CO-OPERATIVE HOME MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1954

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

Half-yearly Meeting

IN this August issue of the "Home Magazine" I would remind you that on Wednesday, September 1st, at 7-15 p.m., the half-yearly meeting of the society will be held. At the last two or three meetings there has been a better attendance than formerly; some members are obviously becoming interested in THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

Make a note now of the time and date—7-15 p.m., September 1st. If you haven't been before, you are sure to find it interesting. If you have a grumble or complaint, there will be plenty of opportunity to air it.

Remember, it is your society, so come and help to run it. You will need your pass card for admission, blue for a man, white for a woman.

Children's Colouring Competition

As this is being written entries are still coming in from the children, as there are still one or two days left before the closing date.

There has been a large entry, so judging will take a little time, but it is hoped that when you read this the winners will have received their prizes, and we all will have seen the efforts of the children in art, as it is hoped that the winning entries will be on view. Miss Spurrier, the art mistress, has kindly consented to make the final judging.

Polesworth Self-service Branch

Polesworth branch is now two months old, and is settling down into its stride. The branch is a great boon to our Polesworth members, and it is hoped that they will show their appreciation by doing all their trade there.

Views and comments are always welcomed, and we would like to hear from Polesworth what our members think of their branch. Send your observations to Local Editor, "Home Magazine," 5, Colehill, Tamworth.

Winter Activities

During this summer month—I am presuming that August is going to be a really summery month—we forget that winter is round the corner, and that the long evenings will soon be with us again.

How to spend them with pleasure and interest is sometimes difficult, and this is where the education committee can help you.

For those who like to sing there is the choir, known now throughout the country. With the choir one can enjoy singing, learn more about choral singing, and make new friends. The choir meets on Tuesdays at 7-30 p.m. in the Assembly Hall, Colehill, and new members will receive a warm welcome.

For those who like drama and acting there is the drama group (Tamworth Co-operative Players), which also meets on Tuesdays at 7-30 p.m. in the Baths, Church Street, and again new members to the group will be welcomed. It may be that some do not wish to act, but like drama and would like to help in production and stage effects. If so, they too can join the group, where their assistance will be warmly welcomed.

For those politically minded there is a place in the local co-operative Party which holds regular interesting and instructive meetings and functions.

Then for our womenfolk there are the women's guilds, both at Tamworth and Polesworth. The guilds meet in the afternoon, Tamworth on Thursdays in the Baths, Church Street, and Polesworth in the Parish Hall.

Meetings are interesting and helpful, and do give the opportunity for our co-operative women to meet together and make new friends.

Here is the list of secretaries, &c., who you should write to or contact:

Co-operative Choir: Mr. A. Knight, 7, Jonkel Avenue, Wilnecote, Tamworth.

Co-operative Players (drama group): Mrs. E. Coxon, The Pastures, Copes Drive, Comberford Road, Tamworth.

Co-operative Party: Mr. C. Brown, 17, Orchard Street, Kettlebrook, Tamworth.

Women's Guilds—Tamworth: Mrs. Chapman, 33, Neville Street, Glascote, Tamworth.

Polesworth: Mrs. S. Wood, 3, Potters Lane, Polesworth, Tamworth.

Employee Education

For our employees there are many opportunities for advancement of their knowledge of the movement in which they work, and of technical subjects.

The education committee will give every assistance to employees who are prepared to do some study. Employees should contact the education secretary, Councillor M. Sutton, 82, Summerfield Road, Tamworth.

Concert Season, 1954-55

The education committee is again willing to hold concerts for the benefit of deserving organisations, as they have done for the past two years.

The concerts will be by the co-operative choir and the Co-operative Players. All expenses in organising the concerts will be met by the education committee, who only reserve the right for an approximate 10-minute talk on matters co-operative during an interval.

The organisation for whose benefit the concert is held take all proceeds. The selling of tickets is completely in the hands of the organisation, so the more tickets sold the greater benefit to themselves.

Applications for concerts should be made as soon as possible to the education secretary, Councillor M. Sutton, 82, Summerfield Road, Tamworth, giving the following information.

Full name of organisation, place where concert could be held, seating capacity, whether there is a stage, giving size and whether curtains or not.

Death Benefit

Not every member knows that by trading with their own society that they are making provision for themselves at the time of death. Under the collective assurance scheme sums of money are paid to next-of-kin according to the trading of the deceased member.

We have recently had a collective life claim on the death of one of our members, which reached the maximum amount of £50, and this money will be paid to assist the next-of-kin in connection with funeral and other expenses.

