

Co-operative

Home

NOVEMBER 1958

M A G A Z I N E

STARTING THIS MONTH

I Lived in Three Worlds

★

MARRIAGE IN THE MELTING POT

by Ursula Bloom

★

Make Your Own Santa Claus

SAYS IRIS EMMITT

★

Doreen Browne describes

NEW VERSATILE SEPARATES

★

CHRISTMAS RECIPES

by MARY LANGHAM

HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

KNITTING PATTERN



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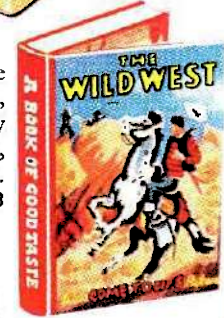
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Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER, 1958 Vol. 63, No.11

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FRONT COVER

Amy C. Reeve-Fowkes, A.R.C.A., was born in Eastbourne in 1887. She studied at the Bournemouth School of Art, and later became known for her water colour paintings. She spent much of her time painting flowers, her skilful use of colour being evident in her true-to-life studies. Her paintings have been exhibited in places as far apart as Bolton and Bournemouth, and this month's cover picture, POPPIES, is reproduced by courtesy of the Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool.



'Deep and Crisp and Even'

THE winter sun sank like a crimson coin over the frozen horizon at Christmas time when I was a boy. The rowan trees were re-silvered with frost, icicles hung from stone walls above the frozen stream, and the fields were deep in white, unblemished snow.

That was in Scotland. But even allowing for the vagaries of geography, Christmas does not seem to be what it once was. Whether or not that is merely the thought of increasing years, it does seem a mighty long time since I looked out of the sitting-room window on Christmas Eve and saw the snow lie on the ground, "deep and crisp and even."

Indeed I am in the frame of mind—a warm, Santa Claus-like benevolence—where I am prepared to pay a crisp new five-pound note to anybody who can guarantee that when I draw the curtains on Christmas morning everything shall be as I remember it from my childhood.

However we must make the best of Christmas in the way it comes to us. In this issue **Iris Emmitt** tells you all about some novel decorations for setting the domestic scene. Next month will see our Christmas number proper. Some magazines publish their Christmas

number in the autumn but we like to think that we are old-fashioned enough to bring out in December what properly belongs to December. Meantime you can keep the youngsters quietly engaged on making their own Snowman and Father Christmas on the lines Miss Emmitt describes.

Ursula Bloom has written a special

article for next month which tells you all about the way in which she decorates her own home.

You'll find plenty of ideas in it for your use but the nicest thing about Ursula's Christmas Day is the generous-hearted way in which she shares it with so many other people.

Throughout the afternoon her front door is open to visitors, particularly those who are poor and all alone in the world.

They play games and get to know one another. "Give the world a Merry Christmas, and it will give you the happiest one ever. I have proved that," says Ursula.

Anyone who wants an idea for spending Christmas Day might do worse than follow her example.

AN unusual article with a Christmas flavour comes from **Rose Tenent**, who tells you how to make "A Puppet Show for Christmas." It describes the stage, too, and how it can be made. Puppets are fashionable as well as fascinating.

The December issue will include the second instalment of **James Norbury's** enthralling story, starting in the present number, of how he knitted his way to fame and fortune. **Doreen Browne** will bring you good advice in Housewives' Club, and **Mary Langham** will have some fascinating new recipes. And of course there will be **Henry Williamson's** heart-warming country diary.—The Editor.

A scene which typifies winter. Lancashire's mountain, the Wetherlam, with frozen Tarn Hows in the foreground

THIS BRITAIN...

The River Stour gliding slowly under Flatford Bridge, in Suffolk, makes a peaceful scene. It was around here and the neighbouring Flatford Mill that John Constable painted some of his most famous pictures



I LIVED IN THREE WORLDS...

Return of an Exile

By JAMES NORBURY

HOW difficult it is to recapture the lost legend of childhood. Hazy shapes emerge from the pool of memory. Faint sounds echo out across the years. Gone is the sense of wonder, of adventure, of zest for each moment that rounded and coloured those days.

I recall green fields stretching down towards dark woods that were for me world's end. I hear the raucous sounds of rooks as they wheel home in the dim half-light of late summer evenings. A hammer striking metal, sparks flying like a firework cascade into the air, and the repugnant frying smell of horses hooves being singed in the smithy yard.

LOOKING back to my Cheshire forebears I am proud to recollect that they were all artisans and craftsmen. My grandfather on one side of the family was a whitesmith, and the gates he made in wrought iron still stand solid against the years at the entrance to the churchyard where he rests with the Woods of many generations. My grandfather on the Norbury side was a blacksmith, and his son, my father, carried on the same rural craft.



Grandmother Wood (left), "a dainty Dresden figure in lace cap and shawl"

My mother was the village dress-maker and it was in her cottage workroom that I first saw the frills and fur-belowes, the fashions and fineries that were later to prove the dominant theme in my own life.

Our days were lived in a rounded simplicity. There was no radio or television to distract us; the nearest cinema was seventeen miles away. The doubtful advantages of the cacophonous noises of rock 'n' roll had not yet been inspired to disturb the even tranquillity of our waking hours.

We made our own music round the cottage piano. We attended an occasional concert at the Band of Hope. The circus came tramping through the village streets twice a year, and there was always the madness of May-time, the gladness of Harvest Home, and the rousing wonder of Christmas to mark the passing of the calendar.

I first learned to knit when I was three years old. I can see my grandmother Wood now, a dainty little Dresden figure in lace cap and black shawl, rocking away to the clicking of her knitting pins as she sat by the kitchen fire.

I was knitting babies' booties when I was five, had mastered turning the heel of a sock by the time I was six, and at eight years old could work out the complicated stitches of the elaborate laces that were the vogue in those days.

Strangely enough I was not thought "odd man out" when I wandered about the village streets busy with needles and wool. All the boys were taught to knit at the same school I attended and the fact that I was proving more proficient than most was something to be admired and not despised or deprecated.

On the whole I disliked school intensely. I thought then, and I think

now, that learning a lot of things that are of no use to us later in life is an unnecessary burden placed upon our childhood. To me they were lumber that prevented me from developing the creative side of my nature and learning the virtue of doing things with my hands.

By one of those kind strokes of fate an elderly invalid lived just across the road from ourselves. She was reputed to be the most wonderful knitter for miles around. Her name was Gertie Eaton. Village gossip said that her illnesses were faked and that she was an old humbug who lived on pity. Be that as it may, Gertie was one of the most magnificent knitters I have ever known and I owe a great deal of what I am to-day to the long hours of tuition in the craft she gave me in her tiny cottage.

It was through her kindness and tolerance and patience that I learned the art of drawing up the elaborate stitches on graph paper and writing down the instructions from the diagrams I had penned. A world of creative ideas was mine to conquer and I was doing my best to make this world my heritage.

The ambition of my parents, and they shared it with most parents of all times, was that I should do better in life than they had done for themselves. Doing better merely meant earning more money and bore no relation at all to seeking the greatest good or the greatest happiness. When I was eleven years old I was sent to Sir John Deane's Grammar School in the nearby town of Northwich, where I learned practically nothing.

I recall August 4, 1914, merely as a date when a war was going on somewhere in Europe. World War One did little to touch those of us who were still at school. It was something that seemed to have little or no concern in our own lives.



"My Mother . . . in her workroom I saw the fashions which were to prove the dominant theme of my life"

Boys from the village joined the forces or were later conscripted into them. Old boys occasionally visited the school and paraded in their fine uniforms like flappers at a fancy dress party.

The horror and beastliness and brutality of war passed us by and we had no knowledge of its uselessness, its misery, or its heartbreak.

It is true that in a sudden burst of patriotic enthusiasm, nurtured by my mother and fed by my own vanity at my prowess with my knitting needles, I embarked on knitting tea cosies and kettle holders and hawking them from door to door for the Red Cross.

SUDDENLY, with one of those vicious strokes, like the falling of the headman's axe, the dream world of boyhood was broken into a million pieces. The war, a thing so far away as to be beyond my imagination, came to our own doorstep. My cousin Reggie was killed in Flanders.

Someone I had known and loved and walked with through the country lanes was dead. My first world was shattered, and as I looked at its ruins I wondered would a new world ever be reborn.

WHAT DOES AN M.P. DO DURING THE LONG RECESS?

LAST month Parliament met again after a recess lasting almost three months. What does an M.P. do with such a long recess? This is the question which puzzles many people. I'll tell you what happens to me.

When the House is sitting, I travel about 1,000 miles each week between my home, Westminster, and various meetings. Work in the House starts at 10-30 a.m. and finishes at 10-30 p.m. (if lucky). Then, off to a hotel, getting in, about midnight. Exciting work. Meeting people all the time, arguing, discussing, reading reports, newspapers, Parliamentary Bills, letters from constituents, and many more letters from those who are *not* my constituents, but who write to me "because you are a mother."

So when the School Bell rings the end of term, I can't get away to Bonnie Scotland quick enough. I'm sure that goes for the others when the call resounds "Who goes Home?" Me! and Me! and Me!

HOLIDAYS have begun. I go home to sleep, and sleep for a week. Then, another week making up Constituency arrears. "You see, we can't often get you at home. You're always in London." And after that a holiday.

Where can an M.P. go without being spotted? Once I tried a boarding-house, but everybody got to know me and I

SCOT or not, the skirl of the pipes has a thrill for most of us. Such famous pipe bands as the **Glasgow Police** and **Scots Guards** take part in *Scottish Pipes* on Parlophone PMC 1059, an L.P. that includes marches, eightsores, and well-known songs with the great **Pipe Major Ramsay** in solo spots.

