

TAMWORTH EDITION

JANUARY 1963

Home

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MAGAZINE

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JANUARY, 1963 Vol. 68, No. 1

Bogus survey

IN this column a few months ago I wrote of a trans-Atlantic scheme being actively promoted in this country which made me, and quite a number of HOME MAGAZINE readers, see red!

Housewives were being persuaded to invite friends and neighbours to a "coffee morning" in their homes at which a firm's representative attempted to sell various items to the guests.

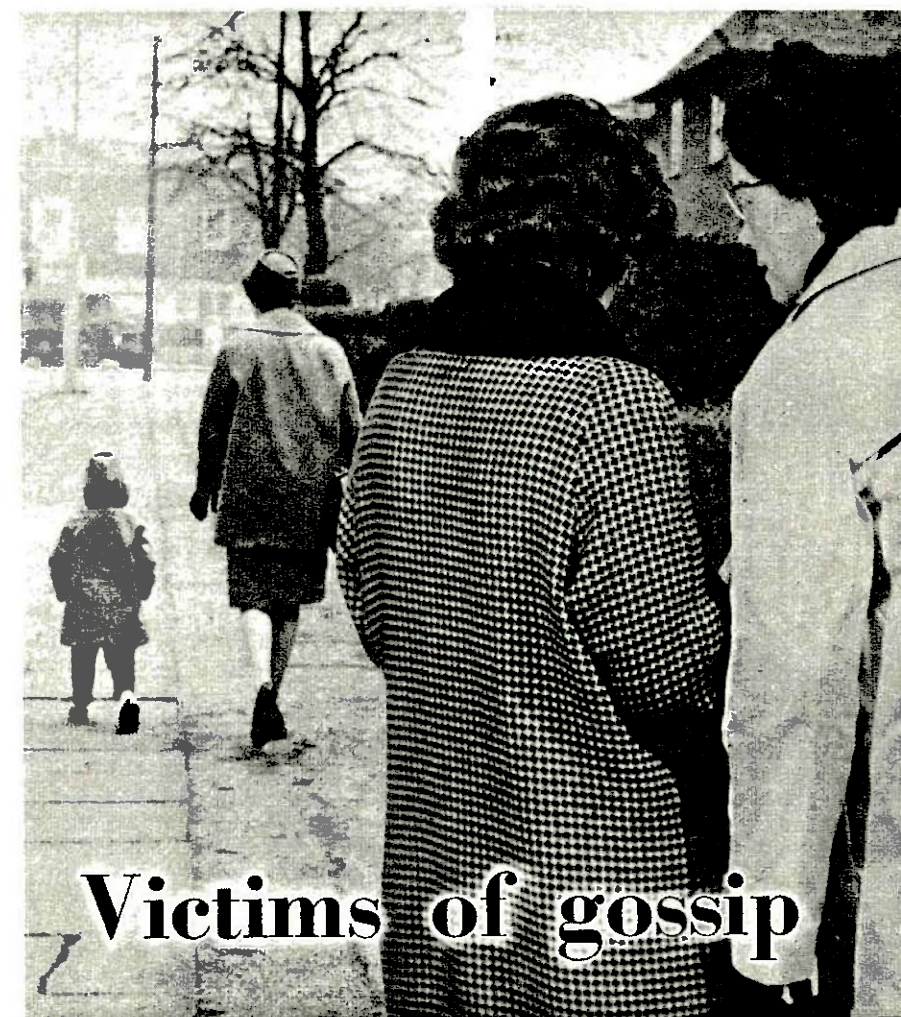
Now, several indignant readers have written to tell me of yet another technique being employed by the super-salesmen. I call it the bogus-survey plan. It works like this.

A man knocks on the door and asks if he may come in as he is carrying out a market research survey into the use of certain household equipment. He asks many questions about the appliances in the house, size of family, etc.

No attempt is made to sell anything, but, having "cased" the prospect, he passes the information on to the firm's salesmen to follow-up.

Of course, no reputable market research organisation would lend itself to such trickery. The salesman should be sent away with a flea in his ear. His employers would soon mend their ways.

The Editor.



Victims of gossip

IT was a bitter blow when NAN LISTER and her husband were told by doctors that they could not have a family. They adored children. The doctors' findings could have been crushing to many young married couples, but not to Nan and her husband. They decided to adopt a child.

After getting the name of their nearest adoption society from the Citizens' Advice Bureau, they wrote in confidence and eventually received an application form.

An interview was later arranged with the adoption society at which searching questions were asked to make sure they were suitable adopters. Their house was also inspected.

And then the long wait began. It was an anxious time for a couple who yearned so much for a baby in their home. Eventually the baby was chosen and it spent a period "on probation" with Nan and her husband before the adoption was legally finalised in a court of law.

To Nan and her husband all the yearnings and heartaches were finally over—until the whispers started. Sly backward glances as Nan pushed her new son through the park, embarrassing and hurtful questions in the shops, and a general air of pity that made her almost want to scream. But when you have wanted a baby so desperately as Nan even these things can be overcome.

Knowing how many other young couples must be going through a similar agonising period in their lives, NAN LISTER relates her experiences in Pages two and three so that they might help other adoptive parents to scotch similar "whispering campaigns."

Our Cover : Holidays are ahead. But where? Joan wants Italy; her sister has her fingers crossed for Jersey. But the final choice rests with dad. Mum doesn't mind—as long as the sun shines!

'PEOPLE WOULD BE HORRIFIED TO KNOW HOW HURTFUL THEY CAN BE'

HOW thrilled my husband and I were when the baby we had arranged to adopt came to live with us at the age of six months.

We had always wanted a family, and when we found that we could not have babies of our own it was a bitter blow. But when Gerry came to us, a bonny, healthy boy just at the age to sit up and take notice, we were blissfully happy, and decided that he would be the first of three, or even four, who would become our family in the course of time.

Let me say at once that we are still wonderfully happy. Gerry is two-and-a-half now, and we are hoping that before long the adoption society from whom we got him will have a little sister for him.

But, oh, if only I could get the people in our village to treat me and my adoptive family in a normal way, how much happier life would be. I'm sure most people mean well, and would be horrified to know how bitterly hurtful they can be.

Embarrassing

Even the nicest ones can be embarrassing, and the others can be so cruel that many a time I have run home from the shops to weep hot, salt tears into the cup of tea I hurriedly make to calm myself down.

Fortunately, both my husband and I have developed enough sense of humour to be able to smile over many of the incidents that occur to both of us—because even at his office he comes up against the kind of thing I meet when I shop or go to the clinic.

Only last night he said to me: "I don't know who are worse—the people who insist on regarding us as noble and heroic because we've given a home to an unwanted child, as they call it, or those who make it clear they think we're laying up a store of trouble for ourselves."

"Take old Jones at the office. He's a fine chap, but I get a bit embarrassed when he keeps coming in to me with a bar of chocolate, or a big Jaffa orange, or perhaps a toy, and muttering: 'For the kid—poor little shaver.' He doesn't bring bars of chocolate for the chaps whose children aren't adopted."

"That's the trouble," I replied. "Why do people have to regard us as abnormal just because our child is adopted? It's the same at the grocer's."

"Mrs Prossie always gives Gerry some

Says NAN LISTER

sweets or a bun or something, and I know perfectly well that the minute I've turned my back she'll be telling the other customers that he's an 'adopted bairn,' as if it made any difference."

But old Jones and Mrs Prossie are well-meaning, if tactless. Others, like Mrs Barnes, who calls to collect the insurance, are not well-meaning at all.

"You've taken on something," she told me bluntly, soon after Gerry arrived. "Don't you realise the risks? How do you know what he'll turn out like?"

"Of course, he's lovely now. They all are when they're babies. But I've heard of adopted babies growing up to be rotten. I only hope it doesn't happen to you, that's all."

"What do you mean?" I asked her indignantly. "How does anybody know how any baby will grow up? Nobody can say whether he will be brilliant or average, good or bad, even if he's a 'born' baby, can they?"

"But I'm sure that a child who is adopted because he is really wanted, and brought up in a happy family, has as much chance or more of being a good human being than many a baby born to parents who do not particularly want him."

Unmoved

Mrs Barnes was unmoved. "What I say is that blood is thicker than water," she said. "What do you know about his background? Why, he may turn out to be a criminal, a murderer, or something."

Fortunately for me, I had been warned by the social worker from the adoption society long before Gerry came that this was the kind of argument that people would bring up.

But it was with an effort that I kept my voice steady as I replied: "We know as much about Gerry's background as we should have known about the background of a child actually born to us."

"How many people know more than two or three generations back of their

own antecedents? Yet their child may inherit characteristics from an ancestor much further back.

"Children are not born bad, but often their environment makes them bad. And more often than not the children who grow up to be bad are those who have felt unwanted."

"And that," I said, giving Gerry a hug, "is not likely to happen to our children."

Then there are the Jonah types like Mrs Phillips, at the women's guild meeting, who hinted darkly to me one day that I might regret dashing so rashly into adoption.

"What if the mother turns up some day to claim the child?" she asked. "It's going to mean heartbreak both for you and your hubby."

Hazy ideas

Like many other people, Mrs Phillips has hazy ideas about adoption. She did not realise that when a child is legally adopted nobody can take it away from its adoptive parents. Even if they would like to be rid of it there is only one way to do so, and that is by having it legally adopted by another couple.

