

TAMWORTH EDITION

JUNE 1959

Home

M A G A Z I N E



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A MENU**

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**MARY JOY'S
JOURNAL**

★
**HAIR STYLISTS IN
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HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

JUNE, 1959 Vol. 64, No. 6

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FRONT COVER

How glamorous the ladies in the shop window look when you're rising nine and have ideas of your own about fashion! No wonder you catch your breath as you admire the elegant way they hold their arms, and the sophisticated gaze that ignores the customer and centres on the opposite pavement or on the gorgeous material of the gown itself.

Of course, the Co-operative window is always full of interest, whether it's fashion, furniture, or anything else. You can be sure of finding new ideas for every aspect of your home life. And you've only got to grow up quickly enough to use them.

Spades, Buckets, Seaweed

THOUGHTS turn naturally to the seaside at this time of year. Spades and buckets are rescued from the recesses of dark cupboards, and last year's bathing dress is critically reviewed for size and design.

Nowadays one leaves for the summer holiday with a wonderful variety of equipment. There are great rubber horses to plough the waves with bold riders astride them, masters of the foam. Much braver spirits find their sport below the waves rather than on them, equipped with goggles and breathing apparatus. A new terror has arrived in the fishy world beneath the sea in the shape of the swimmer with spear and breathing tube.

On the beach itself rubber mattresses provide comfort that an older generation lacked as it heaved uncomfortably on hidden stones and shifting sand.

Even the fishermen are not what they were. Instead of being hardy salts who haul their boat up the beach by chain and windlass, coming ashore with the harvest of the sea in the form of crabs, lobsters, and codling, they are to-day trim, young men with yachting caps.

No longer do they use nets to earn a living. Instead they pilot streamlined speedboats which dash out to sea and back at a pace that would have alarmed their grandfathers, but which simply sends the holiday-makers who are their passengers into transports of shrieking delight.

All this, however, is merely the way of life. One generation usually finds something wrong with the

pleasures of the next.

Human beings are very often slow to adapt themselves to the changes in the world around them. Too readily they begin to think that their own parents were right when they lamented that things were not what they were.

IT may well be true that to you and me, the ice-cream of this machine age lacks the sublime flavour of that which came from the dirty little stall run by an even grubbier-looking little man in a soiled, white jacket when we were young.

The scientists assure us that the old Italian's ice-cream was unhygienic and even dangerous, yet the modern equivalent in its paper-wrapper looks frozen and unromantic compared with the creamy-coloured confection that topped those gigantic cones.

But we must move with the times and when our children show visible pleasure in their modern sweets, we must at least try to pretend that they seem as good to us as they do to them.

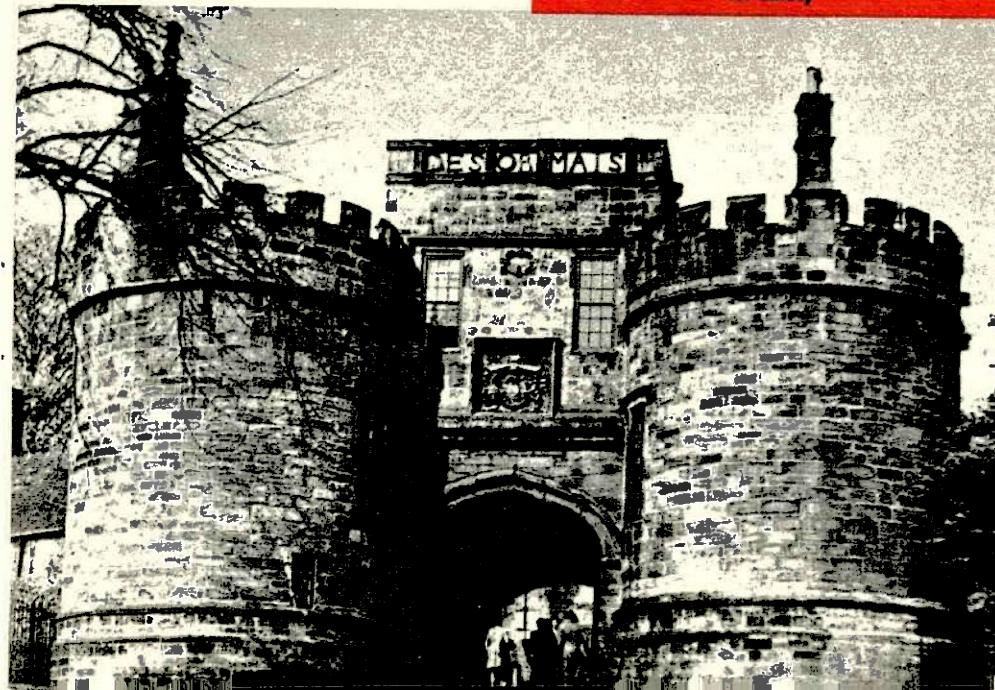
This holiday spirit, in less disenchanted form, will continue in July HOME MAGAZINE, when G. E. Buncombe will take you through rural England to some of the many old market places that go back to medieval times, and Reece Winstone will describe the beauties of the English countryside which he photographs so well.—The Editor.



As he sits mending his nets, this old salt is sure to be enthralled by his young audience telling them exciting stories of his life at sea

THIS BRITAIN . . .

Skipton Castle, Airedale, the one-time home of the baronial Cliffords, is still intact. One of its illustrious owners was Lady Anne Clifford, whose hobby was restoring churches and other buildings. The castle gained further distinction during World War II when the Domesday Book was removed there for safety.





WINGS ON MY SUITCASE

Passengers leaving a BEA Viscount at London Airport Central. Viscounts have superseded the Elizabethans in which Judy Fenton made her first flights

(Photo: courtesy BEA)



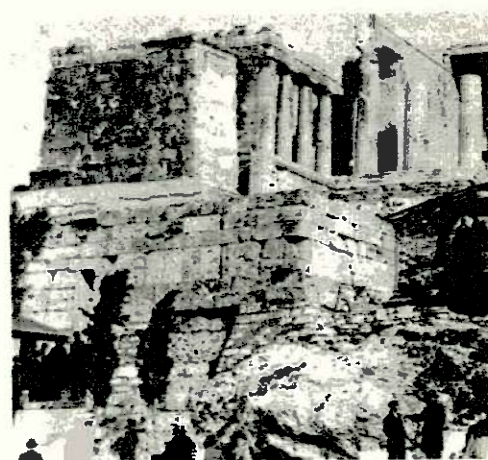
Two days later we left on a night flight for Cyprus, with a few grim passengers and half-an-aircraft-full of army berets.

On arrival the aircraft was boarded by business-like soldiers, who sprayed the cabin with disinfectant, and then led the passengers away for examination. The crew merely showed their passports and faces to the guards before being allowed to proceed tea-wards.

Afterwards, as we ate our dinner on board, a small procession advanced through the ranks of soldiers around the

To see the Acropolis by moonlight, Judy Fenton "kidded" the Greeks she was an American

(Photo: "Radio Times" Hulton Picture Library)



You can't go back for the teaspoons

Second of a series in which Air Hostesses of world-famous Airlines tell of their exciting and amusing life in the sky. This month: JUDY FENTON, of BEA

I HAVE never been stranded on a raft in the Aegean with a delirious pilot and two sun-crazed passengers; have never inadvertently wandered into an opium den in Tangier, nor even entered the wrong aircraft and ended up in Buenos Aires. Not many stewardesses have! The routine of the work is quite enough without additional exotic experiences, or the verbal strain of exaggerating minor ones.

Meeting people and visiting places were my chief aims when I joined BEA, and they have certainly been fulfilled. The posters say "Fly to the Sun, fly to the Snow," and I have done both very regularly. Other posters say "BEA takes you there, and brings you back," and I have often regretted being brought back so soon, with too little time in the middle for sampling either sun or snow.

Fully fledged after six weeks—or so I thought—I began flying in Elizabethans and Dakotas. Elizabethans have a cabin staff of two—a steward and a stewardess, but in a Dakota the new stewardess is on her own for the first time. Tact and charm are supposedly the stewardess's twin graces, and on my first trip in a Dakota I found I had need of both.

WE took off for Glasgow with thirty-two passengers, coffee, biscuits, and one teaspoon. In my excitement I had forgotten to check all the equipment, and as I nervously handed around coffee I explained my predicament. On this occasion the tact and charm was almost entirely with the passengers, who rectified my error with pens, pencils, keys and similar objects suitable, though undesigned, for stirring.

Although mistakes like this are inevitable, one learns never to make the same mistake twice. Three days later I forgot the sugar!

Having studied Greek until I was 18, the prospect of my first visit to Athens was a very exciting one. I could, however, have chosen a happier time for the visit. Anti-British feeling was then running high over the Cyprus problem, and crews were warned against visiting the city itself.

WE stayed at a hotel some distance outside, but although it was blissfully near the beach, wild Greeks could not have stopped me seeing the Acropolis by moonlight.

Having made my excuses for leaving the crew, I arrived there safely, and sat down on the stone steps between the great colonnades. The glory that once was Greece was only marred by the incessant chanting of "Eoka, Eoka," by an angry mob in a nearby square.

At that moment discretion seemed the better part of sight-seeing, and slinging my camera American style over my shoulder I set off down the hill.

Passing through the crowded streets I was very aware of unfriendly glances all around. I must have looked very English. In what I thought my best "Brooklynese," I said: "Me American. I want bus-stop." To an American it would have probably sounded Red Indian, but with the Greeks it was a safe password.

I arrived back at the hotel with a slight feeling of shame at my verbal masquerade and with a strong personal preference for the Greece of Homer or Sophocles.

Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

aircraft and a large heavy object was hoisted into the hold. A few words were said, and the door was closed. The procession made its way back to the airport building through a double rank of fixed bayonets.

I found out that the "object" was a coffin, and that we were taking back to Athens the body of an American who had recently been shot by terrorists. The already eerie atmosphere was not improved by this, and I was glad when we were on the way back to Athens.

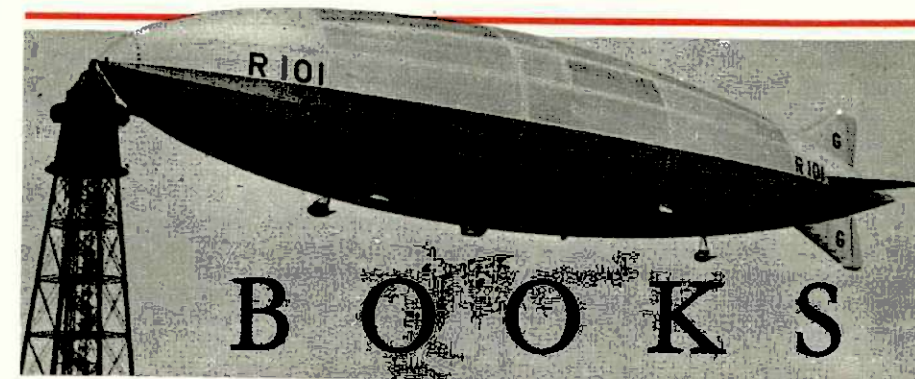
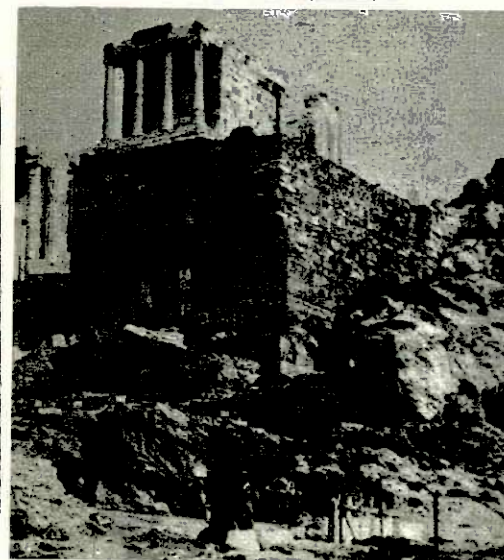
It was as well that I didn't know at the time that a man had been caught trying to smuggle a time-bomb on to the plane. The man afterwards escaped, but the Customs authorities now had a bomb among their more useful confiscations.

MANY passengers make for the back seats—for varying reasons. The nervous passenger thinks it's safe. It isn't. The seasoned traveller knows that if he sits at the back, although it's not safer, he will be nearest the bar and first off the aircraft.

Nervousness often reveals itself in constant nagging, or even bad-temper. The really experienced passenger is always the most inconspicuous. He never says "Get me a double Scotch," instead of "Good Morning," and invariably says "Thank you" when he leaves.

Those two words can mean a lot to a harassed stewardess whose corns are beginning to hurt. The Don Juan of the air removes his hat and bows low as he comes in, and the first-time flyer trips on the last step and bangs his head on the door despite one's warnings.

Next month: Irene Tanner of Swissair tells of a flight from Nice to Belgrade with the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia as principal passenger



★ Reviewed by THOMAS OLSEN ★

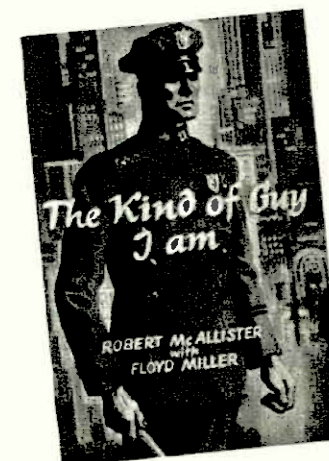
WANT a good book? Who doesn't—and here are three for the family. First, for mother, is *True to Type* by Stella Lee (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) which is a crazy typist's own story of her successive bosses whom she drove as crazy as she was. Sticking letters in wrong envelopes, feuding over fresh air, and cracking tea cups becomes fun for everyone who has ever tapped a typewriter.

Father will be quiet for hours with *Bat Masterson* by Richard O'Connor (Alvin Redman, 15s.) which is the true story of a mighty deputy of Dodge City. Hold-ups, posses, and tense moments there are in plenty, but it appears these lawmen weren't all they seem on television. Wyatt Earp was a partner in a gambling hall and Doc Holliday was as mean as they make 'em. Plenty of thrills, though.

For everyone, Richard Llewellyn paints on a broad canvas in *Chez Pavan* (Michael Joseph, 18s.), the story of a great Paris hotel at a crisis in its career. Charles Montfior is the hero who saves the glories of the establishment and Mr. Llewellyn brings all his skill to the telling of the intrigues, adventures, and dramas behind the scenes of this full-length novel of cosmopolitan life.

Flying stories are tops to-day and the civil airliner has taken over the glamour of the Spitfire. With *Call Me Captain* (Michael Joseph, 15s.) Paul Stanton hits the David Beaty success trail. His hero is an ex-RAF ace who longs to captain a trans-Atlantic flight but is doomed to be a first officer. Fine pen pictures of dawn and dusk over the oceans, and light relief in love affairs on both sides of the water.

Life isn't only tough for gangsters in New York; it can be tough for cops, too. Shocking was the ordeal of Officer McAllister when he fell foul of rival politicians in the ward feuds of the 'twenties.



He tells in *The Kind of Guy I am* (Hammond, Hammond, 15s.) how he was framed on a murder charge and had four months in prison. Freed eventually he set out to reinstate himself in the force and finally succeeded after unbelievable difficulties.

But then America is an astonishing land and *Masters of Deceit* by J. Edgar Hoover (Dent, 25s.) is an equally startling exposure by the head of the FBI of the extremes to which the Communist underground has gone in that country. Many of the manoeuvres make use of unwitting victims.

After this, *The Powers behind the Prime Ministers* by Sir Charles Petrie (MacGibbon and Kee, 21s.) seems almost naive for, bitter as are some of the personal rivalries discussed on the British political scene, none of them approaches American ruthlessness. The

men behind Disraeli, Gladstone, and Chamberlain are some of the personages examined by Sir Charles, and he writes with a penetrating and fascinating pen that bares human nature.

Not of the same importance, but a personality in his own right, was Sir Sefton Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, who was killed in the crash of the airship R101 at Beauvais. His life is told in the aptly titled *Heavenly Adventurer* by Basil Collier (Secker and Warburg, 25s.). Little is hidden—his affair with a famous actress of the day, his disappointments, his last minute doubts about the R101. This book is one that might temper the enthusiasms of any young man who thinks that fame and success are the same thing. Yet Brancker was a great pioneer of the skyways.

Jorgen Bisch fought with an anaconda. He tells of the struggle in *Across the River of Death* (Souvenir Press, 21s.) and of how, by clinging tenaciously to its head, he found the 25-foot snake eventually exhausted itself. He lived with head-hunters and joined in native rituals in the jungles of Brazil and survived to tell his exciting tale.

Few handbooks are more complete than the Blue Guides and *Southern Italy* edited by L. R. Muirhead (Benn, 35s.) is admirably up to the usual high standard. More travellers should venture

south of Naples. They would be richly rewarded and could have no better companion than this book with its up-to-date details of hotels and travel. New maps and town plans add to this very useful volume.

Still they come, the books on secret agents in France. Jean Overton Fuller, author of *Double Webs* (Putnam, 15s.), deserves an answer. She leaves little doubt that key positions in British espionage were infiltrated. Did those in command know this or not? Her book is a stirring account of her methodical search for the truth which seems now likely to be officially told at last.

New Great Pan books include *The Long Walk* by Slavomir Rawicz; *Gretta* by Erskine Caldwell; *The Big Story* by Morris West; *Inside the CID* by Ex-Chief Supt. Beveridge; and *Battle for the Mind* by William Sargant.

New Hodder paperbacks are *The Story of My Life* by Helen Keller, born deaf and blind; the *Moffatt Translation of The Gospels*; *Anna, Where are You?* by Patricia Wentworth; and *Holiday for Inspector West* by John Creasey.

Barker Dragon books include *If I Laugh*, Rupert Downing's escape through France in 1940, and *I, the Jury*, Mickey Spillane's tough US thriller.

DISC diary

IT would be hard to find two LP records that better combine selections of enchanting music than *Concert Favourites* and *Immortal Pas de Deux*, both from HMV. The first, ALP 1649, has the Royal Philharmonic with *Finlandia*, *Danse Macabre*, *Espana* and Weber and Mendelssohn. The second, CLP 1239, revives memories of many ballets including *Giselle*, *Sylphides*, and *Casse-Noisette*, by the same orchestra, all superbly played.

Saint-Saens *Concerto No. Two* deserves its linking with Cesar Franck's *Symphonic Variations* on RCA RB-16087. It ranks high in this particular field of achievement with its lyrical melodies. Franck's immortal composition, too, needed a new presentation and with Artur Schnabel at the piano and the *Symphony of the Air* the recording is outstanding.

