

# Home

NOVEMBER 1961

TAMWORTH EDITION

M A G A Z I N E

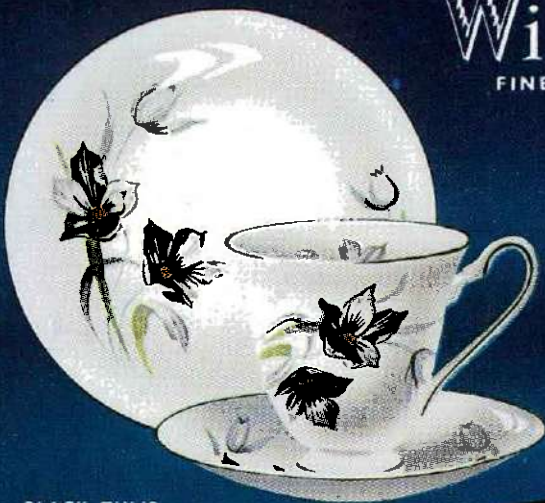


**With my Baby  
in the Bush**

***The Age of the  
E-overcraft***


**Finding Work  
for the over  
Forty-fives**






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# HOME MAGAZINE

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NOVEMBER, 1961 Vol. 66, No. 9

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## FRONT COVER

Trudging home through the winter snow is no joke for elderly Mrs Everywoman. But the bright lights of the Christmas tree outside the village church and the welcoming glow from her own cottage window herald the end of her shopping expedition and the chance to relax in the comfort of home. Soon she will be putting away the groceries she has bought at her village Co-operative store, and enjoying a welcome cuppa made with her favourite Co-op tea.

## Not too old at 40

**O**LD people are younger today! You have only to look around to realise that they have moved with the times just as much as the younger generation.

Most middle-aged folk can well remember the days when their mothers and grandmothers dressed in sober hues, usually black. Life stopped at 50 and old age began. Old ladies walked with sticks and often wore veils. If they wore anything colourful it was confined to a touch of white round the collar.

What a change since then! Grannies dress as brightly as their daughters these days, and a jolly good thing, too. Mothers look just as charming as their offspring and often nearly as young. Statistics, too, show that people are living longer. A brighter outlook on life plus, of course, many far-reaching advances in medicine, is partly responsible.

But as older people keep younger so does the need for finding suitable occupations for them increase. There is nothing more frustrating than to feel unwanted. In this modern world with its full employment and, indeed, its clamour for more and more people to fill a wide variety of jobs, the older person has much to offer the community.

Although the advertisement columns of the papers sometimes admit this with their invitation "age immaterial" there is still in some quarters a reluctance to recognise that "too old at forty" is a very out-dated tag for these times. While



**LIFE ON THE DALY RIVER:** John Polishuk operates the transceiver on which he kept contact with Darwin during the floods described by his wife, Nancy, in next month's instalment of their thrilling story.

people are fit and well the world has much use for them.

That is why this month's HOME MAGAZINE includes an important article on the work of the Over Forty-Fives Association which, in the words of one of its officials, regards a man of 45 as "a mere chicken" and has found work for people as old as 80.

It is an unfortunate aspect of the otherwise excellent pension arrangements which many firms offer today that they frequently do not allow for employment of older people. With everyone now enjoying a State pension when they reach the necessary age, it should not be impossible to find a solution to the problem of individual schemes.

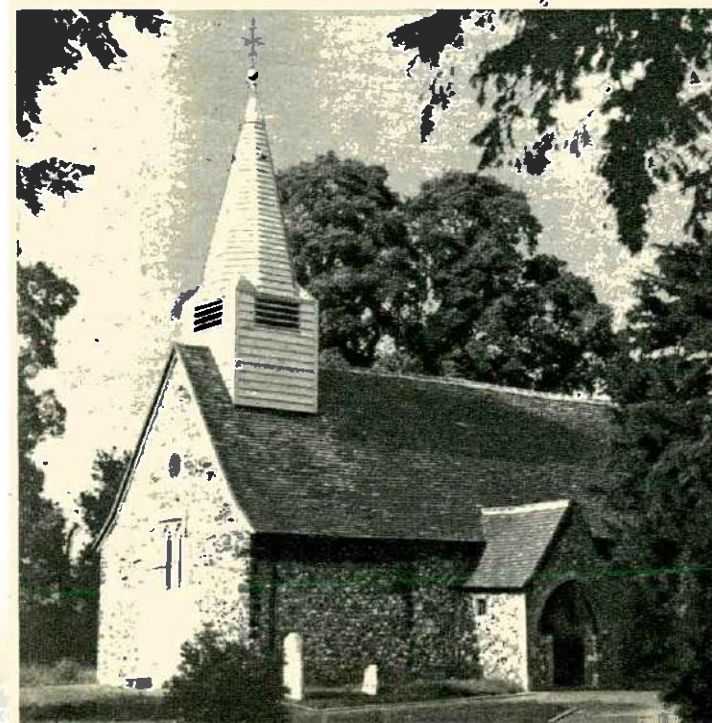
Not only have older people much to offer, they find many benefits themselves in continuing to work, providing their health is good enough. The contact with younger people, the feeling that they are playing a part in the world around them, the interest their work can hold for them—all are valuable aids to a complete and happy life. Those who are in a position to engage staff might well think of these factors when they next fill a position.

Meanwhile HOME MAGAZINE offers you this month its usual rich variety, including Mary Langham's recipes to keep you well ahead in your Christmas preparations.

*The Editor*

## This Britain . . .

An unusual spire is a feature of the Church of St Mary, Wexham. Built in A.D. 1100 by the nearby Wexham Court Priory, and enlarged in A.D. 1200, the church stands now much as it did 700 years ago. Wexham or "Waxham" is Saxon for "sparsely inhabited hamlet." The Communion chalice, dated 1616, was regularly used by Bishop Juxon, who was Rector of Wexham as well as confessor to Charles I, and who was with the King at his execution.





## IVY RUSSELL FINDS A HANDYMAN CAN BE A MENACE IN THE KITCHEN

# Nothing is safe from his busy fingers

I HAVE heard of husbands who ill-treat their wives; of husbands who neglect their wives; I know of others who idolise their wives. In fact, it takes all kinds of husbands to make up a world. But I wonder whether there are many wives who suffer from my own particular grievance. I cannot keep my kitchen utensils safe from my husband's ever-busy fingers!

Quite early in married life I was pulled up with a jerk when I found that my wooden spoon (the one that I always bring out for the annual ceremony of stirring the Christmas pudding) had been used to mix whitewash for the kitchen ceiling. When I remonstrated with my husband about it he looked quite hurt. "After all, it will wash. You mustn't be mean about a little thing like that."

The small, sharp knife I used for the vegetables never looked quite the same after my husband had trimmed the lino

with it. But even that catastrophe paled into insignificance when I saw what had happened to my zinc bucket.

It was a very handy bucket, so useful when boiling hankies or tea-cloths. But by the time it had been used for transporting some damp sand and several bags of cement up and down the garden, it could never be used for indoor jobs again.

Let me say in fairness he was very sweet about it. "I'll buy you another one," he said. He did . . . only it's a plastic bucket which I can't use for boiling anything. However, it's very useful for mixing whitewash and emulsion! My husband says he has never enjoyed carrying such a light bucket up and down ladders before.

THIS steady pilfering has continued over the years, and where it will end I really don't know. The other day the family decided to clean out the fish-pond at the end of the garden, because the weeds had grown so thick, hampering the movement of the inhabitants (one goldfish and two shubunkins).

The first thing to be done was remove the fish, and for this a net was needed. My husband, resourceful as ever, soon made one—with a square of white muslin I had been keeping for jobs of my own! After this the water was bailed out and thrown away, until suddenly an excited shout from the children brought activity to an abrupt halt.

There were other creatures in the water! Eagerly the family peered into the murky depths. Yes, they could see obvious signs of life down below, and now my husband became as eager as the children to discover what was there.

"We'll have to strain the water to make sure nothing slips away," he said. "Go and fetch your mother's colander. That will do the job nicely."

The final census revealed eight baby shubunkins, five newts, and 30 water-snails—a magnificent haul. But somehow I didn't feel like using the colander to strain the greens afterwards!

One more difficulty had to be overcome before the job in the garden was finished. Newts are not considered ideal inhabitants for a fish-pond, and as we are all loth to destroy life unnecessarily it was decided to move them to a stream about a quarter of a mile away.

My son was given the task of transporting them there, but first a container had to be found. The bowl in which they were squirming was too shallow and cumbersome. A jam-jar would be too small.

While the family debated I went upstairs to make the beds, and through the window I saw my son finally set out with his burden. My clever husband had found the ideal vessel for him; the newts were now happily swimming around—in my flour-bin!

I've just had a dreadful thought. This morning I saw him reading an article on mixing one's own paint with pigment and linseed oil. I think I'll go and hide my new egg-whisk. I should hate to lose that, too!

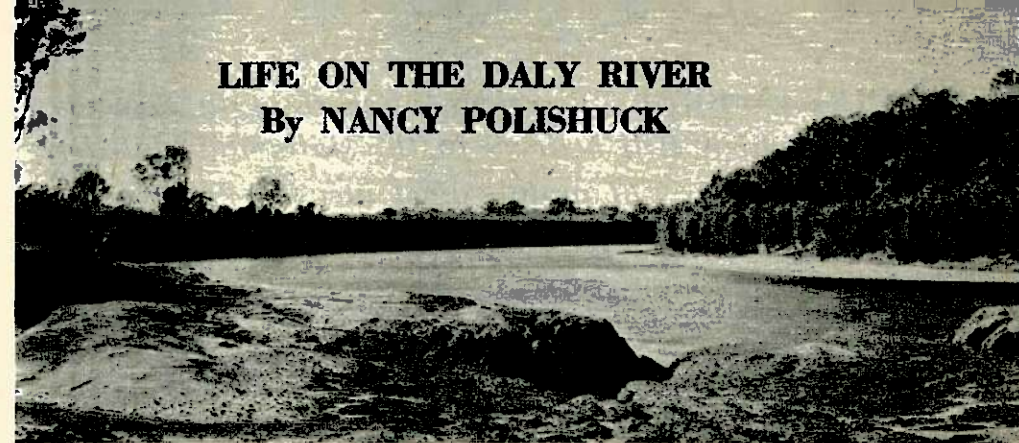


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## LIFE ON THE DALY RIVER

By NANCY POLISHUCK



EVERY day we walked three miles to our block to locate, define, and clear the land, then walked three miles home again at night. When I realised that this was in prospect I wondered who was going to carry Marlene. Six miles a day through virgin bush is far enough for any woman to walk without being loaded with an infant. Besides, we had to take food. Water was no problem; millions of gallons were flowing past us within a few feet.