Topic comes as a new name to me in discs produced by the **Workers' Music Association** ranging from such varied themes as the **Red Flag**, to sea chanties of **Row Bullies Row**, and **The Blackball Line**, on T-7 and T-8 respectively, sung by **Ewan MacColl** and **A. L. Lloyd**.

On L.P. Topic 10-T-17 **Paul Robeson** sings eleven songs in fine voice, including *Water Boy* and *Op Man River*. There is also a Robeson E.P. from Topic featuring *Curly Headed Baby* and *Going Home*.

Among E.P.s. **Ted Heath** plays

Chloe and three other tunes on Decca DFE 6451 and **Winifred Atwell** gives full value with *Let's Have a Ball* on DFE 6464, comprising 14 numbers. Particularly attractive is *Music of the Sea*, on Parlophone GEP 8684 in which **Ron Goodwin's Orchestra** plays *La Mer*, *Galway Bay*, and the theme music from *Victory at Sea*.

On Topic 7-T-19 the **Jefferson group** offer folk songs including *Geordie Hymn*.

Oriole have **Kent Harian** and his orchestra playing *Jeepers Creepers*, and three others in exciting style on EP-7007.

Among 45s. come the "G" Notes on Oriole CB 1456 with *Ronnie*, and there is a road safety theme on Oriole CB1453 featuring *Stirling Moss* and others. Lively treatment by **The Champs** of *Midnighter* and *El Rancho Rock* comes on London HL-8655.—T.O.

found I had to listen to problems, advise, and enter into political discussions. Just what I wanted to get away from. Same applies to the hotels. Best to choose a house and attend to one's own needs. Some spare bedrooms so one can invite the children. No fun without them. And what a grand fortnight I have! Even if I do do my own cooking. Even if everybody smiles "Hallo, Mrs. Mann," when I thought not a soul in the village would know me.

BUT there's still two months? Back to Constituency and work out plans for winter. Interview lots of folk in trouble. Attend Conferences. Reading. Ah! The luxury of reading what you *want* to read, instead of Reports, Bills, and White Papers. Winifrid Holtby again, Jane Austen, Thomas Hardy and Oscar Wilde. Now a History of the English people. I want to know more about them. Did they *really* try to conquer the Scots or were *we* the aggressors. The wild Caledonians! A time to dream! A time to have my own bed every night.

But it's getting on. I'll have to go back soon. Now's the time to dig into the files for the information stacked away but which is going to be needed in the coming debates. So much to do. So little time to do it.

JEAN MANN





Bernard Glemser, author of "The Lieutenant"

SO many American novels have a zest and reality lacking in our own. The angry young men of Britain seem tired and disillusioned compared with the lively young men of the U.S.A.

Two of the latest books from the States have business settings. The hero of *Expense Account* by Joe Morgan (Longmans, 15s.) lives luxuriously on business lunches by day and comes home to worry about his mortgage at night.

Young executives figure in *No Down Payment* by John McPartland (Macdonald, 15s.), living as neighbours on a housing estate. In each book the leading character achieves his aims somewhat fortuitously. Both are good, hard-to-put-down novels.

Bernard Glemser, author of *The Lieutenant* (Macdonald, 15s.) is an Englishman living in America. His well-written story is of the traditional Englishman, with war-jangled nerves, coming to sell textiles in New York. He fails badly, but an American helps him and falls in love with his sister.

Amateur detectives and thriller fans will find *Science in Crime Detection* by Nigel Morland (Hale, 18s.) a fascinating volume. Here are the latest scientific techniques in handy form. Amateur hitch-hikers will find full instructions on their craft in *Lilli and the Hippopotamus* by Peter Beale (Secker and Warburg, 21s.) who writes wittily of adventures on a two-year hike to Singapore.

Peter Bamm wrote a remarkable German war book called *The Invisible Flag*. He follows it with a striking contrast, *Early Sites of Christianity* (Faber, 21s.), in which he travels through the lands covered by The Acts of the Bible. He writes with culture and colour.

French Resistance leader describes what he and his comrades did to restore the good name of France.

A welcome venture in the paperback market comes from Faber and Faber. At 5s. and 6s. they are reprinting a dozen books in varying sizes. They cover such interesting titles as *An Experiment with Time* by J. W. Dunne; *T. S. Eliot's Collected Poems*; *Who Moved the Stone?* by Frank Morison; and books by William Saroyan, Don Marquis, and Auden and Isherwood.

From A. and C. Black comes a series on *Lives to Remember*, of which Helen Keller and Gertrude Bell are the first subjects. Anne Tibble and her husband are the authors, and the books are 6s. 6d.

THOMAS OLSEN LOOKS AT NEW TITLES ON

The BOOKSHELF

For more prosaic travellers, *Italie* (Michelin Guides) comes as a volume in French that is readily understood. It lists street plans, hotels, and sights that must not be missed and, like all Michelin productions, is essentially practical.

Year One is an excellently presented account of Granada Television's first year. *The Man Who Presumed* by Byron Farwell (Longmans, 25s.) is the story of H. M. Stanley, who did many more things than merely find Dr. Livingstone.

Television programmes have made hospitals popular and *Emergency Doctor* by Dr. Aileen Adair (Blond and Wingate, 12s. 6d.) tells in very readable vein of six months in the casualty ward. No sloppy sentiment but hard, interesting facts.

Although one might not agree with the title of *The Amiable Prussian* by Charles Drage (Blond, 18s.) this biography of a German soldier who joined Hitler and fell out with him is revealing of the German mind. It tells how he took service in China and lived to return to Germany.

There are shocks in *From Blackmail to Treason* by Louis Ducloux, late director of the CID at France's Scotland Yard (Deutsch, 18s.). Here the rotten core of pre-war France is exposed. Murders by the right-wing Cagoulard that were never punished, corruption in high places, politicians who would not support the police—a sorry story that explains why France fought so half-heartedly in 1940.

It is balanced, perhaps, by *Seven Times Seven Days* by Emmanuel d'Astier (MacGibbon and Kee, 18s.) in which a

Thick and fast come the paperbacks, most of them excellent value.

Penguins: *Selected Short Stories* by H. G. Wells, nearly all science fiction (3s. 6d.); *Coromandel!* by John Masters, a fine novel of early India (3s. 6d.); *The Drunken Forest* by Gerald Durrell, animal quest abroad (2s. 6d.); *The Travels of Marco Polo* (3s. 6d.).

Great Pan: *Captured in Tibet* by Robert Ford and *No Stars to Guide* by Adrian Seligman are true life action stories (2s. 6d.); *A Power of Roses* by Ruth Park and *The Case of the One-Eyed Witness* by Erle Stanley Gardner are novels of Sydney slum-life and Perry Mason and *Tobacco Road* is Erskine Caldwell's famous story of the Deep South (all 2s. 6d.); *The Naked Island* by Russell Braddon (2s. 6d.), and *Six Criminal Women* by Elizabeth Jenkins.

Hodder: *Two Steps to Tokyo* by Gordon Powell tells of RAAF adventures in New Guinea. Fiction includes *Blaze at Noon* by Ernest Gann, about early air mail pilots, *Inspector West Kicks Off* by John Creasey, *Fighting Caravans* by Zane Grey, and *False Colours* by Richard Powell (all 2s. 6d.).

HE should help with the Housework

TO-DAY many husbands and wives go out to work. By both earning, they live better, provide for the children more suitably, get new gadgets for the home, afford a little car, and have a decent holiday when the time comes. The double pay packet means affluence; the single one might mean a struggle.

You are only young once; why go short when you can enjoy it most? But is the fact that both are working always such a good idea? Doesn't marriage suffer for it?

ONCE upon a time men worked and women wept, so the song said. Man departed on the 8-10; woman did the housework with time to spare, got the kids off to school, and had a wonderful meal waiting for her husband's return. Entering the house after a gruelling day in the office, he smelt the smell of good food. Someone had put his soft shoes

Staying in or Stepping out?

Whether you prefer to relax at home in the stylish comfort of a casual, or step out for the evening in an elegant fashion shoe, your feet will get that top-of-the-world feeling in either of these ANNETTE models.

W 5422
Ladies' ANNETTE Step-in Casual. Square throat and apron front, pin punching relief. Durable sole, smart self-covered Teena heel. Generous 4 fitting. Available in Tan, Black, and Black Suede. 39/11



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Ladies' ANNETTE fashionable square vamp Court. Pin punching and stitching relief, gilt stud motif. Resin sole. Louis heel. Generous 4 fitting. In exciting colours. Red, Stone, Mushroom, and Black. 39/11



Annette SHOES

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

Says
URSULA
BLOOM



ready, and he sank down into a chair and said, "Thank God for home."

He can't do that to-day! She may have left before he did, so he gave the final wash-up to the breakfast things. He goes to his job; she to hers. Usually she gets home first but she also has had a gruelling day and women take these things badly. Their nervous mechanism gets on edge.

If we confess the truth about ourselves we must admit that we are inclined to jitter against the constant bickering of events. Woman returns home more flaked-out than man, and only when she gets back does the marriage job begin. Maybe she picks up this and that from the shops, and staggers home longing for a cup of tea and a lie-down. She'll get neither.

If she is lucky she has a help, who sets a supper. If she isn't, then she has to get at it right away. Just when physically she is least able to stand up to the extra effort it demands.

Most women are very good about this, making a frantic dash to have everything looking like home, because women work better in a rush than men do. It's their nature, but it takes it out of them. Marriage with the double pay packet may ask too much.

THE strain has a tendency to turn an orange blossom bride into a battle axe, and makes a husband understand why men leave home. Nobody can do too much without something snapping, and then the real trouble begins.

If both must share in earning the pay packet—then they should share equally in running the home. Women have been chattels for centuries, and they nurse an incredible sense of duty to man in this way. They do not realise that for years when men did the earning, they never lifted a finger in the house for that would have been against their dignity. They were the lords and masters. That era is over. To-day we insist on equality, and that must apply to the home also.