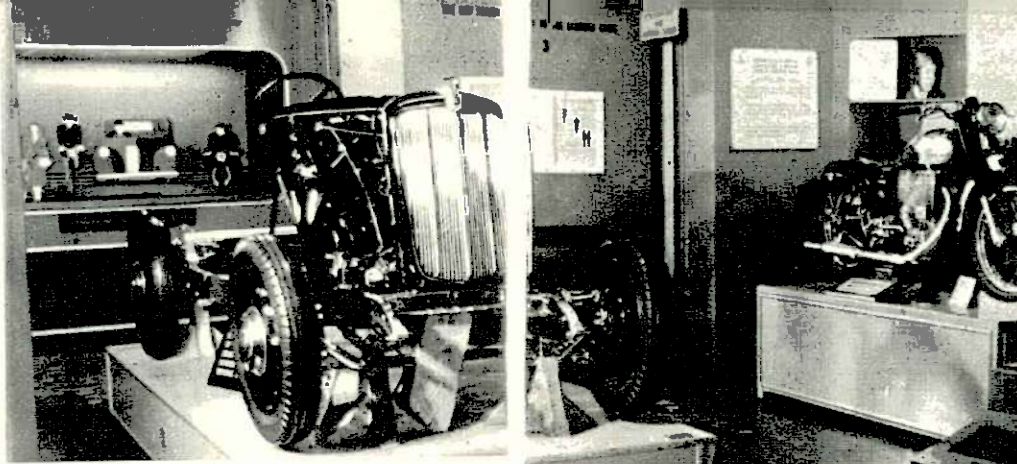
A picture of London in its varying moods is the theme of Vaughan Williams' *A London Symphony* on Pye CCL 30134 with Barbirolli and the Halle Orchestra. Despite the composer's denial,

listeners cannot but hear the sounds and songs of the capital.

In lighter vein Pye NPL 18027 brings *Delaney Cha-cha-cha* on an LP with the Bill Shepherd Orchestra. Here Eric Delaney is a solo artiste in *Time on my Hands*, *Take the A Train*, *Thou Swell* and nine more hit tunes. The great Johnny Dankworth savours the best of the past in *The Vintage Years* on Parlophone PMC 1076. *Crazy Rhythm*, *Stardust*, and ten others make a fine selection of jazz "standards."

Among the 45s, Clinton Ford is a fine singer and *You were only teasin'* gives him scope on Oriole CB-1483 while Nancy Whiskey has *Johnny Blue* on Oriole CB-1485. The Alley Cats are new to me but *Limehouse Blues* on CB-1484 should establish them.

One of the best get-together songs is *Abdul Abulbul Amir* and George Melly gives it all vigour and some swing on Decca 45-F.11115. You'll play it a lot. Here's the Andrews Sisters again on Brunswick 45-05772 singing two good old 'uns in *Oh! Johnny* and *I'll be with you in Apple Blossom Time* in fine style.



Open models of cars and motor cycles enable visitors to RoSPA House to see "what makes the wheels go round"

pride of ownership. One of the first things to catch your eye will be an animated, sectionalised motor cycle, which clearly shows the working parts. They can be set in motion so that you can have a "cut-away" view of vital units performing their particular functions.

There is also a sectionalised car chassis displaying all the chief working

a driver or not, can have reaction time tested.

The average person's reaction time is 7/10ths second—long enough for a car to travel 30 ft. at a speed of 30 m.p.h. before any braking action comes into effect.

Even under ideal conditions the car would travel at least another 45 ft. before coming to a halt.

Lack of concentration, tiredness or maybe the soothing effects of that "one for the road" may extend reaction time to well over one second—a risky time lag in an emergency.

They aim to Keep Death Off the Roads

By TREVOR HOLLOWAY

THINK of a town with a population in the region of 300,000—Hull, Bradford or Newcastle, for instance.

Imagine that every man, woman and child in any one of these three places was either killed or injured in the course of a year. A fantastic thought, perhaps, but that same number of people were road casualties during 1958.

I will not dwell on such morbid statistics and they have only been mentioned to show the extent and gravity of the problem that inspired the founding of RoSPA House, Britain's first road safety training centre and permanent exhibition—fore-runner, it is hoped, of a series of centres throughout the country.

Founded and equipped by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents (hence the name RoSPA), with the assistance of the Silver Jubilee Fund, its objects are to provide facilities for the training in road safety of all classes of road user. It is not a driving school, nor is it intended to replace the proper function of motor schools which give practical instruction on the roads.

The staff of trained instructors and the wealth of visual, oral, and mechanical equipment are at the disposal of all who wish to improve their road sense and thus contribute to the safer and more considerate use of our highways.

WHETHER you drive, cycle, ride or walk, or if you are in your first or second childhood—or somewhere in between—a visit to RoSPA House will prove a stimulating and even exciting experience.

Very definitely it is no mere dry-as-dust establishment with a museum-like atmosphere. In some respects, it reminds one of the Schoolboys' Exhibition—dozens of buttons to press, lots of ingenious gadgets to operate, numerous working models and plenty of things happening or ready to go into action at the turn of a switch.

Nearly all accidents that occur can be traced to failure on somebody's part to

grasp fully and quickly all the factors of the situation. The missing factor is sometimes technical, sometimes tactical, sometimes just a blind spot in an individual's awareness.

At RoSPA House are numerous ingenious devices which will tell you just how quick on the up-take you are and what, if any, are your weak points. The visitor can become the man at the wheel, the policeman on point duty, or the cyclist caught up in a tangle of traffic. In fact, one can have a taste of almost every conceivable hazard of the road in perfect safety!

The ground floor is devoted to the driver and learner-driver, the underlying theme being road craftsmanship and



A keen driver takes a test on the RoSPA House Universal Tester, which measures the reaction time of visitors to various emergencies which may crop up when driving a car

When Archie Andrews visited the Centre with Peter Brough, he was keenly interested in a lesson being given by one of the instructors on the magnetic table. He told the boys and girls "That is the way to get home safe and sound"



parts. A penny in the slot and you can see exactly how a car works.

Nearby is the model room where a long stretch of highway is realistically laid out with cross-roads, junctions, traffic islands, roundabouts, a humped-back bridge, etc., making it possible to reproduce all the hazards likely to be encountered during an actual journey.

With the aid of motivated model cars, buses, and lorries, the instructor can stage any awkward traffic situation he pleases and show us what to do and what not to do under similar circumstances.

IN another room, animated cartoons and car and cycle testers are available for more specialised instruction. A particularly useful unit in this section is the advanced cycle trainer for boys and girls. It is mounted on a low platform, and the rear wheel causes a number of situations to appear on an illuminated screen in front of the machine. The trainee can thus be tested on what procedure to take at traffic lights, pedestrian crossings, etc. Reaction time is measured as well as the distance covered before coming to a standstill.

Nearby is the "Universal Tester"—a static car by which the visitor, whether

A very much-used piece of equipment is the Miles Trainer, which is to the conventional car what the Link trainer is to aircraft. Seated at the controls, which are exact replicas of those encountered in the average small car, the driver can experience the sensation of driving along country roads, choosing and altering direction at will, although the car remains static.

THE primary uses of this device are to enable the learner-driver to acquire confidence at the controls without those distractions normally encountered on the road, and for experienced drivers to test their reactions to sudden emergency.

One of the most popular units at RoSPA House, especially with children, is the magnetic table, the invention of a member of the Metropolitan Police Force.

The table-top is laid out as a busy four-way road junction, complete with traffic lights and various other road signs. With the aid of magnets operating under the table the instructor in charge can animate model cars, buses, pedestrians and cyclists just as he pleases, thereby demonstrating almost any type of traffic problem and illustrating examples of good and bad road use.



It's Sandal time

'Buy your children's sandals now, we've a good selection and this STANFORD model is particularly popular. A single-strap model with the economy of long-life crepe soles, it comes in Red, Tan, or Beige and costs from only 12/- according to size.'
In sizes and half-sizes.



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From Co-operative Societies Everywhere

MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

Tea with the Watchman

THE thin but rosy-cheeked old man sat near the stove in the hut on the building site of the new office block being erected. Whenever I had to pass him I observed his tranquil expression as he chewed his elderly-looking pipe. After many happy exchanges with him I learned much about his life, and that of his wife and now grown-up family.

He told me he had three children and two of them had emigrated. He was content that their efforts were being rewarded. I could tell that this was by no means all the story behind those hurt and sensitive old eyes.

This old man had a personality, and I noticed as various workpeople came in to collect keys, papers, or equipment, none did so without asking the old man some question which he was able to answer quickly and to the point. He was an experienced carpenter, and though now too old for active work, his mind was alert about any detail. I feel certain his craftsmanship would be the sort that lasts a lifetime.

ONE day when I called in to see him I was invited to have a cup of tea he had just brewed. The old man passed my cup and sat back content. Then he opened his heart to me and I heard about the sorrow felt behind that kind, old face.

He told me his savings, which had been small enough, had always been kept in a little home safe. I expect it was one of those ordinary tin boxes. His daughter, the only child remaining with him and his wife, had suggested it would be safer to have the money put in a proper bank. Her parents were touched that she showed such interest in them and their nest egg, and asked her to arrange for this business to be done for them. They often talked of the outings they would have "in a year or two." For the old man was prepared to work as long as he was able and the firm wanted him.

The money never got to the bank. The daughter had other ideas, and went off with the money and a man already married. The old man and his wife had



never quite recovered from this personal tragedy. He told me how it had stunned them; how the daughter had ruthlessly told them she had never given a hoot for either of them, and had always intended, when the amount was large enough, to do just what she had done.

Apparently she had not, until this solitary and final act, ever shown her true attitude to them. Certainly, the old man said, even five years after this had happened, they could not believe it was true!

His daughter had on the surface been quiet, very cheerful, and considerate. When he asked her why this change, she laughed and said, "You are two simple, old fools."

What they could not credit were the years of deceit.

The man was shocked that he had never seen his daughter as she was, and neither he nor his wife could realise her Jekyll and Hyde capacity.

