

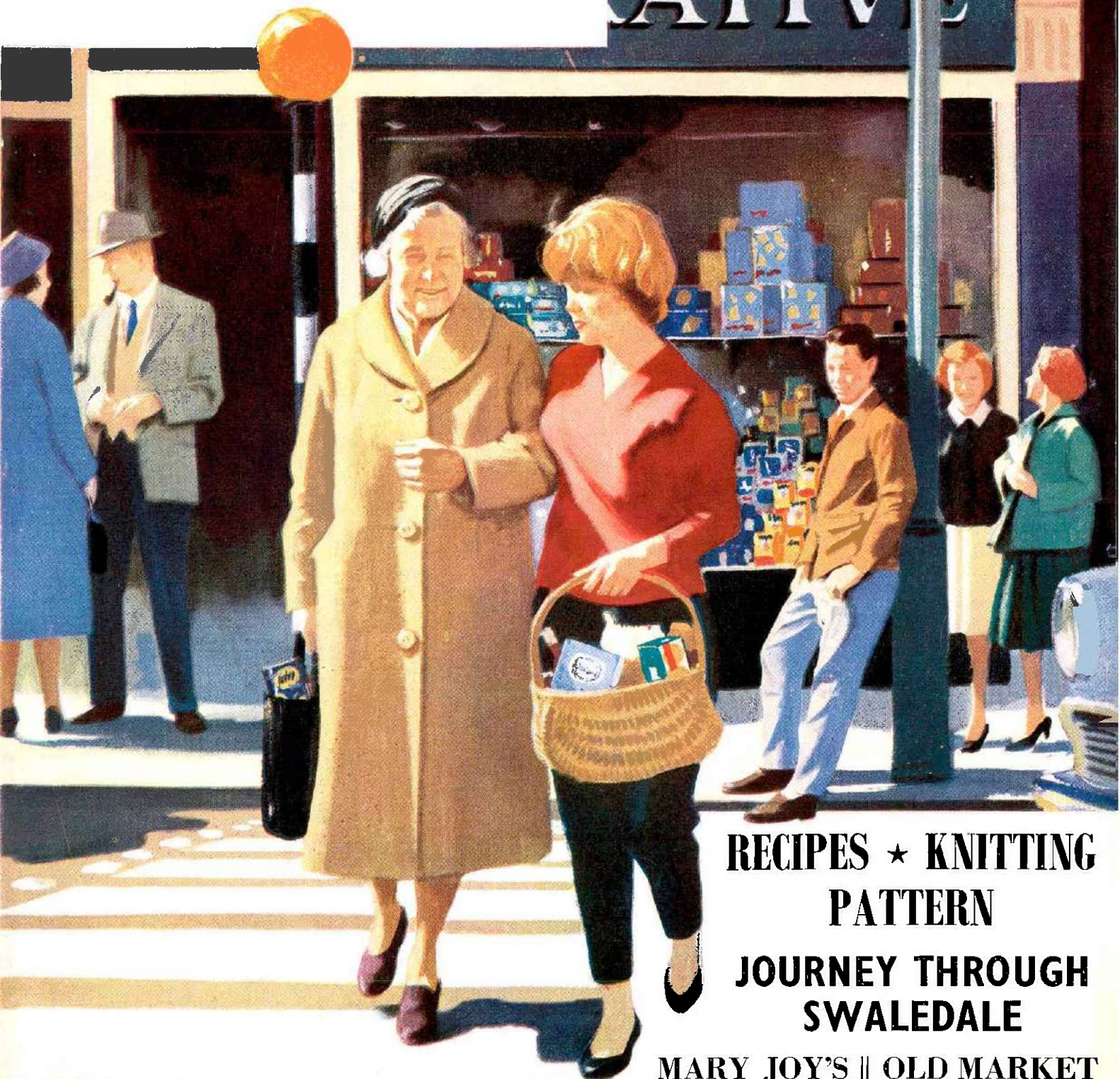
TAMWORTH EDITION

SEPTEMBER 1959

Home

M A G A Z I N E

RATIVE



**RECIPES ★ KNITTING
PATTERN**

**JOURNEY THROUGH
SWALEDALE**

**MARY JOY'S JOURNAL || OLD MARKET
CROSSES**

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for Fresh Fruit!**

Wheatsheaf
PURE DAIRY CREAM

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

SEPTEMBER, 1959 Vol. 64, No. 7

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FRONT COVER

A helping hand is always welcome and a pretty girl looks even prettier when she goes out of her way to assist an elderly shopper across the road. The young man leaning against the standard looks on approvingly, even if he is a bit slow in going to assist her himself. In the background another youngster has caught sight of something attractive in the Co-operative store window. That's not surprising. There's plenty to attract young people in Co-operative stores to-day, and more and more are doing their shopping there.

Take a letter, Miss...

HELLO again—that's the greeting the staff of HOME MAGAZINE offer you after our months of non-appearance! With the settlement of the printing dispute we are able to meet you again, and tell you of our winter plans. Did you ever work in an office? Perhaps you still do.

Remember the arguments over whose turn it was to make the tea? Those rows about whether the window should be open or shut? And that girl who was always borrowing your typewriter eraser and never returning it? They may not have been the happiest days of your life, but you had a lot of fun and good fellowship and there was always a ready shoulder to weep on when the boss was unpleasant about your mistakes.

Now comes a lively and amusing account of office work which gives the point of view of the girl behind the typewriter. The author is **Stella Lee** and the secretaries in our office agree that every word she writes is nothing but the truth, and not a penny less than full justice to the people who do the real work.

With that opinion firmly conveyed to us, we thought we could do nothing better than print her story in HOME MAGAZINE. It starts next month and will warm the heart of every woman who has ever wondered how her stupid

boss could possibly hold down his job. There is no form of office trouble that Stella doesn't fall into. She started work at 16 and jumped from job to job all too quickly. Although her shorthand and typing were 120 and 65 words per minute respectively, she just had the knack of getting in the manager's bad books straight away. Of course it may have been the fault of each individual boss, but Stella had so many that the reader begins to think in the end that there must have been some slight blame attached to her as well.

She solved her problem by becoming a 'temporary' and went from office to office as a relief secretary. Unhappily the relief was entirely that felt by her employers when it was time for her to go again. She forgot to pass messages on to directors, she put letters in the wrong envelopes, and she caused riots of one kind or another among the staff.

No wonder her bosses were inclined to say, "If this is help, give me chaos." But there was never a dull moment in her life. And there won't be a dull moment for you as you read her racy and lively account of her adventures.

THIS BRITAIN . . .

The Abbey Gatehouse, St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, was built in 1380. In its long history it has served as a jail, and a grammar school.

I WONDER how many of you have entered for our competition for lunch recipes? We are busy going through your entries now and they make a tremendous postbag. By the time the closing date arrived, we had many hundreds to consider in choosing the prize-winner.

Owing to the printing dispute, announcement of the winner is held over to October and you will have the chance to try out the menu then for yourself. Meanwhile you can turn to **Mary Langham's** page.

I know one reader who never fails to use Mary's recipes each month, and she tells me that she has never been disappointed yet. While cookery is an art in itself, there is no doubt that a good recipe is half the battle, and every recipe that Mary Langham gives you is carefully tried out and tested.

In preparation for our October issue is a feature on fashions by **Doreen Browne** in which she will let you into the secrets of the dress world for the months ahead. All our usual popular features, including Mary Joy's Journal, "Housewives' Club," knitting pattern, gardening, and book and record reviews will be there next month to help you with your hobbies.—The Editor.





Thwaite is a lonely grey hamlet beside a tiny beck in Upper Swaledale. Many a time the elements have been so wild the cottages have all but been swept away

Connecting Muker with Hawes in Wensleydale is the impressive Buttertubs Pass, so named from the queer limestone figures in the ground. It gives extensive views of the fells which rise above the 2,000-foot mark in this part of Yorkshire.

On the way to Gunnerdale, the Swale becomes fierce and powerful, a torrent in winter. Gunner Bridge has been swept away more than once in the past.

The little hamlets of Low How, Feltham, and Healaugh line the banks of the growing river, and now the scene begins

Where Turner painted and Friars fished

By REECE WINSTONE

SOME lovely tracts of country are protected by the National Park legislation, and all lovers of the most wild of the Yorkshire Dales rejoice that Swaledale is one of them. This beautiful valley is perhaps the least known of its fellows in the West and North Ridings; it gives a wilder picture than the more pastoral dales southwards.

High in the Pennine Hills, not far from 1,732-foot Tan Hill, which has the highest Inn in England, come little streams to form the Stonesdale and Birkdale Becks. Meeting at an old bridge, these waters form the youthful Swale, a thousand feet above the sea. Mountain sheep may well be the only living things seen for hours at the head of the dale.

The Swale gathers the waters of many other becks on its way south and east to Keld, the first village on the way to Richmond. Just a few cottages, sturdily built against the rough elements, and an inn where one may learn of the character of the dalesfolk, group together at the beginning of Keld Forest.

FROM Keld to Muker there is a choice of ways. That by-road takes in Thwaite, a sombre village, somewhat decayed; its history tells how the elements have often nearly razed it to the ground. But the prettier way is beside the Swale, around Kisdon Hill, a great island of limestone 1,633 feet above sea level. Opposite is the bastion wall of Rogan's Seat.

Muker seems quite a big community, though little more than a hundred dalesfolk live here in grey cottages, grouped below the small church. Richard and Cherry Kearton, the famous naturalists, went to school at Muker from their home at Thwaite, and one may imagine the daily walk aroused their interests in nature study.



An ancient law of the Forest of Wensleydale decreed a horn had to be blown on Bainbridge Green at 9 p.m. from September 27 to Shrove Tuesday to serve as a guide to travellers in danger of being benighted on the surrounding fells. In summer the horn may be seen in the hall of the 1445 Rose and Crown Inn. It is a buffalo horn from South Africa presented in 1864, replacing a bullock horn which may be seen in Bolton Castle Museum nearby

to change again. The slopes of the fells fall back and the Swale has more room in which to wind. The narrow road alongside still clings a little above the waters and so one arrives at Reeth, the largest village yet encountered, situated at the head of Arkengarthdale.

THE ordnance survey shows pre-Roman barrows and ramparts on Harkenside Moor, between Reeth and Grinton, where one crosses the river again by an old bridge with three arches. The church is by the river's edge, and very picturesque it is, backed by the heights of Virgin Moss, 1855 feet high.

There are two ways from Grinton to Richmond. Heavier traffic on the right hand bank keeps company with the Swale practically all the way while the older road to the left is more strenuous and runs up and down steep hills, but affords grander views.

On this bank is Marrick Priory, founded eight centuries ago by the Benedictines. A service is held here just once a year. Leading up to the hillside hamlet is a "corpse-track," once set with 365 paving stones, along which went funeral processions of bygone days.

ANOTHER landmark is the ruin of Ellerton Abbey, 500 years old, very dignified in its solitude on the banks of the Swale.