But what to do with Marlene was solved on the very first day. A Malak

# With my Baby in the Bush

tribeswoman named Judy, an aged but wiry grandmother herself, took charge of her and allowed nobody to interfere. Judy was one of Fitzgerald's housegirls. She took an instant liking to Marlene and carried her along with us, perched high on one shoulder.

Marlene gurgled with delight at travelling as she had seen native piccaninies being carried. After a few days, when boredom set in, she slept most of the way, just like any other piccaninny, her blonde head fallen down, quite unconscious, on Judy's black hair.

The natives, in keeping with their simple traditions, were fascinated by the oddest things. To me, blonde hair was just blonde hair but to them it was a phenomenon. Although we were only 160 miles from Darwin, many of the Malak Malaks acted as though they had never seen a blonde before.

Later, when I caught them surreptitiously fingering and exclaiming over Marlene's platinum curls, I understood. She was, in fact, the first blonde child they had seen.

"Hair all-the-same white silk," I heard Judy explaining to her friends. "No-more like that black string you got."

The adventures of a young Australian mother and her family who went to live on the banks of the remote Daly River in the vast Australian Northland.

They all roared with laughter, and came in to touch it again.

"All-the-same soft fur belong wallaby!"

"All-the-same feather belong chicken!"

"All-the-same hair belong nanny-goat!"

Their similes were greeted with great hilarity until one of them said, profoundly, "All-the-same hair belong him Mumma!"

A chorus of approval. "You-ai! You-ai!" (Yes. Yes. Of course.) Her hair was just like her mother's. Having established that, they didn't refer to it again.

We lived on our capital until April when John thought it was about time we made some money. As we were still building the house, and not yet able to cultivate the land, he had to find other income. The obvious place to look was in the river. For there, mixing it with

crocodiles and sharks which love to eat people, were multitudes of delicious barramundi, which people love to eat.

We had caught enormous fish weighing up to 50 lb., and often used them to vary the diet of lizard, wallaby, and damper. The idea now was that we would catch enough to make it worthwhile freighting them to Darwin for sale.

To put it on a commercial basis we invested several hundred pounds in a deep-freeze unit. Our air service was very irregular, and fish often had to be kept a week or ten days while we waited for the plane. That could only be done with a freezer.

Well, that is not quite true. We were in production for several weeks before it arrived. John employed a few natives to fish with lines, and they began bringing in barramundi immediately.

The problem was to keep them fresh, and the only way to do that without a freezer was to keep them alive. So he built a netting trap in the river, where they swam around until the plane was due. On plane days hundreds of pounds of fish were slaughtered on the river bank, as though we were preparing for a modern-day feast on the Sea of Galilee.

Meanwhile, John had also been appointed postman, which involved delivering the mail from the aerodrome to the settlers scattered along 12 miles of the river bank. And I think it has been in this capacity that he has caused me most worry.

John got the truck out of the bog in April, but the ground was still too wet to move the refrigerator, the washer, and the stove. They stayed there until August while I did plenty of old-fashioned, pioneering housework.



Some of the local aboriginal women nursing their piccaninies. In the background is the airstrip.

NEXT  
MONTH

Snatched from  
death!



**BRYAN BREED describes the work of an Association which still believes in the skills and abilities of middle-aged men.**

**I**T can be tough finding new work, making a fresh start, in middle-age, but gradually one organisation at least is making it easier.

The organisation is the Over Forty-Fives' Association in Kensington, London—a small non-profit-making body in existence purely to find jobs for over forty-fives who are finding it difficult to get employers to accept the fact that they still have many years of good work in them. The Association has a staff of only half-a-dozen, but they are working wonders in the shape of new hope in hundreds of lives.

Mrs H. James, assistant secretary of the Over Forty-Fives Association, told me: "We manage to find jobs for nearly 500 men a year. Most of them were

beginning to feel they were no longer of any use, after first losing their jobs for one reason or another, and then having difficulty finding a new one.

"Strangely enough, for some jobs, especially the less skilled ones like packing or machine work, we have a waiting list of employers who need men badly. Placing them in the more skilled jobs, however, takes a little longer sometimes. Even then, we seldom fail to find them a job."

The Association is no new idea. It was first started just after World War I, but petered out in the 'thirties. In 1945, however, a Major Bath, seeing the dire difficulty that some middle-aged demobbed men were having in finding jobs, revived the Association.

to the complete satisfaction of everybody concerned until he died just recently."

They have also placed a 75 years old man in the share registration department of an office in London at a wage of £16 a week! In fact, although wages depend very much upon the skill of the job, the Association's middle-aged men generally manage to get wages of between £13 and £15 a week.

"Of course, there are those who have managed to earn more," said Mrs James. "One man of 48 had been a representative. He became redundant because of a take-over bid. Nobody seemed to want a middle-aged rep. trying to make a fresh start. When he came to us we found him a small job with a big organisation. He got promoted soon afterwards, and now he's earning a four-figure salary."

This service to over forty-fives costs the men themselves nothing. All costs are met by the normal fees that employers

## Finding Jobs for the over Forty-fives



Major Bath died recently, but his work is being admirably carried on under the leadership of an equally sincere man, Mr C. R. St. John, secretary of the Over Forty-Fives Association. Now there is even a sister organisation for women called the Over Forty Association. Naturally enough in this branch they help mainly professional women—secretaries, accountants, and so on.

The Over Forty-Fives Association find their clients seeking various jobs—from packers to chartered accountants, from messengers to printers, from salesmen to bank clerks.

"The encouraging thing is," smiled Mrs James, "that once we find them employment these men always prove their worth. The proof is that their employers come back again and again for more middle-aged men. They are gradually realising that a middle-aged man invariably takes pride in his work. They are becoming less and less suspicious of us and the age group we're trying to help."

The Association helps anybody over 45, but the average age of the men they've helped is around the 60 mark. Sometimes they're older than that!

"One man of 80 came to us," explained Mrs James. "He had been a very skilled musician, but now he couldn't get work. He could type and do ledger work, and we found him a little job in the City. He worked there for four years

pay to employment agencies who find them workers.

When these "over forty-fives" ask the Association to find them work they are interviewed to find out what they can do, their qualifications and personality. Sometimes the Association already has a job on the files to suit them. At other times, they have to wait until a job to suit them comes along.

After 16 years of experience, the Association gets a constant flow of inquiries and has many contacts with employers. Not surprisingly, most of the over forty-fives they help are very grateful.

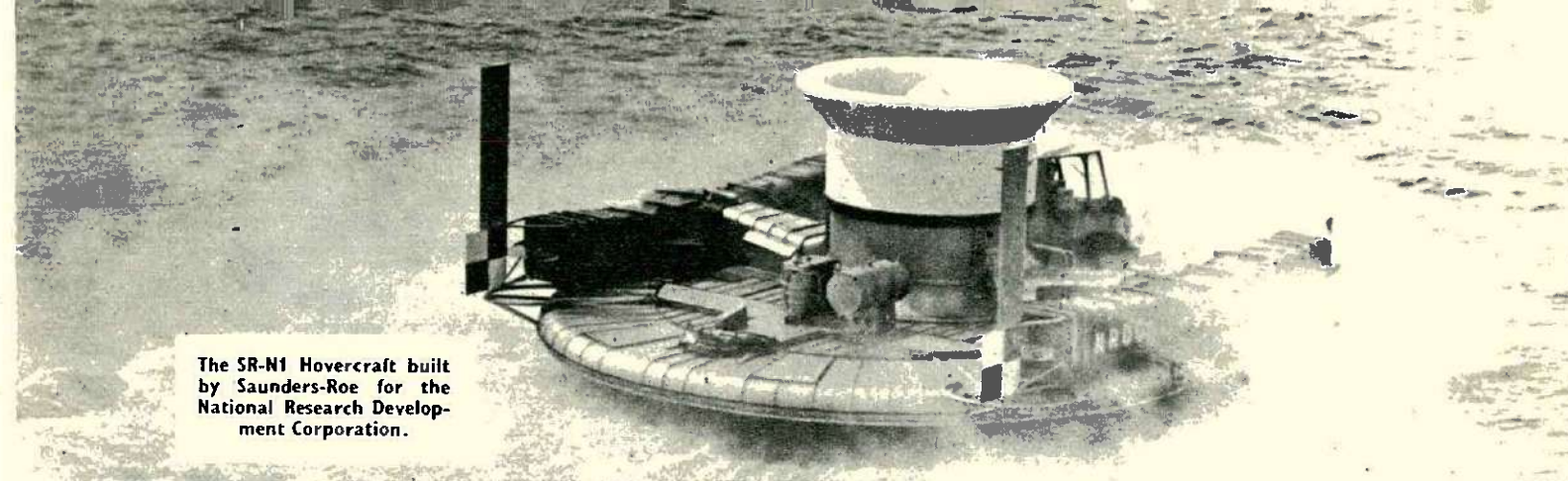
"But now and then," laughed Mrs James, "we do get those who tend to take us rather for granted . . . but we don't mind as long as we can help."

Naturally enough, since they are based in London, nearly 90 per cent of the jobs they find are in the capital. But applications come in from all over the country.

They are always being asked for domestic staff, but on the whole they have to disappoint the inquirers. Not many over forty-fives want to become butlers or cooks! But the Association can always find plenty of chauffeurs.

In a modest kind of way the Over Forty-Fives Association is doing a good job.

They measure their reward in hope, the hope seen in the faces of hundreds of men who were beginning to feel hopeless and unwanted when they still had many useful years ahead!



**I**T came as a surprise to most of us in the summer of 1959 to learn that a strange craft was undergoing trials along the south coast—a craft that was neither car, ship, nor plane, but an entirely new type of vehicle that rode on a cushion of air. Britain's first experimental hovercraft had arrived.

Since 1959 there has been a mushroom-like growth of what is termed air-cushion-riding projects in many parts of the world. Today Britain leads the field in this new and exciting method of transportation. Led by Mr C. S. Cockerell, who discovered the lift principle employed, a number of our leading engineering firms have teamed up under the direction of the National Research and Development Corporation to form a company known as Hovercraft Development Ltd.

Such an organisation enables individual companies and their research teams to concentrate on different applications of the hovercraft principle without any overlapping of effort, while at the same time sharing and drawing upon their combined knowledge and experience.

**T**HE revolutionary feature of the hovercraft is that it can skim above the surface of land or water at a height of only a foot or two. It is supported by, and rides on, a cushion of compressed air generated between its underside and the surface over which it travels.

The forward movement of a ship is hampered by the "drag" of water along its hull; likewise the progress of a wheeled vehicle is retarded by the resistance to the wheels of the road or rail track. A hovercraft, however, riding on a cushion of air, is free of such drag and can travel at high speeds with the minimum of engine power.

The cushion of air beneath a hovercraft must be of sufficient pressure to support the craft above it.