This is a practical result of co-operation by the deceased members having supported the society with their purchases to the best of their trading capacity.

Examination Successes

Congratulations are extended to the following students, who have been successful in their co-operative Union examinations. To those who were unsuccessful this year, we offer our congratulations for making a good effort and hope that they, together with the successful candidates, will continue their studies to the benefit of themselves and the movement to which they belong.

Knowledge gained is never lost.

Commercial Law (Management): Mr. H. A. Upton, first-class pass.

Co-operative Bookkeeping Stage I: Mr. R. L. Smith, pass with distinction.

Co-operative Accounts (intermediate): Mr. K. Stock, pass.

Co-operation, Stage I: Mr. D. W. Pratt, pass.

Window Display: Mr. R. H. Wileman, Miss A. E. Tomlinson, Mrs. C. H. Meadows, first-class passes; Miss S. J. Goodwin, Miss M. P. Harris, Mr. J. Latham, passes.

Golden Weddings

The following members have recently celebrated their golden wedding, and have received the society's good wishes, with a suitable cake to mark the occasion:—

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield, 4, Victoria Road, Tamworth, July 12th; Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Leedham, 38, School Lane, Amington, July 12th; Mr. and Mrs. Mullward, 11, Lichfield Street, Tamworth, July 18th; Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, 7, Ludgate, Tamworth, July 28th.

Travelling Through Time

Now that the sound barrier has been broken, it is fascinating to consider whether it will ever be possible to break through the "time barrier"—and if so, in what direction would man travel: backwards or forwards through time?

In one sense, of course, we all travel through time, and always in the same direction, toward the future; but scientists are discussing whether it is possible for an individual to travel more swiftly into the future than the rest of us, or to achieve a "negative speed" which would constitute a return to the past.

As to travel into the future, if man is ever able to dry up or freeze his body, while maintaining life, he will stop or greatly slow up the ageing process. He might remain in such a state of suspended animation for several years, or even several centuries, to be awakened by return to normal temperature. Such an individual would satisfy the historians, if not the physicists, that he had made a real voyage into the future. Such a feat is not now possible for so complicated an organism as man, but it is by no means inconceivable, for something similar already happens with some microscopic animals.

The special theory of relativity offers still more surprising possibilities, according to the French physicist, Langevin. It is reasoned that if an individual could travel in space at a speed approximating that of light, his own time and his own metabolism would be slowed up, in comparison with that he left behind him on earth. Returning to his point of departure, having grown only a few years older, he would find the earth some centuries older. This way of reaching the future in a hurry would not actually constitute a voyage through time, but rather an action on the traveller's own time, putting it "out of step" with time on earth.

Health Comes by Train

A children's mobile clinic service to supplement the "flying doctor" service has been started in New South Wales, Australia. In this region, where communities are sometimes hundreds of miles distant from any doctor, five railway coaches have been equipped as child clinics and, accompanied by a trained nurse, they are attached to regular trains covering the area. As the normal train services are not frequent, precise itineraries have to be prepared so that a regular supervision of children in these isolated areas can be carried out.

The clinic coach is divided into three compartments: a large consulting room, a small sleeping compartment for the nurse, and a well-equipped kitchen and bathroom. Nurses must be capable of adapting dietetic and child-care methods to local conditions where excessive summer heat, lack of water, difficulty in obtaining fresh food, lack of refrigerators, and swarms of flies are serious problems in the care of young children.

Obituary

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

Hannah Elizabeth Taylor, Tamworth, May 21st; Benjamin Aucott, Fazeley, May 24th; Eliza Deakin, Polesworth, June 4th; Harry Lycett, Tamworth, June 7th; Alfred Archer, Glascote Heath, June 11th; John Wright, Piccadilly, June 12th; Patrick Larvin, Tamworth, June 14th; Fanny Elizabeth Redfern, Kingsbury, June 21st; Mary Norman, Newton Regis, June 22nd; May Shakespeare, Kettlebrook, June 23rd; Florence Louisa Smith, Dordon, June 23rd; Gertrude Annie Hunt, Polesworth, June 27th; Catherine Larvin, Tamworth, June 28th; Annie Elizabeth Barlow, Tamworth, June 28th; Timothy George Lathan, Wilnecote, July 3rd; Joseph Henry Smitherman, Wilnecote, July 7th; Joel Hawkins, Two Gates, July 8th; Alfred William Clements, Polesworth, July 8th; Alice Hatton, Fazeley, July 9th; Catherine Amy Britain, Wood End, July 13th.