Four miles to the west of Richmond stands Whitcliffe Scar, a 200-foot precipice on the left bank called Willance's Leap. During a fog in 1606, a rider named Robert Willance lost his way. His horse fell over the edge, but he himself escaped with a broken leg. Three stones mark the leaps made by the poor animal, and one is inscribed "1606: Glory be to our merciful God who miraculously preserved me from danger so great."

The dale now takes a more open character as the towers of Richmond come into view, but first the Swale flows through Hag Wood, a property of the National Trust. It was loved by Turner for its colourful possibilities.

So we come to the "Capital of Richmondshire," its history of a thousand years to be read in the stones of to-day's busy town. A forbidding Norman fortress looks down on the thickly wooded banks lining the river; the keep is the loftiest in the country. Below this cliff's edge is a solid old bridge of three arches, its piers tough enough to stand the winter rush of water. In the market place is an architectural curiosity; a church with shops built into the north side. After the Reformation this 14th-century building became the Town Hall and Assize, but 200 years

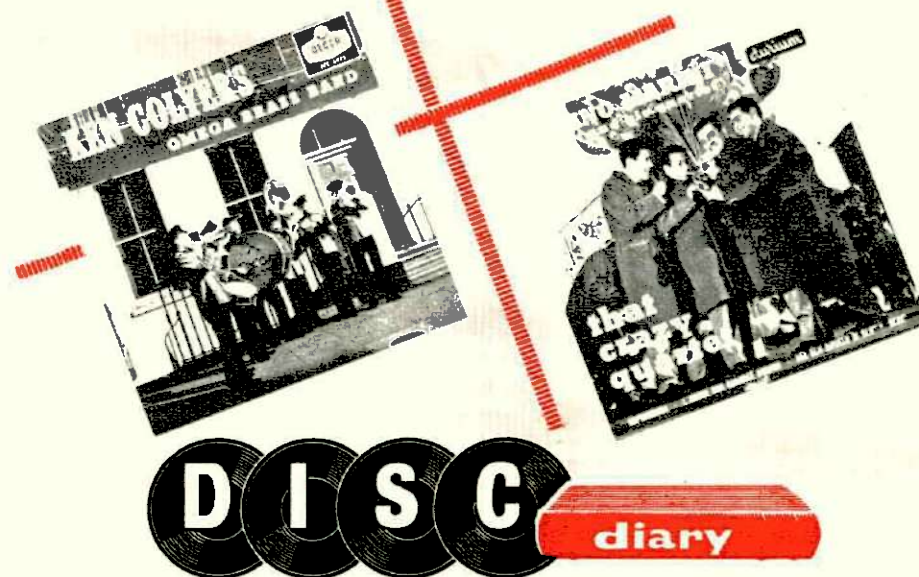
fished



All that remains of the House of Greyfriars founded in 1258 by Ralph Fitz Ranulph, whose heart was buried here. It is exquisite 15th century work

ago, it was restored to ecclesiastical use with these shops incorporated.

Alongside the banks of the Swale is a curious 15th-century tower in a farmyard used as a shelter in the recent war, the remains of the Priory of St. Martin's, founded in 1100 for Benedictine monks from St. Mary's Abbey, York, and a mile to the east are the striking ruins of East Abbey, sited on the edge of the left bank of the river in a glorious position.



DO you ever buy a disc for its sleeve?

Probably not—and yet the modern sleeve is often a wonderful example of technical achievement. For their recordings of suites by Bizet from *Carmen* and *L'Arlesienne*, on 33CX-1608 the craftsmen of Columbia have turned to Van Gogh's wonderful painting of a cornfield near Arles. It breathes the fire and vigour of the music played so ably by the **Philharmonia Orchestra** under Herbert von Karajan.

It would be hard, perhaps, to find three more contrasting or, at the same time, more melodious overtures than Pye have drawn together for Sir John Barbirolli and the **Halle** on CCL 30128. The wild sea surge of Mendelssohn's *The Hebrides*, the humour and richness of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*, and the heart-tearing romance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* combine in a splendid record that will richly reward its owner.

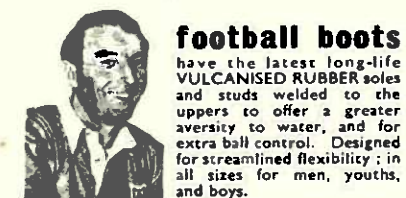
Rachmaninoff's famous *Prelude in C Sharp Minor* has overshadowed his other preludes and, indeed, much of his work. On Pye CCL 30138 **Richard Farrell** plays the C Sharp Minor and five other preludes with great distinction. Poignancy is given to the record because he made it at his last recording session, a few weeks before his death.

Ever heard of Papa Laine, jazz fans? He led his first band in 1891 and preceded the Original Dixieland Jazz Band days. Now Oriole have immortalised him with *Papa Laine's Children* on MG-20002 in which **Johnny Wiggs** has assembled a front rank team to bring back the atmosphere of the Laine period. They include Tom Brown, Harry Shields, and Edmond Souchon, and Papa Laine ends the session with a few comments.

Among the EP's **Ken Colyer's Omega brass band** sets feet tapping on Decca DFE 6435 with *Bugle Boy March* and three others. Popular **Marino Marini**

and his quartet have four fine Italian tunes (including *Nel blu dipinto di blu*) on Durium U-20030. **Phil Tate** and his Orchestra play strict tempo on Oriole 45-CB 1495 *Somebody Loves Me*, and **Fats Domino** puts over *When the Saints* on London 45-HL-P 8822. Amusing are **Pinky and Perky** with the chewing gum and the bedpost on Decca F-11116.—T.O.

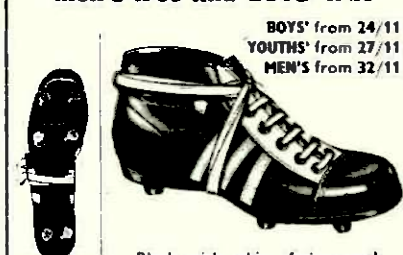
Stanley Matthews



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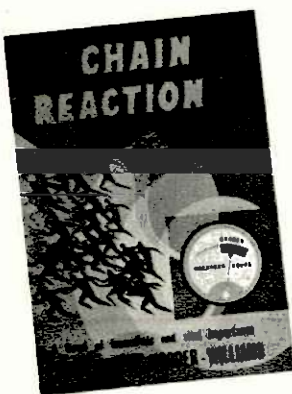
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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

B * O * O * K * S

Reviewed by
THOMAS OLSEN

If you're gathering your things together for that late holiday at home or abroad, a number of useful books are ready to help you. Let's take a look at some of them. First, there's **Raymond Postgate's Good Food Guide 1959-1960** (Cassell, 7s. 6d.). Remarkably fine value the book is, too, even if the author does describe my own contribution as from a member "who should take more thought for his figure." It's all written by readers from their own experiences, you see, and gives the best addresses for the best eating in Britain.



Christopher Hodder-Williams, author of CHAIN REACTION

So many people are going abroad that I'm glad to tell them the key to a successful foreign holiday is found in a Michelin guide. This wonderful French company helps the traveller with a series which tells all about towns, hotels, and food. For instance *France 1959* costs 950 francs (about 14s.) and is in four languages including English, with 900 pages, and scores of route and street maps. It rates restaurants by stars and has a useful map of hotels where special meals at a top price of 12s. can be obtained. So you can choose between meals at 7s. in many parts and such sublime experiences as a restaurant in Paris where you can pay up to £3 10s. per head plus wine.

In the *Michelin Italie 1959*, you find a similar service for 10s. 6d., an improvement on the first guide of 1956, and now including starred restaurants of the same high standard as in France. Notes are in English and the book fills a big need for a guide to the Italian travel scene.

Not yet in the stiff-backed covers of these guides come two other Michelin offerings, *Benelux 1959* and *Espagne 1959*, each at about 8s. Strong paper covers and narrow format make them useful for the motor car dashboard and, since

both Benelux and Spain attract many British tourists, they are excellent value with handy road maps and historical and architectural details, although some knowledge of French is necessary.

If you travel as far as Tangier you may meet Paul Lund behind his bar. **Rupert Croft-Cooke** has told Lund's story in *Smiling Damned Villain* (Secker and Warburg, 18s.), an account of his adventures as a Birmingham crook with a stretch in Dartmoor. It was fear of Dartmoor and the certainty of a preventative detention sentence that finally seems to have taken Lund off direct crime to thinking up jobs for others to do instead, which would appear to be one answer to critics of the law. A thrilling, exciting and revealing book.

A very different book is *Wild Oats* by **R. L. Wild** (Blackwood, 18s.), for here is a man just as tough and resourceful as Lund, who has chosen to find his adventure the legitimate way. Unorthodox deliveries as a telegraph boy took him conveniently to sea in the merchant service and the Navy, where a penchant for overstaying his leave in foreign ports led him to join the Army. He has written a manly, lively autobiography of pre-war service life.

The useful "How to Catch Them" series (Jenkins, 3s. 6d.) now adds *Brook Trout* by **L. Baverstock** to its list, a handy pocket book on a specialised aspect of trout fishing at a reasonable price.

There is concern to-day over some advertising standards and *Advertising: The Forgotten Years* by **Eric Field** (Benn, 21s.) tells of the profession's growth since 1905, and shows lively enterprise was as common then as now.

A novel by **Walter Allen** is always an occasion and *All in a Lifetime* (Michael Joseph, 15s.) is a quite outstanding

triumph. In its pages elderly William Ewart Ashted tells his story of a radical life in humble surroundings, uplifted by his friendship for George Thompson, a Labour M.P. whose career is cut short by scandal.

Mr Allen draws his characters splendidly and makes Ashted's account ring with truth. This is a book for everyone.

I was reminded of both Caradoc Evans and the early D. H. Lawrence when I read *The Following Seasons* by **Donald Ford** (Bodley Head, 15s.). There is the same natural approach to country life and people. Mr. Ford knows his Wales, and Gwil, the man who cannot speak his love, Rachel the barmaid, Gwil's sister Jessie, and Lily Beynon the singer, meet humanly and convincingly in their tangled story.

Catherine Cookson leaves her Mary Ann to create new characters in *Slinky Jane* (Macdonald, 13s. 6d.). The Puddletons are the centre of this lively and amusing novel of Northumberland village life, with grandpop ranking high in the reader's interest when a young woman arrives to stir up the hamlet.



Catherine Cookson, author of SLINKY JANE

The atomic age has reached the novel, and *Chain Reaction* by **Christopher Hodder-Williams** (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) is a distinguished piece of writing that makes highly intelligent use of the dangers of this modern age for its theme. This country is threatened by atomic radiation. The growing crisis and the men who meet it are grippingly portrayed in a most unusual thriller.

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

New Penguins include *Selected Short Stories* by **W. W. Jacobs** with the famous "Monkey's Paw," *More Ghost Stories* by **M. R. James**, and *The Wrong Set*, a collection of **Angus Wilson's** sophisticated stories. Two other collections of short stories are *The Daffodil Sky* by **H. E. Bates** and *Roman Tales* by **Alberto Moravia**.

Kathleen Ferrier is sister Winifred's biographer combined with Neville Cardus' tribute. **Phyllis Hostler** writes sensibly

for parents in *The Child's World*, and *Children and the Law* by **F. T. Giles**, is a Pelican that deals with legal aspects.

