

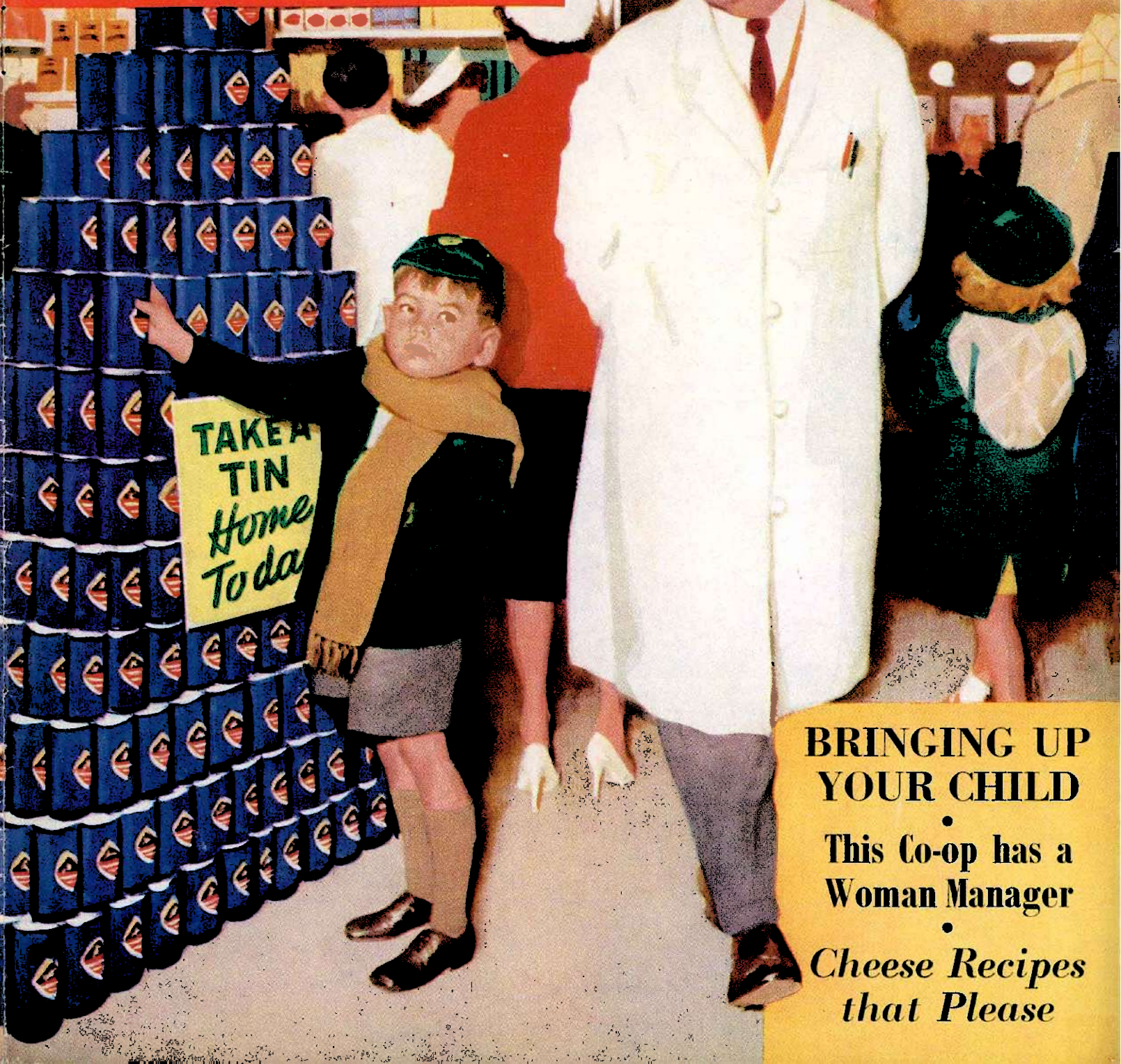
TAMWORTH EDITION

MAY 1960

Home

M A G A Z I N E

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•
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Woman Manager

•
*Cheese Recipes
that Please*



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is SPREADING!

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GOLD SEAL MARGARINE



FROM CO-OPERATIVE
SOCIETIES
EVERYWHERE



HOME

MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

MAY, 1960 Vol. 65, No. 5

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FRONT COVER

There's a look in the supervisor's eye that says he's profoundly suspicious of the small boy with the big scarf. Of course shop-keepers usually are suspicious of small boys, and of dogs, cats, and bicycles left leaning against windows, in that order.

Still, the notice is clear enough. Take a Tin Home, Today, it says, and you can't blame the customer if he picks a tin in the middle. How could he know they'd all fall down? Or could he?

When Poetry touches Life

READ any good poets lately? That might well be a question to ask readers of HOME MAGAZINE because many of them, I find, are interested in poetry.

Since I quoted a couple of lines from W. H. Davies in this column and several readers asked for the author, I have had other letters.

Mrs. M. Asher, of Linby, Notts, asked me to recommend a book of poetry so that she could carry out my suggestion of reading a poem every day. I cannot think of anything better than the *Oxford Book of English Verse* which I have mentioned before. This is a splendid anthology of the best in our national heritage of verse.

But I am very conscious that we should support living poets. Some of them, admittedly, are difficult to understand. A few are even bold enough to admit that they do not understand their own poems. They have a smart answer, however. It is the impact of the poem that should impress the reader, they say.

In other words, you don't have to understand what the words are about. Like the artists who present us with paintings which are arrangements of lines and colour, they believe that the message is conveyed in the final effect.

A poet whose verse is brilliant, yet within everybody's comprehension, comes

to my notice in a new volume at a modest price. His name is **R. C. Scriven**, and his book is called *The Year of the Phoenix*. It is published by Secker and Warburg at 7s. 6d.

For the price of roughly two packets of cigarettes you can have the inmost thoughts and emotions of a highly sensitive mind.

When I went to work in the office of a famous North Country newspaper during the war, the first person I met there was Scriven. We called him by the nom-de-plume he occasionally used—Ratz. Already very deaf and with his eyesight beginning to fail, he nevertheless showed himself a personality in all he said and did. When he wrote it was in splendid descriptive English that showed the imagery of the poet and the depth of feeling of the countryman.

MARRIED, with one son, he is now in his fiftieth year and lives near Leeds. His eyesight has worsened since those days and in a famous radio play, *A Single Taper*, he has described one of the operations carried out to try to restore his sight. That radio play, first performed over ten years ago, brought him more than local fame.

If you turn to page 8 you can read one of Scriven's moving poems about the English countryside taken from the book. He calls this poem *Leaf Mould*, and it pictures in vivid lines the links between the old England and the new.

But it is not only of the countryside that he writes. His own ordeal as his sight failed has provided the theme of more than one poem, the poet finding compensation even in his first bitterness.

Here is true courage and humility, the triumph of a fine mind over great tribulation.

When poets are gone from us many people wish that they had known or helped them. So it was only recently with Dylan Thomas. Here is a chance to support the work of a true English poet.

The Editor

THIS BRITAIN...

The village of Winslow in Bucks where thatched roofs still charm the eye. Pictured here is a beautiful corner of the village near the old church, seen in the evening light.



From a COUNTRY HILLTOP

I SAW a photograph the other day, in a Sunday newspaper, of Benno Moiseiwitsch leaning on a piano, looking at his protégé and godson, Sergio Varella-Cid, the young Portuguese pianist from whom great things are expected. And while I was looking at the face of that happy young man at the keyboard, a nightingale began to sing in the woods.

