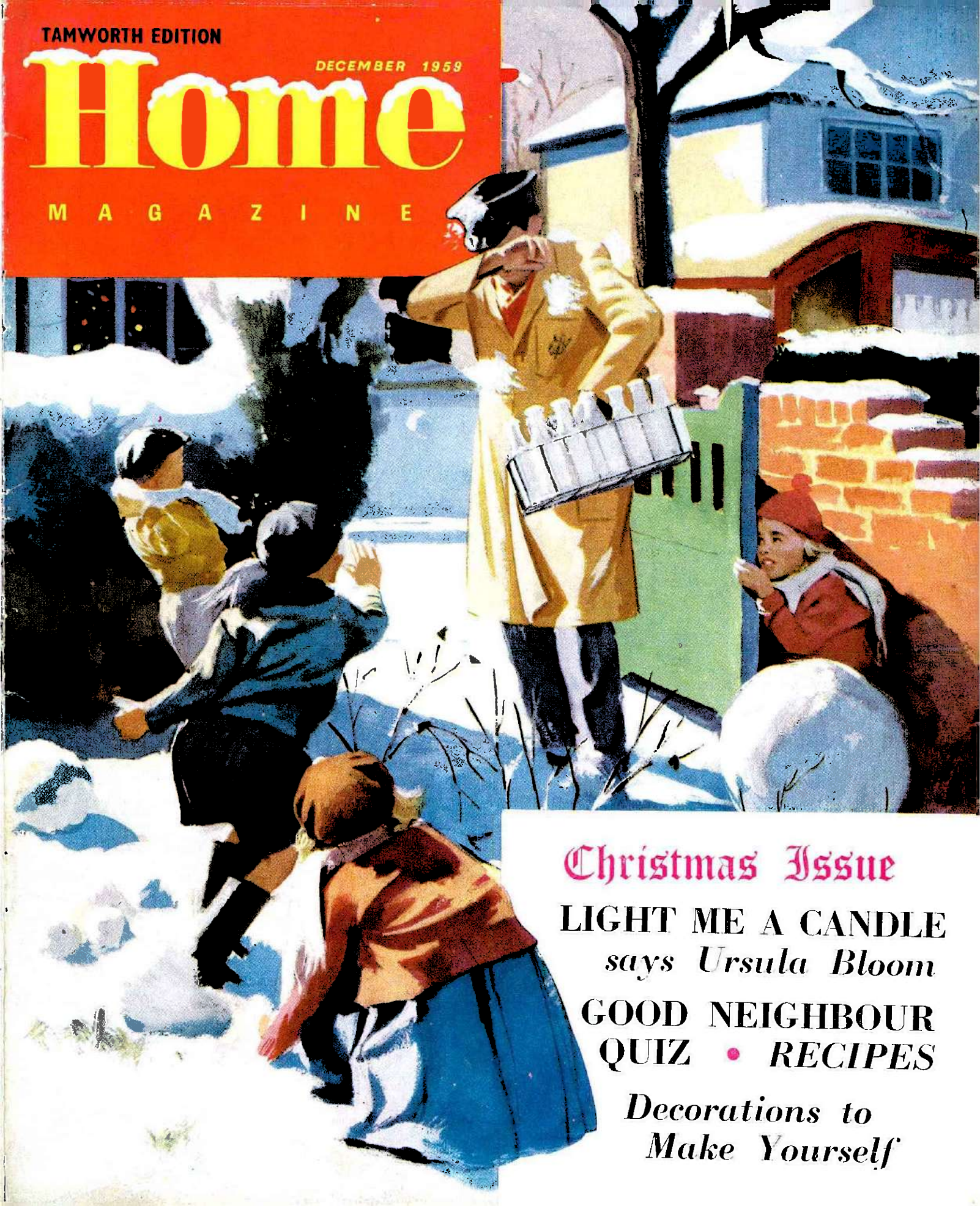


TAMWORTH EDITION

DECEMBER 1959

# Home

M A G A Z I N E



## Christmas Issue

LIGHT ME A CANDLE  
*says Ursula Bloom*

GOOD NEIGHBOUR  
QUIZ • RECIPES

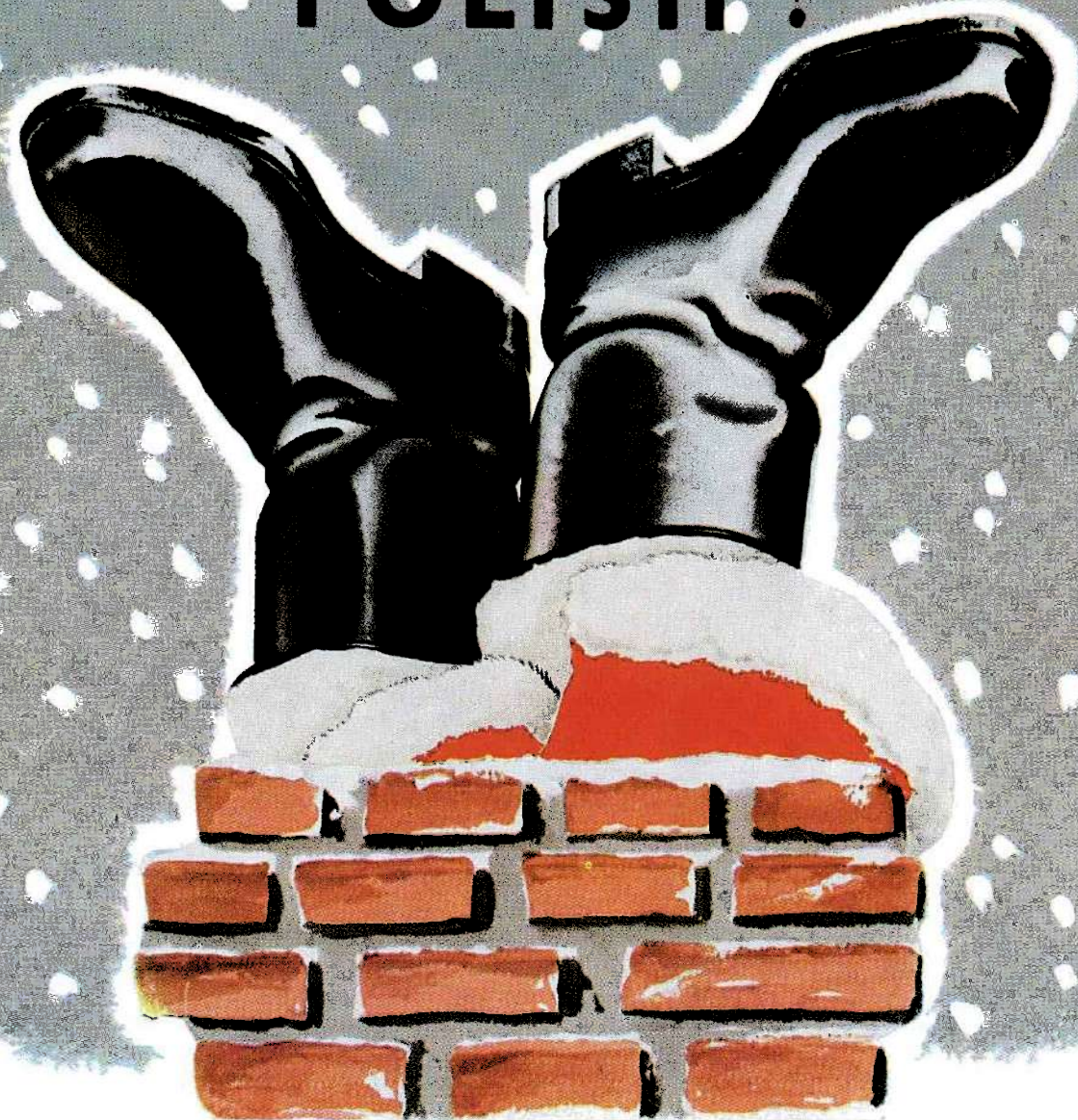
*Decorations to  
Make Yourself*



Someone's using

# Pelaw

POLISH!



# HOME

## MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

DECEMBER, 1959 Vol. 64, No. 10

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### FRONT COVER

Talk about a frosty reception on Christmas Eve! It's what grown-ups have to expect at this season of the year in any part of Britain, and even though the milkman from the Co-operative is a friend of every youngster on the round he has to suffer with the rest of the community.

The little girl behind the gate looks as though she is up to some particularly ingenious bit of mischief. Any second now she'll slam the gate shut and the milkman will have lost his way of retreat. Then the fun will start in earnest.

## Happy Christmas to All

**M**ERRY Christmas! May your presents be all you desire, and your Christmas table carry all you deserve. When you have had your fill of feasting, perhaps you will turn to the competition we announce in this issue.

Here is your chance to be editor of HOME MAGAZINE for a day—and, incidentally, to help us by filling in the special entry form which invites you to put your favourite items in HOME MAGAZINE in order of preference.

Let me say at once that filling in this order of preference in no way affects your chances of winning one of our handsome prizes. The winners will be chosen solely on the aptness and value of the letters they write us. But you will help us a lot by letting me know which of our articles appeal to you, and in what order.

So don't delay, get out your pen and see whether the beautiful new vacuum cleaner is to come into your home.

**I** SHALL also be hoping to hear from you during this month about your experiences when you turned Monday, November 2, into a day of friendship. I am sure that many of you have had a cheerful response to your gesture. When you have the time, sit down and let me know about it.

### THIS BRITAIN . . .

Picture here is the River Tweed at Kelso Bridge in Roxburghshire, Scotland. The river in these parts is a favourite spot for anglers, and in summer the banks attract many week-end picnics



Sidney Campion writes in our January issue on how he took up sculpting as a hobby. Above is an example of his work, the head of author Colin Wilson

We shall be bringing you articles about holidays in our January issue. Many people to-day book their holidays as the New Year comes in, and HOME MAGAZINE will tell you something about the wonderful range of opportunities that awaits the modern traveller.

Have you ever wanted to be a sculptor? Many a time I have heard a housewife say that if only she had the leisure and opportunity she would like to paint, or write, or model.

**Sidney Campion** worked for years in London, answering journalists' enquiries at the press office of the GPO. He is a writer of distinction and his four-volume autobiography was a best seller some years ago.

He has another hobby, however. He turns to clay to perpetuate his friends, and as you will see next month, some of his sculpting is of a very high standard. In a special article he tells us how he became a sculptor, the pleasure it brings him, and how you, too, can make this your hobby.