Flower-growing for Shows by **E. R. Jones** is a detailed Penguin handbook, while *The Church Youth Club* (Independent Press, 6s.) by **Kenneth Matthews** frankly faces club problems.

From the University Tutorial Press at 4s. 9d. comes *The Map approach to African History* by **A. Healy** and **E. Vere-Hodge**.

BELIEVE it or not, the Co-operative Movement, with its thousands of shops, is the descendant of the Market Cross, the one-time trading centre of the district.

To-day at the Co-op, the last word in convenient, economical, and comfortable shopping, you can buy anything from a pin to a piano. But in early days when shops were scarce or non-existent, you had to brave the weather and seek your requirements at the foot of the market cross where traders used to group their wares.

Largely because of the difficulties of travel, a market would be set up, under charter, in one particular village as a shopping centre, and a grant of land would be made. The area was enclosed by posts, known as "staples," a name which eventually became applicable to the main industry of the particular village or town.

The stallholder would pay a fee to the lord of the manor—sometimes the Church—and later, to the civic authorities—which might be in cash or in kind.

Hours of trading were limited, and in some places, as at Coventry, certain

Cross was a Symbol of Honest Dealing

By **G. BUNCOMBE**

commodities could only be bought by the general public at specified times, after the burgesses had received first choice.

The site of the market was invariably marked by a cross, and many of these survive to-day. The cross served as a focal point, or as an identification of the type of goods likely to be sold there. Hence it might receive its name; for example, the Butter Cross, or the Poultry Cross as at Salisbury.



"And I bought you a new coat-hanger"

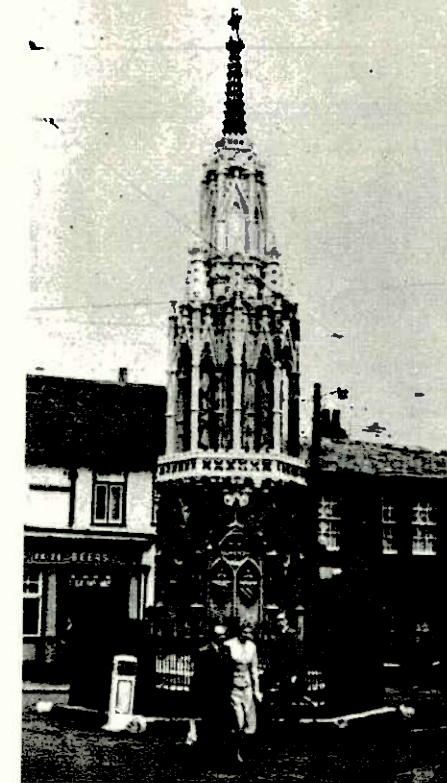
Above all, the symbol served as a constant reminder of honest dealing and Christian living.

Many of these crosses preceded the existence of the markets and were Preaching Crosses erected by the monks. These are often found near old monasteries or priories, and were in time adapted for commercial meeting places. Sometimes the market was held round a cross in the churchyard itself.

The earliest examples consisted of a single shaft, perhaps mounted on steps to elevate the preacher. These steps proved convenient as early display "windows" for merchants, but lacked shelter from the weather. So the base of the cross was covered with a canopy, as at Chichester, or was sometimes partly walled as a deterrent to thieving dogs.

As the business life of towns and villages increased, need for accommodation led to the building of a chamber above the open ground floor space. From such as these, market halls like that at Chipping Campden, Hereford, and Ledbury grew, and, too, the Guild Halls and Town Halls, as at Thaxted, Essex, and Peterborough.

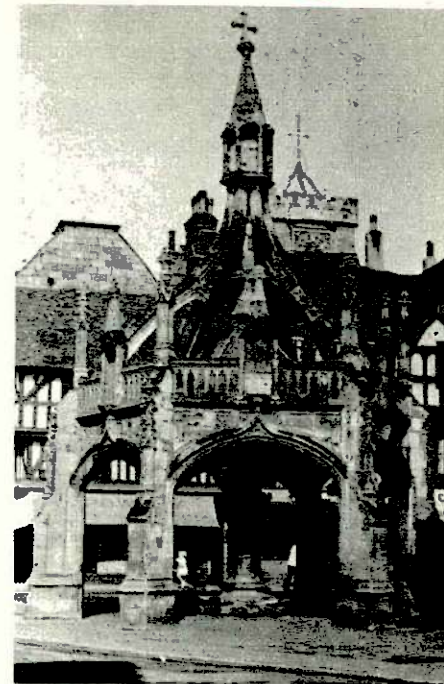
A memorial to a dead queen: Waltham Cross is probably the most complete of the surviving Eleanor crosses, of which there were originally twelve



Besides the Preaching Crosses and Market Crosses, a third type, the Memorial Cross provided a convenient focal point for traders and their customers. Of these memorials, commemorating events and people of historical importance, by far the most famous are the Eleanor Crosses.

THESE numbered twelve in all, and were erected by King Edward I to mark the places where the coffin of his queen, Eleanor, rested on her last journey from Northamptonshire to Westminster Abbey. The only survivors are those at Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham Cross. Most familiar name of all, perhaps, Charing Cross, is a copy of the original removed by order of Parliament in 1647.

The rustic crosses became the hub of rural life and the shopping centres of their districts. With all their disadvantages, including vulnerability to weather, dirt, disease, and petty thieving, these open-air markets lasted for centuries.



Salisbury's hexagonal cross is a well-known feature of the Wiltshire cathedral city. Called the Poultry Cross, it was one of the market centres whose titles indicate the type of produce sold there

EVERYTHING in Dixie moves slowly, lazily. Transplanted Europeans called Americans cannot work in the cotton and corn fields in summer; only the superior skin-pigmentation of the transplanted Africans can withstand the sun.

Down in the town the cotton mills are working night and day. The factory windows gleam with a greenish light; pallid forms move within. Walking outside, in the light of the full moon shining over the magnolia trees, I saw two old negroes sitting on the grass, apparently homeless, yet content.

It is one of those nights, mysterious and warm, which seem to bring a suspension of time. To-day, or yesterday, the temperature was over a hundred in the shade, and to-night it is still hot.

From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

The moon with its shine does nothing to cool the earth.

Everywhere on the hot red-brown earth runs the reeling stridulation of grasshoppers. Autos pass with their coarse engine-noises on the sandy roads. Below the garden and 'way across the fields from the distant town comes the mournful shriek of the freight train, and the slow tolling of its bell.

I go inside and turn on the radio. It awakens the mocking bird, that imitator of others' songs. Listening, I hear the



notes of a thrush—almost an English thrush, with something of the blackbird's quality in its notes, but faster in tempo; then the querulous jangle-cry of the blue jay; the throb of the nightingale when it cries *teru teru teru*. Yet there are no nightingales in America.

One feels that white people have no roots in this continent, oneself among them. We are transplanted Europeans; the skins of the indigenous human beings were red. Everyone is sagging under the near-tropical power of the high white sun, which burns on in the moon by night. There is no relief.

ONE of my acquaintances earlier to-night asked me if I would care to see the prison, adding apologetically, "It's old. It will soon be replaced by a new one." We were walking along Broad Street, beside the massed shadows of autos parked at 45 degrees to the curb. Crowds of white and coloured people moved easily, at leisure, on the sidewalks. The night down there was pleasant.

The first sight of the lock-up was astonishing. Behind a large plate-glass window, without blinds or screens, in a brightly-lit room sat a dozen policemen playing cards around a hardwood table. It might have been a shop window, and the figures within something to do with salesmanship. Indeed, that was the idea, I heard; to sell to the public the idea of their civic protection.

My acquaintance was a City Father, and we were allowed in. Cops lounged

against walls. All were armed; some carried blackjacks, rubber with short flexible steel handles.

"Not much in to-night," said the cop on duty. "Go ahead," as he waved a hand in salute. We walked over the courtyard of trodden earth and turned into a barrack. Along the walls were cages, with bunks of strip iron without bedding fixed in each cell.

IN the first cage stood a well-dressed young man, an ordinary whoopee drunk, half-sobered up. Next to him was a fuzzy creature with dead eyes, mumbling to himself. He had delirium tremens from "whiskey" made from corn or maize. "Look out, Jake, they're coming on you!" cried a cop. The poor wretch held up an arm as shield against his mental devils.

In the next cage was a slayer who was to stand trial for killing his sweetheart. Then a small half-caste negro, who had escaped from a chain-gang, been caught, and was awaiting transfer to Alabama.

In Alabama house-breaking is a capital offence if anyone is sleeping in the house at the time. This negro, arrested near the house, had got 20 years. He had escaped after three. Wearing a new brown suit and new hat, he looked not sad, but little-boyish, quiet, hopeful. "They framed me," he said.

I was relieved to go on. The City Father gave me several shots of corn whiskey. It was OK he said, several years old, and had been inside a charred keg. Some of the local "corn," he said, was matured by the time it took to ride round from the still to your apartment house. So your correspondent did not end up in one of those cages!

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

Wise Words from the Village Shopkeeper

MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

THE village square was bathed in sunshine and the thatched pink cottages looked like the edible ones from Hans Andersen. The tiny shop door bell tinkled as I went in. The shop had a delicious perfume compounded of sandalwood and soap, paraffin and home-made bread.

An old gentleman shuffled towards the counter smiling a welcome good morning. He told me he had been in the village all his life except when the first world war took him away.

He'd had big plans for a garage with his only son, but he told me quite simply that this was not to be; the son was killed in the last war. They had been such a united family, he said, very close to one another. Since this personal sadness came their way, he and his wife had ruin the little shop and were content and grateful for their good health and beautiful surroundings.

"Whatever causes it, bitterness is never, never worth it. Everything that is beautiful in life is destroyed by the wounds we keep open and the humiliations we hug close to us. The sun shines and we never feel it on our faces, music plays to deafened ears—as though our whole system were poisoned by bitterness.

"If we really loved our boy, being bitter is not the way to show thankfulness for having him. There is too much envy and bitterness in all of us. How can we take anything or give anything if our hands are always clenched in temper?"

His words had tumbled out and he seemed startled at his eloquence. Suddenly stopping he began to rummage quietly among the shelves for the various things I wanted to buy. I asked him what the inscription was on the sundial in his garden, and he told me: "I only mark the sunny days."

As I came away I felt that here was a truly happy man who had known real sorrow. But he had not allowed this to embitter him, and had overcome it all.

I WALKED along the lane with a young girl and her brother. They were about 17 and 18 years old. By the expressions on their faces just as we met I gathered the conversation had been weighty. As I joined them Daphne said, "Parents—ugh!" I mentally loaded my gun.

Their complaint was the inconsistency and smugness of their parents, and they went on to give me an amusing example.

"For instance," said Robert, "if you fail an examination they say it doesn't surprise them. If you pass, that doesn't surprise them, either—it was expected of you, etc., etc."

Daphne took up the tale. "If you go away and arrive at your destination safely, they say, 'Naturally, we've brought you up to be self-reliant.' But," she continued, "if you sprain your ankle, or lose your new hat on the same journey, you are promptly told that something like that was quite anticipated."