I was staying in Norfolk and at once I remembered a fair May morning some years ago when I was standing, soon after dawn, by the brick draw-well of my Norfolk farm. In the yard beyond stood an old Alvis Silver Eagle open sports car, with black fabric body, in which I had rushed—in leather coat, flying helmet, and goggles—from East to West of England, from South to North into Scotland, in those days when the roads really were open.

Near the well were lilac bushes, breaking into blossom, and as though the blossom had suddenly changed to music, a loud and thrilling sound came from them.

Other song birds have talent; the nightingale has genius. A small brown bird, arriving after a journey of thousands of miles from Africa, he at once began to sing with such passion that all his heart,

soul, and life poured from him in the throbbing notes following the low, almost hesitant beginning.

It was 4 a.m. The sun had come up over the rim of the North Sea; for our farm was on the coast. There were 80 bomber airfields in Norfolk at that time, and at night, the tiles of the cottages and barns in the village tittered and shook, the flint walls vibrated, and the hollows of sitting-room and bedroom resounded in the darkness as 1,000 British bombers went out across the North Sea to bomb the Rhineland.

By day, the air thundered with the sound from high formations of American Liberators and Fortresses, while the sky was streaked with vapour trails, the great sapphire of heaven flawed by a thousand white lines.

THE black British bombers had returned (or all that had not gone down in the night); the white American aircraft had gone away; and the nightingale sang alone.

Then I was away to London. In two hours and 20 minutes I was passing through Piccadilly and the narrow streets of the City with their great, open wreckage of acre upon acre of bombed desolation.

I had come up to see an editor, for whom I wrote articles which helped to pay the wages of my farm, still suffering from the derelictions of 20 years of neglect since the first world war. You see, in the second war we were ordered to grow corn crop after corn crop—potash fertilisers were not available in war-time.

We had "robbed" the already poor soil, to help feed the nation.

I arrived at my club, a house which had been half-burnt in the blitz. It was one in a row which was dingy with old, discoloured paint, peeling and cracking away. Yet, even there, I could hear in my mind the early song of the nightingale, for that was to be the subject of the article that week.

I WAS sitting below in the marble hall; the place was being swept and cleaned about me. Suddenly, from above the wide staircase, came a startlingly beautiful

FOR ANGLERS IN IRELAND

THERE'S competition for holiday anglers in Ireland where both Northern Ireland and Eire have produced special books about fishing. From the first comes *Angling in Northern Ireland*, obtainable for 2s. from the Tourist Information Centre, Belfast. It is full of details of fish, bait, and likely centres with numerous illustrations.

From the Irish Tourist Board, Dublin, comes *Angler's Guide to Ireland* at 10s. 6d., a more ambitious book in stiff boards, giving equally full details arranged, like the other book, in alphabetical order. With its pictures it is a particularly thorough work.

Both bodies issue handsome brochures and hotel lists and the tourist offices are very helpful.

Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England all appear in *Ashley Courtenay's Let's Halt Awhile* (Andre Deutsch, 12s. 6d.) now in its 27th edition. The authors slept in 500 hotel beds to keep this travel guide up-to-date and the 1960 format, pictures, and maps are particularly attractive.

flow of music; down the broad staircase it came, through the corridors, to where I sat in a corner.

THE music was the nightingale! So moved was I, that I left my table and ran upstairs. There at the top of the building, in a bare room by himself, sat a man at a piano. I knew that rugged, almost granite face; I waited at the half-open door for him to stop before asking him what he was playing. He said it was by the Spanish composer, Granados, who was on the *Lusitania* when it was torpedoed during the first world war. The piece he was playing was *The Lady and the Nightingale*.

Benno Moiseiwitsch had just arrived from Manchester after a concert the night before. It had been a crowded train, and he had stood in a corridor throughout the journey. Yet, unshaven and tired, he had gone at once to the music-room, to practise for another concert that evening.

I stammered my thanks, and he played the piece again while I thought of that other tired traveller, pouring out God-given genius among the lilac blossoms round the old, brick draw-well.

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

KNOW YOUR CHILD—I

He Stole at School

THIS is the first of a series in which Dr. E. A. R. Berkley, Assistant Divisional Medical Officer to Lancashire County Council, deals in turn with children at the three most important stages of their lives

MRS. SMITH came to see me in great distress because her 12-year old son, Gordon, had been found guilty of pilfering at school. He had taken marbles and money from other children and had told lies when his teacher had found him out.

There seemed to be no reason why he should have behaved like this. He had as many toys and as much pocket money as other boys. I asked Mrs. Smith if she had any other problems with Gordon. She had. Sometimes he wetted his bed, and sometimes he would deliberately

understanding of children's problems, especially in their very early years, will enable parents to give children their best chance to make the most of their lives.

IT is perhaps unfortunate that we grown-ups have no conscious memory of what happened to us before the age of four or thereabouts. Were we able to remember all the things which puzzled, frightened or hurt us in those early years we would be in a much better position to help our children. As it is we have to rely upon the work of countless devoted men and women who have spent their lives studying children. It is from them that we can learn the art of parenthood.

Babies are born with certain characteristics which they have inherited from their ancestors, their parents making the last contribution, so to speak. These characteristics have to develop as the baby's body develops from a helpless little being to a robust child preparing to make its way in the world.

To begin with these characteristics are no different from those with which a baby started life two or three thousand years ago. But the surroundings into which it is born are very different. In

those early days homes were very simple, household utensils were few, and life was not so rushed and hectic as it is today. Mothers were able to give all their time to their homes and children while fathers saw to it that there was enough to eat and drink and that the family was protected from danger. Laws were few and simple so, taking life as a whole in those days, the child from its infancy was not beset with a lot of complicated problems and dangers.

NOWADAYS the baby is born into a world full of intricate gadgets and appliances. Mother has a hundred and one things to attend to besides looking after the baby; father too has a lot to do to provide for the family. Society has found it necessary to surround itself with innumerable laws and regulations; dangers lurk in innocent household articles such as matches, gas stoves, slippery floors, and toys which are left lying about at the head of the stairs. Dangers tear about the roads and streets.

In the far-off days the skills which had to be learnt were few and simple, but now they are many and complicated.

Yet, as I have said, today's new-born baby is as helpless as the ones born thousands of years ago and its brain is basically the same. Nevertheless it has far more to learn and far more is expected of it. I think that many of us fall into the error of looking upon children as miniature adults and become impatient when they do not behave as such.

In the articles which follow we will see how children develop stage by stage and that will help us to help them.

NEXT MONTH: Dr. Berkley discusses the problems of the toddler's first lessons in discipline.



By
Dr. E. A. R.
BERKLEY

smash things in the home and bully his younger sister.

I asked Mrs. Smith to tell me all about Gordon from the time he was born. She gave me a clear and detailed story. She told me, too, all about her husband, herself, and her other three children of whom Gordon was the eldest.

There is no need for me to tell you all about the Smith family, but I think it may help a good many of you who are newly-married or have young children if I were to tell you something about how a child develops psychologically and what mothers and fathers should look out for in their children. From this you should be able to understand your children's problems which means that you will be able to help them better to become good citizens in our complicated form of society.

