



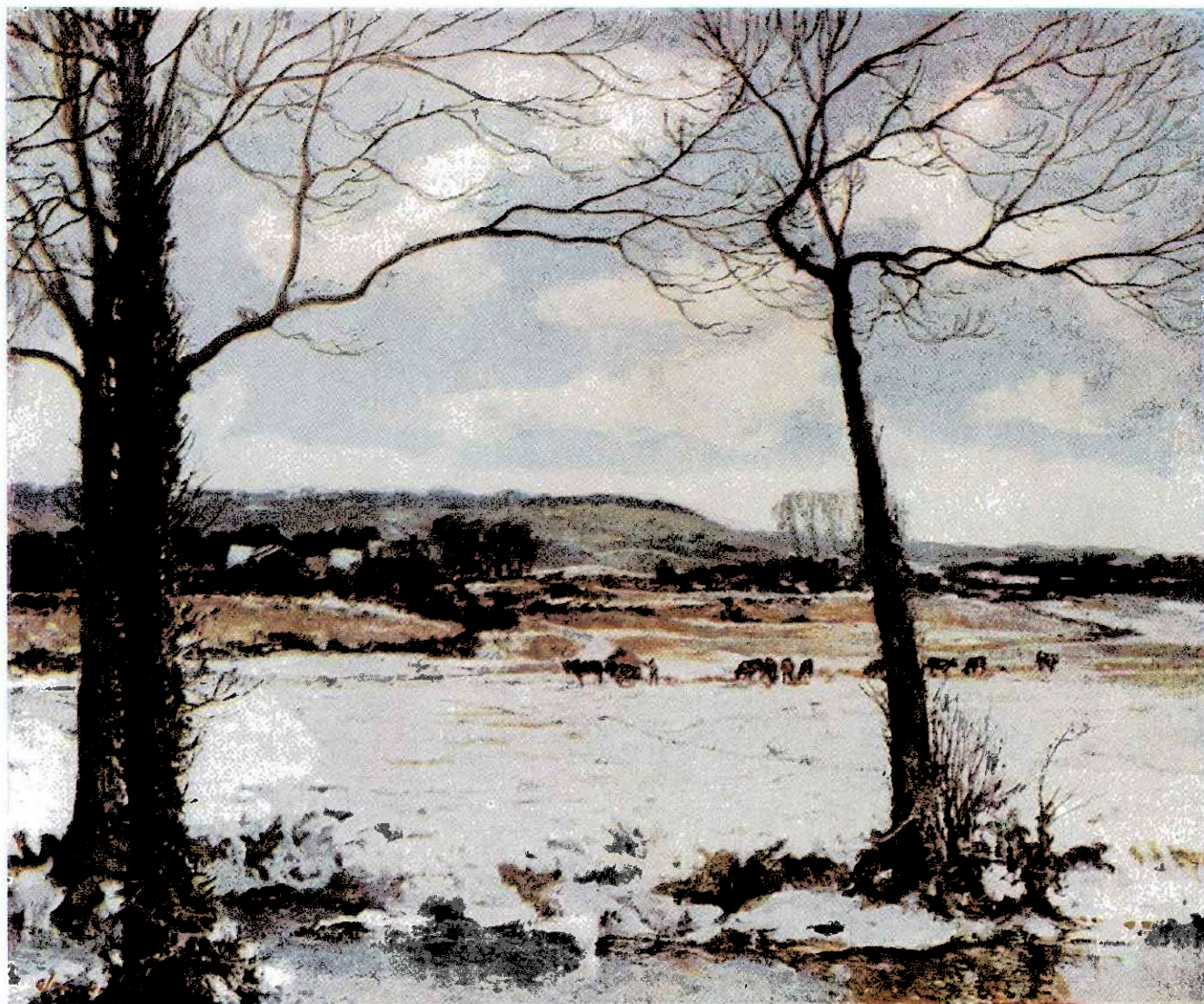
DECEMBER 1958

Christmas Number

Co-operative

Home

M A G A Z I N E



EIGHT AUTHORS
WRITE ABOUT

MY CHRISTMAS MEMORY

MATILI MADE ME A MODEL ★ THEY WANTED TO BAN CHRISTMAS

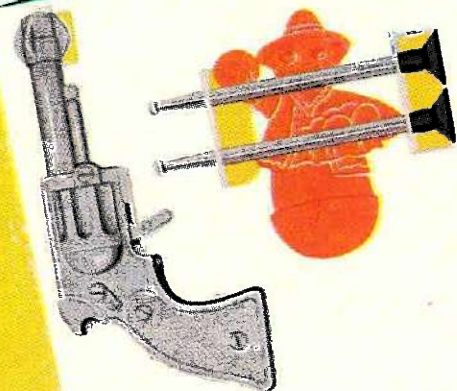
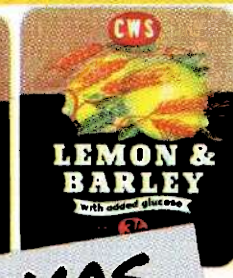
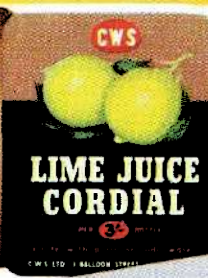
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Co-operative

HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

DECEMBER, 1958 Vol. 63, No. 12

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FRONT COVER

Alexander Jameson was born in Glasgow in 1873, and died in London in 1937. He showed much promise in his student days at Glasgow, from where he won travelling scholarships which enabled him to go to Paris. There he quickly made a name for himself with a series of paintings depicting French harbours, towns, and gardens.

On his return to England he settled in Weston Turville, Bucks, and continued his landscape paintings, which represent him at his best, although he also did portraiture and mural decoration. This month's cover picture, *THE FROZEN MEADOW*, is reproduced by courtesy of the Municipal Art Gallery, Oldham.

Christmas? It's Summer!

HAPPY CHRISTMAS! All the good wishes of the season come sincerely from the staff of HOME MAGAZINE, who work for you throughout the year. Their only hope is that the articles, suggestions, patterns, and recipes that pour from their prolific pens are helping to make life easier and jollier.

If we could have guaranteed a tiny snowfall for Christmas Day we would have arranged it. Only a small one, of course. Nobody wants to spoil the sporting arrangements over the holiday. But it is a long time since I looked out of the window and saw snow-covered branches while the turkey sizzled in the oven.

Christmas, however, will soon be a memory and thoughts turn next month to—can you believe it?—summer holidays. Talking to the deputy manager of one of Britain's largest travel agencies the other day, I was assured that bookings are no longer delayed until Spring. Mr. and Mrs. Holidaymaker are people who can make their minds up well in advance nowadays, pick their destination, and book their seats.

From the agency point of view that is just as well. So many people are holidaying each year that it becomes more and



It's not too early to start thinking of your Alpine holiday

more necessary to book in advance. The Co-operative Travel Service can provide you with every facility in this direction.

So that you can appreciate the travel scope at your disposal HOME MAGAZINE will feature a special Holiday Supplement in January. It won't be the ordinary sort of catalogue either. One article will tell you about the glamorous life of travel hostesses at centres all over Europe. You'll enjoy **Doreen Browne's** story of these girls who spend half the year in the wonderful setting of perpetual holiday, either among the mountains and lakes or on the golden sands of the Mediterranean. And you'll hear all about the best spots to visit.

THIS BRITAIN...

Noted for its beauty, the village of Ripley, near Harrogate, Yorkshire, is given historic interest by the old cross and stocks in the cobbled square. At the nearby Ripley Castle, Oliver Cromwell spent the night before the Battle of Marston Moor.

A SECOND feature will describe Mr. Holidaymaker's favourite haunts in Britain. Ten-to-one you'll read about a new kind of holiday that will appeal strongly to you.

And finally we shall give you full details of a splendid family holiday centre at Westward Ho! It's a place where you can look out of the big glass windows on to one of Britain's loveliest views, the estuary of the Taw and Torridge, a breathtaking picture of miles of sea and shore.

You'll meet Robert and Kathy Mitchell who are the joint managers, and the cheerful staff—many of them are related. And you can greet them in person if you book your holiday there and enjoy a wonderful Devonshire welcome. In fact we call the Westward Ho! Holiday Centre by a special name in our office—the Happy Family Holiday Centre. I know, because I've been there.

Once again space has run out too soon. But Housewives' Club and **Mary Langham** will appear as usual, and there will be an announcement shortly of an unusual and particularly gripping new series.—**The Editor**





'Night in Harlem'

[Photo by courtesy: Laurey Puppet Company]

PUPPETS for your PARTY

By ROSE TENENT

and these are a good idea because they are so light.

Bodies are weighted according to the characters. For example, a ballet dancer will have a light weight balancing the pelvic block of the body, with feet just heavy enough to swing easily. A clog dancer will have a pelvic block made of dense wood and clogged feet that patter loudly on the floorboards.

When decorating the faces of your puppets, always remember that your performer is very small by comparison with real-life actors, and therefore certain of his features should be exaggerated—which ones are given emphasis will depend upon the character the puppet is to represent. Beards, moustaches, and so on, can be made from lambswool or crepe hair.

WHEN your puppet is completed, then comes the fun of clothing him. The dressing of a puppet needs careful attention, for the weight and texture of the material can easily affect the free movement of the joints. Silk, satin and velvet can, as a rule, be used with safety, while odd pieces of felt come in very handy for shoes. Of course, no material should be used which might catch in the strings.

But now for a much simpler form of puppet. This is called a rod puppet. It can be made with newspaper and is worked on a stick. To make the body of a figure, take a sheet of newspaper and fold it into four, then roll this into a tube about eight inches long, filling out the bottom end of the tube with some crumpled paper to make the puppet's stomach. Tie with thread around neck (about three inches from the top of the tube) and also at the base of the trunk.

Arms and legs for the rod puppet can be made in a similar manner by rolling smaller newspaper tubes, weighting them suitably with stones or pebbles, and tying them at the joints of elbows and wrists, or knees and ankles.