Robert commented: "It is exasperating." Daphne queried, "Is that being experienced?"



How can one answer such nice young things? Fortunately they did not ask me to give my opinion.

Robert had to get this out and over and said: "The absolute limit is that they are right about most things—though, mind you, it's not the best thing to let them know!"

"It's baffling. The other evening Father and Mother were humming and dancing to *Let's Face the Music and Dance*. Wherever did they hear it?"

"I wouldn't know," replied Daphne. I said bye-bye, and off they went like two young gazelles.

Is there any one of us who did not feel exactly the same at that age? As with us, these two young cherubs will learn that life, like riding a bicycle, can be very complicated until one has learned that balance is the secret.



Many a sweet is a wonderful treat served with smooth creamy custard made from C.W.S. CUSTARD POWDER. It's delicious and so easy to make, too. Always keep a packet at home ready for all those occasions when you need something special to complete the sweet.

C.W.S. 12 oz. drum 1/7½
and other sizes
CUSTARD POWDER

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

"NONE LEFT!"

Do you ever hear these dismal words when you ask for a copy of HOME MAGAZINE? Help yourself to your favourite reading by filling in this form and handing it to your branch manager.

To the Manager:

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..... SOCIETY

Please reserve me a copy of HOME MAGAZINE each month.

Yours faithfully

Membership No.



Pickin' a Chicken

Chicken need no longer be a dish which is to be served only on special occasions. Frozen poultry means that you get your bird in perfect condition, and it can be cooked and served with very little trouble.

CHICKEN DISHES

To Roast a Waveney Frozen Chicken: Defrost the chicken. This will take 3-4 hours, and it is essential to do this thoroughly, or tiny ice crystals round the bones will prevent the flesh cooking. Take out the giblets, etc., and wash and dry the bird well. Put 2 or 3 sprigs of tarragon, parsley, or rosemary inside the bird, with $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter and seasoning. Rub over the breast with butter, wrap in foil, place in a roasting tin, and pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock. Roast for approximately 1 hour, depending on the weight of the bird. Carefully remove all the flesh, divide into two, and keep hot, for the first two dishes given below.

One chicken plus two unusual sauces will make two substantial meals for three people.

CHICKEN WITH ALMOND SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cooked Waveney chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 2 oz. blanched almonds, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, salt, pinch sugar, pinch CWS ground mace or nutmeg, 2 tablespoons cream or top of the milk, 1 oz. Avondale butter.

Chop the almonds as finely as possible, put into a frying-pan with the butter, and fry slowly until golden brown. Blend in the flour, remove from the heat, stir in the stock, and season with the salt, mace, and sugar. Simmer for 5 minutes. Divide the bird into pieces, arrange neatly on an oval dish. Add the cream to the sauce, and then spoon over the chicken. Garnish with potato crisps and mixed vegetables.

SAVOURY CHICKEN

$\frac{1}{2}$ cooked Waveney chicken, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Avondale butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint giblet or chicken stock, 1 thinly sliced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. thinly sliced mushrooms, 4 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Excelda or Federation plain flour and 1 teaspoon Avondale butter mixed together, chicken liver if liked.

Put the butter into a saucepan, add the onion, mushrooms, and chicken liver chopped finely. Cook for 5 minutes. Add the quartered tomatoes, the $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock, and the butter-flour mixture. Simmer gently until the mixture is reduced by half. Put the chicken on to an oval plate and coat with the sauce.

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

WAVENEY RISOTTO

1 small Waveney frozen chicken, 6 oz. Patna rice, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Avondale butter, 1 small chopped onion, 1 clove garlic crushed (optional), a 5 oz. packet Eskimo frozen peas, 1 pint chicken stock, pinch CWS ground nutmeg, 2 oz. mushrooms, chopped and cooked in a little stock, salt and pepper.

Prepare the chicken and cook by simmering in water until tender. Skin the chicken and cut the meat into even-sized pieces. Skim the liquid and use as stock. Melt the butter in a deep frying-pan, add the onion and garlic, and cook gently until soft but not brown. Add the rice and continue to stir until the butter has been absorbed. Stir in the stock, nutmeg, and seasoning, and continue to stir until boiling point is reached so that the rice does not stick to the pan. Cover tightly with a lid and simmer gently until the liquid is absorbed (20-30 minutes). Stir in the mushrooms, pieces of chicken, and peas, pile on to an oval dish, and keep hot.

If liked, a tomato sauce can be served with this. My favourite recipe is to thicken a small tin of Wheatsheaf tomatoes with a little flour and season to taste with salt, pepper, sugar and mace.

The risotto recipe is a delicious way of using any type of left-over meat, fish, shell-fish, etc.

PICNIC PASTIES

8 oz. Shortcrust pastry, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced cooked chicken, 2 rashers bacon, 1 medium onion, 1 hard boiled egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock, 1 teaspoon Federation or Excelda plain flour, CWS salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. dripping for frying.

Chop the onion very finely, the bacon roughly, and fry together in the dripping.

Add the flour and stir in the stock, stirring until cooked. Add the chicken and chopped hard boiled egg, season to taste, and allow to go cold. Roll out the pastry fairly thinly, and cut out circles approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. Divide the mixture between the circles, damp the edges and seal together. Leave to stand for about an hour, then cook in deep fat until golden brown. Drain well on tissue paper. These pasties are delicious served hot or cold.

CHICKEN BROTH

Carcase of fowl, 2 pints of stock or water, 2 teaspoons CWS table salt, CWS pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 onion, 1 stick celery, 1-2 tablespoons CWS rice.

Break up the carcase, and put into a large saucepan with the stock, onion, celery and seasoning. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for approximately 2 hours. Strain, add the rice, and simmer until tender. Add the chopped parsley and season to taste. Any other vegetable can be cooked and added.

★ STAR RECIPE ★ LEMON SAUCE PUDDING

1 oz. Avondale butter, 2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 4 oz. castor sugar, grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon.

Warm the butter and mix with the sugar and flour. Stir in the egg yolks, milk, grated rind and lemon juice. Whisk the egg whites until stiff and fold in carefully. Pour into a buttered pie dish, bake 45 minutes, Mark 3 (350°F.). When baked this mixture will separate, forming a lemon sauce with a light spongy top.

SWEATER for the Outdoor Girl

KNIT IT FOR THE AUTUMN IN
WAVECREST DOUBLE CREPE

HOME
MAGAZINE
KNITTING
PATTERN
No. 31



MATERIALS.—22 oz. WAVECREST Double Crepe. Two No. 7 and two No. 10 needles. Set of four No. 10 and No. 9 needles with points at both ends. One Cable needle. Two stitch-holders.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 34-36 inch bust. Length at centre back, $24\frac{1}{2}$ ins. Sleeve seam, $17\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; k.b., knit into back of stitch; p.b., purl into back of stitch; st., stitch; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches: c.3f., cable 3 front by working across next 6 sts. as follows:—slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, knit next 3 sts. then knit 3 sts. from cable needle; c.3b., cable 3 back as c.3f. but leave sts. at back of work in place of front.

TENSION.—5 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. and 7 rows to one square inch on No. 7 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 101 sts. 1st row: **p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to last st., p.1. 2nd row: **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 3 ins. from beg.

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed in fancy rib patt. as follows:— 1st row: **p.1, k.b.1, rep. from ** to last st., p.1. 2nd row: **k.1, p.b.1, p.1, p.b.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 15 ins. from beg., finishing at end of a 2nd row.

Shape raglan armholes as follows:— Next 2 rows: Cast off 3, patt. all across.

Proceed as follows:— 1st row: p.1, k.b.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, k.b.6, p.1. 2nd row: k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1. 3rd to 6th rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. 7th row: p.1, c.3f., p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, c.3b., p.1. 8th row: k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1. These 8 rows form cable patt.

Keeping cable patt. correct, continue dec. as before on next and every alt. row until 29 sts. remain. Slip sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave.

FRONT

Work as for back until 45 sts. remain at raglan shaping, finishing with wrong side facing for next row.

Next row: Work across 14 sts., work next 17 sts. on to second stitch-holder, work to end.

Proceed on 1st group of 14 sts. as follows: 1st row: p.1, patt.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib 2, k.2 tog. 2nd and alt. rows: Work all across. 3rd row: p.1, patt.6, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1, k.2 tog. 5th row: p.1, k.b.5, (k.2 tog.) twice. 7th row: p.1, k.b.3, (k.2 tog.) twice. 9th row: p.1, k.b.1, (k.2 tog.) twice. 11th row: p.1, k.3 tog. 13th row: p.1, k.1. Work 2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to remaining 14 sts. and complete to match first half of front.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins. Next row: Rib 7, (inc. in next st., rib 3) 10 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (65 sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed in fancy rib patt. as on back, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 6th row until there are 97 sts. on needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures $17\frac{1}{2}$ ins. from beg., finishing with right side facing for next row.

Shape raglan top as follows:— Next 2 rows: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

Proceed as follows:— 1st row: p.1, k.b.6, p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib patt. to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, k.b.6, p.1. 2nd row: k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.2 tog., rib patt. to last 10 sts., p.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1, p.b.6, k.1. 3rd to 6th rows: Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice. 7th row: p.1, c.3f., p.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., rib patt. to last 10 sts., k.2 tog., p.1, c.3b., p.1. 8th row: k.1, p.b.6, k.1, p.1, rib patt. to last 9 sts., p.1, k.1, p.b.6, k.1.

Keeping cable patt. correct throughout, continue dec. on next and every alt. row until 19 sts. remain, finishing with right side facing for next row.

Next row: p.1, patt. 6, p.1, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., p.1, patt.6, p.1 (17 sts.). Slip 17 sts. on to a length of wool and leave.

ROLL NECK

Join raglan shaping of sleeves, back and front together. With right side of work facing, with set of No. 10 needles knit up 110 sts. round neck including sts. from

stitch-holders and lengths of wool. Work in rounds of k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins.

Next round: (Rib 9, inc. in next st.) 11 times, (121 sts.).

Turn work round and proceed in rounds in opposite directions as follows:— 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th rounds: **p.1, k.b.1, p.1, k.b.1, p.1, k.b.6, rep. from ** to end of round. 5th round: **p.1, k.b.1 twice, p.1, c.3f., rep. from ** to end of round. 6th, 7th and 8th rounds: As 2nd round. Rep. rounds 1-8 once more.

Change to No. 9 needles and rep. rounds 1-8 twice more, dec. 1 st. at end of last round.

Work 3 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Block and lightly press each piece on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back-stitch seam join side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

Home Magazine has received so many requests for this warm sweater for the outdoor girl—which ran out of print some time ago—that we have decided to reprint it this month. It first appeared as Knitting Pattern No. 31 in April, 1958.