Juvenile delinquency is talked and written about so much nowadays and I am certain that we parents could do a lot more than we are doing to prevent a lot of children coming before the courts. I do not for one moment believe that all juvenile delinquency can be blamed on the parents, but I do believe that a proper



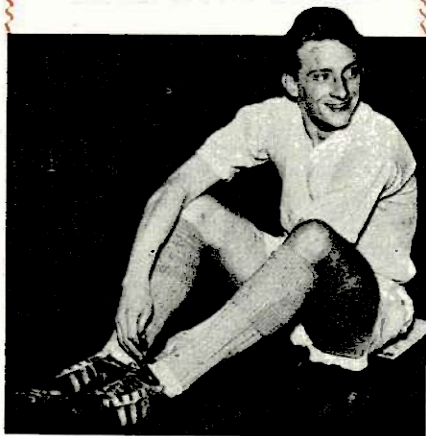


Nora Bradshaw, Retford Society's managing secretary—the only woman chief executive in Britain's 900 retail Co-operative concerns

Story of a Woman's Success in a Man's World

WHERE the Great North Road threads its way through the ancient borough of Retford stands a handsome suite of shops with the Co-operative sign over the fascia. It is the property of 10,000 consumer-owners from the town's 32,000 population and the sparsely populated rural area of which Retford is the centre and market town.

Denis Law Scores with CWS Boots



●These feet belong to British football's top-priced player, Denis Law, the 20-year-old arch-schemer, who signed for Manchester City for a record £53,000.

And the boots? CWS boots made at the Society's Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, factory.

Since Law moved to England from his native Scotland five years ago, he and his Huddersfield team-mates have always used CWS boots.

Law, who says they are the most comfortable he has ever worn, intends to stick to CWS boots while he is with Manchester City.

By
DAVID ROWLANDS

The town claims a history of more than 1,300 years, and its Co-operative Society is a mere youngster of 88 years. But it is the biggest single trading concern in the town.

Nothing particularly arresting about all that, perhaps, but make an appointment to see the managing secretary and you do meet with a unique situation.

For you will be received with charm, yet with businesslike competence by a woman—the only woman chief executive in Britain's 900 retail Co-operative concerns.

NORA BRADSHAW began life in Wigan, the daughter of a railwayman. She was educated at Hindley and Abram Grammar School.

In 1933 her father gained promotion, and the family moved to strange ground at Retford. There, Miss Bradshaw took the first step on a business career which she little dreamt would take her to the managerial office, the magisterial bench, and the council chamber.

For one year she worked for a private trading concern. Then in 1935 she joined the clerical staff of the local Co-operative society. In this new environment Miss Bradshaw concentrated so effectively on her job and evening studies that, while still a young woman, she was given the responsible post of chief clerk.

Circumstances and events—allied to her own innate abilities—did the rest. By the time she was 22 she was experienced

in every side of a Co-operative office's operations.

The main event which intervened was, of course, World War II. That took from the office all the senior staff on war service, leaving Miss Bradshaw as the only experienced clerk.

She was appointed cashier and by the end of the war her services had proved so valuable that promotion to assistant secretary naturally followed.

THEN, in 1951, the top post of all became vacant when the reigning official departed to take up another Co-operative appointment in the North-Midlands. But it was the pressure of colleagues rather than her own ambition and self-appraisal that persuaded

Miss Bradshaw that she was a first-class candidate for the office.

Her subsequent appointment was the measure of the value which the board of management as well as colleagues placed on Miss Bradshaw's ability—unmistakably revealed by her war-time and post-war services.

That was eight years ago. Today Miss Bradshaw carries her 42 years and the responsibilities of top management with equal aplomb—and with a refreshing zeal for the Co-operative system of business which she helps to operate with such efficiency.

For the past five years she has served on Retford Borough Council, interesting herself particularly in housing, public

★Modern Co-operative Stores in an ancient coaching centre



health and highways, town planning and development. Since 1958 she has been a Justice of the Peace for Nottinghamshire.

These public works are all a part of the fabric of her life, of which her Co-operative work forms the basic pattern.

"During my years of service," she will tell you, "I have been inspired to a strong belief in the ideals of Co-operation. My experience as managing secretary has strengthened my convictions and I am certain that the Co-operative Movement has a great part to play in the economic future of our country."

The driving force of this conviction must have had much to do with the success of Retford Co-operative Society in the eight years in which she has been its managerial head.

During that time the society's trade has grown from £591,000 to more than £1 million a year. That is the more significant when one notes that Retford has a practically static population. There has been no immigration of industry or workers—Retford, in fact, is officially classified as a non-development area.

The inevitable conclusion is that the doubling of the Co-operative trade of Retford must be due to something more than price, service, and even dividend—that the practical idealist who runs this Co-operative business must have inspired others with at least some of her belief, that the Co-operative way of life is economically and socially the best for most of the people.



B * O * O * K * S

★ Reviewed by THOMAS OLSEN ★

THE white collar worker is the forgotten man of our times. When his job folds up at 46, he has no union to advise him and no golden handshake to make his departure easier. How Raymond and Barbara Comyns faced such a situation is told in *Out of the Red into the Blue* (Heinemann, 18s.), with a humour that does not hide the pathos. They went to the cheap living of a Mediterranean island. But first came the horror of selling up their home, saying goodbye to their friends, trying all the time for jobs which never quite came off.

Mrs. Comyns is observant and amusing and, in the end, Raymond got a job that took them back to England. But there is an indictment of our times in her frank comment: "A man over forty is almost unemployable. It was not only happening to Raymond, but to many of our friends of the same age."

Still, this is a time to think of holidays and *Small Boat Through Belgium* by Roger Pilkington (Macmillan, 21s.) is another in Dr. Pilkington's delightful series which describes his adventures in the motor boat *Commodore* all over Europe. If you're a boat enthusiast or just an ordinary tourist, you'll find every page enchanting, for the author makes people and places live. David Knight brilliantly illustrates this splendid introduction to Belgium and its people.

A land traveller is Ralph Gregory whose *Caravan in Europe* (Stanley Paul, 21s.) is just the book for those who are going to motor abroad this summer.

He went with his family the hard way—choosing winter to set off through Germany and over the Brenner Pass and so down to Naples with an 18-foot caravan. Snow and ice did not deter him, and he gives much valuable advice as well as providing useful appendices on caravan tactics.

Fishing is an increasing holiday sport and the Fisherman's Choice series published by Putnam at 10s. 6d. now includes *Upper Great Ouse* by Fred Taylor and *Huntsmill River* by Raymond Perrett. Both are primarily coarse fishing rivers but each author has some useful hints on fly fishing and shares his wide local knowledge.

Four very readable novels arrive together. *The Trapped Ones* by Louis Charbonneau (Barker, 10s. 6d.) is a forceful story of a night of violence in a New Mexico motel in the desert with love, hate, lust, and gangsters.

Contrasting is *A Festival For Gilbert* by Susan Pleydell (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) in which a cathedral city decides to hold a music and drama festival and pleasant people find different but human problems.

Post-war Germany is the setting of *Mark of Shame* by Willi Heinrich (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 16s.), an engrossing picture of society in West Germany and the return of an ex-Russian prisoner to a world that is only too like the one he left.

To get away from it all, the hero of *We All Fall Down* by Robert Tibber (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.) buys a seaside block of flats and invites casually met people to become his tenants. The characters are lively and likeable.

All those readers who enjoy Henry Williamson's monthly article in our pages will welcome *The Henry Williamson Animal Saga* (Macdonald, 21s.) which brings Tarka the Otter and Salar the Salmon together in one volume with two stories of Brock the Badger and Chakchek the Peregrine.

All have been published before, but are now available in a handsome format of omnibus size with an interesting introduction by the author.

Now for three fine—and true—naval books for all who love the tang of the sea. *Narvik* by Captain Donald Macintyre (Evans, 18s.) is a gripping account of the last war action in Norway which won three V.C.'s. What a mess-up was the Norwegian campaign, but what bravery went into it!

From Captain Augustus Agar, V.C. comes *Footprints in the Sea* (Evans, 30s.), a splendid account of his life in the Navy which should fire any lad's blood. Aiding British secret agents won Agar



his V.C. 40 years ago, but he fought also in the last war and is often forcefully critical of events.

Thirdly comes *Abandon Ship!* by **Richard Newcomb** (Constable, 18s.) which tells of the sinking by a Japanese submarine of the US cruiser *Indiana*. Only 300 survived out of 900, and they were four days or more in the water. The book ends with an account of the subsequent court-martial and controversy over failure to report the missing ship. The heroes are the men who gallantly hung on in shark-infested waters.

For the fireside, *The Delights of Chess* by **Assiac** (MacGibbon and Kee, 25s.)

plus a portable chess board will speed away many happy hours. Here are games and notes galore with much human material about chess masters by a master himself.

Janet Glover's *The Story of Scotland* (Faber, 21s.) comes in the publisher's excellent history series and should be required reading for Sassenachs. Scotland's story is brave, dramatic, and often tragic.

Miss Glover looks with a wide and informed eye on literature, art, and personalities as well as the stuff of history. She writes without prejudice and with understanding.

DISC diary

WHAT a selection of rhythm and song this month! Seems as though the disc pressers are giving their best. First a great choice in **Ella Fitzgerald's** *Sweet Songs for Swingers* on HMV CLP-1322 with "Sweet and Lovely," "Lullaby of Broadway," and ten more in her inimitable style. Then "**Schnozzle**" **Durante** at the piano on Brunswick LAT-8312 playing, with suitable comment, "Inka dinka doo," "Ida," and many more. Not to be missed.

Is it blues you choose? Pick *Blues a la Dixie* with **Pee Wee Hunt** splendidly leading his Dixieland group on the trombone. The blues range from Limehouse to Wabash and St. Louis and they come on Capitol T-1144.

Perhaps you want it straight. Then *Wonderful Show Songs* has a star selection on HMV CLP-1311 with **Pip Hinton** and **Vanessa Lee** as two of a dozen singers choosing from "Hit the Deck," "Carousel," and many more fine musicals.



"They don't make cars like this today."
"I don't blame them."

Nacio Herb Brown is a great name among pop composers. His music includes "Broadway Melody" and "Singin' in the Rain"—tunes as famous now as when they came out thirty years back. **Victor Sylvester** and his Silver Strings play 14 of them on Columbia 33 SX-1195.

Latest of the Pye Golden Guinea series to reach me is the 101 Strings playing highly emotional music in *The Soul of Spain* on GGL-0017. Another Golden Guinea is GGL-0034 which has the **London Philharmonic** playing *Marches from the Opera* including Verdi, Wagner, and Mozart.

This is a fine month for classics, too. The **London Philharmonic** under **Sir Adrian Boult** has produced a wonderful disc of Tchaikovsky's *Sixth Symphony* (*Pathétique*) on Pye Golden Guinea GGL-0036.

Then from Columbia on 33CX-1677 comes the **Philharmonia Orchestra** playing Dvorak's "From the New World" *Symphony* which perhaps captures the American mood in classic form as no other composition does. No classic collection is complete without it.

Written almost at the same time as Dvorak's work, but in contrast, Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*, that wonderful picture of the Arabian Nights, glistens as sharply as the agitated music. The **Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra** gives a fine rendering on Mercury MMA-11022.

Two excellent 10-inch LPs from Decca are Haydn's "Clock" *Symphony* on BR-3019, and highlights from *Les Patineurs* and *Le Cid* on BR-3015. The **Vienna Philharmonic** plays the first and the **Israel Philharmonic** the second. Moderately priced, both are fine value.—T.O.

Luleaa—A Town that Defies Darkness

TOWN life in a harsh climate, one imagines, must inevitably be drab and dreary. One pictures its architecture as functional but graceless, its inhabitants worthy but dour.

Luleaa, coastal capital of Sweden's largest county, Norrbotten, is there to prove one wrong. Close to the Arctic Circle and with a winter temperature sometimes down to minus 35 degrees centigrade that makes most southerners shudder even to think of, it is still one of the gayest and most active communities in Sweden.

One of the reasons is doubtless its mushroom growth, for it has trebled its population to the present 30,000 in the last 15 years and is still expanding. Many of its citizens are first generation immigrants from the wild and desolate Norrbotten countryside and have not yet acquired a city-dweller's mentality.

IF you live in Luleaa you are likely to be working either in the iron ore or timber industries (it has one of the most modern steel mills in the country), in shipping, shipbuilding, or engineering.

For though Luleaa harbour is ice-bound five months of the year, the town has been the main port for shipping the ore from Sweden's richest mining areas since the end of the last century, and it also receives much timber from her vast northern forests.

Your home may be one of the century-old, red-painted wooden houses that give

the town such a bright, welcoming look, or the ultra-modern flats that ring the suburbs.

In either case, you will have a beautiful view—free of charge—of the Gulf of Bothnia stretching away on one side, and the distant, snow-capped mountains on the other. And, being a citizen of Luleaa, you will have a life enriched by colourful tradition as well as by modern invention.

The traditions have deep roots. Until the early Middle Ages, Lapps roamed alone with their herds of reindeer in the county of Norrbotten. When the Swedish fur-traders began to settle along the coast they devoted large sums of money to building churches to which people would travel from all over the north.

Special housing had to be provided for those who came long distances and thus there grew up communities called "church villages," cottage settlements which were inhabited only sporadically.

This is how Luleaa grew up and the old town—Gammelstad—with its magnificent 15th-century church, still fulfils its ancient functions, although Luleaa itself has moved eastwards, as a result of the gradual emergence of land from the sea, an after-effect of the Ice Age.

THOUGH modern communications have largely solved the problem of long-distance travel and secularisation has undermined the religious basis of the church villages, people still gather from far and wide on feast days, and celebrate weddings, christenings, and funerals, in this medieval setting.

The fact of inheriting the trappings of a rich past does not prevent the people of Luleaa from living fully and energetically in the present.

If you come to the town you are in fact more likely to be shown the ultra-modern shopping centre before being taken on a visit to the old town.

The shopping centre, a seven-storey building covered by an aluminium dome, was built in 1955, and has already caused quite a change in the life of the inhabitants. For it is nothing less than another "town within a town," as unique in its way as Gammelstad.

Built on the lines of an American shopping centre, it has been shaped by its architect, Englishman Ralph Erskine, with an eye to Swedish habits and ideas; one might even say, dreams.

When you walk into "Shopping," as it is fondly called by the locals, you will

still find yourself in a "street" with the shops lining it rather in the style of an Oriental bazaar.

But it will be a street with an even temperature of plus 18 degrees centigrade, and the southern atmosphere will be still further emphasised by soft music and bright lights.

There are none of the escalators that give such an effect of hurry and bustle to most modern shopping emporia; you go upwards by means of staircases with a few steps at a time.

The human gregariousness that was the basis of the creation of Gammelstad today flourishes in "Shopping," where often up to 25,000 visitors are registered in a single day.

Some come, of course, for serious shopping among the 50-odd stores; others simply to lounge in a cafe.

In the evenings the building is used for political or religious meetings, dances, art shows, mannequin parades.

The boys and girls of Luleaa's many schools love the warm, relaxed atmosphere under the big aluminium dome.

As a result, "Shopping" has had its fair share of the "teddy boy" problem which seems inseparable from modern city life. Different solutions are now being offered in the form of the creation of youth councils and clubs with headquarters in the building.