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BROWSING over a railway bookstall the other day I inadvertently brushed against a studious-looking youth, and murmured an apology. He was so absorbed in a periodical he was "sampling" that he did not appear to notice either our minor collision or my polite "So sorry!"

I could not avoid a passing glance at the page on which he was so deeply concentrating. It was almost entirely devoted to Shakespeare—in strip cartoon. Of all things, the Bard himself, in strip cartoon! Whatever next! But I have since learned that the works of Dickens and other great writers also have been transcribed into the same pictorial medium.

Those who find pleasure in seriously exploring the "abundant storehouse of English literature" will, no doubt, deplore these potted renderings as sheer vandalism. Even those of us who merely enjoy a good book now and then in our scanty leisure must have grave doubts of this growing modern practice.

But whatever one might think of this new alleged art form, there seems little doubt that it has come to stay. At present, in this country it is the younger folk who are most addicted to "reading" the more or less well-drawn columns of pictures with their brief, and often inadequate, captions. In America they are also extremely popular with adults. "Strips" are used for wellnigh every possible purpose—from portraying the general plot of a novel to advertising cosmetics, or even in putting over propaganda for social, political, and religious organisations.

With the average comic strip now to be found in almost every newspaper or periodical one may pick up there is little fault to be found, providing it is really humorous and drawn by a competent artist. On the other hand it cannot be denied that some of the sex-ridden, sadistic, and crime-romanticising cartoons so often published are most harmful, and should be rigorously banned. Their repetition day after day in serial form undoubtedly has a cumulative degrading influence, particularly on the adolescent mind.

As for the so-called "literary" type of strip, there might be some variation of opinion. It could be in some cases, however, that the presentation even in necessarily limited pictorial form, of the main theme of a literary work, may encourage the reading of that particular book. And thus a taste for other works by the same author might be created. In fact, it is possible that an appreciation of literature as a whole could be generated by the right type of strip cartoon.

After all, the much increased popularity of good music owes much to the once criticised "canned-music" of the radio and gramophone.

Everything depends upon the ability of the cartoonist in planning the series of drawings and captions in a sequence which not only epitomises any great author's story, but also conveys a true all-round impression of the literary quality of the book concerned.

In the educational field, again providing there is an efficient approach to the specific subject, cartoons could be used with good effect.

As a visual medium in vocational training they also have wider possibilities than have yet been developed. Just as strip films are often successfully used on the screen, the strip cartoon in print offers an opportunity of putting over instructional detail in a form that is easily and lastingly registered on the memory. It is essential, of course, that each picture should "tell the story" in a way which reduces the necessity for accompanying wording to a minimum.

The production of a really good "strip" for any defined purpose therefore calls for the highly specialised skill of both artist and writer. It is not surprising, perhaps, that those published by some popular journals do not measure up to this standard.

THE EDITOR.

THIS MONTH'S QUOTATION

Literature becomes free institutions. It is the graceful ornament of civil liberty, and a happy restraint on the asperities which political controversies sometimes occasion.

—Daniel Webster

STRANGE COMPANIONS

City of London's Court of Common Council in session

The Alderman from Bridge-Without

LOUIS LANCASTER on LOCAL GOVERNMENT

SEARCH through the City of London for the ward of Bridge-Without and, however painstaking your enquiries, you will not find it. For the ward of Bridge-Without is non-existent. Nevertheless, Bridge-Without is represented in the City of London's Court of Aldermen. Alongside the alderman from Bridge-Without there are 25 other aldermen who represent each of the City's wards that can actually be found on a local government map.

The names of most of the wards in the City of London are known throughout the world. Bishopsgate, Aldgate, Cornhill, Billingsgate, Cheap, Candlewick, Cordwainer, Dowgate and Tower—they convey a medieval air of romance to the prosaic financial pages of newspapers and periodicals.

Each city alderman is elected for life and is a Justice of the Peace. For the hearing of minor offences the Court of Aldermen acts as a court of law. The Court of Aldermen is also the body that controls the City police force and appoints the Recorder of London.

The government of the City of London is, in fact, unique. In addition to the Court of Aldermen, the City Corporation acts through the Court of Common Hall and the Court of Common Council. Meeting twice a year, the Court of Common Hall is a survival from the days of dominance of the craft guilds. Consisting of the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and such of the liverymen of the city guilds as are freemen of the city, there are to-day about 10,000 who are entitled to vote at elections in the Court of Common Hall.

The liverymen are full members of the livery companies (or city guilds), so called because they are permitted to wear the distinctive dress or livery of the craft. Among the 80 livery companies the Stationers and Newspaper Makers, the Shipwrights, the Feltmakers, the Merchant Taylors, and the Carmen have the largest numbers. The Bowyers, with a livery of 33, and the Ironmongers, with a livery of 36, are the smallest. The Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners and Merchant Taylors are the first seven in order of civic precedence.