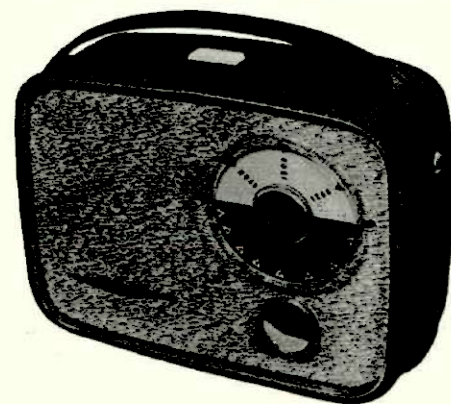
Doreen Browne conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

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.

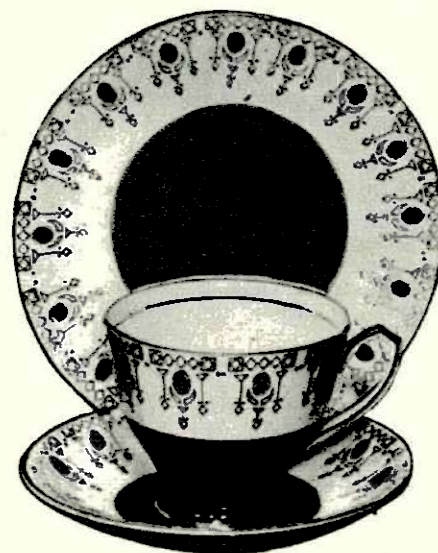


THE fresh air that drifts in through open windows isn't always as fresh as you think. It can contain all sorts of bacteria, and they multiply rapidly, especially during warm weather. That's why I think an air freshener is essential, and there's a new one on the market which has a really delightful, fragrant scent like a garden in high summer. It is highly concentrated, so that one spray of four or five seconds is enough to destroy airborne bacteria and mask all odours. Even if you've been cooking fish and chips or your husband has been smoking old rope in his pipe, the spray will get rid of the smell! Priced 4s. 6d., it is non-poisonous and non-inflammable, and will not stain.

WITH increasing traffic congestion and ever-mounting bus fares, more and more people are taking to cycles nowadays. They save the long wait for public transport, and there is never any difficulty in finding space to park them. After many years' service from my old faithful, I can recommend a newer model from the same makers—who, incidentally, also supply the G.P.O., so their cycles must be good. The one I liked has a 21 inch frame, caliper brakes with hooded levers, and a chain-



guard to protect your clothes from oil. The three-speed gear will take much of the hard work out of cycling, and there is a sprung saddle for comfort. Smartly finished in flamboyant red, blue, or green with white peaks, it costs £23 4s. 4d., complete with touring bag, spanners, inflator, and reflector.



A GROWING number of youngsters want their own radios to-day. Several I know retire to their bedrooms to listen in to rock numbers while everybody else is watching television.

A portable radio is the answer—and the new transistor sets are most economical to run. The transistor replaces valves, and decreases the consumption on the batteries. The versatile set I picked out has a side socket for a car aerial, and will receive medium and long waves.

Priced 18½ guineas, it has a polka dot design in black and white, red and white, or two tones of green.

DO you know the most popular colour for china? I was admiring a tea-service that is made in six different shades, and the salesman told me that yellow is the best-seller, closely followed by black. Whichever you prefer, the china is certainly most attractive and unusual. It has solid colour at the base of the cups and in the centre of the saucers and plates, and round the edge is a design in gold interspersed with blobs in a contrasting tone. Besides yellow and black you can choose from maroon, turquoise, green, and mauve, and at £6 15s., this is a delightful set to keep for special occasions.

What Makes Authors Write?

By
R. H. LANGBRIDGE

MANY authors have put on record the fact that they do not like writing. Why, then, do they write? The great Dr. Johnson had no doubts about it at all. Boswell reports him as saying: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." Others write for the honour and glory, and a few because they feel the need to express themselves.

Literary autobiographies frequently give an insight into the reasons that make men and women take up what Hilaire Belloc once termed "the detestable trade of writing."

Byron is one of the few famous authors of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries who did not write for money. At least not to begin with. In a letter to R. C. Dallas, written in 1814, he says: "The *Courier* of this evening accuses me of having 'received and pocketed' large sums for my works. I have never yet received, nor wish to receive, a farthing for any."

Four years later, in a letter to his publisher, John Murray, he wrote: "I once wrote from the fullness of my mind and the love of fame . . . and now from habit and from avarice."

ONE gathers from Byron's letters and journals that much of his writing was a way of relieving his pent-up emotions. "It comes over me in a kind of rage every now and then," he wrote to Thomas Moore, "If I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted love of writing, which you describe in your friend, I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure."



Lord Byron

Voltaire summed up the matter in these words: "My melancholy experience has taught me that nothing parches the guts and harms the digestion so much as creative work." Nor did Oliver Goldsmith find any pleasure in his work, for he wrote: "No turnspit gets up into his wheel with more reluc-

tance than I sit down to write." Nevertheless, the man had no alternative, for writing was the one form of work that enabled him to live.

Surely no author can have complained more bitterly than Virginia Woolf, who wrote: "Few people can be so tortured by



Anthony Trollope

(Pictures: Radio Times Hulton Picture Library)

writing as I am. Only Flaubert, I think." And again, "I wonder if anyone has ever suffered so much from a book as I have from *The Years* . . . It's like a long childbirth."

With a professional writer, habit plays a large part. At ninety, G. B. Shaw said: "If I stop writing, I must die for want of something to do." Arnold Bennett noted in his *Journal*: "Habit of work growing on me. I could get into the way of going to my desk as a man goes to whisky, or rather to chloral."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE was another author who trained himself to write so many thousand words a day, but only in his spare time, not as his main source of income. His reason was mainly to earn sufficient money to enable him to hunt twice a week. His method was to write for three hours before breakfast. He averaged 10,000 words a week!

Trollope's advice to would-be writers was "to avoid enthusiastic rushes with their pens, and to seat themselves at their desks day by day . . ."

A few authors become writers by chance. Theodore Dreiser's first novel, *Sister Carrie*, was written in response to a challenge from a friend. Dreiser sat down and wrote the title at the top of a blank page without any clear idea of how he would proceed.

Frankenstein was written in rather similar circumstances. Byron, Shelley, and his wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, were experiencing a wet holiday

in Switzerland when Byron suggested they should each write a ghost story to pass the time. Mrs. Shelley's original idea was for a short story, but with her husband's encouragement, it became a full-length novel.

Charles Morgan, the novelist, got to the heart of the matter when he wrote: "Writing is solitary: to imagine is to travel in a world which, when the sun dips, turns suddenly to ice; Balzac would wake a companion in the middle of the night to hear what he had written."

C. S. Forester, another modern, said in an interview: "There isn't any pleasure at all in writing for one's living . . . when I've written those last words (of a book) I've always been too mortally tired, too flat and weary altogether, to find any satisfaction in anything at all."

MANY people may be surprised, and perhaps disbelieving, that writing can be hard work. But they can easily prove it to their own satisfaction by sitting down and attempting to write a few thousand words. Apart from literary merit, it needs ideas, the ability to express oneself clearly, and self-discipline.

Mary Roberts Rinehart, the famous American thriller-writer, called it "the hardest work in the world." Another famous American, O. Henry, said: "If I had a prosperous peanut stand on Broadway I would never write another line."

Of course, not all authors disliked their craft. Dickens called his novels "labours of love." Kipling wrote: "Mercifully, the mere act of writing was, and always has been, a physical pleasure to me." Marie Corelli, the Victorian best-seller, told the then Prime



Marie Corelli

Minister, Mr. Asquith, that "the words just come."

Hugh Walpole was another author who enjoyed writing. "Strange how the thought of stopping novel-writing seems to me like dying." And again: "I am sure no one gets so much pleasure in the actual writing of novels as I do!"



They have the secret of making guests happy

HAVE you ever thought how care-free holiday life can be in a really first-class hotel? Great advances have been made in the British hotel world since the war, and to-day the setting of a three-star hotel is something that only those who have experienced it can appreciate.

Recently, I took the road to the west and found myself enjoying the elegant comfort of the Dilkhusa Grand Hotel at Ilfracombe. With its 128 bedrooms and 230 guests, this is the leading hotel in the town and the largest in North Devon. Moreover, it is open all the year round.

This year has been a particularly busy one for the friendly manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. McKay. Both are Scots from Aberdeen with a wide experience in the hotel business. With the acquisition of adjoining premises, which gives the Dilkhusa Grand a wonderful sweeping expanse of lawn looking towards the sea, and the granting of a full licence, the hotel offers as complete a service as any guest could wish.

The handsome dining-room and the large ballroom provide every comfort, while the cocktail lounge is of modern design with an atmosphere of relaxation.

THE public are becoming more and more hotel conscious, Mr. McKay told me. "They look for first-class service and first-class cuisine. We can fairly claim to offer both here."

I asked him about the secret of making guests happy. "One of the reasons is that my staff have been with me for so long," he said. "Our head waiter, Leslie Williams, who has a staff of 14,

has been with the hotel for 12 years, and our chef, Robert Collins, has been here nearly as long. Rhys Owen, the head porter, has been at the hotel for 11 years, and his wife Beryl, the head waitress, for ten years. The housekeeper, Mrs. Thomas, is another with long service here. With such a staff, who know each other and run the hotel so well, everything is bound to go smoothly."

SOME of the problems that face a manager and his wife would shake a housewife. For instance, the hotel uses 2,800 eggs a week, and the acquisition of new china in the attractive Crown Clarence design of Indian Tree, has meant changing over 8,000 pieces.

Outside, the lawn is one of the features of the Dilkhusa Grand. It is tended by Edward Webber, who has been looking after it for eight years. When I was there, the display of daffodils, tulips, forget-me-nots and wallflowers was outstanding, and during summer passers-by often stop to take photographs.

The name Dilkhusa was given by a former owner and means "Warm and Friendly" in Hindustani. With the full licence, two more bars have been opened this year, and the hotel now has a car park that can accommodate 35 cars.

Ilfracombe is one of the friendliest of towns and is still largely unspoiled. You can go shopping in the narrow, winding main street and then wander downhill to the harbour where gnarled old fishermen in blue jerseys tell sea yarns under the seagulls turning and screaming overhead.—T.O.

WINGS ON MY SUITCASE

The Lion of Judah Travels by Air

Third and last in our series by air hostesses talking about their adventures in the clouds

By IRENE TANNER of Swissair

IT was only when I met my sister-hostess in the changing room that she told me the Emperor of Ethiopia and his suite would be our passengers from Nice to Belgrade.

At first hearing, there was nothing in anyway awe-inspiring about this. Many famous people have flown in my care. But then I began to think. This would certainly be my first Emperor!

When I boarded the aircraft and found in our DC-4 (now out of service) only twenty-four comfortable first-class seats instead of the usual fifty tourist-class seats, I realised that something really important must be afoot. Then, when the whole "Imperial" provisions were put on board, I slowly started to get stage fright.

We received our briefing, and the identity of our chief passenger was confirmed. He was indeed His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. We were told to remember



"My first Emperor" says Irene Tanner, of Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. Famous people among their passengers are no novelty to air hostesses, but not every hostess has the thrill of travelling with an Emperor



that a person of such eminence must never be addressed directly, but only in the third person.