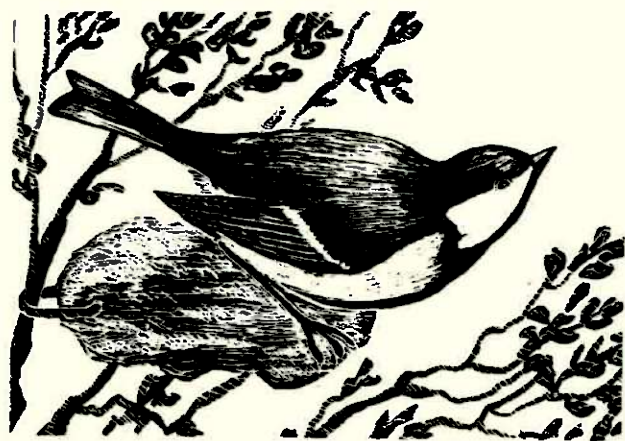
Men have been utterly wonderful in much they have done, and they might do a great deal more if only their wives would talk things over.

I think it is an enormous help if a set plan is drawn up. There should be a night when the husband comes home and gets the supper; and a night when it is the wife's duty. I don't believe in the "You wash and I'll wipe" arrangement; neither gets the real rest which is vital, if they are to stay happy. "It's your night to-night," is the right acceptance of duties, "and you get on with it."

Marriage is our most important social convention. It needs nursing kindly. It is going through a difficult period. Old arrangements have been outlived, and we have not quite got used to the new. Successful marriage, especially if both partners are working, demands that each gets necessary leisure and freedom from household chores.

Wives should not work themselves to a frazzle and then nag their way out of it to relieve their feelings! Avoid the frazzle by sharing the chores with your husband.

The new system has come to stay; the double pay envelope is something many of us have got to have if we are to live comfortably. It is well worth while to go to some effort to plan so that your marriage does not suffer for it.



By HENRY WILLIAMSON

From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

WHEN I returned to Devon from Norfolk, where I had farmed for some years, I brought with me a piece of bacon, the last of a pig we fattened on the farm. With other portions of that pig it remained uneaten, for the simple reason that it was uneatable.

The pig had, for various reasons, not been fed properly. There had been the food for it—a heap of tail-barley lying on the asphalt floor of the corn barn week after week, a rough pyramid pitted and bedraggled by the feet and tails of many rats.

But there were the pigs, lying in the pen, being fed week after week only on water and sugar-beet pulp.

The farmer was working elsewhere at the time, writing a book, and relying on others; meanwhile reports by post had declared that the pigs were being fattened on barley-meal, as ordered.

WHEN I returned, and saw the condition of the pigs, it was already late February, and so their departure to the butcher was necessarily delayed until May.

Farmhouse bacon is usually cured in tubs filled with pickle of molasses, salt, bay-leaves, and a pinch of saltpetre. Now May is usually too late to pickle bacon, unless one has factory conditions. One of the troubles, in warm weather, is blowflies. So fine muslin was placed over the tops of the brine tubs. But the blue flies found a way in.

Not all the bacon was spoiled, but further ill-fortune came to the sound portions. When sent to be cured by oak-smoke, the butcher left them too long in his smoke-shed. Oak-smoke is powerful

in taste and penetration. Leather is cured, or tanned, by the juices of oak-bark. The fat, anyway, was too greasy; for in his hurry to get the pigs fat before fly-weather, my new and enthusiastic pig-man had mixed too much barley-meal into the circular iron troughs. Over-rich feeding had "heated" the animals.

blue-tit began to complain in a cheezy, wheezing little voice.

Great tit pecked on, glancing around between pecks for enemies. Blue-tit perched near him, feebly complaining. When he was sated, off he flipped; then she started to feed. But if brother or sister came near her, she forsook her pecking, and grizzled away to herself.

They took no heed of her; and when they, too, had gone, to look for an alternative diet of caterpillars or spiders, she had the row of ragged hams to herself. But after a few uneasy pecks, she began to call them back, not liking it all alone. *Wheezy—wheezy—wheezy. Where are you? Why do you leave me all alone like this?* she appeared to be crying.

And so it went on, at intervals through the year. One by one the titmice disappeared, until but six remained, led by Great tit. Every afternoon, as the sun went down into the Atlantic, they came to the birch tree; and one by one they fluttered at the elmboard over my door, hung there by a crack, and crept inside to roost, in a row, every night.

ONE October evening, as wood owls were bubbling softly, I shone a torch on them, and there they were, squatting against the strawboard under the elm planking, six small birds and one larger one, all without heads.

Yes, without heads. Where were the heads? Tucked under wings? No! Birds do not tuck their heads under their own wings, though some seem to need comforting warmth from other birds. Roosting birds put their heads in between the loose feathers around the bases of their necks, not under a wing. I may not know how to cure bacon, but I do know that fact about birds!



DOREEN BROWNE conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

A VERY colourful and exciting catalogue arrived on my desk recently. Normally the public never sees it, because it's for the men behind the counter, but I am able to reveal its contents exclusively for Housewives' Club readers. And it's so full of good ideas for Christmas food and gifts that I'm going to devote the whole of my space to it this month.

FIRST, a super-gift for someone special—a Christmas parcel packed with delicacies. Contents include a tin of assorted biscuits, caddy of tea, Christmas pudding, jar of mincemeat, packet of jellies, jar of sliced chicken, cans of fruit, thick dairy cream, salmon, and custard powder, bottle of squash, tin of toffee, and 40 cigarettes. They're in an attractive pack, and the cost is about 51s.

NEXT, something for the children—and there's a really delightful selection of sweets in novelty packs. Those universal favourites, liquorice all-sorts, come in a "magic" box, or you can have them in a model telephone booth. A pencil box, with arithmetical tables printed on its cover, contains Peter Pan assorted and dewdrops. Lettered rock is dressed up as Father Christmas, and delicious candy oranges are boxed in a realistic crate.

A space gun opens to reveal liquorice novelties, and for young sophisticates there's a smoker set, containing milk chocolate cigars and a pipe, and sweet cigarettes and matches. Other assortments come disguised as books, sentry boxes, and houses.

No need for Santa Claus to have to forget any of these—prices of those mentioned range from 3d. to 1s. 11d.

All items mentioned are available through your local Co-operative Society. For further details write to Housewives' Club, Co-operative Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. Don't forget to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

FOR sweet-toothed adults, I picked out a gorgeous box of candies, fondants, and chocolates, temptingly arranged in a checked oval box. Price is 9s. 9d. Smaller boxes, with transparent lids, cost 2s. 6d. and 4s. 9d.

My own pet weakness, mint cremes, come in a gold cardboard tray, price 1s. 11d., and you can get a drum of Turkish Delight (have you tried it toasted?) for 1s. 8d.

Handy to keep by you for Christmas visitors are round boxes of assorted fruits, price 2s. 6d., and orange and lemon slices, also 2s. 6d.

Two gifts with double attraction are a milk jug with hygienic top, filled with fruit drops, and a decorative tea canister containing an assortment of boiled sweets and toffees. Prices are 3s. 6d. and 4s. respectively.

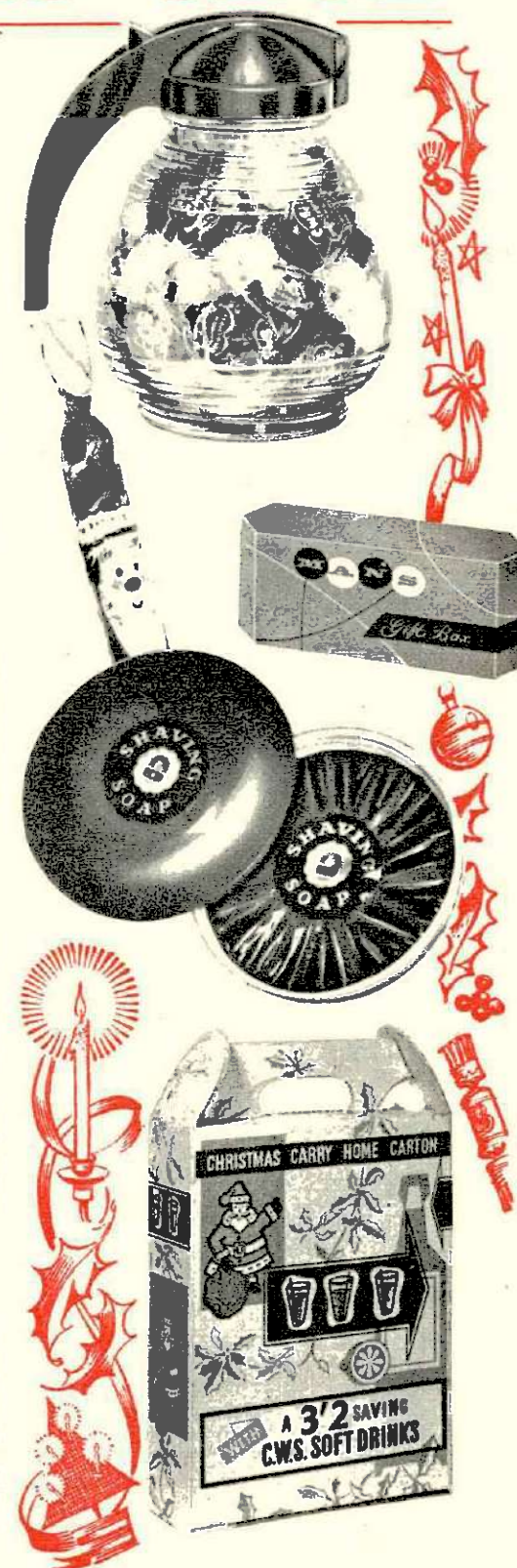
ALL you'll need in the way of soft drinks at Christmas is provided by a bargain pack containing lemon and barley squash, Sun-Sip—a refreshing orange drink—and Amora blackcurrant juice syrup. Also included for the price of 12s. 6d. is a gift for the children; you can choose between a shooting toy, for boys, and a plastic doll, for girls.