Each pair of limbs is joined with thick twine or wire, which must pass through the centre of them and be inserted as they are made. Allow about four inches of twine between the limbs, this being passed round and fixed at the waist or shoulders of the figure.

BEFORE dressing the puppet, paint the face, hands, feet and any exposed parts of the limbs with the appropriate colour. Clothes can be made simply with coloured crepe paper or odd pieces of material glued on. If stiff articles, such as collars, are required, these can be made with cartridge paper.

Each rod puppet is controlled by a cane or stick which is wrapped in the trunk of the figure when it is made. This stick is held in one hand and supports the puppet. Arms and legs are operated to produce normal walking movements by means of wires. The wires are made double with eye-loops at the end so that they can be tied to the wrists and knees.

There are also glove puppets like the famous Punch and Judy characters. These are manipulated on the hands and fingers. However, glove puppets cannot be made to walk, and so their scope is much more limited.



Kaspan and Lidinska, musical marionettes

[Photo by courtesy: John Wright Marionette Company]



MY most memorable Christmas? Perhaps the one when we were so hard-up we could only have a quarter of cold ham among four. Perhaps the exciting one when my husband and I, in fancy dress, went to a Dickens party and danced all night. No, most certainly the Christmas when my baby boy was two years old. I had dressed a baby doll for a little goddaughter who, too late, I found hated dolls. I popped the doll into my baby's stocking. It was the loveliest Christmas present he ever had, and he sat up in his cot nursing it and singing to it, *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*. Yes, that was the most memorable Christmas.—Ursula Bloom



MY Christmas thought may not be wholly to your liking, and I am pretty sure won't be what you expect. But the editor, an old friend, knows I am a rebel, and not even a Christian; and still he asked me. So here it is: that Christmas is not Christ's birthday. Christ's birthday, by the oldest records, was January 6. If you want to check on that, consult *The Golden Bough*, or the 14th edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There is a memory of the true date in the celebration of Twelfth Night. It wasn't till A.D. 375 that the last Church (that of Antioch) was bullied into changing over to December 25.

"So what?" you say! Why this? If you who are Christians are not in fact celebrating the physical anniversary of a birth, then you must celebrate something not physical. You must celebrate the intentions of Christ (which it is not for me, an agnostic, to describe to you), and you must also realise that these intentions are not tied to a date at all, but are equally important all the year round. I'm sorry if this sounds curmudgeonly; but I've only known one professing Christian who lived up to this. He was the late George Lansbury, and you don't find people like him every day.

—Raymond Postgate

The Day the Horse fell down the Well

Christmas
recollections

by some of our regular
contributors



HAVING, as a journalist, spent a number of Christmases away from home, my memories are mixed. The most memorable, however, was surely that wartime Christmas day when, in the midst of our fire-side festivities, a German plane zoomed low out of the grey skies over the promenade of the seaside town where we were staying. Simultaneously the whine and whistle of a stick of bombs falling from the air reached our ears. We dived under the Christmas table, on which stood our steaming turkey, as the bombs exploded in six successive detonations that shook the house. Fortunately, they fell in the sea. But it was one more wretched example of war's grim contrast with all that peace on earth and goodwill toward men should mean.—Thomas Olsen

I HAVE two unforgettable Christmas memories. The first was twenty-five years ago when I set off from Sydney for Bateman's Bay, on the New South Wales south coast, with my friend Jock Broomfield. We travelled in an old Essex car; the cork clutch kept slipping and the only way to make it grip was to throw red earth in it. This I did for fifty miles on end—an exhausting performance, as for most of the rest of the way I pushed the car uphill. When we got to our farmhouse, someone left a loaded shotgun, with the safety-catch off, against a wall, and our red setter brought it down by wagging his tail. Frightened by the explosion, a horse jumped down the well, and we spent Christmas night getting him out. It was then that we discovered the well was full of snakes.

Then there was the last Christmas before the war. I spent it travelling by train through Germany and Austria, and woke up in the middle of the night to find we had stopped at a station the name of which was wreathed with Christmas garlands of holly and mistletoe. In the background factory chimneys belched great shafts of blue flame up the black-velvet sky. I was curious to know what they would be manufacturing on Christmas night, and deciphered the name of the station beneath the garlands. It was Essen, and they were Krupp's armament factories.—Denzil Batchelor

MY most memorable Christmas was spent in Holland. The Dutch festivities are held in early December.

The meal I had on December 6, which would correspond to our Christmas dinner, consisted of local dishes such as fowl cooked in wine, and I was interested to note that everyone at table had their places marked in letters made from *Letterbanket*, which is very similar to Danish pastry.

These were eaten as a sweet; there was no such thing as our traditional Christmas pudding.

During the meal wine flowed freely, and afterwards I found great difficulty in negotiating the staircase, particularly as the steps were very narrow, about three inches across, and very steep.

The *Letterbanket* is interesting. Apart from being used as I have described, it is also formed into wreaths which are eaten on December 25, a day which is

kept solely for going to church and for Thanksgiving services.

I begged from my hostess the recipe for *Letterbanket*. Here it is:—

5 oz. margarine, 5 oz. plain flour, ½ cupful water.

Filling: 5 oz. ground almonds, 5 oz. castor sugar, pinch salt, grated rind 1 lemon, egg to bind.

Mix the ingredients for the filling together to form pliable paste, and form into a roll about 1½ inches diameter.

Grate the margarine, add to the sieved flour, and mix to a pliable dough with water. Roll into a strip, and fold over; repeat three times, allowing 20 minutes between rollings. Roll into a long strip ½ in. thick and 3 in. wide. Put on the filling and fold over, sealing the edges. Shape the roll into initials. Bake 30–40 minutes in a hot oven.—Mary Langham

ON Christmas Eve, 1914, my battalion was in the support line about two hundred yards inside Ploegsteert Wood, in Belgium. It was freezing. Our overcoats were stiff as boards, our boots were too hard to remove, but we rejoiced. The mud was hard, too!



In the moonlit night we filed out into No-man's Land, to put up pickets for a covered fence leading to the dreadful Hampshire T-trench, about 50 yards from the Alleyman, as we called the Germans. Hurdles, for tobacco-drying, were to be leant on wire, to hide daylight reinforcement if necessary.

We thought we were doomed, so visible we were in moonlight, knocking in posts into bone-hard ground. But no-one fired at us.

At midnight we were singing; so were the Germans. They had a lighted Christmas tree on their parapet. We met, tremulously, and exchanged gifts. It seemed to my very young self to be a miracle.

The next day we buried the dead in No-man's Land. I was shocked to read, in German indelible pencil on a cross of ration-box wood, *For God and Freedom*. For our crosses, also in indelible pencil, were similar.

There was no hate in No-man's Land that Christmas; indeed, the reverse. The feeling has lived with me ever since.

—Henry Williamson



and Mum think we still believed them. We rampaged round the house and found out the toys were under our bed. Christmas Eve came and we pretended to be asleep as Dad prowled around, his braces clanging with each step.

"They're asleep, Nan" he said, in a loud whisper and then plunged down on his knees below the bed; that time the toy piano for me, and the toy tea set for my sister, and my dear clumsy Dad, all made noise enough to be heard at the top of Ben Nevis.

Nevertheless, I snored loudly. My sister snored. Then we snored in unison. One great snore together to convince Dad that all was right.

Alas—my snore got stuck at the back of my nose and caught my tonsils. This

was too much. We shook the bed with suppressed laughter. Dad realised, slowly, that his lassies were growing up.

Now my own lassies and laddies are grown up. They come with their presents and the children, but not on Christmas Day. Then they are at home, each with their own children, just as they used to be with us. Nevertheless, I cook and stuff the turkey and make the roast. Someone usually comes. But one Christmas nobody came.

The turkey was done to a turn, likewise the Big Roast! I sat down and wept. A big table full of good food and nobody but us to eat it.

Two o'clock, three, four, five—and I couldn't carve into that turkey. No appetite, nor had Dad. "I think I'll make a cup of tea!"

Suddenly the outside door burst open. In came Hamish, wife, and family.

"Have you had your dinner?" We put the question eagerly, hopefully, even if it was 5 o'clock.

"No, no! Where's the turkey; we're all starving—remember we've come 50 miles!" So we didn't make that cup of tea after all.—Jean Mann



MY most memorable Christmas was a belated one that took place in February. My five-year-old brother had been taken to hospital on November 5, the previous year, and at one time he was so desperately ill that it didn't seem likely he would ever see the electric train he had wanted so much. He began to recover in time to make our real Christmas happier than it would otherwise have been, but not until two months later was he allowed home.

On the day he left hospital my sister, elder brother, and I had the day off school, and while my mother and father went for him, we brought out the Christmas tree and decorated it. We also laid out the electric train on the floor, and that was the first thing he saw as my father carried him in from the taxi. It was wonderful to see his face, and my mother's, too, as she watched him. I think that was the most truly joyful Christmas any of us has ever had.

—Doreen Browne

DISC diary

THERE is Christmas topicality in *The Holy City*, an E.P. on RCA RSX-15001 with Jerome Hines singing *Bless This House* and *Show Me the Light*, as well as the title song. He is a Metropolitan Opera star who also sings for the Salvation Army in New York's Bowery.

Also topical is the Laurie Johnson Orchestra playing *Songs of Three Seasons*, a Nixa recording on NPL 18017. This L.P. includes *Winter Wonderland* and *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas*, as well as popular songs on Spring and Summer.

In fact Nixa have several notable current records. Outstanding are two more L.P.s on which Wagner, WLP 20024, has extracts from *The Ring* and *The Meistersinger*, brilliantly played by the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London. A "must" for all Wagner lovers. The other is Nixa NCL 16005 with Sir Adrian Boult conducting Mendelssohn's third and fourth symphonies—the "Scotch" and the "Italian." Here are many hours of pleasure.