What puzzles many people is how the cushion of air is kept in place, especially when the craft begins to move forward. The answer is that powerful jets of air

## RIDING ON AIR

By Trevor Holloway

directed downwards completely "curtain" the air cushion. Whether the craft is hovering or travelling at a 100 miles an hour or more, the cushion of air cannot escape as long as the powerful air jets enclose it.

What part will the hovercraft play in the fields of passenger and freight transport? At present ships can carry very heavy loads at comparatively low speeds (say 20 knots or so) and there is little possibility they will ever be able to travel much faster for economic and technical reasons. Aircraft, on the other hand, can travel at very high speeds, but only carry light loads. The hovercraft is expected to fill the gap between these two extremes.

The scope of the hovercraft is limited in a highly developed country such as Britain. It could doubtless be used as a fast car and passenger ferry to places such as the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands, and France. We could also expect it to provide a speedy service between towns and ports around our coasts.

It will be in the less developed countries, such as North America,

Australia, and Africa, where the hovercraft will come into its own. It will be capable of crossing deserts, icefields, and swamps, and in general will be an ideal means of crossing the world's wide open spaces.

The first experimental hovercraft was the Saunders-Roe SR-N1 which, after various improvements, achieved speeds of up to 50 knots. At the time of writing the Saunders-Roe Division of Westland Aircraft are working on a 25-ton advanced hovercraft, the SR-N2, which will be able to carry 68 passengers or up to 10 tons of freight at a cruising speed of 70 knots.

The Hawker Siddeley group of companies, of which the Folland Aircraft Co. is a member, is concentrating on a family of commercial hovercraft. The first experimental model, known as the Germ, has already made its appearance. It has a speed of 30 m.p.h. From it will be developed a range of Hovertrucks capable of carrying loads up to five tons over rough ground and water.

**BRITAIN'S** first experimental hover-ship has also made its appearance. Designed and built by Denny and Brothers, Dumbarton, in conjunction with Hovercraft Development Ltd., it is a 4½-ton machine approximately 60 ft. long and 10 ft. wide. It differs from other experimental hovercraft in that its side walls remain in the water and the machine never becomes fully airborne, although its weight is supported by the air cushion.

The main advantage of this arrangement is that less power is required to maintain the air cushion. Information provided by this experimental craft is expected to enable the company to produce a passenger-carrying ferry by 1962.

Within the next few years we may expect hovercraft ferries of up to 100 tons to be making Channel crossings in 15 minutes or so. Later may come ocean-going liners of say 4,000 tons, with speeds in excess of 100 knots.

With the assets of speed, comfort, and safety, the hovercraft should have an exciting future.



# FROM A Country Hilltop

THE other afternoon, as the light was going, I called at a farmhouse on the moor which I had not been inside for many years. The farm premises were in a valley below the upland hills; woods in which deer lived in summer lay on one side of the clearing. Upon the hills grew heather and ling, and plants of whortleberry, with their sweet blue berries which taste so well with scald cream.

Bilberries in the north, blaeberrys in Scotland, blueberries in Canada—these are some of the names of this delicate wild fruit. I have eaten them in Canada, beside the Mastigouche river in Quebec Province, while roasting brook trout on the embers of riverside fires, and in the Hebrides, too, where I caught my first salmon ("killed my first fish" as the old 16-foot double-handed split-cane rod-wielders used to say); and again in Northern Ireland.

But best of all was the bowl of stewed "wurts" in that farmhouse 40 years ago, when I was hot and tired, having tramped across common and down coombe-side, across rapid streams where small trout darted (and where I flung off all clothes and let the current take me from pool to pool).

Up and up and down, then down through bee-droning heather, and at last, to the farmhouse in the valley. There I drank pints of tea and ate four bowl-fuls of dark red berries with a pound of cream on slices of bread which had been baked in the cloam oven beside the open hearth.



Now 1923 is a long time ago. During the years many changes have taken place on the moor. How would I find the farmhouse? Would they still put the dough in the ovens beside the open hearth? First they made a fire in the earthenware caves—furze roots which burn brightly, being full of oil—then rake out the embers, and after embers grey ash by means of a malkin, a damp bundle of rags on a stick. Then the dough was laid within, the cave closed by a thick earthenware slab; and after an hour or so there was a "butiful plumm bread midear!" Its texture was even and light with a taste of corn. Pies were put into those ovens, too.

Water was boiled in great crocks of cast-iron hanging on lapping crooks from the chimney bar up the wide chimney. These crooks were of flat serrated iron, the notches allowing crock or kettle—also cast iron—to be raised or lowered.

The kettle handles were, in the flames of beech and oak wood, usually too hot to hold. An extension was therefore fitted to them. It was called a handy-maid, and was a length of iron rod with a brass handle. It was used to lever the kettle spout down to the tea-pot.

Shaggy dogs lay before the fire at night, on the great slate slab which conveyed the warmth into the room. Brands sometimes six feet in length and split lengths of an ash tree were stored beside the fire. It burnt for days and seldom went out between September and April.

Would I see the former tenants of the farm—a widow with three grown sons between 22 and 16 years old when I had called there nearly 40 years before?

It had been a strange family. The widow's grief showed in her face. Her youngest son had turned Roman Catholic, but her late husband had been "chapel" through and through.

The eldest son was a pale, wild-looking cove, who wore ragged hat, bramble-torn coat, breeches and leggings. He used to ride a stallion moor pony to and from his fields. He was an atheist, he told me fiercely, and was also against



stag-hunting, which he said was a class-evil.

He ranted against the deer, too, declaring that they did much damage to his crops, and why should "they gentry" live off the poor man's back? Did he get compensation, I asked? He said he wanted his crops, not the parasites' money.

Later I learned that he was always making claims for damage, while secretly snaring and shooting the deer as well, and selling the skins by night in Bridge-water.

The middle son told me that he was saving up to clear off to Canada.

When I called the door was opened by a very old woman with woeful eyes. She did not recognise me; I had white hair, too. I asked for a glass of water. By the

open hearth sat a thin old fellow, muttering to himself. It was the eldest son. "Sot yew down," said the old lady. "Do you know my son, the priest? He be comin' to zee me today, by motor car."

I waited until he arrived. He had the same happy, smiling face, but most of the brown hair gone. He knew me at once. He brought life into the kitchen, with its wide floor of hewn stone, its small, dark casement windows, and hams wrapped in brown paper hanging from the beam overhead.

But the life was not acceptable to his brother, who spat in the fire and went outside, while the old woman, her eyes fixed on the newcomer's ruddy face, moved her lips in wordless grief.

I recalled to myself Joseph Conrad's phrase, "the terrible tyranny of a fixed idea." But I thought that if she knew what this meant, she would never apply it to herself.

A handy way to brush up a language comes in *Quick French* from Odhams, Long Acre, London, at 30s. on two seven inch records with a complete manual, all in a box. Good for pronunciation.

HOME MAGAZINE  
KNITTING PATTERN No. 69

## Practical Present

WITH OR WITHOUT SLEEVES

### BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 152 [160, 168] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in continental rib patt. as follows:

1st row: \* p.1, k.1, k.b.1, tw.2, k.b.1, k.1, p.1, rep. from \* to end. 2nd row: \* k.2, p.b.1, p.2, p.b.1, k.2 rep. from \* to end. These 2 rows form the patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. from beg., finishing with right side facing for next row.

\*\* Shape armholes by casting off 5 [6, 7] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows, 2 sts. at beg. of following 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of 2nd row following and every following 3rd row until 6 sets of dec. have been worked \*\* (116 [122, 128] sts.).

Continue on these sts. until work measures 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  [8 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 9] in. from beg. of armhole shaping. Change to No. 12 needles and cast off 13 [14, 15] sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

### FRONT

Proceed as Back until work measures 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. from beg., finishing with right side facing for next row. Next row: patt. 76 [80, 84], slip remaining sts. on to stitch-holder and leave. Proceed on first group of sts. as follows:

Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on 2nd row following and every following 4th row until work matches Back to armhole shaping. Still dec. at front edge on every 4th row as before at the same time shape armhole by casting off 5 [6, 7] sts. at beg. of next row, 3 sts. on following alt. row once, 2 sts. on following alt. row twice, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on 2nd row following and every following 3rd row until 6 dec. in all have been worked at armhole edge.

Continue dec. at front edge only on every 4th row as before until 39 [42, 45] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work matches Back to shoulder shaping.

Change to No. 12 needles and shape shoulder by casting off 13 [14, 15] sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are worked off. Slip remaining 76 [80, 84] sts. on to No. 10 needle point to inside edge. Rejoin wool and complete to match First Half reversing shapings.

### SLEEVES

Using two No. 13 needles, cast on 64 [68, 72] sts. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3 in. Next row: rib. 2 [5, 1], (inc. in next st., rib 3 [2, 2]) 15 [19, 23] times, inc. in next st., rib to end (80 [88, 96] sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in continental rib patt., inc. 1 st. at both ends of 5th row following and every following 5th [6th, 6th] row until there are 126 [130, 134] sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. from beg. (adjust length at this point). Work as Back from \*\* to \*\* (90 [92, 94] sts.). Work 1 row. Cast off.

### ARMBANDS

(For sleeveless version.)

Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of Back and Front. With right side facing using two No. 13 needles knit up 170 [174, 178] sts. round armhole. Work in k.1, p.1 rib for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

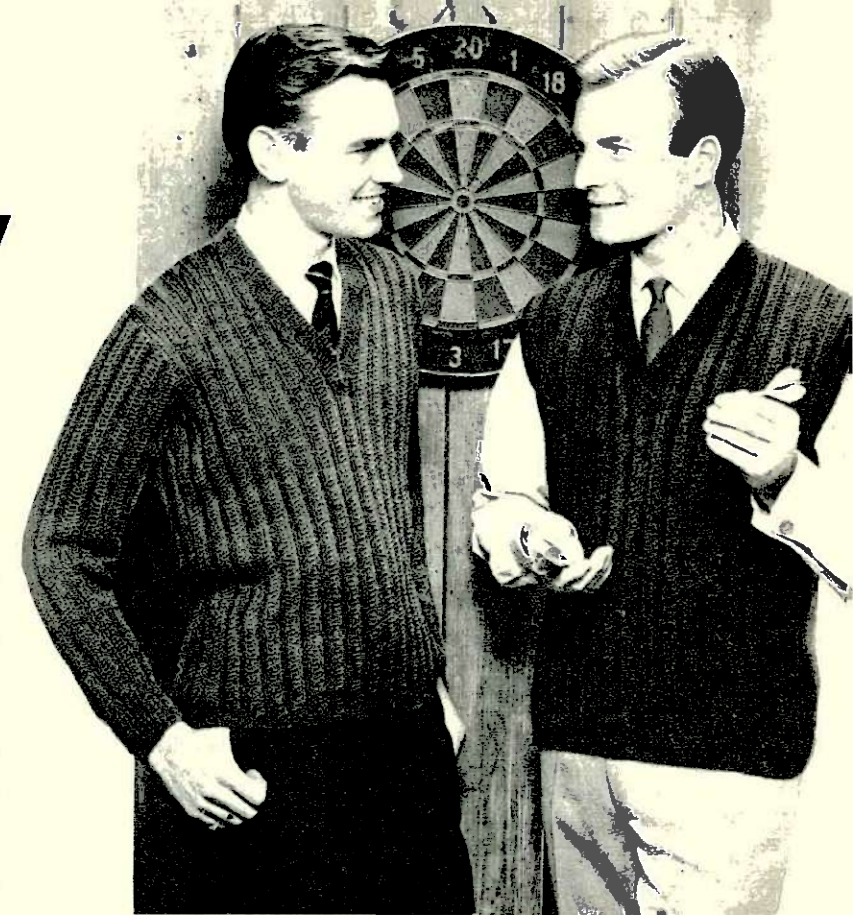
Using a back-stitch seam join shoulders of Back and Front. Using set of No. 13 needles pick up loop at centre V and knit into back of it, knit up 231 [235, 239] sts. round neck (232 [236, 240] sts.). Work 14 rounds in k.1, p.1 rib, dec. 1 st. at each side of st. knitted up at centre V on every round. Work 1 round without dec. Work 14 rounds in rib, inc. 1 st. at each side of st. knitted up at centre V on every round. Using No. 12 needle, cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Omitting k.1, p.1 rib, 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 for sleeved model, and stitch Sleeves into position matching shapings.

Using a flat seam for k.1, p.1 rib and a back-stitch seam for remainder, join sides and Armbands of Sleeveless Model. Fold Armbands at centre to inside and loosely flat-stitch cast-off edge to knitted-up edge to form Double Band.

Fold Neckband at centre and loosely flat-stitch cast-off edge thus forming Double Neckband. Press seams.



**MATERIALS.**—18 [19, 20] oz. Sleeves, 11 [12, 13] oz. Sleeveless, WAVECREST knitting 4-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 10 needles, set of four No. 13 needles, with points at both ends. One stitch-holder.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—To fit 38 [40, 42] in. chest. Length, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  [25 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ ] in. Sleeve seam, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. (adjustable).

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

**ABBREVIATIONS.**—k., knit; p., purl; k.b., knit into back of stitch; p.b., purl into back of stitch; st., stitch; 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; tw.2, twist 2 by knitting into front of 2nd st. then front of first st. on left-hand needle and slipping 2 sts. off needle together.

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



RALPH FERNLEY DISCOVERS  
HOW THE SWISS MAKE THEIR...

## Cheese with the Holes

YOU can't get away from bears in Berne. According to legend the city owes its origin as well as its name to a bear, so naturally the beast forms part of the city's crest, and wherever you turn you find traces of the legend.

The story is that in 1191, the Duke of Zahringen was hunting in the forests which border the River Aare when he was attacked by a huge black bear. He managed to kill it, and in gratitude for his deliverance he founded the city whose name is a corruption of the German word for bear.

When my Swiss host met me at Berne airport, one of the first places we visited was the bear pit at the end of the Nydegg bridge. Here the animals, tamer no doubt than that which attacked the duke, have learned a trick or two, and put on a most amusing show for spectators.

A quick round of the famous arcades, fountains, and towers, a visit to the equally famous Rosengarten from which you have a fine view along the Aare, and we were reluctantly ready to move on.

I WOULD have liked to explore the city's fine Gothic cathedral and the zoo, but we were headed through the fresh and picturesque countryside to the village of Langnau where I was to see how the Swiss make their delicious Emmental

and Gruyere cheese—the cheese with the holes.

Switzerland was exporting her cheeses in Roman times. The famous Gruyere cheese from the mountain villages of Western Switzerland dates back to the 12th century, and Emmental has been made in the Emment valley since the 16th.

The Swiss claim that the excellence of these cheeses comes not only from the skill of the cheesemakers but also from the special qualities imparted by the mountain air and the Alpine grass to the milk from which it is made.

The native Simmental cattle, huge brown and white animals rather like outsize Jerseys, thrive on a feed of tripod hay or direct grazing of the luscious pastures.

CHEESEMAKING is very much a family tradition—a skill handed down from father to son. Although quality and hygiene standards have improved over the centuries, the cheese-making routine is still essentially as it was four hundred years ago.

Every morning and evening the milk is delivered to the dairy. There it is steam-heated in thousand-litre vats. Rennet is added to coagulate the milk and the curd is carved up with a cheese-harp and then agitated to reduce the solids to pieces about the size of rice-grains.

At this point the skill of the cheesemaker comes into play. When he judges it is ready, he pulls out the solid with a device consisting of a bow-shaped frame across which a cheese-towel is suspended. The dripping mass is quickly transferred by pulley to a press which extracts the whey.

A dry towel is wrapped round before a second pressing and the process is repeated several times before the wheel of cheese, now weighing about two hundred pounds, is sufficiently solid to be unwrapped and taken to the salting room.

Here it remains in a salt bath for 48 hours, and more salt is added after the wheel is dry. Then the wheel is removed to the curing cellars before being sent down to the factory.

IT is at this stage that the familiar holes, which characterise Emmental and Gruyere cheese, develop by the influence of bacteria. The holes are the result of the developing ripeness of the cheese, which is determined by the skilled cheesemaker rapping the cheese with his

finger or a small hammer and listening to the echo produced.

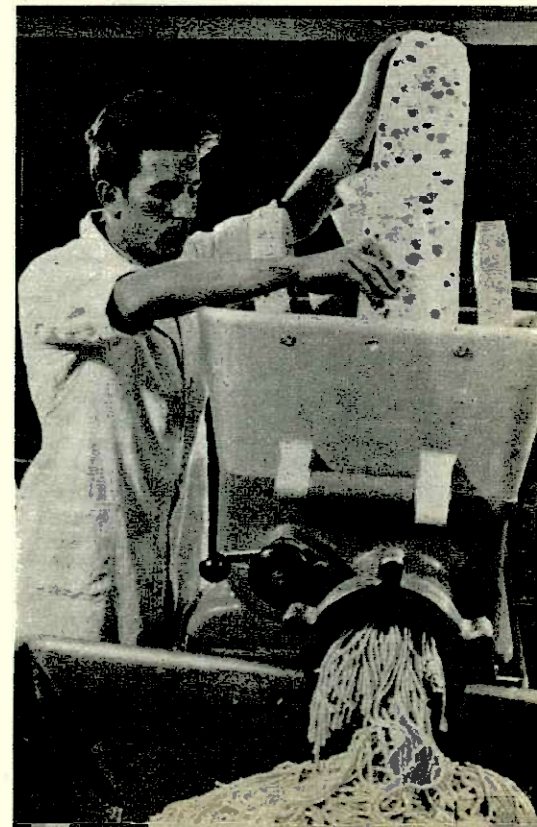
Both Emmental and Gruyere have a sweet, nutty flavour, a smooth creamy appearance, and the characteristic holes, but they are far from identical. The Gruyere cheeses are smaller, the holes smaller and fewer, and the taste stronger than Emmental. Much of the Swiss cheese imported into England and loosely called Gruyere is in fact Emmental.

AT the beginning of the century, Swiss cheesemakers began experimenting to produce a cheese which would keep fresh under extreme climatic conditions. Long and costly research was undertaken before, in 1911, the production of a new kind of cheese—the so-called "processed" cheese—was marketed on a large scale.

A careful blend of sharp-flavoured, fully matured, and milder cheese is used in the Swiss processing factories. Machinery grinds up the cheese loaf, and after blending and adding suitable flavourings—of which there is a large variety, including pimento, salami, vegetables, ham, caraway, and wine—the mixture is emulsified in steam-jacketed kettles and, when it reaches a smooth, creamy consistency, it is ready to be packed.

A regulated-feed machine deposits measured portions of the creamy mass on to pieces of tin or aluminium foil, and then folds, seals, and labels the triangles which have become so familiar on our tables.

The cheese with the holes goes through the mincer—its first step towards becoming the cheese in the silvery triangle.



## B \* O \* O \* K \* S

Reviewed by THOMAS OLSEN

HERE'S a book to amuse and instruct and whisk you from winter fogs to the blue Mediterranean. It is by **Ethelind Fearn** and *The Marquis, the Mayonnaise, and Me* (Newnes, 15s.) describes her villa on the Riviera and tells how she lives there by taking in paying guests. With rich humour she makes this an entrancing adventure and throws in sample menus and recipes for good value.

**Eric and Barbara Whelpton** are a first-class travel team and *Greece and the Islands* (Hale, 21s.) is their account of a visit to Corfu, Rhodes, Crete, and Greece itself. Much of the book describes actual experiences on tour but the historic background is woven into the writing with the authors' usual skill.

Another delightful book is *Paris, City of Enchantment* by **Ernest Raymond** (Newnes, 25s.) in which this well-known novelist turns his talents to singing the praises of the French capital. He captures the magic of the Paris scene aided by **Gordon Randall's** fine drawings. This book will make holiday visits live again.

I think that all **Roger Pilkington's** splendid voyages in his motor cruiser *Commodore* have been reviewed in these columns. The latest is *Small Boat Through Sweden* (Macmillan, 25s.) and not only did he visit the famous Gota Canal, but he also voyaged along other waterways. As usual Dr Pilkington describes his adventures most wittily, and **David Knight's** drawings are first-rate.

In the front rank of travel books are the Baedeker series, thorough, very detailed on sight-seeing, and packed with good maps. If you can only take one book, make it Baedeker. *Cologne and Bonn* (Allen and Unwin, 16s.) is an excellent addition to the series, and so is *France* (Allen and Unwin, 42s.), a very handsome but compact book with all you need.

The forward march of China, like that of Africa, is one of the most interesting events of this generation, and books like *All the Emperor's Horses* (John Murray, 15s.) are an invaluable introduction to the latest phase. The author, **David Kidd**, is an American who did post-graduate work in Peking and married a Chinese girl in 1949 at a time when the Communists were coming to power. This period of change, its effect on the ordinary people and, in particular, his wife's family and their way of life, are most lucidly described.

Now and then there comes along a thoroughly readable novel, the sort of volume that holds you. *Mothers and Daughters* by **Evan Hunter** (Constable, 21s.) is such a book, linking three generations and covering 30 years in nearly 550 pages, with a deep insight in the telling of David and Gillian's love story. Set in the States, this is a novel of the problems of our time.

Two other fine novels concern journalists. *The Shores of Night* by **Robert**

**Muller** (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s.) is a penetrating study of the head of a Fleet Street news agency. Behind the mask he is losing self-confidence and his marriage is proving tragic. How can he restore his faith in himself? Well written and authentic, this is recommended.

