

TAMWORTH EDITION

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Home

M A G A Z I N E

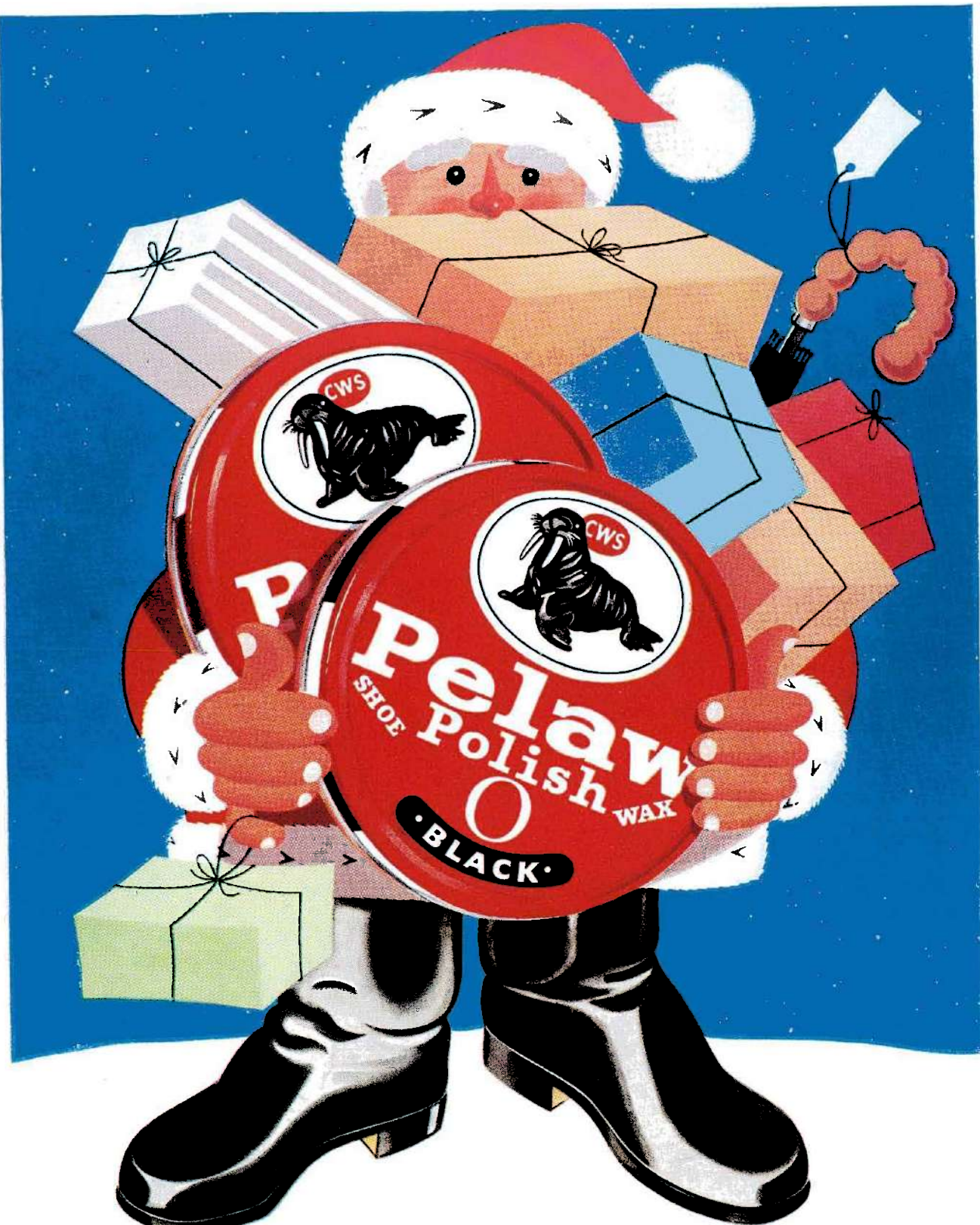


Christmas Number

**PRESENTS FROM
THE STARS**

Christmas Cooking Tips

A Time for Sharing



KEEPS GOOD SHOES-GOOD SHOES

HOME MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER

It's the greatest night of the year when fathers and children compete in a titanic contest to see who can keep awake longest. Perhaps Christmas Eve celebrations at the office have had their effect, for father, despite his finery, has given up the struggle. Small faces peep through the doorway; the family cat ventures in. Look, there's that motor boat I wanted and your tricycle. Nothing in later life ever quite recaptures the excitement of such Christmas occasions when the world is bright and new.

Merry Christmas to Everyone

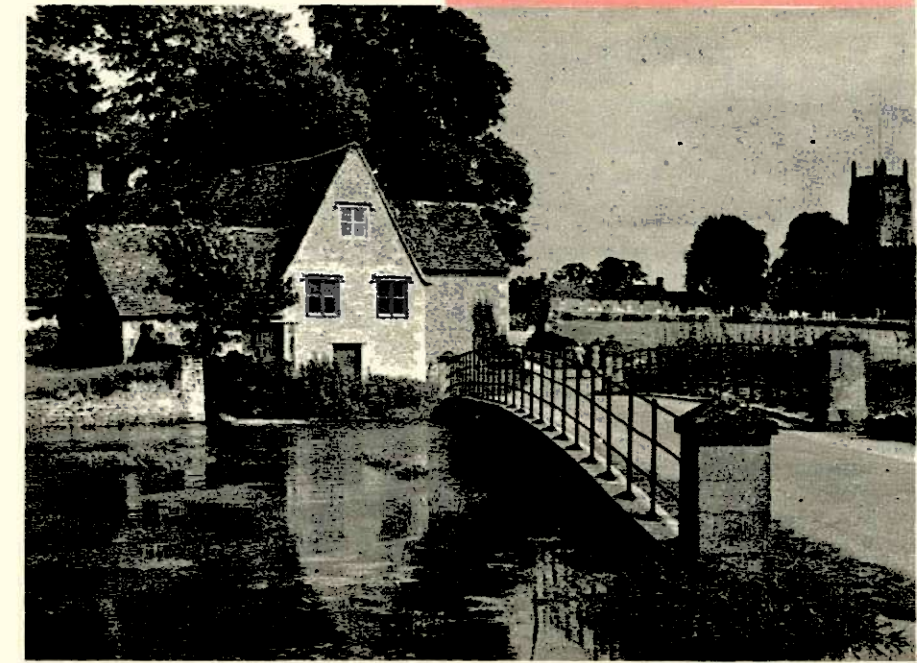
HAPPY Christmas! It would be a poor editor who started his editorial with any other words than these as he prepares his Christmas number. And one can say happy Christmas in these days with more satisfaction than ever before. People are better, fitter, and happier today than probably at any time in history, and there can be very few families who will not sit down to a Christmas dinner that equals everything associated with the season.

Yet not so many years ago the scenes that Dickens depicted were commonplace. Hardship and poverty were only too apparent on every hand. The Co-operative Movement has played its part in the improvements that the years have brought. One does not have to turn a Christmas message into a political diatribe to recognise this.

CRACKERS will bang, logs will sizzle on the fire, and the Christmas pudding will make its annual appearance. May each and every reader of HOME MAGAZINE find in this family season the happiness he or she deserves.

THIS BRITAIN...

The old water mill and the famous church at Fairford in Gloucestershire, seen across the River Coln. Rebuilt by John Tame, a 15th century wool merchant, Fairford Church contains some of the finest 16th century stained glass windows in England.



Russia seems an automatic link with the snow scenes of December that one would expect, and **Sidney Campion's** story of his adventures on the road to Moscow starts in this issue.

Next month he will write about the women of Moscow. They are not so very different from the women of Britain. That is not surprising. I have often thought when abroad, chatting with a stranger in a cafe or making a new acquaintance in an hotel, how easily the ordinary people of the world get on with each other. Only when the politicians meet does it seem inevitable that words will fly and tempers rise.

Christmas must have set my mind thinking about food. A number of readers wrote to say how they enjoyed the article about Mrs. Beeton and to lament her death when only 26. One of the earliest memories of my youth is my mother's copy of a gigantic "Mrs. Beeton." Not content with the hundreds of recipes in this volume, she kept her own cookery book and I am happy to say that, although my mother is still alive, it is now one of my wife's most treasured possessions.

Compiled from the favourite recipes of friends all over Scotland and England, it is an enchanting volume, rich in its own memories. Although nearly every magazine on the market offers recipes in every issue, it is surprising how often we turn to the old book.

HAVE you ever thought of making a recipe book yourself? So often if you tear a recipe out of a magazine it gets mislaid. You could easily paste a page of Mary Langham into a book every month and add your own discoveries as well.

What with November's Breakfast Recipe Supplement, Mrs. Beeton, and this Christmas issue, I think we can say that HOME MAGAZINE has done all it can to make the season festive indeed.

The Editor



Christmas Presents from the Stars

FOR show business people Christmas is generally even more wonderful than it is for the rest of us. It's often the one time in the year when they can get together with their families. It's not surprising, then, that they try to do their best in the way of presents for the children. I've been around quizzing a few of them on the instructions they've given to Santa Claus this year. My, what a Christmas those youngsters are going to have!

CARDEW ROBINSON has been getting hints from his two daughters, Julie, 4, and Lindy, 20 months, for weeks now . . . but he also has his own ideas on the subject. "We're buying young Lindy a gag," cracked Cardew at his Finchley, London, home, "She just never stops nattering."

"But seriously, we're going to get her a farmyard set. She's got practically everything else, so it's about the only thing left to buy her. Anyway, she brings in enough mud from the garden to qualify as a farmer."

"Julie, on the other hand, knows what she wants. She's been demanding it almost since last Christmas! She got a doll's house last year, now she wants the transport to go with it. She's demanding a doll's pram . . . big enough to take twins! At the same time, we'll be buying both of them a long-playing record of some sort. They both love music."