There was nothing I could say to this sad old gentleman. He waves as I pass, but I can't stop to talk to him; I feel so ashamed of the whole human race.

Too much blame is often hung on parents, and not enough on the ego of some humans!

A Reader Writes

I thought I'd let you know how much I enjoyed reading 'Mary Joy's Journal.' I think she's the kind of person we would all secretly like to be, but whereas she ups and does things, we sit and think about them; then it's too late. I'm looking forward to her next Journal.

I enjoy all the features, but I think Mary Langham's page just beats the others for me. I am fond of cooking, though not exceptionally good at it, but I've made many a thing from her page, and the children have said 'That was good, Mum.' The patterns, too, are grand, especially for the children.

Helen Brook,
78 Timberley Lane, Birmingham 34.



Miss P. Brown, of Slough, winner of the Couldwell Cup for apprentices at the Co-operative hairdressing competition, receiving her cup from Mr. G. L. Curnow, CWS London branch administrative officer. On the left is Miss Brown's model



A general view of the new open salon at the Portsea Island Co-operative Society's Beauty Shop

Your Hair-do can be a Tonic

BEAUTY is big business in Britain to-day—and it's getting bigger every year. Take hairdressing, for instance. More and more women are enjoying the luxury of professional treatment in elegant surroundings where all they have to do is sit back and be made beautiful. And is it such a luxury anyway, if by luxury you mean unnecessary expense? Relaxation is good for everybody, and the boost to morale that comes from knowing your hair is attractive and well-groomed is worth its weight in pep pills.

Evidence of this boom in the beauty business is found in these startling

figures. In 1950 women spent £38 million in hairdressing salons in this country—a large enough amount in itself. Yet by 1958 it had grown to no less than £67 million, an increase of over 76 per cent.

Fashions in hair styles change almost as rapidly as fashions in clothes, and the names of the top hairdressers are as well known as those of the leading Paris couturiers. Model girls and film stars are usually the pace setters. The most sensational change in fashion since the war was the urchin cut, introduced by Audrey Hepburn and copied by millions of girls all over the world. To-day, the fashion is for longer hair with a more feminine look, but still with an absence of tight curls and fussy waves.

The urchin cut, however, has left its legacy in the shape of the continued popularity of the fringe which was its most distinctive feature. In a recent competition in which hairdressers from all over the country took part, I noticed that almost all the prizewinning styles had a fringe in some form or other, though each had a quite individual character.

THE competition was for hairdressers from Co-operative Societies' salons, and judging by the results, members of Portsea Island Society must have very well-groomed hair. Portsea Island girls carried off most of the awards, including the major trophy, the highly-coveted cup presented by the CWS Directors.

The two large rooms in which the competition took place presented a colourful scene, with girls in pink, white, yellow, blue, green, and lilac overalls, most of them smartly styled in nylon. Even the single male competitor was not to be outdone: he was dressed in a

claret-coloured jacket with an artistic bow tie.

But the girls' overalls were not the most colourful feature of the occasion. One of the events was for hair tinting, and all sorts of dainty pastel tones were to be seen. Pink was one of the favourites, but the winning style was a work of art in shades of lavender, from very pale at the back to dramatically deep at the front,

By
DOREEN BROWNE

all with an overtone of silver to make it the last word in glamour for evening wear.

While the competition was being judged I talked to the manager of one of the hairdressing salons represented. He told me that they had just changed from the old system of individual cubicles for each customer to the open salon, and the majority of women found it much more interesting to be able to see what was going on.

But there was one aspect of the open salon that hadn't struck me before. It actually raises the standard of hairdressing, for assistants are working in competition with each other and their customers are able to compare their work and judge for themselves which is the better.

There is one hairdressing operation, however, which it is still more tactful to do in private, and that is dyeing or tinting. Even to-day, when it is no longer considered "fast" to change the colour of your hair, some women prefer it to remain a secret, and hairdressers are as discreet about this as doctors and lawyers are about their patients and clients.

Next month in HOME MAGAZINE

THE ROAD TO THE DALES

Fascinating pictures taken by Reece Winstone illustrate his article on a tour of Swaledale in the Yorkshire Dales, one of the loveliest properties of the National Trust.

WINGS ON MY SUITCASE

In this, the last of the series, Irene Tanner of Swissair writes of a glamorous special flight with the Emperor of Ethiopia as her chief passenger.

RIDE A COCK HORSE

G. E. Buncombe traces the interesting story of the market cross, once the centre of trade in many towns and now a handsome relic of the past.



A CARDIGAN FOR THE YOUNGER MISS

HOME MAGAZINE
KNITTING PATTERN
No. 45

12th row: as 2nd row. 13th to 16th rows: as rows 1 to 4.

Rep. rows 5 to 16 incl., once, then 5th row once.

Place pocket as follows:—Next row: k.2, p.4, k.2, cast off 22 sts. knitwise, (k.2, p.4) 3 times, k.2. Next row: k.6, p.2, k.1, inc. in next st., k.7, inc. in next st., k.2, k. across 22 sts., from stitch-holder, k.3, inc. in next st., k.4, (53 sts.).

Proceed in stocking stitch with border as follows:—1st and alt. rows: p. to last 8 sts., k.2, p.4, k.2. 2nd row: k.6, p.2, k. to end. 4th row: k.2, c.2, p.2, k. to end. 6th row: as 2nd row. 8th row: k.6, p.2, k. to last 2 sts., inc. in next st., k.1. 10th row: as 4th row. 12th row: as 6th row. 14th row: k.4, w.f., k.2 tog., p.2, k. to last 2 sts., inc. in next st., k.1.

Keeping border correct and making a buttonhole as before on following 18th row, inc. 1 st. at side edge on every following 6th row until there are 60 sts. Work 24 rows without shaping, making a buttonhole on 6th and 24th rows.

Shape armhole and front slope as follows:—1st row: cast off 3 sts., p. to last 8 sts., k.2, p.4, k.2. 2nd row: k.2, c.2, p.2, k. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. 3rd row: p.2 tog., p. to last 8 sts., k.2, p.4, k.2. 4th row: k.6, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. 5th row: as 3rd row. 6th row: k.6, p.2, k. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. 7th row: p. to last 10 sts., p.2 tog.t.b.l., k.2, p.4, k.2. 8th row: k.2, c.2, p.2, k. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. 9th row: p. to last 8 sts., k.2, p.4, k.2. 10th row: as 4th row. 11th row: as 9th row. 12th to 15th rows: as 6th to 9th rows.

16th row: k.6, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to end. 17th row: as 9th row. 18th row: k.6, p.2, k. to end. 19th row: as 7th row. 20th row: k.2, c.2, p.2, k. to end. 21st row: as 9th row. 22nd row: k.6, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., (p.2, k.4) 5 times, p.1, k.1. 23rd row: (k.2, p.4) 5 times, k.2, p.1, k.2, p.4, k.2. 24th row: k.6, p.2, k.1, (p.2, k.4) 5 times, p.1, k.1. 25th row: (k.2, p.4) 5 times, k.1, k.2 tog., k.2, p.4, k.2. 26th row: k.2, c.2, p.2, (p.2, c.2) 5 times, p.1, k.1.

Continue in patt. dec. 1 st. inside front border as before on every 3rd row until 32 sts. remain. Work 9 rows without shaping.

Shape shoulder as follows:—1st row: cast off 8 sts., patt. to end. 2nd row: patt. to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. Work 13 rows on remaining 8 sts. Cast off.

POCKET AND LEFT FRONT

Omitting buttonholes, work to match right front, reversing all shapings and noting the first 2 rows of cable rib will be: 1st row: p.2, ** k.4, p.2, rep. from ** to last 6 sts., k.6. 2nd row: ** k.2, p.4, rep. from ** to last 2 sts., k.2.

The two rows on which pocket is placed will be:—Next row: (k.2, p.4) 3 times, k.2, cast off 22 sts., knitwise, k.2, p.4, k.2.

Next row: k.3, inc. in next st., k.4, k. across 22 sts. from stitch-holder, k.1, inc. in next st., k.7, inc. in next st., k.2, p.2, k.6 (53 sts.), and that dec. at inside front border will be worked "2 tog." in place of "2 tog.t.b.l."

BACK

Cast on 80 sts. and proceed in cable rib as follows:—***1st row: ** p.2, k.4, rep. from ** to last 2 sts., p.2. 2nd row: ** k.2, p.4, rep. from ** to last 2 sts., k.2. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: ** p.2, c.2, rep. from ** to last 2 sts., p.2. 6th row: as 2nd row. *** Rep. from *** to *** 4 times. Next row: k.3, ** inc. in next st., k.7, rep. from ** to last 5 sts., inc. in next st., k.4 (90 sts.) Next row: p.

Continue in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 7th and every following 6th row until there are 104 sts. Work 23 rows without shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 88 sts. remain; every alt. row until 80 sts. remain. Work 7 rows without shaping. Rep. from *** to *** 6 times.

Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 44 sts. and work cable rib as on Back, rep. from *** to *** 5 times. Next row: ** k.3, inc. in next st., rep. from ** to last 4 sts., k.4 (54 sts.). Commencing with a p. row proceed in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 12th and every following 8th row until there are 70 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 13½ ins. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

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 back-stitch seam join shoulder, side and sleeve seams and stitch Sleeves into position. Join ends of Bands, and neatly stitch into position across back of neck. Stitch Pockets into position on wrong side of work. Attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.