**S**O popular has "True to Type" been that we are extending this amusing series beyond our normal length.

The January issue will include the fourth and final instalment of **Stella Lee's** fantastic adventures among the typewriters. That means we must find a new series for you.

You will not be disappointed. There is as much fun and amusement in the one that I have planned as any you have read in the past. Moreover, it has a fascinating holiday angle of its own.

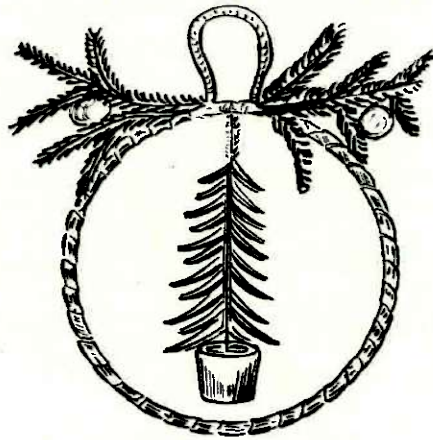
The Editor



# Christmas Decorations

## YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF

By VICTOR SUTTON



CHRISTMAS without decorations would not be complete for the children, but the garlands and baubles you buy in the shops can soon run you into considerable expense. Why not eke out those you buy with the simple home-made novelties described here?

A table centre is always a source of attraction and one attractive one is a spreading tree on snowy slopes with

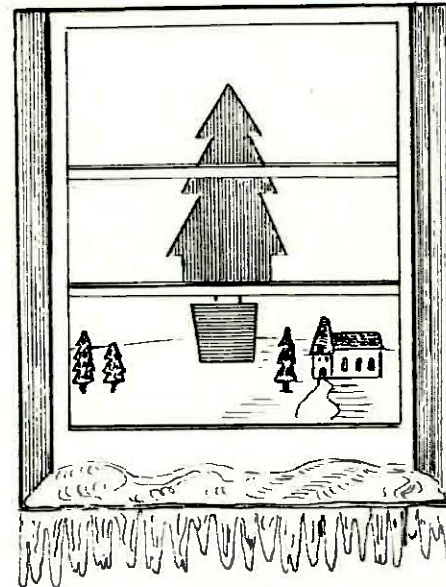
space for penguins and bears—of particular appeal at a children's party.

An old tea tray is ideal as a base, or failing this, an oval of plywood. The model is built up on blocks of wood and the tree branches are fitted firmly into these blocks so that ornaments and gifts can be hung from them.

You will find that crushed crepe paper in white will pack well down to give the impression of snow, and I use crumpled-up small-size wire netting to build up the shape and hold the paper in position.

There are quite deep window ledges in most homes, and windows high up in the wall are ideal for decorating. Crushed white crepe paper makes splendid snow and is cheaper than cotton wool. Dab with paste and sprinkle with glitter powder. Cut-outs of Christmas trees, churches, sleighs, and animals can be pasted on the window as shown in the illustration.

Long baking tins covered with metallic paper make attractive holders for apples, oranges, and nuts, and can be placed among the snow on the window sill. Core some of the apples and use them to hold gaily-coloured candles.



Plug the holes with soft wood and place a layer of brown Plasticene on top of each reel. Collect sufficient pine cones and set one in the Plasticene on each reel. Make a little slit in the top and insert a card bearing a guest's name.

Finally let me impress on you the importance of certain safety precautions.

Inflammable decorations should be kept well away from fires. Indeed it is safer not to decorate the fireplace at all. Keep them away, too, from light fittings.

All garlands should have a thin thread running through them, so that if the paper breaks the garlands will not trail near the fire. This is easy to arrange if you puncture the decorations and insert the threads before you open them out. It helps, also, to keep the garlands in better shape.

Never light candles on Christmas trees or among paper or other materials which are easily set on fire.

And lastly, hang your decorations high enough to clear the heads of any tall people who may come into the room.

Be merry all, be merry all,  
With holly dress the festive hall;  
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,  
To welcome merry Christmas.

—W. R. Spencer.

It always seems a pity that while every child adores this, the happiest season of the year, frequently grown-ups find it a bit too much. Christmas brings for adults a lot of hard work, parcels to be dispatched, cards to be signed and sent off, arrangements for food during the long lock-out of the shops, planning ahead all the time.

It brings a lot of worry at a period of the year when the days are short, and there is less time in which to do all one has to do. But I love Christmas, and I want everyone else in the world to love it, too.

## Light Me a Candle



SAYS  
URSULA  
BLOOM

THIS is the time of year when it always seems hard hearts melt, the gruff grow amiable, and somehow or other it is much easier to be nice to one another.

Forgiveness is more ready, understanding more general. It appears that the spirit of goodwill, that unseen quality, has some subtle method of moving into everybody's heart, and we ourselves change. We can accept each other in this spirit because we change.

I never know what does it. Some say it is the sound of familiar carols in the street, the arrival of parcels from friends we thought had forgotten us, the infinite surprise which Christmas always offers. I think it is something far more subtle, something which steals into our hearts and makes new men and women of us all.

"At Christmas time we light candles," my father used to say, and we went to his church and set new fat candles in readiness.

Now every year, when I change my everyday candles for the fat chubby scarlet ones and tie them with tinsel bows, slipping sprigs of holly inside, I get that same feeling of delight.

In lighting a candle for Christmas, we light a new radiance in our own hearts, and that is how it should be.

I WAS brought up in a country rectory and we were very poor indeed. Most of the year we had to go without things. But I always associate this season of the year, when people were so good to us, with the sudden realisation that there was plenty.

The larder became full: a plump chicken from the farm, a duck from a villager, half a fawn from the big house, a hare, and a turkey!

We could eat well, and in my childhood there were many times when we could not "go twice" however much we wanted it.

Presents came to the house, and behind those gifts was the lovely experience of people thinking of us, wanting to help us, of goodwill to all mankind.

Christmas is the festival of home, and everything that home and family can do for us. Perhaps to-day the home has slipped somewhat, but this is the moment to give it its big chance.

Where once the hearth held secure, and was the meeting place of the family, to-day it is less popular. But there comes a moment in every year when home celebrates its own festival, when the nomadic young come back to it, when it is possible to bridge the wide gulfs modernity has made, and when we can change so much.

NEVER miss this opportunity. Renew those happy associations. December 25 is the easiest day in the whole 365 to forget a secret hurt, and to give that soft answer which turneth away wrath.

Old auntie may have been a pest, but many people have old aunties; you could murder Grandma, but it may be her last Christmas; and if young John isn't a teddy-boy, who is? But with Christmas cards along the mantel, and goodwill abroad, it is easier to meet them all half-way.

Take advantage of these fleeting hours when a fat old man in a red coat drives over the world. Even if it is only a legend, gain something from it.

What do I do on Christmas Day? Every Christmas morning a transformation comes to my breakfast table. Last night it was just a breakfast table; this



morning in the centre, raised on a cake tin covered with cotton wool, is a set of Angel Chimes, tinkling sweet music with the candles lit. Round it no holly or mistletoe, but the white roman hyacinths which I have forced. It is Christmas, say the angel chimes. Spring is not far behind, whisper the roman hyacinths.

FOR Christmas is the door which opens on to Spring, the New Year, and opportunity. Christmas is the time which makes it easier for you to make up past differences, and bring real goodwill into your world so that 1960 may be a better year for all.

It is the time of looking back into the happy past, of finding yourself absurdly believing again in fairies, in Santa Claus in his red coat, in goodwill; and finding that it works! For it does work. As the day dies and Christmas trees are lit, people say a little sadly, "What a very different world it could be if it was Christmas all the year round." And that is true.

Light a candle and make it Christmas all the year round, beginning now. Not the tinsel and the glitter, not the gay gifts and the music, but the truth in every heart, for it could make such a different world for us all. It could make you and everyone else so much happier.



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.**  
**CUSTARD POWDER**

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

12 oz. drum 1/7½  
and other sizes

### STAR FEATURES IN JANUARY HOME MAGAZINE

#### ★ SPECIAL HOLIDAY FEATURE.

Thinking of holidays yet? **Doreen Browne** interviews two travel agency booking clerks and finds out what problems they are expected to deal with.

This year the CTS introduced special economy holidays. For 1960 more are to be organised and you can learn where you can go and how much it will cost.

#### ★ TO START YOU SCULPTING.

**Sidney Campion** tells how he became a spare-time sculptor, and describes how you, too, can take up this interesting and inexpensive hobby.

#### ★ WATCHING FROM THE WINGS.

"At last the shackles are falling off, and I'm quickly becoming Mum and Granny again," says **Jean Mann**, who writes on what she will do now she is no longer a Member of Parliament.





Model W5705

## COLD FEET? —NOT NOW

WITH three months of winter still to go, nobody knows what the weather has in store for us—but there's no need to get cold feet about the possibility of snow and fog! Not if you have a pair of bootees in your wardrobe, anyway. Snuggle your toes into their cosy fur lining and you can laugh at the worst winter blizzard.

It's no longer news to say that bootees have moved up into the high fashion bracket. Smart women everywhere have long accepted them as the most sensible form of footwear for really bad weather. Each season brings a new crop of sparkling styles, and this year is no exception.

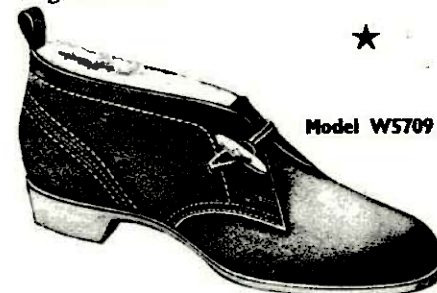
To be in step with cold-weather style, watch out for bootees with a country-bred air of casual elegance. Most of the new models are ankle length, or slightly higher, and many have contrasting saddle stitching. Colour ranges have been extended, and in addition to black and brown you can now buy bootees in mushroom, oyster, and sambur.

Illustrated are two models from the CWS Wheatseaf range, now on sale in your Co-operative footwear department.

Model W5709: neat style in suede, with white saddlestitching relief and unusual toggle fastening, is available in sambur, mushroom, and oyster; cost 54s. 9d.

Model W5705: is a lace-up model with self-stitch relief and long-life, completely waterproof vulcanised sole. In black, brown, or mushroom suede at 59s. 9d.