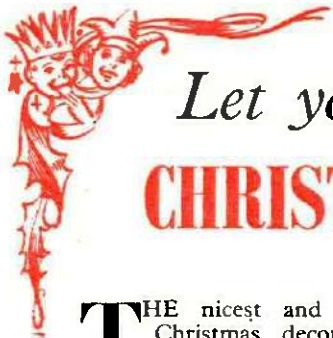
A TOUCH of luxury I wouldn't mind finding in my Christmas stocking is a large tablet of cream lavender soap, with eight bath cubes in the same perfume, all packed in an attractive black and white striped box with transparent lid. Price is 6s. 6d.

For 6s. there's a box containing two large tablets of really special soap, and smaller packs include a box of six bath cubes, with candle decoration, price 2s. 9d., and a box of two tablets of soap and two bath cubes, price 2s. 8d.

PROBLEM of what to buy the men is solved by a handsome box containing two giant tablets of soap and a shaving stick in a bakelite holder, price 5s. 9d., and a shaving bowl with soap, price 4s. 9d.

An amusing baby box, decorated with dogs and rabbits, contains two tablets of baby soap and a tin of talc, price 3s. 7d.





Let your kiddies make their own CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

THE nicest and most satisfying Christmas decorations are the ones you and your family make yourselves—not the ones you buy in a shop. Here are some simple ideas which, with a little guidance from mummy or daddy, the children can make quite easily.

A wire or cane basket—you may have one already which has been used for a hanging plant—can be the basis of a gay decoration. Wind strips of coloured



crepe paper round it and decorate with coloured baubles, tinsel, and scarlet ribbon.

To float high over the dinner table, make a hoop of wire and cover with shiny metal paper. Stick on bits of holly and tinsel. Add a loop of scarlet ribbon to hang it by.

A tall branch or tiny tree transforms a hall, giving a warm welcome to Christmas visitors. Decorate the branch with tinsel and baubles.

Snowflakes hung round a high-up lampshade are amusing for the children. Cut them from three-inch squares of white paper, first folded two or three times to make the pattern symmetrical. Iron the flakes when unfolded so that they hang straight.

If you have a dark or dreary outlook from a tiny window, make a mock Venetian blind by cutting strips of un-

says

IRIS EMMITT

crimped coloured crepe paper, and fastening them across the window. Cut a few stars from metal paper, add tinsel, and place stars on each strip of paper.

To hold those extra Christmas cards, all you need is a flower-pot and some tall twigs painted white. Display the cards according to size.

Have a good light in the hall—this does make all the difference at this special time of year.



NOW to make three table decorations.

For Father Christmas, take an empty 1 lb. size syrup tin and fill with earth or sand. Stick an eight-inch knitting needle through a ping-pong ball which becomes his head. Tie a small piece of thin wood across needle for his shoulders, making this secure. Fix one pipe cleaner at each side of shoulder-piece for his arms, and make these, too, secure.

Make him a cloak or coat from red crepe paper, either by sewing or gumming it together. Give him lots of cotton wool on neck of coat, down the middle, and all round the hem to look like ermine! Dab on with glue some



cotton wool whiskers and stick on a little red cap. Draw a face. Bring the pipe cleaners carefully through the arm-holes of the coat. Make a little bag out of paper and hang it on his arm.

Next, the Snowman. Cover a syrup tin with cotton wool. Dab a little glue carefully to secure the cotton wool to the tin. Turn the tin upside down, and having covered a ping-pong ball with cotton wool, leaving a space to draw his face, stick this on top for his head. Make him a little hat and a scarf. Stick three black buttons on his front. They can be made from thin cardboard and painted or crayoned black. In the base of the Snowman, where the lid space is, put a gift for a child.

The Witch, for 12th Night. She is made in much the same way as Father Christmas. Use the syrup tin and the needle through a ping-pong ball for her head, the wood for the shoulders, and the two pipe cleaners for arms. Sew or glue black crepe paper (or any odd piece of material) to make a cloak. Bring arms carefully through the cloak and bend one of them to hold her broom stick, made from a few tiny twigs.

Make a bit of very tatty hair from some odd scraps of black or grey wool and stick it on the ping-pong ball. Shape a cone from a piece of thin cardboard for the hat and paint or crayon it black or scarlet. Secure to head with glue if necessary. Don't forget to draw a nasty face on this one!

And a Happy Christmas to everybody.



PEP UP YOUR WAIST

GOT the mid-fashion season blues? If you've recently uttered the plaintive cry "I haven't a thing to wear," you're a sufferer all right! There's only one cure: to go ahead and get something new, and the quickest pick-me-up I know for a tired wardrobe is a new skirt, sweater, or blouse. Build up a collection of these and you're getting double value for every penny you spend, for you can mix and match them to give yourself a new look every day.

Most useful skirt you can buy is the pleated type in a Terylene mixture. These are no trouble at all to maintain,



Separates give you double value for your money, says DOREEN BROWN, from the Lanfield range to the CWS range.

and will put you in the fashion picture anywhere, any time. To show you how versatile they are I've pictured three on this page, with appropriate tops, all from the CWS Lanfield range and available in your local Co-operative fashion department.

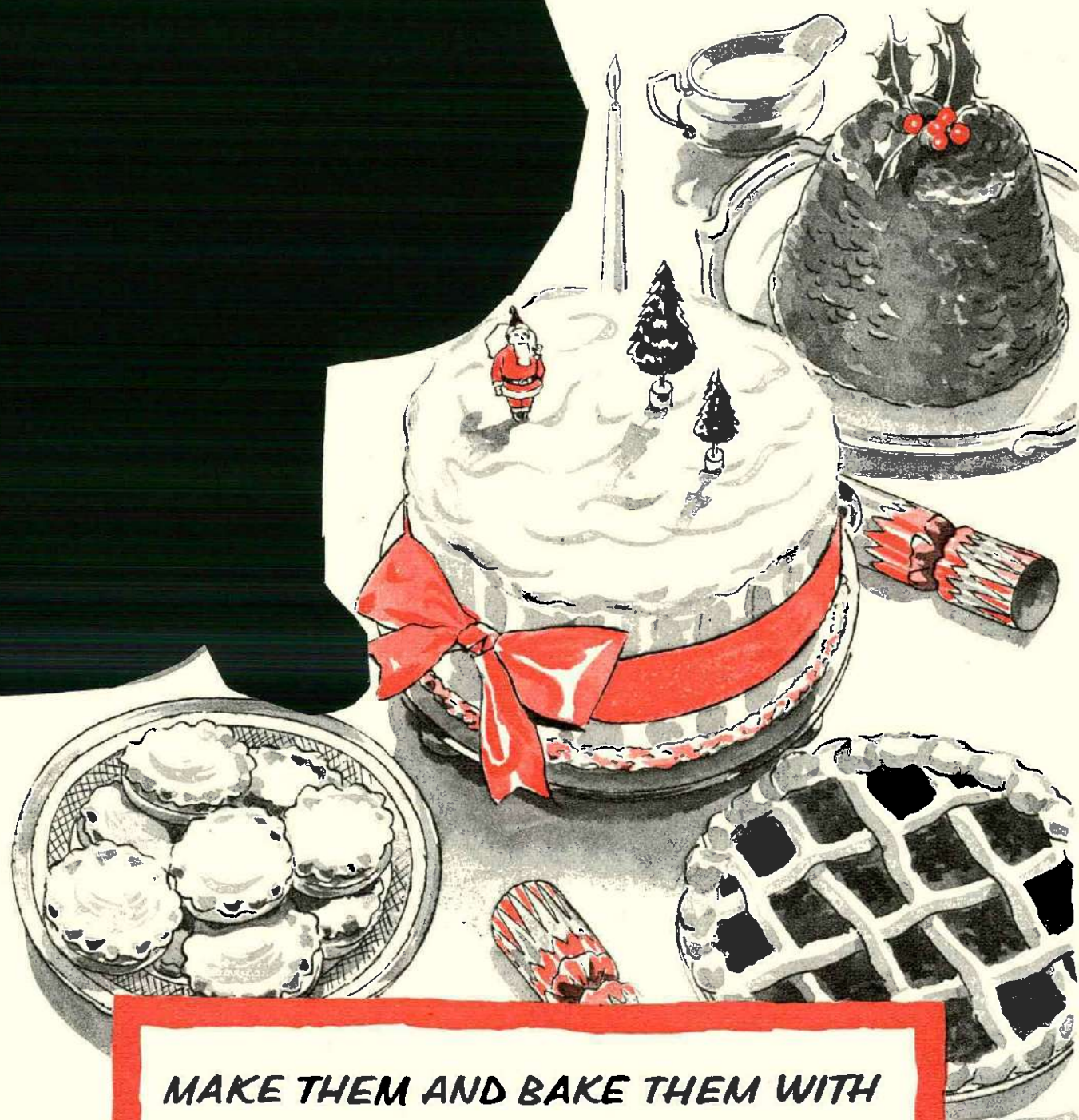
TAKE the two girls on the couch. They could be relaxing during their office lunch break; in the foyer of a theatre; even at a party, and looking just right wherever they are.

The brunette is wearing a skirt in Terylene and wool, with broken sunray pleating all round. It costs £2 11s., and is available in dark grey, mid-grey, mushroom, lovat, or black. To wear with it she's chosen a warm woollen lumber jacket, price 24s. 6d., and made in almost any colour you could name. For variety, she'll turn it back to front to make it look like a sweater. On warmer days, she'll team her skirt with a bright shirt or blouse, plain or patterned, and preferably in minimum-iron cotton or nylon to abolish laundering worries altogether.

Honey-blonde loves the freedom of a full skirt, but likes a slim look, so she's chosen a box-pleated style in Terylene and wool. It costs £3 14s. 11d., and is made in lovat, royal blue, red, mushroom, bottle green, navy, mid-grey, charcoal, or black. She's teamed it with a fully-fashioned twin set which cost her three guineas, and is also available in Orlon. Later she'll experiment with one of the new overblouses that pouch at the

This range, costing £3 15s. 11d., is available in tones of brown, grey, or blue. Neat, snug blouse she chooses as its partner is in brushed spun rayon, demurely collared, with bracelet-length cuffed sleeves. Price is £1 5s. 11d., and it is made in singing shades of oatmeal, pink, blue, turquoise, and mimosa.





MAKE THEM AND BAKE THEM WITH

Federation

Plain and Self-Raising Flour

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE

Now's the time to GET READY FOR CHRISTMAS



DELICIOUS Christmas puddings, cakes, and mincemeat are made by the CWS and can be bought at Co-operative stores everywhere. But for those who traditionally make their own now is the time to buy the ingredients—from the Co-op of course—and get out the mixing bowl. Christmas seems still a long way off, but Christmas fare needs time to mature to be at its best. Don't leave your preparations until the last minute or you'll regret it. Get all the family on the job!

CHRISTMAS CAKE

6 oz. Avondale butter, 2 oz. Shortex, 8 oz. soft brown sugar, 5 eggs, 8½ oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 14 oz. CWS currants, 9 oz. CWS sultanas, 8 oz. CWS raisins, 5 oz. CWS mixed peel, 5 oz. CWS glace cherries, ¼ teaspoon CWS mixed spice, ½ teaspoon CWS ground nutmeg, 1 oz. chopped almonds, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 oz. CWS ground almonds.

Prepare the dried fruits by washing and drying thoroughly. Cream together the butter, Shortex and brown sugar. Beat in the eggs slowly but thoroughly. Fold in the sieved flour with the ground almonds and spices. Lightly stir in the fruit, quartered cherries, almonds, peel, lemon rind, and juice. Line an 8-inch round cake tin with several layers of greaseproof paper. Put the mixture into the tin, and bake 1 hour at Mark 3

(350°F.), 1 hour at Mark 2 (325°F.), and until cooked (approximately 1-1½ hours) at Mark 1 (300°F.).

Allow to go cold in the tin; then remove and wrap in greaseproof. Store in an airtight tin to keep moist. An apple kept in the tin will keep the cake very moist, but do remember to renew the apple at the first sign of decay.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

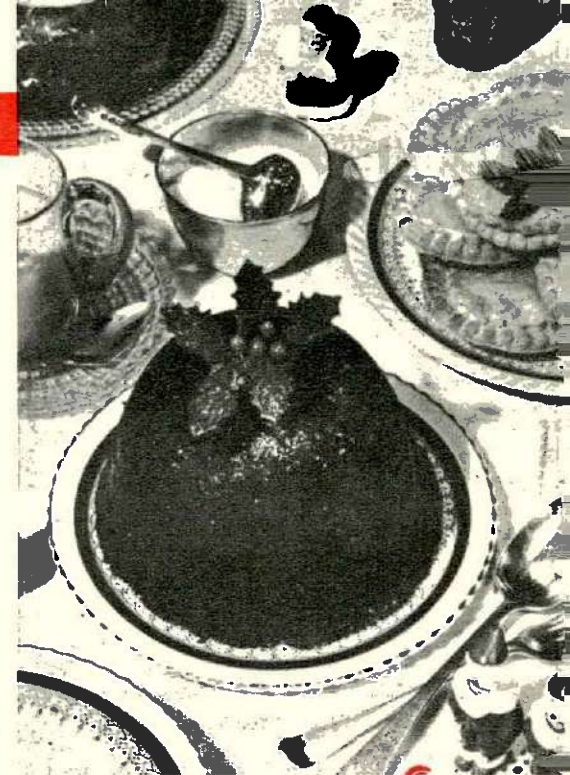
2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 2 oz. fresh white breadcrumbs, 4 oz. Sutox, 4 oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon CWS mixed spice, ½ teaspoon CWS ground nutmeg, 1 medium baking apple (grated), pinch salt, 1 lb. CWS mixed dried fruit, 2 oz. CWS candied peel, 1 oz. chopped almonds, rind and juice 1 lemon, brandy or rum (optional).

Prepare the fruit and mix all the ingredients together. Put into two small basins or one large one. Cover with greaseproof and tie securely. Steam 4-6 hours. When cold, renew the paper. Steam a further two hours when required for the table.

MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Sutox, 1 lb. CWS sultanas, 1 lb. CWS currants, 1 lb. cooking apples, 1 lb. soft brown sugar, ½ lb. CWS mixed candied peel, rind and juice 2 lemons, ½ teaspoon CWS mixed spice, ½ teaspoon CWS ground nutmeg, ½ teaspoon CWS salt, rum or brandy to taste (optional).

Prepare the fruit, then put all the ingredients except the Sutox, sugar, and lemons through a coarse mincer. Mix in the spices, sugar, Sutox, grated lemon rind, and juice. Add rum or brandy if required. Cover with a cloth and leave overnight. Bottle and store.



Looks good enough to eat, doesn't it? Now's the time to start preparing your Christmas puddings, says Mary Langham

Don't miss your HOME MAGAZINE for DECEMBER

MY CHRISTMAS MEMORY

Half a dozen of Home Magazine's best known contributors tell you their Christmas thoughts as the old year prepares to slip into the new.

WEST END MODEL

Doreen Browne interviews a girl who stormed her way into the salons of Mayfair, and takes you behind the scenes in the world's most glamorous job.

PUPPETS FOR CHRISTMAS

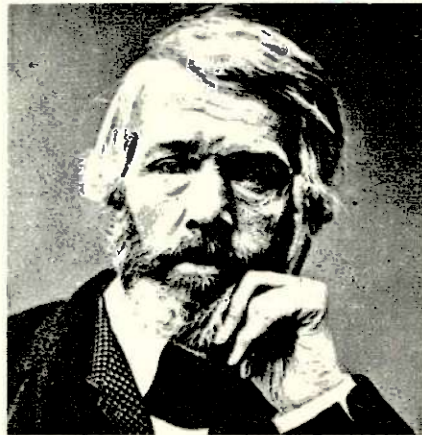
Rose Tenent describes a hobby with a difference and shows you how to provide your own fireside entertainment.

And a host of other fascinating articles, as well as book reviews and disc diary.

TUTTI-FRUTTI WINE.—The amount of sugar required for the recipe in our September issue is 3 lb. per gallon of water.

'Damn your Impudence,' roared Carlyle

By R. H. LANGBRIDGE



CARLYLE: "You have, have you?"

READERS often show the liveliest curiosity in the private lives and methods of work of their favourite authors. Sometimes this curiosity proves embarrassing to the authors concerned, with the result that they are goaded into rudeness.

Thomas Carlyle, famous Victorian author, was almost driven frantic by callers who came to gratify their curiosity at his expense. On one occasion a preacher called on him. "I am George Gilfillan," he said, "and I have been giving lectures on your books."

"You have, have you? Damn your impudence! Good morning," roared Carlyle, and shut the door in his face.

Lord Tennyson, the poet, suffered in the same way. Dr. Buckley tells a story against himself of how he once followed Tennyson, who was with his wife and family, through South Kensington Museum, thinking to glean some profound remarks.

After some two-and-a-half hours he heard the poet say to his wife, "You take care of the children while I go and get some beer."

GEORGE Bernard Shaw found himself dancing with an elderly lady at a charity affair. As they waltzed, she simpered, "Oh, Mr. Shaw, whatever made you ask poor little me to dance?" "This is a charity ball, isn't it?" replied Shaw, somewhat ungallantly.

Sometimes it has been a case of one author scoring off another. Sir Arthur Richmond tells how William Morris was complaining to Oscar Wilde about the lack of reviews for a book of his. "The press ignores me," he angrily exclaimed, "There's a conspiracy of silence about my book."

"Why not join it, Morris?" remarked Wilde.

Naomi Jacob, the Yorkshire-born writer, tells this story in her book, *Me—Likes and Dislikes*. "I remember once when I had finished a lecture a woman came gushing up to me and said, 'I have read all your books. I love them—every one, but the one I love best of all is *Magnolia Street*.' 'That,' I said, 'is the one I didn't write!'"

Louis Golding, author of *Magnolia Street*, thoroughly enjoyed this story.

The methods of work adopted by famous authors usually fall into one of several categories.

Some must have absolute peace and quiet and regular hours at their desk. Others are unworried by interruptions and noise, but can only write when they are in the mood. Some write laboriously with many drafts, while others wait until they have the whole thing clearly in their minds before putting pen to paper.

FRANCES Parkinson Keyes, author of *The Blue Camilla* and many popular novels, describes her method of work in *The Cost of a Best Seller*. "I still use a pencil and the same kind of ruled copy-book that I did when I was a child, scribbling on the right-hand page and keeping the left-hand page free for corrections and interpolations . . . the second stage is represented by a type-script done in triple spacing, which allows for further revisions, corrections, and additions. But when we (she and her secretary) get around to double spacing,



MARIE CORELLI: "The words just come!"



TROLLOPE: "... always prepared a diary"

we think our script is ready to send off to our publisher."

How different this laborious writing and re-writing is from the machine-like accuracy of Arnold Bennett and Anthony Trollope. Both Bennett and Trollope were early risers and gluttons for work. Moreover, they scarcely ever re-wrote anything.