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



Doreen Browne conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

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

BLOUSES have made a big comeback in the fashion world this year, and they really do earn their keep. Especially are they useful at holiday time—they won't take up much room in a suitcase, but will add tremendous variety to a limited wardrobe. And many of them these days can be washed and dried overnight, so they'll look as fresh at the end of the vacation as they did at the beginning.

The one illustrated is the ideal holiday choice. Neat and dainty, it is made of nylon twill and has delicate lace trimmings on the bodice and sleeves. Price is about 24s. 11d., and you can buy it in white, pink, sky blue, or turquoise. With it is shown a knife-pleated skirt in Terylene and wool worsted, available in royal blue, mushroom, navy, grey,



black, or sage green. This costs about four guineas for waist sizes 24 inch to 32 inch; £4 9s. 11d., sizes 34 inch to 38 inch waist.

LONG, cool drinks come into their own now that summer's here, and it's a wise housewife who keeps in stock a good supply of minerals and cordials. My pet thirst-quencher is a black-currant drink that you dilute with water or soda water—or even milk, for a soothing night-cap. Called Amora, it costs 3s. 6d. a bottle, and a little goes a long way.

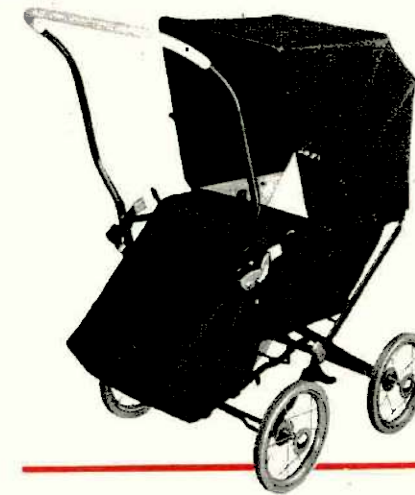
This is one of a wide variety of soft drinks made by the CWS. Other squashes and cordials include lemon and barley—another special favourite of mine—orange, lemon, grapefruit, ginger, and peppermint, all priced 3s. a bottle. There are sparkling minerals, too, price 8d. for a large bottle.

By the way, in many areas you can have CWS soft drinks delivered to your door. Ask about it at your local Co-operative Society.

NO wonder foreigners say you can always tell the Englishman abroad when he dresses like the one I saw on a French beach last year. He was dashing, attired in sports jacket, white flannels, and a pair of neat black Oxford shoes! No doubt he was perfectly happy, but for men who like to fit in with the relaxed holiday scene I've been looking at a range of sandals that are now in the shops. Two styles particularly appealed to me.

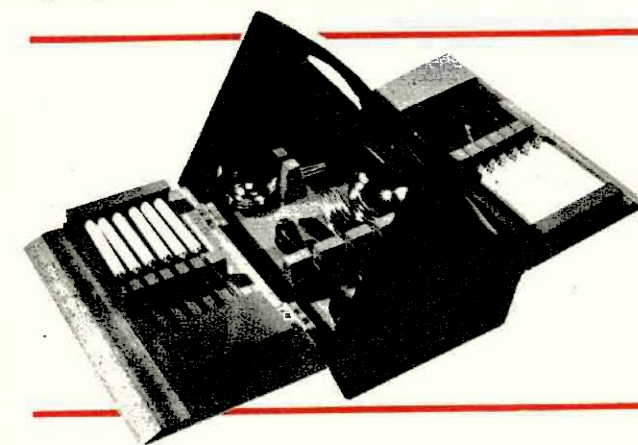
The first had two broad straps at the front, one slotted through the other; the second was made of plaited strips of leather. Both had microcellular cushion soles and heels for extra comfort, and cost about 49s. 9d.

WHEN there's a baby in the house, parents often give up the idea of a holiday and make do with day trips



instead. But it's no fun going anywhere if you have to carry baby about in your arms when you get there. Solving this problem is a new lightweight sunny car which folds up small enough to be stored easily in any confined space—under the stairs of a bus, for instance, or in the boot of a car. It is available in a choice of three attractive shades, is very easy to manipulate, and most reasonably priced at £5 19s. 6d.

A CASE of cutlery is not something you buy every week, but I've seen one so neat that I just can't resist telling you about it. It contains 38 pieces, packed in a handsome wooden case that folds up to look like a handbag. There is a handle, too, for easy carrying. The price is £10 14s. 6d., and if anybody asks you for suggestions for a club-together wedding gift or presentation, you'll earn top marks by mentioning this.



SING A SONG OF SHORTEX!

Smiles all round—it's sheer delight
Delicious pastry, crisp and light
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SHORTEX makes them all—for you!



SHORTEX

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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

All On A Summer's Day

MARY LANGHAM'S ideas for savouries to serve with cool, refreshing salads will soon become favourites with your family. Here, also, are some attractive sweets for "afters."

SCOTCH EGGS

2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 lb. sausage meat, egg and breadcrumbs, Federation or Excelda plain flour.

Shell the eggs and dip in flour. Divide the sausage meat into two and flatten into round cakes. Place a hard-boiled egg on each and work the meat round the egg until the latter is completely covered. Coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot deep fat for 4-5 minutes. Cut into halves and serve cold with salad or hot with vegetables.

BEEF GALANTINE

1 lb. lean beef (free of skin), 1 onion, 1 lb. medium fat bacon or ham (raw or cooked), 6 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon CWS sweet mixed herbs, pinch of CWS ground mace, pinch of CWS mixed spice, 1 heaped teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 beaten egg, 1 wine-glass stock or water.

For cooking: Small plateful of vegetables, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, bay leaf, 6 peppercorns.

For serving: browned breadcrumbs.

Mince the beef, bacon, and onion together. Add the parsley, breadcrumbs, herbs, mace, spice, salt, and pepper. Mix in the egg and sufficient stock or water to make the mixture hold together. Shape into a roll on a wet board. Roll up in a double piece of greaseproof paper, and tie tightly at both ends. Wrap in a clean cloth and tie securely at each end. Put into a large pan containing boiling water, the vegetables, bay leaf, and peppercorns. Cover the pan with a lid and simmer gently 1½-2 hours. Lift out the galantine carefully and roll in browned crumbs. Cut into thin slices and serve with salad.

SALMON AND CUCUMBER MOUSSE

1 cucumber, 2 tablespoons French dressing, 1 oz. CWS gelatine, 5 tablespoons water, 8 oz. cooked salmon or 8 oz. can of salmon, 1 tablespoon CWS

FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

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

salad cream, salt and pepper, 1 pint CWS Wheatsheaf evaporated milk, 1 lettuce.

Cut one-quarter of the cucumber into thin slices and soak in the French dressing. Cut the remaining cucumber in half, remove the seeds, and peel off the skin. Boil halves for five minutes in salted water, drain, and then put through a sieve. Dissolve the gelatine in the five tablespoons water, and add to the sieved cucumber with the flaked salmon, salad cream, salt, and pepper. Whip the evaporated milk and stir into the salmon mixture. Pour into a wetted mould or 6 in. cake tin. Allow to set. Turn out on to a bed of lettuce and garnish with the cucumber slices.

GOOSNARGH CAKES

6 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 2 oz. icing sugar, 9 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 oz. CWS caraway seeds.

Cream the Gold Seal and sugar, and blend in the flour. Add the caraway seeds. Blend thoroughly. Roll out to ½ in. thick and cut with a plain cutter into 3 in. circles. Dust with castor sugar. Bake for 10-15 minutes, Mark 6 (400°F.).

VANILLA SOUFLÉ en SURPRISE

4 eggs, 2 oz. sugar, drop of CWS vanilla essence, 1 oz. CWS gelatine, 1 gill warm water (1 gill = 1 pint), 1½ gills dairy cream or CWS evaporated

milk, 2 oz. flaked chocolate, fresh, canned, or frozen raspberries.

Separate the egg yolks from the whites. Whisk the egg yolks, vanilla essence, and sugar in a bowl over a pan of hot water until thick. Dissolve gelatine in 1 gill of warm water, add to the egg mixture with the whipped cream, and lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Place a tumbler in the centre of a large glass dish and pour the mixture in the dish in alternate layers with the flaked or grated chocolate. Allow to set. When set, pour a little lukewarm water into the tumbler and remove. Fill the centre with raspberries.

LEMON AMBROSIA PIE

4 oz. desiccated coconut, 3 tablespoons Avondale butter (softened).

Filling: 3 egg yolks, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 pint of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon of salt, 1 oz. CWS gelatine, just over 1 pint of water (8 tablespoons), 3 egg whites, 6 oz. sugar.

Brown one-third of the coconut. Line the sides of a 9 in. pie plate with butter and press in the remaining two-thirds coconut. Bake for 15-20 minutes, Mark 2 (325°F.) until golden brown. Allow to go cold. Put the egg yolks in the top of a double boiler, mix in 4 oz. sugar, lemon rind, juice, and salt. Cook until the mixture coats the back of a wooden spoon. Soften the gelatine in eight tablespoons of cold water and dissolve in the hot lemon custard mixture. Chill until thick and syrupy. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add remaining 2 oz. sugar. Fold into lemon mixture, pour into crust, decorate with browned coconut.

Summer Days are Salad Days. But what can you serve with your salad? Try some of the family favourites you find on this page





Wisteria, one of our showiest climbing shrubs, should have all young side shoots shortened to six leaves next month. Later, they will need pruning again to three leaves

IN YOUR GARDEN by W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER

Prune these Shrubs Now

HOW often we fail to tackle shrub pruning at the right time! Then the bushes grow large and straggly. When we do realise that they should be cut back, it is usually the wrong time of the year to do the job. Don't let it happen this year.

For many flowering shrubs June is the right month for this work, which very often means only a snip here and there. For instance, with azaleas, lilacs, and rhododendrons you need only cut away the faded flowers and the seed pods which are starting to form.

