

Home

FEBRUARY 1960

M A G A Z I N E

TAMWORTH EDITION



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HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

FEBRUARY, 1960 Vol. 65, No. 2

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FRONT COVER

Two people with the same dream—a record-breaking fish that will go down in angling history. The boy is young enough to have the time, and the angler is old enough to have the patience to make their dream come true. But what about the contents of that basket? Somewhere a housewife is beginning to frown and wonder where on earth that young scamp has got to. She's waiting for the best goods from the best store. But unlike anglers she's not prepared to wait for ever. Better get going, son!

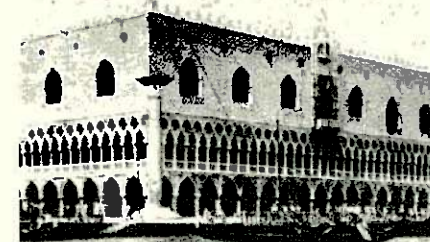
Those Kindly Thoughts

JUDGING by your letters quite a lot of people did a lot of good to others when they gave them a friendly greeting, as HOME MAGAZINE suggested for the beginning of November. Some readers have done even better. Mrs. Hilda Bean, writing to me from a hospital ward at Stone, near Dartford, says: "The Sister and I have done our best to smile at everyone and say kindly words ever since your October article and believe me, when one gives a smile one usually gets one."

I hope that by the time this is in print Mrs. Bean will be back at home with her husband, who was in the Royal Navy for twelve years.

THE other day I was looking at some of your letters which have been rolling in for our Christmas competition. Obviously both Henry Williamson and Mary Joy are firm favourites, and naturally men and women put fashions and gardening at opposite ends of the list when they made their entries. But I should not really be telling you this because I have only had a sneak preview of the entries which are being carefully filed in our competitions corner.

The kind words expressed about HOME MAGAZINE are heartening to the



A familiar sight to anyone lucky enough to holiday in Venice is the Ducal Palace, seen here

staff engaged on this task, and we are all quite excited about finding out which lucky housewife is going to win the wonderful Invincible vacuum cleaner, not to mention the fortunate runners-up who will take the other prizes.

There has been much laughter over the adventures of Mr. Honey, the travel-courier, in this office. Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland were four of the places visited by the HOME MAGAZINE staff on their holidays last year. In war and peace indeed we have visited most parts of Europe, so we are as interested as you are in the ups and downs of Mr. Honey and his charges.

Next month we shall be bringing you fashion news including information on lingerie and spring outfits. There's a cheering note for you! However dark, wet, and blustery may be these February days they are leading on to spring, with its promise of sunshine and holidays. It would perhaps be too much to hope this year for a summer like that of 1959. Indeed, those people who suffered from water shortages will probably hope that it is not repeated. Let's hope, however, that we all get a patch of sunshine in our own particular spell.

INCIDENTALLY, the quotation in the October editorial aroused interest among readers. Several asked from what poem it was taken. The poem is called *Leisure* and it is by W. H. Davies.

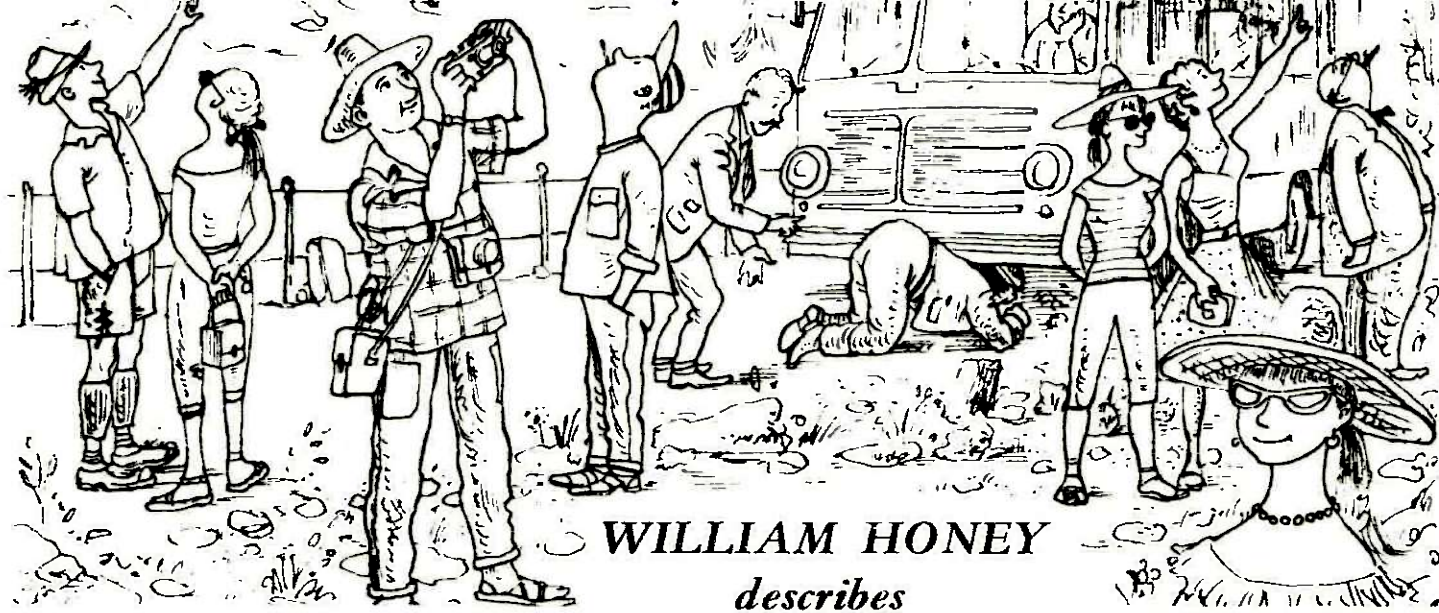
There is a lot of consolation in poetry, whether it is just a couple of lines of verse on a calendar or the sort of poem that graces the *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Have you ever thought of trying to make time to read a poem every day? It can be a rewarding experience if you get the right book of poetry.

The Editor

THIS BRITAIN . . .

Winter scene on a farm near Harewood, Wharfedale





WILLIAM HONEY
describes

The Trials of a Travel-Courier

THE Travel-Courier is the person who greets you on behalf of the tourist-agency when you join the tour; looks after you during the course of the tour, acting as intermediary between you and foreign hotel staffs, and deals with problems of accommodation and catering as they arise; ensures that you get the utmost out of the tour, interpreting it, commenting on the points of interest met with, and indicating the facilities of the various cities and towns passed through; and finally sees you safely (one hopes) to the place where the tour terminates.

When I first turned to this unusual occupation of courier which I had never heard of before—it is over ten years ago now—I asked the person who was engaging me: “What is it I have to do?” “Do!” he thundered—he was rather amazed at the naïveté of the question. “Do! Why, you see ‘em from here to Paris, and if anything goes wrong you put it right and smooth them down.” Smoothing them down seemed to him to be the most important part of it; and to tell the truth I have been smoothing them down ever since.

If Mrs. A, for instance, arrives at Dover without her passport, because it was not handed to her at Victoria as she was led to believe it would be, and it has not occurred to her to ask for it; if in consequence she is forced to kick her heels on this side of the customs barrier for some days, until it can be perhaps even obtained and got for her, leave her behind certainly; but at all costs smooth her down.

If Miss J, an elderly, respectable spinster from the back of beyond, brought up to the rigorous proprieties of parochial life, finds herself relegated to the attic for no sin that she has committed herself, poor thing, but simply because the hotel has been guilty of shameless overbooking; if, moreover, after climbing to her paradisaical perch, she discovers that a pair of

men’s pyjamas has been allowed to remain inadvertently under the pillow, and, crying feebly for assistance, faints clean away, then, when you have revived her with suitable restoratives, for the love of heaven, **SMOOTH . . . HER . . . DOWN!**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

BORN and educated in Australia, William Honey came to Europe shortly before the war hoping for an operatic career. He studied singing for a while in Rome under various teachers, and later in London under Blanche Marchesi. In London he also studied mime under Nicholas Legat, the dancer, and, on that artist’s death, under Stanislas Idzikowski. Early in the war he joined the Air Arm of the Royal Navy, becoming eventually an observer. He served in England, the Orkney Islands, Africa, India, and Ceylon.

At the end of the war, feeling that a musical career was no longer possible, he turned to travel and writing. He has worked for travel agencies in most European countries, taking keen pleasure in interpreting those countries for tourists through a microphone. For the past year he has been a representative for a travel agency in Tangier.

Much in evidence among modern tourists is the variety that travels in motor-coaches. It is about thirty years since the motor-coach tour first began to be advertised. It appeared, I think, about the same time as the sound-track film, and it has steadily been getting more and more luxurious.

The coach itself, called once a char-a-banc, has enormously improved, in recent years, in comfort, and rivals today the most comfortable of passenger aeroplanes.

It is now, more often than not, fitted with softly upholstered, adjustable seats, so that the surrounding countryside can be observed without undue twisting of the neck. It is equipped, sometimes, even with bars and lavatories, for it is lived in during the day for anything from one to six weeks.

And what of the tourists themselves? There is a slight craziness about this variety. I don’t know why. It usually travels in pairs, and a number of pairs make up a coach-load. It is dressed oddly, chiefly because every coach-load can comprise so many different nationalities.

It is no good at walking at all. At halts it appears at the door of the coach, either blinking and bleary-eyed, with

an irritated air that seems to say: “Well, what is it you’ve wakened me up to show me now?” or innocent and wide-eyed, with a despairing air that undoubtedly says “I know I shall never take it all in. Really, it’s too much!”