Berlioz is a composer too often left in the musical background. By presenting two of his suites—*The damnation of Faust* and *Romeo and Juliet*—on one L.P.,

Columbia have done the music world a service. The popularity of a few of his pieces has unfairly put others in the shadow. This record, 33CX 1544, should help to adjust the balance.

Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D has long been a concert platform pillar, and the critics who attacked it at first are forgotten in their graves. On Columbia 33CX 1546 it is magnificently played by Leonid Kogan with Locatelli's Sonata in F and Vivaldi's Concerto in G on the other side. The Paris Conservatoire Orchestra is conducted by Andre Vandernoot.

Among new 45s come Frank Chacksfield and his Orchestra with *As Time Goes By* and *Can I forget You*, among others on *The Nearness of You*, Decca DFE 6456. The Crickets are a lively quartet and *Oh Boy!* and *Maybe baby*, come over well on Coral FEP 2003.

Two from Oriole include Domenico Modugno singing *Volare* in Italian, just as he first took it to fame on 45-ICB 5000 and the Chas McDevitt Group offering *Real Love* and *Juke Box Jumble* on 45-CB 1457.—T.O.

URSULA BLOOM says Christmas is A TIME TO THINK OF OTHERS

CHRISTMAS is coming—what are you going to do about it? The house is full of gifts tucked away, bright with Christmas seals, tied with tinsel, and brimming with good wishes, for this is the happiest season of the whole year.

Let's trim the home to meet it. I always think that too many people bring in those rather heavy looking evergreens, which can be so clumsy. I use a new method, and I think my home has a wonderfully scintillating air when Christmas comes.

I have big bowls of those silver-painted twigs which you buy from street barrows. I spray these out (it does not take very many) then tie them with tiny cellophane bows, about 2 inches wide and 6 inches long. I dangle those silver paper "icicles" which you can buy from stationers, along the twigs, and then attach here and there a shimmering spun glass bobble. You have no idea how lovely these bowls look.

I don't put evergreens behind my pictures, but enormous bows of cellophane, which I buy in a roll. Then in the centre of the bow I place a spray of holly, the leaves painted with white poster paint, a sprig of yew, treated in the same way, and a glass bobble.

This form of decoration is infinitely lighter and more fairylike than the usual kind. On my door I always put a very special bow tied with scarlet ribbon, and carrying holly, mistletoe, and icicles.

FOR some time before Christmas, I have collected tiny fir cones, and have also made little plasticine toadstools. These are painted with scarlet poster paint on the outside, given a white lining and stalk with white poster paint, and a few spots. They look quite lovely standing in little bowls of crushed cellophane, with hoar frost and sprays of holly.

The little fir cones are painted with poster paint; not entirely, but just along the rims. This is not a tedious job, for a mere flick of the brush does about four rims at once. From an artists' stores you can buy a special form of frost,

made of a material which does not melt in contact with moisture, as ordinary hoar frost always does. Sprinkled on the wet poster paint and allowed to dry; this produces a wonderful effect.

I give a special party on Christmas afternoon. As soon as the Queen's broadcast is over, my door is opened wide, and anyone who has nothing better to do can come in. So many people, particularly the old and alone, find this Christmas afternoon unhappy. It is full of nostalgic memories; it emphasizes the fact that now there is no one. But while I am here, there is someone.

Tea is set on the side. In point of fact it is hardly touched, because four o'clock on Christmas afternoon is not the hour when anyone is particularly hungry. But that does not matter. We play games, and award little prizes. Believe me, the expense of the prize does not matter; it is the feeling of "getting together," of sharing fun, that is so vitally important.

WE have a treasure hunt about my flat. One clue leads to another, and it is quite simple to work. I start them off at the sitting-room fireplace, and there is a tiny note "One of the chairs," which is likely to keep them busy for a bit. One chair has tucked under it a note "Look at the Ceiling," and so on. The hunt is conducted in pairs. One must never remove a clue. And it certainly is fun.

We also play the proverb game. For days before, I write out all the proverbs I know, cut them in halves, mark them "1" and "2," and distribute them about the curtains, the pictures, even the mats. So maybe a slip reads "1. All is not gold," and somewhere in the house, is "2. That glisters."

They can only collect one proverb at a time, and start with a "1." The moment they have the second, both are pinned to the lapel, and they start on another. The pair who have most in 20 minutes win the prize.

The point of this type of game is that it gets people moving and interested. It gets them excited; it gets them together.



The Tree—symbol of Christmas, the season for helping others

And on Christmas afternoon, surely the most friendly day of all the year, one does not have much difficulty in this.

We play all sorts of games, and we always finish up with a highly exciting one, played singly, the prize being a flask of gin. It has to be a flask because it is easiest to hide. This is the old hunt the thimble game, only the gin makes it far more suitable for the grown-up spirit!

And don't tell me adults don't like children's games when they are played this way. The prize is visible. You don't have to move anything to find it, but it is difficult. Last year it became a book in a bookcase in a rather dusky corner.

THIS party is fun. It is the nicest party of the whole year, for to it come people who otherwise would be sitting a trifle sadly over their hearths, wondering what to do till bedtime. Now they are romping around and enjoying every minute.

Only they will never go! My feet give out long before I have got them back home and can start the inevitable tidy-up.

Christmas is coming. Welcome it. Trim it with cellophane, with glitter frost, with glass bobbles, and open your door to those who care to come. Give the world a Merry Christmas, and it will give you the happiest one ever.

I have proved that.



The Commonwealth Parliament forbade carol-singing. Fortunately we are still able to enjoy this delightful custom of Christmas

'F some of the laws still on the Statute Books were strictly enforced, Christmas would be a sorry time for most of us. There would be no jolly family parties, merrymaking of all kinds would be taboo, and even our Yuletide menu would be subject to strange regulations.

Indeed, there was once agitation to abolish Christmas entirely, making Christmas Day exactly like any other working day. Everybody was to go about his normal business, shops were to remain open, and markets were to be held just as at other times of the year.

Even religious services were to be banned, and it is startling to find that in 1644 a law forbidding them to be held on this day was actually passed.

This dreary view of Yuletide was promoted by the Commonwealth Parliament, and during their years of office its members passed a whole series of laws designed to impose Puritan ideas on the annual festival.

The law introduced in 1644 expressly forbade the decorating of houses with evergreens, and made carol-singing illegal too. Feasting was banned, and in place of the customary Christmas dinner, everyone was instructed to observe the day by fasting.

One of the staunchest champions of the abolition of all forms of Yuletide merrymaking, Hezekiah Wood, wrote a pamphlet about it. He described Christmas Day as "the profane man's idle day, and the superstitious man's idol day."

Specific Christmas dishes were listed in the regulations as likely to bring

BAN CHRISTMAS WAS CRY OF ROUNDHEADS

punishment on all who indulged in them. Mince pies, plum pudding (or plum porridge as it was called in those days), and roast beef were all to be deleted from the menu.

Informers were encouraged to report breaches of these regulations, and a number of Christmas "criminals" were severely punished. It is recorded that the vicar of Ugshall, Suffolk, was deprived of his post simply because he provided too liberal a table on Christmas Day.

It must be admitted, however, that Parliament practised what it preached, for the House of Commons remained in session throughout Christmas, conducting its business on December 25 just like it did on other days.

Few of the regulations have been

The onlookers used every means to interfere, and when the Lord Mayor rode up they prodded his horse, causing it to bolt with him clinging in a most undignified way to its back.

That Christmas, at any rate, Londoners got their share of merriment, though the traditional way of celebrating the Nativity did not return in general until 1660, when the Merry Monarch was crowned.

Yet we have not been alone in attempting to abolish Yuletide festivities. Some American states once did so, and Massachusetts followed the Cromwellian lead by barring all manner of Christmas celebrations for no less than 22 years. The lawmakers there, like those in England, considered that the day was being marked by customs of purely pagan origin, and laws were passed to cause the abandonment of these rites.

On the other hand, laws which were likely to restrict Christmas celebrations in England have sometimes been specifically lifted for the occasion. Gambling, ordinarily illegal, was permitted for 12 days at this season in the reign of Henry VIII. Our Tudor forebears felt that to refrain from games of chance was too much to expect at Christmas, and they accordingly made them legal until Twelfth Night.

Individual places have sometimes tried to impose a local ban on Christmas

By ARTHUR GAUNT

customs. At Sowerby, a village near Halifax, notices were posted in 1850 banning bellringing, fiddlers, and other instrumentalists at Yuletide.

The notice continued: "They are desired to stay at home and not inflict their nuisance on the peacefully disposed inhabitants of this neighbourhood."

It can be safely assumed, however, that this Christmas, as in previous years, these out-of-date laws will be conveniently forgotten, and it is hard to envisage any measure limiting our Yuletide celebrations being made legal nowadays.

It is evident, however, that our forefathers made merry at Christmas only at the risk of falling foul of the law.

And it's still banned!

rescinded, and they could be made the reason for prosecutions to-day if officialdom were inclined to abide by the strict letter of the law.

Laws passed at other times constitute an equally curious legal hangover at this season. By an old statute it is an offence either to play or to watch football on December 25, and it is just as wrongful (legally speaking) to set traps for game on this date or to use a sporting gun except for self-defence or in defence of the realm.

Plainly our ancestors must have run considerable risks to keep Yuletide traditions alive. In point of fact the ban on festivities was not imposed without protests from ordinary folk who resented such interference with their right to make merry.

In 1647 a serious attempt was made in London to defy the anti-merrymaking laws. One of the streets in the city was decorated with evergreens, contrary to the regulations, and crowds gathered to see what the authorities would do. Information was sent to the Lord Mayor, and the City Marshal sent men on horses to tear down the offending decorations.

But the wily populace had put the evergreens high up on the buildings and ladders had to be used to remove them.

From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

"THE lost leaves measure our years," wrote Richard Jefferies. How the years pass! And what weather! The beech plantation behind my field is almost dead. After about a century of painful life in salt winds from the Atlantic, of annual thrashings of leaves—by which they breathe—they are packing up. They've had it, as we say.