A county in itself, the golden square mile of the City is graced by two sheriffs. They are elected by the Court of Common Hall on Midsummer Day, and begin their duties at Michaelmas. Another function of Common Hall is to nominate two aldermen for the Lord Mayoralty from among those who have been sheriffs. The dual nomination goes to the Court of Aldermen, which body proceeds to choose the new Lord Mayor.

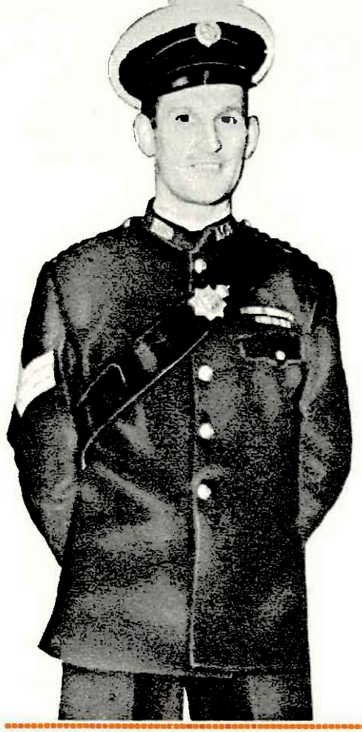
On November 8th the Lord Mayor of London is sworn in. On the following day, in procession, he goes to the Law Courts, is presented to the Lord Chief Justice, and makes his final declaration of office. In former years the Lord Mayor's Show (as the procession is called) was a pageant that excited some attention. Now it is a more mundane affair and has little reference to local government in the City. The Lord Mayor, incidentally, is also a shore-based admiral—for he carries the title of Admiral of the Port of London.

The third body in the City's local government structure, the Court of Common Council, is the nearest equivalent to a normal city council. It consists of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and 206 common councilmen. Annual elections are held in December for the Common Council in each of the City's wards. Some wards have as many as 16 councilmen. None has less than four. In these elections the business vote predominates. Although the resident population of the City of London is only 5,268, there are about three times as many as this number who are entitled to a local government vote as occupiers of business premises.

In these circumstances one cannot say that democracy flourishes in the heart of the Empire. The business vote is an anachronism. The absence of women from the deliberations of the councilmen is another archaic formula. The Court of Common Hall, playing its important part in the choice of Lord Mayor, is not even elected by the local government voters. The thought, too, that aldermen serve for life and select the Lord Mayor from among their own small number is not calculated to inspire the earnest student of citizens' rights.

The City of London, on the other hand, offers an unrivalled opportunity for the study of town government as it was in the Middle Ages. To-day, its actual local government powers are small—limited to the running of a police force, the control of certain markets and Thames bridges, and the provision of housing, sanitary facilities and inspection, and the supervision of port health. For practically everything else it comes under the London County Council.

In addition to its income from the rates, the City boasts a large income from bequests and property. This private income of over half-a-million pounds flows into the City Cash. It is largely spent, and few would quarrel with this, on open spaces, the maintenance of the City Courts of Justice, on the entertainment of distinguished visitors, and on such desirable beneficiaries as the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, the City of London School, the Freemen's School, and the City of London Freemen's Houses.



They're Men You Can Trust

Says G. L. BOLTON

YOU may see him walking smartly down the Strand, the medal ribbons of two world wars flashing proudly in the sunlight. His erect carriage betokens the ex-regular soldier. A glance at his arm and the badge of a warrant officer confirms his long service with the Colours.

Now his uniform is blue. Instead of a revolver or a rifle he carries a messenger's shining leather satchel. In fact, at this very moment, he is taking a confidential document to his employer's associate in one of the Strand office blocks. He has been entrusted with this task because he is a member of the Corps of Commissionaires—a body of men with a reputation for high standards of service in positions of trust.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since Captain Edward Walter, disgusted with the poor civilian treatment of ex-servicemen, marched eight one-armed men to Westminster Abbey and founded the Corps of Commissionaires. For five years after 1859, Captain (later Sir) Edward Walter was the sole authority of the Corps. Then, with its strength standing at 300, he handed over control to an Administrative Board of Governors. Serving as governors at the present time are the retired generals, admirals and air marshals whose names were news only a few years ago. The Chief Life Governor is Her Majesty the Queen.