Brooms need harder pruning. Cut the old flower branches down to some strong new shoots, and if you can find any young growth, cut the branch back about half-way. If you want to raise

new brooms from seed, you can leave one branch on which the seed pods can ripen; but there is no guarantee that the resulting seedlings will be the same colour as the parent plant.

Shorten all the young side shoots of wisterias to within six leaves early in July. This means cutting the growths back to within six leaves of the old rod, allowing the sun to get in and ripen the wood. When the leaves fall, more pruning will be necessary; then you will cut back to three buds.

Deutzias also need pruning now. They are rampant growers, and if they are not thinned out now they become overcrowded, and the branches become spindly and spoiled. Therefore, cut down the oldest wood and any weak growths as well. Some people advocate cutting out one-third of the bush every year, but I think this too drastic. I suggest about a fifth.

The evergreen type of ceanothus should be pruned as soon as it has flowered. All growths which stand out from the wall should be cut back. The yellow flowering kerria, another wall shrub, should be pruned by cutting back the flowering growths well into the old wood. If the cut can be made just above a strong new shoot, so much the better.

If you want a compact lavender hedge, now is the time to do the pruning. Remove all the flowering heads first, if you wish, for your pot-pourri bowl or sachets, and then cut back almost into the old wood. Very soon long, beautiful, young grey shoots will appear. Other shrubs to prune now are *forsythia*, *clematis montana*, and *escallonia*.



From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

BETWEEN spring and early summer, in all the pure and fast rivers of Great Britain, the smolts are going down to the sea. This to me is a marvellous thing, like the music of Delius, and green corn growing; like swallows nesting in the porch of our cottage, and the moon—the nightingale moon—rising over Blakeney marshes in Norfolk.

Smolts are little salmon which, born in the headwaters of rivers and their tributaries, and wearing the red-and-black spotted moorland dress of trout for about two years, suddenly become strangely excited, assume a silver sea-coat, and seek the Atlantic of ancestral memory.

No longer than a man's hand at two years, and weighing between two and three ounces, a smolt may return to its native river after two or three months in the sea, weighing four or five pounds, the length of a man's forearm. Or it may remain in salt water two years, and return a 40-pounder! For some reason not yet established, many of the Wye fish stay two and sometimes three years, feeding on herring and prawns off the deep submarine ledges of Europe's end below Ireland; this has helped to make the Wye the most famous salmon river in England.

I HAVE stared at smolts jumping in a Devon river, their foster-mother, as they went down with the currents, always head to stream in the clear water wimpling over the blue and brown stones at the tail of a pool; or, in the fast runs below prickling, broken water as they dashed at the frail waterflies dropping their eggs at sunset.

I have seen hundreds sliding over the weirs of mill-ponds which were made by damming the river in order to lead water away to work the wheels of the barley-grist mills which, when I was young, were in general use along the river-banks of every county. Fascinating it was to watch the gush of water, the

heavy trundling of the great mossy wheel. I have followed the smolts down the valley, ever widening with its steep hill-sides of oak, spruce, larch, and rock-set grass, to the broader pastures which end in the marshes below the tide-head.

From Wye and Shannon, Tay, Coquet, and Usk, Hampshire Avon, Tweed, Otter, Taw, Torridge, Teign, and Tavy; from scores of fresh rivers in Britain, Germany, Sweden, and the eastern seaboard of Canada, the smolts "drop back," to find their home in the Atlantic.

From there in their season they return to their native rivers, to meet new perils during the months of spring and summer, when they do not feed. They wait in shallow water to spend themselves for the spirit, or future, of their race; and thus achieving immortality, most of them die, and return to the ocean in dissolution, to become again salts in the sea which is the great father.

In all the pure rivers of Britain the young salmon are going down to the ocean. The symbol of baptism, of rebirth, was anciently a fish; and the noblest of fish is the

salmon. Yet pollution has temporarily despoiled many of our rivers. In some, inanimate sludge has taken the life out of the water—the oxygen without which plants cannot grow, matflies arise, or fish breathe.

Chemical discharges poison with false rainbow-hues the surface of the gliding masses of dead water. Valuable phosphates and salts—for the nourishment of the soil is the true value of a nation—

are squandered in the estuaries from the drains of great cities. Will that ever be changed? The sludge and chemicals be extracted on land, and used for many purposes, among them the fertility or glory of cornfields and pastures?

I think that one day salmon will be leaping in the Thames again. Solmo Salar, the Sea Leaper, as the Romans named him, will jump once more in the Pool of London, and play around the piers of the bridges, showing his square tail in joy of meeting again the sparkling water of his nativity.

Will our grand-children see this fish and wonder on the darkness of the industrial age, with its wars and mental miseries, arising because the true values of living in a former age were polluted and lost?



Easiest Way with Fruit Trees

MANY people prefer to prune their fruit trees in the summer. This pleasant job can then be tackled in the long summer evenings, rather than during the few hours of daylight on the weekly half-day. The work should start this month when the side growths or laterals may be cut back as close as possible to their bases. The actual time for this work differs somewhat from year to year but you should start pruning when the side growths are about 7 inches long, and they should be firm at the base, with the colour turning from bright green to brown. When the laterals first grow out, they are soft and sappy; pruning should not be attempted until they have reached a stage of semi-maturity.

Most people are afraid to cut back as close as possible to the base, but there is no need to fear if you use a good pair of secateurs. Where there are two or three laterals springing from almost the same spot, one should be cut back and the others left until about three weeks later. The best plan is to visit the trees once a fortnight to do what pruning is necessary. Espaliers, cordons, bush trees, and dwarf pyramids can all be pruned in this way. The prunings, rotted down with calcium cyanamide, form an excellent organic manure. Just one warning—don't attempt to prune plums or cherries in summer.

Some readers may be wary of trying out this summer pruning. Why not experiment with a few trees? It will not be long before you are convinced that it

is much the easiest way for the amateur. Don't give the trees too much nitrogen, though. Go easy on the farmyard manure, nitrate of soda, or sulphate of ammonia, but see that they have wood ashes at three or four ounces to the square yard.

If you have a heavy set of fruit, this should be thinned at the same time. Don't allow any fruits to be closer than six inches to one another. Where there is a cluster, be sure to remove the centre apple, known as the "king" apple. Thinning results in larger fruit, and ensures also that the tree does not exhaust itself.

Cucumbers need Care

FRAME cucumbers and glasshouse cucumbers should not be pollinated. In fact, the male blooms are better removed. But ridge cucumbers should be pollinated by titillating the flowers with a rabbit's tail on the end of a bamboo stick, by using a camel hair brush, or by letting the insects do the work. In this way, the pollen from one flower is transferred to another. These ridge types are just as easy to grow as vegetable marrows. If you haven't raised them from seed, it should be possible to obtain strong, well-hardened plants, and they should be placed out either 2½ ft. apart in rows, and 6 ft. apart, or 3 feet square.

Holes should be made 18 inches square and a spade's depth at each point where the cucumbers are to be planted, and these should be filled with well-rotted compost and trodden down. Set each plant out in the centre of a mound of organic matter and if possible leave in the pots for three days. After this, knock out of the pots and firm. Water well and cover with cloches to begin with.

★ If you have any gardening queries Mr. Shewell-Cooper will be pleased to answer them. Write to him c/o The Editor, "Home Magazine," 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.



MAX VALIER—the first Rocket-Propelled Man

WITH the promise of a vertical-lift supersonic jet airliner which will fly from London to New York in 2½ hours, the few who knew him and his pioneer work think back to those days in 1928-1929, when young Max Valier set himself to plan a space-ship, a kind of rocket-propelled craft, which he claimed could fly the Atlantic in 2½ hours.

So sure was he that his experiments would lead to such a prospect that he risked his life in a rocket-propelled apparatus of his own construction. He was, indeed, the first rocket-propelled human being.

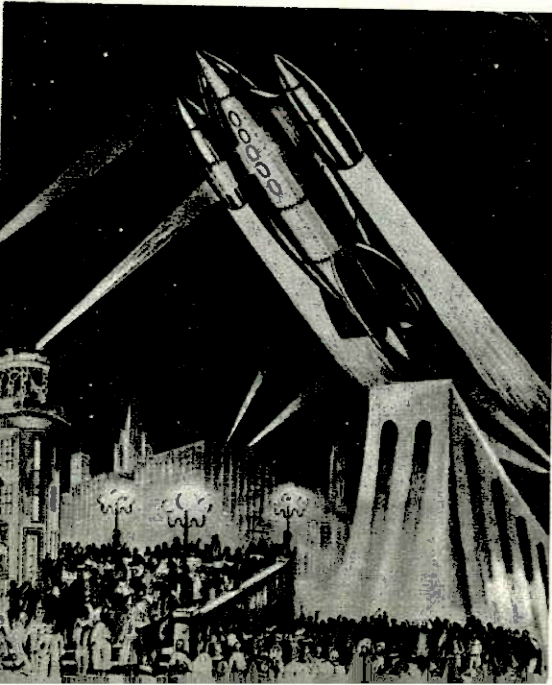
Max Valier was a young Austrian aviator who once came within an ace of death when his plane crashed in flames, and he sustained serious burns and other injuries. This did not deter him from taking further risks.

Soon he was going ahead again with his schemes and plans for space-travel ships and rocket-propelled aircraft.

Even in 1928, when certain attempts with rockets practically failed and newspapers voiced the general opinion with articles headed "And now—farewell to rocket propulsion," he would not give up.