In late April, what tenderness of silky green breaking from the buds, extending on light brown drooping stems covered by a soft down. The small birds were about to nest, and find cover in the clipped beech hedges, overlaid closely as by layers of pale green quilts.

And then, the destructive gales blew across the mile of fields from the sea to the tall and wrecked beeches standing gaunt to the sky, their tender young leaves already "burnt" at the edges. By August they were brown and withered.

THE trees, as I have said, have the appearance of being bent, but in fact they have died, except away from the wind. Now they have just about given up the struggle.

So I have planted out oaks to succeed them. These oaks seem to thrive on salt winds. They grow amazingly; three years from the acorn, and four feet high! After a gale their large leaves seem to grow larger.

I am speaking of the past summer, of course. Now in December they are sleeping, behind their firm buds. In the rains of that disastrous summer, two saplings put on three feet of growth.

Of course the oak is the natural tree of the West; not the beech. This was introduced in north-west Devon as a wind-break in the middle of the last century by an ironmaster called Knight,

from Worcestershire, when he bought Exmoor and tried to turn it into arable farms. He lost a million pounds up there in the rainy winds. The last of his wrecked fir plantations can still be seen in places, and the fields he ploughed for corn are heather once more.

ONE of the sounds one does not hear on winter nights now is the scream of a rabbit in an iron gin. Rabbits were a plague before myxomatosis exterminated them. Some are now coming back. I have seen many a farmer's fields of corn eaten down 50 yards from the hedgebanks, a dead loss of half his capital invested in crop.

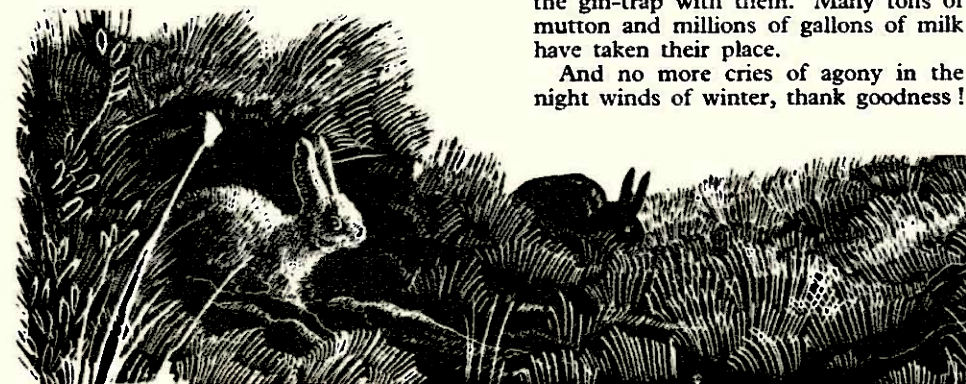
One of the paradoxical things about the old days of trapping—and rabbits were vermin, more harmful than rats, to the farmer—was that the gin-trap, now illegal, was the cause of the plague. In this way: the old bucks left the "buries," or warrens, first at evening, and so got caught. The old bucks were eaters of baby rabbits, which they dug from the underground nests.

LIFE is basically ferocious; even idealists kill for their ideals, sometimes. The old fear the young, who defeat them; witness the old bull elephant driven out by the young bulls to live alone.

Anyway, the old bucks had helped to keep down rabbits. A doe has six litters, each of about six young, every year. The young bucks were not cannibals; so the rabbits multiplied until, sometimes, one would see a thousand loping about in a single large field in evening summer light.

They poisoned pastures by their droppings, and four ate the grass of one sheep. Now they are, more or less, gone, and the gin-trap with them. Many tons of mutton and millions of gallons of milk have taken their place.

And no more cries of agony in the night winds of winter, thank goodness!



BUT DON'T BE FRIGHTENED—HAVE A GOOD TIME

I LIVED IN THREE WORLDS...

FOLLY IN PARADISE

WORLD War I had bloodied its way to final victory. The countries of Europe settled down uneasily to the task of making the world unsafe for democracy.

Swords might not be beaten into ploughshares but I was determined that mine should be a pair of knitting needles.

The school that I had always hated I now loathed, and as my parents were busy planning my future career in the safety of a bank or the boredom of an insurance office it was obvious that I must do something about it. In a moment of desperate bravado I decided to run away and find adventure in distant climes.

Planning my escape was easy enough. I left home one morning as usual but instead of catching the train to Northwich, made my way to London en route for the Channel Islands.

Some whim, perhaps the carefree folly of youth, instilled in me the idea that I must have a pet monkey. In London I found a pet shop, bought my monkey, and as a result missed the train for Weymouth. However, that evening I caught a train to Newbury where I decided to spend the night. A moment's thought would have told me that a homeless boy in a strange hotel with a pet monkey in a basket was easy prey for the local police. Next morning my father, who had been driven through the night, was waiting to escort me home.

LITTLE did I realise that this was one of our last journeys together. A few months later and my father was dead, leaving my mother and myself alone.

A benevolent friend of the family immediately got me a job in a wholesale warehouse in Manchester. A few weeks of sheer drudgery were enough for me, so off I ran again, this time to a friend of the family to whom I whispered my ambition in life... to be a fashion designer.

The second of three articles in which JAMES NORBURY tells how he knitted his way to fame and fortune. This month—Between the Wars

If I had been a wanton woman who sought a life of ease I could not have shocked him more. My mother proved much more amenable to the idea, and at once I set up on my own as a designer of knitwear. I was 17.

Slowly and painfully I started to establish myself as a designer in my own right. I made exclusively for my own clients and sold designs to magazines from time to time. Looking back, it is incredible to think of the horrific clothes that were considered chic in the "twenties." It was the jumper age, and young and old, tall and short, and thin and fat women all strutted about in shapeless sacks of knitting with a cord round the middle.

SUDDENLY an idea struck me. Little did I realise at the time that I was about to innovate one of the major revolutions in knitwear fashions. In my mother's workroom I had seen the carefully-shaped block patterns that formed the basic shapes of her craft. Why couldn't I copy those shapes in knitting?

From the baggy reach-me-down look of the sweater I conjured up the classic look with its clearly delineated lines, and reclaimed woman to the world of shape and line in clothes. Something in me was very discontented. I had come to a full stop, and yet I knew for me it was only a junction and not a terminus.

On the spur of the moment, acting on one of those impulses that have always directed and dominated my life, I shut up shop, packed my belongings into a suitcase, threw discretion to the winds, and left for Paris.

Never shall I forget my first fabulous

days in that loveliest of all cities. It was late May. The flamboyance of the chestnut trees in full blossom; the miracle of colour and delight round every corner; the sheer exuberance of living that is Paris... these things captured my heart and have held it in bondage ever since.

IMET Worth, Lucien, Lelong, Poirrot. They encouraged me in my attempts to give knitwear a new look. And then, joy of joys, I met Anny Blatt, the most fantastic and fascinating designer of knitwear in the whole world. Her fame has made her the uncrowned queen of "tricot."

Gossip said that Madame Blatt was an unkind, malicious woman who went about the world constantly making enemies. What nonsense! I find her like an amiable little sparrow, always bright and cheerful and always brimming over with new ideas.

Success was blazing a pleasant trail for me. Good food, good wine, and good company were my objectives in life.

WHAT a fool's paradise I had wandered into and how I enjoyed every moment of my sojourn there. The rise of Mussolini, of Franco, of Hitler... all were symptomatic of a diseased civilisation that was soon to stink with its own corruption.

The sweet taste of success turned to bitterness in my mouth. Once more a world was dying, and this time my own world, the world that my generation had brought into being.

A fatal September morning in 1939 found me once more in my mother's home in Manchester listening to the tragic words of one of the greatest political blunderers of our time. The world had turned to dust and ashes around my feet. Thousands of boys went hurtling through space to useless deaths, and for what? Does anyone really know or care?

In his third article, next month, James Norbury will tell of his television debut and his friendship with the Stars of Entertainment



THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on



The BOOKSHELF

Waterloo—rightly, one may well think, for oaths should not be lightly given. How like the Hitler set-up of intrigue and jealousy was the court of Napoleon! A fascinating study of human nature.

Making its annual appearance is that delightful volume *The Pick of Punch* edited by **Nicolas Bentley** (Andre Deutsch, 15s.). Since Muggidge's departure, Punch has returned to its happier style of humour, well reflected in the present selection with many drawings.

Frank Sawyer is a keeper on the Wiltshire Avon, who has made a name for himself by his knowledge of nature. With *Nymphs and The Trout* (Stanley Paul, 16s.) he shares his knowledge of underwater life with fishermen and gives lessons in his own particular magic. A thinly-veiled account of North-country legal life appears in *Both Sides of the Case* by **Julian Prescott** (Barker, 15s.), which is an excellent introduction for any youngster who wants to be a solicitor.

Winter days make one sigh for the sun of other lands. A charming book of travel essays is *Much Else in Italy* by **Martin Boyd** (Macmillan, 18s.). Amalfi, Assisi, Rome all inspire him and inform the reader. Useful pre-holiday reading.

Archaeology at home is the theme of *The Discovery of Britain* by historical novelist **Jack Lindsay** (Merlin Press, 15s.), who tells of interesting research among Roman remains in Essex. With illustrations.

Philip Wylie was able to make the birth of a grandchild the excuse for a world tour with his wife, and *The Innocent Ambassadors* (Muller, 21s.) is the lively, violent result. Here's a knowledgeable American, friendly to Britain, reacting to what he finds in Japan, India, and Greece and talking much sense.

WHAT woman could resist a book with a title like *To Catch a Man*? Written by **Rehna Cloete** (Barker, 18s.), it tells in light, frothy phrases her adventures as a small town American girl man-hunting in Europe. With two girl friends she set out on her particular safari and ended up by snaring author Stuart Cloete. In between there is lots of fun with technical hints on the art of the chase.