Trollope always worked strictly to schedule.

"When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried on for the period which I have allowed myself for the complete work." He always delivered his MSS. on time.

ONE gathers that Marie Corelli never had any trouble with her writing, for when Mr. H. H. Asquith, then Prime Minister, asked how she wrote her novels, her reply was, "Oh, I sit beneath the apple-trees and the words just come!"

Kipling had a peculiar technique. He would lie on a sofa, brooding. Then, as an idea came, he would get up and write a line or two. After a story or book was written he would consider it again, sentence by sentence, cutting out every unnecessary word.

S. P. B. Mais, a self-confessed eccentric, likes to work with the radio going full blast. In his book, *The Happiest Days of My Life*, he writes: "When I'm happy and overworked I need scarcely any sleep. I get up at two in the morning, and with the help of endless cups of tea and cigars, work like a black, till the arrival of the postman at seven."

Put HIM in the fashion with this

CREW NECK SWEATER

for Christmas

MATERIALS.—16 oz. WAVECREST knitting 4-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 10 needles. Set of four No. 12 needles, with points at both ends. Two stitch-holders.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 39-41 inch chest. Length from shoulder to lower edge, 24½ ins. Sleeve seam, 18½ ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sl., slip; 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; incl., inclusive; ins., inches; h.b., work herringbone across next 2 sts. as follows:—keeping wool at back of needle, sl. 1 purlwise, k. 1, pass the slip st. over on to the left-hand needle and knit into the back of it.

TENSION.—7 sts. and 9 rows to one square inch on No. 10 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 144 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib, inc. 1 st. at end of last row (145 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as follows:—1st row: k. 3, **p. 1,

h.b., p. 1, k. 5, rep. from ** to last 7 sts., p. 1, h.b., p. 1, k. 3. 2nd row: p. 3, **k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 5, rep. from ** to last 7 sts., k. 1, p. 2, k. 1, p. 3. 3rd to 6th rows: as 1st and 2nd rows twice more. 7th row: as 1st row. 8th row: k. 4, **p. 2, k. 7, rep. from ** to last 6 sts., p. 2, k. 4. 9th row: as 1st row. 10th row: as 8th row. These 10 rows form the patt.

Work rows 1-10 incl. 10 times more, then rows 1-8 incl. once.

Keeping patt. correct, shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows, thus finishing at end of 10th row of patt. (109 sts.).

Proceed for yoke patt. as follows:—1st row: **p. 1, h.b., rep. from ** to last st., p. 1. 2nd row: **k. 1, p. 2, rep. from ** to last st., k. 1. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 6½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping.

Shape neck as follows:—Next row: patt. 44, patt. next 21 sts. on to a stitch-holder, patt. to end.

Proceed on each group of 44 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row until 36 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 8½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are cast off.

BACK

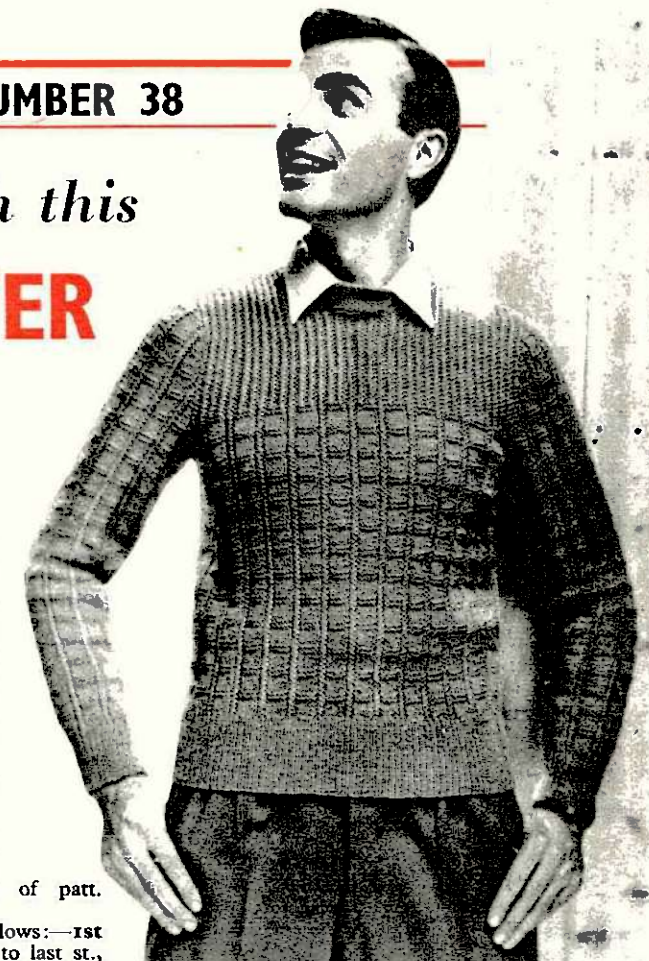
Work as Front to **. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 7½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping. Complete as Front, noting that dec. at neck edge will be worked on every row.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts. Work 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib. Next row: rib 9, (inc. in next st., rib 3) 12 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (79 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as on lower part of front, the first 2 rows being as follows:—1st row: **p. 1, k. 5, p. 1, h.b., rep. from ** to last 7 sts., p. 1, k. 5, p. 1. 2nd row: **k. 1, p. 5, k. 1, p. 2, rep. from ** to last 7 sts., k. 1, p. 5, k. 1.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at both ends of 7th and every following 6th row until there are 121 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18½ ins. from beg.



Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 75 sts. remain, every alt. row until 65 sts. remain, then every following 3rd row until 49 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of back and front. Using set of No. 12 needles with right side of work facing, knit up 136 sts. round neck including sts. from stitch-holders. Work in rounds of k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, with wrong side of work facing block each piece by pinning out round edges. Omitting ribbing, press each piece using a warm iron and damp cloth.

Using a flat seam for k. 1, p. 1 rib, and a back-stitch seam for remainder, join side and sleeve seams and stitch Sleeves into position. Fold over neck-band to wrong side of work and flat-stitch loosely to form hem. Press seams.

Buy **WAVECREST** wool from your Co-operative Society



ESPERANTO . . .

'The Language Nobody Wants'



By
**GODFREY
RAYNE**

HE was a dapper, bespectacled little man with a bushy beard and a diffident, self-effacing manner. His watchword in life was "Hope," and when that word, in a new and strange language, blazoned its way across the world, he moved through his own resultant fame in a kind of dream, hardly able to believe it was true.

Honoured by royalty, the guest of foreign governments, blessed by the Pope (though he was a Jew), and venerated by thousands of all nations, yet he died in privation and sorrow at the age of 57 and was given a lonely funeral, attended only by members of his own family, a few friends, and a solitary British sailor, who happened by chance to be there at the time.

His name was Ludovic Lazarus Zamenhof, and he was born in 1859 at Bialystok, Poland, whose inhabitants were of mixed nationalities and at bitter enmity through being unable to speak each other's languages. Grieved by this tragic state of affairs, young Zamenhof was inspired to do something that would put an end to such enmity and contribute to peace and goodwill among the nations of the world.



Ludovic Lazarus Zamenhof

[Photo by courtesy British Esperanto Association]

THE result was a new language—a second language for all; and, in his innate modesty, he first published it under the name of "Dr. Esperanto"—"one who hopes"—a name by which it has since become known throughout the world.

It was not the first of its kind. Only a few years before its publication in 1887, an artificial tongue called Volapük had appeared, met with some success, and then died out. And for centuries before that men had experimented with the idea.

Great philosophers like Descartes and Leibnitz had dreamed of a single language that would make all men brothers and many projects were published. But most of them were crackpot schemes, such as that of Bishop Wilkins, brother-in-law of Cromwell, whose system set the whole world laughing and, like the rest, faded into deserved obscurity. Only Esperanto survived and still survives.

Considered as the product of one man's brain, it is a work of sheer genius. Its grammar consists of only 16 short rules,

which can be scribbled on the back of an envelope; its spelling and pronunciation are entirely phonetic; and its vocabulary, taken from the most important Western languages, is contained in a dictionary one-tenth the size of that of any national tongue, thanks to an ingenious system of affixes by which one can build up words to an all but limitless extent.

ZAMENHOF was only a youth when he began his great work. He was then studying to be a doctor, and his father, objecting to this "idealistic nonsense," made him promise to lay it aside until he had passed his exams. Then he secretly burnt all his son's notes, so that he had to begin all over again.

When at last the language was published, Zamenhof was 28 years old.

Almost at once its fame began to spread. Within a year the first Esperanto Society was formed in Nuremberg; and in another 12 months it had gained adherents in Russia, Sweden, France, Italy, Britain, Spain, and Bulgaria.

Eventually, annual congresses were held in various cities of the world, attended by hundreds and then thousands of people of many nationalities, all speaking the language with the utmost ease. It was taken up enthusiastically by people in all walks of life, creating new friendships between men and women in widely separated parts of the world. It even brought romance to many a young couple who, though knowing nothing of each other's language, met, courted, and married through the medium of this international tongue.

YET, despite this outward appearance of success, Esperanto has never really "caught on" in any official or universal sense. And though it has now been in existence for over 70 years, and has lately received the conditional blessing of UNESCO, it is still more talked about than talked. For, after all, what are some few thousands of adherents among the millions who inhabit the earth?

So, like its predecessors—and successors, for there have been other and later schemes!—it remains, for some inexplicable reason, "the language nobody wants." For all the confusion of tongues—surely never more evident than at the United Nations, with its network of interpreters!—the world as a whole remains apathetic. And the little Polish Jew who literally gave his language away, renouncing all rights in it for the benefit of humanity, is now all but forgotten.