It is characterised, this variety, by the extraordinary rapidity with which it arrives and departs; by the general air, when out of the coach, of mystification and hurry; by the camera, either hopelessly antiquated or startlingly new and elaborate, that is carried slung over the shoulder or is clutched in the hand, always at the ready, in the vain hope of perpetuating any fleeting impression that may happen to turn up; by its deep distrust of the natives of the country that the coach is passing through; by its dependence upon, yet equal distrust of, the guide or courier; and by the phrase that is most often upon its lips: “Well, at any rate, we can now say we’ve seen it.”

In every tour, of course, there are the pests, and I am speaking now from my own point of view. There is the garrulous scatterbrain, for example, who, seated immediately behind the courier, insists on chattering at the same time as he does.

There are those who come armed with a dozen guide-books, which they hold over the courier’s head as a perpetual threat, and use as authority to correct misquoted dates. “You didn’t tell us that,” they will yell, brandishing the book, and pointing angrily to the printed page. “And what have I told them that the book hasn’t,” is usually the courier’s defiant answer.

There are the sleepers whose heads, with the movement of the coach, swing about like pendulums. I have known American young women abroad in search of “background,” sleep all over the mountain passes; and then go home, no doubt, to answer the question: “What was Europe like?” with: “Fine, I guess!”

As for the complaints of the tourists, they can be summed up in very few words if the journey runs smoothly. Well organised tours are for the most part uneventful.

Mrs. A discovered that her sheets were damp last night and had to sleep between the blankets. Mrs. B’s room is not overlooking the lake, while Mrs. C’s is. Mrs. D has not been given a private bath-room, while Mrs. E. has been given one gratis. For the price that Mr. F. had to pay for his ice-cream “at that restaurant you took us to,” it should have been “studded with diamonds.”

MORE NEXT MONTH

B★O★O★K★S

★ Reviewed by THOMAS OLSEN ★

THERE is room for more books like *The Wonders of Yorkshire* by Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby (Dent, 30s.). It tells our island story in a particularly happy way. This Yorkshire budget roams the three Ridings from Flamborough fishermen to Sheffield steel with more than 100 drawings by Miss Hartley.

Though the authors are strictly conventional in their views and perhaps could have given more space to the East Riding, it is a volume to gladden the hearts of North Country folk by its many pithy chapters.

Another lively traveller is Paul Wyand with *Useless if Delayed* (Harrap, 18s.), which describes his adventures taking newsreel pictures in all parts of the world. Wartime journeys to record history with Churchill and hairbreadth adventures filming the Cassino fighting in Italy, make every page gripping, while his eccentric father is worth a book in himself.

“I wouldn’t encourage a child of my own to get into show business,” says actor Kenneth More in *Happy Go Lucky* (Hale, 18s.), his autobiography,



One of the amusing illustrations by Anton in Peter de Polnay’s *Travelling Light*

in which he shows a decided talent for writing. Of his own great success he adds, “I can be really extravagant and put a new blade in my razor every morning,” while he advises actors to be tolerant of each other and not to believe their own publicity.

His film and stage successes give him scope for telling behind-the-scenes stories that provide amusing and happy reading.

Novelist Peter de Polnay has a gift for making his own adventures interesting, and *Travelling Light* (Hollis and Carter, 12s. 6d.) describes experiences on Channel steamers, Spanish railways, and in hotels of all grades.

Here is a window on many worlds and Anton’s drawings cleverly reflect scenes that tourist guides never show.

Long have I wanted to be the life of the party with sleight-of-hand that mystified all. Now it seems that *Card Tricks* by Paul Clive (Faber, 15s.) will really set me up. With more than 120 tricks and a useful basic article for beginners, Mr. Clive’s machinations call for no elaborate apparatus. Excuse me, madame, is this the card you chose?

Mrs. Robert Henrey always holds the reader’s attention, and *Mistress of Myself* (Dent, 20s.) takes her day-to-day life and makes it fascinating, whether she is cutting off her hair and selling it, or discussing how to buy a chicken. She shares her secret worries—is she losing her looks, can she get a bargain in girdles at the sales?

Here is another gem to add to the necklace of her highly individual writings.

The progress of a provincial lawyer makes further advance in *The Case Continued* by Julian Prescott (Barker, 16s.), and the reader learns as much as Mr. Prescott himself about the wickedness of human nature and the loopholes of the law. What does emerge is the cheerful variety of life in a small town with its own personalities and their boisterous rivalries. Big city dwellers miss much of this.

The French revolution owed as much to the indifference of Louis XV as anything else and *The Road to Compiègne* (Hale, 15s.) is Jean Plaidy’s second novel in her study of that sensual monarch. As before, she makes history live and skilfully blends its facts into her story.

Women were Louis' downfall and the leaders of his notorious court are drawn with skill and understanding in a gripping picture of an age of decadence.

Here is another rich addition to **Catherine Cookson's** notable roll of Tyneside characters. With *Fanny McBride* (Macdonald, 13s. 6d.) she presents a rousing middle-aged widow who goes to work as attendant in the local "ladies." This produces rich humour of the *Clochmerle* variety as well as several surprises. There is a fine down-to-earth approach in all Mrs. Cookson's novels and the present one is no exception.

All who love the sea will find *HMS Victory* by **Kenneth Fenwick** (Cassell, 30s.) a fascinating record of a great ship and a great period. Mr. Fenwick's approach is both scholarly and human. His pictures of Jervis and Nelson are meticulous yet sympathetic, and over the sea-fighting of the times he casts an illuminating pen which makes the wars wholly understandable.

While the *Victory* is always in the foreground, there is never any attempt to ignore the historical factors which directed her comings and goings. A well-illustrated, handsome volume.



SOMETIMES this column falls for classics, sometimes for swing. Here's a real hit record, *The Real Fats Waller* on RCA Camden CDN-131, in which the late great Fats is at his best, singing and piano-playing as nobody else can or could. With 11 pieces, from "Ain't Misbehavin'" to "Crazy 'bout my baby," this is very, very select material.

Fats died in 1943, but I cheer up when I play another LP which comes in the *Pye Jazz Today* series, NJ 21, *Meet Mick Mulligan*. It seems Mr. Mulligan plays jazz because he likes it, not because it's become highbrow. With **George Melly** singing, he and his band offer brilliant interpretations of 14 top tunes. Strongly recommended.

Superlatives seem free this month, but it's hard to be restrained about **Yehudi Menuhin** and his sister **Hephzibah** playing Beethoven's *Spring* and *Kreutzer* sonatas for violin and piano. On HMV ALP-1739, they present a brilliant recording of Beethoven's genius.

It's no use saying that *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony* was a wartime clarion. The war has been over for nearly 15 years and the Fifth is much more important than that. It is played by **L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande**

Richard Gordon was first in the field with doctors and hospitals which now makes them urgent viewing and reading. His latest novel, *Doctor and Son* (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), shows the effect of fatherhood on a country practice. Readers will welcome the re-appearance of notabilities from St. Swithin's, all well up to earlier standards of ripe mirth.

LATEST PAPERBACKS from Hodder, include *Life on Other Worlds* by **Sir Harold Spencer Jones** and two thrillers in *The Forgotten Place* by **John Fores** and *Ladies in Ermine* by **Gavin Holt**. *Stranger from the Tonto* by **Zane Grey** and *The Blue Sky of Spring* by **Elizabeth Cadell** are others.

From Penguin books come *Knight with Armour*, **Alfred Duggan's** fine novel of the Crusades; *My Family and Other Animals* by **Gerald Durrell**; and *The Wife of Ronald Sheldon* by **Patrick Quentin**, a thriller. *The Story of Jesus* by **Eleanor Graham** is a Puffin and *Epidemic Diseases* by **A. H. Gale** is a Pelican.

Pan books feature *Desirée* by **Anne-Marie Selinko**, a love story of Napoleon, and *A Woman of Bangkok* by **Jack Reynolds**.

under **Ernest Ansermet** on Decca LXT 5525 with the depth and understanding it needs. And the Van Gogh sleeve is ideally matched.

Four great German overtures are companions on *Pye CCL-30156*, with **Sir John Barbirolli** and the **Halle** playing them—*Leonora No. 3*, *The Magic Flute*, *Tannhauser*, and *Oberon*. Sir John's artistry makes comparisons interesting.

Is it something in the Italian air that creates such singers? Between the wars **Giovanni Martinelli** was one of the great Italian tenors, and RCA Camden CDN-1016 happily records some of his many achievements in the operas of Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, and others. This is singing of the highest quality, fascinating to compare with Gigli and Caruso, and not far behind them.

Solange Berry is a French cabaret star and *Sous les Toits de Paris* on Oriole EP-7023 includes the haunting "La Seine," in a charming selection. **Phil Tate and his Orchestra** have many ardent fans for their strict tempo playing but on Oriole 45-CB 1514 they turn to jive with "Countdown" and show they are just as expert when they let the music rip! Worth adding to anyone's collection.—T.O.

The New - Old Look in Handwriting

When asked for an example of one's handwriting it is, I know, very unimaginative to write: 'The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog' - but at least it shows every letter of the alphabet. This is written at normal speed & not as a 'set piece'.

A.H.

By **KENRIC HICKSON**

As the treasurer of the Society remarked recently: "Good handwriting is good manners. Illegible writing wastes time and money." He believes that the world would be a pleasanter and easier place if more people wrote legibly.