The man's point of view appears in *Warm Bodies* by **Donald R. Morris** (Hammond, 12s. 6d.) in which a benighted U.S. naval officer tells of ship life and his wife-search ashore in jovial style.

An admirable gift for Christmas would be *Amedeo* by **Daphne Barker** (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). It has some of the most attractive illustrations for a long time, drawn by **David Knight**, and is the story of a little Italian boy who leaves the convent where he has grown up to look for his mother. A charming, lovable picture of Italian life. Another book for youngsters is *Barton's Island* by **Paul Darcy Boles** (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) which tells how two American boys find adventure on an Alabama island and reflects their way of life.

Sloan Wilson scored a big hit with *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit*. His latest novel is *A Summer Place* (Cassell, 16s.), a story of big money success and young and old love that is not quite so convincing as its predecessor. Jorgensen is a business man who revenges himself on old friends, and his story lacks the human approach of the earlier book.

The qualms of conscience are well shown in *Marshal Ney* by **J. B. Morton** (Barker, 16s.). One of Napoleon's generals, Ney forsook him for the Bourbons, returned with the Hundred Days, and was shot by the Bourbons after

Now for three practical books. *He and She* by **Kenneth Barnes** (Darwin Finlayson, 10s. 6d.) is a frank and valuable book on the physical side of life for older boys that this sensible age can welcome. *The Right Way to Improve Your English* by **J. E. Metcalfe** (Right Way Books, 7s. 6d.) is useful for office or home, while *Rugby Football* (Allen and Unwin, 30s.) is an anthology by **Kenneth Pelmeier** that starts from the thirteenth century with 360 packed pages.

Thrillers include *The Christmas Egg* by **Mary Kelly** (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.), a jewel theft mystery; *A Sour Apple Tree* by **John Blackburn** (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.), with an Intelligence background; and *The Moon Gate* by **Carroll Cox Estes** (Barker, 11s. 6d.) in which a young American lawyer gets involved in murder.

Wine is fashionable nowadays, but scores of women would like to know more about choosing it. *Wines, Spirits, and Liqueurs* by **C. W. Shepherd** (Ward Lock, 15s.) is an ideal introduction. The difference between fino and oloroso, between claret and burgundy, the vintage years for champagne, all are here in a book that is pleasantly printed and illustrated.



On the right is one of David Knight's attractive illustrations from Daphne Barker's delightful novel, *Amedeo*, reviewed on this page



James Norbury as Cardinal of Festivities in one of the Parisian restaurants he loves so well



KNITTING PATTERN No. 39 INVITES YOU TO

JUMP FOR JOY

In this Stylish Jumper

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and m.s., cast on 116/122/128 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k.1, p.1 rib.

Change to No. 11 needles and work rows 1-26 of contrasting band patt. throughout, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 6th/5th/4th row until there are 136/144/152 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 11½ ins. from beg.

Shape Cap Sleeves by inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until there are 146/154/162 sts. Continue on these sts. until 5th contrasting band has been worked. Proceed in m.s., until work measures 6½/6¾/7 ins. along sleeve edge.

Shape shoulders by casting off 13/14/15 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 14/14/14 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows. (38/42/46 sts.). Slip these sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave.

FRONT

Work as back until work measures 5 ins. along sleeve edge, finishing at end of a p. row.

Shape neck as follows:—Next row: k. 63/65/67, k. next 20/24/28 sts. on to a stitch-holder, work to end.

Proceed on **each** group of sts. as follows: Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 54/56/58 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures same as back up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulder as follows:—1st row: Cast off 13/14/15, work to end. 2nd row: Work all across. 3rd and 4th rows: As 1st and 2nd. 5th row: Cast off 14, work to end. 6th row: As 2nd row. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of back and front.

With right side of work facing using m.s., and set of No. 13 needles, **knit up** 124/130/136 sts. round neck, including sts. from stitch-holders. Work ¾ in. in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, with wrong side of work facing, block and press, using a warm iron and damp cloth.

Using a back-stitch seam join side and under-arm seams.

SLEEVE BANDS

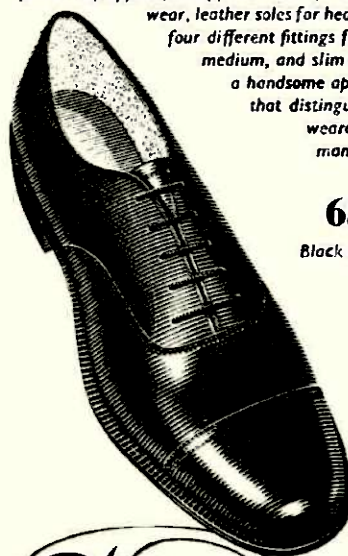
With right side of work facing using m.s., and set of No. 13 needles **knit up** 130/134/138 sts. round sleeve edge.

Work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib for ¾ in. Cast off in rib. Press seams.

Seeking GOOD Shoes?

ARDINGTON Shoes have everything—genuine prime calf uppers for suppleness, comfort, and long wear, leather soles for healthy feet.

four different fittings for broad, medium, and slim feet, and a handsome appearance that distinguishes the wearer as a man of taste.



65/9

Black or Brown



With **Leather** soles, of course!

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



DOREEN BROWNE conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

Christmas ROUND-UP

HAVE you finished your Christmas shopping yet? For those still in the throes I've been doing a last-minute round-up of gifts, and I think I've found something for everybody.

An evening bag is an ideal gift for a girl with an active social life (and you might like to buy one yourself for Christmas parties). I saw some in a novel barrel shape, dainty but roomy, made of pleated brocade embossed with gold or silver. The strong, pearl-finished plastic top has a gilt clasp. The bag is also made in nappa or suedene, in deep, glowing colours. Prices from 24s. 6d. to 33s. 6d.



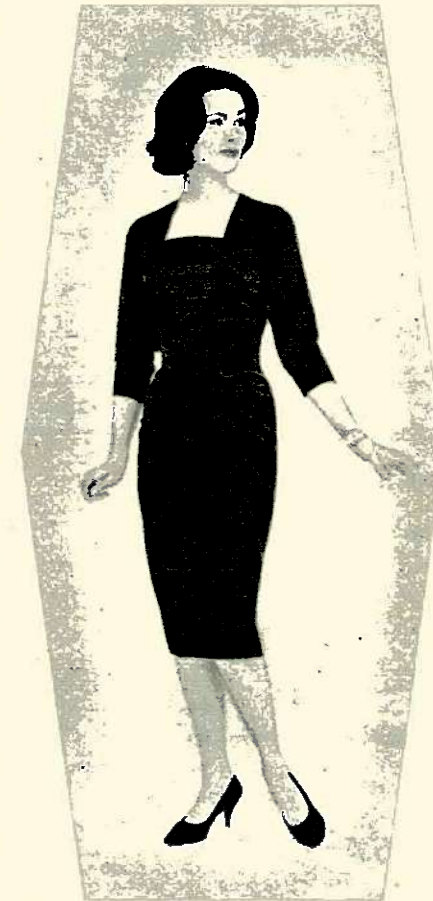
MEN are a problem when it comes to gifts, but two wallets I saw should please the most finicky. One is designed especially for the motorist, with a pocket containing a road map, and another in which he can put his ignition key. The small boy in him will love the secret pocket, too. The other has a built-in calendar—it's perpetual, so there will be no need to throw the wallet away at the end of the year! Both are handsomely made in black and grey morocco leather, prices 37s. 6d. and 39s. 11d. respectively.



IF you know a girl who can never find anything among the clutter in her handbag, buy her a combined purse and notecase that is practically a handbag itself. It contains a mirror, comb, nail file, notebook, pencil, and rainhood, all arranged so neatly that the purse is no



larger than average size. In plastic, it costs 6s. 6d. and is available in various colours, also lizard and crocodile.



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 a smaller gift, I liked sweet dishes in sets of two. Each set consists of a dish with a picture of a famous building in London, and one with a sporting scene—hunting, shooting or fishing. In a presentation box, the sets cost 7s. 11d.



A REALISTIC-LOOKING motor car makes a special gift for a small boy. It is complete with instrument panel, windscreen, and horn, which makes a most satisfactory noise. The seat is upholstered, and there is plenty of chrome on the bumpers and radiator to make it really bright and attractive. Price is £8 17s. 6d.

For a little girl, from a galaxy of doll's prams I picked out one with a well-sprung, boat-shaped metal body, folding handle with rubber grip, and a safety brake. It has a fabric hood and apron, and is available in several colour combinations. Price £9 18s.



FINALLY, what about a gift for yourself—a new frock to see you through the party season, whether as hostess or guest. In Givrene, it is classically swathed from a beaded front panel, and is shaped to the waist by a broad belt at the back. You can buy it in black or other colours, and the cost is four guineas.



DESPITE what most women's magazines say, gifts for the home are not all to be despised, especially by the fairly newly-wed housewife. She might jib, perhaps, at a scrubbing brush, but pottery is usually most welcome, especially when it's as attractive as the teaset I saw recently. Aptly named Rainbowland, it has six cups, speckled grey on the outside, and respectively blue, dark green, red, rose pink, emerald green and yellow inside. The plates and saucers are white, with bands of colour to match the cups. The set is in an attractive presentation box, and costs 35s. 4d.

It's easier to knit with
WAVECREST



SING A SONG OF SHORTEX!

SHORTEX makes delicious pastry,
Tarts and cakes beyond compare.
SHORTEX means successful baking
For your happy Christmas Fare.

*Feather-light Pastry!
Melt-in-the-mouth cakes!
Golden crispy cooking!*

SHORTEX
The all-purpose shortening
that's creamed ready for use.

SHORTEX
2lb. FOR ALL COOKING PURPOSES
SPECIALLY REFINED FAT

CWS 1 1/2 HALF POUND

From Co-operative Societies everywhere

A buffet party is the modern way of entertaining. MARY LANGHAM gives some useful help and suggestions for a happy evening during the festive season.