While Gammelstad provides amuse-



ment and interest at the Protestant church festivals the year round, and "Shopping" gives the city a winter Riviera, Nature herself also supplies activities and entertainment during a large part of the year.

The surrounding archipelago offers unlimited facilities for boating and swimming; the great Lule, river fishing; and the forests and hills of the hinterland, marvellous ski-ing areas.

Emissaries from these regions—the Lapps in their brilliant blue and red costumes—can often be seen in the streets. Mostly, however, these proud nomad people keep to the hills.

Anybody who wants to know more about their way of life, without actually following them there, can drop into the Norrbotten museum, which has extensive charts of their wanderings and a remarkable collection of Lapp chattels and costumes.

THE strange joy of living in this town bordering on the wilderness, is perhaps most poignant on a winter night when the snow glistens coldly under skies shimmering with the strange radiance of the Northern lights, to which the neon blaze of the town—with the shopping centre in the middle—gives out an answering brilliance.

You will feel the triumph of defying the cold and the long, dark, winter days, knowing that the reward, though far-off, is awaiting you: a few hectic weeks of spring, when the whole countryside will burst into leaf and flower, and you will be able to enjoy the "sunlit nights" of the northern summer, with day merging into day, separated only by a few hours of twilight.



(Photo by courtesy of the Swedish Tourist Office)
"Shopping," built in 1955, is a "town within the town." Inside, you find yourself in a "street," with shops lining it rather in the style of an Oriental bazaar.

Co-op Tea Total!

FROM the little town of Thetford comes this delightful story, told by Mr. L. Summerson, managing secretary of the local Co-operative Society:—

A canvasser for a tea firm came into Thetford one day with free samples. After he had done 75 calls he was so fed up with hearing that the customer used 99 tea or Indian Prince or some other Co-op brand, that he came along to us to find out whether we sold any other brand.

He was told we were 100 per cent CWS. He said that never in all his experience had he come across such a stronghold of CWS tea, and we even had the new overspill population from London educated to it. He had had enough of Thetford—he was going home!

LEAF MOULD

By R. C. SCRIVEN

Bronze.
bronze as a Saxon's shield,
amber as beads of old,
rusty as ancient greaves,
pale yellow as Cornish gold
in wood and lane and field
swirl, eddy and drift the leaves
to rot, to burn,
to yield
perchance, leaf mould.

So fell they in the wood
in the year that Rufus fell
to a chance-shot arrow, men tell;
so were they red as blood
at the field of Flodden;
their smell
pervasive, earthy, told
King Harry's longbowmen
that Sherwood stript again
for winter
and leaf mould.

Sycamore, elm and ash,
young birch, and antique oak:
ere winter's whistling lash
falls, all the forest folk
put off their finery
and brace them, tree by tree
to front the cold
in naked bravery
baring slim arm,
gnarled knee;
so, fold by fold
each year for a thousand years—
for ten times a thousand years—
Time with the weight of him presses
the once-gay, the once-green dresses
into leaf mould.

So Time has pressed our lives
and into the English soil
for more than a thousand years
have gone our sweat and toil,
our blood and tears:
and men in our own day
most willingly did doff
the flesh's finery,
most gladly did put off
all, saving bravery
that, as of old
the land they loved might live
in the English mould.

A Little Pocket Battleship

MOST of us feel at times that we shall never reach the end of the day. What with one chore and another, everyone expecting you to be just where they want you, and the knowledge that there is so much still to do inside the house and out, life is really too much. You begin to envy those prima donnas one reads about who don't know what it is to queue in the rain and get splashed from head to foot by passing motor cars.

This is when everything we do becomes a boring burden and our eyes are completely out of focus. Sometimes it's because we are carrying a load of worry apart from the ever-heavy shopping baskets.

One day recently I was trudging my way home, heavily laden with a big basket in each hand. Certainly it was foolish of me, as I had a severe attack of "itis" in my shoulders. Being a cock-eyed optimist I always think it will wear off if I press on regardless . . .

I noticed in front of me a small, trim little body of a woman, pushing before her a smart shopping basket on wheels. Quite suddenly she turned round, looked me straight in the eye, and said: "I saw you in the Co-operative. You should have more sense than to be out in this rain, feeling like you must do. Come here; empty those groceries into my carry-all!"

It was the sort of voice I hadn't heard for many a year. The gentle voice of a grannie, chiding a foolish child!

I hadn't said a word but I did as she demanded. Then she trotted along beside me, the carry-all rumbling before

us, and I was still too amazed to speak. At last I did: "How can I allow you to push my groceries?"

"I'm a lot stronger than you'll ever be, my girl," she answered.

I replied: "And how old are you, may I ask?" My fighting spirit was gathering momentum, although I was relieved indeed to be rid of my burdens.

"Seventy-seven and I'll soon be 78," was the surprising answer. "I haven't done my good deed for the day and if you're not it, I'm a Dutchman. I noticed you were in pain in the shop and I reckoned on meeting you. Come on now, let's get you and your shopping home."

And home we went, though it was in the opposite direction to her own, as I learnt later. What a general or admiral she would have made had she not already been one of the unknown earthly angels!

She told me her husband had retired, but had gone back to part-time work as he found idleness was not for him. They had bought a motor-bike and sidecar and went for week-ends to the country, complete with tent. I could now believe anything of this little pocket battleship.

Her conversation was bright and cheerful, but what I shall never forget was her infinite understanding. How had she come by such perception that she could feel a stranger's pain and meet the need? A gift, surely, to notice another human being, and then not to leave her but to do what she could and risk rebuff.

I hope I can emulate her spirit if not her physical excellence. She was an example to us all.

MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

PAN Books provide a wide range of appeal in their latest titles. Thrillers include *The Seat of the Scornful* by John Dickson Carr, *The Murder on the Links* by Agatha Christie, *Gideon's Night* by J. J. Marric, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination* by Edgar Allan Poe, and *Dr. No* and *The Diamond Smugglers* by Ian Fleming.

Also from Pan are *Villainy Unlimited* by Derick Goodman, dealing with crime in Africa and the French underworld, *We, the Accused* by Ernest Raymond, *Scarecrow Lover* by Phyllis Hastings, *Circles round the Wagon* by Fred Gipson, and *The Flower Drum Song* by C. Y. Lee.

A Summer Place is a New England love story by Sloan Wilson, while *A Moment of Warmth* by Francis Gwalt-

ney, and *Home from the Hill* by William Humphrey, are two other novels of American life. *Opium Venture* by Judge Sparrow is a true story of adventure in Siam, and *Arnhem* is General Urquhart's frank account of blunders and courage in war.

Grey Arrow books include *The Americans* by Geoffrey Gorer and *Poetry of This Age* by J. M. Cohen covering six nations. *Fabled Shore* is Rose Macaulay's journey round Spain.

Three Arrow thrillers are *The Gimmer* and *The Hand of Power* by Edgar Wallace and Dennis Wheatley's *V for Vengeance*.

Hodder Books present *The Golden Salamander* and *The Hidden Face*, two gripping thrillers by Victor Canning.

HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

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.



WHEN buying a baby-car the modern mother is on the lookout for quality, elegance, fashionable colouring, and smooth, effortless movement. Recently I came across a folding sunny car which embodied all these features, and many more besides. The sides and handle fold in, and the car packs into a compact space 29 in. long, 19 in. wide, and 12 in. deep, a boon when travelling.

The steel stove-enamelled chassis has four coil springs, and the seat and back, which are in contemporary, contrasting colours, are padded. Two devices fitted are a safety strap and safety brake. The wheels have cushion tyres and dual dress guards. Adjustable footrests ensure that the life of the car is prolonged for several seasons, as the baby grows. Available in white, silver birch, mushroom and red, pale blue and blue, and maroon and grey.