Maybe, some day, the little bands of idealists who still keep Esperanto alive will be rewarded and Zamenhof's great dream will become a reality. Maybe the time will yet come when everyone will know and speak the tongue of "the one who hoped."

As he himself said, in a speech at the Guildhall, London, in 1907, "Longe daŭros ankoraŭ malluma nokto sur la tero, sed ne eterne ĝi daŭros"—or, in more homely and familiar English, "For a long time yet the darkness of the night may continue on earth, but it will not last eternally."



PLANNING YOUR NEW GARDEN

W. E. SHEVELL-COOPER selects his

Recommended Roses

FOLLOWING last month's article, readers have asked me to recommend rose varieties, and I am glad to do so. We have our own trial grounds at the Thaxted Horticultural College, and so I am able to write from experience. All those I am recommending are listed in the CWS General Nursery Catalogue. If you would like a copy of this, write to the CWS Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.

I suggest a selection from the following: Frensham, a deep crimson double borne in enormous trusses; Vogue, a carmine salmon shaded red in bud, a splendid companion to Frensham; Queen Elizabeth, a luminous pink which almost looks like a hybrid tea; Masquerade, a yellow, salmon pink, and scarlet which is slightly fragrant; Charming Maid, a salmon pink shaded gold with lovely glossy green foliage; Fashion, a salmon shaded peach which flowers profusely; and Jimmy Cricket, a coral coppery salmon borne in large trusses, which is very hardy and free flowering.

I should aim to plant the roses about two feet away from one another one way, and only 20 inches the other way, so as to get a real mass of roses and hide the ground between the bushes. Then if after planting you mulch the soil with sedge peat an inch deep, weeds will be smothered and there will be no hoeing to do at all.

HAVING planted your roses, think about the main grass path which is going to run from your semi-circular lawn, down to the sitting-out area at the corner

of the garden. I suggest this should be a grass path which you can keep mown, though if you prefer you can have concrete or crazy paving. Don't have a gravel path—that would look incongruous. If you do have a concrete path, paint it with an iron sulphate solution to make it an attractive warm, brown colour. This doesn't look so staring as ordinary concrete.

IT would be an excellent idea to have some climbing roses planted around your semi-circular bed of floribundas. You will have to erect poles about six feet high; then stretch rope between the poles, not tightly, but so that it loops. The climbing roses should then be trained up the poles and along the ropes. This would give a little height to the rose border, and should prove very pretty indeed. There are a number of climbing pillar roses which you could use: Climbing Crimson Glory; Climbing Goldilocks; Climbing Meg, which is almost perpetually flowering; Lemon Pillar, which has flowers with high-pointed centres; and Mermaid, which is free-flowering from June to November.

From the roses, run the posts and wires along which the cordon fruit trees will be trained. Cordon trees are those which grow on one single stem, and they are tied to the wires at an angle of about 45 degrees. Cordons can be planted two feet apart, and for this reason a very large number of different varieties can be used to give you a succession for many months of the year.

The CWS sells these cordons at four years old for 15s. 6d. each, and they are grafted on to East Malling certified stocks, so that they come into cropping early.

On one side I would plant apples, and on the other side pears.

In the case of the apples, put in Charles



Queen Elizabeth, a luminous pink rose variety

Ross, Ellison's Orange, James Grieve, Laxton's Superb, Lord Lambourn, and Tydeman's Early Worcester. For pears, plant Conference, Laxton's Superb, William's Bon Chretien, and Pitmaston Duchess.

I have purposely left out Cox's in the case of apples, and Doyenne du Comice in the case of pears, for although they are particularly delicious they are difficult to doers anywhere, and in my opinion quite unsuitable for the North.

IT will pay you to put in concrete posts, so that when the bases are buried in the ground the tops are nine feet high. They should be put in 12 feet apart, and the wires should run parallel to the ground, the first one at two feet from the soil, with the others 18 inches apart. Paint the concrete posts with a solution of iron sulphate.

The cordons will be tied to the wires with tarred string. It's better in the first place to plant them upright, and then when they have been in about six months and the roots have become established, they can be brought down to the 45 degree position. This slight bending helps to give a check to the sap, with the result that fruit buds are formed.

Remember to spray these cordons with a five per cent solution of a tar distillate wash such as Mortege in December, and so kill the eggs of insect pests. The CWS can supply this winter wash.

Incidentally, if you prefer to have espalier trees instead of cordons, you can of course do so. In the case of plums, fan-trained trees could be planted.

The object of this new garden is to concentrate largely on fruit of all kinds, and the posts and wires you provide should of course be used to the greatest effect. The trained trees will look very beautiful when they are in flower in the spring, and equally attractive covered with brilliant fruits in the autumn.



On the left can be seen several fine examples of cordon apples

For boys and girls

What is it?



MOST of you are very familiar with this object, but you don't usually see it from this angle. If you can't guess what the object is, look below.

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? An easel.

Siamese Sausage: American cloth, Arabian nights, Chinese lanterns, Dutch courage, French chalk, German sausage, Indian clubs, Irish stew, Siamese twins, Spanish onions, and Swedish drill.

Concealed Turnings: (1) Suet, (2) Tees, (3) Rose, (4) Tuba.

Country Change: Denmark, England.

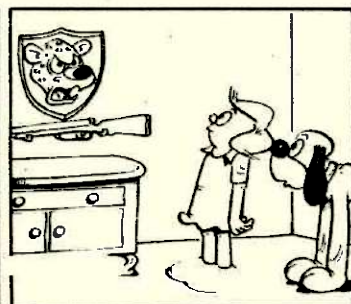
HOWLERS

A circle is a rounded figure made up of a crooked straight line, bent so that the ends meet.

"Hors de combat" is a war horse.

Doctors usually test the patient's heart, then feel his purse.

PENNY and BOB



By GEORGE MARTIN

WHAT A NECK!

DURING the spell of warm weather towards the end of summer, London Zoo's baby giraffe, John, was allowed out into the open section of the giraffe compound, where his father, Monty, saw him for the first time. Born on August 4, John is worth £1,000, and gets his name from the head keeper, who, as a fan of New Zealand cricketer John Reid, decided to give the giraffe his name. The picture shows John being inspected from the stables by Monty and Grumpy, while mother Maud stands by.

Your friend, BILL



THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

SIAMESE SAUSAGE!

Whatever is Siamese sausage? You're unlikely to find it on sale at your local Co-op counter. And what are Spanish nights, American lanterns, Arabian twins, Irish onions, German clubs, Chinese courage, Swedish stew, French cloth, Dutch drill, and Indian chalk?

Apparently the various nationalities have got paired up with the wrong things. So see what you can do about straightening them out.

CONCEALED TURNINGS

Below are four numbered sentences. No. 1 defines something concealed **backwards** in sentence No. 2; No. 2 defines a word hidden **backwards** in No. 3, till finally No. 4 is the clue to a word reversed in sentence No. 1.

- (1) They are quite useful on the golf course.
- (2) You may see this flower in the garden.

- (3) One sort of musical instrument.
- (4) Get it at a butcher's shop.

COUNTRY CHANGE

The following block of seven alphabetical words begins, as you will see, with the name of a country.

The puzzle is to re-arrange the order of the words (without disarranging the words themselves) so that the first and last letters each spell a country, when read from top to bottom.

AUSTRIA
DECLARE
EROSION
KNITTED
MEDICAL
NOTHING
REFRAIN

SEPTEMBER COMPETITION WINNERS

LINDA CHITTY,

54 Puckshott Way, Haslemere, Surrey

PHILIP BRADLEY

35 Buffery Road, Dudley, Worcs.

COMPETITION

No doubt most of you enjoy a bonfire on November 5. What the Editor wants you to do for this month's competition is to draw and colour, with your paints or crayons, a typical

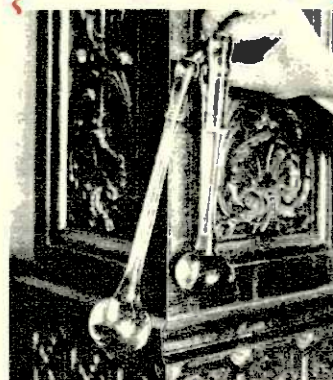
Bonfire Night Scene

As usual there will be two classes: (1) those aged nine or over; and (2) those under nine.

The Editor offers a grand book prize for the over-nines and a super cut-out book for the under-nines.

Complete your entry and send it in an envelope (3d. stamp, please), not later than December 5, to The Editor, Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

In Days Gone By

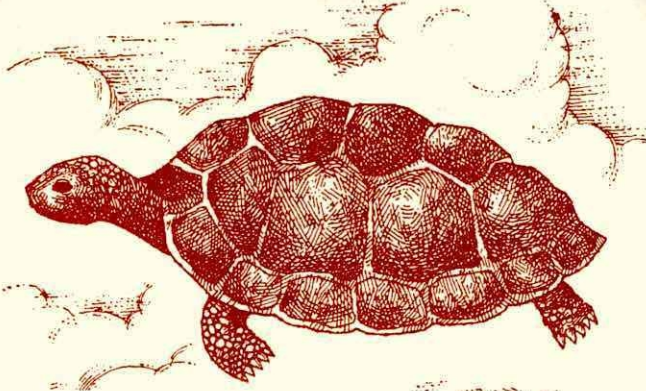


IN the old days no Welsh farmhouse or cottage would be without these glass models hanging on either side of the fireplace. Known as the Devil's Drumsticks, they were supposed to keep the devil away.

Guess who's using Pelaw POLISH?

The Polish with WAX APPEAL!





TIME ..

How time flies . . . Time may be a slow starter but the years of your life keep going on and on. And if you agree that once youth is gone the years seem to flit by ever more rapidly then you will also agree that the time has come to consider the best means of providing your retirement pension. If you have a job which does not carry a pension when you retire, you can be sure that the C.I.S. Pension Annuity Plan will be of great interest to you. The Plan will bring you immediate tax reliefs; a regular guaranteed pension, plus generous bonus additions. There's no time like the present! Send for the C.I.S. Pension Annuity Plan leaflet today.

**SEND
THIS
CARD
TODAY!**



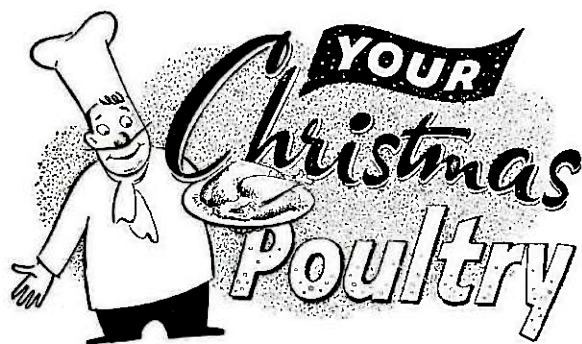
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Address
.....
.....
Age
Please send C.I.S. Pension Plan leaflet, without obligation

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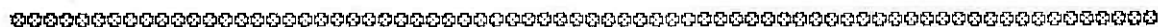


Poultry will be
supplied this year
from the
BUTCHERY DEPARTMENT

Orders will be accepted at any of our 10 branches, by the
roundsmen, at Bolebridge Street Butchery, or the Central
Butchery Department

SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW!

Every effort will be made to meet your requirements



Your Christmas Cakes too!

in various designs and sizes to meet all tastes, also

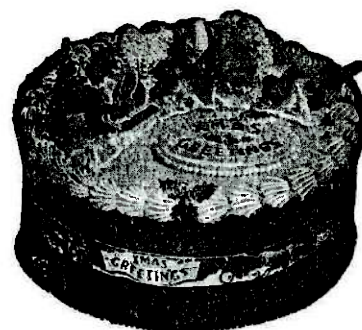
DUNDEE CAKES - YULE LOGS - MINCE PIES
FANCIES - SPONGES &c.
TINS OF BISCUITS IN VARIOUS SIZES

Our Trifles are good—

Why not send along your dish, bearing full name
and Share Number

Delicious Pork Pies in all Sizes

We welcome your orders early at the branches, Milk Bar, or by the deliverers



Co-operative Guilds

THE secretary of the National Guild of Co-operators has written to the education committee about the possibility of starting more Co-operative guilds in Tamworth and district.

The education committee welcomes the idea of more guilds, guilds for women, guilds for men, and mixed guilds, and will do anything possible to get new guilds started.

Co-operative guilds are a very useful asset in the social life of our members, who can find relaxation in an interesting and useful way by means of socials, outings, Co-operative business talks, lectures on all kinds of subjects of their own choosing, film shows, and in many other ways pass a pleasant afternoon or evening.

A new guild cannot start without the help of some interested member. If you are interested, then write to the education secretary immediately, in order that the education committee can do all possible to form a guild in your village.

There is a Women's Co-operative Guild already in Tamworth. The secretary is Mrs. Chapman, 33, Neville Street, Glascoate. The guild meets in the Baths and Institute, Church Street, on Thursday afternoons. The women's guild in Polesworth meets in the Parish Hall, the secretary being Mrs. S. Wood, 3, Potters Lane, Polesworth.

THE NATIONAL GUILD OF CO-OPERATORS

THE GUILD OF THE FUTURE

Why do guild branches function in all parts of the country?

To provide the opportunity for all Co-operative members to meet together regularly in their own groups, to discuss matters concerning their own society and the movement generally, and to enable their views to be made known.

Lectures — Discussions — Debates Socials.

Within the National Guild of Co-operators men and women are equal. Free discussion gives confidence and encourages a broad toleration. Membership is open to every member of a Co-operative family over the age of 16 years.

The guildroom is the medium for the expression of the ORDINARY MEMBER'S viewpoint and is the driving force of Co-operation.

You can take YOUR PART for a nominal subscription.

COME ALONG AND JOIN US!

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hough, 59, Coleshill Street, Fazeley, October 4.

Playway Group

THE leader of our children's Playway group, which meets on Mondays in the Baths and Institute, Church Street, Tamworth, at 6 p.m., informs us that she can now take about another six children in the group.

Any of our members' children who would like to join, and who are between the ages of 9 and 11, should go along to the baths on Monday at 6 p.m., and, if the vacancies haven't been filled, can join the group.

Co-op's Wage Bill

CO-OPERATIVE societies in Britain, including the wholesale and productive societies, paid out nearly £162 million in wages to their 394,649 employees during 1957, an increase of £12 million over the previous year.

The retail societies' wage bill for the year was £119,033,201, an increase of nearly £10 million over 1956.

Of this, £100,538,288 was paid to distributive workers, including transport, and the average wage per employee in this field was £398.58.

Average sales per distributive employee were £3,843, an increase of £197, and the distributive wages cost per £ of sales was 24.89, compared with 24.52 in 1956.

These figures are included in the Co-operative Union's review of statistics for 1957. The review also gives details of Co-operative farming activities during the year.

It shows that the value of productions from the movement's 62 farming societies was £1,598,956, an increase of £281,000 over 1956. In addition, production from CWS and SCWS farms—largely the former—totalled £2,531,424.

Total acreage of all Co-operative farms stood at 64,592, of which more than 34,000 was held by the CWS.

There's Magic in the Co-op

HAVE you ever thought how wonderful it would be to be able to conjure up something you most desired at a snap of the fingers.

Just think of all the things you could do and have—that new TV set or refrigerator, that holiday abroad, or that fat bank account.

Yes, it would indeed be wonderful.

Two or three hundred years ago it was common belief that witches existed.

An old lady, having even a rudimentary knowledge of herbs and balms, would be denounced as a witch, swum in the nearest mill-pond, or burnt at the stake.

Poor harvests, plagues, or ill sheep would all be blamed on some feeble soul whose only crime was that she lived in a lonely spot or had some physical deformity.

In these days, however, we are more enlightened, and if someone is unsociable we take no notice—we know quite well that witches and spells don't exist. Still, it would be a help to be able to produce these much-wanted articles at will.

But even though we can't work miracles, we can obtain some of the things we want.

The best way is to become a member of your local Co-operative society. It's easy

to do, and look at the advantages—you can see most of them in any society's window: quality goods at reasonable prices, and by letting your dividend accumulate, you gain that extra to make your dreams come true.

Good (and Bad) Luck

SUPERSTITIONS are funny. Hard-headed people, solid businessmen, will solemnly go round a ladder, or throw a pinch of salt over their left shoulder. No actor worthy of the name will whistle in the dressing room, nor would the last line of a play ever be uttered during rehearsal.

And what bemoaning of fate if a mirror should be broken, "Seven years' bad luck." It is unlucky to cross knives, but lucky if a black cat crosses your path. A four-leaf clover is a potent charm for good luck, but you mustn't meet a person with a squint first thing in the morning.

It's bad luck to get the third light off a match, good luck to kiss the blarney stone. If it rains on St. Swithin's day, then 40 days of rain will follow (and on one occasion it did, too!)

And so we could go on. You may, or may not, believe in these quaint luck (good or bad) sayings, but we can say, without fear of contradiction, that if you shop at your own society for everything you need, then nothing but good can come of it.

Just think—good service, first-rate merchandise, competitive prices, and the divi to accumulate in your account.

The truth is, of course, that shopping at the Co-op isn't a matter of luck, it's plain common sense.

OBITUARY

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

William John Miles, Dosthill, August 29.

Cyril Oliver Dodwell, Tamworth, September 2.

Alfred Wright, Wood End, September 2.

Lily Leigh, Tamworth, September 7.

Harold Wildsmith, Dosthill, September 13.

Alice Barber, Glascoate, September 15.

Sydney Charles Cope, Amington, September 17.

Ellen Arnold, Tamworth, September 17.

William George Bills, Hopwas, September 19.

Kitty Ovenden, Tamworth, September 22.

William Rook, Harlaston, September 22.

Harry Barlow, Kingsbury, September 24.

Frederick Kemp, Tamworth, September 29.

Margaret Jane Marklew, Birchmoor, September 29.

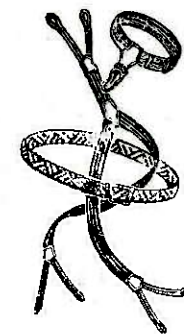
Bring your Christmas shopping list to us, we can advise and help.



We are ready with complete Christmas stocks, exciting displays, and prices to suit all.

PERSONAL GIFTS FOR EVERYONE

Everything for the Children,
Greetings Cards, Calendars, Diaries,
Crackers, Cigarettes, Cigars,
Tobacco, &c.



IT'S FUN TO SHOP EARLY
START NOW!

A Knitmaster Demonstrator

will be in attendance in the
DRAPERY DEPARTMENT
from Monday November 10
to Saturday November 22
(TWO WEEKS)



Prices from
£19.19.0 up to £32.7.6
for the Knitmaster Knitting Machine

To give advice and help to members who have purchased
or are thinking of purchasing a KNITMASTER Knitting
or a RIBMASTER Machine.



CREDIT SALE or HIRE PURCHASE available with FULL DIVIDEND



Make a note of the date



CHRISTMAS is coming

C.W.S. MINCEMEAT

14½ oz. JAR 1/7½

29 oz. JAR 2/10

3-lb. STONE JAR 4/6

(Plus 9d. extra, returnable on the jar.)

C.W.S. CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS

In the new foilpak, in ½ lb, 1-lb. and 2-lb. sizes

Also in Aluminium Basins.



From Co-operative Societies everywhere