RECIPES FOR YOUR *Buffet Party*

**Quantities per person
(approximately)**

- 2 glasses fruit punch
or 2 cups tea or coffee
- 2 sausage rolls
- 2 savoury patties
- 2 bridge rolls
- 2 sandwiches
- 2 fancy cakes
- 1 individual jelly or trifle

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Almost anything goes, but here are three appetising suggestions:—

Celery and Waveney processed cheese:
To each 2 tablespoons of processed cheese add 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery.

Ham and CWS pickled walnuts:
Mince the ham and walnuts together.

Egg and prawn: Sieve six hard-boiled eggs. Bind together with CWS salad cream and add 2 tablespoons chopped prawns or shrimps.

FRUIT PUNCH (Serves 30)

2 flagons cider, 1 bottle each of CWS orange, lemon and grapefruit squash, 2 squash bottles cold water, 3 oranges, 3 apples, 1 lb. grapes.

Mix the fruit squashes and water in a large bowl. Wash the fruit and remove any damaged skins. Slice very thinly and add to the liquid. Chill. Add the cider just before serving.

CHICKEN ECLAIRS

2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 pint water, pinch salt, 1 egg and 1 egg yolk, 1 level teaspoon CWS baking powder.

Place the water, salt, and Silver Seal in a saucepan and heat to boiling point. Remove from the heat and add the flour. Mix well, and return to the heat until

the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Cool. Gradually beat in the eggs and baking powder. Pipe on a greased baking sheet using 3/8 in. plain meringue tube. Bake at Mark 5 (375°F.) 45-50 minutes. When cold, split and fill with the chicken filling and garnish with parsley. Filling: 1/2 pint thick white sauce, pieces of chicken finely chopped, seasoning, parsley for garnish.

LOBSTER BOATS

8 oz. Shortcrust pastry; 1 tin Lokreel lobster; sauce made from liquid from lobster, made up to 1 pint with milk; 1 1/2 oz. Federation plain flour, and 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine; parsley for garnish.

Roll out the pastry thinly and place the boat tins underneath. Press pastry into tins. Roll firmly over the tops of the tins with rolling pin. Prick the pastry well. Bake at Mark 6 (400°F.) for 10-15 minutes.

Make sauce and add the lobster. Fill the boats and garnish with a sprig of parsley. Serve hot or cold.

GENOISE FANCIES

4 eggs, 4 oz. castor sugar, 3 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 3 oz. Avondale butter, butter cream, apricot jam, glacé icing, nuts, CWS coconut or chocolate vermicelli.

Whisk the eggs and sugar in a bowl over a pan of hot water until thick and creamy. Fold in the sieved flour and then the melted butter. Pour in a greased 8 in. square tin. Bake at Mark 5 (375°F.) about 25-30 minutes. When cool cut into fancy shapes, coat sides with apricot jam, and roll in nuts, coconut, or vermicelli. Cover top with glacé icing or butter cream.



MERINGUE FRUIT BASKETS

3 egg whites, 6 oz. castor sugar, 1 tin Lokreel tinned fruit, 1 tin Wheat-sheaf dairy cream, strips of angelica.

Whip the egg whites until stiff. Add two-thirds of the sugar and whip again until stiff. Add remainder of sugar and fold in using a metal spoon. Fill a piping bag fitted with a 3/8 in. tube and pipe 3 in. circles of meringue onto a baking sheet covered with greased greaseproof paper. Then pipe circles round the outside edges. Allow to dry out in a cool oven at Mark 1 (200°F.) 4 or 5 hours. Fill the baskets with cream and fruit and put a thin strip of angelica over the top.

CHESTNUT AND SAUSAGE ROLLS

8 oz. flaky pastry, 1 lb. sausage meat, 4 oz. finely chopped chestnuts, egg to glaze.

Prepare pastry and roll out into a strip. Mix together sausage meat and chestnuts and make into a roll of the same length. Place sausage meat in the pastry, damp the edge, fold over the pastry, and turn with join underneath. Brush with beaten egg and cut into pieces. Mark across the top of each. Bake Mark 6 (400°F.) for 30 minutes.

FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

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



PLANNING YOUR NEW GARDEN

CHOOSING and PLANTING SOFT FRUITS

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

Bushes grown on this straw mulching method crop very heavily indeed, and so you always get more for your money. It's a scheme we developed at the Thaxted Horticultural College. The results have to be seen to be believed.

It pays to spray fruit bushes and canes with a tar oil wash in December, and the CWS supply an Osmaston tar oil wash which is excellent. Spray it on during a dry day. Mix in a large bucket at the rate of one pint tar oil wash to nine pints of water, and soak your bushes from top to toe. This wash really does kill insect eggs.

People complain to me that their currants are covered with insects in the summer. These are the aphides which could have been prevented from attacking had their eggs been killed the previous December.

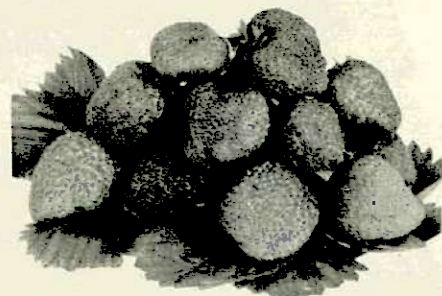
WRITE off now for a copy of the CWS general nursery catalogue. It lists the very best varieties.

I hope you will plant Mendip Cross blackcurrant because it is a heavy-cropping mid-season kind, and Wellington XXX because it is early and bears long bunches of large fruit. You ought to be able to put in three bushes of each variety and they should cost you about 2s. 6d. each. The bushes can be four feet apart in the rows.

Next to the blackcurrants plant three rows of raspberries; two rows of Malling Exploit, very heavy cropping and of high dessert quality; and one row of Malling Promise, a vigorous grower which will be picked at a different time from Malling Exploit. Plant the canes 18 inches apart in rows five feet apart.

Now gooseberries. Plant eight bushes, if you like them. Don't have gooseberries if you don't want them; have a row of red currants, say, and another row of raspberries. If you do have redcurrants you will probably have to net them or the birds will take them as they ripen.

Try these three varieties of gooseberry: Careless, you can pick when the berries are green about Whitsuntide; excellent for tarts and pies. For huge dessert gooseberries grow Leveller, which is a yellow variety. The third gooseberry in the list is Whinam's Industry, a red variety, which you can eat either green



when young, or allow to grow fairly large and ripen. These gooseberry bushes will cost you three or four shillings each, depending on the variety. They are two years of age, and may easily give a crop the first year after planting.

You must remember to give these gooseberries plenty of potash, so each year apply along the rows wood ashes at half a pound to the square yard. Don't use coal ashes whatever you do. The alternative, if you don't like using chemical fertilizers, will be to apply sulphate of potash at 3 oz. to the square yard. I prefer the wood ashes, however, every time.

ON the plan I have not left any room for strawberries, but these could be planted alongside the cordons or in a row between the apples and pears. The variety Talisman is a good type. It's very prolific and of good quality. I mentioned it on ITV some time ago, and lots of people wrote to me about it. In the case of the strawberries you use sedge peat as a mulch an inch deep, instead of the straw. It's dearer than the straw, but very effective. If you put straw on as deep as a foot it would smother the plants, and if you apply it more shallowly it lets the weeds through.

Don't forget to write to me if you want any advice, but please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

A SPLENDID BOOK for specialists is *Dahlias*, by G. F. Drayson (Ward Lock, 15s.), well illustrated, while *Even More for Your Garden* by V. Sackville-West (Michael Joseph, 18s.) is a month by month journal of useful advice and interesting comment from a well-known author.

I AM A WEST END MODEL

JUNE HITCHCOCK tells **DOREEN BROWNE**, in a special interview, how she won her way to Mattli's London salon



FIVE months ago June Hitchcock was a hairdresser's secretary. To-day she's well on the way to success in the highly competitive world of modelling—still a little dazed by her luck, but with her eyes firmly fixed on the stars. And if her progress to date is any guide, she won't find it difficult to achieve her ambition of being one of the leading models in the country.

June, a nineteen-year-old blonde from Hammersmith, started well up the ladder to begin with. She commenced her training at the salon of Mattli, one of Britain's Top Twelve designers. It was her prize in a competition organised

the semi-finals. Was I available! I could hardly believe it, and when I eventually won I kept saying 'No, it can't be me.'

"Then I had to appear on television, on the Six-Five Special programme. After rehearsing all afternoon I thought it would be quite easy, but when they told me I was on, I was absolutely terrified at the thought of all those millions of eyes watching me."

"I don't think I'd be so nervous if I had to do it again, though," she added. "My training has definitely given me more self-confidence."

It's Hard Work

I asked her if she had found modelling as glamorous as she had expected.

"Oh, no! It's hard work. I have to be very careful what I eat—I haven't had a sweet for months—and I can't go to parties. If I had too many late nights I just couldn't stand the pace."

"I spend hours and hours on my feet; I had to learn to walk all over again when I started here. Most people tuck their tummies in, so their tails stick out. The correct way is to pull your tail in, and your stomach muscles automatically tighten. I had to practise that, and I had awful difficulty in remembering to keep my head up, too."

"I still spend two hours every morning and afternoon pacing up and down in the showroom, gazing at the ceiling—but NOT with a book on my head—that's old-fashioned nowadays."

"I also spend hours just standing still while Mr. Mattli drapes and pins materials round me. He actually creates some of his designs on me. He's busy on his spring collection now, but I daren't tell you what the line is going to be—it's a deadly secret."

Changed Attitude

June finds her new career has completely altered her attitude to fashion. Before, she was more a sweater-and-skirt girl; now she adopts the latest styles and has the poise to carry them off. She has had to have her hair cut—"Mr. Mattli hates long hair"—and she has grown half-an-inch. Why, she doesn't know, but as long as her 35½-22½-35½ measurements don't grow, she's not worried!