Actually, though orphaned and abandoned children have been adopted since ancient times—Moses found in the bulrushes by Pharaoh's daughter is a classic example—there has only been legal adoption of children in this country since 1926.

As for "dashing so rashly" into adoption, I explained as we drank our cup of tea at the guild meeting, that is impossible.

Like most people Mrs Phillips imagined that, acting on a sentimental impulse, we visited a children's home and picked out the most appealing child and arranged to take it away.

She was surprised to learn that there is a legal age limit for adopters. Would-be parents must be at least 25 years old, and at least 21 years older than the child they are adopting.

Generally speaking women over 40 and men over 45 are considered too old to adopt a child, unless they have already had other children or are related in some way to the child concerned.

Mrs Phillips did not know that nowadays very few children are available for adoption.

Thanks to modern medical knowledge fewer women die in childbirth than ever before, and even when children are orphaned by accident there are usually relatives willing and able to take care of them.

Most of the children who are adopted nowadays are the children of unmarried mothers. But though their background is thoroughly investigated, the "natural" mother and the adoptive parents do not come into contact at any point.

The adoption society takes charge of the whole thing. We never even knew the name of the mother of our baby. We knew her as a serial number, and we were a number to her, too. Even when the adoption became official at a court hearing we did not meet.

But we had to wait two-and-a-half years before we eventually got an adopted child, and in that time we had to do a lot of hard thinking round the subject of parenthood, which perhaps the parents of a "born" baby often don't get round to till after their baby is born.

I succeeded in convincing Mrs Phillips, but there seems no end to the silly questions people ask—questions for which there is an answer, but which are nevertheless wounding and upsetting to us.

Confidential

One woman even said to me: "What does your baby call you, Mrs Lister? Does he call you Mummy?"

Another asked confidentially: "Do you find him more trouble than if he were your own?"

We have learned to steel ourselves against such remarks, though they never cease to hurt.

The only thing that really worries us is that later on, when Gerry is going to school among children who have picked up scraps of parents' conversation and pass them on, he may get a feeling of being "odd man out" and confused.

We can only hope that his knowledge that he was so much wanted that we chose him to be the first of our family will make him feel so secure that such things will not upset him too much.

Because there's another thing. So many people say comfortingly to me: "Oh well, you had him from a baby, so there's no need for him ever to know



that he wasn't yours to begin with, is there?"

How wrong they are! As soon as Gerry starts asking questions—as all children do—about where he came from we shall tell him that he is adopted.

We shall explain that something happened to his own mother that made her unable to keep him, and that we, who had no children of our own, chose him to be ours.

This will, we feel sure, be enough to make him feel secure, so that when other children (and grown-ups who ought to know better) start asking him pointed questions, there will be no shock to put him off balance.

Why should anybody, after all, make a secret about adoption? All normal couples want a family, and if, by following their natural yearning to have the children which nature has denied them, they at the same time give a good home to children who might otherwise grow up with all kinds of social handicaps, is it not a wholly good thing?

No difference

We don't expect Gerry and any subsequent children that we may adopt to be better or worse than any other children, or indeed "different" at all.

We expect to have the same mixture of happiness and heartaches, pleasures and pain that is the lot of the ordinary family. Because that is just what we are—an ordinary family.

That is why I am so put out when I know that people are nudging each other when we pass, and whispering the word "adopted" as though it puts us apart.

Guard against those child tragedies

THE verdict was *accident*. "She never stood a chance," said the coroner at the inquest on a four years old girl whose nightdress caught fire.

But this was only one among hundreds of similar tragedies which occur each year.

The most tragic aspect of the matter is that many of these deaths, particularly those of children, could have been prevented with a little forethought. Youngsters cannot be watched all the time, but chances of accidents are lessened if proper precautions are taken.

To the small child everything is an object of curiosity to be probed, poked, or picked up, and in unsuspecting childish hands everyday objects can become lethal instruments.

Playing with fire is just one of the many hazardous pastimes in which children indulge, but there is less likelihood of accident from this source if matches are put far away from small, reaching hands and if all fires are protected by fireguards.

Socket holes represent an irresistible attraction for a baby's prying fingers, but if the entire house is fitted with shuttered sockets no harm will be done.

Inquisitive youngsters may be tempted to peer inside the spin drier while it is in action, and the wise mother will be on the safe side by picking a model which switches off automatically when the lid is raised.

A tub of water left carelessly on the floor may result in a watery death for the toddler and pan handles projecting invitingly over the edge of the cooker just within grasping reach could be the cause of severe, or even fatal, burns.

Nasty accidents can be caused to small children by sharp edged toys. Small parts of toys, such as doll's eyes, will be prised loose and swallowed indiscriminately if they are not securely attached.

Every home contains items which, if misused or left to fall into disrepair, could cause tragedy. Now is the time to think about the danger points in your house and the most effective means of rendering them safe. A little thought now could save a lifetime of regret.

HOLIDAYS WITH THE STARS



Nobody knew I was Snudge



BILL FRASER, of *Bootsie and Snudge*, says: My favourite holiday was spent last year in a little fishing village in Sicily. It was memorable because the sun was hot, the sea was hot, and nobody knew I was Snudge.

I spent long, lazy days fishing and swimming, and eating on an open verandah. I shall always remember the simple, amusing evenings over a glass of wine, joining in the singing of sentimental Italian and Sicilian songs. There were several delightfully happy saint days and festivals.

At one of these the local priest objected to the collection for fireworks and said the money should be spent on a television set. There was some friction over the matter and despite the priest's objections they spent the money on the bangers and rockets.

They saved the biggest and loudest banger to the end and flung it into the priest's garden where it blew out a window. No one laughed more than the priest. What a happy people they are, and what happy days I spent there!

Same cart as the Queen...



PETER GOODWRIGHT, *Candid Camera* star, and his wife Norma, say: Our favourite holiday was in the Channel Islands—it was our honeymoon!

We had hoped to go on the Continent, but couldn't find accommodation. We tried the Channel Islands in desperation, and managed to book a hotel in Guernsey.

We had planned to do some walking, but Guernsey was so hilly we hired a sports car and discovered lovely bays.

Then there were the trips to nearby islands like Herm and Sark. Both islands boast that they have nothing more mechanical than a horse and cart. On Sark, we did a tour on a cart, pulled by Daisy, the horse. Daisy had also taken the Queen round the island when she visited it a few years ago. Well, we can always say that Mr and Mrs Goodwright travelled in the same cart as the Queen!



David Ensor

DAVID ENSOR, Mr Justice Ensor, of *The Verdict is Yours*, says: My most memorable holiday was last year's when my wife and I visited the Soviet Union.

We visited the Kremlin museum in Moscow, and there saw the fabulous robes, crowns and thrones of the old Czars, and went to the Bolshoi ballet.



Granada for me

—Brian Matthew

BRIAN MATTHEW, host of *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, says: After a busy season we set out for a short holiday.

My wife and son Christopher and I flew to Gibraltar, then drove around the Spanish coast to Malaga, making a stop—dare I mention it?—at Granada.

Transistor radios of my Spanish neighbours kept me up on the Spanish hit parade. I completed my sojourn in the sun wondering who this new singer Cliffardo Ricardo could be—he's got a good beat.



A dude ranch

—Patrick Macnee

PATRICK MACNEE, star of *The Avengers*, says: I think there are two holidays which stand out in my memory—one in Portugal last year, the other on a dude ranch in California. One was spent lazing on the beach, the other in the saddle.

My Portugal holiday came as a result of the actors' strike. It gave me a chance to get away from it all. The spot I chose was secluded, and unspoiled in a part of the country known as The Algarve.

I spent five years working in America—mainly in television drama serials—and it was during this time that I was invited to the ranch.



Valley in Spring

DORIS SPEED, Annie Walker, of *Coronation Street*, says: There is one holiday I shall never forget, and that was in the Spring of 1941, soon after Manchester was blitzed. All around was chaos, misery and ugliness, and to get away from it all I went for a time to the Conway Valley in North Wales.

And there, the springtime was such a contrast to all the destructiveness and horror which I had left behind.



Quiet village

—Huw Thomas

The holiday I shall never forget was one of the first I ever had. When I was about ten years old my father and mother took all four children and some cousins to a very picturesque little seaside village in Wales, only ten miles from our home.

We slept in a couple of tents pitched in a field overlooking the bay. Everything we ate was fresh from the local farmer or the sea—we seemed to have the whole beach to enjoy ourselves. No rules, only duties, for instance, it was all hands on deck at mealtimes.

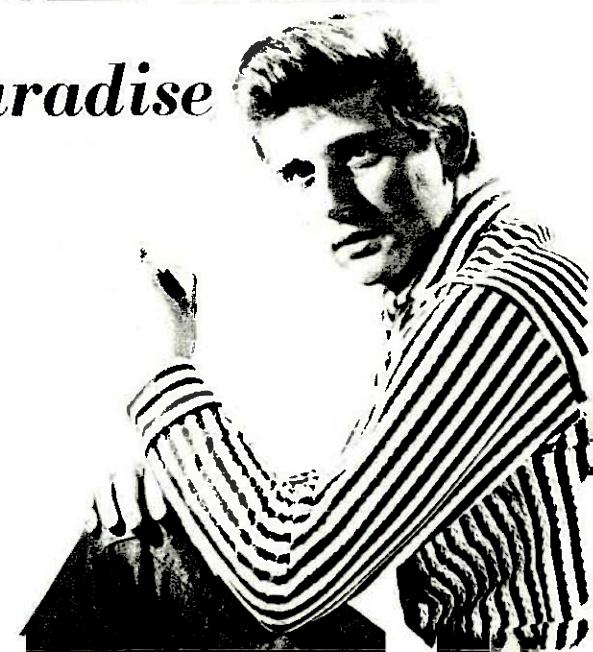
I would say there are a few little places still to be found in Wales, but obviously their great charm is that they are off the beaten track—so I won't tell you where they are. All I know is that they are ideal for a family holiday—if the weather behaves. You don't have to worry about whether the children will.