Both models have warm shearling linings.—D.B.



Model W5709

## Brother Bernardo's Elixir

ALTHOUGH the French liqueur Benedictine is known practically the world over, and the majority of people connect it vaguely with monasteries and monks, its fascinating history is little known outside France.

Actually it does indeed take its name from a famous order of monks and was invented by one of them, but to-day it has no connection with any monastic order.

To start the story, however, we have to go back to the early sixteenth century—to the Fécamp area of Normandy and a certain monk, Brother Bernardo Vincelli, who laboured in those parts. The friar was a herbalist who made

extensive experiments with plants that grew in the fertile district of the Caux country—his very worthy purpose being to discover their curative properties in order to relieve the pains of human sickness.

It was while engaged in extracting and preserving the juices of certain plants for use in his balms and cordials that he discovered a very special elixir which the worthy monk's patients claimed had medicinal virtues. Thus was Benedictine originated.

This, however, is only the beginning of the story. The good friars went on making the elixir down through the years, but with the coming of the French Revolution they were dispersed, and for about a hundred years the liqueur was unknown.

THEN, about the middle of the last century, a Fécamp merchant, M. Alexander Le Grand, inherited a number of ancient manuscripts. On searching through them he discovered various facts which led him to believe that he had stumbled on the long-lost secret.

After many experiments, M. Le Grand found, in 1863, the formula which resulted in the ancient elixir being reborn. Twelve or so years later he established a limited company—which to-day is carried on by members of the family—and started building new premises for the manufacture of the present Benedictine.

The word "premises" is used advisedly instead of factory, for the architect, influenced by the finest Renaissance style, erected a most imposing building which has not the slightest resemblance to a factory as we know it to-day.

A "must" for any tourist in Fécamp, it has the outward appearance of a palace, with ogives and balconies topped with bell turrets and arcades. Inside there is a complete absence of the atmosphere one associates with a factory, except

perhaps in the bottling and labelling department where the most up-to-date methods are operated.

But even here the great wooden beams supporting the roof, a crucifix, and statue of the Madonna and Child looking down from the walls, give a somewhat mediaeval air to the whole proceedings.

The plants—their juices are the chief ingredient in Benedictine—are still similar to those picked by Brother Vincelli. They are now grown in carefully cultivated fields spread along the coast and are harvested twice a year.

Exactly what the plants are is a closely guarded secret, but the juices of no less than twenty-eight plants are used.

The word "secret" brings us to yet another aspect of this amazing building which is an astonishing harmonisation of

art and industry. This is the museum, which also owes its origin to Alexander Le Grand.

It is composed of three large rooms—the Abbot's, the Gothic and Renaissance, and the Oratory—the first-named containing a wooden statue of Brother Vincelli. All of them contain remarkable and priceless treasures.

OF particular interest to English visitors is the charter given to Fécamp Abbey by William the Conqueror confirming the gift made to the abbey by Richard, Duke of Normandy, of freedom from all taxes, even those concerning the Archbishop of Rouen. There is also another charter from Henry II of England.

Space does not permit mention of any more of the several hundred exhibits which make up the collection, but the word "secret" still requires elucidation, and it is in the museum that the answer is forthcoming. Here is the "counterfeiting" room, with its surprising collection of about 200 imitations and copies of the famous "Benedictine" bottle. If copying is the sincerest form of flattery, then Benedictine is indeed flattered. These forgeries come from all parts of the world, and include, I regret to say, one or two from this country.

M. Le Grand, however, was obviously a far-sighted man, and one of his first acts was to deposit all the ingredients of his trade mark with the International Bureau at Berne, and in practically every capital in the world in order to protect his product.

This, however, does not prevent the counterfeiters trying to fool the public, and hardly a year goes by without the company being engaged somewhere or other in litigation to prevent the unscrupulous copying of its trade mark.

By  
**G. G. BICKFORD**

THOMAS OLSEN looks at new titles on



## The BOOKSHELF

side to the normal conception of the law's majesty.

Written by Robert Jackson, *The Chief* (Harrap, 21s.) shows nearly as much frailty in Hewart as the men he had to judge. He was irascible, hasty, and pugnacious, and this account left at least one reader wondering why Hewart reached such high office. The revelations over back-stage negotiations for appointment are highly distasteful. As a biography, of course, it is spellbinding.

What was daily life like 200 years ago? Jack Lindsay supplies the answer in "1764" (Muller, 25s.) culled from newspapers, magazines, diaries, and journals.

Murder, theft, rape, duels, and drinking have perhaps undue prominence, but they make very interesting reading.

A fine study of North Wales is *West of Offa's Dyke* by Maxwell Fraser (Hale, 18s.), while *The Schooner* by Freddy Drilhon (Barker, 18s.) tells how a journalist left Fleet Street to join a friend in Tahiti, built a schooner, and traded in the islands there. A lively mixture of tragedy and comedy in the South Seas.

Like the late Jim Corbett of India tiger-shooting fame, John Taylor never refused a plea for help from the African natives threatened by man-eating lions. He tells his story in *Maneaters and Marauders* (Muller, 16s.), and how he made a living as an ivory hunter. Full of excitement, this.

Here's a first-class American novel of big business. *The Big Company Look* by J. Harvey Howells (Michael Joseph, 16s.) tells how Jackson Pollett rose and fell in the fierce, back-stabbing world of New York merchandising. You won't like Pollett, but his ruthless, competitive life is a gripping theme.

Teenagers are heroes of novels now and *Billy Liar* (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) is the clever story by Keith Waterhouse of a vacillating Yorkshire youngster possessing all the faults that are too

often associated with his generation. Good reading for parents and welfare workers.

It was time coach tours reached the romance shelves and *Passport to Paradise* (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is Margaret Cole's account of Riviera love.

The Mediterranean is the setting, too, for Oliver Anderson's latest comedy thriller *Random at Random* (Barker, 12s. 6d.), which is his usual riot of shocks and humour.

Tricks of the trade are revealed in *Tackle Photography This Way* (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.) by Philip Gotlop which has a really up-to-date approach. Most useful for amateurs.

Among the paperbacks new Penguins include *Our Hearts were Young and Gay* by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, the record of two American girls in Europe, and *The Hidden River*, Storm Jameson's novel of post-war France.

In Pelicans, *Hypnosis* by F. L. Marcuse is a thoroughly scientific approach to the subject with examples of its valuable use. But it gives serious warnings about the dangers that have arisen in a number of instances from its wrongful employment for entertainment.



One of the delightful illustrations from *Without My Yacht*, Ethelind Fearon's account of her life on the French Riviera

Next, a new guide from the great French house of Michelin—*Perigord-Limousin-Quercy*, which covers some of the loveliest and least-spoilt centres of Auvergne.

The area and its attractions, which range from fine eating to old castles, is fully described in this latest addition to the Green Guides which cost about 8s.

We have had revelations about the wartime quarrels of the generals. Now comes a book about the peacetime quarrels of the judges. The biography of Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice of England for 18 years, offers a less happy





## Are YOU a Good Neighbour?

"SHE'S just the neighbour I'd like to have!" Is that what other housewives say about you? After all, being a good neighbour's by no means as easy as it sounds, but you can be sure once you've got the knack, you'll never be in need of a friend yourself, if and when you want help in a hurry! Check up on yourself with this quiz.

- 1 Your next-door neighbour has sold her house. You see the new people moving in. Will you call in and offer them a quick "cuppa," in case the cooking stove isn't connected up? Yes..... No.....
- 2 Your new neighbours ask you if you can recommend them certain types of local shops. Will you be afraid to do this, in case your tastes aren't theirs? Yes..... No.....
- 3 Somebody nearby has a cat who could give Ali Baba and his 40 thieves a few pointers about stealing your food. Will you check up on your open doors and windows rather than complain to the owner? Yes..... No.....
- 4 A neighbour is out at work all day and asks if you'd mind taking in parcels for her. Will you feel it wisest not to agree, and say you're out a lot yourself, whether you are or not? Yes..... No.....
- 5 When miscellaneous hawkers come up your path, will you tell them who's out at business nearby, so that they can save themselves the bother of calling at empty houses? Yes..... No.....
- 6 Do you think minding your neighbours' kiddies or pets occasionally is an experiment best not indulged in? Yes..... No.....
- 7 If you hear a neighbour you don't know well is ill, will you be too shy to offer assistance, if needed? Yes..... No.....
- 8 Do you believe the best sort of neighbour is the one who "keeps herself to herself" and minds her own business? Yes..... No.....
- 9 Party walls are thin in your area, and your next-door neighbour tells you something you've already heard "through the wall." Will you say laughingly you know it already, thanks to the builders? Yes..... No.....
- 10 Do you envy your neighbours' homes? Yes..... No.....
- 11 Do you believe the "village gossip" can prove useful to you at times, to keep an eye on your house when away; but manage to evade her knowing what you want to keep private in your personal affairs? Yes..... No.....
- 12 Do you believe good neighbourliness means never running before you can walk where making yourself known to those nearby is concerned? Yes..... No.....

**N**OW look through those answer ticks. If you've got yourself in the "No" column for Questions 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 10 you're certainly one of those neighbours we all like to have. We feel we can call on you if necessary, but you won't force yourself in where it's clear you're not wanted. In fact, you gain top marks in this context every time. If you've answered "Yes" to all these questions, think again when similar opportunities present themselves later.

How many women go through life without needing a helping hand in some detail, be it large or small, from a neighbour? If you're too shy to approach others, who can you call upon to help out in an emergency? It may only be a matter of doing a little shopping for a day or two, or it may mean a life-and-death phone call in which time is the key to coping successfully with some tragedy in your home. A friendly neighbour on the spot can do so much more than friends or relatives too far away to know you need them.

If you've answered "No" to Questions 3, 5, 9, 11, and 12 you're not as farsighted as you might be when it comes to living in a typical community of modern

times. Prowling cats are legally not their owner's responsibility when it comes to creeping into your home and doing what they shouldn't (Dogs are a different matter). Also the chances are the cats are loved by their owners, if not by you personally!

Don't tell hawkers your neighbours' movements—you don't know just what they may be after.

In the same way, if you tell a neighbour in friendly fashion that you can't help hearing what goes on next-door, do so when it's a matter she evidently doesn't regard as private. You're doing her a good turn indirectly for she'll be warned where party walls are concerned.