The second newspaper story is *Some Angry Angel* by **Richard Condon** (Michael Joseph, 21s.) centring on Dan

### PAPERBACK PARADE

CONGRATULATIONS to Pan Books on publishing their 1,000th title. Pan set the highest standards in topicality and readability. Some of the best modern novels are in their list and the choice for the thousandth title bears this out. It is *A Town Like Alice* by **Nevil Shute**, the famous story of Malaya in wartime.

Other newcomers from Pan include *Soviet Spy Ring* by **Arthur Tietjen**, the background to the recent trial over the Portland secrets. I confess I was shocked by some of the revelations in *My Wicked, Wicked Ways* by **Errol Flynn**, his autobiography, which is no credit to him or to Hollywood. But it is spicy reading.

*Hunter's Tracks* is a fine open-air book by a big-game hunter, and *The Pan Quiz Book* by **Hubert Phillips** really tests your brain over a wide range of questions.



One of the many illustrations by David Knight in Roger Pilkington's book *Small Boat Through Sweden*.

**Tiamat**, famous American columnist. The author writes in an unusual, crisp but sardonic style about Tiamat's involved life, ambitions, boastings, and failures.

Modern Ireland has not produced many novels, and *The Blazing Straw* by **Helen Fowler** (Angus and Robertson, 16s.), being concerned with the IRA and border violence, has not chosen the best theme to show Irish life today. The author is an Australian with a flair for characterisation.

A well-told thriller is *Thin Air* by **John Pudney** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) in which a rolling stone of an engineer runs into adventure on a strange estate.

Two young people in trouble involve a middle-aged man who wants only peace and quiet in *Harry Hogbin* by **Wilson MacArthur** (Ward, Lock, 15s.). The setting is Paris and Spain and the action swift.

Two romances are *The Dagger in Her Smile* by **Elinor Caldwell** and *The Sun is Enough* by **Marjorie Vernon**, both from Herbert Jenkins at 10s. 6d.

*Picturegoer Film Annual* (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) is well illustrated and *The Motor Cyclist's Workshop* (Liffé, 6s. 6d.) is of handy size.

Since the hero of Corunna, Sir John Moore, was an old boy of my school and properly worshipped there, **Christopher Hibbert's** *Corunna* (Batsford, 21s.) in the British Battles series came to me with particular interest. This is an account, at once scholarly and fascinating, of Moore and Corunna, and what led up to that battle. It shows the worth of the men who fought and their characters and problems. A stirring, gripping book.

### NEXT MONTH

#### LAST MINUTE GIFT BUYING?

There's no need to panic. A special two-page **Housewives' Club** is packed with ideas for exciting Christmas presents for everyone in the family.

### SLOW COACHES!

Coach travel in the old days was not as jolly and glamorous as Christmas cards make out. **Trevor Holloway** explains why.



# Tributes brought tears

HERE'S that rarity—a record for all tastes. It's the LP of the hit revue at the Fortune Theatre, London, *Beyond the Fringe* and it comes on Parlophone PMC-1145 with the four stars led by **Jonathan Miller**. Take-offs of politicians, parsons, singers done with wit and perception and very amusing.

Now for a grand selection—*America's Greatest Music Makers*. It comes on Brunswick LAT-8377 and lives up to its title, with **Liberace** ("Near You") and **Carmen Cavallaro** ("Warsaw Concerto") plus leading orchestras in top arrangements.

Although "Kids" is the hit of *Bye, Bye, Birdie* it has many more catchy numbers, and the LP of the show with **Sidney James** and **Joyce Blair** is on HMV CLP-1454. A good LP of *The Sound of Music* is on HMV CLP-1453 and has the original London cast.

Saga have a fine recording of **Lucky Thompson** playing his sax with a lively group on XIC-4001. The numbers include "Tune for Tex," "Where or When," and "Ever so Easy." **The Clyde Valley Stompers** are always good value and *Trad Party* on Decca ACL-1075 features **Mary McGowan** and goes from "Sister Kate" to "I Love a Lassie."

*The Magic Beat* is the title of an LP by **Richard Marino and his Orchestra** on London HA-G 2369. It certainly has its own Marino approach of fine technique. Included are "High Noon" and "The Trolley Song."

**Julian Slade** is a name to conjure with in the world of musicals and *Wildest Dreams* comes as an LP on HMV CLP-1467.

The world of opera lost a great star when **Jussi Bjorling** died and his many admirers will welcome *Operatic Recital* on HMV ALP-1841 in which the magic tenor sings pieces from ten operas including *Aida*, *La Boheme*, *Tosca*, and *Faust*.

A splendid tribute to Liszt is paid on RCA RB-16249 in which **Gary Graffman** brilliantly plays not only such well-known pieces as *Liebestraum* but also six Paganini-Liszt études. A fine selection. Another outstanding pianist is **Jose Iturbi** and he has made a notable recording of Spanish piano music by Albeniz and Granados on Columbia 33CX-1743. This includes three of Granados's Spanish dances and "Cadiz" and "Cordoba" by Albeniz.—T.O.

HOW often do you try to see someone whom you perhaps dislike or misunderstand through the eyes of other people? Those habits that annoy you, the voice that irritates, the carelessness over little things—all these may seem attractive, even endearing, to somebody else!

I was reminded of this recently when I met Jenny. I had not seen her for years. Arthur and Jenny were devoted to each other and they had had only one son. He was killed in action on the Anzio beaches during the last war. They had often thought that perhaps they themselves were more to blame than any other factor for certain traits of waywardness in his character.

During the years before the war, when Henry had been a schoolboy, he had constantly been in one scrape after another. Things didn't change at all when he went to work in an office.

He would "forget" to go to work and toddle off to the cinema, then come home in the evening with no mention of where he had been. He would bring a big bunch of flowers for his mother and a tin of tobacco for his father, and present them with a beaming smile and a hug.

After several of these absences he would, of course, get his notice and, unperturbed, go off hunting for another job. Work was not always so easy to get in those days but something usually turned up for Henry. This went on until

the war came, when Henry volunteered immediately.

All this had meant many sad moments for Arthur and Jenny. They thought Henry would never have any security and that his future seemed dim. It was not that he was a bad lot. He just seemed to lack any knowledge of the meaning of the words consistency and reliability. His parents were always telling him that he must grow up or he would become nothing but a castaway. It might perhaps be possible to risk playing the fool with his employers when he was young; it could not continue as he got older.

Henry would smile and tell them not to worry, which always infuriated his father. This led to harsh words and an unhappy atmosphere in their home. Until the day came when he joined up.

Now their son was gone from them for ever. They missed him very much, and somehow felt guilty. Yet they knew that nothing they could have done would have changed his improvident ways.

One day they got a letter. It was from three young men who had served in Henry's company. They said they would like to call on his parents. Of course, Arthur and Jenny wrote and fixed a day for the visit.

It was a strange occasion. The war had been over a number of years and to look at the three men who had spent so much time with their son in his last days was a moving experience for his parents.

Each told them in turn about Henry and how, while talking about him a few weeks before, they had felt they should go to his parents and tell them what a fine comrade he had been. It wasn't fine talk or speechifying but it was sincere.

"He was one of the best. He would share his last bootlace or fag with a stranger. Real big-hearted he was. Everyone liked him. He made fun of everything, but he never laughed at people. A great pal. He'd do anything to help anybody. Always put others first."

As the simple tributes came out, tears rose to the parents' eyes. When the visitors had gone they sat side by side, holding each other's hands. They knew now that the boy they thought had been a failure was truly a success. What they could not see, strangers had seen and acknowledged, and they were comforted. That happens in life more often than we realise.



# 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.**

THE annual present buying spree is about to start and Co-operative stores are full of tempting Christmas displays. To help you with your presents list, here are a few suggestions.

Handkerchiefs are always a welcome gift and these can be bought in boxes of three for as little as 3s. 11d. for women's or 2s. 11d. for children's. A plastic, flower-patterned, hankie holdall costs about 7s. 6d.

Velvet gives a luxury look to coat hangers and a box of two makes an attractive gift at about 9s. 6d. Colours include pink, blue, green, peach, and mauve.

ACCESSORIES such as gloves and umbrellas make useful presents in varying price ranges. Fabric gloves cost from 6s. 11d., mitts from 9s. 11d., and leather gloves from 17s. 11d.

Penguin umbrellas in assorted colours can be bought from 18s. 9d. for chubby styles and from 27s. 11d. for walking length.

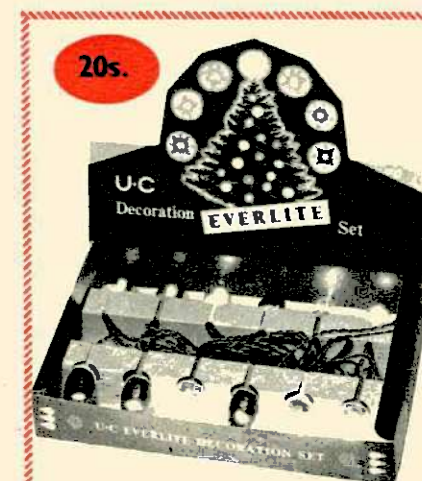
AN educational as well as edible gift for a youngster is a tin of toffee assortment. Called the Junior Counting Tin, it costs 1s. 9d. The lid, which illustrates a nursery rhyme, is numbered like a clock face and has a moving hand.

A small gift to fascinate both young and old is a hand-carved, painted figure which has movable spring-attached hands and feet. Its round wooden base conceals a tape measure. This amusing novelty is a useful stocking filler and costs only 3s. 11d.

AN attractive and unusual occasional table I saw recently recalled a by-gone era despite its contemporary design. Its centre panel of black and yellow glass squares depicts the picturesque street cries of old London and their cries.

Named London Cry, this metal-legged table has a long, low line. Ideal for party time it is finished in a fine line veneer and costs about £8.

BLANKETS have joined the ever-growing list of necessities with luxury price-tags. But if you need any extra for Christmas guests, you will be



FAIRY lights for the Christmas tree grow more ingenious every year. Roses in December are provided by Fairy Rose, a set of 20 coloured plastic roses with enclosed miniature lamps. They cost 30s., and spare lamps are 7d. each.

Alternatively there are Flower Spray, eight tulip-shaped red and yellow lights complete with stems at 25s. 9d.; Twinkle 40, a set of 40 miniature coloured lights in plastic holders for 22s. 6d.; or Everlite, 12 large pear shaped lights in plastic holders for 20s.

These three are permanent contact sets, so if one bulb fails the remainder will stay alight.