The cost of this sunny car with an enamel handle (Model 431) is 90s. 6d. With chromium-plated handle and dress guards it costs a few shillings extra.

STROLLING round the cutlery section of a department, a short time ago, I came across two three-piece carver sets which would make extremely useful wedding gifts.

One was a stag carver set. The knife had an eight-inch stainless steel polished blade. Fork and steel matched the knife, all having genuine stag horn handles. This three-piece carver was packed in an expensive looking presentation case,



A two-ounce bottle of this fluid is sufficient to treat one pair of men's shoes and two pairs of women's or children's shoes. There are two types of silicone, one for women's fashion shoes and thin leathers, the other for heavier leathers. Both cost 5s. 6d.

HOW many of your family are guilty of strewing magazines and newspapers around your newly-tidied sitting-room? On one chair lies father's gardening weekly, or teenage daughter's beauty magazine, and on another are flung your young son's comics.

Now, a manufacturer of contemporary wire-ware has put a continental coffee table and magazine rack on the market. Strikingly modern and attractive in design, it has an elegant wood-veneered top in African walnut or sapele mahogany. The roomy, easily accessible magazine rack, under the table-top, is enamelled white. Legs are in black enamel and match the ebonized edge of the wooden top.

This table stands 18 inches high, is 21 inches long, and is reasonably priced at 68s. 9d.

MANY times I have heard complaints about the damage the kitchen mincer can do to the edge of the table. After wedging the mincer with bits of cardboard to make it grip, the results are still usually far from satisfactory.

One manufacturer, however, has produced a suction mincer which ends this unsatisfactory state of affairs.

You place the mincer on the table and flick over a little lever at the base. This operates the rubber suction device which clamps the mincer firmly to the table. Any amount of turning the handle will not loosen the grip.

It seals rigidly to smooth surfaces such as formica, plastic, enamel, stainless steel, and glass, but must not be used on rough or porous material.

The base of the mincer is in different colours, with a choice of blue, red, yellow, green, and white. It costs 37s.

EARLY MORNING *Glamour*



THERE'S a gaiety and sparkle about the modern housecoat that the old-style dressing gown never had. It's fashionable, colourful, pretty as well as practical, and a wonderful way of achieving early-morning glamour. And it's a good traveller, too, if you choose it in one of the new easy-care fabrics that shrug off creases, and can be washed and dried in a flash. With holidays in mind, I've chosen three housecoats that would earn their place in the tightest-packed suitcase. They are from the CWS Pelaw range, which also includes a wide choice of other styles, materials, and colours. They can't all be illustrated here, but you can see a fuller selection at your local Co-operative Society.

Top left is a shortie style in drip-dry cotton, with a dainty embossed pattern in white on a pink or blue background. I particularly like the demure puritan collar, edged with nylon lace, which is also used to trim the pocket. The sleeves, which are gathered on to a tight cuff, can be worn three-quarter length, as in the sketch, or pushed up above the elbow. Price: 51s. 11d.

Centre is a full-length housecoat which would be a good choice for a June bride's trousseau. Casually belted, it has a beautifully-flowing skirt with a concealed pocket at the side. The tailored revers are daintily trimmed with nylon lace. This model, also, is in drip-dry cotton, and the colours available are cherry and white, blue and white, and black and white. Price is 59s. 9d. for the women's size; 63s. 3d. for size WX; and 67s. 6d. for OS.

The other model is a lovely shortie style for a teenager, with its gay harlequin pattern and plain collar and cuffs. The unusually shaped pockets are gathered on to a plain band to match.

Available in three bright colour combinations, the housecoat costs 46s. 6d., and this, too, is in drip-dry cotton.

Incidentally, the factory where these housecoats are made also produces some very attractive quilted eiderdowns. If you don't want a new one, you can have your old one re-covered at a moderate cost.

You can choose your own design and material from a booklet which the assistants at your local Co-operative Society will be glad to show you—and now's the time to have it done.

Doreen Browne

IN JUNE HOME MAGAZINE

BRINGING UP YOUR CHILDREN

How parents should deal with the problems of the toddler age-group is the theme of Dr. E. A. R. Berkley's second article.

DORA TAKES THE BISCUITS

Recently, Dora Bryan made a number of TV commercials for CWS biscuits. David Rowlands takes you behind the cameras to see how they were made.

AND, OF COURSE . . .

All the HOME MAGAZINE regulars—recipes, knitting pattern, Mary Joy's Journal, Housewives' Club . . .

HOME MAGAZINE
KNITTING PATTERN
No. 53

MATERIALS.—6/6, 7 oz. WAVECREST knitting 4-ply. Two No. 8 and two pairs No. 10 needles. A cable needle.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 32–34, 36 inch chest. Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19½/20½, 21½ in.

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

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. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; in., inches; c.2f., cable 2 front by working across next 4 sts. as follows: slip next 2 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, knit next 2 sts. then knit 2 sts. from cable needle; c.2b., cable 2 back as c.2f., but leave sts. at back of work in place of front.

TENSION.—6 sts. and 8 rows to one square inch on No. 8 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

Just like Father's

FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 88 [94, 100] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 [3½, 3½] in. Next row: rib 4 [2, 5], (inc. in next st., rib 7 [8, 8]) 10 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (99 [105, 111] sts.). Change to No. 8 needles and proceed in patt. as follows:—

1st row: k.22 [25, 28], (p.2, k.4) 3 times, p.2, k.15, (p.2, k.4) 3 times, p.2, k.22 [25, 28]. 2nd row: p.22 [25, 28], (k.2, p.4)

3 times, k.2, p.15, (k.2, p.4) 3 times, k.2, p.22 [25, 28]. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: k.22 [25, 28], (p.2, c.2f.) 3 times, p.2, k.15, (p.2, c.2b.) 3 times, p.2, k.22 [25, 28]. 6th row: p.22 [25, 28], (k.2, p.4) 3 times, k.2, p.15, (k.2, p.4) 3 times, k.2, p.22 [25, 28].

These 6 rows form the patt. Continue in patt. until work measures 12½ [13, 13½] in. from beg., finishing with right side facing for next row.***

Divide for neck as follows: next row: patt. 46 [49, 52], cast off 7 sts., patt. to end.

Shape armhole and neck on first group of 46 [49, 52] sts. as follows: 1st row: patt. all across. 2nd row: work 2 tog., patt. to end. 3rd row: Cast off 6 [7, 8] sts., patt. to end. 4th row: patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. 5th row: as 1st row.

**Continue dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row until 3 [4, 5] more dec. have been worked at armhole edge, at the same time dec. at neck edge on every 6th row from previous dec. (34 [35, 35] sts.). Continue without further dec. at armhole edge but still dec. at neck edge on every 6th row from previous dec. until 26 [27, 28] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 7½ [7½, 8½] in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows: 1st row: cast off 9 sts., work to end. 2nd row: work all across. Rep. these 2 rows once. Cast off. Rejoin wool to second group of 46 [49, 52] sts. 1st row: patt. all across. 2nd row: cast off 6 [7, 8], patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog. 3rd row: as 1st row. 4th row: work 2 tog., patt. to end. 5th row: as 1st row. Complete to match first half, working from ** to end.

BACK

Work as front to *** Work 2 more rows in patt.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 [7, 8] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 79 [81, 83] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures same as front up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 8 [9, 10] sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of back and front. Omitting 7 cast-off sts. at centre, using four No. 10 needles, knit up 125 [133, 141] sts. round neck.