As for village gossips, they are often kindly-intentioned at root, and sometimes inwardly very lonely. It's never good policy to make an enemy where a friend might stand instead. Don't tell these people what you don't want them (and the rest of the street) to know. But Scotland Yard, in all its might, hasn't anything on them in watching your property protectively for possible burglars when you're out.



HERE'S THE ANSWER IF SHE WANTS...

## A Cardigan for a Present

**MATERIALS.**—5 oz. WAVEQUEST knitting 3-ply. Two No. 12, two No. 10 needles. One stitch-holder. Nine buttons.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—To fit 24 inch chest. Length from shoulder to lower edge, 13½ in. Sleeve seam, 11 in.

**ABBREVIATIONS.**—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches; tw.2f., twist 2 front by knitting next 2 sts. tog. but don't slip off left-hand needle, knit into first of these sts. again, then slip both sts. off needle; tw.2b., twist 2 back by taking right-hand needle to back of work and knitting into back of 2nd st., then into first st. on left-hand needle in ordinary way and slipping both these sts. off needle tog.

**TENSION.**—7½ sts. and 9½ rows to one square in. on No. 10 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

### POCKETS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 18 sts. Work in stocking stitch for 19 rows. Break off wool. Slip sts. on to length of wool and leave.

### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 42 sts. Work 11 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Next row: k.1, (inc. in next st., rib 12) 3 times, inc. in next st., p.1 (46 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as follows. 1st row: k.7, p.2, (tw.2f., p.4) twice, tw.2f., p.2, k.21. 2nd row: p.21, k.2, (p.2, k.4) twice, p.2, k.2, p.7. Rep. these 2 rows 8 times more.

Place Pocket as follows. Next row: k.7, slip next 18 sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave, slip 18 sts. from length of wool on to left-hand needle, patt. across these sts., k. to end. Keeping patt. correct, continue on these sts. until work measures 9 ins. from beg., finishing with wrong side facing for next row.

Shape armhole by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every row until 34 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 3 ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at neck edge.

Shape neck by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 23 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 4½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows. 1st row: cast off 8 sts., patt. to end. 2nd row: patt. all across. Rep. these 2 rows once more. Cast off.

### POCKET TOP

Slip sts. from stitch-holder on to No. 12 needle. Work 6 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off in rib.

### POCKET

#### Left Front and Pocket Top

Work to match right front reversing all shapings and working tw.2b. in place of tw.2f.

### HOME MAGAZINE KNITTING PATTERN No. 48

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 86 sts. Work ribbing to match Fronts. Next row: k.1, (inc. in next st., rib 11) 7 times, inc. in last st. (94 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work in stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.) until work measures same as fronts up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 68 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures same as fronts up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 46 sts. Work 23 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Next row: rib 2, (inc. in next st., rib 13) 3 times, inc. in next st., p.1 (50 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 12th row until there are 60 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 11 ins. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 1 st. at beg. of next 10 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 3rd row until 38 sts. remain, then at both ends of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 9 sts. 1st row: k.2, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, k.1. 2nd row: (k.1, p.1) 4 times, k.1. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: rib 3, cast off 3, rib to end. 6th row: rib 3, cast on 3, rib to end. Continue in rib,



working a buttonhole as on 5th and 6th rows on every 15th and 16th row from previous buttonhole until 8 buttonholes in all have been completed. Work 11 more rows. Break off wool, slip sts. on to a safety pin, and leave.

### LEFT FRONT BAND

Omitting buttonholes, work to match right front band, finishing with a 2nd row of rib.

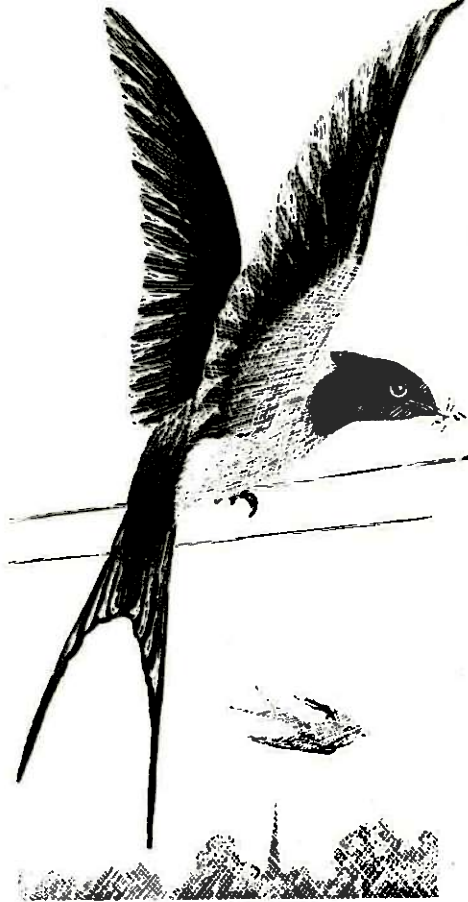
### NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of back and front. Slip sts. from right front band on to a No. 12 needle, with right side of work facing, rejoin wool and using same needle, knit up 61 sts. round neck, then work in rib across 9 sts. of left front band (79 sts.). Work 9 rows in rib as on front bands working a buttonhole as before on 4th and 5th rows. Cast off in rib.

### TO MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, block and press on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back-stitch seam join side and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position. Using a flat seam stitch on front bands. Stitch pockets into position on wrong side and pocket tops on right side of work. Attach buttons. Press seams.





# From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

By HENRY WILLIAMSON



Christian religion. The man or woman who, through circumstances, thinks only of self, is never truly happy.

We have an addition to our family, a small dog who is a cross between fox-hound and terrier. He was given to us by two friends who rescued him from an unhappy home.

Robbie is now eight years old, but still cringes at the sight of a stick upheld. I tried holding one up, then breaking it into little pieces before him. He still looked a bit unhappy. So I changed the pieces for biscuits, but he refused to look at them.

The next thing was to open his jaws gently, and slip in a piece. He refused to munch it, but very politely dropped it on the floor. I returned it to his mouth. He looked slightly offended, as much as to say "Your manners, sir, are not exactly based on the principle that other people's feelings are as important as your own."

Then he trotted out of the door, and walked sedately to the garden, looked around, went to one place, then another, and finding some soft ground, proceeded to cover the small fragment with his nose.

My next joke was to go and dig it up, as though with my nose. He watched me. I then played with the piece, throwing it before me and going after it on all fours. He raced me. I growled, as though to say, "My biscuit!" Promptly he munched it up.

Every morning afterwards it was the same comedy. He preferred mice, being a hunter and digger-out of these small "biters," as the gipsies call them. So I threw the fragment along the grass and he ran after it. Now every morning, bright-eyed, Robbie comes to me in the hut for his game and snack.

They say you can't teach an old dog tricks; well, this wasn't a trick, it was a game, and Robbie is the sort of dog that plays the game.

We had some fine walks, going after mushrooms, in the past summer. There

was a cattle shed in one of the fields, and in the last week of August, I found a swallow's nest with eggs under one of the bearers of the roof.

They hatched on the last day of that lion-like month, and I wondered if the young would be strong enough to fly to Africa when the migration urge came.

As the days went on, and the leaves began to turn colour, while swallows were gathering on pylon lines and the roof-ridges of cottages, I began to feel that the young might be left behind. For when the instinct arises to migrate, the old birds must leave.

Then a heartening thing happened. One morning, flight after flight of swallows appeared to feed the young. They stuffed them. Round and round they circled, then hovered fork-tailed and fluttering before the young birds on the electric line, offering flies which the fledgelings refused, as they were fed up to the throat. I thought of Robbie, and the game by which he was made to eat his biscuit.

But nature was at work: the next day the young birds were enticed to fly after their own food, which they did, while older birds fed them on the wing.

Soon they were indistinguishable from the older swallows, except when one hovered to put in a beakful in mid-air. And when I went next to see them, the field was empty of wings, the wires were blank against the sky, for at night they had gone towards the southern stars.

Dunstable, Beds.

Dear Editor,

Just a few lines to thank you for your pleasant magazine and many, many thanks to Henry Williamson for his lovely and moving little tale of his pet mouse. I must confess I shed a few tears, and so did my teenage daughter. I think I shall always remember it.

Helen Thompson.

# HOUSEWIVES' CLUB



conducted by Doreen Browne



A BETTER product at no extra cost! That's the good news this month about a vacuum cleaner, already so good it was difficult to see how it could be improved. However, the makers have been paying attention to the small details that are so important, and they have introduced several modifications to make life easier for the housewife.

Some of the five accessories have been redesigned. For instance, the bristles of the upholstery and dusting brushes can now be easily removed and replaced. The floor nozzle, too, now incorporates a swivel attachment which will make it much easier to get at all those awkward spots—even when they are right at the back, underneath the furniture.

Priced £12 1s. 1d., including purchase tax, the cleaner has a grey leathercloth body and chrome-plated tubes. It is suppressed for radio and television, and has a twelve months' guarantee.

WE'VE all seen comic films about office life in which the tea pot is neatly stowed away in the filing drawer marked "T." It doesn't happen in the



best-regulated offices, of course, but it's an idea the housewife might well note.

She may know that the rice is in the cocoa tin and the sugar in the old tea caddy, but hapless husbands and children can spend hours tracking them down if left to fend for themselves.

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.

A set of clearly-labelled canisters is indispensable in a kitchen, and I've seen some that add a cheerful note of colour, too. They have a very life-like pattern of red and yellow roses on a white background, and the lids are in blue.

A set consists of four canisters, marked for tea, sugar, cocoa, and sundries, and costs 16s. 3d., complete with rack. For a life-at-luxury-level look, add also a roll-top bread bin with the same pattern, price 17s.

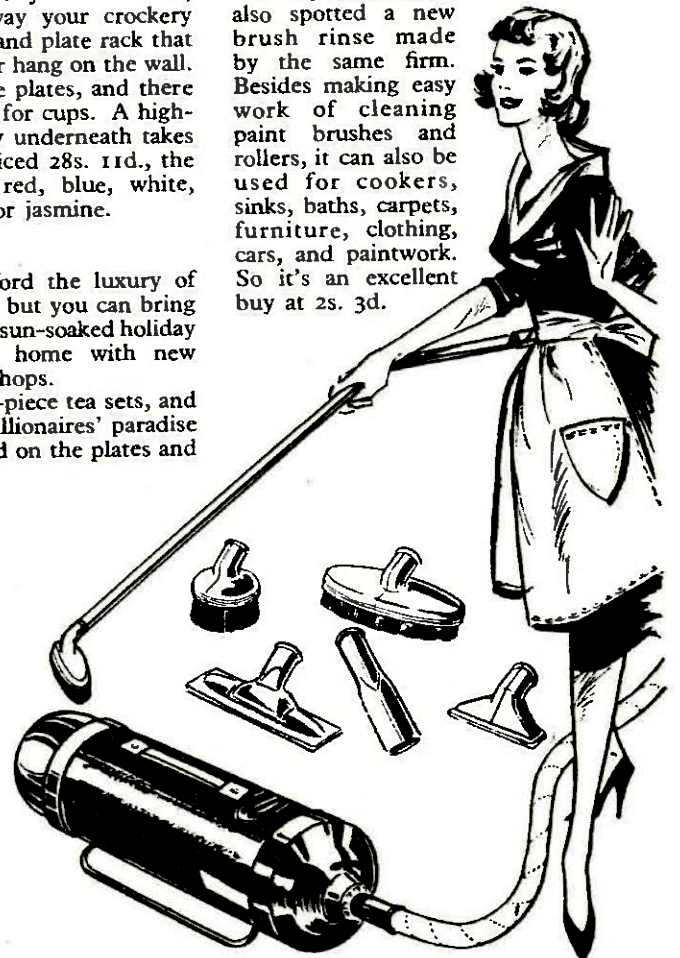
HAVING disposed of your foodstuffs, why not file away your crockery too—on a handy cup and plate rack that will stand on a shelf or hang on the wall.

It will hold 19 large plates, and there is a small rack on top for cups. A high-glaze solid plastic tray underneath takes care of any drips. Priced 28s. 11d., the rack is available in red, blue, white, primrose, eau-de-nil or jasmine.

FEW of us can afford the luxury of wintering abroad, but you can bring the atmosphere of one sun-soaked holiday spot into your own home with new crockery just in the shops.

It is available in 21-piece tea sets, and is named after the millionaires' paradise of Bermuda. Featured on the plates and saucers is a gay holiday scene, complete with blue-striped parasol, and the attractively-shaped cups are in blue.

For those who prefer the peaceful English countryside, there is another set called Rustic Charm. This shows an old gabled house, splashed with sunny yellow, with cups coloured to match. Both sets cost 49s. 11d., and come complete in a brightly-labelled presentation carton.







**SING A SONG OF SHORTEX!**

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

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

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

**SHORTEX**  
FOR ALL COOKING PURPOSES  
SPECIALLY REFINED FAT

**CWS 1 1/2 HALF POUND**

From Co-operative Societies everywhere

# FIRST FOOTING

IN this part of the country most of our merry-making takes place at Christmas. But north of the border, the Scots keep their celebrations for New Year's Eve—"Hogmanay." Then, after the "first footing," they settle down to mutton pies and black-bun.

This month **Mary Langham** gives you a selection of recipes which, although traditional fare, can be used at any time of the year.

## HOT MUTTON PIES

Pie made on a 2 lb. jam jar: 4 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 oz. Shortex, 3 tablespoons water, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Pie made on a 1 lb. jam jar: 3 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 oz. Shortex, 2 tablespoons water, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Filling (sufficient for larger pie): 1 lb. lean mutton, salt, pepper, nutmeg.

If smaller pies are required, a larger quantity of pastry can be made and then moulded on tumblers.

Sieve the flour and salt into a bowl. Put the water and Shortex into a pan and bring to the boil. Pour into the flour and mix well with a knife. Grease and flour an upturned 2 lb. jam jar. Mould two-thirds of the pastry over the jar and leave to go cold. Carefully take away the jar and fill the pastry case with the meat cut into small pieces and seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Roll out the remaining pastry for the lid. Seal the edges well, decorate with leaves. Make a hole in the centre to allow the steam to escape.

Tie a piece of greaseproof round the pie so that it will keep a good shape. Bake approximately 30 minutes at Mark 5 (375°F.). Remove the paper, brush over the whole pie with egg wash and return to the oven for a further 30 minutes. Serve very hot with gravy poured into the hole.

## SCOTCH PANCAKES

2 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon CWS cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon CWS bi-carbonate of soda, 1 pint milk, 1 egg yolk, 1/2 oz. sugar, 1/2 oz. Avondale butter (melted).

Sieve the dry ingredients together, add the sugar. Blend in the egg yolk and milk to form a smooth thick batter.

Add the melted butter. Grease a griddle or thick frying pan lightly with Shortex, and drop spoonfuls on to the hot griddle. Cook until the whole surface of the pancake is covered with bubbles, turn over to brown both sides. Keep hot in a table napkin and serve thickly buttered.

## OATCAKES

1 lb. oatmeal, 1/2 teaspoon CWS bi-carbonate of soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon melted bacon fat, 1 pint boiling water.

Sieve the bi-carbonate of soda into the oatmeal and salt. Pour in the fat and enough water to give a stiff dough. Knead well, roll out to about 1/4 in. thick. Cut into circles and then into triangles. Sprinkle a baking tray with oatmeal, put on the cakes and bake until crisp and the edges begin to curl, Mark 4 (350°F.).

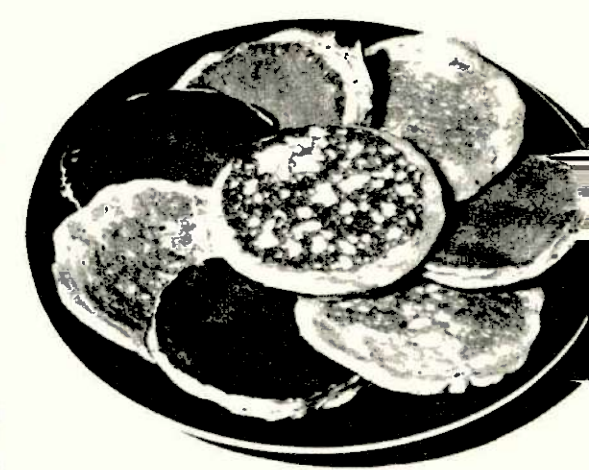
The oatcakes can also be cooked on a griddle. Grease the griddle, cook the oatcakes over a moderate heat until the edges begin to curl, toast the other side under the grill. If a griddle is not available, use a frying pan or an electric hot plate.

## CARAWAY ANGEL CAKE

For those who like to make mayonnaise here is an excellent way of using the egg whites left over.

5 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. Avondale butter, 1 gill (1/2 pint) milk, 2 egg whites, 1 teaspoon CWS baking powder, 2 oz. CWS mixed candied peel, 1 large teaspoon CWS caraway seeds.

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the milk gradually and when smooth add the stiffly whisked egg whites. Sieve together the flour, baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Very carefully fold into the egg fat mixture with the peel and seeds. Put into a well greased six inch cake tin. Bake 1 1/4 hours, Mark 4 (350°F.).



## SCOTS SHORTBREAD

4 oz. Avondale butter, 4 oz. Excelda plain flour, 2 oz. CWS rice flour or fine semolina, 2 oz. castor sugar, pieces of candied orange or citron peel, halved almonds.

Cream the butter and sugar together until soft and fluffy. Work in the flour and rice flour. Knead lightly. Roll into a circle about eight inches in diameter and 1/4 in. thick. Neaten the edge, prick over the surface and decorate with the peel and almonds. Dust over with castor sugar. Bake 20-25 minutes, Mark 4 (350°F.). The biscuit should only be pale in colour.

## SCOTCH BUN

A traditional rich cake with a pastry "overcoat."

1 lb. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 lb. Avondale butter, 2 oz. water (light weight).

Rub the butter into the sieved flour, mix in the water. Line an eight-inch cake tin with three-quarters of the pastry, making certain that it is evenly spread and smooth.

Cake filling: 1 lb. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 lb. CWS currants, 2 oz. CWS candied peel, grated rind two oranges and two lemons, 1 lb. raisins, 4 oz. Jordan almonds, 4 oz. soft brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper, 1/2 teaspoon CWS bi-carbonate of soda, 1/2 teaspoon CWS cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon CWS ground cinnamon, pinch CWS ground nutmeg, 1 beaten egg, milk to mix.

Sieve together the spices, cream of tartar, bi-carbonate of soda, and flour. Add the cleaned fruits, peel, almonds, and sugar. Mix in the egg and enough milk to make a stiff dough.

Put into the lined tin and spread it out evenly. Cover with the remaining pastry. Pinch the edges together. Make four holes right through to the bottom of the bun using a skewer. Mark the top with a fork. Brush over the top with egg wash and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake at least 2 1/2 hours at Mark 4 (350°F.), near to the base of the oven. Keep for at least a week before cutting.



## 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





**C**ONGRATULATIONS to Pye for bringing out their new Golden Guinea range of long-playing records at the modest cost of the title—21s. This is a step in the right direction from the public's point of view and Pye have cleverly chosen to take advantage of the present demand for strings. The **101 Strings Orchestra** has 56 violins plus violas, 'cellos, etc., and from 128 to 141 players. The result is a wonderful sweep of sweet playing, by a great new orchestra of top rank.

First choice has the Strings playing great standards on GGL 0007 including "There's a Small Hotel," "Touch of Your Lips," and "Two Sleepy People," while the second is *Gypsy Campfires* on GGL 0009 with "Dark Eyes," "Czardas," and similar tunes. A further release of 12 LPs at the same price is promised shortly, and stereo sound discs cost only 27s. 6d. Splendid value for money.

Another great orchestra of fine playing is **Frank Chacksfield's**, and Decca have a winner in LK 4311 which gives the Academy Award tunes from 1946 to 1957. They're all here from "Mona Lisa" and "High Noon" to "Que Sera" and "All the Way" on a disc that will be a must for most.

The charm of the Franz Lehar waltzes has been tenderly caught by the **London Proms Symphony Orchestra** under **Robert Sharples** on RCA's RD-27125. Such tunes as "Gold and Silver" and "The Merry Widow" have pleased succeeding generations and are ageless. Here is a record for a relaxing mood.

There is a sad note in **Walter Gieseking's** brilliant recordings of *Beethoven's Sonatas 12 and 15* for Columbia. Before the finale of the second of these could be added, he had died. This LP is 33CX-1603 and, as with all Gieseking's work, the playing is meticulous in clarity. One cannot but think that here is a fine memorial to a great pianist.

Swing has reached *My Fair Lady* and the **Oscar Peterson Trio** are well qualified to bring it to the catching tunes of what now seems destined to be the world's greatest musical.

Shaw, I like to think, would have enjoyed the transformation of *Pygmalion*. It would have appealed to his sense of humour. On HMV CLP-1278 Gene Gammage, drums, and Ray Brown, bass, go to town with Peterson's piano-playing in dazzling interpretations.—**T.O.**

## Something Good Turns Up

**T**HERE was no doubt about it, she was a modern Mrs. Micawber. She was round in the right places, and what she lacked in stature she made up for by patient determination to maintain the unity of her home and family.

Just to listen to her saying, "Something good always turns up," was stimulating!

She was more sophisticated than the dear old Mrs. M. of fiction, but her proud belief in her husband was of the same vintage.

They had two children, now in their early twenties, and doing well at their work. The girl was engaged, and that was another bit of happiness for them all.

She told me her son was in the middle of the crew-cut craze, but she knew this would pass—especially as she had encouraged it anyway! I thought how very wise she was. I could listen to this woman.

Mrs. M. told me that when they were married, her in-laws had provided the down payment on a house. After 28 years it was a valuable piece of property, being in a much-sought-after neighbourhood.

The trouble and anxiety she had known over those 28 years would have been almost insupportable, if it had not been for her faith and insight. We all know about insight. It is a quality quite indefinable and develops with use.

Her worries were caused by the weakness of her husband for gambling. She assured me he did not drink, and he didn't long to be the Great Lover.

His problem each week was how to come straight home with his pay packet intact.

Many of her relations and friends rather despised her for not, as they put it so glibly, "walking out on him."

**MRS. M.** was a thoroughbred, a full-blooded stayer—rare enough in these days of so-called emancipation!

When openly challenged about putting up with her man's incessant gambling, her answer was—"But you see my husband says I am the most marvellous woman in the world." Here was the spur. This is the music which enchants forever.

I asked her, "Did you ever feel you could not continue your daily life with this man?"

"Can you do without water?" she replied. Before such people it is difficult to assess ourselves.

I met the children, and I recognised the same rock-like quality in their affection for their parents.

The children loved their father as much as their mother did, so it was easy to explain that this gambling was like an illness, and once she had talked about it with them, they helped. She arranged to get domestic work near his workshop, and every pay night she met him. This she did for 15 years. Her daughter always had the tea ready, and the son did other jobs.

**T**HE secret was they all loved each other. It was as simple as that.

Apart from her husband's gambling, he was a wonderful man. He did not especially like gardening or decorating, but he did it all. And like most people

who dislike it, he made a good job of it! Perhaps it was his way of saying what he felt for his family, because he could not find the words or the courage to speak them.

One winter night she was very ill. Her children were not yet home, and the time to meet her husband was drawing nearer. There was nothing this poor woman could do but hope.

She told me how she sat back exhausted with pain, but she kept on thinking of her husband, and the expression there would be on his face when she was not standing just round the corner as usual. The clock reached 8 p.m., and he had not come home.

I could hardly wait for her to continue. Her voice became quiet, and she said, "My husband came in and told me he could not have gambled, no matter who asked him, but he had gone to a gambling club and just sat there, quite unable to know why he was in the place at all!"

He came through the acid test. He watched others there whom he knew he had once been like.

Suddenly, for no reason at all he burst out laughing, and was asked by the men about him "What's the joke?" He told his wife he couldn't answer that question without a long explanation.

"And what did you find so funny?" his wife asked him. "Watching adults behave like children, and knowing I could come home to three loving people who are adults," he replied.

This is the sort of family that never makes the headlines—there are too many of them, which is perhaps very fortunate.

### MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

Continuing TRUE TO TYPE. Episodes in the life of a shorthand-typist

## My Six Weeks with the Fossils

**O**NE bright spring morning I went in search of the whereabouts of a job that was scheduled to last six weeks. The exact location proved hard to find, and even when I did stumble on it—with the aid of a policeman and a passer-by or two—I thought a mistake had been made.

This couldn't surely be an office! I looked again at the introduction slip in my hand, and it seemed to tally right enough.

It was actually a great arcade that had ceased to be fashionable some seventy years before. I wondered what weird sentimental attachment to the place had prevented my new employers fleeing from this grim wreck when everyone else had obviously been only too happy to leave it to the fossils. And then I found that I had been assigned to work for two of the fossils themselves.

They were brothers, and the oldest men I've ever worked for. The younger one told me proudly, after I'd been there an hour, that he was eighty-six, and obviously believed that till then I'd thought him a mere lad of seventy.

I have no idea how old the other one was, but judging by the deference with which the eighty-six-year-old treated him, and the imperious manner in which the older man made the decisions (obviously never having encountered opposition from any quarter at any time in his life), I should say he was ninety at least.

**T**HERE was a third man, a stripling of some sixty years or so. Oddly enough, Junior displayed far more of the crankiness of age than did either of the others who incidentally were his father and his uncle.

The ancient ones themselves may have been bowed and withered, but they were for ever making feeble jokes at which they shook tremulously with rasping laughter.

Junior never laughed at these sallies. He was very testy, with a tightly-screwed-up mouth that never relaxed into any other expression. Seated on a high stool at his sloping desk, his back was to me, the door of the old men's sanctum, and, I think, metaphorically to

the world at large. He never said "Good morning" when he came in, and he never said "Good night" when he went home.

Whenever the ancients tried to make a merry quip at his expense, he wore the exasperated look of a nurse-maid whose charges were being more difficult than usual. The only sound I remember him uttering was "Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

It was evident that something had badly upset Junior at some time or other in his relationship with his kinsmen.

Maybe his father, making one of his heavy jokes and fully expecting that Junior would split his sides, had told him that he intended to cut him out of

### By STELLA LEE

his will. Being the man he was, Junior probably took him seriously and had brooded savagely over this ever since.

Despite this, and despite also the air of crumbling decay that hung over the office, it was evident that the product they had introduced to the housewives of a bygone era was still much in demand.

Sales returns had apparently never been known to give cause for alarm at any time during the last fifty years, and there was an obvious background of prosperity that may have had something to do with the tottering chirpiness of the old men.

Very solid brass indeed had been expended on some of the fittings of their own sanctum. There was a cigar box of hallmarked silver, and various other items.

But that was by no means all. Every night at 5 p.m. a chauffeur—himself no chicken—would call for the old men and Junior. A magnificent Buick awaited their departure outside in the April sunshine. Maybe it was Junior's wife

who had at last persuaded the non-agenarian to give up his treasured brougham.

**T**HIS love of luxury was not indulged in with any consistency, however. Not for them the ostentatious delights of the pampered gourmet. Every single lunch-hour for the six weeks of my stay, they ate steak-and-kidney pie.

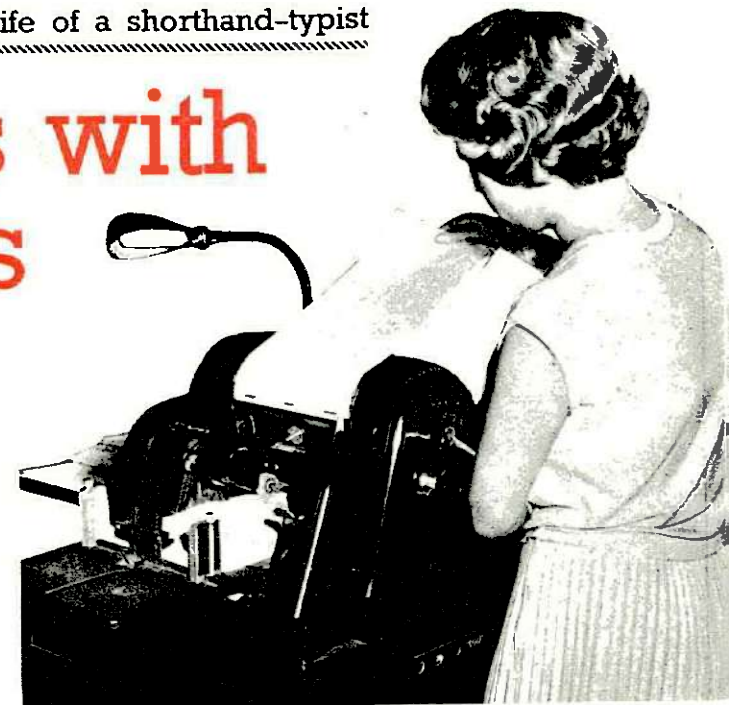
Each day at noon I was despatched—with many a kind injunction to "mind the roads, my dear"—to a cafe frequented by warehousemen and porters from a nearby railway station. The brothers expressed a wish for me to have a pie also, "on the house," but I declined with thanks.

I wanted to lunch out. My lunch-hour was sacred: it was the only part of my working day in which I was reminded that it was spring, and that I myself was still on the right side of eighty.

Once, after lunching with two girls I had known at the business college, we all three walked back to the arcade. I had tried to describe the place to them, but they wanted to see it for themselves.

Arriving at the mouth of the cavern, they ventured a few steps into the gloom, gazed up at the great glass dome encrusted with the dirt of a century, and would venture no farther, declaring that already it gave them the "creeps," and that they would prefer to work down a mine rather than in the arcade.

Feeling ridiculously intrepid (considering the mild nature of the job, and the gentle behaviour of my employers) I continued on my way alone.







## Colour in December

**I** WONDER what your garden looks like in December! Dull, dreary, and uninteresting? If so, wouldn't you like a little corner by the house looking cheerful at Christmas time? I want to tell you about some shrubs and plants which will enable you to achieve this. You can get them from the CWS Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby—with dividend on your purchase in the usual way.

In a mild season, you can be sure the winter aconite will appear before December 25. Its bright yellow flowers, surrounded by the Toby-like frills, will not be killed by frosts or ruined by snow. But they may rot away if the soil isn't properly drained, so plant them in a well-drained spot.

Algerian irises have a lovely primrose scent. Give them a sheltered position, near the house where it is warm, and they will produce glorious satiny-blue flowers each season. They multiply rapidly, and if you plant a few, you will have lots in five or six years.