We took off from Zurich at 9-30 with a long-distance crew of two pilots, three engineers, one radio-navigator, and a cabin crew of three. As we carried no passengers, we had plenty of time to make our preparations in the galley and in the cabin and even to play a make-believe game of being princes and princesses ourselves.

FOR a wonderful hour-and-a-half's flying we worked, and laughed and gazed out of the windows. As soon as we were up to seven thousand feet, we set course for the Alps, across Bruenig to the lakes of Thun and Brienz, towards the face of the Eiger, past the Jungfrau, over vast glaciers towards the Valais. There, the mighty Matterhorn looked as if it were little more than a wing-span away, and far below us we could see lonely huts and villages, and deep blue mountain lakes which suddenly flashed at us silver reflections of the bright sunlight. Then we reached Nice.

At one o'clock the great moment came. A group of about twenty people slowly approached the aircraft. In the middle was a very small gentleman of about seventy. He wore a black pointed beard, and was dressed in a simple khaki-coloured uniform. So that was "our" Emperor!

SUDDENLY, I recognised him as a great personality—one whom I had admired only a few days previously on the cinema screen in the company of Eisenhower. When he stepped past me to enter the cabin, I couldn't help but bow deeply, and received in reply a very friendly smile.

The crew, who had lined up in the cabin, stood to attention as if an order had been given, and saluted without any previous arrangement. The Emperor greeted the captain with a friendly handshake and then sat down in the front part

of the cabin. Accompanying him was his son, the Crown Prince.

Also in his suite were two daughters, a young general, four gentlemen in tailcoats whose functions we did not know, "the Colonel," an enormous muscular Ethiopian who appeared to be a sort of manager (and with whom I got on particularly well), and six other gentlemen who were probably servants.

When all had taken their seats strictly in order of precedence—from the Emperor backwards towards the rear of the cabin, the engines were started.

I APPROACHED His Majesty demurely with a tray of sweets and produced my well-practised sentence in English. To my dismay, I received a reply in French! So all of us had to change our phrases quickly to "Sa Majesté" and then we couldn't, of course, prevent ourselves from occasionally letting slip a "Oui, Monsieur" or "Vous désirez." His Majesty, however, found all that very amusing.

Once we were at the required altitude, we started to serve our extra-special delicacies—and very popular they were, too! The Emperor liked the champagne very much and the Crown Prince showed great appreciation of our Swiss Dole. Soon a mutual sense of goodwill became apparent and I felt both at ease and delighted to be where I was. His Majesty did his best to have a friendly private conversation with each of us.

TEENAGERS ARE NEWS TODAY!

So we sent Doreen Browne to look at all the wonderful things for them in the shops. Don't miss this exciting article if you're a teenager. It will tell you all the latest items for your teenage budget. See October HOME MAGAZINE.



The Crown Prince, too, was in extremely good humour. He walked about the cabin and allowed us not only to show him everything typically Swiss, but also to make him a present of it! Once again, the flight was wonderful—through radiant weather and magnificent views.

From Nice we flew directly across the sea towards Pisa, Florence, across the Appennines to the Adriatic and then over Split and Sarajevo to Belgrade. As we approached the Yugoslav mainland, four jet fighters roared suddenly up from behind to be our escort to Belgrade.

HALF-AN-HOUR before landing (which was estimated at 5-30 p.m.) the Emperor ordered all his many decorations to be put on his tunic. We were then called to him and had the privilege of receiving from his hands a gold coin about the size of a Swiss five-franc piece. It bears his portrait and the crest of the Ethiopian Imperial House. The Emperor's last act was to go himself into the cockpit and hand the coins to the two pilots before we landed at Belgrade.

A colonel of the Yugoslav air force invited us later to a small party at which we were introduced to the four pilots who had flown the escorting aircraft.

But this most exciting day was nearing its end. We took off again at 7-30 for the homeward flight to Zurich. We carried no passengers and flew high into a crimson sunset. I must confess that we regaled ourselves with what was left of the magnificent food, taking turns to sit in the seat so recently vacated by His Imperial Majesty!

"Wings on My Suitcase" is a collection of articles edited by Ferrard Tickell and published by Allan Wingate at 18s.

Town or Country

—you'll appreciate the great pleasure and the usefulness of a modern C.W.S Cycle. In the extensive range are first-class models to suit every class of cyclist. Here is an example.

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21 in. and 23 in. frames. 26 in. 1½ in. wheels. Endrick rims. All-rounder handle-bars with fingertip rubber grips. Caliper brakes. Celluloid mudguards. Racing rat-trap pedals. Leather racing type saddle. White wall tyres. Benelux 3-speed gear. Finished in enamel, Black/White head. Colours Extra. Peacock Blue/White head. Green/White head. Flamboyant Red, Blue, or Green. Equipment: spanners, inflator, touring bag, and reflector.
£19. 19. 11. (inc. tax).
Lady's model (BLS) also available.



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See this Cycle at your nearest Co-operative Society today.
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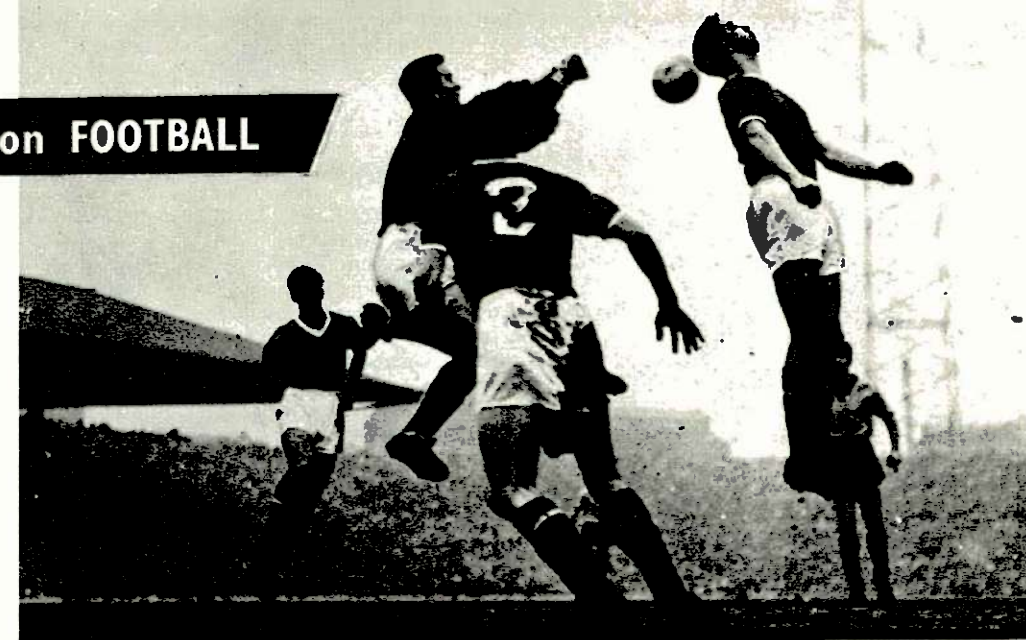
DENZIL BATCHELOR on FOOTBALL

As usual, at the start of a new season English football stands at the cross-roads, but (if one may borrow a thought from the Irish League) not as much at the cross-roads as all that.

In every fan's mind is our miserable American tour record: a single victory over the United States, and a string of lamentable defeats by Brazil, Peru, and Mexico.

Yet, as I see it, it is wrong to write that expedition off as a full scale failure. It was a reconnaissance, and, as such, was expected to suffer heavy casualties.

The fault lies, surely, with the Football Association for not making it plain what the touring side was trying to do. The fact never mentioned, but never to be forgotten, was that the World Cup takes place in South America in 1962. Our



Who for the league championship this year, Manchester United or Wolves? Above, you see an incident in their game at Old Trafford last season. United goalkeeper Gregg punches clear a shot from a Wolves forward

[Photo by courtesy of the "Manchester Evening News"]

It's Time to Recover our Prestige

touring team went out to learn about conditions and to see if they added up to a combination which could beat prospective opponents on their own battlefield. They didn't: but neither did Brazil beat us when they visited Europe in 1956 on a similar reconnaissance. This was two years before they won the World Cup, largely as a result of what they, too, had learned from their earlier tour.

Another point to remember about that ill-fated American trip. Football is a game which depends greatly on the type of surface on which it is played. Well, our game against Mexico was played on what Johnny Haynes tells me was about the worst surface he ever saw in his life: a side that is used to the lush pastures of Wembley cannot be expected to shine under such conditions. Joe Davis, the world's greatest snooker-player, might easily lose if forced to play a moderate player on a patched cloth.

ALL right. But these excuses do not add up to a complete explanation of the fiasco. The central fact is that our players proved they did not relish the body-checking—what we called plain hard-tackling in my young days—of their keen, virile South American opponents. They'll have to learn to play their best against such tackling: it's part of the game in many lands.

This year our international matches (apart from the domestic championship) are against Sweden and Yugoslavia at Wembley, with away matches against

Hungary, Spain, and Italy in the summer. After this year the national side will tour only in alternate summers; and in future we shall play one or two away games during the season, when players are in the peak of form and condition.

Good enough. But I wish it had been decided to abandon first-class football during January, and encroach for a month on the cricket season so that our players could gain experience of the game under typical Continental and South American conditions.

AND now to the home front. In the League we have surely two outstanding teams in Wolverhampton and Manchester United. I don't think they will be deposed from their leadership this season, but I do expect United, still recovering after the Munich disaster, to finish closer to the champions.

I think, however, Wolves will keep their place. The chief reason for that in my view is Stan Cullis's relentless zeal for victory at all costs—well, at almost all costs. I would nominate him here and now as trainer-manager of an embryo national side recruited and trained from this season onward to win the World Cup—and to blazes with what happens in the League. It's time we recovered our prestige!

OTHER possible contenders for top honours? Leeds and Shackleton? Arsenal and Groves? I fancy the latter side, and I think that Tottenham with

Marchi back in their order of battle may be the most improved side of the season. If Luton rise in the table the reason may be that George Cummins, with the deft pass of an inspired Haynes, and the positional instincts of a Mannion, will have come into his own.

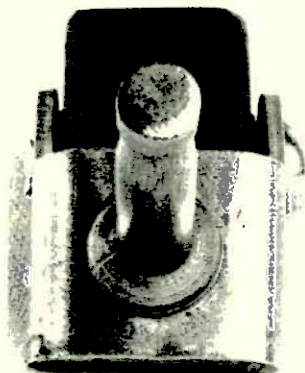
And talking of Haynes, I expect Fulham to make their presence felt in Division I. So will Sheffield Wednesday, if the courageous Redfern Froggatt—who played the last match of the season with a broken nose—has any say in the matter.

Manchester City should survive their fright and remain in Division I, though I am afraid both Portsmouth and Aston Villa will remain in Division II. I fancy it is at last Liverpool's turn for promotion. They have a fine left wing, A'Court and Melia, but I always feel doubtful of the team's ability to give of its best in away matches.

I SHOULD be overbold to prophesy much further, but I cannot help thinking that the fine work done in the past decade or more by Bristol Rovers' manager Bert Tann may at last bring the reward of a place in the sun of Division I.