He went on to experiment with

Valier's idea of a future space ship which would fly 150 miles above the earth and at over 500 miles per hour



powder fuel which, by means of explosion tubes, should give speeds of expelled gases up to the 50,000 yards per second which he decided was necessary for space flight. These experiments proved to him, however, that only with highly improved fluid fuels could anything like the speed desired be attained.

It was while experimenting with solid fuels that Valier became convinced that a ship to fly in space could only be envisaged when the fuel question was satisfactorily solved.

Nevertheless, he continued feverishly with the materials at hand and at the same time set to work planning giant space ships. He also designed a single-seater airplane for the purpose of making

By
J. E. PRYDE-HUGHES

the first attempt at rocket-propelled flight. And he proposed himself to make this first effort in an attempt to leap over the Channel from France to England.

He got his ideas and designs down on paper, but though all looked very attractive he had not the money to construct the machine, nor could he, despite all his efforts and sacrifices, find anyone interested enough to provide the finance.

Failing cash for his experimental airplane, Valier used what money he could dispose of in building a sled on which he mounted an engine. This engine consisted in the main of a battery of rocket tubes in a drum, for all the world like the cartridge chamber of a giant revolver. By means of automatic control the drum turned as each rocket exploded so that a new rocket came into place for the subsequent explosion in the series.

HIS first practical test of this sled was on the frozen Lake of Starnberg, in Bavaria. There were few spectators to cheer him but those who did witness what was, to them, a reckless adventure were repaid for their interest. Valier brought out onto the ice the frail sled with its rather cumbersome rocket machinery in the tail, and without any ado he made sure all was in order and seated himself in the contraption for the first trial.

The course now open before him, he pressed on the starting lever. The first rocket exploded with a terrific bang and roar, and the sled shot forward like a

shell from a gun, leaving behind a flash of flame and a trail of smoke which hid the machine for a couple of seconds.

Then it was seen that the sled was under control and was sleeking over the ice with speed and ease. The succeeding rockets exploded rhythmically, and unofficial timekeepers announced that the speed of the sled at one time approached 300 m.p.h., a remarkable feat in those days when 250 m.p.h. was considered a good speed for airplanes.

VALIER was satisfied. He had proved that rocket propulsion was within reach. His apparatus was still intact, and he himself unharmed and unperturbed.

Valier was somewhat relieved and elated, for it was his first real success after years of weary preaching and working, trial and failure, hope and disappointment, borne up only by his belief in his theories.

Engineers began to show some interest now, and, as after events proved, there were scientists and technicians observing and checking all that took place. Soon it became clear that Opel, the big motor-car manufacturers, were impressed.

They offered Valier facilities for further experiments now, with an automobile-type chassis on wheels. A suitable light-framed carriage was built, into which Valier fitted his revolver-like rocket-chambers to be operated by compressed gases. This car was fitted onto rails and a number of runs were made, but no very high speeds were attained. And so a light road car was fitted up for further tests to determine what speed could be reached by this means.

AT last the car was brought out and the apparatus checked and found in order. The first runs were at moderate speeds. Then on the big effort something went wrong, no-one could say what. Valier started the car, which bounded off at great pace, and then, to the horror of witnesses who all had hoped for spectacular results, there was a great explosion and the car was rent and blown to pieces. Valier was killed instantly.

Investigation and reconstruction failed to reveal the cause of the disaster; it can only be surmised that one of the tubes jammed and fired off all the others.

That was the end of this form of experiment in rocket-propulsion. A brave, far-seeing young man died. Had he lived, he might have become a great figure in the world of jet and rocket propulsion.

If you tackle those irksome tasks at once

You CAN Spare Time

Says URSULA BLOOM

SAID a weary housewife to me, "I never get the time." "There are some people who do get the time," I reminded her with reserve. "But they don't do what I have to do," she told me gloomily.

Why is it that some women find their housework so much more wearying than others? It is because they won't resist the temptation to put off doing the less pleasant jobs.

"Half-a-minute," they say, "I'll do that this evening—if I get the time. I'll put that off till to-morrow, though I really must get through with it then." It never gets done. If only they'd take as their motto those three words: "Do it now," how much easier they'd find life.

When I was a small child my father told me that if I harnessed time to me instead of myself to time, I should go a great deal further in life than the next woman.

There is only one moment that you have given you to live and it is now. The minute is far more elastic than you think, and if you give each day so many duties to be accomplished, then you will find life goes far more smoothly.

I NEVER end my day until my sheet of duties is discharged. I answer letters as they come to me. Too many people answer only the letters they have to cope with, and their friends get shelved. Too many birthdays and other anniversaries are forgotten because people delude themselves into thinking that they have not got the time. I wonder how many marriages have lost their radiant first happiness because "she" thought this and, devoting herself industriously to the household chores, forgot that there are other duties in life. Frequently the sentimentally emotional duties are the more important.

Doing it now is urgent. The enquiry after the sick friend, the letter, the kindly word to someone in trouble, the visit you ought to have paid ages ago, and have postponed far too long anyway. The kiss you should have given your husband when he came home, the leisurely kindly kiss, and not the peck because you must dart to the gas oven in case the pudding gets "caught."

If you were told that this was to be your very last day, have you thought of the innumerable kindly deeds you would just find time to do? The sweet messages, the thought for others, the things you have not remembered before.

We have only to be ill and laid up in bed to discover how we have let the duties that didn't matter oust the ones that did, because we declared we couldn't squeeze them all in.

Why not start to-day with a difference? Speak to the old man who sells newspapers at the street corner, and do it now. Write that letter to the friend you forgot last week. Do the important little duty you have shelved.

HAVE you ever tried to master the art of killing two birds with one stone, which is tremendously important in the house? Read the paper and knit as well. Pop something into the oven on the day when you are turning-out, and so get the larder stocked for the future. The two jobs take no longer than one would, and doing it now means you will be free to do something more exciting later on.

Too many of us lose happy friendships and old friends because we keep convincing ourselves we just can't spare the time. Friendship is a joy we cannot afford to shelve; stay up a few moments longer to write that letter. It can be done.

Don't grow casual with your husband, because you have allowed the house to possess you, and it has bullied you into the delusion that there just isn't time to pet the poor man a bit and recapture the old joys.

Don't miss the enjoyment of your baby and your little child, for these are happinesses which will not return to



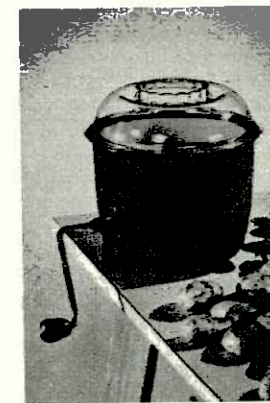
you, and you must make time to make the most of them.

Yes, do the job that matters right now. If you don't you probably never will. Last Spring I got up an hour earlier one morning because the sun was shining, and I had made up my mind I would do my housework, and then go to a country wood and listen for the cuckoo. To me that is Spring. I did the lot, and I went to the wood that day and I heard the cuckoo.

"But why to-day?" my husband asked me. "Because if I don't do it now I never shall," I said. I was right because we never had another really hot day that Spring, and I was glad I got it in. The memory of the cuckoo lasted me all through the summer.

Think this over. Look at life from this angle, and I do believe that it will really help you.

LUNCH MENU can win PRIZE for YOU



Our last competition was such a success that we thought we'd offer you another chance to win a prize. Now that the fine weather is here, you will be planning lighter meals for your family—and all we want you to do is to send us your menu for a simple two-course lunch, with beverage, based on British dairy products. Your main ingredients should be English cheese, eggs, milk, and butter—any or all of them—and the winning menu will be the one considered most balanced and interesting.

The prize for this free, easy-to-do competition will again be a potato and vegetable peeler—the same type that our last prize-winner is already finding a great time-saver every day.

Send in your entry now to Dairy Lunch Competition, "Home Magazine," 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. Closing date is July 20, and the winner will be announced in the September issue. The Editor's decision is final.

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

STARTING this month I expect that many of you soon will be going away on holiday. You can have fun, especially if you are staying in an old country village or historical seaside town, finding out the history of the buildings and places about you. It's often surprising how many legends and stories there are about old castles, houses, and churches.

Tales of the past make fascinating reading and are worth remembering long after the holiday is over. So, when you go away this year, see what legends and stories you can find out about the places you visit. And remember, wherever you go on holiday, **MIND HOW YOU GO.**

Your friend, **BILL.**



HAVE you thought of starting your own school magazine? It can be great fun and very interesting, too. The magazine can be printed a number of ways. It can be typed and then duplicated on a machine, or, if you have a printing press at school, it can be printed like an ordinary magazine. You can write about what you do at school and at home, what your favourite hobbies and pastimes are, and lots more interesting things. And you might even be able to have pictures in your magazine, too.

In Days Gone By



THIS is a tally board and was used in the nineteenth century to count trucks and record output in a Welsh lead mine.

PUZZLE PIE

THE MILKMAN'S PROBLEM

A milkman has a churn filled with milk. He wants to serve 1 pint of milk but finds that he has only 5-pint and 3-pint measures. How can he do it with only these measures?

NOT AN EASY ONE

Out of every sixpence spending money which Jack received he spent only twopence. In 15 weeks he had saved five shillings. Bill received half as much and spent it all. Who spent more and how much more than the other?

SQUARE WORDS

Write down these words under each other: GOLD, ROLE, IOWA. Add a fourth word often connected with GATE. Reading down, the first letters now spell a word meaning "courage" and the final letters make a kind of timber.

A MIXED BAG

A man buys a turkey, two ducks, and three fowls for £8. The price of two ducks and three fowls is the same as the price of three turkeys; and three fowls cost as much as two ducks. What did each creature cost?