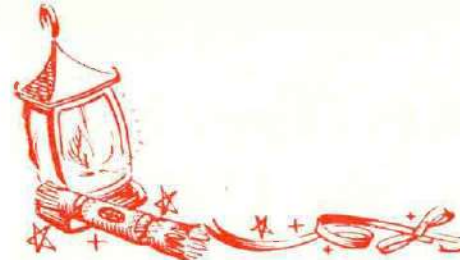
Nothing is simpler to grow than the winter-flowering heath. Even if you have a lime soil, there are the carneas which will grow quite happily. Eileen Porter flowers from November to the end of February. King George, with dark red flowers, usually blooms in December, and those who like white heather for luck should grow Spring-wood White, at its best late in December and early in January. Heathers, by the way, want lots of peat. Before planting, fork it in at two buckets to the square yard, and afterwards apply it one inch deep as a mulch. Grown in this way, the heathers will be very happy. The CWS supply sedge peat.

### IN BLOOM BY CHRISTMAS

Witch Hazel bears strap-like yellow flowers long before the leaves come out, and in a sheltered spot this shrub will bloom by Christmas. The Cornelian cherry is a little hardier and will be covered with a mass of small yellow flowers about December 20, in most years, though those of you in the North may not see the blooms until the New Year.

People often ask me if the delicious looking fruits on the strawberry tree are edible. They are, but they haven't much flavour. Though called a tree, it is grown as a bush, and is well worth while for its dark evergreen leaves alone, but it also has clusters of bright red fruits. Plant close to it a *Viburnum Davidii*, which never grows much taller than two feet. It bears its flowers in summer, but if you plant it near your strawberry tree, its showy blue fruits are a fine foil to the red berries.

Against a north wall, try *Garrya elliptica*. Its long grey-green catkins are produced in profusion, and as the shrub grows, you can cut off a whole branch and bring it indoors to make a lovely decoration which lasts a long time.



**I** AM a traditionalist! It is a big word, but it means something quite simple. I don't like Christmas to change in any way at all. For me it is the time you can consider your own ideas for this special day of the year.

To make certain of that big word traditionalist, it means, very roughly, handing down to the next generation. That is not a bad idea; to pass on many happy Christmas occasions, planted as firmly as the lovely tree we all use as a symbol of the festivities.



## Christmas is a Time for Traditions

For instance, I cannot throw away the bits of tatty decorations. I have some awful home-made affairs improvised during the lean war years. They are as much a part of the Christmas to come as they were years ago. They have life.

Even worse, I have two cardboard pictures from the year dot, one depicting Father Christmas arriving in an aeroplane so antiquated that a modern child might ask what it was! Strangely enough no child has ever done so.

The other picture I hang up shows two delightful children with eyes tight in slumber whilst Santa is filling their stockings.

I am never fussy about people not coming to the table the moment dinner is served—but on Christmas Day there is no trouble at all. The aroma does the trick.



"He loves home cooking, so I sprinkle a little flour around, and he never knows the difference"

About 1-20 p.m. I have so many small and large pans on the top of the cooker that to make room for dishes warming in the oven, I am left with the turkey on the floor steaming like an Emmett engine.

I like it that way. If the roast turkey did not have to go on the kitchen floor a few minutes before serving up, it would not be Christmas.

**I** MARVEL each year that no pan falls off the cooker, and that the turkey doesn't go for a burton, juggling it from the oven to the same lovely turkey dish I have used for 24 years. I bought it in Bristol in 1935, and it cost 3s.

If children did not come to our step and sing carols long enough for us to throw open the door on their new-minted faces, it would be a sad Christmas for me.

I love to have the chance to do this, and hear their "Merry Christmas!" echoing along the path, as they rush off to the next front door. The joy of these simple, traditional things is the foundation of what Christmas means to me.

Aunt Polly's tea cosy will arrive as usual. Something we never want, but we shall say "thank you" just the same. The presents we don't want are indeed a part of this special time of the year. I would rather be given things spontaneously, even though I did not want them, than be asked to choose.

That Grannie will know just how many parcels she will receive is an evergreen. We have never really found out how she acquires this knowledge, except that she is 80 years old and, therefore, an experienced woman!

If cards did not arrive from those whom you thought had written you off,

### Says IRIS EMMIT

it would not be Christmas. And oh, the guilty feeling that accompanies those arrivals!

Each year I know that the sitting room, which a few hours before Christmas Day looks absolutely delightful to us, will soon be transformed into a receiving office for mountains of tissue paper, string, and tinsel.

Scissors will seemingly fly across the room as each demands them to open their gifts, and says "This is just what I wanted." Nobody feels hypocritical either.

**T**HAT is the rare atmosphere which Christmas alone can demand, and without our being aware of it, we are much better human beings if only for this brief interlude.

On Christmas morning our home is ready to welcome all comers, and when they have gone, just before dinner-time, I close the door, surfeited with unearthly happiness. Everything is falling into place.

It is always at that moment—just before Christmas dinner—that I think of anyone I know who has died, is ill, or unhappy through no fault of their own.

I don't know what the reason is. I can only conclude that it is the magical atmosphere of Christmas which impels you to try to transform the life of everyone to your own peaceful happiness.



### A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM HOME MAGAZINE

#### BE EDITOR FOR A DAY!

**D**RAW up your chair and settle down by the fire! Here's your chance to win your best-ever Christmas present in a fascinating free competition all about your favourite magazine. We want to know what you like, or even what you don't like, about HOME MAGAZINE.

Below is a list of regular features, which you are asked to place in your order of preference—and please, it's YOUR opinion we want, not what you think other people will choose. This part of the competition will have no bearing on the judging, so there is nothing to lose by being honest: Here is the list:—

|                               |  |                  |  |
|-------------------------------|--|------------------|--|
| Editorial                     |  | Knitting         |  |
| Records                       |  | Housewives' Club |  |
| Books                         |  | Fashion          |  |
| Henry Williamson              |  | Feature Series   |  |
| Mary Joy                      |  | Gardening        |  |
| Recipes                       |  | Children's page  |  |
| CUT OUT AND PIN TO YOUR ENTRY |  |                  |  |

When you have made your list, tell us, in not more than two hundred words, what new features you would like to see in HOME MAGAZINE. Remember, this is part of the competition on which the prizes will be awarded, so let us have all your ideas.

Now see what your skill as imaginary Editor-for-a-day might win you. As prizes we are offering three of the leading products from a modern electrical goods factory in the Midlands.

● For the winner there will be a wonderful Invincible vacuum cleaner, the newest model in this famous range, that makes the cleaning of your home easier and quicker than ever before. It has five accessories to reach into all those awkward corners, and is guaranteed for twelve months.

● Second prize is an Invincible Senior thermostatic iron, incorporating the most up-to-date thermostat yet produced. Used correctly, this iron eliminates all risk of scorching or burning. Set the indicator at the heat you require, and it just can't get any hotter.

● Third prize is an attractive Invincible table lamp that will be useful for any room in the house. It is chromium plated, has a small push-button switch in the base, and is internally weighted to keep it stable.

Send your entries to: The Editor, Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 2. Closing date: January 10, 1960.



## FOR BOYS and GIRLS



THESE thrifty boys and girls are pupils at Queenswood School, New Malden, Surrey. They have a flourishing National Savings Group at the school, and their interest is kept alive by the fact that they are able to buy stamps, etc., at the school's own "Post Office" which is run by the children.

Above, you see 10-year-old Peter Darlow (left), and Christopher Bowles, aged 11, serving their young customers.

## THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

### BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS

Rundown Rangers and Roughneck Rovers are football teams fighting for the leadership of the first division. At half-time the Rangers lead by four goals to two, but when the final whistle blows the Rovers have won by a margin of two goals. Altogether twice as many goals were scored in the match as had been scored at half-time. How many goals did the Rangers score in the second half?

### RE-ARRANGED WORDS

The letters in each of the following words can be re-arranged into another word with the addition of the given letters. See what you can make of them.

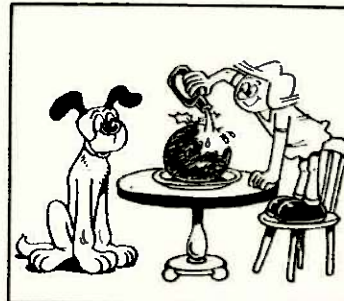
- (a) TORE with U
- (b) MIRAGE with C
- (c) CHIVE with LE
- (d) RAID with GN
- (e) TRAM with RY
- (f) MULE with OV
- (g) SUET with G
- (h) CLIP with NE
- (i) CLEAR with BAN
- (j) MOAT with OT

### FIND THE TOWN

To a word meaning "a kind of headgear" add another word meaning "meadow" and you get the town of HATFIELD. Can you build up the names of other towns in the same way from the following clues.

- (a) Wide + steps
- (b) Male sheep + entrance
- (c) Part of body + water
- (d) Not old + fortress
- (e) vehicle + thread
- (f) animal + make of car
- (g) jump + weight
- (h) hurry + cereal
- (i) trot + inter
- (j) old sailor + scorch

### PENNY and BOB



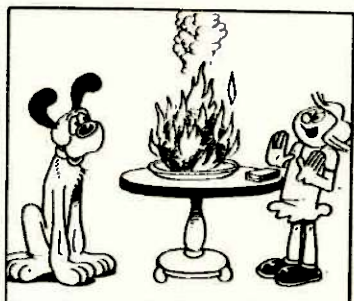
## Our Youngest Competitor?

Is two-year-old Elizabeth Jayne Wooding of 9 Catherine Road, Flitwick, Bedford, the youngest little girl to enter one of our competitions?

With her entry for our September competition (which was to colour a Penny and Bob cartoon) came this letter from her mother.

"This is Elizabeth Jayne's own work. Only I helped her to stick it on this letter, and wrote her name and address.

"May I say how much we all enjoy reading the magazine, particularly Elizabeth Jayne, as she always colours the pictures, and I stick them into a scrapbook for her."



By GEORGE MARTIN



## Christmas Tree was once an Oak

DID you know that the first Christmas tree, according to an ancient legend, was not a fir tree, but an oak? Travelling in Central Europe, an early Christian saint came upon a group of pagans about to make a human sacrifice in front of an oak tree.

He preached to them and converted them to Christianity. The life of the child who was about to be sacrificed was spared and the saint allowed the converted pagans to regard their oak tree as a Christmas tree.

Mistletoe was held sacred by the ancient Britons. You have probably seen pictures of white-robed Druids cutting branches of mistletoe with golden knives and tossing them into white sheets held by attendant ministers below. The onlookers received small sprigs which they treasured and hung up in their huts for luck.