* * *

NORMAN WISDOM writes: I have put in an order for an ocean yacht, and when I set out on a cruise later this year it is certain to be my best holiday. It is 80 ft. long, with a crew of five. I design as a hobby and have designed many of the features that make it different.

Surfer's paradise

JOHN LEYTON says: I spent a brief, but memorable holiday late last year at the village called Surfer's Paradise, 51 miles south of Brisbane. When Charles Blackwell, who is my musical director, got caught by the undertow and had to be rescued he was revived by the delightful "kiss of life" method by pretty, girl lifeguards!



£50 TO SPEND, MODEL GIRL OLWEN PLANS HER SUMMER WARDROBE

Every girl has dreams at this time of the year of being able to go out and buy a complete new wardrobe for the spring and summer instead of having to make do with most of the clothes she wore last year and content herself with the odd dress and two-piece. Our model girl, Olwen, had dreams like this, too, so we made them come true by giving her £50 to spend in the fashions department of her local Co-op. store. She picked seven outfits—and still had a few pounds over for some accessories. She is going to Paris for her holidays so jazzy playclothes found no place in her wardrobe. Instead, she blended gay colours with detail in line and cut that will be glamorous for her continental holiday but suitable to wear at home throughout the summer. Here are the outfits Olwen chose with details about them on the opposite page.



THE suit (left) is pale, linen-textured with the longer jacket-line, and slim skirt. CWS Lanfield, style W5205, in powder blue, beige, green, lemon, or royal blue. Sizes 7, 9, W. Approx 8 gns. Shoes from CWS Myra range. Albino calf courts with plaited strapping, 3 in. heels. Style F6964. Approx 54s. 11d.

Left to right, below. Short evening dress, with gold-embroidered sash. In yellow, orange, or gold Shin-Wa fabric. Belmont Continental "Sophia," in 36 in. to 42 in., 49s. 11d. The Lanfield Capri foam-backed poplin mac, in stone, ice, powder blue, grey, or brown. Sizes 7-W. Approx £7 19s. 6d. Shoes, chameleon mock leather in pale grey. Style F6969, from CWS Myra range, 49s. 11d.

Joy, 100 per cent wool cardigan buttons high. Nine shades, sizes 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. Style W1127. Approx 32s. 6d. Beige Bedford cord trows, CWS Lanfield. Style W6406, in 24 in. to 30 in. Approx 32s. 6d. Casual shoes, style W6832, from CWS Annette range, 39s. 11d.

Bold-checked dress, CWS Belmont Supreme range, in red, green, or yellow all with black and white. Style 701, 36 in. to 42 in., 39s. 11d. Shoes: style F6969, as above.

Sleeveless shirtwaister with narrow skirt, blazer jacket. Style W5736 from CWS Lanfield, in lemon, blue, apple, or coral. 36 in. to 42 in. Approx 99s. 11d. White court shoes have punched vamp design, 3 in. heels. Style F6951, from CWS Myra range, 57s. 11d.

Flare-skirted dress with soft cowl neckline. Brown, blue or slate grey florals. Style 710, from the CWS Belmont Supreme. 36 in. to 42 in., 39s. 11d. Brown mock-croc shoes, from CWS Myra range. Style F6961, 49s. 11d.

Ruffled blouse in crisp white cotton, collarless, three-quarter sleeved. White only, in 34 in., 36 in., 38 in. From CWS Lanfield. Style W6509, 22s. 6d. Permanently pleated Tricel skirt in seven check effects. 24 in. to 36 in. waist sizes. Style W5908. Approx 45s. 11d. Shoes: style F6964, as above.

Make it easier for yourself in 1963

says URSULA BLOOM

LET us determine to make 1963 the best year ever—by arranging things ahead, making fresh plans, and cutting out all our past mistakes.

Too many of us women work ourselves to death by being for ever on the rush to get through our housework, because this is the way we have always worked and we couldn't be bothered to see if it could be changed.

What a poor reason! Bodily fatigue—and don't tell me that housework is NOT fatiguing—loss of energy, and that ghastly feeling of being tired-to-death are never worth while.

Husbands get the brunt of the tetchiness of the too-tired. Yet dozens of us go on spilling our energy all over the place because the "brights" must be cleaned, and the lino must look like glass.

Let us look again to see if we can change the old routine. Let us shed some of those awful liabilities.

Too much hard work, for instance, goes into the washing. A washing machine is an enormous help. I haven't got one so I changed everything over to nylon as much as I could. Believe me, these drip-dries can save a tremendous amount of work.

I used to do my housework first thing when I got up. I choked my mornings with sheer hard work, going at it full speed and wasting all the energy I had collected from a night's rest.

Why? *Because I always had.* I changed all this. I now work at my desk in the mornings, because it is easier to do my kind of work then, and the flat takes second place.

It may sound ridiculous, but I sweep and dust last thing at night instead of first thing in the morning. This has been an enormous help to me.

Working first thing is only a rule that has been handed down from the time



when women did not have to fill other jobs as well.

It may seem queer, but work gets done much more easily last thing at night. I put away most of the silver because it asked too much of me. I lacquered a lot of the brass and made definite arrangements for time off.

The curious thing about the housewife is that she has no time off, on the principle that "a woman's work is never done."

It's about time we made it plain that there must be a time when a woman's work IS done, and she must stop thinking about it.

★ ★ ★

Without definite plans and rules to take things more easily, your temper suffers. Half the housewives of this world become irritable because they are "fair wore out."

It is praiseworthy to be clean, to have everything brightly polished, and to make a house a home, but it is not praiseworthy to sacrifice your temper.

I give certain days to special tasks, rather than have one huge turn-out every week. One day for floors, one for "brights," one for polishing furniture.

The secret of making rules like this is to make sure you never allow yourself to sneak away from them.

It is quite possible to see that every day affords you a certain amount of relaxation which is so necessary to your peace of mind. It may be reading a nice book, taking a brisk walk with the dog, or tea with a friend.

Relaxation is not slacking-off, it is making quite sure that you can take the strain. Easing-up is a wise resolution.

This year I resolved to put worries behind me, anyway, for my time-off, and to buy every possible labour-saving device for my home.

Here's wishing you all a happy and prosperous 1963.



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Birthdays provide an opportunity to give children a treat. When planning a party keep everything small and individual.

SANDWICH FILLINGS

Sandwiches cut into small fancy shapes are always popular with children. Choose savoury and sweet fillings to give plenty of variety. A few sandwiches of each filling will soon disappear.

Try cream cheese mixed with chopped walnuts, grated carrot, finely chopped celery; slices of hard boiled eggs on small savoury biscuits; or circles of processed cheese covering savoury biscuits.

Sweet Fillings

Tiny finger rolls can be used in place of bread. Scoop out the centre of each roll and fill with one of these fillings: finely chopped apple and dates; chopped raisins and honey; crushed banana and raspberry jam.

ANY TIME IS

PARTY TIME

MERINGUE FINGERS

Two egg whites, 4 oz. castor sugar, CWS colouring.

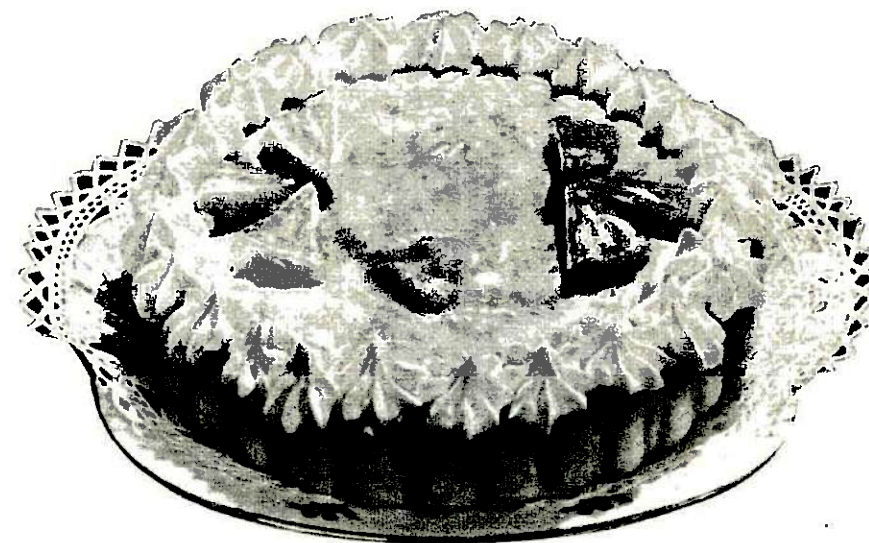
Whisk the egg whites until very stiff. Whisk in half the sugar and the colouring. Fold in the remaining sugar. Pipe in fingers on to a well greased and floured baking tray. Bake in a cool oven 250°F. (Mark 1) for three to four hours until crisp throughout. Serve separately or sandwiched together with cream or jam.