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

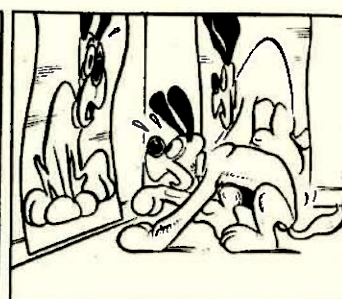
If you could go where you pleased and by whatever method you liked, what kind of holiday would you choose for yourself? For this month's competition the Editor would like you to write not more than 400 words on

THE HOLIDAY I WOULD LIKE

For the best entry in each of the two classes—those under nine, and those nine and over—there will be a **SPLENDID BOOK PRIZE**. Remember these rules:

- The entry must be your own work and in your own handwriting.
- Give your full name, address, and age.
- Post your entry before **JULY 6** to The Editor, "Home Magazine," 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

PENNY and BOB



By GEORGE MARTIN



What is it?



Not an easy one this, so if you can't get it, look below.

April Competition Winners
MARGUERITE WOODCRAFT
9 Delamere Road, Chelmsford, Essex
BRIAN HALL
66 Central Road, Leiston, Suffolk

WHAT A DIN!

WHEN trains crossed the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, they made so much noise that the roar of the falls themselves was drowned. But now the din has been reduced to a quiet *clickety-clack*.

This has been achieved by engineers who have welded the rails into lengths of 120 feet and supported them by rubber pads on the sleepers.

The bridge was built in 1905, and is 650 feet long and 400 feet above the Zambesi.

Puzzle Solutions

The Milkman's Problem: He fills the 3-pint measure, then tips it into the 5-pint measure. He fills the 3-pint measure again and from this completely fills the 5-pint measure, which leaves him with one pint of milk in the 3-pint measure, which he sells to the customer.

Not An Easy One: Bill, 1s. 3d. more.

Square Words: Toll.

Mixed Bag: Each turkey costs £2, each duck 30s., and each fowl £1.

What is it? A companion set.



Waveney Fine Foods
FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

NEW CHEMIST MANAGER



Mr. J. Wadsworth.

WE are pleased to introduce to our members their new pharmaceutical department manager—Mr. J. Wadsworth, MPS, FBOA, who comes to Tamworth from Butt Lane Co-operative Society where he has been superintendent chemist and optician for the past 11 years.

Mr. Wadsworth joined us a short time ago and has with his charming personality already made many friends with those members and staff with whom he came in contact.

We welcome him to Tamworth and our society and trust that his life here will be a happy one.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. ATKINS
8, SUMMERFIELD ROAD,
BOLEHALL, TAMWORTH.
ON MAY 1.

New departmental store nears completion

AS we walk down Church Street we cannot help but notice the gradual completion of our new departmental store, gradual it has to be for a shop of this size cannot be built in five minutes, but now much of the steel framework is in place as are the concrete beams of the floors, and part of the outside walls, although these have to be looked for as they are the walls of the basement.

One interesting feature that can be seen is the framework of the overhanging pavement canopy, new to

Tamworth in shop design.

To make the building of these new premises possible it has meant a little disturbance of the present drapery department as part of that shop has had to be partitioned off to allow the new buildings to go ahead, however there has been no disturbance of the service given by this department to our members, and customers themselves notice no difference as the manager and his staff ably cope with the difficulties put upon them.

GROCERY PRICE POLICY

ONE of the main outstanding principles of the Co-operative Movement has been fair and legitimate trading, coupled with good service and the highest quality lines at competitive prices. Stunt trading and cut price methods have at all times been practiced by our competitors.

This method of business has become more prevalent of late and we feel we do not desire to be forced into this type of trading if we can avoid it.

The quality of all the merchandise we offer, whether they be provisions, canned goods, or general grocery lines, are the best obtainable and it is felt that this also applies to the service extended to our members and the working conditions of our employees who enjoy full trade union rights and privileges, also our prices are fixed as low as possible commensurate with these conditions and advantages.

GUARANTEED

Every item sold in our grocery shops are guaranteed to be of the quality stated and recompense or replacement will be made on any item that does not meet with your full approval.

Our one desire at all times is to give our members the service and quality our movement stands for and in the maintainance of this we feel that we shall have the approval of all our members.

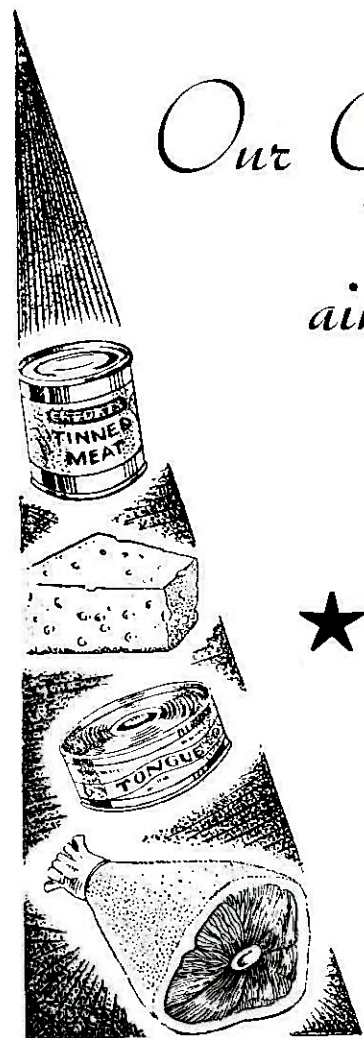
If we get any concession in price of goods bought, the profit is yours and as such is returned in the form of dividend.

A roaming member gathers no dividend.

OBITUARY

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

Agnes Rose Cummings, Hurley, March 6.
William George Higginson, Tamworth, March 17.
Frank Palmer, Kettlebrook, March 25.
Christopher Willie Bassford, Mancetter, March 29.
May Coates, Dordon, April 4.
Frederick John Cotterill, Tamworth, April 6.
William Henry Ball, Warton, April 13.
John William Stretton, No Mans Heath, April 17.
George Farmer, Kingsbury, April 18.
Winifred Marjorie Deakin, Twogates, April 19.
George Walter Ball, Fazeley, April 24.
Elizabeth Ellen Wits, Glascote, April 25.
Edith Hannah Boonham, Wilnecote, April 25.
Florence May Smith, Wilnecote, April 25.
Evelyn May Dawe, Birchmoor, April 25.
Florence May Dolman, Hockley, April 25.
Abigail Barnes, Wilnecote, April 27.
Rebecca Allton, Tamworth, April 27.
Mary Ann Greenwood, Polesworth, April 28.
Rose Shukins, Tamworth, April 30.
Sarah Elizabeth Cornfield, Bright Crescent, May 1.
William Blewitt Jenkins, Tamworth, May 2.
Edward Victor Hubbard, Mile Oak, May 2.
John Grazer, Fazeley, May 2.
Mabel Clarice Bowler, Fazeley, May 5.
Hannah Taylor, Tamworth, May 7.
Gertrude Shakeshaft, Wilnecote, May 7.
Wilfred George Hiscox, Glascote, May 8.



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aims to give you
Quality and Service*

★ We offer the finest fresh landed,
direct from the boat, Danish
Butter, also Danish Bacon at
competitive prices

“Lokreel” Canadian Red Sock-
eye, the well known tried and
trusted Salmon

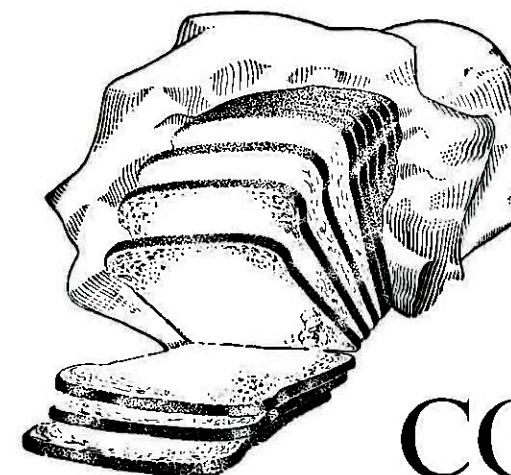
● For the Ideal Summer
Drink Buy CWS

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Orange . Lemon and
Grapefruit

A large and varied range of best
quality Canned Fruit, Meats, &c.
at prices to meet all needs

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*In all seasons for
various reasons choose*

CO-OP BREAD

Whatever variety
you choose, our
bread is delicious,
of the highest
grade, and is good
for the whole
family

- *Our varieties include*
- **THE HIGH GRADE LOAF**
- **WRAPPED AND SLICED**
Thick or Thin Slices
- **A SLICED 14 oz. LOAF** — *Is Now Available*
- **HOVIS - 14 oz. LOAF** - *Wrapped and Sliced*
- **NUTREX** — *The New Super Sandwich Loaf*
- **TRY SLIMCEA** — *The Loaf for the Slimmer*

Take that extra

CO-OP LOAF TO-DAY

It Pays !



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Traditional or Contemporary . . . brilliant patterns and glowing colours, beauty that is practical in ease of care and durability . . . fabrics to meet today's demand for luxury at moderate prices. Here now in one delightful showing.

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★ *Colourful Venetian Blinds* — will add new beauty to your windows (estimates free.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **DRAPERY DEPARTMENT**

Salad Cream at its choicest

Every salad a heavenly feast! That's what it tastes like when you add delicious C.W.S Salad Cream. This smooth, rich, and gorgeously satisfying dressing will do full justice to *your* salads. Try a bottle to-day.



Salad Cream

PICNIC
PACK
2oz. 9d.

5oz. 1/-

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The finishing touch to your favourite salad
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