"What about decorations?" I asked. "By popular choice, we'll be having a tree as usual," he grinned. "We put all the light things, like boxes of chocolates and so on, on the branches, and the heavier presents underneath. Of course, nothing much stays on the tree after about five o'clock on Christmas morning."

"Although Cardew doesn't know it yet," chimed in Mrs. Robinson, "we'll also be having the neighbours in."

I discovered that busy HUGHIE GREEN is one of those last-minute men. His two children, Linda, 15, and Christopher, 12, never expect him to think that many months ahead. "I just can't think about Christmas until it's right round my ears," he confessed to me in his Baker Street flat in London. "I'm very bad at

thinking about such things. I just haven't a thought on the subject, and probably won't have until the day before Santa is due to ride."

"The truth is," he sounded relieved at the thought, "my two children make up my mind for me even then. They either plain tell me what they want, or they drop hints that even a deaf man would hear."

"When it comes to decorating we're pretty traditional—all the trimmings, including a tree and paper chains."

I found that there is a pretty serious present problem in the STAPLETON household when I spoke to Mrs. Cyril Stapleton. There seems to be something of a Christmas revolt in their Hampstead home. The twins, Gary and Jonathan, 5, and Carole, 8, all want something they can't have!

"They all say they don't want anything but two-wheeled bicycles," smiled Mrs. Stapleton. "But Cyril is adamant . . . he says bicycles are too dangerous in London. I don't really know what we'll get them that will please them in the end."

"We think that we might get Carole something in the photographic line. She's got a new camera and would probably welcome additions. Incidentally, Carole's just stopped believing in Father Christmas. Somebody in school exploded all that for her only the other day."

"The trouble with the twins is that they've got almost all the toys there are to have. What we really want for them is something that's a toy but which is at the same time mildly educational. They might end up with a doctor's outfit a piece. Friends of ours in America are sending them little black bags with toy

doctors' instruments in them, so I think the outfit will please them, in spite of not getting those bicycles."

The Stapletons don't have any trouble in convincing the twins as to Santa's way into the flat. The twins' bedroom chimney is blocked up, and Carole's bedroom doesn't have a fireplace, so the lounge chimney is the only way the old man can get in.

"We leave all the presents in separate piles around the fireplace," said Mrs.

By BRYAN BREED

Stapleton. "The twins are firmly convinced that's the way he arrives."

Mrs. Stapleton has found that a silver tree suits them better than a fir tree at Christmas. "We used to find that immediately the fir trees got into the flat they started to drop out all over the place," she explained. "Now we get a silver tree, which not only stays intact, but also looks very fairy-like with coloured lights, balls, and things. We also, of course, go in for a lot of holly and mistletoe, so we're pretty traditional."

Sounds like they're all going to have quite a festive season!

DENNIS LOTIS and his wife, Rena, have their Christmas present task made easy for them. Their two boys, Damon, 11, and Kim, 8, really do have minds of their own—even if they don't believe that Santa Claus actually visits their lovely house at Mill Hill, just outside London. "We get a list of exactly what they'd like," explained Dennis. "This makes our job easier, and also ensures that they get something they really want."

"At the moment the list hasn't arrived," he laughed, "but Rena and I have shrewd suspicions of one or two things that might be on it. Last year

the elder boy, Damon, had a bicycle. Now we're almost certain that this year Kim will slap in a demand for one, too."

"Damon is getting very fussy about his clothes these days, always wants to look a smart young fellow. So I think there's almost certain to be one or two items of clothing on his list."

Dennis and Rena—both very practical and sensible parents—have a pact with the boys that they won't go down to the lounge where the Christmas tree and presents have been placed until they themselves go down. "They stick to this pact quite well," laughed Dennis. "Mind, we have to bribe them by putting two stockings-full of little things in their room so that they have something to work on earlier on."

Decorating for the Lotis family consists of a really huge Christmas tree with candles and lights. And the boys spend hours stringing up all the hundreds of Christmas cards they receive to provide wall decorations.

WHAT is your favourite opera? Mine is Verdi's *La Traviata*, with its lilting music and sad romance, and it comes now on three wonderful HMV discs ALP-1780-1-2. Violetta is sung by Victoria de Los Angeles with Carlo Del Monte as Alfredo. The orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera House are conducted by Tullio Serafin in a very memorable performance. This is a permanent addition to the serious library.

Recommended, too, is the sound-track recording, *Song Without End* on Pye CCL-30169, taken from the film of Franz Liszt's life. Here are all the great pieces, splendidly presented by the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

On the lighter side Maurice Chevalier shows how well he can still sing in *Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries* on MGM C-826.



MARY JOY'S JOURNAL

NOT MANY LIKE HER

FREDA has time for anybody, anytime. With Christmas almost in sight we are all very busy in our work and homes. As we get older some of us find time is our enemy. We are not so active and our health may not be so robust.

But this woman Freda. She is getting on for 40, has pretty good health—and how she uses it! She does all her own housework, cooking, jam-making, fruit bottling, washing, gardening, and helps with the home decorating. Her husband and son come home for the mid-day meal.

She also has her elderly mother-in-law living with her. For this old lady she turned a bedroom inside out and made it into a most comfortable bed-cum-sitting room which looks out on green fields and has a magnificent view of a cathedral. Nothing was too much trouble to make the old lady feel at home and really wanted.

Each day about nine o'clock Freda trots upstairs with Grannie's breakfast. The old lady is included in most of their social occasions if she wants to join in. But the problem is that intelligent old people find it difficult to accept physical inactivity gracefully—until they are ill.

Freda understood all this. She found time to take the van out for the meals-on-wheels each week and the distress and misery of many of the old people touched

her very much. She had strong words to say about relatives of these old people and their apparent indifference. I could well imagine a few consciences working over-time after Freda had said her piece. Somebody has to be brave enough to speak out.

Naturally a woman like this is bound to be called upon for all kinds of social work, and Freda told me she often felt like a spinning-top coping with children's outings, bazaars in her own back garden, concerts and dances for the young people, and trying to raise money for this or that. She had a very nice singing voice and sang in the church choir, and elsewhere if it gave them pleasure to hear her.

Perhaps such a woman sounds too good to be true. I know we don't meet many like her. She is not a prig, and when I tell you that she comes from Northern Ireland and has Scottish grandparents, you will readily understand that her sense of humour and fun is highly developed. Freda thinks England is a wonderful place to live in. We are lucky to have her. Christmas will be much happier for many people with this woman around.

There are those who would say, "Oh, well she likes being on committees, and always being in the thick of it."

What a blessing she does! Time is a commodity she has plenty of—and how she uses it!



What personality he puts over in tunes like "I Don't Know Why" and "September Song"!

If you ever hanker for New York, as I do, you'll enjoy *Autumn* in which Norrie Paramor's orchestra plays twelve tunes about that season, mostly in New York. It comes on Columbia 33SX-1251 and includes "Manhattan" and "Every Street's a Boulevard."

Value alone would make *Down Drury Lane to Memory Lane* a must for most, for it is the Pye Golden Guinea anniversary offer and gives two LP's for 30s. But it is really a history of Drury Lane

shows from *Rose Marie* and *Glamorous Nights* to *Oklahoma* and *My Fair Lady*—tunes from 17 shows by the 101 Strings on Pye GGL-0061.

You mustn't miss *Acker* in which Mr. Acker Bilk and his Paramount Jazz Band play sensationally for the trad. fans on Columbia 33SX-1248. Great stuff by Mr. Bilk, with the maestro vocalising, too.

A new waxing from the popular Kingston Trio brings such titles as *Her Head Tucked underneath her Arm* on Capitol T-1352.

On EP's, *Tattoo Highlights* has the brilliant U.S. Army Air Force Band playing inimitably on HMV 7EG-8590 from "Tiger Rag" to "String of Pearls." Remember them on TV?

A Pye 45 that has handsome Robert Horton singing *Wagon Train* is 7N-15285.—T.O.



I Couldn't Eat without my Passport

FOR the second time I was going to Russia! HOME MAGAZINE had asked me to, and I left London by car one Saturday evening to go to Moscow and back, some 4,000 miles, a journey quite different from that of 1935 when I went by sea to Leningrad.

We planned to go through Belgium, Holland, Western Germany, Eastern Germany, Poland, and 800 miles of rural Russia. We had blazing sunshine nearly all the way.

The Dutch streaming out of their churches carrying bibles and prayer books looked very picturesque in their Sunday attire, against a background of whitewashed buildings and clean thoroughfares. We were warmly welcomed at the Western Germany frontier, where the affable guards joked with us, and it was difficult to believe that only 15 years ago we were engaged in a bitter war.

The German motor roads are among the best in the world. The English style of the farmhouses, trees, hedgerows, and fields reminded us of home. Cars of all nationalities passed us on the road to Berlin, many of them with the "GB" plate. We always exchanged loud cheers. Being Sunday, the traffic was heavy in both directions, but the wide, well-signposted motorways and the excellent standard of driving gave added pleasure to the journey.

Berlin was having a heat wave, and we spent the following day under an intensely hot sun. I had visited the pre-

war Germany, and the Berlin I knew then had vastly changed. But Unter den Linden remained, and its rows of lime trees in full bloom exhaled a delightful perfume. The shattered buildings and the great open spaces showed what terrible destruction British bombing and Russian tanks and artillery had accomplished, far worse than the City of London.

We could pass on foot, without challenge, from the Allied to the Russian zone at the Brandenburg Gate, although every car was stopped for inquiry. This sometimes meant a half-mile queue of waiting cars.

I was astonished when I entered a restaurant in the Russian sector and was told that I could have nothing unless I produced my passport. Fortunately I had it with me. Had I left it at the hotel, I might not have been served. No one explained why I had to produce my passport.

Western Berlin is much more prosperous than Eastern Berlin, its people, especially the women, being much better

HOME MAGAZINE GOES TO MOSCOW

dressed. In Eastern Germany there are signs everywhere of the population living through comparatively hard times—drab shops and drab clothing were examples.

We were two hours going through the Polish frontier station, and then spent a whole day motoring to Warsaw, a lovely city largely destroyed by the Germans. On the way through the villages we were cordially greeted, and everybody was extremely friendly. The Poles remember that we challenged Hitler on his invasion of Poland.

By our standards, Poland is poor, and I noted a tin of English coffee priced at the equivalent of 30s.

When we passed through the Russian frontier post after another two hours'

Up to this point we had slept in hotels. From now onwards we were to sleep in Russian camps, situated in forests, each containing lavatories, food shop, post office, restaurant, and facilities for car cleaning.

In the first big Russian town, Minsk, I met a woman. She was 23, smartly dressed, and spoke perfect English. She assured me that she was pure Russian, had learnt her English at school, and enjoyed among others Shaw, Shakespeare, Wells, Somerset Maugham, and Daphne du Maurier. She thought Shakespeare wonderful, and added, "There's so little known about Shakespeare's life that I wonder whether he wrote the plays?" She had never been out of Russia, and

By
SIDNEY R. CAMPION

delay, this time due to the presence of scores of Americans, we felt that at last we had arrived behind the famous "Iron Curtain."

What would happen to us? I had been warned that the Russians might never allow me to return.

Continuing our journey to Moscow, the men, women and children behind the "curtain" looked no different from those on the other side, except that they were poorly dressed by our standards. We were now in the heart of Eastern Europe. The landscape looked almost English, and often Scottish, with miles and miles of pine and fir forests. The road, wide and smooth, and straight as a ruler for scores of miles, seemed to have been cut right through these vast areas of trees.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME...

...for accidents. In fact, there are more fatal accidents in the home every day than there are on the roads. Trevor Holloway points out some of the obvious—and not so obvious—accident hazards, and tells how you can guard against them in your home.

160 MILLION ASPIRINS

That's the number made by the CWS drug works at Droylsden, Manchester, and it goes a long way to cure the headaches of Great Britain! Doreen Browne visits the works and describes some of the products made there.

**NEW YEAR
FEATURES
IN JANUARY
HOME
MAGAZINE**



The Kremlin, for centuries the centre of Russia's political and religious life.

hoped one day to visit "the England of my dreams."

We reached Moscow exactly a week to the minute since leaving Chelsea Embankment. We had journeyed nearly 2,000 miles, and were glad to be able to use our feet for a change.

The red sun was colouring the high walls of the Kremlin, the golden cupolas, and the five-pointed stars that shone above them. The wide streets were busy with motor traffic, and the pavements crowded with Muscovites and visitors taking the evening air. We looked forward to an exciting week in one of the most exciting cities in the world.

NEXT MONTH: The Women of Moscow.

Santa Claus Comes from TURKEY!

By **VICTOR ANDERSON**

WHERE did Father Christmas come from? Most people would say, vaguely, Russia or perhaps Sweden or Holland, or distant Lapland; they associate Santa Claus with snow and reindeer. But actually Santa Claus was bishop of Myra in warm, dusty Turkey, and he was born 200 years after St. Paul's visit there.

Even his red robe is not a Northern tradition. If you look at a Bishop of the Orthodox Church today, you will see him wearing a long black robe, a high black cap and a flowing beard. But the robe and cap were once red—and the cap was pointed, for this was the dress of a bishop in the ancient church. Santa Claus is not therefore wearing fancy dress. Indeed his red costume is still worn by dignitaries of the Mar Thoma Church in Southern India.

How did Nicolaus, Bishop of Myra, become Father Christmas? His fame—especially through his good deeds to children—travelled widely after his death and his day, December 6, is celebrated, in addition to Christmas, in many Continental countries where "the Saint" appears and gives presents to children.

His connection with Christmas, however, began only after the Reformation. Sailors, whose patron he was, took his

fame to Holland, which had greater contacts with the Orthodox Church than with Rome. Later, when Dutch Protestants went to America in the seventeenth century, they took Saint Nicolaus with them. The first Dutch ship to land at Manhattan Island had Saint Nicolaus as its figure-head.

The celebrations of Santa Claus were transferred to Christmas. How the Santa Claus celebrations at Christmas found their way to Britain is another fascinating story. The Santa Claus "gimmick," so to speak, can be traced back to Christmas 1822, to the New York home of Dr. Clement C. Moore, a Columbia University Professor.

The Moores were having a house party on Christmas Eve when Mrs. Moore asked her husband to go to Greenwich Village to deliver some Yuletide presents. They delivered the gifts by sleigh in the snow. On the way home, Dr. Moore was inspired to write the Christmas poem *A Visit from St. Nicholas*, the opening lines of which are:

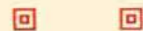
*'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse...*



No wonder this little girl looks so happy. She's actually meeting Santa Claus and Uncle Holly! And you can be sure she's taking the opportunity to give them a full list of what she hopes to find in her Christmas Stocking.

Dr. Moore's children that evening heard the poem, and were delighted. The verses found their way first into a New York parish magazine, then into local newspapers and then, translated into many tongues, all over the world.

So perhaps it is appropriate that for a number of years America has had a "school" for Santas—in Albany, New York. Fully trained graduates of the school find an ever-increasing demand for their services from shops which insist on the Santa diploma.



Besides lectures on the psychology of Father Christmas, the wearing and care of wig and beard, make-up, and diction, pupils study arrangements for Santa's throne and the handling of children and parents. To gain practice, the school Santas pull each other's beards and they wear their yak-hair beards for long periods to become accustomed to the tickle.

They practise chuckling; a deep "ho-ho-ho" laugh is apt to frighten children, but an elderly, benign voice encourages them.

Santa "must-nots" include bulging eyes (they frighten), drooping moustaches (they tickle), and alcohol-laden breath (it just isn't nice). New York's shop Santas are mostly actors who are "resting," but at least \$120 (£40) weekly, free meals, and a four-hour day make it worthwhile.

Several big London stores have Santas

Gives a sweet Party Appeal!



Smooth, Creamy, Delicious
C.W.S. CUSTARD



12 oz. drum 1/7
also in small packs

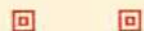
**C.W.S.
CUSTARD POWDER**

FROM CO-OPERATIVE STORES

C.W.S. Custard gives a sweet all the appeal of a party treat! Smooth, creamy, and simple delicious, it's the most wonderful way to round off a meal. And easy as anything to make. Serve it with fresh or canned fruit—milk, cream, or jelly. Hot or cold! C.W.S. Custard makes every sweet something really special!

trained by Mr. William Batt, once a foreman at Woolwich Arsenal and for some years a provider of special Christmas attractions in toy departments. Mr. Batt, who has played Father Christmas many times himself, chooses the Santas with great care. "In sorting out the right chap, you sometimes have to go through 50 possibilities," he says. "My ideal is about 14 stone, six feet tall, with a nice, clear rosy complexion, no glasses, and good hearing. He's retired, and has had children of his own."

One warning Mr. Batt gives his Santas is—"never argue." He recalls one—not on his list—who was challenged by an angry parent about the value of the gifts he was giving out. Hot and bothered, the Santa answered back. Other customers joined in. There was a "scene," culminating in the customers lifting Santa shoulder high, carrying him out, kicking, through the store and dumping him in the gutter!



What is the right type of man for Father Christmas? "He is robust enough to swelter in heavy robes without fainting," says a shop manager. "He must be even-tempered and genuinely fond of children. And he must be quick enough to shake each little hand before it has a chance to pull his beard off."

Feather pillows, tied on with string, sometimes account for his mellow waistline. Santas have been known to take out their false teeth to give them that hoary appearance, for the ideal Santa should look about 70, have a middle "statistic" of 48 inches, and have a "plummy" voice. Sometimes the voice is disguised by Santa having a walnut in his mouth. Santa has no time to be really chatty, you notice. In the rush hours he has to charm three children a minute.

For weeks a store Santa is in the middle of heat and hullabaloo, so if you asked him what he would like most for Christmas you can bet he will say, "a nice deep easy chair."

Santa, however, has his critics—like the Rev. Peter Churton Collins, vicar of St. Alban's, Dartford, Kent. Last year Mr. Collins commented, "Christmas is ceasing to be a festival of Christ and becoming the festival of Father Christmas. An old man with a white beard and a red uniform is squeezing Christ out of Christmas. Because of the evil genius of Father Christmas the festival has become completely commercialized."

In South Africa last year, the Transvaal synod of the Dutch Reformed Church decided to ban Father Christmas and all the trappings connected with him from future church festivities. Nevertheless, the modern Christmas is unthinkable without Santa Claus.

A SWEATER FOR THE SPORTSMAN

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 112 [118, 124, 130] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 2 ins.

Change to No. 7 needles. Next row: (wrong side facing) p.5 [6, 7, 8], k.2, p.4, k.2, p.36 [38, 40, 42], k.2, p.b.10, k.2, p.36 [38, 40, 42], k.2, p.4, k.2, p.5 [6, 7, 8].

Proceed in patt. as follows: **1st row:** k.5 [6, 7, 8], p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, k.b.10, p.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, k.5 [6, 7, 8]. **2nd row:** p.5 [6, 7, 8], k.2, p.4, k.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.b.10, k.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.4, k.2, p.5 [6, 7, 8]. **3rd and 4th rows:** as 1st and 2nd. **5th row:** k.5 [6, 7, 8], p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, c.2b., k.b.2, c.2f., p.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, k.5 [6, 7, 8]. **6th row:** p.5 [6, 7, 8], k.2, p.4, k.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.b.10, k.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.4, k.2, p.5 [6, 7, 8]. **7th row:** k.5 [6, 7, 8], p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, k.b.10, p.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, p.2, tw.2b., tw.2f., p.2, k.5 [6, 7, 8]. **8th row:** p.5 [6, 7, 8], k.2, p.4, k.2, (k.1, p.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.b.10, k.2, (p.1, k.1) 18 [19, 20, 21] times, k.2, p.4, k.2, p.5 [6, 7, 8]. These 8 rows form the patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 15 ins. from beg., finishing with **wrong side facing** for next row. **Next row:** cast off 4 [5, 6, 7], patt. to last 4 [5, 6, 7] sts., cast off 4 [5, 6, 7]. Break off wool.

Rejoin wool and **shape raglan armhole** as follows: **1st row:** k.1, p.2, patt. 4, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., patt. to last 11 sts., k.2 tog., p.2, patt. 4, p.2, k.1. **2nd row:** k.3, p.4, k.2, p.1, patt. to last 10 sts., p.1, k.2, p.4, k.3. Rep. rows 1 and 2 until 62 [64, 66, 68] sts. remain, then rep. 1st row (60 [62, 64, 66] sts.). **Next row:** work across 23 sts., p. next 14 [16, 18, 20] sts. on to stitch-holder, patt. to end.

Proceed on first group of sts as follows: **1st row:** k.1, p.2, patt. 4, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., patt. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. **2nd row:** patt. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. **3rd row:** patt. to last 10 sts., p.1, k.2, p.4, k.3. **3rd to 10th row:** rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times more (13 sts.).

Proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.1, k.2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k.2 tog. **2nd row:** patt. to last st., k.1. **3rd to 8th row:** rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times (5 sts.). Proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.1, k.2 tog., k.2. **2nd row:** p.3, k.1. **3rd row:** k.1, k.2 tog., k.1. **4th row:** p.2, k.1. **5th row:** k.1, k.2 tog. **6th row:** p.1, k.1. **7th row:** k.2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to remaining group of sts. and complete to match first half of front reversing all shapings until 13 sts. remain.

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

MATERIALS.—21 [22, 23, 24] oz. WAVECREST double crepe. Two No. 9 and two No. 7 needles. Set of four No. 9 and set of four No. 11 needles with points at both ends. Two stitch-holders. A cable needle.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 36 [38, 40, 42] inch chest. Length from top of shoulder, 24½ [24½, 25, 25½] ins. Sleeve seam, 18 ins.

SIZES.—The figures in square brackets [] refer to the 38, 40, and 42 in. sizes respectively.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; k.b., knit into back of stitch; p.b., purl into back of stitch; st., stitch; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches; c.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, k.b. next 2 sts., then k.b.2 sts. from cable needle; c.2b., cable 2 back as c.2f. but leave sts. at back of work in place of front; tw.2f., twist 2 front by knitting into front of 2nd st., then front of first st., on left hand needle and slipping 2 sts. off needle together; tw.2b., twist 2 back by knitting into back of 2nd st., then back of first st. on left-hand needle and slipping 2 sts. off needle together.

TENSION.—5½ sts. and 7 rows to the square inch on No. 7 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

Proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.2 tog., patt. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1. **2nd row:** k.1, patt. to end. **3rd to 8th row:** rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times (5 sts.).

Proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k.1. **2nd row:** k.1, p.3. **3rd row:** k.1, k.2 tog., k.1. **4th row:** k.1, p.2. **5th row:** k.2 tog., k.1. **6th row:** k.1, p.1. **7th row:** k.2 tog. Fasten off.

BACK

Work as Front to ***. Still dec. at armhole edge as before work 10 more rows, finishing with **wrong side** for next row (50 [52, 54, 56] sts.). **Next row:** work across 18 sts., p. next 14 [16, 18, 20] sts. on to stitch-holder, patt. to end.

Proceed on first group of 18 sts. as follows: **1st row:** k.1, p.2, patt. 4, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., patt. 5, k.2 tog. **2nd row:** p.2 tog., patt. 4, p.1, k.2, p.4, k.3. **3rd row:** k.1, p.2, patt. 4, p.2, k.2 tog.t.b.l., patt. 2, k.2 tog. **4th row:** p.2 tog., patt. 1, p.1, k.2, p.4, k.3. **5th row:** k.1, k.2 tog., patt. 7, k.2 tog. **6th row:** p.2 tog., patt. to end. **7th row:** k.1, k.2 tog., patt. 4, k.2 tog. **8th row:** p.2 tog., patt. to end. **9th row:** k.1, k.2 tog., patt. 1, k.2 tog. **10th row:** p.3, k.1. Neck shaping is now completed (4 sts.).

Proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.1, k.2 tog., k.1. **2nd row:** p.2, k.1. **3rd row:** k.1, k.2 tog. **4th row:** p.1, k.1. **5th row:** k.2 tog. Fasten off.

Rejoin wool to remaining group of sts.



HOME MAGAZINE
KNITTING PATTERN
No. 60

and complete to match first half reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 56 [58, 60, 62] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 ins. **Next row:** rib 3 [6, 2, 4], (inc. in next st., rib 6 [4, 4, 3]) 7 [9, 11, 13] times, inc. in next st., rib to end (64 [68, 72, 76] sts.).

Change to No. 7 needles and proceed in patt. as follows: **1st row:** (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, k.1, p.2, k.b.10, p.2, (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, k.1. **2nd row:** (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, p.1, k.2, p.b.10, k.2, (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, p.1. **3rd and 4th rows:** as 1st and 2nd. **5th row:** (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, p.3, c.2b., k.b.2, c.2f., p.3, (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times. **6th row:** (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, k.3, p.b.10, k.3, (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times. **7th row:** (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, p.3, k.b.10, p.3, (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times. **8th row:** (k.1, p.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times, k.3, p.b.10, k.3, (p.1, k.1) 12 [13, 14, 15] times. These 8 rows form the patt.

Working extra sts. into rib patt., inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 9th row until there are 86 [90, 94, 98] sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18 ins. from beg., finishing with **wrong side facing** for next row. **Next row:** cast off 4 [5, 6, 7], patt. to last 4 [5, 6, 7] sts., cast off 4 [5, 6, 7]. Break off wool

Rejoin wool and proceed as follows: **1st row:** k.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., patt. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog., k.1. **2nd row:** k.1, p.1, patt. to last 2 sts., p.1, k.1. Rep. these 2 rows until 8 [8, 8, 8] sts. remain. Slip these sts. on to a length of wool.

MAKE UP

Omitting k.1, p.1 rib on No. 9 needles, block and **very lightly** press on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a flat seam for k.1, p.1 rib and a back-stitch seam for remainder join side and sleeve seams, stitch sleeves into position matching armhole shapings.

NECKBAND

Using set of No. 9 needles, **knit up** 98 [102, 106, 110] sts. round neck including sts. from stitch-holders and length of wool. Work 8 rounds in stocking stitch. **Change to set of No. 11 needles** and work 5 more rounds in stocking stitch. Still using set of No. 11 needles, work 5 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib. **Change to set of No. 9 needles** and work 7 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib. Using No. 8 needle, cast off loosely.

TO COMPLETE MAKE UP

Fold neckband at centre, ribbing to inside. Loosely flat-stitch cast-off edge to knitted up edge taking care to maintain elasticity of neck. Press seams.



HOUSEWIVES' CLUB



from
£21

NOTHING makes more difference to the look of a room than the fireplace. No matter how gay the wallpaper, how contemporary the furniture, it all loses its sparkle if the fireplace is dull or old-fashioned.

If you are thinking of taking the plunge and having a new one installed, my tip is to choose a model in grey and white or grey and black. These seem to be the top colours this year, judging from a new range I saw recently, and either mixture would fit easily into any colour scheme.

Two designs in the £21-£30 range are particularly attractive. One is in grey, with two panels of tiles in a black and grey streaky pattern down the sides, and four vertical black-patterned stripes along the top. The other is an arched style, long and low, with rough-surfaced tiles in grey and white.

OF all the chores that housewives have to do, ironing is probably the most detested. However, a new ironing board just on the market promises to make it a little easier. Made of metal, the board has an unusually large ironing surface, which is fitted with a foam pad—another great advantage.

It can be adjusted to four positions, so that however short or tall you are you should be able to set it at a comfortable height. There is even one position which enables you to sit down to do your ironing! The cover of the board is

easily removable for washing, and it has a hook for hanging when not in use. Not the least of its virtues is the large and extremely secure iron rest. Price: 99s. 6d.

FROM coal fires to the electric variety—and how grateful one is for them on these cold mornings. To their cheerful warmth is now added a cheerful appearance, for one firm is producing them in bright shades of red, yellow, and cream.

The fires are the reflector type, and cost 27s. 5d. for the one-bar model, or 47s. 4d. for a model with two bars.

ELEGANT addition to a famous range of oven-to-table glassware is a coffee and tea set. It consists of a jug for coffee or tea, complete with tea infuser; another smaller jug and a sugar bowl, all handsomely decorated with a gold clover leaf design. The set is completed by a gleaming serving stand.

Price is £2 17s. 6d., and it would make a very pleasing Christmas or wedding gift.

A STEP stool is a handy thing to have in the kitchen, and I was delighted when I came across the one illustrated. It is so neat and compact, and takes up very little space. The two steps work on a swivel arrangement, so that when you want to use it as a stool they are tucked away under the seat. To use the



35s. 6d.

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.



57s. 6d.

stool as a ladder you simply pull them out.

The stool is sturdily built, and the treads are ridged to prevent your feet from slipping. Price is 35s. 6d., or you can buy a varnished model for 40s. 6d.

NO Christmas tree is complete without fairy lights, and a well known firm has produced some delightful new ideas this year. I like the Fairy Rose set—24 miniature lamps enclosed in realistic-looking roses coloured red, yellow, pink, and white. Price of this set is 32s. 6d.

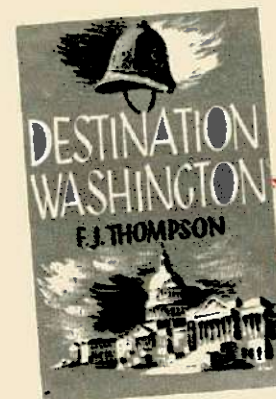
Even more colourful is a set of 40 lamps—very gay in red, yellow, blue, green, purple, and orange. This set costs 22s. 6d.

Both these sets are permanent contact, by the way, which means that if one lamp goes out the remainder stay lit.

LAST minute Christmas shopping? What about a big box of soft face tissues in their special Christmas gift box?

These delightful Scotties gift boxes are in quilted velvet in either crimson, royal blue, emerald, black, gold, white, pink, or blue. To finish off their luxurious look they are trimmed in braid.

Once the tissues are used they are easily replaced so the gift combines the luxurious and the practical. Cost of the large economy box is only 18s. 11d.



B★O★O★K★S

Reviewed by THOMAS OLSEN

Mix (Constable, 42s.). Their work appeared in John Lane's famous magazine *The Yellow Book* with Aubrey Beardsley, who died when he was 26, as its artist, and Max Beerbohm as its highbrow.

Yet Oscar Wilde, most often associated with the magazine, had practically no link with it. Thirty years of research are rewarded in this readable but scholarly study of a period.

Shocking conditions in the British Embassy in Washington were discovered by Squadron Leader F. J. Thompson when he arrived to take charge of security. He tells of his struggle against bureaucratic red tape in *Destination Washington* (Hale, 18s.), a lesson to all in authority and required reading at the Foreign Office.

Breezily told is *The Sea My Steed* (Hale, 18s.) which covers Captain

Very handy for the pocket are the six parts at 2s. 6d. each of *The Modern Car Easy Guide Series* from Temple Press Books. Well illustrated, they give full details of car maintenance and repair, and if you prefer them in one volume, the cost is 10s. 6d. Recommended for the owner-driver.

Donald Sorrell's life from a wind-jammer to the bridge of the *Queen Mary*.

There is handsome tribute to British courage in *The Sky Suspended* (Secker and Warburg, 16s.) in which U.S. newspaperman Drew Middleton recalls the Battle of Britain.

Do you dislike lifts? The claustrophobic will find *Subsunk* by Captain W. O. Shelford, RN (Harrap, 18s.) a curiously compelling account of submarine disasters and underwater escape. From 781 German submarines sunk, only 12 escapes were reported, so the problem is difficult indeed.

It is not often that a barrister writes a really gripping book. He is inclined to humour rather than drama, but *Most of My Murders* by John Parris (Muller, 18s.) is written from the standpoint of counsel in the courtroom and is therefore fascinating. The 11 trials described include that of Craig and Bentley.

AN outstanding record of achievement is *Herbert Morrison* (Odams, 30s.), the autobiography of the great Labour leader who, perhaps more than any other, could bring humanity and humour to his politics. Here is a fascinating account of Labour's rise to power, of the war days and much else spiced by inside stories of the rivalries and jealousies that are, alas, inevitable in human nature.

Many will regret Herbert's grudge against Clement Attlee over the succession to the leadership. For every student of our times, however, this book is a must.

Another very readable autobiography is *Journey to Nowhere* by Hubert Phillips (MacGibbon and Kee, 30s.) which tells of school life in Somerset, halcyon days at Oxford earned by scholarship, and the first world war. A sequel must surely follow.

How can I become an author? Many people ask me that question and *Call It Experience* by best-seller Erskine Caldwell (Heinemann, 15s.) supplies the answer—perseverance. For years he wrote short stories that always came back. Then a few encouraging notes came with them and, finally, an acceptance. An interesting picture of American literary life.

Rich enchantment comes in two handsome specimens of book production. First is *Ring of Bright Water* by Gavin Maxwell (Longmans, 25s.) a story of away-from-it-all days in the Highlands, where the author watches his pet otter, lovingly studies the countryside and its people, and makes occasional excursions to so-called "civilisation."

Second is *Summer Saga* by Robin Bryans (Faber, 21s.), telling with similar understanding of a journey through Iceland—a land of great contrasts, most of them outside our normal comprehension.

Strange was the circle of nineteenth century poets who are described in *A Study in Yellow* by Katherine Lyon



American campus life is brilliantly studied in *The Golden Youth of Lee Prince* by Aubrey Goodman (Methuen, 18s.) with its background of prep school and Yale. Lee has everything material, yet everything to learn. There is a touch of J. P. Marquand about Mr. Goodman's easy style.

What happens when you write a best seller? The hero of *A Number of Things* by Honor Tracy (Methuen, 15s.) did so and found himself investigating the Caribbean on behalf of a magazine. Miss Tracy brings many chuckles to his experiences among the British abroad.

Afghanistan is the setting for *Some Kind of Grace* by Robin Jenkins (Macdonald, 15s.) and the novel gains from the author's knowledge of the terrain. John McLeod wants to search for two missing friends but finds officialdom vague and concealing.

I am happy to recommend an intriguing collection of short stories in *Kiss Kiss* by Roald Dahl (Michael Joseph, 15s.) despite the silly title. Ex-fighter pilot Dahl is 44 and sells a lot of his work in America. His countryside stories recall the young H. E. Bates, but he can bring in a touch of the macabre, too.

Two romances are *They Met as Strangers* by Joan Frances and *Prelude to Enchantment* by Mavis Heath-Miller, (both Herbert Jenkins at 10s. 6d.). *Guns Blaze at Noon* is a Western by Arthur Nickson (Jenkins, 8s. 6d.).

Film fans—and there are still plenty—will welcome *Picturegoer Annual for 1960-61* (Odams, 12s. 6d.) because there are some really lavish illustrations and it is packed with behind-the-scenes stories of filming and the stars.

The boom on the roads makes *Mopeds and Scooters* by F. L. Farr (Faber, 15s.) a useful and thorough handbook for all who are taking to two mechanised wheels. Advice on choosing a machine and maintenance are features.

Christmas is a Time for Sharing

THE Three Wise Men of the East were resolute, followed their star, and found wonder in a stable. We could not do better than try to emulate their kind of selflessness, especially at Christmastime.

I know you can already feel that certain magic in the air if you stop a minute to let it surround you. It is the special and unique looking-forward to something which means Christmas.

The fun in decorating your home and the mounting excitement of the young children... the sparkle in their innocent eyes which says that the world is a lovely place with laughter and fun round every corner! Who would want to damp it down? Let troubles go into the dark cupboard under the stairs. They may even sort themselves out if left alone for a while.

When you start thinking of Christmas parties, don't forget the very old people you know. Some of them will say they will "be glad when it's all over," perhaps secretly upset that they are now too old to enjoy the fun. Don't believe them. Even those who refuse your invitation will feel better for having been asked.

If you can lay on transport for them on the day, it is a really generous good-fairy way of saying you really want them.

When the party gets a little hectic, a foursome at whilst in the quiet of the dining-room will be accepted by the old folk and even forty winks in a corner won't be turned down!

If they just won't come, don't forget

Says
**IRIS
EMMITT**



that a Christmas card or a small gift will turn their Christmas into a real joy; even cantankerous Auntie Edie will not be so peppery if she is fussed over a bit. I know this often results in a lecture about "those flimsy stockings; u've got on"—but as its Christmas just let it slide off your shoulders.

Uncle Robert will want to recite his everlasting poetry. He will protest by saying no one wants to hear him—but you know he is fairly itching to take the centre stage. His happiness is very important on Christmas day. His Oscar is your understanding kindness.

The toddlers should be tucked into bed at their usual time. Christmas is a bewildering and tiring experience for them until they are a little older.

Your neighbours will appreciate a card—even if your dog has driven their cat half-crazy all the year!

For you and your family it will be a real Christmas sharing what you have with others.

Don't forget Mum—that wizard of all things in the kitchen. And father, who pays the bills with fortitude and hardly a grumble—see that his chair is available for him.

Try not to get berserk when you see your home being used like a railway station. How wretched and useless a station is with no trains and no people!

And, as Tiny Tim said, "God bless us every one."

PAPERBACK PARADE

HEARTY congratulations to Sir Allen Lane's PENGUIN BOOKS, pioneers of paperbacks, on their recent 25th birthday. They celebrate with 25 titles of which I put *Reader's Guide* at 5s. first. This is a planned syllabus of reading, from art to sociology, and includes fiction. It lists 1,800 essential books that you should know.

Other "anniversary" books include *The Organisation Man*, William Whyte's clever comment on big business employees, and *The Crossing of Antarctica* by Fuchs and Hillary. A real scoop is the first volume of Churchill's war memoirs, *The Gathering Storm*, at 7s. 6d.

Two fine novels by women are *The Sandcastle* by Iris Murdoch and *The Habit of Loving* by Doris Lessing.

Among other recent issues are two novels by D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love* and *England, My England*. Francis Parkinson Keyes' novel *Joy Street* is set in Boston, and *The Three Taps* by Ronald Knox is a detective story.

A work for the serious artist is *Preparation for Painting* by Lynton Lamb which discusses ethics as well as the practical side. *Why Evil?* by the Rev. John James is a PELICAN. For youngsters there is *Eleanor Farjeon's Book*, a new PUFFIN.

Timely is the latest PAN Giant, *The Promise of Nigeria* by Sam Epelle, the story of a great African nation, while *The Millionth Chance* is James Leasor's account of the R101 airship disaster. Other Pans include *Memoirs of a Tat-toolist* by George Burchett, *Seven Years Solitary*, in which Dr. Edith Bone learnt the folly of Communism the hard

way, and three novels—*The Sure Hand of God* by Erskine Caldwell, *Young Love*, an outspoken Danish story by Johannes Allen, and *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* by Willard Motely.

Stalingrad by Heinz Schroter is a dramatic and terrible story told by a German soldier. *Crime of Passion* by Derick Goodman relates eight notorious French cases, mostly murders by women, and *The Untouchables* by Eliot Ness and Oscar Fraley tells how Ness led the police force that destroyed Al Capone's empire.

Dr. Joseph Maguire was ship's doctor on the *Queen Elizabeth* and tells his story in *The Sea My Surgery*. Three thrillers are *The Case of the Lucky Legs* and *The Case of the Velvet Claw*, both by Erle Stanley Gardner, and *Trouble in West Two* by Kevin Fitzgerald.

Two novels of post-war days with wartime aftermaths are *The Undeclared* by I. A. R. Wylie and *Forever Tomorrow* by Anne Duffield.

FROM A Country Hilltop

IFIRST knew John when I moved to a coastal town from my hilltop—"commuted" is perhaps a better word. The idea of a cottage—with electric light, hot water, a new kitchen, and space in which to walk about after the caravan—had come suddenly; but it was almost two years before we moved in.

During those years we were involved in alterations, and we had to take away sacks, pails, and two-handed galvanised baths filled with rubble. The ground floors were dug out and relaid with water-repellent concrete. The old plaster—much of it loam—was hacked off the walls, and we refaced the stone with the same waterproof material we had used for the floors. Later we skimmed it with pink plaster. We took away about six tons of stuff, carrying it in our car to the field for scattering around.

It was a grimy business, wheeling down sacks and pieces of rock to the car, and when we had finished, we usually dropped into the local pub. There we saw John.

HE was a lonely man, with a wife with whom he regularly corresponded, he said, but had not seen for 35 years. He had served throughout the 1914-18 war, and lived on a monthly pension. This he regarded as capital for speculation. I used to see him pouring over the "form" of horses in newspapers, using an eyeglass to read the small print. Telegrams followed to Glasgow, thus, I learned, keeping within the Betting Laws.

When his "deals" didn't go too well, John would ask the barmaid to keep the rest of his pension money for him. He lived in a basement room which was like a dug-out, in one of the seedier boarding-houses which had not been repainted since 1939. He bought bread and cheese, and this, too, was kept for him by the barmaid. His main food appeared to be beer. Not that he was ever even slightly under the influence. He lived abstemiously, and it was always mild beer.

He told me about fishing from the rocks. Later, after the winter, we



arranged to go together. He told me about his book, which he said proved that the earth was standing still in space. It had been published by the local press for

him, but copies were now rare. Many summer visitors had read the book, he told me, including some scientists from Oxford and Cambridge. Not one had been able to refute his theory.

"Of course the earth isn't flying through space at 11,000 miles a minute! Look at that row of glass pint pots hanging over the bar? Why even at 100 miles an hour they'd be flyin' off." He pointed to the rocky hills above the harbour. "Wouldn't those come crashin' down? Of course they would! Not one reader has ever been able to contradict my book! And why? Two learned university dons who were stayin' here last summer said, 'Very interesting. If that was accepted, everything in the world, including the financial system, would go haywire. So keep it dark'."

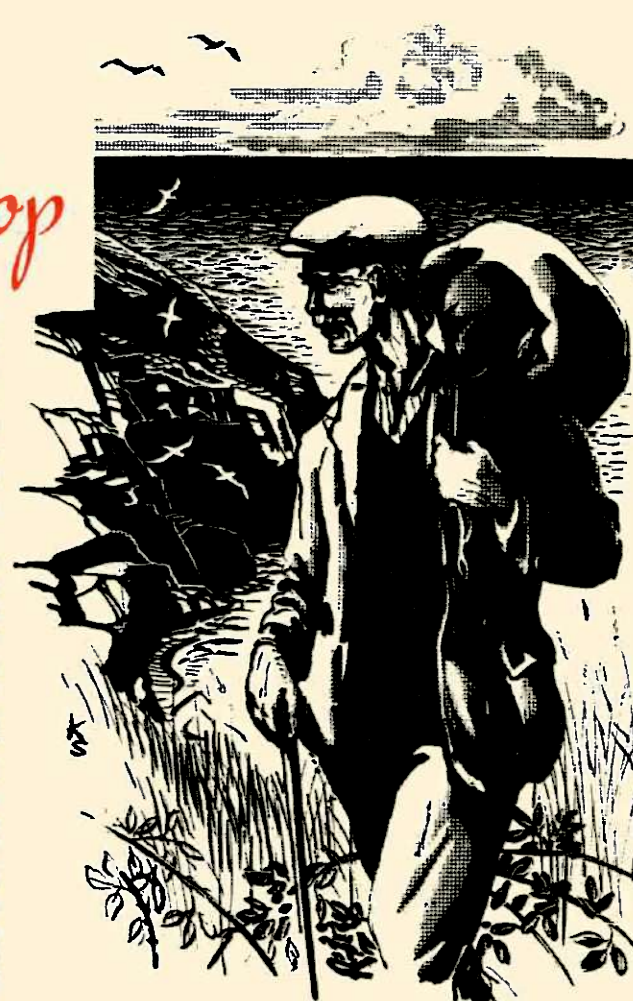
"**I**T'S a conspiracy," he went on. "They all know the earth is not whirling round the sun. But look at the

upset if every school book and scientific treatise had to be re-written! Think of the paper shortage! And the Stock Exchange repercussions! The Government would fall!"

He screwed in his eyeglass, to study the form at Doncaster. "My book is taboo. I quite understand. I don't want to upset anybody. Live and let live is my motto."

As the spring advanced, he began to talk of nylon thread lines, plastic baits, a new rod. By that time I was deep in writing a book, and the cottage was neglected.

I next saw John in August. He was full of talk of the mushrooms he had gathered. He loved being in the open, and wandered for miles. The farmers all knew him as being honest and straight, for he was a tall, distinguished figure of



a soldier, who would make a fine film actor, simply by being his reserved self.

Then a blow—the boarding house was sold, and John had to get out. Might he have the basement in my cottage? I explained that it was now a new electric kitchen, all white and flood-lit. "I understand," he said.

He disappeared from the local, and rumour said he was lodging in some upland farm. John had never joined the Welfare State. He had never registered.

Was he afraid of losing his freedom one day, of being put in an old folks' home? He was still hale, with years to go, but men, like motor cars, wear out.

THE rocks where he used to fish, and make money by selling his catches, saw him no more. I missed him. My cottage was in order, clean, dry, light, and pleasant to be in. I motored every day the seven miles to my hut, to work.

Early one morning I saw a figure in the lane in front of my headlights. It was John. Kitbag on shoulder, he was walking to Scotland, he told me. He felt he couldn't go on as he had been. He was going home—to the wife he hadn't seen for 35 years.

By **HENRY
WILLIAMSON**

ah! success



SHORTEX for sure!

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



Made with SHORTEX your cakes and pastries always turn out wonderfully well. A superfine shortening through and through, all-purpose SHORTEX is ideal for home baking and cooking because it's ready-creamed and so easy to use. Your cakes and fancies will be really delicious—your short pastry shorter—made best of all with SHORTEX!



FROM CO-OPERATIVE STORES

Let's Plan your Christmas in the Kitchen!

Christmas fare changes little from year to year, but as it is eaten only once a year, we never seem to tire of it. If you do as much as possible on Christmas Eve, the Christmas morning cookery should be a carefree affair.

ROAST TURKEY (Directions for a 12 lb. bird): Wash the turkey and dry well. Stuff the neck and body with suitable stuffings and skewer or sew neatly. Put the turkey on a rack in a roasting tin, brush with Shortex, and cover the breast with slices of fatty bacon. Cover with greaseproof paper or aluminium foil.

To ensure that the turkey is tender with the minimum attention, slow roasting is recommended. It is not advisable to completely enclose the turkey when using the slow method.

Table for slow roasting, Mark 2 (325°F.).

Under 14 lb.: 20 minutes per lb. + 30 minutes over.

Over 14 lb.: 15-18 minutes per lb. + 15 minutes over.

Table for normal roasting, Mark 7 (425°F.).

Under 14 lb.: 15 minutes per lb. + 15 minutes over.

Over 14 lb.: 10 minutes per lb. + 10 minutes over.

BRAZIL NUT STUFFING: 2½ oz. Avondale butter or Gold Seal margarine, 1 large onion, 8 oz. fresh white breadcrumbs, 6 oz. Brazil nuts (roughly chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE

parsley, ½ teaspoon CWS thyme, salt and pepper, 1 large or 2 small eggs.

Fry the finely chopped onions in the melted butter until golden brown. Stir in the remaining dry ingredients. Mix to a fairly soft consistency with the egg. Season to taste and use to stuff either end of the turkey.

CHESTNUT STUFFING:

½ lb. peeled chestnuts, milk, 3 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 1 large grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1½ oz. melted butter, 1 beaten egg, seasoning.

Cook the chestnuts in a little milk until tender. Drain and sieve and mix into the breadcrumbs, parsley, grated onion, butter, and beaten egg. Season to taste. Mix to a satisfactory consistency with a little milk from the chestnuts.

GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL:

half grapefruit per person, 2 tangerines, 2 bananas, sugar (preferably castor).

Cut the grapefruit in half, carefully scoop out the flesh and remove the pips and membranes. Skin the tangerines and force the pulp through a sieve.

Slice the bananas very thinly and mix all the fruit together. Sprinkle liberally with sugar and leave to stand in a cold place. Pile back into the grapefruit cases. Serve decorated with a small piece of cherry.

POTATO CROQUETTES:

1 lb. potatoes, 1-2 egg yolks, ½ oz. Avondale butter, salt, pepper, and pinch nutmeg, Shortex for frying.

For coating: 1 egg, 1 tablespoon Federation or Excelsa plain flour, 1 dessertspoon water (these ingredients should be mixed together), breadcrumbs.

Boil the peeled potatoes, drain well and dry. Sieve and add the egg yolks, butter, and season to taste with the salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Spread on a plate and mark into equal sections. Allow to go cold.

Form into cork shapes, roll in the

TIME TABLE

Christmas Eve

Prepare the stuffings; stuff and truss the turkey; make the mince pies; prepare vegetables; examine crockery, cutlery, and table linen, lay table and cover; prepare brandy or rum butter; make breadcrumbs for bread sauce.

Christmas Day

8-20 a.m. Light oven.
8-30 a.m. Put in turkey, baste fairly often.
9-30 a.m. Prepare grapefruit cocktail.
10-00 a.m. Put pudding on to steam.
10-30 a.m. Stuff tomatoes, cook potatoes and prepare croquettes. Make bacon rolls; infuse milk for bread sauce.
12-00 noon Put potatoes on for soufflé.
12-20 p.m. Put carrots on to cook. Bake stuffed tomatoes.
12-35 p.m. Put sprouts on to cook.
12-40 p.m. Prepare gravy; grill bacon rolls; fry croquettes; finish bread sauce.
12-55 p.m. Dish turkey and vegetables, keep hot.
1-00 p.m. Serve first course of meal.

coating mixture, then the crumbs. Reshape and fry in hot deep Shortex.

POTATO SOUFFLÉ: 1 lb.

potatoes, 2 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 2 tablespoons cream (or top of the milk), 2 egg yolks, 2 egg whites, salt and pepper. Boil the peeled potatoes, drain well and dry. Sieve and add the melted Gold Seal, cream, and egg yolks. Season to taste. Whisk the egg whites until stiff, fold into the potato mixture and put into a greased soufflé dish. Bake approximately 30 minutes, Mark 4 (350°F.).

SAUSAGE-FILLED TOMATOES:

1 large tomato per person, 1 sausage per person, pinch mixed herbs, 1 egg, seasoning, 1 tablespoon fresh breadcrumbs.

Cut a slice off the flower end of the tomato and scoop out the centre. Mix centre with the skinned sausage, herbs, breadcrumbs, seasoning and blend in the egg. Fill the tomatoes and bake 15-20 minutes, Mark 6 (400°F.).





W. E. SHEVELL-COOPER WRITES FOR GARDENERS

Peep into My Post-bag

MANY letters of inquiry come to the International Horticultural Advisory Bureau of which I am a Director. Most mornings there are parcels of weeds or diseased plants, sometimes quantities of earth, which inquirers want analysed. I thought it would be a good idea to deal this month with some recent questions, which may prove helpful to other gardeners.

One lady is worried because her lilacs flower badly; what can she do? Poor flowering is usually due to overcrowding of the branches. A neglected lilac tree should be attended to now, when it is easy to see the most crowded main branches; some of these should be cut out entirely. Twiggy branches and very thin wood should be removed, retaining only the strongest on the previous summer's growth. The flowering next season may not be much affected, but this treatment will ensure that nourishment goes to the best shoots next spring and summer, and the 1962 flower buds will be properly formed.

A MIDDLESEX reader asks about the use of common salt. He wants to know if all the stories circulating about it are true. Salt attracts moisture; when used on sandy soils it does prevent them from being droughty. It is sometimes employed on paths as a weed killer and some gardeners use it on the ground between crops—but this is quite wrong.

In the first place, common salt causes some chemical reaction in the soil. It will cause the calcium in a clay soil to be

exchanged for sodium with the result that the clayland becomes much more difficult to cultivate and will hold water more tenaciously. Land treated with salt is invariably stickier when wet and harder when dry. Salt may easily destroy the good tilth of the ground and make it difficult to prepare a good seed bed in the spring.

There is no doubt salt helps in the release of potash in the soil and helps to create the alkalinity which discourages diseases like club root. Those who have had good results against this particular organism by using salt, have done so undoubtedly because (a) the plants have benefited by a little extra potash, and (b) much of the acidity has been destroyed.

Growing Exhibition Onions

ANOTHER correspondent asks: "Could I grow onions three or four pounds in weight in my garden, and if so, how?" The answer is: yes, if you are prepared to take the trouble.

Sow the seed under glass about the first week in January in the new Eclipse No-Soil potting compost, obtainable from the CWS Seeds Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby. The compost should be put into boxes with good drainage holes at the bottom and pressed level to within half an inch of the top of the box. A smooth board known as a "presser" may be used for this purpose.

Distribute the seeds evenly about three-quarters of an inch apart; the largest and plumpest ones give the best results. Sift a little of the compost over the seed, and press down evenly. Water

Those who argue from these results that lime and salt should be used together for club root control do not know what they are suggesting; as a result of such a practice compounds would arise which are poisonous.

The chlorine and chlorides produced are not tolerated, especially in large quantities, by all plants. The brassica family, seakale, asparagus, beetroot, seakale spinach and the like, will grow in salted soils, but this does not mean to say that they ask for applications of salt. It just means that they will grow satisfactorily in soils to which salt has been applied. Other crops will not.

through the fine rose of a can and place the boxes in the greenhouse at a temperature of 50 to 60 F. Cover with a piece of plain glass and a sheet of brown paper. Remove the glass every day and wipe clean of moisture; it may be taken off altogether the moment the seedlings appear.

When the plants are one and a half inches high prick out into other boxes or, better still, into three-inch pots, using No-Soil potting compost No. 1. When transplanting the seedlings take care to disturb the roots as little as possible and see that they go down to their full length.

A wooden skewer makes a useful dibber for this purpose. In boxes the seedlings should be one and a half inches apart. The base of the plants must not be buried. Once more give them a good watering.

During the next few weeks, in addition to water the soil may need, light syringings overhead during the day may be beneficial.

Grow the plants on slowly in boxes and harden off and plant out where they are to grow in April.

The ground must be dug deeply in the autumn and farmyard manure or well-rotted compost incorporated at two bucketsful to the square yard. In addition a good fish manure with ten per cent potash content should be given later in the spring.



Can anyone grow exhibition onions? Yes, says our contributor, if they're prepared to take pains.

Revolution in Sound!

TRANSISTORS are the latest development in Radio and TV. DAVID ROWLANDS explains what they are and how these "mighty midgets" can be applied elsewhere—in the garden, on board ship, and in the hospital

YOU won't find "transistor" in every dictionary yet, but it is rapidly qualifying as a household word. The transistor is the mighty midget behind the latest astonishing developments in radio and television sets which replaces the use of valves.

It is responsible for those tiny portable radios which can be carried anywhere and give such surprisingly good reception.

These transistors, by their small size, high reliability, and very low power requirements, have revolutionised portable radio sets, tape recorders, record players, and car radios. The transistorised TV set is not yet a commercial proposition, but experts tell us it is technically possible—in fact experimental models have already been built.

The transistor's contribution to compactness may be judged by the fact that types in large-scale production for deaf aids measure only four millimetres long by three millimetres diameter—smaller than the average match head!

The transistor used by the radio and television industry, including those incorporated in the well-known Defiant sets, looks so compact and simple—a quarter-inch tube of plastic or metal with three wires attached—that it is difficult to realise the problems the manufacturers have to face. Its use has meant the introduction of laboratory techniques even on the factory floor.

During part of the process the material used, germanium or silicon, has to be treated so that it has less than one part in a 100-million impurity. Translated into human statistics, this means that in the population of the British Isles, every-

body would have to be completely fit. Even if only one person went sick, the "purity factor" of the population would be lower than that required in the materials used for the manufacture of transistors!

To those of us old enough to remember the early experiments with radio, it is specially interesting to learn that the transistor is a relative—even if several times removed—of the old crystal and cat's whisker used in radio receivers nearly 40 years ago.

However, the working of the crystal and cat's whisker was not properly understood until 1940, long after it first came into use. But the theory of how it works is similar to that of the transistor.

If you want to be technical, it all depends on the movement of electrons in a crystal. With a very small control current the electron flow is magnified.

Chimney soot forms the basis of germanium, one of the most widely used transistor materials. It has to go through a score of processes before it is formed into a pure crystal. Then it has to be cut and "diced" into minute pieces to which the even smaller electrons have to be fused. On so minute a scale are these technical marvels, that in the final assembly, a microscope has to be used for the operator to solder on the delicate wires.

Applications of the transistor extend almost daily. They are widely used in aircraft electronic gear; a new transistorised airborne search radar was featured at this year's Farnborough Air Show.

A homelier application makes the gardener's boy superfluous by attending to the watering of plants in the greenhouse. The equipment takes constant measurements of the humidity of the soil into which seedlings have been planted. As soon as the soil reaches a certain degree of dryness, the apparatus causes it to be watered.

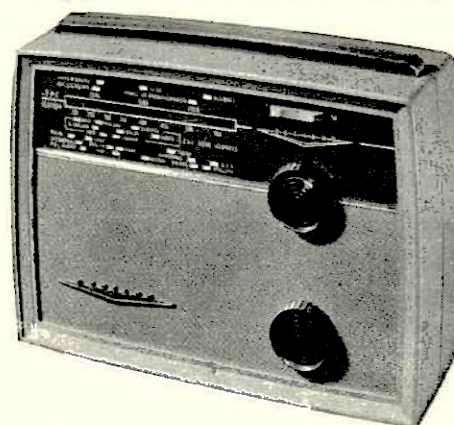
Transistorised gear helps the sailor, too. There is an auto-mariner which



keeps a ship on course, taking into account tide and winds. There is also direction-finding equipment, an echosounder which measures the depth of water under a ship or looks for shoals of fish, and radio communications equipment, all worked by transistors needing very little battery power.

And that important new factor in our lives, the modern computer, is now almost completely transistorised. A computer which, when built round the conventional thermionic valves, would have filled an average sized suburban house, can now be contained in the space occupied by a large filing cabinet and an office desk.

The transistor is, in fact, invading many fields. They include medical electronics, in an electro-cardiograph that can study the operation of a suspect heart, and the laboratory and workshop where an automatic frequency measuring device can count at a speed of 10 million a second.



A handsome transistor portable radio, one of the latest models in the Defiant range.



"And with this carpentry set we give a special do-it-yourself first aid outfit."

FOR BOYS and GIRLS

COMPETITION
 THIS is your chance to win for yourself a bumper parcel of delicious sweets from the CWS Confectionery Works at Reddish. For this month's competition, the Editor would like you to write and tell him:
WHAT I LIKE ABOUT CHRISTMAS
 The prizes will go to the writers of the best letter in each of the two age groups—those under nine, and those who are nine and over. Remember:
 1. The letter must not be more than 300 words long and be entirely your own work.
 2. Neatness and spelling will also be taken into consideration.
 3. Write your full name, age, and address on your entry.
 4. Post your entry to:
 The Editor, Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.
 Closing date for entries is January 4, 1961.

LOCcollector
 A FINNISH businessman has a strange hobby. He collects railway engines and now has 11 in his collection.



Yum, yum
 WHAT a tasty audition this is, actor Ruxton Hayward is probably saying as he eats those ice buns. He was one of the people auditioned recently to play Billy Bunter in "Billy Bunter's Swiss Roll" which is due to open for the Christmas season at the Victoria Palace Theatre, London, this month.
 Of course, Billy Bunter didn't have a beard, so if Mr. Hayward got the part, he would have quite a bit of shaving to do!

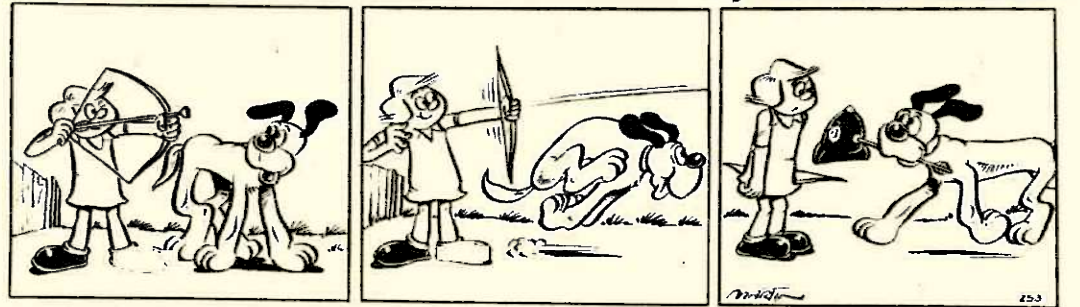
Jackie says 'thank you'

THE other day the Editor was pleased to receive a letter from one of the prize-winners in our August competition. She is 14-years-old Jacqueline Jennings of Catherine Street, Aston, Birmingham, 6, and she wrote:
 "I was most surprised and excited when I opened the parcel, and it was hard to believe that I had won at first."
 "I showed Miss Plant, the headmistress of Manor Park, the school I go to, and she congratulated me, along with all the other teachers and my friends."
 How polite of Jackie to write and tell the Editor, wasn't it?
 Your friend, BILL.

OCTOBER COMPETITION WINNERS
 Stanley B. Sudworth,
 41 Clifton Road,
 Bryn, Nr. Wigan, Lancs.
 Ann Parsons,
 12 Hilly Park,
 Norton Fitzwarren, Taunton,
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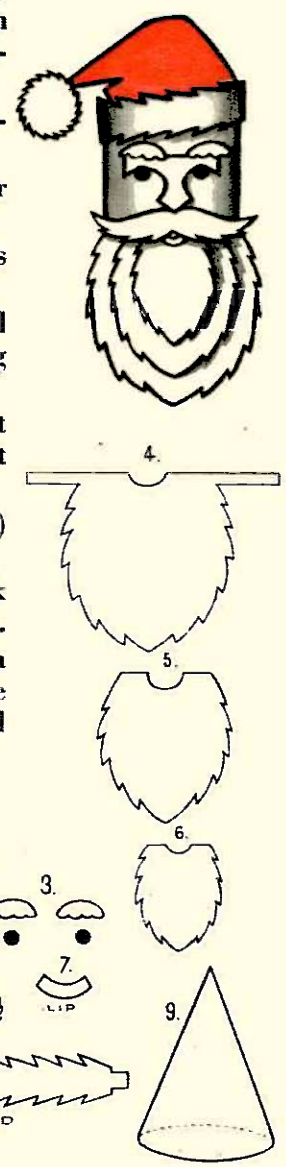
PENNY and BOB



MAKE IT YOURSELF

A Novel Father Christmas

Here's an easy and novel way to make a Father Christmas in paper or cardboard. The instructions are easy to follow.
 Make a cylinder of card (corrugated cardboard will do).
 Fasten with gum or paper clips.
 Cut out the various features to size.
 Secure in the numbered sequence as indicated, using gum.
 When fastening beard put large piece on first, securing at back of cylinder.
 Lay other pieces (5 and 6) over this to give fullness.
 Make cone for cap, put kink in to make it flop over naturally.
 This can be left white, but a better effect is obtained if the cylinder is painted pink, and hat and lips red.
 This can be made any size.



By GEORGE MARTIN

TYSELEY TOYS

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CO-OP CHOIR WINS AGAIN

Congratulations

OUR Tamworth Co-operative Choir continued its winning ways at the Midland Co-operative Choral Festival held at Leicester on October 15, when they retained the premier award of the festival—the Ald. T. H. Sutton Memorial Trophy. They gained a total of 62 points against the next nearest competing society, which gained 28 points.

Points are awarded to competitors from the different societies according to how they fare in the different classes in the festival. The premier trophy is awarded to the society which gains the most points.

Our excellent choir went all out to win, and like members of other groups, entered as many classes as possible. As the results proved, the choir did well. Under their conductor, Mr. A. Knight, who has recovered from his recent, long illness, we wish continued good health.

The choir sang magnificently as a mixed choir, and then split up into two sections to sing as a ladies' choir and a male choir. To Mr. Knight and the members of the choir, our congratulations.

SUCCESSSES

The successes of the choir and its members are listed as follows :—



Tamworth Co-operative Choir. Midland Co-operative Choral Festival winners
Leicester, October 15, 1960

- First prize mixed voice choirs.
- First prize male voice choirs.
- First prize tenor solo, George Sindall.
- First prize bass solo, Bernard Finney.
- First prize, soprano solo, Patricia Fairbairn.
- First prize contralto solo, Doreen Davis.
- First prize men's challenge solo, Bernard Finney.
- Second prize ladies' choirs.
- Second prize ladies' challenge solo, Doreen Davis.

- Second prize tenor solo, Eric Hatton.
- Third prize ladies' challenge solo, Beryl Cutler.
- Third prize duets, Doreen Davis and Bernard Finney.
- The choir meets each week in the Assembly Hall, Colehill (above the general offices), on Tuesdays evenings at 7-30. Mr. Knight is always pleased to welcome new members. So, if you would like to join, contact him when the choir meets, or write to him at 7, Jonkel Avenue, Wilnecote, Tamworth.

Soon it will be Christmas Day, and to all our fellow members and co-operators everywhere, we wish them everything that they would wish themselves—above all, Health and Happiness.

New CWS President

Mr. L. COOKE, O.B.E., J.P.

A FORMER junior clerk, earning 7s. 6d. a week with Salisbury Co-operative Society, has been elected president of the £467 million-a-year Co-operative Wholesale Society. He is Mr. Leonard Cooke, O.B.E., J.P., one of the Co-operative Movement's foremost financial experts.

Mr. Cooke became one of the youngest ever CWS directors in 1938 when he was 36—the reward of a tremendous enthusiasm for the Movement, which dates back to part-time employment as an office boy with Salisbury Society when he was still at school.

Some measure of his success since those days is indicated by the fact that his principal appointments now include membership of the boards of the Co-operative Insurance Society, which has a premium income of £48 million; the Agricultural Finance Federation Limited, which is a joint company run by the CWS and agricultural Co-operative societies; and the central executive of the Co-operative Union, policy-making body of the Co-operative Movement.

CO-OP FAMILY

Since 1949 he has been chairman of the CWS Finance Committee.

which, among other things, controls the CWS Bank, with assets of £176 million.

Mr. Cooke, who is 59, was born at Ellesmere Port, Cheshire. He comes from a Co-operative family, his father being one of the founders of the Ellesmere Port Society in 1899.

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The optimist has his glass half full, the pessimist has his half empty.
—English Proverb.

Diamond Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, 382, Main Road, Amington.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Wileman, 1, The Green, Kingsbury, October 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazel, Warton, October 3.

OBITUARY

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

James Johnson	Hopwas	September 11.
Violet Bond	Polesworth	September 15.
Karen Mary Spicer	Mile Oak	September 15.
Walter Vincent Carney	Amington	September 18.
George Stanley Wood	Glascote	September 19.
Alice Walker	Late of Amington	September 22.
John Osborne Tarver	Middleton	September 23.
Mary Ann Meads	Dordon	September 24.
Susannah Gould	Tamworth	September 29.
Eleanor Ann Thawley	Wilnecote	September 29.
Mary Garland	Middleton	September 29.
Frances May Whale	Amington	October 1.
Robert Bowman	No Mans Heath	October 8.
John Thomas Wilson	Glascote	October 11.
Maud Ellen Forrester	Nether Whitacre	October 11.
Hannah Martin	Kingsbury	October 12.
Ellen Bridgewater	Tamworth	October 13.
Sarah Ann Wilton	Newton Regis	October 14.
Decimus Dickin	Edingale	October 16.
Charlotte White	Kingsbury	October 18.
Richard Banks	Glascote	October 19.
Daisy Maud Collis	Dosthill	October 20.
Percival Edgar Slaney	Fazeley	October 21.
Gertrude Clarke	Tamworth	October 24.
Emily Podmore	Bolehall	October 24.
Thomas Dudley	Wood End	October 26.
Stanley Smith	Bolehall	October 26.
Edward Ball	Dosthill	October 29.
Henry Charles Goffin	Bolehall	October 29.



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