SNOWMAN

4 oz. Victoria sandwich mixture, CWS chocolate drops, red ribbon, almond paste, royal icing.

Bake three-quarters of the cake mixture in a greased oven proof basin. Bake the remaining mixture in a small basin or cup shaped mould. When cold cover with a thin layer of almond paste. Join the small cake on to the large one to form a head.

Place on a silver board. Coat with royal icing to resemble snow. Arrange chocolate drops to make a face. Tie the red ribbon to make a scarf. A paper hat and pipe can be made from stiff paper.



PINEAPPLE CHIFFON PIE

One CWS Brandy Dessert or Cherry Brandy Dessert Jelly, 1 pint hot water, 2 eggs (separated), small tin pineapple, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, pinch of salt, small tin Wheatsheaf Pure Dairy Cream or 1 pint whipped fresh cream, one 9 in. pastry case.

Dissolve the jelly in the hot water. Add the drained, chopped pineapple to the egg yolks and add the lemon juice, rind and a tablespoon of sugar. Place the bowl over a pan of hot water until the mixture thickens. Add the cool jelly and leave until cold.

Whisk up the egg whites stiffly with the salt, fold in a tablespoon of sugar. Fold the egg whites into the pineapple mixture. Pour into the pastry case. Decorate with cream. Serve chilled.

ORANGE BASKETS

One CWS orange jelly, 3 large oranges, angelica.

Cut the oranges in half. Squeeze out the juice without breaking the skins. Remove the membrane from the skins with a teaspoon.

Make jelly up to three-quarters of a pint using the orange juice. Pour into the orange shells. When set arrange a strip of angelica to form a handle. Decorate with cream.

CHOCOLATE MILK SHAKES

4 oz. CWS plain chocolate, 2 pints milk, small block vanilla ice cream.

Put the milk and roughly chopped chocolate into a pan, heat until the chocolate dissolves. Allow to cool in a jug. Add the ice cream and whisk until very frothy. Pour into tall glasses, serve at once.

BANANA SHAKES

Two large bananas, 2 pints milk, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, small block vanilla ice cream.

Mash the bananas and sugar until very soft. Whisk into the milk. Add the ice cream and continue whisking until frothy.



The dance world at their feet

SUSAN is only eight years old, and Peter is ten. They are pupils at the Eric Lashbrook School of Dancing and have been dancing together for about nine months. They have entered many competitions and received several certificates of merit.

They were the youngest couple to dance in the Juvenile International Championship competition at the Royal Albert Hall. And although they didn't win, Susan and Peter, both of Liverpool, were not too disappointed. They both agree that the experience was well worth while, and hope to have better luck next time.

They are still working very hard, practising two or three nights each week, ready for their next competition. Could it be that here is the beginning of a new world championship team?



BOUFFANT HAIR

For bouffant hair. Wind a tissue round each roller. It will soak up the moisture, make hair easier to wind, prevent it splitting.

VARIETY FARE

TEMPERATURE TIPS

A group of manufacturers of detergents, washing machines, fibres and fabrics, as well as garment makers, have recently agreed on the most appropriate temperatures for washing.

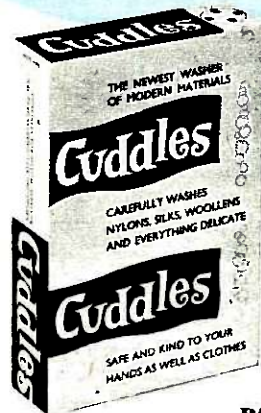
WARM (40° C.). For Acetate acrylic fibres, such as "Acrilan," "Courtele," "Orlon," "Tri-cel," silk and wool blends containing wool.

HAND HOT (48° C.). Coloured nylon, "Terylene."

HOT (60° C.). Coloured cotton and fabrics with minimum care finish, white nylon and rayon.

VERY HOT (85° C.). White cotton.

A letter from Mrs Anne Conroy, of Fleetwood, Lancs., says: "I thought I would have to discard two perfectly good nylon slips. They were such a bad colour. But, honestly, CUDDLES (CWS light-duty detergent) has brought them up like new."



CLEANSING CREAM

To apply your cleansing cream. Squeeze it out in cold water and use it like a sponge to gently smooth the cream on. Keeps your fingers free from grease.



POWDER TIP

To set your face powder. Press a damp-wet tissue over face after powdering, and avoid the shiny-nose look. You will find you have that extra confidence when you go on that "important date."



Courtesy of the "Daily Herald."

—THOSE MUSICAL MORTIMERS

STAMPING OUT THE MESSAGE

Philatelists, gather round! The Postmaster General broke new ground in November by issuing three special

stamps to publicise National Productivity Year. But foreign authorities are wider in their choice of subjects. For instance, it was not surprising that the 40th International Co-operative Day should be marked by a special stamp issue.

Two significant designs were produced by the Republic of China (Formosa); one in light brown, shows the Co-operative emblem against the background of the national plum flower around rays of light. The other, in purple, depicts two clasped hands in front of a globe. Pakistan have also issued a pair of stamps on Co-operative Day. Attractively printed in two colours, both have a bouquet of ten roses as a central motif, symbolising the minimum number of people necessary to form a Co-operative Society.

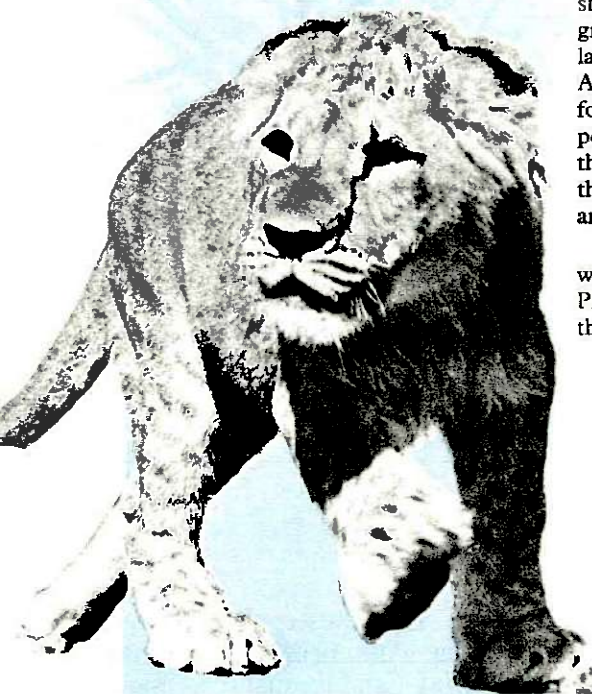


THE CWS Manchester Band have become the winners of the National Brass Band Championships," said the radio announcer, with more than a touch of pride. Harry Mortimer, the BBC's director of brass and military bands, was reporting from the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the success of the band of which his brother, Alex, is musical director.

And so another chapter had been written in the amazing story of the musical Mortimers, a story which began with Fred Mortimer, their father, who was the only one of a large family to show musical ability. He became one of the leading brass band conductors of his day.

Alex branched out on his own in 1924, making his debut with Fodens for whom he played solo euphonium. Later he was auditioned by Sir Hamilton Harty and became attached to the Halle Orchestra.

He accepted the post of musical director of the Black Dyke Mills Band in 1949. In 1954 he became musical director of the CWS Manchester Band, which has taken four second prizes and two third prizes in the National Championships, in addition to winning the title in the latest competition.



The night I met a lion

THE night I met a lion with only a walking stick for self-defence remains one of the nastiest of my memories of Rhodesia.

I had set out by train to spend a weekend with a farmer friend living at the back of beyond. He was to meet me in his car at the nearest railway halt, but when I arrived he wasn't there.

After I'd waited for about an hour, I discovered that he was never going to come anyway. I'd got out at the wrong halt! And, as there were no more trains that day, there was nothing for it but to walk.

Hours later I found myself following a winding track round the edge of some forest land. The sun had gone down, there was nothing and nobody in sight. In short, I was lost.

It was then that I first became aware of my lion. He was just ahead of me, staring malevolently through the undergrowth, his yellow-red eyes like headlamps in the darkness. He did not move. Apparently he was waiting complacently for me to come near enough for him to pounce. I was scared stiff and my first thought was to run for it. But I knew that if I did, the lion would pounce anyway. So I stayed put.

I don't know how long I stood there while we stared each other out. Probably only a matter of minutes, though it seemed like years. Then, with a roar, he leapt—and at the same instant there was a great noise that seemed to start in my head and go echoing through the forest.

The next thing I knew was that a man was standing beside me, his arm round my shoulders and a smoking rifle in his other hand. The lion lay very still only a few feet away.

The man was my farmer friend. He had questioned the guard of the train when I did not alight at the right halt, had discovered what had happened, and set out in his car to meet me. But it was only by a miracle that he found me—and only just in time.

There are some people who don't have to go looking for trouble. It just follows them around.

I hadn't the slightest suspicion when I went to bed in my Rhodesian home one night that I was in for anything but a nice, quiet sleep till the native cook-boy woke me in the morning.

I think it was about three o'clock when I did wake up. There was a funny, crackling noise going on outside, but as the previous day had been sultry and cloud-laden I guessed it was just a storm and settled down to sleep again. That little doze very nearly cost me my life!