Only one other thought: it is time Peterboro', who have been so long without a home defeat in the Midland Counties League, and who invariably raise five-figure gates, were found a place in League competition. Perhaps next year?

What is it?



CLUE: It makes it easier to move things around. For the answer look in column four.

FUN WITH DICE

KNOWING that the two opposite sides of a dice always add up to seven, get someone to throw three dice, which you must not see. Ask for the bottom numbers on any two of the dice—the numbers might be, for example, four and five, giving you three and two respectively as the top numbers, on those two dice. Now ask for the total of the top numbers, which might be nine.

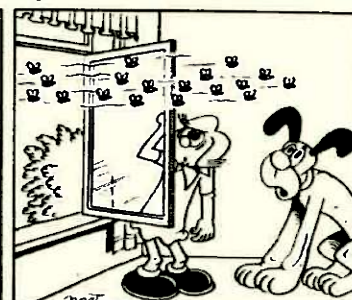
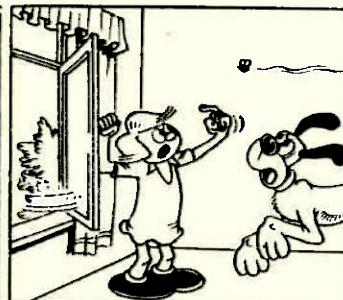
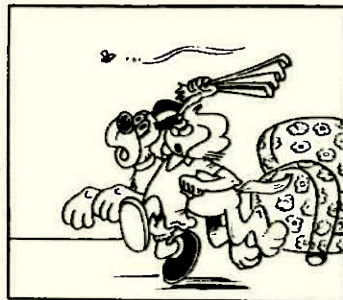
By subtracting three and two (i.e., five) from nine, you get the top number of the last dice as four, and you are now in a position to give the top numbers on all three dice—namely, two, three, and four.

MAY COMPETITION WINNERS

MERVYN WILLIAMS
18 Plym Street, Plymouth,
Devon

THELMA LEWIS
75 Cabell Road, Guildford,
Surrey.

PENNY and BOB



By **GEORGE MARTIN**

IN THE REIGN of George I tax collectors visited markets and fairs to levy customs or toll (called towage) on wool. These bronze wool weights weighing 7 lb. were carried on their horses.

Puzzle Solutions

How Old? 9 and 15 years.
Marbles: 215.
Anagram: Semicolon.
What is it? A Castor.

A PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOU have all used or heard the phrase "Queer Fish," I am sure. Well this is a phrase which might well describe the six-foot tarpon which, hooked by a fisherman in the Gulf of Mexico, jumped into the boat and knocked him overboard. Then, apparently too tired to jump back into the water, it lay down in the bottom of the boat and allowed itself to be caught.

At Clacton, a man caught a tope—a kind of small shark—by throwing a brick and hitting it on the nose.

Perhaps the easiest way of catching a fish, however, is to go into your cellar and pick one up off the floor. That actually happened to a man in Ontario, Canada, after his cellar had been flooded.

Your friend, **BILL.**

Charlie Chimp on the right seems more interested in our photographer than in his tea. How unmannerly, especially when you have a guest



THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

HOW OLD?

Teacher asked two boys their ages. One told her that the product of their ages was 135 years, and the other that the difference between their ages was six years. How old were they?

MARBLES

Tom has 10 marbles more than Dick, Dick has 20 more

than Harry, and Harry has 30 more than Jim. If they have 1,000 marbles between them, how many has Jim?

ANAGRAM

An anagram is a word or phrase the letters of which can be re-arranged to form another word or phrase. What can you make of this one?

COOL MINES

COMPETITION

The last Penny and Bob colouring competition proved so popular that the Editor has decided to have it again.

You may, if you like, cut out and colour the printed drawings or, if you do not want to spoil your Home Magazine, you may trace or copy the drawings on a piece of drawing paper.

Competitors will again be divided into two classes: (a) those aged 9 or over, and (b) those under 9. The Editor offers a prize for the best entry in each class, and the winners may have either a retracting ball-point pen, or a box of coloured pencils.

When you have finished your entry fasten it to a slip of paper giving your full name, age, and address, and say which prize you would like if you win.

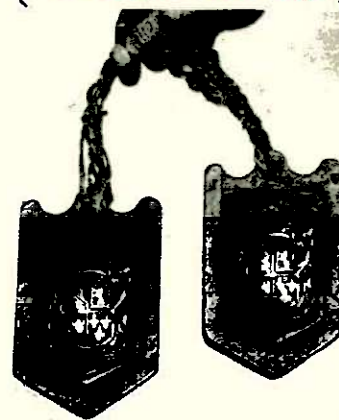
Send your entry to the Editor, Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4, to reach us not later than October 5. Please put a 3d. stamp on the envelope.

ARE YOU HANDY?

DO you like making things?

If so, you'll enjoy *Clever Hands* by Richard Slade (Faber, 10s. 6d.). It describes such things as making glove puppets, plaster casting, and modelling with wire. And there are plenty of illustrations for you, too.

In Days Gone By



Windsor
FINE BONE CHINA

No. 883/71
A beautiful chintz print in grey, black, and orange, that is already a big favourite. It's finished in bright gold.

"FALLING LEAVES"
An up-to-the-minute pattern featuring the new coupe shape with a modern style leaf decoration in green, brown, and grey, and finished in bright gold.

"TARTAN"
A popular contemporary pattern. Solid colour cups and fittings with attractively striped flatware.

"MEADOW MIST"
A most handsome new-comer featuring the smart new coupe shape plates. Ferns delicately sketched on a background of grey, green, or blue make a strikingly effective design.

CROWN CLARENCE



add graciousness to the occasion

In the extensive WINDSOR Fine Bone China and CROWN CLARENCE Earthenware ranges there is a great variety of beautiful designs to suit every individual preference—the kind of designs to give so much added pleasure to your tea-times.

Telephone Windsor: Longton (Staffs) 33181
Crown Clarence: Longton (Staffs) 33638



FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN . . .

. . . will your dependants be adequately provided for? The NEW C.I.S. Family Protection Plan enables a man of *moderate means* to provide a *regular tax-free income* plus a cash sum if he should die or a substantial nest egg for retirement if he survives.

The C.I.S. Family Protection Plan provides the following benefits—

IF YOU DIE BEFORE RETIREMENT AGE YOUR DEPENDANTS WILL RECEIVE :—

- ★ A small cash sum for immediate needs
- ★ A **TAX-FREE** guaranteed income of £3 weekly up to the time you planned to retire.
- ★ A final cash payment of £1,000.

IF YOU SURVIVE UNTIL RETIREMENT AGE YOU WILL RECEIVE :—

- ★ £1,000 plus profits.

The C.I.S. Family Protection Plan can be adjusted to suit individual means and needs. Give your family planned protection without delay and make a wise investment for yourself.

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Please send me, free of charge and entirely without obligation, copy of the C.I.S. Family Protection Plan leaflet.

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ADDRESS

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Wholesale Report Not Satisfactory

We believe that it is of great interest to you to know what takes place at the CWS divisional meetings to which you send delegates. The following is a brief report of the divisional meeting held in Derby on May 2.

It is not the brightest of reports, but one that should give you—a part owner of the CWS—food for thought and a determination to do your part by always insisting on CWS products to make the next report a brighter one.

MR. DEANS, director, took the chair, supported by Mr. Pedlar and Mr. Dodd (directors), Mr. Duval of the CIS, Mr. Ashworth of the accountant's office, Mr. Hulse of the secretary's office, and Mr. Jackson, CWS Derby bank manager.

Mr. Deans introduced the report, which he described as by no means a satisfactory one, and one which required serious consideration and subsequent action.

It was true that a new sales record of £463 million had been established. It was a tremendous turnover, but it must be viewed in the context of general trade conditions. It was affected by the general level of retail prices last year and it must be measured against the achievements of our competitors.

In this respect there had been some dragging of feet as far as the movement was concerned. We were not keeping pace with the multiples in the dry goods field. The Independent Commission had something to say on this point.

The retail food trade of this country increased by 3 per cent; multiples took 6 per cent. It was as well sometimes for us to stand back and observe how others were meeting the conditions of the times. Our competitors were banding themselves together and maximising their buying power.

Were we not fragmenting our trade?

Many societies believe that they could do better by going outside.

"Co-ordination" was becoming as unpopular a word as "loyalty."

Some of our factories, particularly in the textile industry, had suffered as a result of general conditions, but many of our failures were due entirely to our own efforts.

Recurring in this report were the words "lack of demand." Factories were working at 40 to 50 per cent of productive capacity.

We could not produce surpluses without trade. If we were to safeguard the vital interests of our movement, boards must take a livelier interest in purchases from the CWS.

It was impossible for the CWS to match every offer made by our competitors.

No society had ever got into difficulty through loyalty to the CWS.

Highest-ever reserves

On a lighter note, the surplus would have been sufficient to have maintained last year's dividend, but only at the expense of allocations to reserve. That we were not prepared to do. The reserves of the society had never stood higher, and we proposed to add £933,000 to them.

Our ultimate triumph must lie in the trade of societies. We welcomed any suggestions that would contribute to this end.

Mr. Armitage of Birmingham said that societies over 100 miles from Birmingham were being supplied by Birmingham Society, and he questioned arrangements with retail societies made by the CWS in connection with bread and confectionery.

The chairman said that the CWS was concerned about developments in the bakery trade which threatened the CWS flour industry, a profitable department.

Some societies would not undertake bread and cake delivery.

Where the CWS undertook this delivery they guaranteed a maximum dividend of 1s. with a minimum of 6d. In addition a bonus of 1½ per cent was made to societies who took 100 per cent CWS bread and confectionery.

The CWS promised adequate consultation with societies where there was any possibility of competition between the CWS and societies like Birmingham. The policy of the CWS was endorsed by the Bakery Trade Association.

Manchester made more

Mr. Armitage, Birmingham, said that Manchester made 50 per cent more surplus than London. Why?

The chairman said that the proportion of goods with varying margins affected the figures. The London area also had very competitive conditions. London got cut prices by reason of the size of their orders.

Birmingham said that they were 100 per cent tea and wanted more advertising on TV.

CWS said that with new packing machinery they should be able to supply all societies.

The chairman said that advertising would be extended. Tea had been "cut priced" by the multiples and the CWS had lost trade in the metropolitan area.

The margin on tea was a little over ½d. and less than ¾d. in the £.

A Birmingham delegate asked about the quality of detergents and a Ten Acres delegate asked for improvement of Solvo. The chairman said that many soap powders were hedged with patents. A new formula was being experimented with.

One hundred and thirty tons of Spel were sold each week, which was not nearly enough.

Ninety-nine delegates attended the meeting, representing 29 societies.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Sidwells, 245, Lichfield Street, Fazeley, July 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Chipman, 4, East Street, Dosthill, July 10.

Diamond Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, School Lane, Dosthill, July 15.

RETIRED BUT STILL AT WORK

IN our June issue we introduced the new manager of our pharmaceutical department, who took over from Mr. L. Leadbeater. Mr. Leadbeater had been manager of the department for more than 26 years and actually retired from this position in December, 1958, but retirement does not sit lightly on Mr. Leadbeater and he continues to help the department and the society on the optical side.

During his many years with the society he has been responsible for millions of pills, gallons upon gallons of medicines, and the well-being of the eyesight of thousands of members.

The society's optical dispensing service should be known to everyone.

It is, of course, part of our pharmaceutical department, where appointments are made and examinations carried out.

We have been fortunate in the past to have had the benefit of Mr. Leadbeater's knowledge, and we are

fortunate that Mr. Wadsworth has taken over this department with his high qualifications.

For the time being we are doubly fortunate by having the services of both Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Wadsworth.

It is difficult to say much about the retirement of Mr. Leadbeater while he is still helping us so much, but we wish him enjoyment in his extra leisure time and trust that he will have many years of happiness.

CHOIR'S SUCCESS

THE Tamworth Co-operative Choir has gained yet another first prize. At the recent Wolverhampton festival the choir was top for choral singing.

The credit for winning is even greater when it is realised that the choir was only 30 strong and was competing against very much larger choirs. Our best wishes and congratulations to the choir. May they always be in good voice.

Women's Co-operative Guild

TAMWORTH BRANCH

A PARTY of 37 guildwomen had a very enjoyable outing to the Wye Valley on July 2. A river trip was made, and afterwards we had lunch at Symond's Yat. After a short stay we journeyed on to Tintern Abbey for tea, also looking over the abbey ruins. We loaded up for Evesham, returning home at about 11 p.m. after a very happy day's tour in beautiful weather.

(Mrs.) F. A. CHAPMAN,
Guild Secretary.

Milk Facts

A SURVEY by the National Milk Publicity Council reveals that 99.5 per cent of the public use milk and 99.5 per cent of housewives are "very satisfied" with the service they receive.

Most housewives buy pasteurised milk (65 per cent) or T.T. milk (26 per cent), or both; 12 per cent buy sterilised milk.

Study by Post—and enhance your future prospects

THE education department of the Co-operative Union announces the opening of a new session of correspondence studies in September.

DO YOU KNOW that over 70 separate correspondence courses are available? They comprise:—

General introductory subjects (e.g., English, Commercial Arithmetic, Commercial Geography).

Social, including Co-operative studies (e.g., Co-operation, History, Economics, Citizenship, and Sociology).

Technical (including management and secretarial) studies (e.g., Commodities and Salesmanship, Organisation and Administration, Bookkeeping, Accountancy, and Law).

Courses for members of boards and education committees.

Courses for part-time education secretaries.

Courses in youth leadership.

That, with the aid of the time-table provided, the student may study at his own pace and in the comfort of his own home?

That help and guidance from a qualified and experienced tutor are available at every stage of the course?

That provided the student is ready to devote sufficient leisure time to study on a planned basis success in examination should be well within his grasp? The taking of examinations is, of course, quite optional.

That course fees are modest and are payable subject by subject on enrolment?

That textbooks can be obtained, together with all necessary stationery, from the publications department of the Co-operative Union at reasonable prices?

These facilities can help to develop a wide range of interests in Co-operative affairs and can provide a useful and profitable alternative activity during the winter months. For further information **WRITE NOW** to the Education Department, Co-operative Union, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

DON'T DELAY : WRITE TO-DAY

Russian Oil for Sweden

THE Swedish Co-operative Union and Wholesale, K.F., has made an agreement with the Soviet Co-operative organisation Centrosoyus by which K.F. will deliver shoes, rubber tyres, electric bulbs, textiles, and steel manufactures to a value of about £414,000 in exchange for oil.

Except for the textiles and steel manufactures, the goods will be

supplied by enterprises belonging to the Swedish Co-operative movement.

"We have, for several years, bought oil from Russia, but this time the quantities will be considerably larger than before," reports Mr. John Gillberg, one of the K.F. directors, who have carried on the negotiations in Moscow.

You are sure to find the one you want in the Windsor china range.

Well Done, Children!

WE would like to congratulate all those children of our Playways and Pathfinder groups who were successful in being awarded a Co-operative Union certificate for the Playways' Scrapbook and Pathfinders' Log Book that they had submitted for examination by the Union.

The children had spent a long time in completing their books, and in doing so found out much useful and interesting information about their society and the Co-operative movement. These young members of the two groups probably know much more about your society than the majority of adult members.

The education committee awarded

three special prizes for the best three books in each group, and the prize-winners were:—

Playways: Sheila Johnson, 1; Diane Moore, 2; David Pierpoint, 3.

Pathfinders: Carole Fox, 1; Angela Fox, 2; Sandra Walton, 3.

Carnival success

The Pathfinders are also to be congratulated on the tableau that they entered in Tamworth Carnival and were successful in winning second prize in the class for juvenile tableau. Here is a picture of it for the benefit of those who were unable to get to the carnival to see this worthy representation of the Co-operative spirit.



OBITUARY

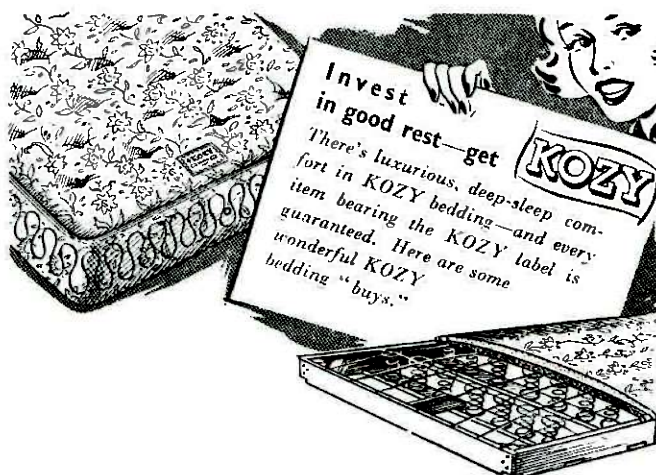
WE regret to announce the deaths of the following members, and offer our sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

William Rodhouse Foliwell, Polesworth, April 27.
Ada Elizabeth Haro, Wilnecote, May 6.
Thomas Roland Dewis, Glascote, May 7.
Kathleen Laura Webb, Bolehall, May 13.
Amy Ann Elizabeth Edden, Tamworth, May 13.
Ellen Alice Hilton, Lea Marston, May 13.
Alice Simpson, Tamworth, May 15.
Nellie Wright, Wood End, May 16.
Edward Baker, Dordon, May 17.
Percy Hawley Ilbrey, Hockley, May 19.
Victor Ernest Bailey, Milo Oak, May 19.
Sarah Pegg, Tamworth, May 20.
Arthur Edmund Tomlinson, Tamworth, May 20.
Doris Emily Barber, Twogates, May 25.
John Crofts, Glascote, May 26.
Noah Turner, Tamworth, May 27.
John Ernest Brewer, Polesworth, May 30.
Doris May Townsend, Twogates, May 31.
Alick Joseph Bott, Milo Oak, June 1.
Robert Henry Bonchill, Tamworth, June 5.
Leslie Arthur Cooke, Polesworth, June 7.
Paul Vivian Radford, Polesworth, June 10.
Alfred Smith, Glascote, June 13.
Elizabeth Annie Gould, Wood End, June 16.
Edith Annie Wilcox, Glascote Heath, June 18.
Frederick John Hall, Kingsbury, June 21.
Julia Maud Harding, Polesworth, June 23.

Catherine Holloway, Polesworth, June 23.
Albert Ernest Norrey, Drayton Manor, June 25.
Edward Slaney, Warton, June 26.
Annie Ellen Wright, Polesworth, June 28.
Sarah Elizabeth Cotterill, Tamworth, June 28.
Jack Roland Cross, Amington, June 30.
Helene Jenny Hodgetts, Middleton, July 5.
Sarah Elizabeth Dooley, Wilnecote, July 7.
Fred Sutton, Dordon, July 7.
Thomas Orton, Wilnecote, July 13.
Frederick James Haddon, Tamworth, July 15.
George O. J. R. Kemper, Kettlebrook, July 15.
Oswald W. Stanley Taylor, Tamworth, July 15.
George Soten, Polesworth, July 15.
Anne Tipton, Canwell, July 15.
Melita Lawrence, Dordon, July 15.
Horace George Downs, Amington, July 18.
Dan Holcroft, Tamworth, July 19.
Alice Annie Rushton, Tamworth, July 21.
Lily Cooper, Glascote Heath, July 21.
Evelyn Annie Sylvester, Polesworth, July 22.
Ernest Taylor, Glascote Heath, July 25.
Charles Frederick Farmer, Kettlebrook, July 29.
Sydney Talbott, Polesworth, July 30.
Thomas German, Belgrave, July 31.
William Davies, Milo Oak, August 9.

+ + +

A personal message from one of our staff to one and all of our numerous members.



Dear Member,

Do you realise that an average of eight hours daily is spent in bed, a third of one's life?

When next you buy a mattress, why not buy a **"KOZY" SPRING INTERIOR?**

"KOZY" BEDDING is fully guaranteed for FIVE YEARS, and made to British Standards Institute Specifications.

We have a large variety of mattresses to suit all requirements, and remember, our bedding is second to none. All CWS bedding factories hold licences from the British Standards Institution, sure proof that **"KOZY"** bedding contains only the purest of materials, and is soundly made.

We shall be only too pleased to show you our wonderful range, so please call in now.

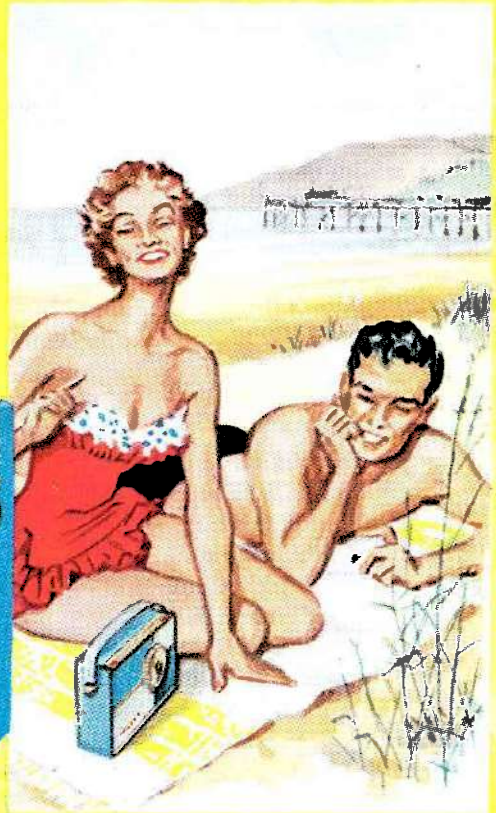
N. W. C.



*A good
companion—
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With the so-easy-to-carry, stylishly modern DEFIANT Portable Radio you can enjoy your favourite programmes wherever you are—in any room in the house, on the beach, in the train. Its performance is outstanding, and the economy valves ensure long battery life. Distinctively finished in polka dot blue and cream. Dimensions: 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. high, 10 in. wide, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep.

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