Strangely enough, the Commandant of the Corps has always been a Walter. When the founder's nephew, Major F. E. Walter, succeeded to the command in 1904, the members of the Corps numbered 3,000. In 1931, along came the major's son, Lieut-Colonel Edmund Walter, and took over as Commandant. Four years ago he retired, his cousin, Captain Norman Walter, R.N., succeeding him.

Nearly 5,000 men wear the uniform of the Corps of Commissionaires to-day. From the London headquarters go directives to out-quarter divisions at Belfast, Birmingham, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In charge of the Manchester Division is Lieut-Colonel C. G. Macey, late of the Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers. An energetic personality, he put the case for the Corps in a few words. "We try to bridge the gap between the Services and civilian life," he said, "by placing a man in some employment that will help him. Often, his military job has no civilian counterpart."

The Colonel pointed to a list that lay on his desk. Members of the Corps were in constant demand for appointments as reception and enquiry clerks, postal clerks, door and telephone attendants, storekeepers, lift attendants, timekeepers, messengers, club and hall porters, and stewards. As security police, bank guards, watchmen, and factory police, the commissionaires were employed in places throughout the country.

Open to all ex-regular other ranks of the Navy, Army, and Air Force, providing they are up to standard in health, physique, education, and character, the Corps is a vital link for the long-serving man with prospective civilian employers. All engagements are made officially through Corps channels. The Corps backs its members in permanent employment with a security of £50.

On joining the Corps a member must deposit £10 in the Corps Savings Bank. While he may voluntarily deposit (and withdraw if desired) a further £40 in savings, he cannot withdraw any portion of his £10 deposit while he remains in the Corps. An entrance fee of £1 is also paid by the new member. At one time, the member had to surrender one-third of a week's wages if the Corps found him a permanent situation. This rule has been cancelled, but the member must pay £1 a month to the Corps Clothing Fund, and 5s. to the General Fund which bears the costs of administration.

The Commissionaire is provided with two uniforms and a greatcoat. He is entitled to a new uniform every year, but a member who does not require one may receive a rebate from his Clothing Fund subscription.

Dismissal from the Corps involves forfeiture of the £10 deposit. Dishonesty, drunkenness, gross neglect, or insubordination are offences which would probably lead to the termination of his service as a Commissionaire.

Some of these rules may appear stringent, but they secure the confidence of employers. Over 2,000 living members of the Corps have had over ten years' service under these rules and would, therefore, appear to accept them.

One mystery for the layman concerning the Corps is the question of rank. Do they wear the last rank that they held in the Service or are they promoted within the Corps?

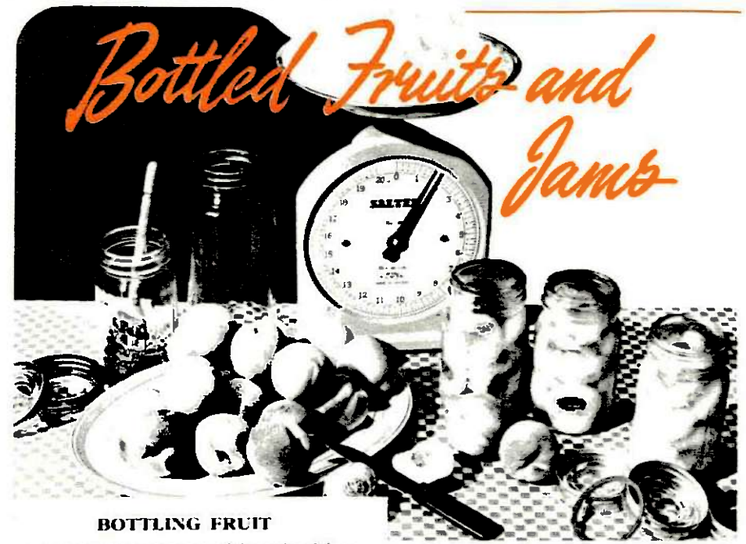
Both are partly true. Former warrant officers and colour sergeants retain their Service rank—no one can be promoted to warrant rank within the Corps. Members who join as corporals may become sergeants within the Corps after two years' service. Privates and lance-corporals have to wait two years before applying for the rank of Corps corporal. After an additional year, they are eligible for promotion to sergeant.

Attitudes have changed in recent times towards those, like ex-servicemen, who are untrained for industrial or commercial employment. Ministry of Labour trade courses and the continuance of full employment have done much to diminish the problem. Nevertheless, the Corps of Commissionaires is still performing a function that is appreciated by both employers and ex-servicemen.

FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

Advice on any cookery problem is offered free of charge to "Home Magazine" readers. Address questions to Mary Langham, "Co-operative Home Magazine," 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, 4, and enclose stamped addressed envelope

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE



DURING winter and early spring we miss fresh fruit, so it is a good thing for the housewife to preserve enough fruit and make jam for her family while the gardens, orchards, and greengrocers' shops are well stocked with fruit. Here are some of my personally tested recipes.

CHERRY JAM

May Duke cherries are the best for jam, although Morello cherries are good. Black cherries make a very sweet jam; they are much more suitable for bottling or canning.

10 lb. cherries weighed after storing; weight before, approximately 11 lb., 7 lb. sugar, ½ oz. citric or tartaric acid or the juice of 6 lemons, a little water.

Wash and stone the cherries. Tie the stones and the acid in muslin, and put together with the cherries in the preserving pan with sufficient water to cover the bottom. Simmer for ½ hour until the cherries are tender. Add the sugar and bring to the boil. Boil briskly until setting point is reached. Remove the stones, and pour jam into clean warm jars. After filling, place a wax circle over the surface, clean the neck of the jar, and seal. Store in a cool, dry place.

PLUM JAM

6 lb. plums, 6 lb. sugar, ½ to 1½ pints water.

Wash the plums and remove the hulls. Simmer gently with the water until soft. Add the sugar, stir until dissolved, and then bring to boiling point. Remove any stones that may rise to the surface. Pour into warm jars, place wax circles over the jam, clean the necks of the jars, and seal. Store in a cool, dry place.

BLACKBERRY and ELDERBERRY JAM

3½ lb. blackberries, 3½ lb. elderberries (stemmed), 6 lb. sugar, ¾ pint water.

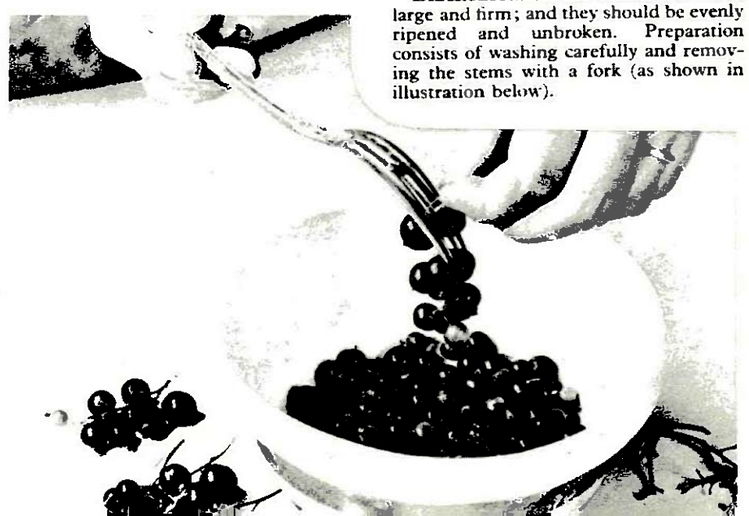
Wash the fruit, cook the elderberries in the water until soft, then rub thoroughly through a sieve to remove the seeds. Cook the blackberries in the pulp until soft. Add the sugar, stir until this is dissolved, then boil rapidly until setting point is reached. Pour into warm jars, place wax circles on top, clean the necks of the jars, and seal. Store in a cool, dry place.

BOTTLING FRUIT

Pack the fruit tightly, without bruising, into wet preserving jars. Cover with cold syrup (made by boiling together 8 oz. sugar and 1 pint water) or cold boiled water, until the bottles are filled to overflowing. Tap the bottles to remove any large air bubbles and top with syrup. Place the lids on the bottles, and if of a screw type, loosen a quarter turn.

Put the bottles in a boiler or large pan containing a false bottom. Do not allow the bottles to touch the bottom or sides of the pan. Cover with cold water. Take 1½ hours to bring to simmering point and keep at this temperature for 10-15 minutes.

Remove the jars from the water, screw tightly if necessary, and allow to cool. Test the next day to make sure the bottles are properly sealed.



Peaches should be fully ripe for bottling and free from bruises. They are usually skinned before packing, whether whole or halved. To remove the skins, dip the fruit in boiling water for one minute and then immediately immerse in cold water. Skins can then easily be removed.

Greengages should be preserved while fresh and still firm. The favourite varieties are the true greengage and Jefferson's gage.

Apricots should be bottled while fully ripe but without being too soft. They should be hulled and thoroughly washed. If they are being halved and the stones removed, the fruit should be packed as soon as possible after cutting and before the cut surface turns brown.

Blackcurrants: the berries should be large and firm; and they should be evenly ripened and unbroken. Preparation consists of washing carefully and removing the stems with a fork (as shown in illustration below).