Presently I woke again, without knowing why. Above my head were a number of red spots that glowed strangely in the darkness. As I stared at them I saw that they were knots in the wood of the ceiling and were caused by intense heat. It took me several precious minutes to realize that the heat came from the

thatched roof which, at that precise moment, was a blazing furnace.

"Fire!" I yelled, and made a blind dash for the door.

As I wrenched it open, I was met by a solid wall of flame and was driven back, coughing and spluttering.

How I got out of that place alive I shall never know. All I remember now is the splintering of glass as I flung myself at the window, to land flat on my face outside at the very moment when, with a mighty crash, the roof caved in.

Not long after that I ran into my next adventure.

I was employed at that time by a firm of cartage contractors in Salisbury. One of my jobs was the carrying of lorry loads of gelignite and other high explosives to a magazine on the outskirts of the town, where they were stored for use in quarrying.

Arriving at the magazine, it was my duty to superintend the gang of natives who off-loaded the boxes of explosives and carried them, one at a time, into the storage chamber. Every native knew that he held all our lives in his hands as he perched a heavy wooden box on his shoulders and picked his way gingerly into the magazine. One slip, and we should all get single tickets for eternity.

On this occasion, everything was going to plan. Then one of the boys tripped over a stone. He gave a wild yell as the box hurtled towards the ground. This, I told myself, was it—and flung myself down, waiting for the explosion that was to send us all skyhigh. Seconds later, I was amazed to find myself still there, and still all in one piece.

At last, amid the queerest silence, I got to my feet. Far down the road, a cloud of dust rose in the wake of the boy who was still fleeing for his life. His companions stood around, like stiff, waxen figures, staring at the box of gelignite. It lay where it had fallen, split open by its impact on the rocky surface of the ground, but quite harmless.

I learnt afterwards that it was found to be damp, which accounted for its not "going off." I was also told that it was the only box in the whole consignment to be so affected.

I wouldn't call myself a particularly religious man. But after that little adventure, I couldn't help wondering if there isn't something in the idea of a Providence that watches over us.

I'm still wondering . . .

THE DINKUM AUSSIE DOESN'T CARE

Says J. C. LONGDEN

IN these days, when one hears of trouble between the white and black races of the world, it is strange indeed there is no mention of the Australian aborigine, the only "dinkum" Aussie.

Yet the restrictions placed upon him are no less harsh than those on his coloured brothers anywhere else. These are some of the things he is not allowed to do in any city anywhere in his own country:

He must not drink anything alcoholic in any public place. To obtain alcohol for an aborigine in Australia is to run the risk of prison, or a heavy fine.

He must not attend any public place of entertainment where white people are gathered.

He must not travel on any public transport, except the railway, and then only in a special compartment at the rear labelled "ABORIGINES ONLY."

He can visit the cities only during certain hours.

He can attend for medical treatment at the hospitals only at set times.

If he is a "full blood," he will be forced to live in certain areas outside city limits which are reserved for aborigine families.

These areas are officially known as Native Reserves. They are strictly controlled. A half caste aborigine must not visit his full blood relatives on these reserves without permission. If he does, he will land in prison. Repeated offences can, and often do bring very heavy sentences.

What type of man is the Australian aborigine that he needs so much control? Is he vicious, anti-white, savage, dangerous, a possible menace to the purity of white Australian womanhood?

Not at all. The average aborigine is among the most good natured of all God's creatures. He will put up with almost anything, which is possibly why he is content to live in the squalor that white officialdom has forced on him in his rightful home; tin shacks in almost virgin bush, with sacking for doors, dawn of civilization sanitation, and only creek or bore water to drink.

He is simple minded, illiterate, for despite some sort of schooling few aborigines can do more than write their own names. But in his own nature he

possesses a cleverness that is not understood by the whites. He can track a man in virgin bush so thick with undergrowth that it seems to have lain undisturbed since the world began; he can point out the path of the smallest lizard, and tell you how long it is since "him fella lizard" made that path; he can sustain himself for weeks and months in bush land that seems to offer neither food nor drink; some believe that he can talk to the wild birds.

He is lazy in that he will not toil from sun up to sundown in the shearing pens and on the vast ranges for money, as will his master. At certain times of the year something that is age-old will whisper to him—a mysterious, magical something, which no one, not even he, understands. This is the time of the great trek back into the wild bush land of his origin, the time of the great "Walkabout."

No one knows where he and his kind go to, and no one knows what happens. It is as though some spirit from the stunted ancient bush takes possession of them, and suddenly there are no more

smiling black faces for weeks, even months.

It happens again and again, generation after generation. It will go on happening, perhaps forever.

As for white women, the aborigine can find beauty and desire enough among his own kind. He knows his own tribe and usually sticks to it. It is a tribal offence to do otherwise, and can result in the dread penalty of "pointing the bone."

Very few white men have ever seen this dread ritual performed, but it is said that a corroboree is formed, attended by every adult member of the tribe, men and women. The "spirit man," or tribal witch doctor, leads the ceremony. He has custody of the ancient sacred bone, believed to be human. The bone is placed in the centre of a ring formed by the tribe. The "spirit man" performs a slow magic-making dance around it, muttering incantations.

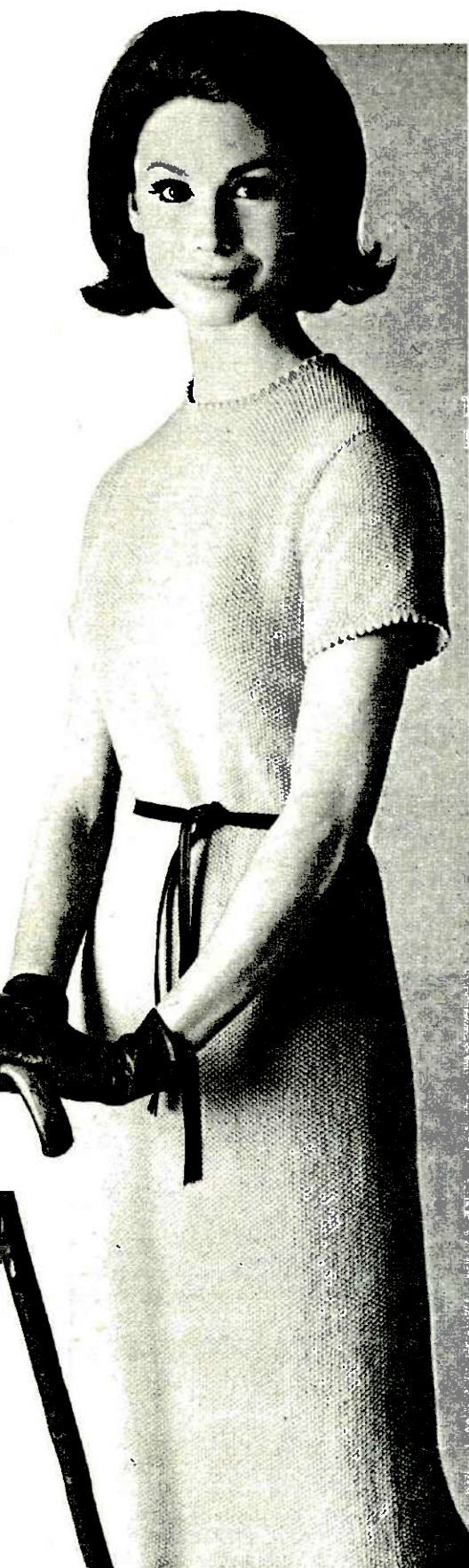
At the end of his dance he suddenly takes the bone up, points it, and shouts the name of the offender several times. The cry is taken up and is repeated over and over. It is not necessary for the victim to be present. The magic is believed to be so powerful that it will reach him no matter how far away he happens to be.

As a prison officer in Australia, I once saw an aborigine dying as a result of this uncanny ritual. We found evidence to prove that it had been enacted somehow within the walls of the prison, staffed night and day by a thousand watchful people.

No one saw or heard anything, yet the aborigine, surrounded by all the knowledge and power of modern medicine, sank into a stupor and died exactly as he would have done thousands of years ago amid the gum and jarrah trees of his native bush.



These Australian aborigines look prepared for anything. Yet they are among the most good natured of peoples, with remarkable powers of tracking. It is said that they can even speak with the birds!



DRESS FOR DOWN A GARDEN PATH

Even at this time of year it isn't always overcast weather. The borders need a little tending? What better then, for the amble down the garden, than this delightful dress in "Bri-Nylon?" It will keep out the cold even on those short country rambles, when a stick, a mackintosh over the arm, are all that are really needed.

MATERIALS.—22 [24, 25] oz. WAVECREST Bri-Nylon 4-ply; two No. 13 and two No. 11 needles; one stitch-holder; 4 in. zip; one belt.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 34 [36, 38] in. bust (loosely). Length, 40 in. (adjustable). Sleeve seam, 4 in.

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

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; y.fwd., yarn forward; tog., together; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; in., inches.

TENSION.—7½ sts. and 9½ rows to the square inch on No. 11 needles, measured over stocking stitch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 145 [153, 161] sts. Work 10 rows in stocking stitch (mark this point).

Proceed in moss stitch (every row **k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1) until work measures 18 in. from marked point (adjust length here).

Change to No. 13 needles and continue until work measures 27½ [27½, 27] in. from

marked point. Change to No. 11 needles and continue until work measures 32½ [32, 31½] in. from marked point.

Shape armholes by casting off 11 [12, 13] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 99 [103, 107] sts. remain. *** Continue on these sts. until work measures 4½ [4½, 4½] in. from beg. of armhole shaping.

Divide for back opening as follows: Next row: work across 49 [51, 53], cast off 1, work to end. Proceed on each group of sts. until work measures 7½ [7½, 8] in. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder by casting off 11 [11, 12] sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row. Work 1 row. Next row: cast off 11 [12, 11], work to end. Work 1 row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as Back to ***. Continue on these sts. until work measures 5½ [5½, 5½] in. from beg. of armhole shaping. Shape neck as follows: Next row: work across 40 [41, 42], sts work next 19 [21, 23] sts. on to a stitch-holder and leave, work to end.

Proceed on each group of sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every alt. row until 33 [34, 35] sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures same as Back to shoulder shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder by casting off 11 [11, 12] sts. at beg. of next and following alt. row. Work 1 row. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and the two needle method, cast on 79 [81, 83] sts. Work 4 rows in stocking stitch.

Next row: k.1, **k.2 tog., y.fwd., rep. from ** to last 2 sts., k.2. Commencing with a p. row, work 5 rows in stocking stitch.

Next row: make hem by knitting tog., one st. from needle and one loop from cast-on edge all across row.

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KNITTING
PATTERN
No. 83

Next row: p.4 [4, 2], (inc. in next st., p.9 [7, 6]) 7 [9, 11] times, inc. in next st., p. to end (87 [91, 95] sts.).

Change to No. 11 needles and proceed in moss stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 4th row until there are 105 [109, 113] sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 4 in. from lower edge.

Shape top by casting off 11 [12, 13] sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 59 [59, 59] sts. remain. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using a fine back-stitch seam join shoulders of Back and Front. Using No. 13 needles, with right side facing, knit up 99 [103, 107] sts. round neck including sts. from stitch-holder.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in stocking stitch. Next row k.1, **k.2 tog., y.fwd., rep. from ** to last 2 sts., k.2. Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in stocking stitch. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Block and press on wrong side using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a fine back-stitch seam join side and sleeve seams and stitch Sleeves into position. Fold stocking stitch at lower edge to wrong side of work and flat-stitch to form hem.

Fold Neckband at row of holes to wrong side and flat-stitch to form picot hem. Stitch zip into back opening. Press seams.

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When Gable was Hollywood's king



By
**FRANK
MAWSON**

"BY one of those oddities of history that delight both scholars and simpletons Clark Gable was born just as Queen Victoria's funeral was taking place. There were even more soothsayers around then than now, but none of them seemed aware that the most exciting sex symbol of modern times was entering the world precisely as the doughtiest advocate of restrained behaviour in the boudoir was leaving it."

An odd fact certainly, but only one of the many that Charles Samuels brings out in his biography of Clark Gable *The King of Hollywood* (W. H. Allen, 25s.).

I suppose not since Errol Flynn's *My Wicked, Wicked Ways* has there appeared so candid, human and revealing a portrait of a great film star.

In it Samuels traces Gable's life from that morning in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901, on the upper floor of a two-storey clapboard house on Charleston Street, to his sumptuous five million dollars estate five months after his death and the birth of another child—his only son—to Kay Spreckles, his fifth wife.

He tells of Gable's disastrous effort at a stage career. It happened in the little town of Akron when Gable, still in his teens, was making a few dollars at a clothing store.

He was so attracted to *The Bird of Paradise*, showing at the local music hall, that he threw up everything to join them—as callboy.

For the records it is interesting to note the first words he ever spoke on the stage: "Your cab has come, madame." The part was given to him at Akron as a reward for the good work he had done as callboy.

His five marriages, of course, made headline news the world over, and in this book are lively plain-spoken portraits of these women, and Gable's attraction both to them and many others.

"Gable could be a blunt-spoken man," writes Samuels. "He seldom hesitated to tell a woman when he was tired of her. What was the magic spell that Clark Gable cast over these women? It was not money. He was anything but generous with his presents."

The Khyber Pass and its surrounding areas have been the basis for many fine stories, but none more exciting than *The Way of the Pathans* by James W. Spain (Robert Hale, 18s.).

Spain writes of the century-long war between Britain and the Pathans and follows the annual trek of the *powendah*

nomads from the Afghan highlands to the Pakistani plains.

He describes the principal tribes and their characteristics, their fiery poetry, and the murky violence of their tribal feuds over *zar, zan, and zamin* (gold, women, and land) with both vigour and vividness.

Still in this mysterious part of the world comes a book from Peter Hayes, *Frontier Drums* (Odhams, 12s. 6d.). It is the book of the exciting television serial which so many boys and girls enjoyed.

To go away and return a whole man—or not at all—was the problem facing Joss, of the "Star," one of the most versatile cartoonists who ever won fame in Fleet Street. In 1956 fate had struck: he lost his wife, his health, and for a time his freedom.

In his book *Of Geisha and Gangsters* (Odhams, 25s.) Frederick Joss tells of how he went away to sacred Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, cradle of Japanese arts and culture, and how he was here welcomed to the world of geishadom.

If you like a bit of blood curdle in your stories then don't miss Eric Maple's book *The Dark World of Witches* (Robert Hale, 21s.).

Among their many fiction books recently published Robert Hale have brought out two which are a real joy to read: *House on the Rocks* (10s. 6d.) by Theresa Charles, and *Sea Jewel* (10s. 6d.) by Linden Grierson.

Best Fantasy Stories (Faber, 16s.) is fantasy undiluted—the world of pepper and salt pots gone mad, of word-obliterators, of the last surviving megatherium, of jet propelled couches. How can such stories be described? Brian W. Aldiss, who edits this book, leaves them "to levitate on their laurels."

The Epicurean Book (Allen and Unwin, 28s.) by Jean Conil, the world-famous chef, is a book about food and wine designed for epicures as distinct from gastronomes.

Nesta Nuttall has written a book that all children will be clamouring for. *Severn Holiday* (Oliver and Boyd, 9s. 6d.) is a thrilling story about a hunt for a prehistoric lake village.

If your boy is bent on becoming an electrician, then get him *Press of a Switch*. (Odhams, 12s. 6d.) by George Baker.

Mystery of the eel's strange journey

The eel's story is full of unsolved mysteries. Naturalists know that eels leave the streams and rivers and breed in the sea, but they don't know how they adapt themselves to salt water.

Perhaps the greatest mystery of all is why they should swim off to the weed-ridden Sargasso sea to lay their eggs. When the eel is ten years old the time soon comes when it must make its journey there.

If you are ever about at night in the country, you may discover an eel crawling about on the wet grass. It will be making its way to a stream in which it plunges. It will journey on in this fashion, sometimes crossing from stream to stream, until it finally reaches the river which takes it to the sea.

Once in the sea, it takes an unknown route back to the Sargasso sea where it will lay its eggs. Afterwards, most naturalists think the eel dies.

The new life in the egg hatches and at this stage the eel is a curious transparent creature with a tiny head. It will take three years to reach the shores of Europe and will have now grown into an elver.

In November, the eels move along the shores as dense columns of elvers near the estuaries of French rivers. For many, when they reach a small pool, it is the end of their outward journey. But others drift towards the northern Atlantic or are carried into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Some may remain in small pools for perhaps 12 years, and even if flood comes they will wind themselves round some stout tree branch or bury themselves in the mud if the pool dries up.

The fascinating account of how these "deep-sea babies" reach our rivers and ponds and then go off again to spawn hundreds of miles away, is told in *Animal Travellers*, by Mercelle Verité (Odhams Press Ltd., 15s.). There are also many other equally fascinating accounts of the migratory habits of animals, birds, fish, and reptiles.

And here's a way to brush up on your knowledge of the inhabitants of our rivers. This month the Editor wants you to draw and colour with paints or crayons the freshwater creatures you might find in a river or pond.

There are two classes—under nine and over nine years. There are two prizes in each section: delicious chocolates for the over nines and bumper parcels of sweets for the younger ones from the E & S CWS Chocolate Works at Luton and CWS Confectionery Works at Reddish.

Read the following rules carefully.

1. The drawing must be your own and measure not more than 10 in. by 8 in.
2. On the back of your entry write your full name, address, and age IN BLOCK CAPITALS.
3. Post your entry (marking the envelope "Competition") to: **The Editor, Home Magazine, 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4.**

Closing date for entries is January 28, 1963.

NOVEMBER COMPETITION WINNERS

Charles C. Stuart, Merle Bank, Threlkeld, Cumberland; Linda Purvis, Carisbrooke Avenue, Thortree Estate, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire. Margaret Smalley, Dinmore Avenue, Grange Park Estate, Blackpool; Kathleen Thompson, Meare Road, Combe Down, Bath, Somerset.

GARDENING NOTES By W. E. Shewell-Cooper

JANUARY is an important month for gardeners, for we may still plant or renovate our flower borders. The soil must be in the right condition, so dig in plenty of well-rotted compost. If possible, arrange to have a hedge at the back of each border. This helps to throw up the colours. An evergreen hedge is best, such as yew, holly or the *lonicera nitida*. Do first plan your borders on squared paper and don't plant single specimens but arrange in drifts or groups so as to avoid a hard look.

The spring border will provide a display from March until the end of May and will consist of bulbs and early-flowering perennials. Annuals will not bloom early enough for this border, but a few shrubs may be put towards the back. Choose bulbs from scillas, snowdrops, crocus, chionodoxas, grape hyacinths and bulbous irises. For the middle and back of the border there are hyacinths, narcissi and tulips. Choose



SPINNING a disc, or perhaps a small fortune for the singer, is a matter of chance, choice, mood, when those "Yes" or "No" cards are held up on Saturdays.

Jean Sablon, for instance, is an old stager in the mellow mood, which seems to be catching on as a change from all that twisting. Teenagers might like to discover—or rediscover—him (HMV CLP 1570) where he is singing such old favourites as *Je tire ma reverence*.

Nat King Cole sings and the George Shearing Quintet plays *September Song*, *Let there be love*, *Lost April* and others (Capitol W1675).

Like Mozart's famous Requiem, in which he is said to have forecast his own early death, Tchaikovsky's 6th is full of sombre overtones. It was given on October 28, 1893. By November 6, the composer was dead of cholera. Here it is again, brilliantly handled (Columbia 33CX 1812) *Pathétique No. 6 in B minor*, op. 74, with Otto Klemperer.

Another Tchaikovsky, *Concerto in D major*, op. 35, and *Meditation in D minor*, op. 42, with Leonid Kogan, violin, is on Columbia 33CX 1711.

The romantic Eartha Kitt sings *I've got you under my skin*, and other favourites (HMV CLP 1595), with Tony Osborne and his orchestra.

Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts *Gilbert and Sullivan Highlights No. 2* on HMV ALP 1922. Evergreen.

early-flowering varieties to ensure a succession of bloom.

If you haven't sent for your CWS seed catalogue, do so right away. Address a postcard to the CWS Seeds Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby. Remember that this isn't a seed catalogue in the normal way, because it also contains details of roses, plants for hedging, trees and shrubs, dahlias, chrysanthemums and so on. I am often recommending you to use sedge peat and you will find that there. *Liquinure* is a favourite of mine and that's there, as is the *Mercurized Moss Eridicant* for Lawns.

I am planting a collection of lilies shortly and you could buy the bulbs of the Gold Ray lily of Japan, the Tiger lily and the Candlestick lily from the CWS, as well as the bulbs of the most beautiful freezias I have ever grown. The broad bean Osmaston Defiant received the Royal Horticultural Society's Award of Merit and ought to be better known. It is a prolific cropper.

Windsor
FINE BONE CHINA

HAREBELL
1586/81

BLACK TULIP
1539/81

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

B 6/63

What does Holiday 'Freedom' Really mean



First and foremost it means a complete break from the normal daily round—a glorious release from train or bus catching—and work. That is the essence of a holiday—but for all that there are certain routines that have to be looked after for you, to let you enjoy the full flavour of holiday 'freedom'.

SOME THINGS HAVE TO BE ORGANISED

People on holiday like to be sure that meals are served at proper times and that household chores such as cleaning and polishing and bedmaking are someone else's responsibility—in a word that they are genuinely free to enjoy themselves in their own way. If this is the kind of holiday 'freedom' you want, then Butlin's is the place for you.

ENJOY YOURSELF IS THE GOLDEN RULE

All you have to do at Butlin's is enjoy yourself in your own way—repeat again, *in your own way*. For although the Butlin organisation exerts itself to ensure your comfort and happiness it does not try to organise YOU. Of course there are competitions with fabulous cash prizes and games and sing-songs because lots of people like them, but you can 'include yourself out'—or in—just as you like.

DAY AND NIGHT—YOU ARE THE ONE

It's your holiday—our job is to see that you enjoy it. You like swimming? two heated pools are at your disposal, one indoors and one in the open. Dancing? there are separate ballrooms for Modern dancing, Old Time and Jive, each with a top-line band. Evening shows? choose from variety, straight theatre or cinema. Sport? cricket, putting, tennis, roller skating, billiards, table tennis—all the amenities of a modern seaside resort there to enjoy, and all FREE. Now you know why millions of people choose Butlin's for their holiday and why so many of them come back year after year.

There's nothing to beat Butlin's for a happy carefree holiday by the sea.

THIS CARD WILL BRING YOU OUR COLOURED BROCHURE

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AFFIX
2½^D
STAMP

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439, OXFORD STREET,

LONDON, W.1

CHAIRMAN'S NEW YEAR MESSAGE

Good over-all progress

MAY I first wish you all the compliments of the season, and express the hope that you and your families have enjoyed the spirit of Christmas in full measure.

We now again look forward to a New Year, which, as always, gives us the opportunity of reviewing our past performance and making resolutions for the future.

1962 has been a very eventful year for the society, and I am personally very proud to have served as your president and Chairman during this term of office.

Pride of place must be given to the over-all progress of the society in membership, trade and capital, which reflects great credit on our Co-operative loyalty, as we continue to demonstrate the advantages of pooling our resources.

Nevertheless, there is always the constant danger of complacency when in taking these things for granted, we sit back to relax, allowing our competitors to surge forward and take the initiative. Examine our increase in sales for 1962. At the time of going to press there is every indication of making an increase of £100,000, but, even then, our average trade per member is only about £1 16s. 0d. per week. Without the slightest exaggeration, I maintain that we could easily make this figure £2 6s. 0d. per week, and, on that basis the increase in trade would have been £500,000.

Just take the bare essentials like bread, milk, meat, groceries and coal—even a family of two could not possibly spend less than £2 10s. 0d. per week, on these items alone. Our services extend over a far greater range as you are well aware, which brings me to another item worthy of mention in this review. I refer, of course, to the wines and spirits department, which was opened in early September. After a great deal of trouble, we were finally successful in obtaining a licence. This now be-

comes a very valuable asset, and enables us to provide a service to our members, which was long overdue.

Day to remember

The opening of the supermarket will be a day I shall always remember. None of those who were involved in organising the arrangements could fail to be captivated by the excitement of its success. If you have not yet visited your supermarket in Church Street, then I recommend that you do so. Without doubt it is the finest store of this type in the area. The store is capable of turn-

ing over more than £4,000 per week. I hope the chairman's next New Year message will say this target has been reached.

We now have a team of two of the youngest officials in the Co-operative Movement, though not without knowledge and experience, and they are certainly ardent Co-operators.

I am sure the solid foundations which have been laid by their predecessors, particularly Mr G. A. Stock and Mr F. C. Bennett, will not only be safeguarded, but built upon as we continue to make progress.

My colleagues and I on the board of management, together with officials, departmental managers and all the staff are at your service.

Help us to serve you by giving us maximum support.

L. HARPER.

USDAW Dinner Dance

THE annual dinner and dance of the USDAW, the trade union of our employees was held at the Castle Hotel, on December 12, when a company of over 100 employees, wives and friends had a most enjoyable evening.

The guest of the evening was Mr Julian Snow M.P., who is also a member of this union, other guests included representatives of the management committee, and officials of the society, and Birmingham area of USDAW.

Mrs F. Keheler, chairman of the Tamworth branch presided over the dinner in a very able and charming way, and introduced the speakers.

Mr C. Hames in proposing the toast to USDAW, spoke of the good co-operation between the union and the board of management, this was confirmed by Mr H. C. Jones area organiser, who replied to the toast. He also congratulated the board on their forward-looking policies, which could only be to the benefit of the society and its members.

He thanked the local officials of the union for the work that they did, and said that members of the union owed

a debt of gratitude to them, particularly to the branch secretary, Mr George Cotterill. Workers in the retail distributive trades were now realising, he said, that the ideas and ideals of USDAW were a way of life.

Mr A. Raybon, one of our deliverers who has completed over 50 years' service with the society, welcomed the guests, and paid particular attention to Mr Julian Snow M.P. for Tamworth and Lichfield.

Mr Snow in replying to the toast to the guests said that he never felt himself a stranger when with members of USDAW for he had been a member of the union for many years, and recalled that before the war, when he and one other employee of a large organisation in the south had been the only two employees who had been members of what was then the NUDAW.



Achievements

He spoke of how USDAW had played a great part in putting pressure on successive governments to better the conditions of workers in the distributive trades, and although much had been achieved there was still much to be done, and here was the challenge to the younger members of the union.

He urged younger members to study their trade union, and politics, to fit themselves as candidates for and to take their place in local government and parliament.

He spoke of the need for economic prosperity throughout the world, the Co-operative Movement had given a lead with its ideals and ideas, and he gave his best wishes to the movement and all who worked in it.

The arrangements for the evening were made by the branch secretary, Mr G. Cotterill.

The photograph shows the guest of the evening with the branch committee.

CIS Retirement

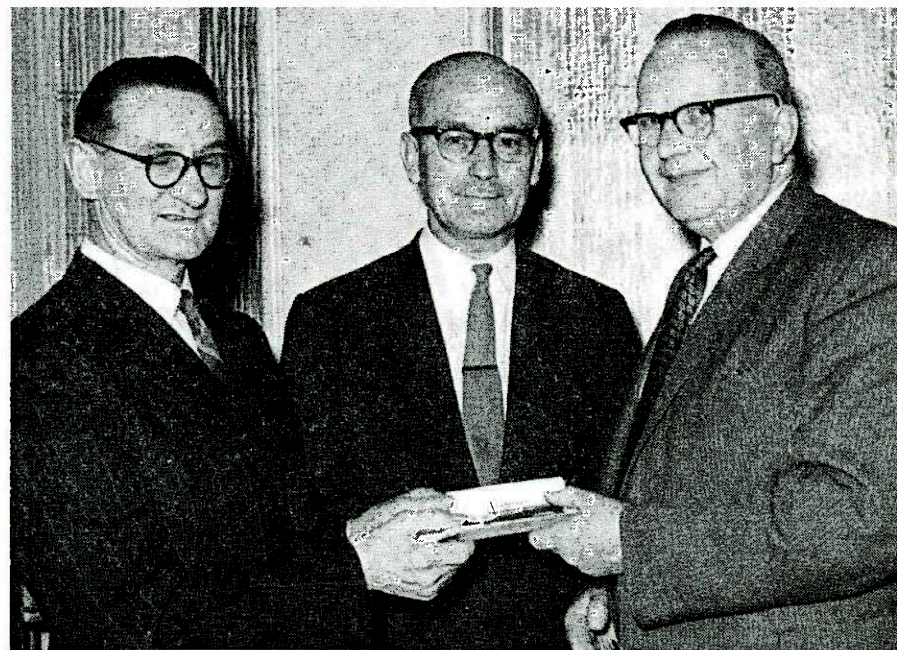
It is not often that we are able to publish anything relating to that important part of the Co-operative Movement, the Co-operative Insurance Society, but on November 29, at the Castle Hotel, the CIS agents and staff of the Nuneaton district office (of which Tamworth is part), held a most enjoyable dinner and and dance to mark the retirement of a local agent, Mr S. Austin.

Mr Austin is well known to many of our members in the Fazeley, Mile

Oak, Hopwas area as their agent and friend, and to him and Mrs Austin we wish a long and happy retirement. The photograph shows Coun. M. Sutton, a colleague of Mr Austin, with Mr F. S. Thorpe, the district manager, making the presentation on behalf of the agents and the district office staff.

Our society was represented by Mr G. W. Wagstaffe, secretary and executive officer, who spoke of the close links between the CIS and our local society.

Crown Clarence . . . pottery of distinction. From your Co-operative store.



Precious Years

DIAMOND WEDDING

Mr and Mrs Golder, 32, The Gullet, Polesworth, December 25, 1962.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS

Mr and Mrs J. Ray, 2, Deer Park Road, Fazeley, December 15, 1962; Mr and Mrs H. Collier, 46, Park Avenue, St. Helena, Polesworth, December 22, 1962; Mr and Mrs Allsopp, 247, Hockley Road, Wilnecote, December 26, 1962; Mr and Mrs G. Clarke, 25, Johnson Street, Wood End, December 26, 1962; Mr and Mrs Cheneier, 26, Mount Pleasant, Two Gates, December 25, 1962; Mr and Mrs Wardingley, 13, Bridgewater Street, Bolehall, December 28, 1962.

COLLECTIVE LIFE ASSURANCE

Members are reminded that the collective life assurance benefit is only applicable in those cases where the services of the funeral furnishing department are engaged.

We are very proud of this department which has a very high reputation for dignity, reverence and respect.

We are therefore able to assist our bereaved members by not only providing a service of the highest class, but also help arrangements.

TAMWORTH Industrial Co-operative Society Ltd.

Telephone: 3711 (3 lines)

Established 1886

REGISTERED OFFICE:

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

Branches: POLESWORTH, DORDON, AMINGTON, GLASCOW, WILNECOTE, WOOD END, GILLWAY, BOLEHALL, KINGSBURY, and MILE OAK

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY:

President: Mr L. HARPER Vice-President: Mr F. W. MORGAN

Committee:

Mr E. COLLINS
Mr F. EGAN
Mr C. W. DEAKIN

Mr T. HILL
Mr J. HINDS
Mr A. HEATHCOTE
Mr F. DAY

Mr A. E. SMITH
Mr J. MATTHEWS
Mr K. A. MUGLESTON

Secretary: Mr G. W. WAGSTAFFE, A.C.S.A.

Assistant Secretary: Mr A. G. GLOVER, C.S.D.

Cashier: Mr R. H. WHITE, A.C.S.A.

Bankers: CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LIMITED

Auditors: ENGLISH AND PARTNERS

THE OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY are the social and intellectual advancement of its Members and to carry on the trade of General Dealers in Groceries and Provisions, Bread and Confectionery, Butchery, Coal, Footwear, Drapery, Outfitting, Dairying, Carpets, Furniture, Hardware, Electrical, Boot Repairing, Greengroceries, Chemistry, Funeral Furnishing, Catering, Radio, Wines and Spirits, Tailoring, Property Repairs, Animal Feedstuffs.

The success of the Movement depends entirely on the support given by each member.

IMPORTANT NOTICES

HOW TO JOIN THE SOCIETY.—Persons may become Members of the Society by paying 1s. 6d. for Pass Book and Rules, and may then participate in all benefits accruing therefrom. The Share Capital is raised by Shares of £1 each, payable at once or by one instalment of 3s. 3d. per quarter. Interest is allowed on monthly balances, dating from the beginning of a new quarter. Up to £1,000 may be invested in Share Capital. Interest and Dividend may be allowed to accumulate as Share Capital. Loan Capital may be invested without limit. For further information apply at the Office or Branches.

PENNY BANK.—We have a Penny Bank, where Members or Non-Members may deposit from 1d. to 40s. Deposits received any day during Office Hours. Interest is paid on quarterly balance at 3 per cent per annum. Encourage your Children to Save.

NOMINATIONS.—All Members are requested to nominate the person to whom their money shall be paid at their decease. Nominations can be made at the Office any day during the hours appointed for receiving or paying Capital.

WITHDRAWALS.—Members wishing to withdraw Capital from the Society are requested to attend personally, if possible; if they cannot do so they must send withdrawal form bearing the Member's signature, instructing the Office to pay the money to the bearer of the form. No Capital will be paid without the production of Pass Book or Pass Card.

COLLECTIVE LIFE ASSURANCE.—On the death of a Member or wife of a Member, notice should be sent to the Secretary of the Society at once, accompanied by a Registrar's Certificate of Death and the Member's Share Pass Book. If the services of the Society's Funeral Furnishing Department are used, Free Collective Life Assurance is payable based on purchases made.

CHRISTMAS CLUBS.—Deposits are accepted in any of the society's departments and at the office. In addition to dividend, 5 per cent interest is paid on deposits.

TWENTY WEEKS' CLUB.—This form of credit, upon which dividend is given, is available at no extra charge in our Drapery, Furnishing, Outfitting, Footwear, Coal, and Chemistry Departments.

HIRE PURCHASE AND TELEVISION RENTAL.—Facilities are available under attractive terms. Full dividend is allowed.

TRAVEL SERVICE AND CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY AGENCIES.—The society holds agencies for both Travel Service and Insurance. Full details are available at the office.

OFFICE HOURS.—Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5-30 p.m.; Wednesday, 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

NEW DEPARTMENTS.—Supermarket: Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 8-30 a.m. to 5-30 p.m.; Wednesday, 8 a.m. to 12 noon; Friday (late night), 8-30 a.m. to 6-30 p.m. Wines and Spirits: Monday, Tuesday, 8-30 a.m. to 5-30 p.m.; Wednesday, 8 a.m. to 12 noon; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 8-30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

DATES TO REMEMBER IN 1963

QUARTER ENDS: JANUARY 12	APRIL 13	DIVIDEND PAID—In New Central Premises:
JULY 13	OCTOBER 12	MARCH 14, 15, and 16
HALF-YEARLY MEETINGS: MARCH 13, SEPTEMBER 11		SEPTEMBER 12, 13, and 14
SHARE BOOKS TO COME IN FOR AUDIT BEFORE:		SHARE BOOKS READY:
FEBRUARY 9		APRIL 1
AUGUST 10		SEPTEMBER 30

RENT **DEFIANT** TV

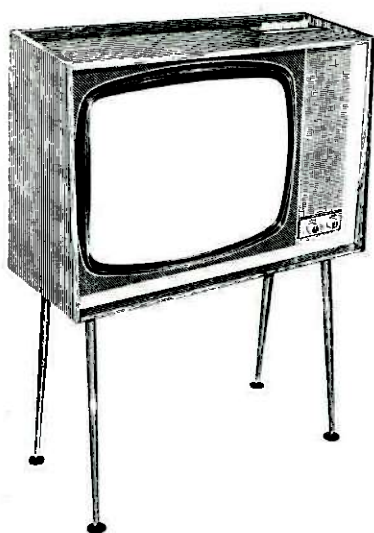
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- FREE INSTALLATION
- FREE SERVICE AND MAINTENANCE
- FREE COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE
- FREE TUBES — FREE VALVES
- FREE PART REPLACEMENTS

A 17 inch Model (1st year) **9/6** per week
(REDUCING EVERY TWELVE MONTHS)
FULL DIVIDEND ALLOWED

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WITH **DEFIANT**

SILVER SEAL

A boon for baking with its easy-creaming qualities, and a really delicious table margarine, SILVER SEAL is better than ever before. We know you'll agree when you try it. Buy a couple of packs today and find out for yourself the great part SILVER SEAL can play in good cooking and good eating.



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MIX-EASY

SILVER SEAL comes to you factory-fresh in its foil wrapping. Keeps fresher, longer in your fridge or pantry, too.

MARGARINE



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