Which is as good a time as any for me to wish you all a Merry Christmas and happiness in the New Year.

Your friend, BILL.

### COMPETITION

THIS is your chance to win for yourself a bumper parcel of delicious sweets from the CWS Confectionery Works at Reddish.

For this month's competition, the Editor would like you to write and tell him:

### WHAT I LIKE ABOUT CHRISTMAS

The prizes will go to the writers of the best letter in each of the two age groups—those under nine, and those who are nine and over. Remember:

1. The letter must not be more than 400 words long and be entirely your own work.
  2. Neatness and spelling will also be taken into consideration.
  3. Write your full name, age, and address on your entry.
  4. Post your entry to:  
The Editor, Home Magazine,  
1 Balloon Street, Manchester
- Closing date for entries is January 5, 1960.

### OCTOBER COMPETITION WINNERS

MAUREEN CREGAN  
35 Melrose Avenue, Pennycross,  
Plymouth, Devon.

BARBARA SMITH  
2 Golf Club Lane, Brockworth,  
Nr. Gloucester.

### Puzzle Solutions

Backwards and Forwards: One goal.

Find the Town: (a) Broadstairs, (b) Ramsgate, (c) Liverpool, (d) Newcastle (e) Carlisle, (f) Oxford, (g) Skipton, (h) Runcorn, (i) Canterbury, (j) Saltburn.

Re-arranged Words: (a) route, (b) grimace, (c) vehicle, (d) daring, (e) martyr, (f) volume, (g) guest, (h) pencil, (i) barnacle, (j) tomato.



Give the **LUXURY PARTY**  
touch to your Sweets!



WITH

**WHEATSHEAF**

PURE DAIRY CREAM



FROM CO-OPERATIVE STORES



*To all our members and their families we send our sincere wishes for  
a very happy Christmas.*

## Choir continues its winning way

ONCE again the Tamworth Co-operative Choir succeeded in winning the highest award at the Midland Co-operative Choral Festival, the Alderman T. H. Sutton Memorial Trophy, presented to the society gaining the most points for all classes at the festival, held at Mansfield.

The successes of the choir and members of the choir were:—

- Mixed Voice Choir Class: First.
- Ladies' Choir Class: First.
- Male Choir Class: Second.
- Bass Solo: First, Bernard Finney.
- Men's Challenge Solo: First, Bernard Finney.
- Duet Class: Second, Doreen Davis and Bernard Finney.
- Ladies' Challenge Solo: Third, Jean Perry.

### Larger than ever

The festival this year was larger than ever, and the quality of the singing was also better than it had ever been, but in spite of the greater competition our choir again came out on top, deserving all our congratulations and best wishes for their future successes.

The Co-operative movement throughout the country is probably doing more than any other organisation to promote good cultural efforts on the part of its members and families, and in this work our own society plays a great part, sponsoring, as it does, the choir and drama groups as part of its educational work.

Tamworth Co-operative Choir is well known in many parts of the country for the beauty and perfection

of its singing, and this coming winter you will have the opportunity of hearing them in different places at concerts arranged by the education committee. Watch for the dates and places.

The education committee is considering the possibility of forming a junior choir. Nothing has been decided yet, but if it can be arranged then the society can be doubly proud of its choirs, for without a doubt the singing voices of Tamworth will make music well worth listening to.

On the result of the Mansfield festival we send our congratulations to the choir and its conductor, Mr. A. Knight.

### Well done, Derek!

THE society sends its good wishes and congratulations to Senior Scout Derek Darling of 17, Argyle Avenue, Tamworth, on becoming the first Queen's Scout in the history of the Mercian troop, and achieving this highest award in the Scout movement.

Derek is the son of Mr. F. Darling, one of our deliverers, and it would be difficult to find a father more proud of his son than him.

## OUR NEW SHOP

OUR hopes that it would be possible to use part of the new buildings in Church Street to cope with some of the late November and Christmas trade were justified, for, as you know, the ground floor has been in use for a few weeks.

While this is only a temporary measure and, in many ways, not too convenient, the drapery department is making the best possible use of the available space.

Soon we hope that all building will be finished, that the shops will be complete with all the fittings and stocked with the goods that you and I want. A little more time and then we will be able to say proudly— "This is *our* new shop."

## Mr. JACK STORER

WE extend our sympathy to Mrs. Storer, whose husband died on October 31 after a short illness, at the early age of 40.

Mr. Jack Storer had been an employee of the society since a boy, starting as a van-boy, going on to be a milk deliverer, and then a bread deliverer, serving during the war with the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Jack was a conscientious employee, of a genial and happy nature, who will be very much missed by the society, his fellow workers, and the many members who knew him, all of whom will join in expressing sympathy to Mrs. Storer.

## Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Groucott, 38, East View, Glascote, November 28.

## OBITUARY

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

- Oliver Albert James, Glascote, September 15.
- Thomas Argent, Wood End, September 20.
- Mabel Spooner, Polesworth, September 25.
- Annie Hughes, Newton Regis, September 29.
- Catherine Spearing, Tamworth, October 3.
- Thomas Barnes, Wilnecote, October 3.
- Lucy Emma Bates, Glascote, October 5.
- Lucy Money, Piccadilly, October 5.
- Hannah Harris, Two Gates, October 10.
- John Henry Thompson, Fazeley, October 11.
- Lucy Elizabeth Ellen White, Tamworth, October 12.
- Emma Hopkins, Tamworth, October 13.
- Herbert Ernest Holding, Kettlebrook, October 15.
- James Morris, Dosthill, October 16.
- William Francis George Roper, Mile Oak, October 17.
- Fanny Thompstone, Tamworth, October 17.
- Claris Lilian Keen, Kingsbury, October 19.
- Gertrude Ross, Wilnecote, October 21.
- Frank Edward Blythe, Tamworth, October 25.
- Stanley Morris Florendine, Tamworth, October 25.
- Elijah Ernest Williamson, Wilnecote, October 26.
- Olga Mary Elizabeth French, Kettlebrook, October 26.
- Frederick Charles Baxter, Mile Oak, October 28.
- Ernest William Harris, Glascote, October 30.
- Doris Bates, Tamworth, October 30.

## Eight ways to society's success

UNLIKE most trading organisations, Co-operatives are owned by many of the people who shop there—the members. And it is on these members that the Co-operative depends for support. Lack of this support means that the society suffers, and that means that the members suffer as well. The only way to ensure success is for members to support their own society, and here are eight ways to do it:—

1. Buy only at your own society.
2. Introduce CWS goods to friends, pointing out their good quality, and the benefit of the dividend.
3. Buy only CWS goods.
4. Make an effort to attend members' meetings.
5. Buy and read Co-operative publications—then pass them on to others.
6. Introduce young people to the Co-operative movement and encourage them to trade the Co-operative way.
7. Take advantage of the excellent banking facilities available.
8. Live up to the Co-operative motto, "Each for all, and all for each."

## Fishing nations

JAPAN not only continued to be the world's foremost fishing country in 1957, but actually increased its lead. According to the *Yearbook of Fishery Statistics*, published by the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations, Japanese fishermen brought home 5,399,000 metric tons of fish in the year, representing 18 per cent of the total world catch.

The United States, with the second highest total, caught 2,741,100 tons, a little more than half the amount recorded by Japan.

Figures given in the *Yearbook* show that, of the total world catch of 29,960,000 tons, the following seven countries caught more than one million tons of fish during 1957: Japan 5,399,000 tons; the United States (including Alaska), 2,741,100; China (mainland), 2,640,000 (1956); USSR, 2,535,000; Norway, 1,738,900; India, 1,233,000; and the United Kingdom, 1,014,700.

## UNESCO salutes men of merit

A LIST of anniversaries of great men to be celebrated by Unesco member states during 1960 has been decided.

They are: Anton Chekhov, Frederic Chopin, Charles Darwin, Shalom Aleichem, Henri Bergson, Pierre Janet, Franz Josef Haydn, Alexander von Humboldt, and Friedrich von Schiller.

These names were selected from a list submitted by various member states in accordance with a resolution adopted by the general conference of Unesco.

Unesco will thus give its patronage to celebrations marking Chekhov's centenary, to the cultural events being organised in Poland in 1960 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the birth of Chopin, and will help the member states concerned to organise a symposium on the work of Darwin, to mark the 100th anniversary of the publication of *The Origin of Species*.

## Computers can help blind

EXCITING new prospects for blind readers are being opened up by one of the latest applications of electronic computers.

With the aid of one of these machines, a 300-page book can now be translated into Braille in one hour: a task which would take almost a week for several skilled translators to complete.

Moreover, it takes about two years to train specialists of Braille, whereas the new method does not demand a knowledge of Braille on the part of the operator.

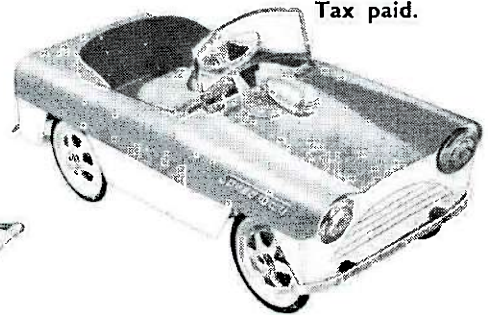
By making it possible to accelerate considerably the production of works in Braille—the machine translates 4,000 words a minute, whereas a human being only does 40—and increasing the range of texts available, the new process will certainly open up many new fields of learning to the blind.



# CHRISTMAS TIME IS **TYSELEY** TIME!

In the extensive C.W.S Tyseley range are soundly constructed, beautifully finished toys to delight youngsters of all ages.

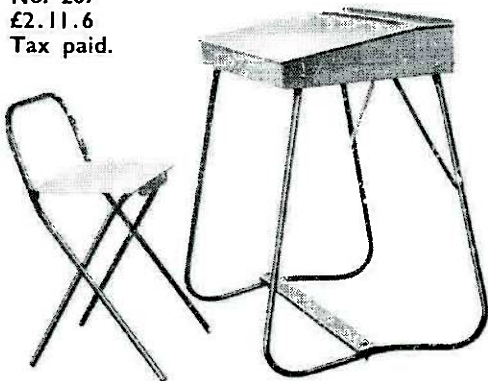
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**FROM  
CO-OPERATIVE  
STORES**