New style architecture rubs cheek with old in the model village of Bekonscot, which also has one of the most elaborate outdoor model railways in the world

LILLIPUTIAN VILLAGES

BY ARTHUR GAUNT

TRUE-to-scale models exert a singular fascination for most of us, be they tiny ships in bottles or miniature locomotives or cars. To such Lilliputian creations must also be added the bijou villages which now exist at several places in England, and which are attracting more and more sightseers.

The doyen of such models is the toy township of Bekonscot, founded at Beaconsfield in 1929 and still enchanting thousands of tourists each summer, but there are now a number of others equally alluring in their own way.

A complete scale model of Wimborne, Dorset, has been built since 1951 on a quarter-acre of land near the Minster. Every building in the real town is reproduced here on a scale of one-tenth actual size, and great care has been taken to make all the details accurate. The result is a Lilliputian Wimborne which can best be likened to the real Wimborne as seen through the wrong end of a telescope.

Gulliver himself would not feel out of place strolling around this model. Wimborne inhabitants have co-operated enthusiastically in giving it as close a resemblance to the real thing as possible. Shop owners and householders have taken a personal interest in creating the illusion of reality, and have supplied miniature goods for the shops and curtains for the house windows.

The main feature of the model, as of the actual town, is naturally the Minster, a glorious edifice with a 15th-century tower. Like its full-sized counterpart, the model is made colourful inside with stained glass windows, and it is furnished like the original.

Visits to this charming market town in miniature are becoming increasingly popular among tourists to the area, and tourists from overseas find it specially absorbing.

The Cotswolds have a similarly attractive model of the beautiful village of Bourton-on-the-Water. Started in 1936 by the landlord of the Old New Inn, it occupies the garden at the rear of his premises, and here every feature of the real village has been refashioned on a scale of one-ninth actual size.

Just as the little River Windrush flows through the real Bourton, so does a tiny stream meander through the model. It is spanned by small reproductions of the bridges, and close by are carefully constructed scale models of the real buildings. Here are the town hall, the shops, the manor house, the cottages, the police station, and of course the village church. Even the trees are to scale, and on the village green a cricket match is in progress.

The town hall clock chimes the hours and quarters, and the wall of the church can be swung back to convince the visitor that it is fitted with a pulpit, pews, and stained glass windows. At intervals an organ recital is heard and the choir sing! Similar recordings are also to be heard coming from the village chapel.

Alongside the stream, which is supplied with water by a pump attached to a well, stands a watermill, its wheel gently turning, and the gardens of the cottages are colourful with flower beds.

Most astonishing of all is the model of the Old New Inn, for behind this model is a still smaller model of the model village. And that second model contains a still tinier model—with another true-to-scale Old New Inn!

The bijou Bourton-on-the-Water was begun as a hobby, but the first models aroused so much interest that the scheme developed into an elaborate enterprise, and thousands of hours of careful work have now gone into it. Indeed, the project soon became so engaging that the assistance of local men was sought, and it took six of them four years to complete the model, though they worked steadily all the year round.

This tiny Cotswold village has since become so widely known that it has been filmed, and it is as much a delight to grown-ups as to children.

Bekonscot, already mentioned, is not a model of any single town or village, but several of its features are small-scale replicas of real things or get their names from them. Indeed, the very name Bekonscot is a mixture of Beaconsfield and Ascot.

When the model was first envisaged as a midget Utopia, the owner and designer decided that it ought to have a complete transport system, and to-day it incorporates one of the most elaborate outdoor model railways in the world. There is also a splendid dock system and a well-equipped airfield—the latter called North Row Airfield.

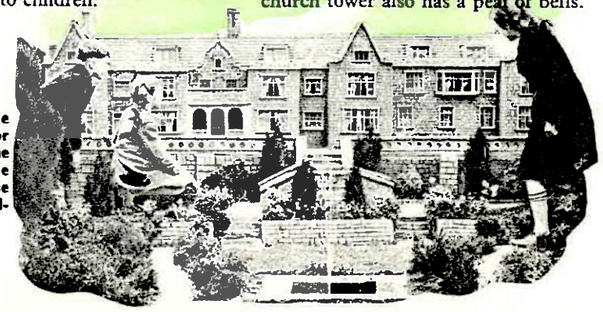
Several churches, a number of railway stations, old half-timbered houses, modern villas, medieval castles, a zoo, farmsteads, venerable inns, and a wide variety of other models combine to make Bekonscot a truly unique place.