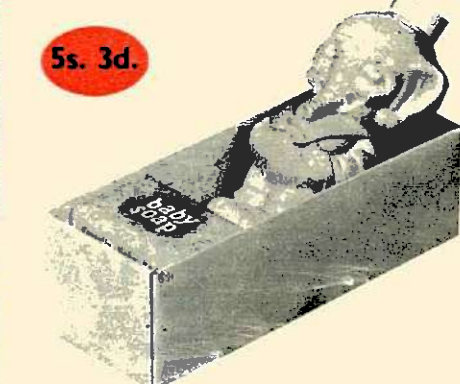
30 x 40 cot blanket costs 6s. 9d. in white and 7s. coloured. This new line, which offers outstanding value at prices every housewife can afford, is an addition to a well-known blanket range which includes such well-established favourites as the New Snowman and the Snugdown.

IN the wide range of china and glassware there are some delightful continental glasses. These are ready boxed and made in glowing shades in varying shapes and sizes.

There is a wide choice of teaset and as well as the eight new Windsor designs mentioned last month there are two additions to the Crown Clarence pottery range. These flower-patterned sets, Blossom Time and Lilac Time, cost £2 15s. 6d. for 21 pieces.

SPACE-SAVING household gift is a collapsible metal trolley with two lift-off trays. This is made in green, pink, gold, or black. Its price is about £13 2s.

TOILET sets are attractively boxed for every member of the family. One baby box has a novelty plastic elephant filled with talcum powder. Two tablets of baby soap complete this 5s. 3d. set.



A special Man's Box with two large tablets of soap and a shaving stick costs 6s. 8d. A feminine box, made up of two tablets of Cream Lavender toilet soap and two Cream Lavender bath cubes, costs 2s. 9d.



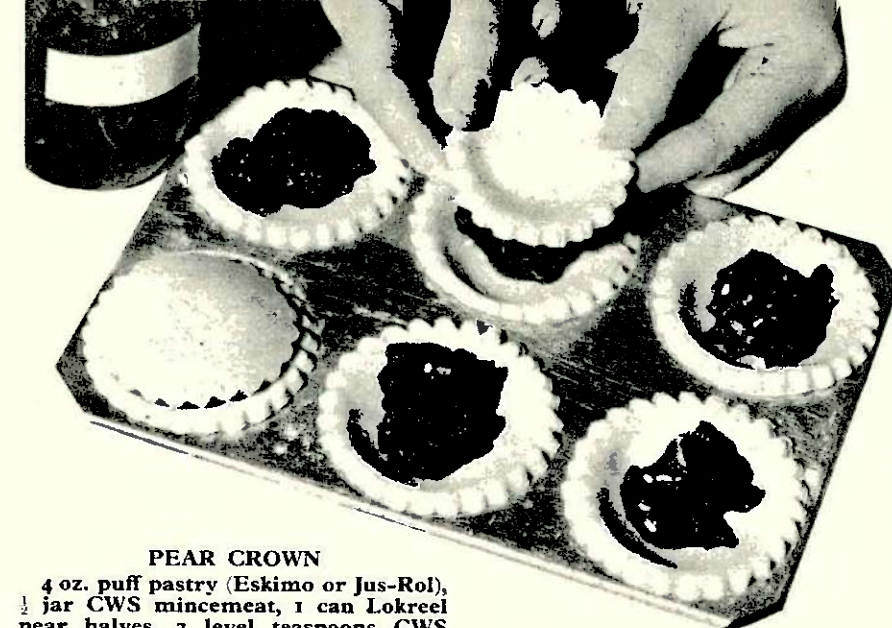


Make them with EXCELDA and excel yourself!

# EXCELDA FLOUR

PLAIN AND SELF RAISING

The Super white flour with the silky texture!



## PEAR CROWN

4 oz. puff pastry (Eskimo or Jus-Rol),  
 1 jar CWS mincemeat, 1 can Lokreel  
 pear halves, 2 level teaspoons CWS  
 arrowroot, 1 pint (gill) pear juice,  
 cream to decorate.

Roll out the pastry into an even circle  
 and cut round a 7 in. cake tin. Carefully  
 mark a circle 1 in. from the edges only  
 cutting about half way through. Spread  
 the middle with mincemeat. Decorate  
 the edge by marking a lattice design with  
 a knife. Bake 20-30 minutes at Mark 6  
 (400°F.).

When baked, place the drained pears  
 into the centre with the cut side upper-  
 most. Coat with a glaze made with the  
 pear juice and arrowroot. When cold  
 decorate the centre of each pear with  
 cream.

## MINCEMEAT TART

6 oz. Shortcrust pastry.

Filling: 1 large cooking apple, 3  
 tablespoons chopped CWS preserved  
 ginger, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs,  
 grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons

rum or brandy or 2 tablespoons orange  
 juice, 1 cup of CWS mincemeat.

Meringue: 2 egg whites, 4 oz. castor  
 sugar.

Roll the pastry out and line a flan ring  
 or deep pie plate.

Grate the peeled apple and mix with

the crumbs, peel, and ginger. Stir in  
 the rum, brandy, or orange juice. Place  
 in the pastry case. Spread the mince-  
 meat over the filling. Bake at Mark 6  
 (400°F.) for 30 minutes.

Whisk the egg whites until very stiff.  
 Whisk in half the sugar. Fold in remain-  
 ing sugar. Pipe or pile on to the top of  
 the mincemeat. Return to the oven and  
 bake at Mark 3 (350°F.) until brown and  
 crisp.

## MINCEMEAT PUDDING

2 tablespoons CWS mincemeat, 1 oz.  
 Avondale butter, 1 egg, 1 pint milk,  
 1 1/2 oz. fresh white bread cut into cubes,  
 2 dessertspoons sugar, CWS vanilla  
 essence to taste.

Put the bread and mincemeat into a  
 greased pie dish. Melt the butter in the  
 milk. Take off the heat and add the

# Mincemeat Miscellany

Mince tarts are as much a part of Christmas as holly. MARY  
 LANGHAM gives you a recipe for an unusual one and suggests  
 a variety of other ways in which you can use mincemeat.

sugar and vanilla essence and stir until  
 the sugar has dissolved. Mix into the  
 beaten egg and pour on to the bread, etc.

Stand the dish in a baking tin con-  
 taining a little water and bake in the  
 centre of the oven for about half an hour  
 at Mark 5 (375°F.). Do not allow the  
 custard to boil, or separation will occur.

## MINCEMEAT TEA RING

8 oz. Federation or Excelda plain  
 flour, 2 level teaspoons CWS baking  
 powder, 4 oz. Gold Seal margarine,  
 3 oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons CWS  
 mincemeat.

Rub the Gold Seal into the sieved  
 flour and baking powder. Add the sugar  
 and stir in the eggs and mincemeat.  
 Grease an 8 in. ring mould with melted  
 Shortex. Add the mixture, smoothing  
 the surface. Bake 35-45 minutes at  
 Mark 5 (375°F.).

## RUM BUTTER

1 lb. Avondale butter, 1 lb. soft brown  
 sugar, 2 tablespoons rum.

Melt the butter to oil. Mix in the  
 sugar and rum and beat together until  
 thick and fluffy. Put into small dishes.  
 Grate a little nutmeg on the top.  
 Delicious with Christmas pudding or  
 hot mince pies.

## Try these novel varieties

12 oz. CWS currants, 8 oz. CWS  
 sultanas, 8 oz. CWS raisins, 4 oz. CWS  
 mixed candied peel, 4 oz. CWS glace  
 cherries, 2 oz. angelica, 4 oz. glace pine-  
 apple, 2 oz. dates, 2 oz. blanched  
 almonds, 1 lemon, 1 tangerine, 12 oz.  
 brown sugar, 6 oz. Sutox, 1/2 oz. CWS  
 mixed spice, 1/2 teaspoon CWS almond  
 essence, brandy or rum as required.

Mince together half the currants,  
 raisins, and sultanas with the cherries,  
 angelica, pineapple, dates, and almonds.  
 Add the remaining fruit, grated lemon  
 and tangerine rinds, suet, sugar, spices.

Mix together the almond essence,  
 lemon and tangerine juices with half a  
 teacup of brandy or rum, and stir in  
 thoroughly. Cover with a cloth and leave  
 to stand 48 hours stirring three times a  
 day. Pack into jars and seal.

When required add 3 oz. finely  
 chopped apple to each jar.

8 oz. CWS sultanas, 8 oz. CWS cur-  
 rants, 8 oz. CWS raisins, 4 oz. CWS  
 mixed candied peel, 4 oz. dried apricots,  
 4 oz. dates, 4 oz. CWS glace cherries,  
 4 oz. Jordan almonds, 8 oz. cooking  
 apples, 8 oz. Sutox, 8 oz. demerara  
 sugar, 1/2 teaspoon CWS ground nutmeg,  
 1/2 teaspoon CWS mixed spice, 1/2 teaspoon  
 CWS ground cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon  
 CWS salt, 1 lemon, 1/2-1 gill (1/4-1/2 pint)  
 brandy (optional).

Put half the prepared dried fruit  
 (currants, sultanas, raisins, and peel)  
 through the mincer together with all the  
 apricots, dates, and cherries. Mix well  
 and stir in the whole fruit. Add the  
 peeled and cored apples coarsely grated,  
 the blanched chopped nuts, suet, sugar,  
 spices, grated lemon rind, and juice.

Mix thoroughly and leave overnight  
 covered with a cloth. Stir in the brandy.  
 Pot and seal.





The long grey-green catkins of *Garrya elliptica* can be cut for use in the house, as well as enhancing the garden.

## Delightful Day lilies

I WONDER why more people do not grow day lilies. They are called so because one flower on each stem opens in the morning, and then closes for good at night. As fresh flowers, however, continue to come out the plants look attractive for a fair time. You can get day lilies with gold, yellow, or orange flowers, and you will find them in the catalogue under the name of *Hemerocallis*.

They are extremely easy to grow, are apparently free from pests and diseases, and don't need protection during the winter. You won't have to give the flowers any support, because the stems are sturdy, while you will find that the leaves spread and smother weeds.

You can have these lovely plants in your herbaceous border, or they will be just as happy planted in a damp spot, say close to a garden pool. If you have a little woodland or wild garden, you will find them extremely useful there also.

There are many kinds to choose from: *marcus*, orange yellow with a bronze tinge; *minor*, a lemon yellow which only grows one foot high; and *flava*, a clear lemon yellow which grows two feet tall. You may like to try some hybrids, and so get a variety of colour. For those who like pinky colours, there is also the variety *rosea*.

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER WRITES FOR GARDENERS

## A shrub for a north wall

IF you have a sheltered north wall to your house, try that beautiful shrub, *Garrya elliptica*. This produces the most glorious grey-green catkins, often six inches long or more. Not only will the shrub enhance the garden, but housewives will love to use the catkins for decoration in the house. You can buy plants in pots at this time of the year; the roots dislike disturbance, and that is why I suggest pot plants.

There are male and female forms; be sure to get a male for the catkins are longer and better looking.

The moment the shrub has finished blooming in February, prune as necessary, cutting back some of the side shoots to keep the shrub closer to the wall.

Perhaps you have seen at the botanical gardens what seems to be a bramble covered with whitewash. This is *Rubus biflorus*, which produces a stem 8 ft. high as a rule, covered with a thick white

waxy bloom which gives it a ghostly appearance towards nightfall. I always think the plants look their best when the leaves have fallen, and you can see the white stems more clearly.

You can plant *Rubus biflorus* now. You must be careful not to allow the roots to get dry in summer; it is a good thing to put a mulch of sedge peat around each specimen. Cut out the older wood each autumn, for it is the young wood that looks lightest.

## Winter problems

WINTER spinach can suffer from too much moisture and from frost. Excess moisture can be avoided by drawing V-shaped drills on either side of the row and a couple of inches away.

The effects of wind and frost on winter lettuce and spinach are minimised if twiggy sticks are inserted on either side of the row to break up icy blasts.

Savoy sometimes get a slime on the outside of the plants. This may be prevented by firming the ground and applying hydrated lime over the soil at five ounces to the square yard.

Stop the white leaf tip disease from ruining your leeks by cutting back the foliage by about three inches. Afterwards, dust the plants with copper-lime at the rate of two ounces to the square yard. This dust can be bought from any good horticultural chemist.

Root rot in celery does not usually show itself until December, but the disease enters the plant through the wounds made by slugs. Keep down these pests by watering alongside the rows with the new liquid killer called Slugit, or use Slugit pellets which are not washed away by the rain so quickly.

Gather all the fallen leaves and put them on the compost heap to rot down for manure, or apply them over the ground in the shrub border. If you do put them on the compost heap, remember to treat them with a fish fertiliser at the rate of two ounces to the square yard for each six inches depth collected.

A useful book for gardeners is *Kill That Weed* (Garden News, Peterborough, 2s. 6d.) by C. O. Booth.

"When I try to visualise the untold millions of electrical gadgets of one kind or another in use in the world today, I am overcome with admiration, not so much at the ingenuity of man, as at the cool courage with which he daily handles such a potentially dangerous phenomenon as electricity."

## The Fuse Box gave us the Creeps!

MY family home, in East Anglia, was wired for electricity before I was born, but I never remember a time when any one in the household, young or old, took it for granted. Lights were switched on and off as quickly as possible, just flicking the little knobs at the ends of the switches, for fear of electric shocks.

If a bulb had to be changed, the electricity was first turned off at the main. Then, a cushion was placed on a chair with a thick rug spread over it for my father to stand on—wool being a poor conductor of electricity. My father would climb on to this not-very-secure perch with the air of Sidney Carton ascending the scaffold. While the exchange was being made the rest of us would look on apprehensively, but strategically placed in relation to the nearest exit.

If a fuse went, candles were lighted, and the electrician sent for in a mood of quiet thankfulness that here was something plainly out of our hands. Any suggestion that a householder should be able to replace his own fuses would have been met with an expression of blank incredulity. The very sight of that sinister fuse box on the cellar stairs, with its double row of porcelain insulators like some monstrous set of false teeth fixed in a perpetual leer, was enough to give us the creeps.

My father, in a reckless moment, bought my mother an electric iron and an electric vacuum cleaner. The iron was soon dealt with. Maud, our indispensable friend, mainstay, and family factotum, a country girl with as low an opinion of electricity as the rest of us, cut off the cord which she said bothered her, it dangled about so. Then the iron heated up on the kitchen range very nearly as well as the old cast-iron ones.

As for the vacuum cleaner, Maud

bluntly refused to have anything to do with it. For several days it stayed in a corner of the hall because it was bulky and no one seemed to know where to put it. Visitors who came to call remarked admiringly: "Oh, so you've got an electric cleaner!" Vacuum cleaners were still sufficient of a novelty to attract attention, which my mother found gratifying. She had not thought of the fiendish contraption as something that conferred prestige.

So the vacuum cleaner stayed in the hall where visitors could see it and my mother would say, "Yes, it is really a great convenience." But I never saw any one use it. And after a time, when such appliances became commonplace, it disappeared—to the

attic or the cellar.

Our house being tall and thin, the electrician suggested that a system of electric bells would save a good deal of tiring stair-climbing. Both my parents, however, agreed that the place was riddled enough with electricity as it was. Instead, a non-electric speaking-tube was installed—a hollow pipe that snaked about the house with outlets in the various rooms. To summon any one to the tube you blew into it with all your force, and a resounding whistle would shrill throughout the house.

It served its purpose every whit as satisfactorily as electric bells. An additional advantage only became apparent when I began to lose my first teeth. I discovered that I could blow them out painlessly up the speaking-tube—one of them came out by chance when I was blowing away to summon the family to dinner.

After that, I blew out all the rest in the same way, and I often speculate upon what some archaeologist of, say, 3,000 A.D. will make of it, should he dig



up that speaking-tube with a set of infant milk teeth embedded at intervals along its length.

Well, now you will understand why, although I am grateful for electricity, I do not trust it: though of course I have learnt a good deal about it over the years.

Once, when I was ten, I remember, I went into the kitchen and switched on the light. Nothing happened. The bulb had been removed: and suddenly, behind me, the voice of Maud cried out on a note of fearful urgency: "Turn it off quick! You're letting the electricity escape!" I switched off with a trembling hand, and stood there in the dark, rooted to the spot with fear of the escaping electricity, which I felt to be crackling all about me.

Of course, I know better now than to do a silly thing like that. I mean to say, fancy leaving an electrical fitting without a bulb in it!



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## FOR BOYS and GIRLS

### FOLLOW MY LEADER!

These upland geese at Whipsnade follow one behind the other as they make their way back to their pen.



### YOU PAY FOR NOTHING

WE often hear people use the expression "free as air," but in Katoomba, New South Wales, a bottle of air might cost you 2s. 11d. The pure mountain air there is so famous that one merchant had the bright idea of selling it bottled. He and a friend are now doing a roaring trade in air and some of their customers even send the bottles back to be refilled!

#### OCTOBER COMPETITION WINNERS

MARGARET MCGOWAN,  
2 Emblem Villas,  
Epping Green, Essex.

SHARON FEARON,  
36 Leyland Road,  
Coventry.

HELEN BERGER,  
11 Hurstville Road,  
Chorlton, Manchester 21.

PAUL WRIGHT,  
21 Baden Powell Avenue,  
Chesterfield.

### BROCKHAMPTON BEAST!



No, it's not a creature from outer space, nor from beneath the seas. In fact it's just an uncommon potato which was dug up in the tiny Herefordshire village of Brockhampton.

## LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY!

NEWS of an explosion in space which happened 800 million years ago has been brought to earth by a brilliant light travelling through space at 186,000 miles a second. The light was caused by a star explosion which burned up nearby planets and living things on them within seconds.

It is 100 to 1,000 million times brighter than our sun and brighter than the entire galaxy in which the disaster occurred.

Despite the speed at which it is travelling, the light has only just reached earth.

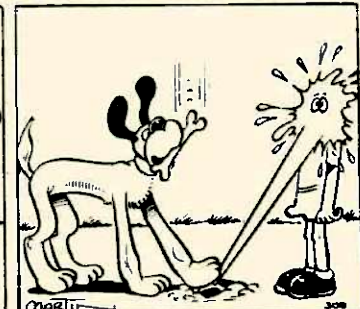
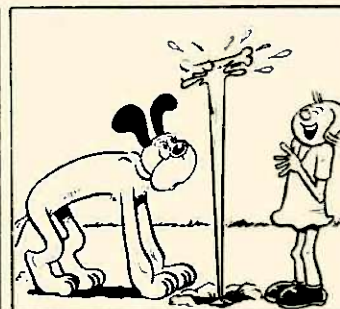
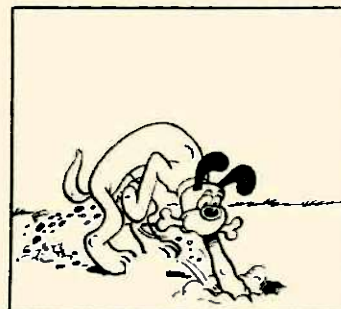
Announcing the discovery to the International Astronomical Union, Dr Fritz Zwicky, of Mount Palomar Observatory, in California, said it was the most distant known supernova or star explosion. He sighted it a few days after the light was seen.

### Outlook: bright

Good weather seems certain for the Commonwealth Games to be held in Perth, Australia, next year. Temperatures in November average 76 degrees and it is usually a bright, sunny month.

New entrants to the games will include Cyprus and Papua-New Guinea.

### PENNY and BOB



## Strange Clocks

ONE of the strangest clocks in existence is on show in a watch museum in Wuppertal, West Germany. Carved from wood in the shape of a human skull supported by leg bones, it dates back to 1720.

Another unusual clock in the collection is worked into a painting which covers one wall of the museum.

Other exhibits include "Nuremberg eggs," the first pocket watches, which were made about 450 years ago by a Nuremberg watch-maker, Peter Henlein.



SAGA Records have brought out a new series for young people called Dandy Records, marked with age groups. There is D7 with real train sounds for those aged from four to eight and *The Red Shoes* music for six to ten year olds is on D15. There's *Me Too* for ages two to six, and for all ages *ABC of Sound* and *The Magic Toy Shop* on D4 and D1.

By GEORGE MARTIN



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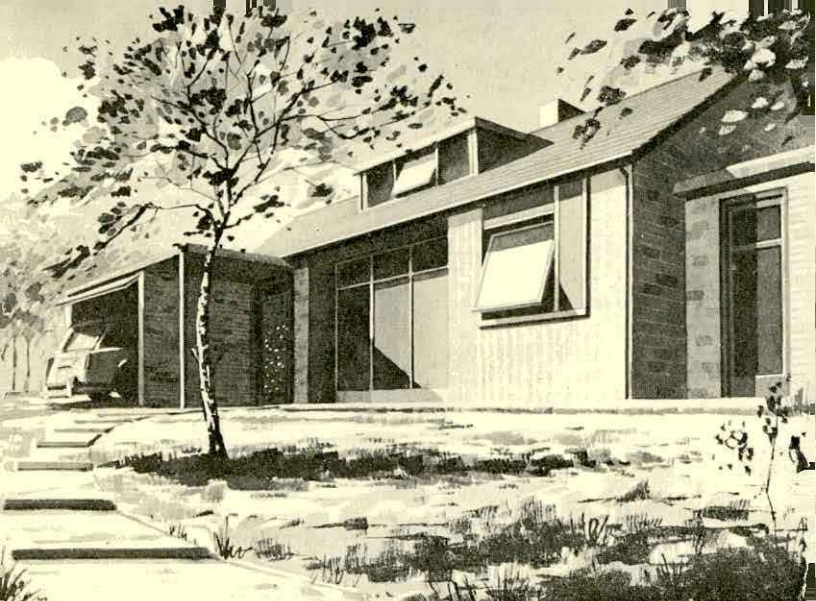


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## SEVEN OUT OF NINE TIMES—

### Tamworth brings home the trophy

**T**HE 53rd choral festival was held at Derby on Saturday, October 14, and again we congratulate our choir, under the direction of Mr Albert Knight, on bringing back to Tamworth the premier award of the festival, the Ald. T. H. Sutton Trophy, awarded to the society gaining the most points throughout the festival.

Out of the nine times that this trophy has been competed for, Tamworth choir has won it seven times, a record that will take a long time to beat.

Although the members of the choir did not do quite so well this year in the solo classes, as a choir they won the classes for mixed voices, gaining 172 points. The next choir to them, Leicester, having 161. The male section won their class for a male voice choir by one point over Brownhills.

#### MAJOR SUCCESSES

These two major successes, together with other successes in different classes of the festival, gave Tamworth 35 points to win the premier award over Brownhills, who had 28 points.

The festival was, as usual, very well attended, choirs and competitors coming from all over the Midlands to take part in a festival which is classed as one of the best held.

The adjudicators were Miss Isobel Baillie, C.B.E., M.A., and Mr Peter Goodman, B.Mus., F.R.C.O.

The choir meet every Tuesday evening at 7-30 in the Assembly Hall, Colehill (over the general offices), and Mr Albert Knight, the conductor, will be pleased to welcome new members.

### VISIT TO CWS COCOA FACTORY

**D**URING August, members of the Pathfinder group paid a visit to the CWS Cocoa and Chocolate Factory at Luton, and they were so

impressed with what they saw that the local editor has received a number of essays on the visit.

It is not possible to print them in full, which is rather a pity, for the one received from Dianne Hope was excellent.

The local editor admits that he learned more about cocoa, and what is produced from it, than he ever knew before.

Did you know that the cacao tree, from which cocoa is produced, is a native of South America, and that Nigeria now produces about 90,000 tons of cocoa each year, that the pods which the beans are in, about 50 of them, is the size of a small cucumber?

Dianne takes one through the whole process of manufacture, from the tree to the finished product of very high quality of cocoa and chocolates which you can obtain from your own shops, knowing that these goods are produced in your factories, financed by your money.

#### IMPRESSED

The contribution made by Gillian Thompson shows that she was impressed by the manufacture of chocolates, and what girl would not be, as the impressions were aided by testing by taste. Gillian ends her essay with the words "and that was the end of a delightful visit to the Chocolate Factory at Luton."

Kathleen Orton sets an example to any of us who visit different towns, for she says that as the girls walked round Luton before going to the factory, she looked for the Co-operative shops. Kathleen knows that no matter where one goes the Co-op is there.

#### GOOD ADVICE

She ends her story with advice, "I do hope that you have tasted Co-operative chocolate: if not you should try it, you would like it very much. You can get it from the Co-operative sweet shop."

The girls' visit and impressions can be summed up from the description given in one essay by a girl who has not added her name; she says, "Oh! It was lovely!"

### UP! UP! UP! GO SALES OF...

#### • FRUIT JUICE

Fruit juice is one of the most rapidly expanding sectors of the food market. Total consumption in the UK rose from 10,300 tons in 1954 to 27,200 tons in 1959. Consumers are concentrated in the top income groups and in London and the South-East and South England.

#### • CANNED SOFT DRINKS

In 1960 canned soft drink sales increased by 46 per cent over 1959. Total output by all manufacturers in 1960 was 15 million cans of soft drinks.

#### • PERFUME

Retail sales of perfume in the UK in 1960 were 12 per cent above the 1959 figure. The increase was mainly in French perfumes. About 2 million aerosols were filled with perfumes and toilet waters—double the 1959 figure.

#### • CLOTHING

Consumers spent £289 million on clothing (excluding footwear) in the first quarter of this year compared with £269 million in the corresponding period of last year.

#### • POTATOES

Britain is eating more potatoes—202 pound a head from July, 1960, to April, 1961, compared with 190 pound in the previous period.



## SUBMARINE MOUNTAIN DISCOVERED

A MOUNTAIN over 9,000 feet high has been discovered in the Indian Ocean 550 miles south-east of Ceylon by scientists aboard the Soviet oceanographic research ship *Vityaz* charting the ocean floor.

The mountain is a volcanic cone with several peaks, the highest of which lies about 5,000 feet below the ocean surface. The crew of the vessel named the mountain Afanasi Nikitin, after the first Russian traveller to sail the Indian Ocean.

The discovery was made during one of the two expeditions carried out by the *Vityaz* as part of the programme to explore the Indian Ocean at present being organised by the International Committee for Oceanographic Research, and in which many nations are taking part.

### EARTH'S CRUST

During the voyage, Soviet scientists also attempted to ascertain the thickness of the earth's crust which, according to their findings, is about five miles in the middle of the Indian Ocean.

The expedition brought back new information in many branches of oceanography, including data on currents, mineral deposits on the ocean bed, and species of fish of which a collection of 450 was assembled.

## New shine for Hong Kong floors

THE CWS has won a £2,500 government contract to supply 4,000 gallons of a new type of floor polish to Hong Kong.

The polish is a plastic emulsion which is also soon to be introduced on the home market with the name Flor-Glos.

One of its advantages is that although giving a hard surface it is easily removed by washing to avoid "locking in" dirt.

## Wot! No Storks?

STORKS, which in the past were regular annual visitors to Switzerland, have deserted the country in recent years. A committee was set up five years ago to try to bring back these migratory birds to their old haunts. Earlier this year, 200 baby storks were caught in Algeria and sent to Berne and Zurich.

## GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Mr and Mrs Cope, 22, Aldergate, Tamworth, September 30.

Mr and Mrs Norman, 47, Austrey Road, Warton, October 4.

## The World's soil

PLANS for the first soil map of the world—a map which will show the distribution of the major types of soil and provide a key to better land use—were approved by an advisory group of nine leading soil scientists meeting in Rome.

The project, to be carried out jointly by the Food and Agriculture Organisation and Unesco, will take about seven years to complete. Its aim is to help governments to make the best use of land in planning agricultural and economic programmes.

The first step will be the preparation of regional maps, and the meeting fixed the following tentative timetable: Australia in 1962; North America, South and Central America, Europe, and the Near East in 1963; North and Central Asia, South and South-East Asia, and Africa in 1964.

## REAL 'BRAIN' WORK

OPENING the ancient manuscripts found in caves and archaeological sites has often proved a very delicate task. To avoid damaging a parchment discovered inside the stem of a bulrush, Israeli archaeologists recently called upon the services of Professor Aaron Beller, a brain surgeon from Jerusalem, who used his scalpel to extract the precious manuscript from its covering.

## CORRECTION

We apologise for a mistake in our August issue.

Mr and Mrs Parsons of 564, Park Place, Two Gates, celebrated their diamond wedding on July 20—not their golden wedding.

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# Christmas Show



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Everything from Christmas Fare for the table, to the smallest gift. Also Christmas Cards, Calendars, Crackers, &c. await your selection

*More and More people come Co-operative shopping because it pays*

## OBITUARY

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

|                          |             |               |
|--------------------------|-------------|---------------|
| William George Allingham | Kettlebrook | August 8.     |
| Maud Keyte               | Mile Oak    | August 15.    |
| Susannah Penney          | Dordon      | August 31.    |
| Daisy Harvey             | Wilnecote   | September 4.  |
| Charles Henry Crowley    | Polesworth  | September 7.  |
| Joseph Soten             | Polesworth  | September 7.  |
| John Edward Bates        | Glascote    | September 7.  |
| Herbert Henry Good       | Tamworth    | September 9.  |
| Ada Wakelin              | Glascote    | September 12. |
| Annie Eliza Wear         | Wilnecote   | September 14. |
| Thomas Arnold            | Austrey     | September 17. |
| George Henry Hughes      | Wilnecote   | September 22. |
| Pansy Rosemary Hartless  | Wilnecote   | September 23. |
| Nelly Smith              | Fazeley     | September 24. |
| Mary Florendine          | Glascote    | September 24. |
| Arthur Harrison          | Weeford     | September 24. |
| Joseph Baxter            | Dordon      | September 24. |
| James Ernest Goodwin     | Wigginton   | September 29. |
| Miriam Ada Jackson       | Amington    | October 1.    |
| Frederick Mortlock       | Glascote    | October 1.    |



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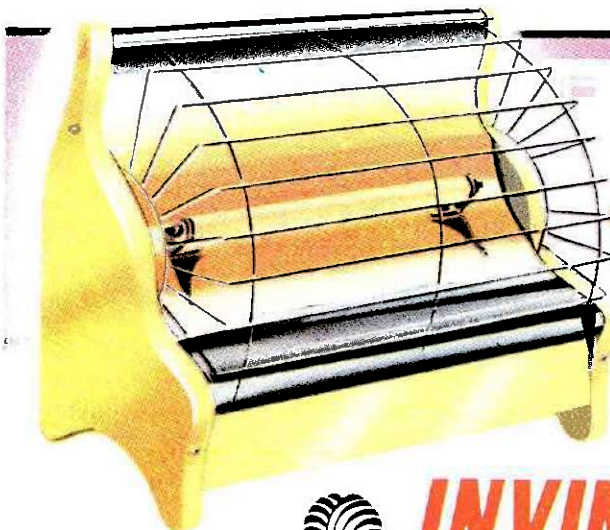
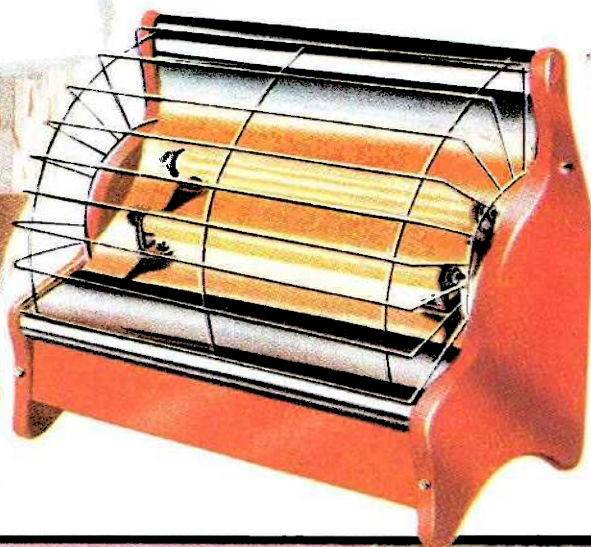
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