Working in rows proceed as follows: 1st row: **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. 2nd row: **p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice more. Cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 10 needles with right side of work facing, knit up 112 [120, 128] sts. round armhole. Work 5 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Block and press on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Placing left side of neckband over right, stitch edges into position at centre. Using a flat seam for k.1, p.1 rib and a back-stitch seam for remainder join side seams and armbands. Press seams.

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

discerning people prefer



JAYCEE

TIPPED FOR GOOD TASTE

From Co-operative Societies Everywhere



'Take it from me,' says the Man on the Card

MOST months you will find a postcard in the pages of HOME MAGAZINE. How often do you pick it up and read it? How often do you fill it in? Of the millions of pre-paid cards issued monthly by the Co-operative Insurance Society through innumerable periodicals, the biggest volume of returns come from HOME MAGAZINE readers.

The reason? Undoubtedly the fact that it is first and foremost a family magazine.

Probing further the statistician could reasonably assume that its 775,000 circulation is absorbed by that responsible section of the community which believes in the profit sharing principles of Co-operative trading. Responsible it is, for although the odd crank finds filling in pre-paid cards a regular entertainment, and the ever-despondents test human patience by constantly seeking something

for nothing, Mr. and Mrs. Average Reader look intelligently ahead to the time when, having saved a few shillings weekly, they are so much the richer because of plain commonsense.

JUST how important is insurance? All important, as I found when I spoke to Mr. F. W. Wright, superintendent of the CIS Publicity Department.

The range of policies available is considerable. Yet to most of us the word "insurance" conjures up but a few thoughts—life assurance, house purchase, cover against fire and theft, and, if you own a car, motor insurance.

But I soon discovered there are other aspects of insurance to consider. Many years ago a man thought of life assurance as a means of providing a lump sum for his dependants in the event of his death. This was called a whole-life policy. In later years endowment policies became much more popular as the bread-winner could look forward to a handsome lump sum plus accrued bonuses. There was also a guarantee that his dependants would receive a sum equivalent to the amount he intended to save during this period even though he died in the meantime.

What was really needed, however, was not so much a lump sum as a regular

income to replace the income which dependants lost. Family life is made up of a series of little problems. There are mortgage repayments to make or a weekly rent to pay; there are children to feed, clothe, and educate. A man probably wants a lump sum to supplement his pension when he retires.

TO provide a lump sum on the death of the breadwinner was scarcely the answer even though it would be a very big help. A lump sum of £2,000 invested at 2½ per cent would yield only £50 yearly, and to provide an adequate lump sum would be beyond the means of most wage-earners.

The CIS has a series of assurance plans to solve these various problems, each adjustable to suit individual means and needs. For example, there is the Mortgage Protection Plan.

Similarly, there are family protection and children's plans, plans for retirement, a monthly savings plan—all specially designed to help solve specific problems according to individual means and needs. A man of only moderate means can now provide substantial protection for his family.

For single young women, the CIS has a special assurance plan. It has all the advantages of systematic and profitable saving, plus income tax relief, plus bonuses, and also gives her a valuable option on her policy when she comes to marry. If she wishes, she can transfer the policy to her husband's life and take a generous cash sum.

BY the way, did you know that the whole of the profits of the Life Department of the CIS are used for the benefit of policyowners—what could be a better or fairer investment than that?

Insurance is only one of the many fields in which to employ the pre-paid leaflet or postcard. Despite his small size, the silent salesman is worth far more than his slight figure would suggest.

In the months ahead these insets will interest you in insurance, an encyclopaedia, even milk products. Don't put off the opportunity offered. HOME MAGAZINE gives you the chance to make your enquiry in the simplest possible way—the card is already stamped and addressed. All you have to do is fill it in.

JOHN WISE

WIN A CRATE OF JAFFA ORANGES IN OUR NEWEST

ORANGE RECIPE COMPETITION

- Refreshing and appetising Jaffa oranges are now at their most plentiful best and their high Vitamin C content makes them the nicest of spring tonics. How do you use Jaffa oranges at this time of year to cheer up your family's menus?
- HOME MAGAZINE is offering three wonderful prizes for your best spring orange recipes. Each of the three competitors sending in the best recipes will receive a whole crate of juicy Jaffa oranges, enough for all the family for weeks to come.
- All you have to do to enter this simple competition is send in your favourite Jaffa orange recipe. The oranges can be used hot or cold, alone or with other fruit, or even with meat or fish.
- Enter at once for this exciting competition. Closing date is May 31, and the Editor's decision is final. Post your entries to The Editor, HOME MAGAZINE, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

CLIMBING ANNUALS FOR YOUR Quick Growing Screen

THERE are some lovely annual climbing plants whose seed can be sown early in May, to produce a quick growing screen. In many cases these annuals are the most brilliant of climbers, and they are not difficult to grow—another good point in their favour. Prepare the ground by forking in well-rotted compost or sedge peat at one bucketful to the square yard.

Most people know the crimson, scarlet, or yellow flowers of the tall nasturtiums. The CWS offer crimson and yellow varieties separately, but I am very fond of packet No. 1144, CWS

**IN YOUR GARDEN by
W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER**

tall mixed, for an assortment of colours which look beautiful covering a trellis or fence. Nasturtiums grow best in ground on the poor side; don't feed them with fish manure, or their leaves will be too large and the flowers hidden. Starve them and you get smaller leaves and more blooms. Last year our nasturtiums reached a height of 10 ft.

Next in my list would be the ornamental gourds, which grow masses of fruits of many shapes and colours. First of all you get showy orange-yellow flowers, followed by the beautiful fruits which can be picked off after the first frost and used in bowls in the house for winter decoration.

Gourds do want feeding; they like fish manure forked into the soil at the rate of about 4 oz. to the square yard before the seeds are sown.

A plant of prodigiously rapid growth is the Cobaea. It's not really an annual,

Pruning in May

THERE'S nothing I like more than taking a pair of secateurs and going round the garden this month doing the necessary shrub pruning.

The flowering currant, for instance, may need tackling. The old, worn-out branches should be cut out and some of those overhanging the path cut back. Leave the young branches; these will bear the finest blooms next year.

Forsythia made a wonderful show in March and early April, but now it must be pruned and two of the oldest branches removed altogether. Some of the longest shoots should be shortened.

Winter-flowering heathers must also be attended to. They were in bloom in my garden from December to April, but now there are nothing but dead blooms and these must be cut off.

The lovely *Deutzia* must be pruned the moment the blossoms have faded, and I shall also be cutting off all the dead heads of the rhododendrons and azaleas, to prevent seed formation and ensure these shrubs will flower well next year.

LUCKY VERA!

TWENTY-EIGHT years old Vera Bristow's job will take her across the Atlantic in the *Queen Elizabeth* and on a tour of the USA and Canada this summer. Vera is a Co-operative Travel Service hostess and has been chosen to escort 30 tourists on a three-weeks' holiday tour sponsored by *Reynolds News*.

They will sail on June 16, and visit New York, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Detroit, Niagara, and Toronto before boarding the *Ivernia* at Montreal for home.



★ Tall nasturtiums are ideal climbers for a quick growing screen

but I include it because it is so easily raised from seed. It can only be grown, however, in a really sunny, sheltered spot. I raise the plants under glass and then plant them out in the open. The flowers start a greenish colour, but later turn a lovely violet purple.

Then there's the Morning Glory, whose Latin name is *Ipomaea*. This is indeed a type of convolvulus—but it won't infest your garden. The flowers, produced in profusion, only last a short time, but there are always plenty more blooms to take their place. Sow out of doors as soon as you can and you will have a wonderful show of blues, crimsons, purples, rose, and white.