June spends hours standing still while Mattli drapes and pins materials round her

jointly by the CWS Fashions Division, for whom Mattli designs coats and suits, and the national Sunday newspaper *Reynolds News*.

"And I didn't even know I had entered for the competition," June told me in the unpretentious three-storey building in Knightsbridge where Mattli creates his exclusive designs. "My boy friend, Don, sent in my photograph. The first I knew about it was a letter asking me if I was available to appear in

Don't miss your

HOME MAGAZINE for JANUARY

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

A three-page guide to holidays at home and abroad, with a special article about the Travco Holiday Centre at lovely Westward Ho! in glorious Devon.

★

CHESHIRE CHEESE INDUSTRY

Visiting the CWS Creamery at Llandyrnog, North Wales, **Thomas Olsen** discovers some of the secrets of making bigger and better cheeses.

★

THREAT TO BRITISH ANGLERS

Ian Wood describes the harmful effect hydro-electric schemes can have on Britain's salmon fishing.

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WIN A POTATO PEELER

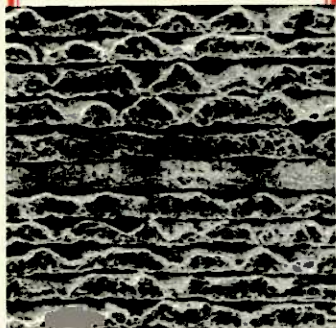
This super labour-saving kitchen machine is the first prize in a fascinating, simple competition.

★

And many other interesting articles, including disc and book reviews.

For boys and girls

What is it?



WHAT do you think this strange picture shows? This is quite a teaser, so if you are stumped you'll find the answer at the foot of column 4.

COMPETITION

Do you think you could design and make your own Christmas card? Well, that's just what we would like you to do this month. Your finished card must not be bigger than five inches wide by six inches deep, and must be your own work. Originality will be taken into consideration.

As usual there will be two classes—under nines and nine or over—and the Editor offers a grand box of paints to the winner in each class.

Send in your entry, bearing your full name, age, and address, to:

The Editor,
Co-operative Home Magazine,
1 Balloon Street,
Manchester 4.

Entries must reach us not later than January 5, 1959.

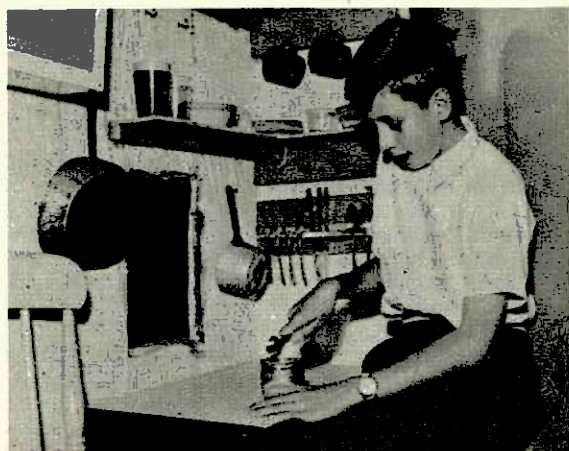
Merry Christmas...

The Editor and Bill join in wishing children everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

A HOME IN THE TREE TOPS

THREE boys from Cheam, Surrey, have built a hut of their own which is the envy of their friends. Why? Because the hut is 20 feet high in the tree tops, and is constructed from scrap timber, fruit boxes, old gates and the like. It has a larder, bunks, and many other essentials—including the kitchen sink! The three builders are Neil Marshall and Paul King, both 12-year-olds, and Clive Juster, who is 14. The picture shows Paul, in whose garden the hut is built, opening a tin of mandarin oranges, which the lads love to eat.

Your friend, BILL



THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

TOWN TANGLES

Two pairs of consecutive words in each of the following sentences can be twisted into well-known English towns. In sentence No. 1, the two pairs of words are in bold type, and you will surely almost see at a glance what the first tangle-town is.

- (1) He **marches ten** miles to the **sound** of music.
- (2) The **smuggler** has had rum so won't be dry.
- (3) We saw a dog on a short lead start to dig near the river.

FAMOUS CHARACTERS

In what well-known books do the following characters appear?

1. Long John Silver
2. Mrs. Darling
3. The Mock Turtle
4. Jo March
5. Mr. Grimes
6. Tom Brown
7. Christian
8. Topsy
9. Mr. Mole
10. Man Friday
11. Miss Mattie
12. Maggie Tulliver

OCTOBER COMPETITION WINNERS

PHILIP DONNELLY
12 Harewood Road, Coventry
JANE LESLEY LEWIS
62 Highbury Road, Horfield, Bristol 7

In Days Gone By



ALL the ships of the navy of yesterday bore figure-heads on their prows. Often these were naval heroes or civic personalities and vessels were recognised by their individual figureheads. This figure is a model of an old-time sailor, complete with straw hat and whiskers.

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? Pile of Wholemeal Biscuits.
Town Tangles: (1) Marches ten (Manchester), the sound (Southend); (2) Had rum (Durham), be dry (Derby); (3) Short lead (Aldershot), dig near (Reading).

Famous Characters: Treasure Island, Peter Pan, Alice in Wonderland, Little Women, The Water Babies, Tom Brown's Schooldays, Pilgrim's Progress, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Wind in the Willows, Robinson Crusoe, Cranford, The Mill on the Floss.

SO DELICIOUSLY EXCITING ... made with Pure Dairy Cream

But it must be
WHEATSHEAF

—for that
extra special
Christmas
Party
and an all-the-
year-round
treat!



Try this wonderful recipe and judge for yourself
PINEAPPLE CREAM CIRCLES

- 6 oz. Silver Seal Margarine.
6 oz. castor sugar.
3 eggs.
6 oz. Federation or Excelsa Self Raising Flour.
1-2 tablespoons warm water.

Decoration

- 1 tin Lokreel pineapple rings.
Glaze cherries. Chocolate Vermicelli.
C.W.S. Apricot jam.
1 tin Wheatsheaf Dairy Cream.
Glaze: $\frac{1}{2}$ pint pineapple juice.
2 level tsp. C.W.S. Arrowroot.

Method

1. Cream fat and sugar together until light and fluffy.
2. Beat in the eggs gradually.
3. Fold in the sieved flour. Add sufficient warm water to give a good dropping consistency.
4. Place in a well-greased and lined swiss roll tin and bake 30 mins. Mark 5 (375°F.)
5. When cool cut into 3 in. circles and coat sides with Apricot jam. Roll in chocolate vermicelli.
6. Place a slice of pineapple on each circle and a cherry in the centre.
7. Coat with pineapple glaze—to make this, blend the arrowroot with the juice—bring to the boil and boil for 2 minutes, stirring all the time. Allow to cool before glazing.
8. Pipe round the circles with Wheatsheaf Dairy Cream.

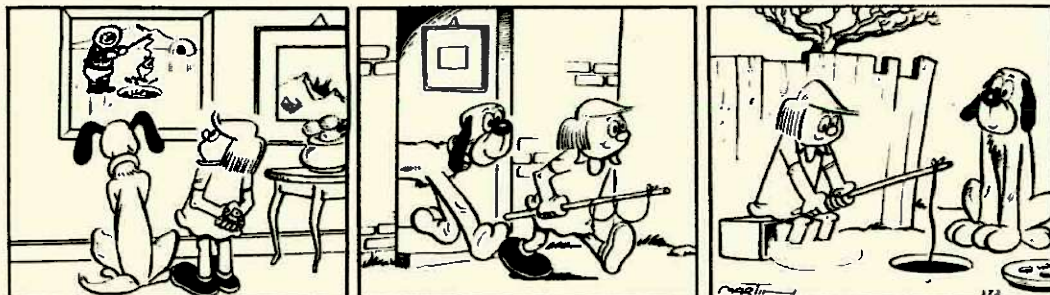


WHEATSHEAF
PURE DAIRY CREAM

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



PENNY and BOB



By GEORGE MARTIN



Christmas
Greetings
to all our friends

Christmas is made up of a number of wonderful things, and one is the pleasure of wishing our many friends everywhere joy and happiness at Christmas, and our thanks for their patronage during the past year



- It's later than you think
but there is still time to make it a perfectly wonderful Christmas Choose your Gifts from our still ample selections

Co-operative Independent Commission Report

IT was most unfortunate that the October issue of "Home Magazine" was delivered to us from the printers too late for the notice of the meeting on October 22, specially called to deal with the Co-operative Independent Commission Report, to be seen by our readers. However, the meeting had been advertised in the local press and by posters around the society.

Not as many members attended the meeting as one would have liked, but, as the speaker suggested, perhaps the lack of quantity was made up by quality.

As this was a meeting at which the business of the speaker was only to explain the report, no notes were taken, but it can be said that those who took sufficient interest in their own society to go to listen and ask questions had an interesting and informative evening.

Happy Songsters

WHAT an interesting time those people who join various kinds of organisations can have. On reading the report of the activities of the Tamworth Co-operative Choir for the past year, it is certain that the choir members have an enjoyable time.

In addition to meeting each week for rehearsal (a social occasion by itself), they have sung at concerts arranged by the education committee, sung in Tamworth Parish Church, and at other places.

In the national contest organised by the BBC under the title of "Let the People Sing," the choir went to the second round, and were then knocked out by the ultimate winners of the contest.

The choir have again been invited by the BBC to take part in the 1959 contest of "Let the People Sing." This gives us all reason to be proud of the choir, as only two choirs in each region are invited to take part.

Raised £20

Last Christmas the choir again turned their voices to carol singing and raised the sum of £20 in aid of the Tamworth and district physically

handicapped, the money being handed over at the Christmas party of the physically handicapped held at Tamworth Fire Station.

At the Wolverhampton and Southport music festivals, the choir gained successes, making the name of Tamworth Co-operative Choir even more well known throughout the country. The choir members, under their conductor, Mr. A. Knight, are a very happy crowd, always pleased to welcome new members and make them feel at home, so if you like choral singing, and only think that you have a "voice," call at the choir rehearsal room to find out if your voice fits in with the voices of the others.