Writing is one of the most important forms of human expression, a fact that is becoming more widely recognised every day. The main attraction of italic handwriting is its beauty and utility. It is the traditional hand with slight modifications

to suit present-day use. It requires no special talent—only practice. The letter forms are of extreme simplicity and beauty, devoid of any unnecessary loops or frills, thus giving greater clarity. Most letters lead naturally into a quick and simple joining stroke which in no way destroys the individual shape of the letter. This is one of the reasons why italic remains legible at speed.

Beginners may find the new hand slow, but tests have shown that ultimately

the reformed script is 9.4 per cent quicker than other styles.

Any hand written at great speed will inevitably lose some of its beauty of form and this is true, to a certain extent, of italic, but it does not degenerate into an indecipherable scrawl like most other hands.

THE type of pen recommended is one with a straight edge which gives thick and thin gradations, without any variation in pressure, and runs easily. Suitable nibs can be obtained for a copper or two and nearly every fountain pen manufacturer now produces a special pen for this style of handwriting.

Many local education authorities run evening classes in italic handwriting. It is being taught in hundreds of schools, and the number is increasing all the time. Eton and Harrow have an annual handwriting competition. At a school in Cheshire every child learns the italic hand. "Because the children are writing better," says the headmaster, "they take a greater interest in their lessons. They learn more, and learn more quickly."

One 14-year-old girl, the daughter of a farmer, has proved that good handwriting pays. She has won prizes worth £100 in handwriting competitions.

THE VINTAGE By **EVELYN C. HARDY**

IT was a tryst. I had always meant to cut the grapes in France because I belong to the Lost Generation, but had nearly left it too late!

In southern France you can sense the vines all the year round. Their growth is the calendar for the country people, even in winter, when the boughs are cut down right to the hard, woody structure. The long, wand-like prunings are brought in to lay on the hearth under the pot or grill and in spring the first budding of the leaves is noticed just as in our country.

The part I speak of is in the Midi of France near Carcassonne, the land of the troubadours, the land of the secret woods, of the maquis, where life is precious, all the more precious from so lately having been endangered.

"Follow me," said Georgette, the strong, diabolical-shaped peasant woman who had been detailed off to partner me. She was also laundress to the farm-house with its huge family of beautiful children of all ages.

The vineyard was exactly what I had always wanted to work in: the background of a mediaeval picture, green rows of vines stretching in perspective to a ruined castle on a mossy crag. But the landscape, instead of being lonely and redolent of departed splendour, was full of gay mesdames and gallant messieurs.

All day long Georgette kept talking, talking, sometimes with face deep hidden in the vine leaves, sometimes looking over the top of the row with far-flung gestures.

Sometimes Pierre, her solemn husband, came out instead, to let her off to do her ironing; and on Thursdays, her two sons, Jean and Bernard, came out to cut because they had a whole holiday from school. How rich to get acquainted with the whole family!

All day long in the heat you filled your heavy bucket and lifted it up to the height of a man as the bearer came with his cry of "Allez! Allez!" Our bearer, Charles, usually had half a long loaf in his hand and an ancient sort of deer-

stalker on his head such as the figures in Brueghel's pictures wore. Never once did he fail to bend sideways when he came to me, so that I did not have to lift the load as high as those accustomed to it.

At the head of the field was the horse and cart, the horse wearing a tartan hat to keep the flies from tickling his ears. On the shafts stood Vincent the driver, with a long stick, packing down the pansy-coloured grapes compactly as the bearers came with the loads on their backs, walking in slow rhythm. One by one they climbed the ladder at the side of the cart, standing almost on their heads, it seemed, as they emptied their loads.

We did not press the grapes with our feet; they were carted off, sent down the "chute" into the huge "caves." There they were crushed by rollers and the juice flowed through pipes almost invisibly into great casks or tuns. Wine, like butter or milk, takes on the least taint, and the men always were softly sweeping, sweeping, to keep things orderly.

From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

AS one grows older, the brain-cells are presumably filled up, each with its picture of past life. One often feels, oh for those days to come again. Sometimes they do, in part; we meet again an old friend or acquaintance with whom there were no differences, nothing to cloud the memory.

It happened to me recently. A face appeared at my door; a voice said, "Chater-Lea frame, J.A.P. single-cylinder engine, open exhaust pipe, low handlebars—does it recall anything?" The open-air face was unfamiliar, the hair grizzled. Then the stranger said, "Chick!"

Then, with a warm glow, I recognised my room-mate in a billet in an East Anglian town in the summer of 1915.

"You sold me your motor-bike when you went away."

"Did I? I thought I'd sold it to a dealer called Tommy Ross, in the High Road, Lee, in south-east London."

"Oh no, you sold it to me. And it fell to bits within a week of my paying you for it!"

"I thought I sold you an O.K. Junior."

"I had an O.K. Junior. My father bought it for me, after your 'racer' had dropped to pieces under me. The O.K. fell to bits, also."

This was amusing, but not as I recalled it. "How was that?"

"My father drove it up in low gear, all the way from Ely. He was frightened of it, and it seized, so he poured paraffin

into the plug-hole, and it dropped to pieces soon afterwards."

"Bad luck. He should have put some butter in. By the way, have you read my novel of those days, *A Fox Under My Cloak*? You're in it as 'Chick.' I'll show you." Over beer in my studio I opened the page where he first appeared. Here you are. "Phillip shared his attic with a short, rosy-faced youth called by the others 'Chick,' so named from his small stature . . ."

"H'm, you must have grown since those days, Chick."

"I'm the same height now as I was then!"

"Funny, I expect it was the name. I wrote that about six years ago. You were very young. Seventeen? Ah, that accounts for the mistake. Anyway, you were so amiable and friendly, so

baby-faced, that I have always thought of you as a real chick."

Now, both of us were over 60 years. Chick was the same happy person. Yes, with the same face. He had farmed after the war, the same land as his father before him; and his married son was in partnership with him to carry on the tradition.

"You're happily married," I said. "And you were reared in a happy home. I can tell from your well-based, single-minded personality."

"Quite right. I married my childhood sweetheart."

IT was a successful reunion. I missed both the "Chicks," when they went back to Cambridgeshire. Mrs. C. was a beautiful woman, of natural reserve and quietude, with a face of serenity like one sees in some Tudor portraits . . . in that Elizabethan age which was one



of the flowering periods in English history.

I promised to visit them later on; and here I am, just away from Cambridge, the back of my van loaded with crates of splendid apples, some as big as plum-puddings, only not the same colour!

THE weather was fine for my visit to that strange Fenland country. Once, all of it was under water, and the coinage or rather the currency was then in eels. The land was reclaimed from the sea by one of the Dukes of Bedford, and others using Dutch engineers.

I came up through Taunton, Shepton Mallet, Frome, and Swindon; then on, along roads scarcely used by motor traffic, so that my 10 hp engine easily averaged 40 mph, even on winding roads which passed under the new Birmingham motorway, with its bridge as beautiful as one of the arches of the old Waterloo Bridge across the Thames.

Buckingham with its golden swan, the Great North Road to Eaton Socon, right to Bedford and so to Cambridge and then the levels of the Fens. After my visit to "Chick," I went on to Suffolk, returning in due course to the West Country, over the same dry, open roads, averaging 43 mph from Bungay to Barnstaple, and never exceeding 60 mph. One can do such things across country. You can have your M1 road; I'm quite content to potter!



WHEN GRANDPA RETIRED HE STAYED IN BED TILL NOON

"I'm a Gent Now, Ain't I?" he asked

By Andrew Douglas

NOW that I have retired on a pension, I suppose it is natural that I should hope to rival my father who enjoyed his for twenty years; and even more so, my grandfather, who revelled in freedom for twenty-seven years of Indian summer. Times have changed, but the spirit's the thing. Grandfather retired in the year 1897, the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. He was a postman, and the day that he stopped delivering letters he stayed in bed until dinner-time. My mother, who kept house for him, thought this almost sinful.

"Bah!" said grandfather: "I'm a gentleman now, ain't I? I'm a'going to enjoy myself. I ain't getting up in the middle of the night any more. What's on the tariff to-day, love? I'm starving hungry!" He had a schoolboy's appetite, had grandad.

Grandfather enriched our lives with his many little observances. He made home a brighter place, even to the sooty old backyard. He grew geraniums from cuttings, and our window-boxes always looked a treat.

Then there were our birthdays. Grandfather never forgot one. Every grown-up at home received a golden

sovereign; every child, "half-a-thick 'un." There was a celebration in the evening, with a drop of Scotch whisky, ginger beer for the youngsters, and an old cut-glass jar filled with "wine biscuits."

MY father's birthday was a special occasion, and grandfather used to produce cigars for the two of them from a fragrant box that he kept in the large wooden trunk in his bedroom. This was a collection of the cigars that had been given to him from time to time when he was a postman and a great favourite of "the gentlemen" who frequented the clubs in St. James' Street.

We were proud of grandfather, for beneath his stern exterior he was the kindest and most generous-hearted of men. As a child I loved him dearly, and he stands out sharply in my memory today. There was nothing mean or churlish about him; he was essentially a "big" man. In Pimlico he was feared for his plain speaking, but revered for his humanity. The measure of his quality was his courage, especially in adversity.

MOST afternoons, until I was of school age, grandfather took me for a walk. He did the same for all his grandchildren as they came along, until he was nearly eighty.

Polio (they called it infantile paralysis in those days) had left me lame, so he pushed me part of the way in an ancient pram, known to us as the "go-cart."

Our usual route was along the Thames Embankment and across the Bridge to Battersea Park. We took our time; we had to, for my lame leg and grandfather's arthritis prevented us from speeding! And anyway, there was plenty to interest us by the riverside.

We made for the coffee stall that used to stand just outside the gates of Battersea Park.

Flies buzzed over the sticky varnish of the stall in summer, and paddled in the pools of ginger beer spilt on the counter. We shared a bottle of this



beverage, and I had a cheesecake. It was lovely, but I spread a lot of it over my face and clothes. Poor mother!

Home for tea, the best meal of the day, in the warm and comfortable basement kitchen. Grandfather made the toast for the whole of the family. Sometimes, he absentmindedly buttered a slice of bread before he toasted it, with consequent greasy disaster. Mother was furious. She had to clean the grate in the morning!

THE day ended for me as grandad started to read his evening paper. It was a nice little paper, called *The Echo*, and cost a half-penny.

The fire soon drew him off into a doze, and then into the deeper sleep from which the first powerful snore emerged. My mother nudged him with her sharp elbow. "You'll drop that paper into the fire, my lad!" Grandfather stirred. "I ain't asleep, that's one thing certain." Mother compressed her lips; smiled . . . and left him in peace.

CWS Paints Win Seal of Guarantee

TWO CWS HALCYON paints have been awarded the Seal of Guarantee of the Good Housekeeping Institute. Made at the Society's Derby Paint Works they are emulsion wall finish, and egg-shell finish. Home decorators can buy these paints at their local Co-operative Society.

THE HYDRO LLANDUDNO



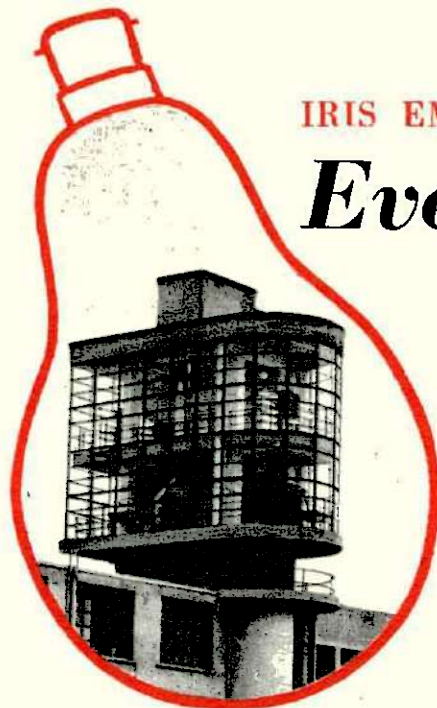
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Illuminated by night, the British Luma factory's tower can be seen for miles around Glasgow

IRIS EMMETT VISITS A FACTORY IN GLASGOW WHERE *Every Girl is an Aladdin*

our eyesight. I must confess I just accept an electric bulb as a normal purchase. Now I know how much care and thought is put into every one.

THE UC factory have even produced a bulb which gives off a lovely soft light when you just want to relax. Its colour is a soft pink glow and I am sure it would induce rest and sleep at the right time. It is suitably called Rosa.

Then there is a first-class light bulb called Alba. This is the bulb for all rooms where people are reading or studying. Make a note of those two the next time you are in your Co-operative store. I was told that only in very unusual circumstances was there any need to use a clear lamp in the home nowadays, and although it was essential to have the right light, one should never be dazzled by the glare from a bright filament. These are important points I was glad to be told about.

Your work, or your book, should be well illuminated, but never by a light that dazzles. A pearl lamp is useful for general lighting such as halls, and landings, without harsh shadows. A UC Alba comes for a really radiant light without any glare, and the UC Rosa is for quiet relaxation.

I saw girls examining the tiniest filament under a microscope and marvelled at their skill!

I learnt about the mistake of toning down a light by shielding with a shade which is too dark or too heavy, and I found that there is a UC lamp for every purpose!

By using the right lamp in the right place we can save current, and help the household budget!

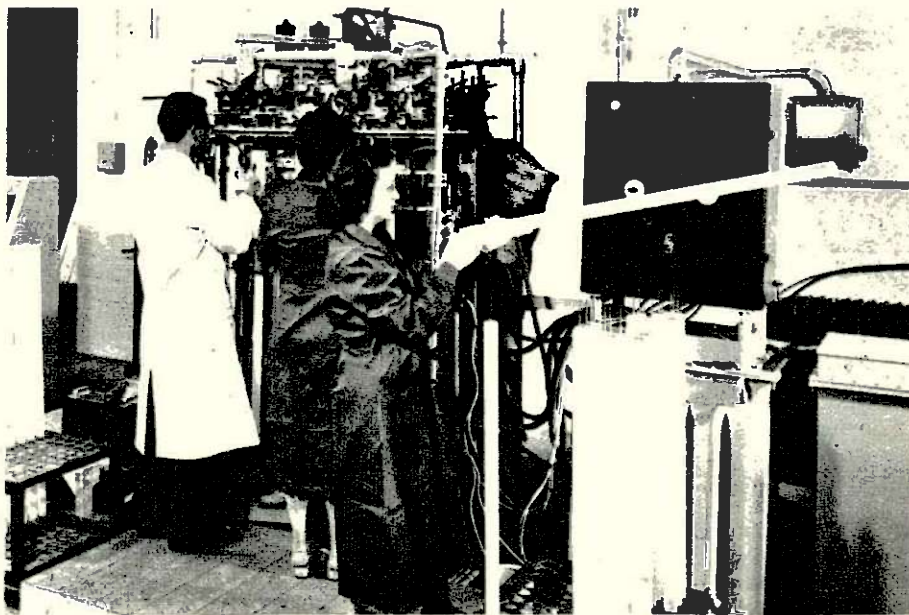
In this Glasgow factory they are experimenting all the time to produce the best electric light bulbs, and they are never satisfied.

Aside from the serious production of these first-class bulbs, they produce all kinds of happy novelties. I saw a bonnie UC flower spray which seemed ideal for use when the TV set is on.

I never realised until now just how much electric light means to us all. Let the light fail, and we appreciate this man-made miracle that we so completely take for granted.

HIGH above the streets of Glasgow stands a pinnacle that is a beacon, a lamp-testing tower which is a distinctive landmark for miles around, observed, and identified by land, sea, and air travellers alike—the British Luma Co-operative Electric Lamp Society Ltd., telling the world about its UC lamps.

Should you ever be in Glasgow you should try to see them being made with your own eyes. I know you would enjoy it.



Seen here is the key process in the manufacture of fluorescent tubes. You can fit fluorescent lighting in your own home with a UC Fit-Kit. Each kit contains ceiling fittings and tube, and there is a choice of sizes

ALTHOUGH automation is very nearly the last word at the British Luma Co-operative Electric Lamp factory in Glasgow, a lot of the testing and finalising is done by women.

The laboratory experts, both male and female, make every job look so easy. Their work is highly intricate and delicate but these well-trained women and men know what they are about, and take every new scientific development in their hands with confidence.

Throughout the whole process, from the moment the first piece of glass is positioned to the final test for high light out-put, women are doing a first-class job in this up-to-date modern factory.

One felt on entering an electric atmosphere of go, go, go. There are no behind-the-times ideas here. The happy expressions everywhere assured you that things went with a swing, and though it was work it was almost a pleasure!

Striking, too, the obvious acceptance of complete co-operation between men and women workers. There was a realisation that women are more than capable of coping with all types of machinery used in the production of electric lamps of every sort and variety.

THE National Physical Laboratory, that impartial judge of the quality and durability of a wide range of commodities, found on the most recent test that not one UC lamp was rejected. One expects to get first-class goods from our Co-operative factories so the result of this test is not a surprise.

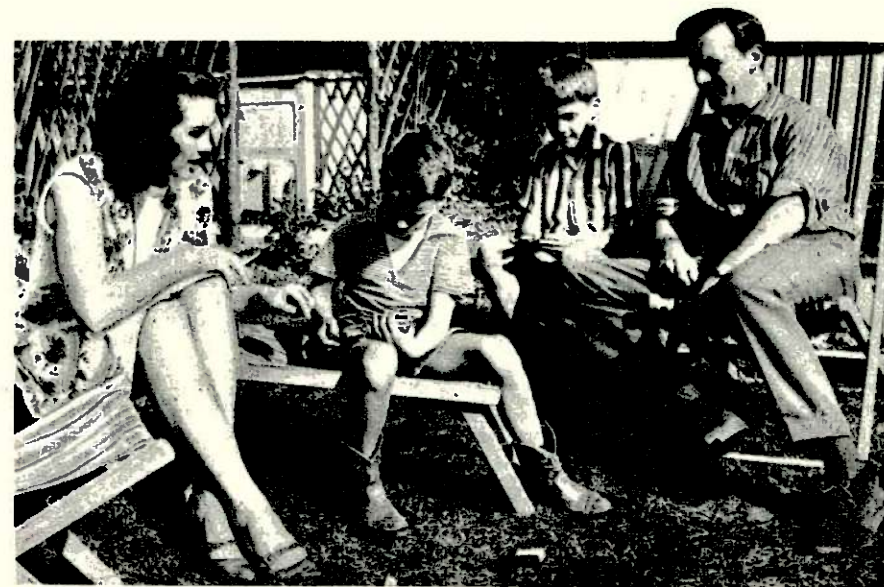
I never realised until I saw for myself how very much these experts think about

WHEN I arrived at the Lotis house in Mill Hill, London, Dennis and his wife Rena had just returned from taking their eldest son, nine-years-old Damon, to the doctors.

"It's nothing much," explained Dennis, ushering Damon upstairs towards the children's bedroom, "just a case of swollen throat glands. But he's got to keep warm . . . so he's going to keep in his bedroom."

In spite of the bandage around his neck, Damon gave his father a glance which plainly implied, "You'll be lucky." Kim, his six-year-old brother, looked on curiously. Rena Lotis smiled. She seemed quite happily resigned to the trials of being a parent, and wife to a busy personality.

It soon became apparent that both of them are extremely proud of their spacious house, and well they might be. With careful thought to colour and furnishing, they have achieved a beautiful



The Lotis family relaxes in the garden. Left to right: Dennis's wife, Rena; Kim, aged six; Damon, who is nine; and Dennis

The Lotis Family at Home

contemporary look, pleasing to the eye and at the same time comfortable to live in.

"Denree," as the Lotises call their home (it's a combination of Dennis and Rena), is completely detached and set in a spacious garden. The front entrance is impressively arched, and there are double glass doors leading straight into the front hall. Making me comfortable in the lounge, they explained their choice of colouring and furniture.

"Actually," said Rena modestly, "Dennis is the boss when it comes to decorating. He plans the colour schemes, and I must say he has a very good sense of colour. My only specification is that a room must be interesting. The first thing anybody does when they walk into a room is to look around, and personally I don't like a room I can take in all at one glance. I like everything in it, especially the colour, to be so varied and full of interest that it will occupy my curiosity for the whole time I'm in the room."

THE lovely lounge certainly fitted the bill. Two walls were in a thrush-egg blue, and blended beautifully with the other two in a rich, rustic red. A nice little brick fireplace interrupted the spread of the blue along one wall.

In the wall leading into the adjoining dining room, Dennis had cut square holes in which to place little ornaments. He and Rena love wood, especially in its natural state, and a parquet floor completed the decoration excellently. Good

use was also made of contemporary-looking paintings; they broke up the plain colour of the walls.

THE furniture was unusual but comfortable. A long, salmon-coloured settee fitted in well with both wall colourings. It was the kind of settee that gives a room elegance, but which can be bought at quite a modest price.

However, they are in no great hurry to fill the house with furniture.

"We've got what we call a delayed buying scheme," explained Dennis. "We wait until we come across exactly the piece of furniture we want."

The dining room, which is directly off the lounge, is equally well-planned and pleasing. Two walls are in an unusual colour called Siamese red, and the other two in primrose. Completing the picture was a black ceiling, which, due to the two light wall shades, was not at all heavy or oppressive. Here again the furniture was simple but effective. A mahogany table with black legs, very similar to those I have seen in Co-operative stores, blended well with four dining chairs with red coverings.

Mrs. Lotis is evidently proud of Dennis's prowess around the house. "He's quite a handyman," she said. "He built the cabinet in the lounge, that black and white record cabinet in the dining room, and that magazine rack. He's always up to something."

Dennis has found two uses for ordinary grape barrels, which Rena buys cheaply from the local greengrocer. One had

been painted black and made a very contemporary coal-scuttle. Another had been converted into an unusual little tub seat by making the lid comfortable to sit on with some kapok stuffing and pretty covering. Dennis had also made a nice looking hall coat stand simply by criss-crossing pieces of gaily painted wood on the wall.

Until recently the dining room also contained a magnificent grand piano for Dennis to do his singing and composing on, but he gave it to his pianist because he thought it broke up the style of the furniture.

The only instrument in the house now is an upright piano, which Dennis and Rena have painted lavender and grey, to keep Kim and Damon happy. Both children, musical like Dad, play the piano and listen to anything, from father's pop records (Dennis swears they're his keenest critics) to Stravinsky.

RENA acts as Dennis's personal manager. "Frankly, I don't think any singer can concentrate on his singing properly if all the time he's got to worry about the business side," she told me.

Dennis has quite a wide taste in home cooking. "He likes roast dishes, a lot of Chinese food, and salads," Rena said, "but his favourite dish is a plate of beans covered in oil and lemon juice."

Just then the telephone rang and Damon was protesting over the banisters that he wanted to come down, so I thought I'd better take my leave. Lucky family, I thought, to have such a wonderful home to live in.

By **BRYAN BREED**



SHE had put her light-brown hair up in a once-again fashionable bun and I thought she looked very pretty, if a trifle sad, as she stood waiting for the bus. I knew she was over forty in every-day years, but this was one of the modern moronic problems which did not worry her. She was a very intelligent as well as attractive woman.

What I liked about her was the straight look she gave the world, and especially anyone she happened to be talking or listening to. And she was generous with her smiles!

Like people who have been happily married for 20 years or more, Life with a capital L was no mystery to her, and she had squared up to her full share, one way and another.

During the war years her husband had been in the Navy, and as her mother-in-law had been alive she had shared their home. With her two children safely looked after, Miriam had gone back to her job as a clerk, and steadily carried on until the war was over and her husband was back with them again. As Miriam said to me, "I thanked God for His goodness to us all that we had been allowed to live through it to peace-time."

SHE told me that her husband was a good worker and a charming and kind man, but his nature was quixotic, especially if the mood was upon him. His mother knew this but always assured Miriam as life went by he would learn to armour himself against these moods. She said he was a home-man and never really made any effort to seek social life at any level. He was a devoted father and especially loved his son. "Perhaps we have been too close," was her comment.

Miriam waited, letting the bus pass, and explained that a new assistant manager came to her husband's department and seemed to be forever riding her husband. What made it worse was

He met Her at Work

that her husband's chief often stopped to chat with him and the new man did not like it. One day they had a blazing row which had upset her husband very deeply.

At this time the mother-in-law died, and their daughter became very ill. Naturally, Miriam was up to the eyes in work and anxiety; at the same time her husband started to be very moody at home, and quickly lost his temper with each and all of them.

He grumbled at them for things not done just as he wanted, criticizing the ordinary things in a way quite foreign to his nature. As Miriam told me: "My husband seemed ill in his mind, so one day I asked him what had been wrong for the last eight months."

He never really told her in so many words. A man can't easily put his emotions into mere sentences. But she soon gathered that at the time of the row with the new assistant manager he had received a lot of sympathy from a girl who worked there. Indeed she seemed to have blazed the trail by tittle-tattling about what was said when he was not there.

"You can imagine what road that led to. My husband is only human, and he tried to tell me that he felt I had enough worry anyway," said Miriam. "Then an affair started between them."

AS I looked at this woman I could almost see her trying to be fair-minded in a matter which was more than mere conversation. It was all that mattered to her.

Miriam added: "I had to listen to

this man of mine telling me how the girl believed in people being free to make their own decisions about life, and a lot more clap-trap which has nothing whatsoever to do with two people who have weathered violent storms together."

Father and son had a row and the father left home. Daughter and son hardly ever spoke, and they were all very sad. The house which had always been a home was like a dark stranger to them.

Four months passed and finally this good and loving wife succumbed to pressure, and the wisecracks who told her what she ought to do. As Miriam said; "I was in no state to think for my husband or myself. I was gradually being made to feel I was a

serf of some kind; and the times I was told I hadn't any pride!"

So she gave him the freedom he had come to think was worth having. She divorced him.

Once she had done this, everything got out of hand. Her husband came to see her and immediately demanded an explanation! How like a man... She said; "I gave him an explanation, but he looked at me as though I was to blame for it all."

"Time passed and suddenly he came home to us and it was as though this violent interlude had never happened at all. We were all so grateful to be together once more."

A year passed by and I met her again. She told me they had been re-married quietly. Her own words summed it up. "We were never unmarried," she told me.

MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

NEXT MONTH IN HOME MAGAZINE

THEY LIKE WORK

"Behind the modern facade of the Swiss house and home lies the mind of the Swiss *hausfrau* which hasn't changed since William Tell," writes a Swiss woman describing life in a country where wives despise labour-saving devices.

CAKES FOR TEA

Have you ever made a Boomerang Chocolate Cake, Russian Sandwiches, or Grilled Pineapple Top Hats? You'll be able to after reading **Mary Langham's** recipe page.

RUGGED MOUNTAINS

Rudolph Robert's Norwegian journey from Oslo to Bergen takes you through some of the finest mountain scenery north of the Alps.

HOUSEWIVES' CLUB



LOOK what's happened to the traditional British umbrella—it's gone square! It's the newest idea in wet-weather fashions, and it certainly is something to make you stand out from the crowd. In fact, as a morale-booster it's as good as a new hat—gay, original, and far more practical.

The square umbrellas are produced by the firm which introduced the first Terylene umbrellas into this country. These new models are made of nylon, and there is a wide range of fashionable shades from which to choose. I liked eucalyptus green, tipped as one of the top colours for spring, but there are lilac, royal blue, red, tan, and many others. Priced 37s. 6d., the umbrellas have long handles and they're in the shops now.

THE general improvement in design of household equipment has been welcomed by all housewives, but incidentally it's also a great boon to wedding guests. It's so much easier to choose gifts now that really useful things are attractive in appearance as well. For instance, I saw a set of household brushes in cheerful colours that would make cleaning a pleasure for even the most undomesticated newly-wed. The set included a broom, two banister brushes—one soft, one medium-stiff—a scrubbing brush, and a pot scourer, with a large plastic washing-up bowl.

All the brushes have plastic tufts, coloured to match the backs. By the way, the broom is the one featured in Housewives' Club last January, containing a polythene socket that allows the handle

to be inserted without nailing or screwing. Named Fiesta, the set is available in red, blue, green or yellow, and costs 38s. 6d. A coloured handle to fit this broom can be bought for 2s. 6d.

WITH television so often keeping all the family at home in the evenings, most housewives find they need an extra fireside seat so that nobody need be left outside the cosy circle.

Inexpensive answer is a pouffé, which also has the advantage of being easy to store away when not in use. One firm I know has a most comprehensive range of patterns and colours in several different shapes—square, round, oval or hexagonal. Covered in hide or Vynide, they have cord round the centre, and the bottom and top edges are piped. For a small extra charge a latex or spring top can be fitted to the inner lining. Prices of the pouffés range from £1 6s. 6d., to £2 13s. 0d.

This firm also has contemporary-looking stools, again in a wide variety of patterns and colours. Two shapes are available: round, price £2 5s. 6d., and square, price £2 7s. 0d.

COAL boxes have somewhat gone out of fashion, I'm told, now that houses are smaller and it isn't such a long walk to the coal house. However, any walk away from a warm fire on a cold night is too long for me, so I certainly regard a coal box as an essential piece of furniture. A new one I've seen will fit in nicely with the modern fireplace we've just had installed, and saves a lot of fuss and dirt into the bargain.

Very streamlined in appearance, it has a drop-fronted interior container that can be detached from the outer case and



SHOP SLEUTH

brings you more special bargains for your shopping list. All items are available through your local Co-operative Society. For further details write to Housewives' Club, HOME MAGAZINE, 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

carried to the coal house for filling. The container holds 22lb. of coal and has a movable handle for carrying. Made of metal, the box is finished in hammered charcoal, hammered gold, and hammered silver, with plastic feet and handle knob in yellow, red, and blue respectively.

Price is 45s. 9d. and measurements are: height, 16in.; width, 12in.; depth at base, 11in.

CONFIRMED campers and picnickers will already be looking forward to resuming their outings after the winter, and here's something to make them even more enjoyable. It's a portable stove, a new model that runs on butane gas and is very simple to operate. You just turn the regulating tap, then light, and you can obtain any heat you require.

A cylinder of gas gives over three hours' constant burning and refills are easily obtainable. The stove stands 9½in. high when assembled and it can be used for any cooking purpose. Price is 51s.





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♥ valentine

**Shrove
Tuesday**

LENT

This month Mary Langham gives you a selection of romantic sounding recipes for St. Valentine's Day, and makes some suggestions for your Shrove Tuesday and Lenten season meals.

FEBRUARY SALAD

1 teacup chopped or grated carrot, 2 teacups shredded cabbage heart, 2 thinly sliced onions, 3 tablespoons minced parsley, CWS mayonnaise, one hard-boiled egg, salt and pepper, crushed herbs or curry powder.

Mix all the vegetables and toss in mayonnaise. Place in a salad bowl. Shell the egg and cut down the white from point to form six petals, but do not separate from base. Remove yolk and cream with sufficient mayonnaise to moisten. Season with salt and pepper and a trace of curry powder or crushed herbs.

Place yolk mixture in centre of white petals and arrange egg in middle of salad. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and serve as required. Sufficient for four people.

VALENTINE CAKE

4oz. CWS castor sugar, 4oz. Silver Seal margarine, 4oz. Federation or Excelda SR flour, 2oz. CWS ground rice, 1oz. CWS ground almonds, 2 eggs (whole), 2 egg yolks, a little milk if necessary.

Cream the Silver Seal and sugar. Add the two egg yolks and then the two whole eggs, mixing gently. Add the ground almonds and fold in the flour and ground rice. Add a little milk if the mixture is too stiff.

Place in a greased heart-shaped tin and bake in an oven at 350°F. (Mark 4), for 40 minutes. When baked, cool and decorate with green icing and silver balls.

CHOCOLATE KISSES

2oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1oz. sugar, 1oz. Co-op cocoa, 1 teaspoon CWS vanilla essence, milk to bind, halved walnuts, pinch of salt.

Rub the margarine into the sifted flour and salt. Add the sugar, cocoa, and vanilla, and bind together with a little milk. Roll into small balls and place on a greased baking sheet. Decorate

each ball with half walnut, and bake at 350 F. (Mark 4), for 20 minutes.

SAVOURY PANCAKES

Batter: as for Apricot pancakes excluding the sugar. (See below.)

Filling: 2oz. Gold Seal margarine, 3oz. mushrooms, salt and pepper, 1oz. Excelda or Federation plain flour, 1 gill stock, 1lb. cold meat (chopped), 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Slowly cook the sliced mushrooms in half the Gold Seal, for 3-4 minutes, with the lid on the pan. Stir in the flour and then add the stock and bring to the boil. Add the chopped meat, eggs, and parsley. Cook pancakes and fill with meat, etc.

APRICOT PANCAKES

Batter: 4oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 2oz. melted Gold Seal margarine, pinch of salt, 1 egg, 1 egg yolk, 1 pint milk.

Sift flour, sugar, and salt. Make a well in the flour and pour in eggs and a little of the milk. Gradually work in the flour from centre and add milk until mixture is a thick, creamy consistency. Beat with a whisk. Add melted Gold Seal and remaining liquid. Allow batter to stand at least one hour.

Filling: 1 tin Lokreel apricots, sugar to taste, 1oz. almonds.

Fry the pancakes. Warm the apricots in the syrup, adding a little sugar to taste. Remove the fruit and allow syrup to thicken. Blanch and shred almonds and brown in oven. Sandwich apricots between pancakes in a fireproof dish and pour over the syrup. Bake in a hot oven, 400°F. (Mark 6), for 15 minutes. Scatter with almonds before serving. Serve hot with whipped cream if required.

LENTEN DISH

Savoury Dips: 10-12oz. fresh or tinned soft roes.

Batter: 2oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, pinch of salt, 1 dessertspoon melted lard or butter, 1 pint tepid water, 1 egg white.

Put the flour and salt into a basin. Make a well in the centre and add the melted lard and water. Beat well and leave to stand one hour. Fold the stiffly beaten egg white into batter. Coat the roes with the batter and fry in hot deep fat.

Serve with mustard sauce and brown bread.

MUSTARD SAUCE

1oz. Gold Seal margarine, 1oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 teaspoon CWS dry mustard, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon CWS vinegar or lemon juice, salt to taste.

Melt Gold Seal in pan. Add the flour and mustard. Gradually add the milk. Stir till boiling and cook for three minutes. When cooked add vinegar or lemon juice.

**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 stamped addressed envelope





Gentiana sino-ornata, a very good grower, which is easy to propagate

Plan a Long-lasting Border

EVERY garden should have a flower border which looks bright and inviting from early Spring until late October. Formerly, the problem with such a border was the constant weeding, hoeing, and forking involved, but the modern solution to the problem is to use sedge peat, applied all over the ground to a depth of two inches or so.

If sedge peat is too expensive, sawdust is an alternative. Unless it comes from one of the really dark woods, it is not so attractive as peat, but it is effective and is not as harmful as it is sometimes believed to be. The sedge peat, however, sold by the CWS Seed Department at Derby, is a real investment because it lasts so long. And of course you get your dividend in the usual way.

One problem of such a border is its edging! There are many tall plants, like delphiniums, to go at the back of the border, and others not so tall to fill up the middle, but frequently there is a bare space left along the edge. Here, of course, you can always sow annuals. I like a mixture of night-scented stock and virginia stock; the one flowers in the day and the other looks well in the evening. Other annuals I have used with success as edgings are *Bartonia*, *Ursinia*, and *Nemophila*.

I WANT, however, to make a plea for pansies, especially the Giant Engelmann strain. These grow compactly, and the flowers are of great size and substance. If you pick off the dead heads, the plants will flower from the beginning of summer to the very end of the season. They do best in a sunny situation and are perfectly happy in almost any garden soil; I have seen them do as well in a smoky town garden as in a border in a country

village. Seeds are not expensive, and any gardener ought to be able to raise the plants himself.

Violas are another possibility for the front of the border. Here it will be better to purchase a few plants, but once you have a stock there should be no difficulty in propagating them by cuttings. There are some lovely blues to be had, like *Pickering Blue*, which has a delightful double centre, and *Buxton Blue*, dwarfier, but a real blue with a dark centre. W. H. Woodgate is a lovely lavender blue; *Gold*, as its name suggests, is a yellow; *Lorna*, a soft mauve; M. C. Roberts, a very dark mahogany; and *Purple Bedder*, a purple.

TO extend the flowering period of borders, consider the winter-flowering heaths: *Erica carnea* for instance, 12 inches tall, producing deep rose blooms in profusion. Or the rose-red variety of that particular species known as *King George*, or the variety *Pink Pearl*. There is *Springwood White*, which bears long, pure white flowers right through winter. None of these varieties mind lime.

There are also summer-flowering heaths, but almost all prefer heavy land, absolutely free from lime. There is a Cornish heath, *Alba*, which is white, as its name suggests and blooms from June to October. There is the *Dorset heath*, a rich pink, in flower at the same time. Then there is the *ling*: for example, *Alportii*, a crimson which is a good grower, or H. E. Beale which has long sprays of double pink flowers.

Then there are gentians. Try *Gentiana sino-ornata*, a very good grower which is quite easy to propagate. It usually flowers in August or early September and continues blooming until the frost comes. *Gentiana acaulis* is another ideal

IN YOUR GARDEN

By
W. E. Shewell-Cooper

blue edger; one of the secrets of success with it is to see it is pressed down well into the soil at least twice a year. It helps, of course, to fork some sedge peat into the ground first.

For the town gardener a less distinguished guest is *Saxifraga umbrosa*, *London Pride*. It must always be kept in its place and never be allowed to ramble. It will flower in summer, while its rosette-like leaves will be pleasant in

the winter. The leaves of pinks, however, are equally attractive in the winter time. There are many hardy types of these to choose from today. Dusky, for instance, a pink with the old clove perfume, or *Little Old Lady*, a bright crimson edged with white.

One should not forget the dwarf Michaelmas daisies: *Princess Elizabeth* for example, or *Victor Vokes*. They grow only 9 inches or so high and are at their best in September and October.

I HAVE in front of me the CWS General Nursery Catalogue which is full of information. In addition to most of the varieties I've mentioned already, one can discover a dwarf soft, clear pink *heuchera*, the pale lavender-blue *catmint*, the purple-blue *primula* called *Wanda*, and the lovely *veronica* with silvery foliage and deep blue flowers which only grows 6 or 7 inches high. Any of these could be used in the front of your flower border or in one of those very narrow borders so often found in small gardens.

NEW SEED CATALOGUE

FERTILISERS at reduced prices are offered in the CWS 1960 Seed Catalogue, now available free from the CWS Seed Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.

Among the seed novelties listed are a bright pink bedding *petunia*, a scarlet aster which is ideal for cut-flower production, and a new early flowering strain of self-colour pansies of compact habit.

The usual comprehensive lists of vegetable and flower seeds, plants, and horticultural sundries make this a catalogue every gardener should have.

Smart for Work or Play



MATERIALS.—11 [12, 13] oz. Wavecrest Knitting 4-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 10 needles. Eleven buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 34 [36, 38] in. bust. Length, 20 [20½, 20¾] in. Sleeve seam, 18 in.

SIZES.—The figures in square brackets [] refer to the medium and large sizes.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sl., slip; w.fwd., wool forward; 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; in., inches.

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

Continue on these sts. until work measures 13 in. from beg., finishing with wrong side facing for next row.

Shape armhole by casting off 5 [6, 7] sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every alt. row until 48 [50, 52] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 5½ [5½, 5¾] in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at front edge.

Shape neck by casting off 5 [6, 7] sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 37 [38, 39] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 7 [7½, 7¾] in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows: 1st row: cast off 13 [13, 13] sts. work to end. 2nd row: work all across. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: cast off 11 [12, 13].

LEFT FRONT

Work to match right front reversing position of panel and all shapings, the first row after the ribbing being as follows: k. to last 13 sts., (w.fwd., k.2 tog. t.b.l., k.7, k.2 tog., w.fwd., k.1), k.1.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 111 [117, 123] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 2½ in. Change to No. 12 needles and continue in rib until work measures 4½ in. from beg. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 6th row until there are 121 [127, 133] sts. Continue on these sts. until work matches fronts up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 5 [6, 7] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 99 [103, 107] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work matches fronts up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulders as follows: 1st to 4th row: cast off 13 [13, 13] sts., work to end. 5th and 6th rows: cast off 11 [12, 13] sts., work to end. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 [66, 68] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row (65 [67, 69] sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in stocking stitch working centre 12 sts. in lace patt. as on fronts and inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th and every following 9th row until there are 91 [93, 95] sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18 in. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 59 [61, 63] sts. remain, every alt. row until 51 [53, 55] sts. remain, every following 3rd

row until 33 [35, 37] sts. remain. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts. 1st row: k.2, (p.1, k.1) 5 times, k.1. 2nd row: (k.1, p.1) 6 times, k.1. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: rib 5, cast off 3, rib to end. 6th row: rib 5, cast on 3, rib to end.

Continue in this manner working a buttonhole as on last 2 rows, on 17th and 18th rows from previous buttonhole until 11th row after 10th buttonhole has been worked. Slip sts. on to a safety pin.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Omitting buttonholes, work as right front band, but working one row less.

NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of back and front. Slip sts. from top of right front Band on to No. 12 needles, rejoin wool, and with right side of work facing, work across these sts. as follows: k.2, (p.1, k.1) 5 times, p.1 using same needle, knit up 85 [89, 93] sts. round neck, slip sts. from left front band on to No. 12 needle right side facing and work across these sts. as follows: (p.1, k.1) 6 times, k.1 (111 [115, 119] sts.). Work 8 rows in k.1, p.1 rib, working a buttonhole as before on 4th and 5th rows.

TO MAKE UP

Block and press on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a flat seam for ribbing and a back-stitch seam for remainder, join side and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position. Flat-stitch front bands into position. Attach buttons. Press seams.

FOR BOYS and GIRLS



★ JUST MADE IT! ★

That's what 11-years-old Barbara Huxley seems to say as she jumps on to your page. Barbara, of Twickenham, is a member of the Spartan Ladies Athletic Club, and attends the Kneller Secondary Modern School. Her speciality is the long jump and already she has jumped fifteen feet.

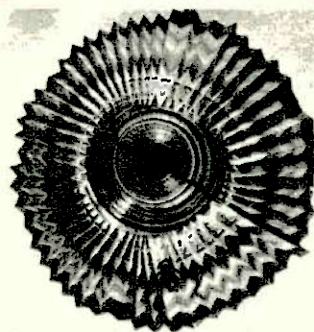
PLAIN AS A PIKESTAFF

DO you know what this phrase means? We use it to mean very obvious, quite clear, but originally it meant bare and unadorned.

The staff referred to was a staff or walking stick used by pilgrims or travellers on foot during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The staff was polished plain and smooth because it was much used.

There is a phrase "plain as a packstaff" which referred to a similar kind of staff on which a peddler carried his pack.

What is it?



NOT an exotic eastern flower, nor a fancy Chinese umbrella, but . . . well, look in column one for the answer.

PUZZLE PIE

WHAT DID THE PICTURE COST?

A few days ago I went to buy a picture and then to buy a frame for it. The shop assistant showed me two frames, one of them double the value of the other. The picture in one frame cost 32s., and in the other 26s. What was the value of the picture alone?

SIAMESE SAUSAGE

Whatever is a Siamese Sausage? You're unlikely to find them on sale at your Co-op store. And what are Spanish nights, American lanterns, Arabian twins, Chinese courage, Swedish stew, French cloth, Dutch drill, and Indian chalk, Irish ink, German onion.

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

HOWLER

When flying it is better to wear a parasite.

PLANS FOR 1964 OLYMPICS

THE 1960 Olympic Games in Rome will not take place until August—September, but Japan has already begun preparations for the 1964 Games in Tokyo. These plans include expanding the existing sports stadium to seat 100,000 people; the construction of a swimming pool to accommodate 25,000 spectators, and the building of an Olympic village.

This village will have training facilities and homes for the estimated 10,000 athletes from all over the world who will take part in the games.

It is also intended to build two new hockey pitches, to construct a new yacht harbour in Yokohama Bay, and to prepare a large covered arena for horse-riding events.

Your friend, BILL

Puzzle Solutions

What Did the Picture Cost: £1.

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

What is it? A lampshade and holder.

In Days Gone By



IT'S a common belief that ladies kept their money in their stockings. But a hundred years ago there was no guess work about it. Purses in fashion were made from elaborately decorated stockings and dangled elegantly from the gloved hands of the women of that day. These can be seen in the Hertfordshire County Museum, St. Albans.

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION

This month the Editor would like you to draw or colour a picture of: **YOUR FAVOURITE ANIMAL**

Again, prizes for this competition will be bumper parcels of delicious sweets from the CWS Confectionery Works, Reddish.

There will be two classes as usual—(a) for those aged nine and over, and (b) for those under nine.

Read the following rules carefully before sending in your entry:

1. The drawing or colouring must be your own work, and must measure not more than 10in. by 8in.
2. You must give your full name, address, and age on the back of your work.
3. Post your entry to: The Editor, Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

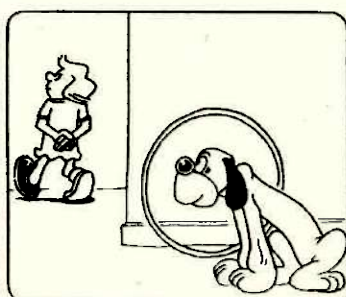
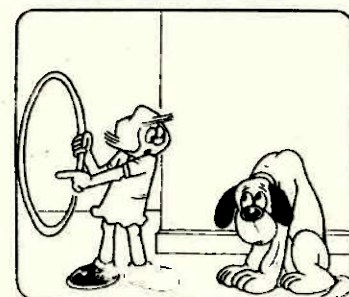
The closing date for entries is March 2.

December Competition Winners:

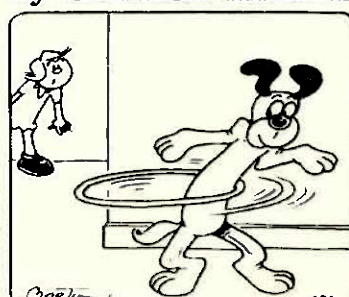
RITA TOPE
No. 2 Chalet, Crown Yealm,
Newton Ferrers, Plymouth, Devon.

EVELYN PENRICH
87 Archer Avenue,
Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

PENNY and BOB



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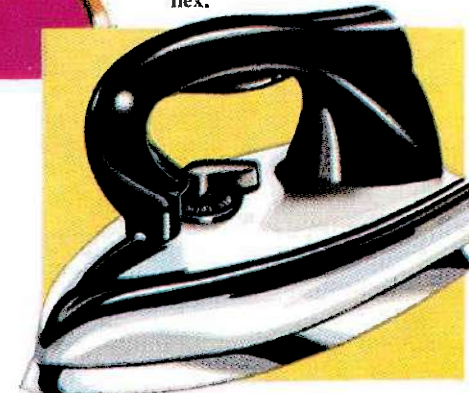
Both models supplied in 200/220 and 230/250 volts, complete with flex.



SENIOR

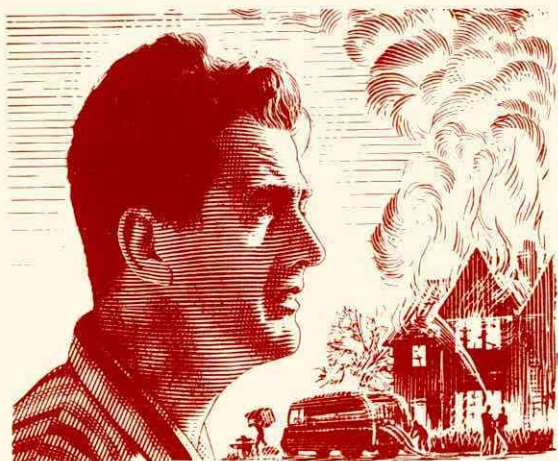
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GROCERY MANAGER RETIRES

Presentation to Mr. F. Waine

A PLEASANT ceremony was the prelude to a most enjoyable evening at the employees' club on Wednesday, January 13, when the staffs of the grocery department and branches made a presentation to their retiring manager, Mr. F. Waine.

Mr. T. Evans, one of the oldest grocery employees, made the presentation of a travelling clock, a cheque-book wallet, and a cheque to Mr. Waine on behalf of the grocery staff, and spoke of the happy relationship that had existed in the department under the management of Mr. Waine.

Mr. Waine, obviously touched by the presentation, which he knew nothing about until the previous day, expressed his thanks for the gifts and the good wishes that went with them, saying that he could look back with complete satisfaction over his years with the society, and particularly his years as manager of the grocery department.

He thanked the grocery staff for the assistance and co-operation that

they had given him throughout the years, and for the friendliness that had existed in the department.

He asked that the same assistance be given to Mr. Bond, the new manager and buyer.

Mr. Waine joined this society in December, 1919, coming from St. Helens Society to open the first grocery branch of the society at Dordon on January 1, 1920.

He was appointed grocery manager and buyer in 1943 on the retirement of Mr. Taylor.

We wish him many years of happiness and good health.

Our photograph shows Mr. Evans making the presentation with Mrs. Waine by the side of Mr. Waine, and Mr. Bond, the new manager and buyer, look on.

The second photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Waine with the branch managers.

The evening concluded with a friendly "get together," enjoyed by all present.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Hastilow, 58, Ludgate, Tamworth. December 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotterill, 46, Rene Road, Bolehall. December 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Allsopp, 27, Austrey Road, Warton. December 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mount Pleasant, Fazeley. December 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Wileman, 32, Brook End, Fazeley. December 26.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lunn, 38, Canning Road, Glascote. December 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Whitehouse Road, Dordon. December 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, 125, Amington Road, Tamworth. January 1.

Diamond Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, 25, John Street, Glascote. December 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Genders, 5, Fog Cottages, Amington. December 25.



Grocery Staff presentation to Mr. F. Waine.



Mr. and Mrs. F. Waine with branch managers.

SOCIETY T F R M J N R

THE start of 1960 gives an opportunity not to be missed by teenagers who like to sing, for the education committee has decided to start a JUNIOR CHOIR for boys and girls aged 12 to 18, for these years are those that produce the best voices for junior choirs.

The society and its members can be justifiably proud of the achievements of the Tamworth Co-operative

Choir (*now to become the senior choir*), which the education committee formed in 1942 and which has given pleasure to thousands, in addition to proving to the world outside the Movement that a Co-operative society is something more than a shop.

Now, it is felt that the time is ripe to start a choir for younger people.

Same conductor

The junior choir will be under the same conductorship as the senior choir. Mr. Albert Knight is well known throughout the country as a master of singing, so the opportunity offered to teenagers is something more than being a member of a choir, giving as it does FREE training in choral singing.

The first meeting of the newly-formed choir will be on Tuesday, March 1, 1960, at 6-30 p.m., and the education committee invite those who would like to take advantage of this great opportunity to write to the EDUCATION SECRETARY, 82, SUMMERFIELD ROAD, TAMWORTH, as soon as possible, giving their FULL name, address, and age.

They will then be notified of the meeting place.

Encourage them

Parents, in particular, should encourage their children to join this new choir, giving, as it does, free choral training, and happy companionship among friends, and a chance for children to really enjoy themselves singing.

We hope that before long members will have the opportunity to see and hear this new choir.

THE NEXT HALF-YEARLY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY WILL BE ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2

YOU SHOULD BE THERE!

Note these Dates

THE education committee has arranged concerts in the following villages for the benefit of local organisations, which are :—

KINGSBURY, FEBRUARY 23.—For Kingsbury Methodist Church (50th anniversary).

DORDON, MARCH 8.—Dordon Boys' Club funds.

POLESWORTH, MARCH 22.—Polesworth Community Association Maintenance Fund.

HURLEY, MARCH 29.—St. John Ambulance Cadets' Uniform Fund.

Support these concerts that the society is arranging.

CWS GABERDINE FOR RUSSIA

RUSSIA is buying 11,000 yards of gaberdine from the CWS to make up into more than 3,600 men's coats.

An order for the gaberdine, worth £12,100, has been placed with the CWS by the Russian state buying organisation, Exportljon, which is responsible for the import of woollen and worsted piece goods.

The order, containing two shades of fawn gaberdine and one of medium grey, will be met by the society's worsted coatings mill at Bradford, Yorkshire.

The fifth gaberdine order which Exportljon has placed with the CWS since 1955, it has now come under the five-year trading agreement made between the Governments of the United Kingdom and Russia.

Mannequin Parades - of special interest to the Younger Set



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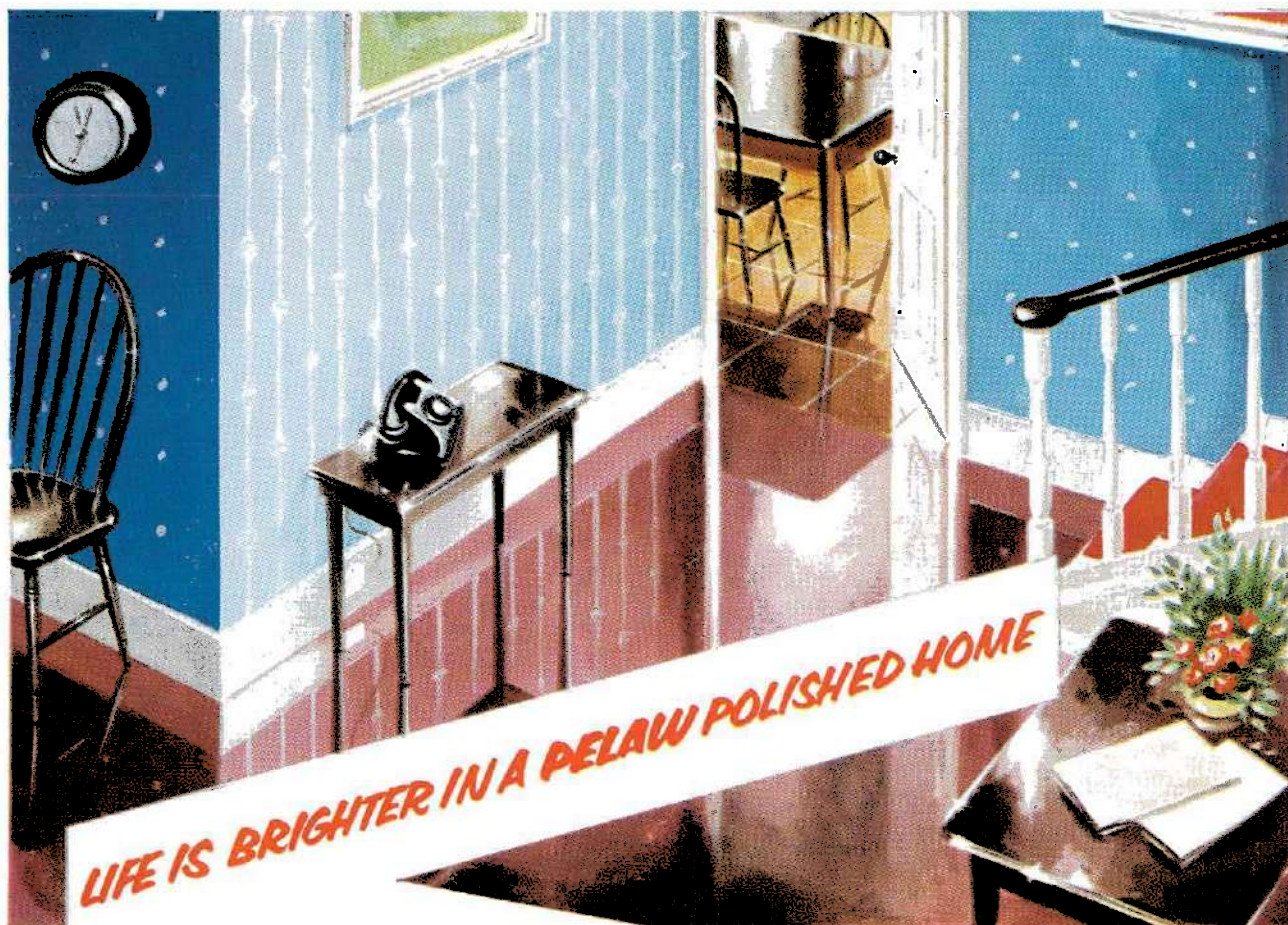
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