Beating Black Spot on Roses

THOSE who have been troubled with black spot disease in the past will be glad to know there is at last a good way of controlling the trouble. It is called Orthocide, which contains Captan, and is offered by the CWS in two containers, one costing 3s. and the other 9s. When spraying, see that the leaves are covered and give the soil a good soaking also, because spores can blow up from the earth.

Feed your rose beds this month with fish manure containing a 10 per cent

potash content applied at 3 oz. to the square yard. Hoe the fertiliser in lightly.

Suckers which appear during the month should be cut off right down to the roots; you can recognise these from the true branches because the leaves are much smaller, and the stems usually have far more prickles on them.

Don't let your rose bushes become overcrowded. If you see a number of young shoots developing in the centres, it's a good practice to remove some of them early in the season. You can do this with thumb and forefinger.

Not only may you have to spray with Captan but greenflies (aphides) may start to attack also. They can be killed with liquid Derris, which is non-poisonous to human beings and animals, and so can be used with safety.

Mulch the beds with sedge peat. This saves further hoeing during the whole of summer. The finer type of sedge peat should be bought, and put all over the soil to the depth of one inch or so.

FOR BOYS and GIRLS

WHY DO WE YAWN?

HAVE you ever thought why we yawn? It is not, as commonly believed, to get more oxygen into our lungs but to expel carbon dioxide, the gas drained from tired blood cells. Although the body needs oxygen, the mechanism of breathing is governed more by carbon dioxide. It is this gas in the blood which provokes the brain to send messages down to the lung muscles.

Yawning occurs at times when we don't feel like exerting ourselves—after a long walk, in a close, hot stuffy room, or during a boring speech.

Yawning appears to be due to the carbon dioxide drugging the blood.

It is highly infectious and it is considered rude if you are talking to someone, implying that you are bored.

You will yawn, for instance, when someone else does, or when a cat stretches. But you should politely smother it as you would a sneeze, which is just as infectious.

Your friend, BILL.

DIGGING DEEP

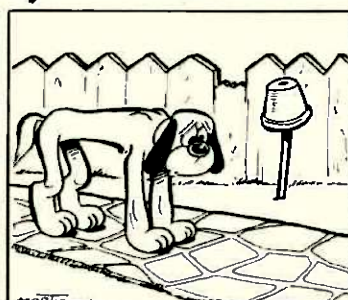
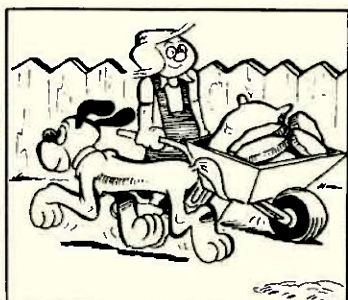
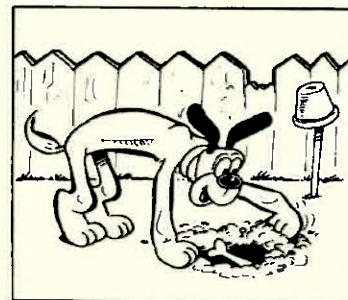
Russian scientists are planning to drill into the earth's crust down to 12½ miles to get reliable information about the composition of the rocks and minerals, and to study how volcanoes are formed.

They also hope to gather information on the possibility of using subterranean heat for generating power.

A Mount of Gratitude

ONE OF the peaks in a mountain range discovered by the Belgian Antarctic expedition has been named Mount Perov. It is a mark of gratitude to Victor Perov, a Russian airman, who in December 1958 rescued a party of Belgian explorers stranded in the Antarctic.

PENNY and BOB



By GEORGE MARTIN

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE



WHAT IS IT?

You should guess this one quite easily without twisting, but if you can't, look at the bottom of this column for the answer.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES

You'll find the names of four countries in these sentences:—
"Yes, I am in great pain," said Tom. Tom's pain was in his knee. There were no longer many doubts in the minds of Sam, Eric, and John that Tom ought to see a doctor.

CATCH QUESTION

If you had only one match with which to light a candle, a gas ring, and an ordinary gas fire, what would you light first?

ANAGRAMS

A well-known English town is jumbled up in each of these phrases:—

- (a) SEEN OUR BAT
- (b) DEAR GIN
- (c) EXTOLS WIFE
- (d) STEW CLEAN
- (e) TO DWARF
- (f) THREE CORDS

RELATIONS

Two people were walking along the road. One was the father of the other's son. What was their relationship?



Muffin the Mule Down-Under

The well-known Hogarth Puppets are at present touring Australia. Here you see Anne Hogarth preparing Muffin the Mule, the most famous of the puppets, for packing, before they left.

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? A corkscrew.

Hidden Countries: Siam, Spain, Germany, America.

Catch Question: The match, of course.

Anagrams: (a) Eastbourne, (b) Reading, (c) Felixstowe, (d) Newcastle, (e) Watford, (f) Dorchester.

Relations: Man and wife.

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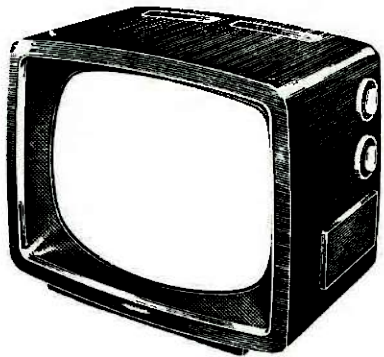
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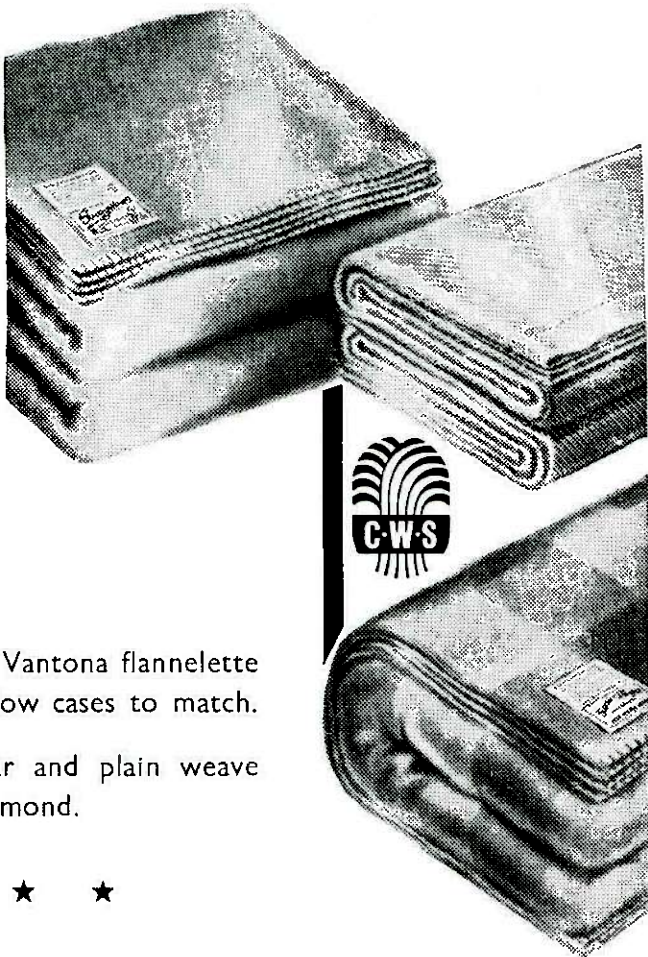
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