Call in any Tuesday evening; the rehearsals are held in the Assembly Hall, 5, Colehill, Tamworth (above the general offices) at 7-30 p.m.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Elkin of 14, Watling Street, Hall End, November 9.

Survey of Trees

THE Co-operative College library already possesses a chronicle, compiled by students, giving details of the various forms of bird life to be found in the grounds of Stanford Hall.

Soon, it will be joined by a sister volume documenting the varieties of trees and shrubs that grow in the gardens and park.

Co-authors of this book, which will be illustrated with photographs and ink sketches, are fellow students Keith Smith, a journeyman electrician on Mansfield Society's staff, and Paul Durden of Brighton.

They have spent many hours of spare time on research and study in connection with the project, and during the summer holidays Mr. Smith, who is to return to the college next session on another scholarship, has paid several visits to Loughborough specially to gather further material for the work.

The park was planted under the personal supervision of the late Sir Julien Cahn, businessman and philanthropist, who lived at Stanford Hall before it passed into the hands of the Co-operative movement. He imported a number of trees and

shrubs from abroad. About 200 varieties are to be found there.

Mr. Smith, who is taking the Nottingham University diploma in Social Studies, last session won the Fred Abbotts Prize for best student in Sociology, and the Horace Webber Essay Prize for Economics. He was college debating society secretary.

Obituary

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

Nellie Davies, Wilnecote, September 18.

Ambrose Charles Perry, Glascote, September 22.

Joseph Henry Arnold, Kettlebrook, September 25.

Joan Elaine Dunkley, Tamworth, October 4.

Sidney Chapman, Dordon, October 5.

Alice Dewes, Glascote, October 5.

Millicent Grewcock, Armingham, October 5.

Enoch Mycroft, Dordon, October 9.

Percy John Albrighton, Dordon, October 9.

Edward Bernard Gubbins, Tamworth, October 9.

George Charles Frederick Atkins, Kingsbury, October 13.

Bernard Wilson, Kettlebrook, October 15.

Lilian Mary Bassett, Twogates, October 15.

William Robinson, Tamworth, October 18.

Ellen Agnes Smitherman, Wilnecote, October 23.

Charlotte Elizabeth Rooms, Polesworth, October 24.

Hannah Elizabeth Smith, Hints, October 24.

George Frederick Young, Glascote, October 25.

Frances Elizabeth Wright, Dosthill, October 26.

Albert Davies, Bolchall, October 27.

Norman Simpson, Twogates, October 28.

Ada Minnie Perry, Glascote, October 29.

Ernest Edward Branley, Tamworth, October 29.

Richard Mercer, Twogates, October 30.

Thomas Walter Hardy, Tamworth, November 1.

Eliza Morris, Piccadilly, November 3.

Lily Evelyn Cuffe, Tamworth, November 4.

Agnes Amelia Ball, Tamworth, November 6.

Reginald Charles Hanson, Hockley, November 6.

A Work of Art

WHAT do you know about art? Are you like most of us, a person who knows what he likes? Or do you belong to the minority which has definite views? Thousands of people, for instance, have visited the Louvre and stood with the crowds in front of Mona Lisa. Leonardo da Vinci's masterpiece has been a source of speculation for years. Who was this quiet woman, sitting so placidly, smiling enigmatically, with all the mystery of womanhood shining out of her eyes?

Yet some are left unmoved—they "can see nothing in it." We all have our own interpretation of a work of art. Our reactions to Rembrandt, El Greco, Picasso, Dali, and the rest, are exclusively our own. And sometimes argument waxes strongly as each person puts forth and defends his own interpretation.

This is all to the good, stimulating, and satisfying. What a horrid world it would be if we all thought alike, lived alike, and perhaps, in the nature of things, began to look alike. No, on some things let us agree to differ.

But not on everything. For instance, over 12 million of our fellow men (fellow women might be a better description) have elected to become members of the Co-operative movement, and to buy their daily needs at the local Co-operative society. They agree that for good value, good service, and square dealing, the Co-operative movement offers something that others do not.

They buy the goods of their choice, and at regular intervals are credited with the surplus they have earned.

This is the dividend, not a gift, not a gimmick, not a "come on." Dividend is money that, in the very nature of the Co-operative movement, is honestly and justly the property of the members.

That is why the Co-operative movement has achieved its present stature, and why it will continue to grow.

Gift of Sight

UNLESS we have visited parts of the Mediterranean area, Asia, or Latin America, the word "trachoma" may have an unfamiliar sound. But for some 400 million

people who are victims of this virus disease, it is the portent of partial or complete blindness.

Trachoma is one of the most ancient of recorded diseases. It is referred to in the *Ebers Papyrus*, written in Egypt in the 15th century B.C. A thousand years later, Hippocrates suggested grape juice as a treatment for it. Plato complained of foreigners who brought it to Greece, and at the end of the 18th century Bonaparte's troops in Egypt became victims of a virulent eye infection.

Trachoma generally occurs where health and hygiene standards are low. It has been called the "disease of dirty hands," and is spread either by flies or by personal contact. Infants and children are particularly susceptible to infection. Once the victim is infected, painful granulations appear on the inner surfaces of the eyelids, which may lead, in many cases, to total or partial blindness, to scars and deformity in others.

In some areas of the world trachoma strikes 80 per cent of the population—in a few areas almost every person is at one time or another infected.

Throughout the years many cures and remedies, besides grape juice, have been suggested and tried. A black line drawn around the eyes, drops made from the gall of a freshly-killed vulture, a hot iron applied to the temple—these have all been offered as palliatives or cures. But modern science has provided antibiotics in the form of aureomycin and terramycin, as well as sulfa tablets, which provide a certain and relatively inexpensive cure.

Because trachoma afflicts so many million children, the UN Children's Fund, with technical guidance from the World Health Organisation, has, for the past five years, given assistance to a number of governmental programmes against the disease.

UNICEF'S allocations for the drugs, transport, and other international assistance needed in this work, have so far amounted to approximately £508,600. UNICEF-aided campaigns are in progress in 11 countries: in Africa—Algeria, Morocco, and Tunisia; in Asia—India, Indonesia, and Taiwan; in the Eastern Mediterranean—Egypt, Ethiopia, and Turkey; in Europe—Spain and Yugoslavia.

Horse Opera

MANY grown-ups are apt to dismiss the "westerns" as only appealing to children, but TV has shown that "horse opera" has a hold, too, on a much more adult audience.

A gleam comes into the eye of many a sober, law-abiding citizen as he sits down in a comfortable armchair, wriggles his toes cosily in his slippers, and prepares to watch another "redskin bite the dust."

Some people will argue that this is because every man is a boy at heart, and enjoys the excitement of taking part (at secondhand) in a spot of "mayhem." Another explanation is—escapism. As the sheriff and the masked bandit roll, locked in mortal combat, in the dusty street of a little cow-town, the watcher identifies himself with the hero, and so is whisked away from his drab, everyday world.

The truth is, of course, that there has probably been more fighting on the screen than in the whole history of the "wild and woolly west."

The pioneers fought to clear out the redskins and later to eliminate their own "bad men," so that law and order and civilised living could come to the west.

The pioneers of Rochdale, in a more prosaic way, were fighting to establish an ideal. It was a less dramatic contest, but just as the rolling wheatfields and ranches have taken over in the west, so has the mighty Co-operative movement taken hold, not only in this country but the whole world.

When man gets a good idea he is loth to let it go.

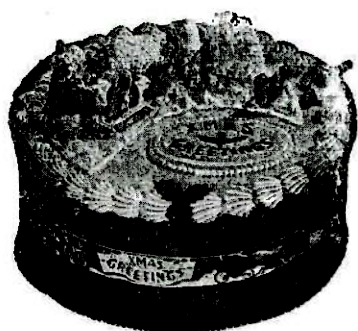
Milk by Parachute

THE government of Sarawak has overcome great difficulties to organise the distribution of UNICEF powdered milk to 35,000 children throughout the territory. Milk is delivered by canoe, by portage through the jungle, and even by parachute drop when weather conditions are bad.

It is considered worth while because of the great improvement in child health which has resulted.

For a cool, refreshing, quenchy drink—buy CWS soft drinks NOW!

There is still time to send in your order for Christmas Cake, &c.



Our trifles are good. Send a dish with your name and share number clearly written on the outside.

Delicious Pork Pies in all sizes from 1 lb.

THE BAKER (OR ANY BRANCH SHOP) WILL BE PLEASED TO ACCEPT YOUR INSTRUCTIONS.

Rich dark fruit cake, covered with almond paste and seasonably decorated. From 16/- each

Top decoration only, with suitable frill in two sizes. 2 lbs. 9/6; 3 lbs. 12/6



Dundee cakes 6/6 each
Gateaux 2/6 each
Yule Logs from 4/6 each



We offer also a splendid variety of small fancies, mince pies small trifles, pastries, &c.

Sponge cakes in packets of six.

Let us help to make your Christmas Party
a success



Say "MERRY CHRISTMAS" to smokers the C.W.S way.

Give joy to smokers in your circle this Christmas by giving them
C.W.S cigarettes, cigars, or whiffs

LA FRESCA WHIFFS
Greetings
Tin of 15

JAYCEE
Superior Cigarettes
Tin of 50

EL PEDRO
Cigars
Packet of 5

EL WINA
Moderna Cigars. Packet of 3

NEXUM
Cheroots
Packet of 10

NUMBER ONE
Navy Cut Cigarettes
Sleeve pack of 40

LA FRESCA WHIFFS
Tipped Cigarettes
Carton of 30

NAVY CUT JUNIOR
Cigarettes
Carton of 40

JAYCEE
A Merry Christmas
CIGARETTES
3 PACKETS OF 10



CIGARETTES. CIGARS. WHIFFS. FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE