewed Mr. Stock when he was first appointed office boy in 1906, said Mr. Stock was given the job because he was the only one among three applicants who could do his sums.

Mr. Frank Wood, chairman of the society's education committee, voiced the good wishes of the

committee to Mr. and Mrs. Stock in their retirement.

In his reply to the presentations, Mr. Stock said that in the past few days he had found time to pause and think back over his life, which might have been far different if his father had lived.

"I was destined to be an engineer," Mr. Stock added. "My father, who died before I was six years old, was the manager of Fisher's paper mill, and I was to follow my brothers into the mill.

"I did not apply for the job of office boy with the society. I was sent for from Glascote school. Another boy from Tamworth school had had the job but lost it. Mr. Walker visited my school and I was required to pass an examination—it was not so easy then to get into the society, for there were not so many jobs and plenty of people for them.

"My headmaster, Mr. Gott, who was taking a personal interest in my family because we had no father then, told me I had to come back to him and he would tell me if I could take the job.

"I left school on the Friday dinner time on September 21st, 1906, and started work the next morning under Mr. Charles Belcher,



Dancing Time for the Employees.

then the chief clerk. My pay was 1½d. an hour for a working week of 34 hours—6s. a week.

"The society was then only 20 years old, and I came into contact with the pioneers who inaugurated it. I can well remember them.

"In those days there was a deal of illiteracy. There were innumerable cases of members who could not sign their own names, and who could only make a cross when they came to withdraw capital. We had to witness the signatures. But in those first days I only remember one left-handed writer."

No Mechanical Aids

THE hours were long and tedious and there were no mechanical aids. He thought he could safely claim to be the first person in Tamworth to work an adding machine. The currency at the time he started with the society was in golden sovereigns and half-sovereigns, and every Saturday night he would go with the secretary in a horse-drawn brougham to take the money to the London City and Midland Bank in Market Street.

Membership of the society was then 3,070. To-day it was nearly 18,000. The annual sales were £75,000. Now they were £1,587,000. The employees numbered 90 against the present-day figure of 458.

His appointment as chief clerk in 1919 was at the wage of £3. 10s. a week, and he held the position for 14 years. For 22 years he recorded the minutes of the board of management meetings. He was assistant secre-



Left to right (seated): Miss Beardsmore, Mr. Stock, Mrs. Stock and Mr. Hinds, (standing): Mr. W. Chandler, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Chapman.

tary for nine years, from 1933 to 1942, when he took over as secretary and executive officer.

There had only been four secretaries since the society was first formed. The first was a Mr. John Newman, a blacksmith in College Lane, who acted for the first year. He was succeeded by a Mr. Thomas Hardy, who held the post from 1887 to 1898, and Mr. Hardy was followed by Mr. F. S. Wharton, who served from 1898 to 1942. He had succeeded Mr. Wharton and after Saturday next he would hand over to Mr. Bennett, to whom he wished every success.

In a reference to the society's latest development schemes, Mr. Stock said he thought the society must be unique in the country in its ownership of a swimming baths and a cattleyard.

He appealed to all members to give their best possible service to the society in the future.

Mr. Stock thanked successive chairmen of the society and members of the board of management for their assistance, the departmental managers and the employees, and the Women's Co-operative Guilds.

Way to Progress

THANKING the departmental managers and their staffs for the continued progress of the society, Mr. Stock emphasised that it was only through making a surplus that the society could progress and increase its reserves. The society could not have been built up to its present strength without a surplus made in legitimate Co-operative mutual trading.

He also thanked the education committee for the assistance given him when he was studying many years ago. He had tried to repay the society with the knowledge he had gained.

Mr. Stock thanked Mr. Bennett for his loyal support and the various sectional heads for all they had done to help him in his work.

He also thanked Miss Beardsmore, his personal clerk and typist, and everyone who had assisted him in his work.

"No one could have had better support, and I want you all to know that it is appreciated," Mr. Stock ended.



Dancing Time for the Employees.

Bringing the presentation ceremony to a conclusion, Mr. Hinds said he was voicing the wishes of all members in expressing the hope that both Mr. and Mrs. Stock would have a long

and happy retirement. That wish came from members who had always looked upon Mr. Stock as a friend.

A memorable gathering was ended with dancing.

Conscientious Service

This tribute to Mr. Stock is reprinted from the presentation programme:—

"Throughout his long business career, Mr. Stock has given loyal and conscientious service to local Co-operation . . . During his period of office there has been a steady and continuous growth of the society, and considerable development of its activities, particularly since the war, all of which have placed a burden on the shoulders of the chief official.

"All those employees who have had the privilege of knowing Mr. Stock, know that he has carried out his duties with tact, courtesy, and consideration for others.

"We are quite sure that all the staff, and thousands of members with whom he has come into contact, will wish him and his wife (who will now have more of his company) the best of health and much happiness in his well-earned retirement."



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