One feature which always arouses admiration is the Broad Walk, a long stretch of grass which presents a perfect picture of greensward. Many visitors assume that it is Cumberland turf; in point of fact it is field grass which has been trimmed and tended until it has reached its present state of perfection.

Well over 1,400,000 visitors have toured this bijou township since it was thrown open to the public, and about £40,000 has been shared among charities from the entrance fees. Bekonscot has been visited by several members of our Royal Family, including the late Queen Mary. Both she and our present Queen (when she was Princess Elizabeth) went round the Lilliputian town on three different occasions.

Much less elaborate model towns and villages, built exactly to scale and which may be seen in course of expansion to-day, include one at Brompton, in North Yorkshire. It is being made in the garden of a house, and includes models of the village church and village inn.

The midget buildings are being made of brown stone, and the church has a clock showing the correct time. The church tower also has a peal of bells.



This is the Bekonscot Manor House, and the children give some idea of the scale of the building

The Coincidence

By DENYS VAL BAKER

MARY ELLEN, the postmaster's daughter in our village, had a sweet and sunny nature. She was always smiling, always pleased to see you, and never at a loss for a friendly word. She was one of those rare people whose goodness shone out of them, and whom everyone liked.

Year in and year out we watched her grow, from a thin strip of a schoolgirl into the plump sixteen stage, and then finally into a slender young woman with an excellent figure, a lovely complexion, and long golden hair that was the pride of the village. All these attributes, for us, more than outweighed her one defect; and familiarity enabled us to look upon our Mary Ellen as one of the bright spots of our humdrum village life.

But when the time of the annual village carnival and beauty contest approached, and we learned that at the request of the well-meaning vicar, Mary Ellen had been persuaded to enter—well, there was much wagging of tongues.

"'Tisn't really right, you know," said little Mrs. Carnow, her bird's head nodding sharply.

"Whatever can the girl's parents be thinking of?" inquired old Miss Johns severely. "Somebody ought to speak to them, they really should."

"Mind you," said Mrs. Tregonning, "I'm not saying—well, I mean . . ."

She paused awkwardly, but we all knew what she meant. Mary Ellen was a lovable girl. We would all have given the world to make her happy, and we would all have prayed hard for her to win the beauty contest—but we knew it was impossible. Mary Ellen looked well, and had pretty hair and a pleasant smile—but she was cross-eyed. Not badly so, but sufficient for anyone to notice.

Everyone knows that a defect of this sort is purely accidental and no fault of the person concerned. But you know how people are. How could we expect the judge not to be influenced by such a factor? With all the goodwill in the world, wouldn't he be inclined towards some other girl, perhaps not so lovable or nice as Mary, perhaps without her flowing hair, but with a straighter glance?

Well, we argued and discussed and meditated. Nobody dare say a word to Mary Ellen, of course. We could see that she felt a bit shy about entering, but the vicar, stupid fellow, had filled her head with praise, and I suppose somehow she had become convinced that she might very well win the beauty contest and be crowned Carnival Queen.

"Poor girl," said Tom Roberts, as we enjoyed a pre-carnival drink in the Crown. "Reckon it'll be a proper shock to the lass to-morrow."

"Ah," nodded Harry Laity, "I do hear, too, that her mother went to Penzance earlier in the week and brought home a new dress—all white and frilly. Really lovely, so my sister says."

We shook our heads mournfully and went "Tch, tch," and picked up our beer mugs and drank slowly and solemnly. Somehow, we felt, a shadow was going to hang over to-morrow's carnival.

The weather, anyway, didn't cast any shadows. It was a beautiful sunny day, the sky clear blue and the sun riding high—the sort of day that only Cornwall, of the British counties, can serve up for a carnival.

An air of excitement hung over the usual morning round of the village. I remember chatting to Mr. Peake from the stores, who was the secretary of the Carnival Committee. He was pleased as Punch about the weather, and thought that we could safely expect several hundreds of visitors from the outlying villages.

"I see you've got a big-wig to do the judging," I remarked, pointing to the name on the posters: His Honour Judge Jonathan Jackson. "How did you manage that?"

Mr. Peake smiled smugly.

"Oh, the right connections, you know. Actually it was through Mrs. Watson, the chairman. She heard the Judge was staying at St. Ives on holiday, so she took a chance and wrote and asked him. And bless me, he wrote back by return and said he'd be delighted. He said it would be a pleasant change from his usual form of judging!"

Well, the morning soon went, and immediately after lunch the crowds began to gather at the Recreation Ground. The committee had worked really hard, and the field was surrounded with flags and bright decorations. In the centre there was an arena roped off, with a raised platform in the middle. Here the judging of the beauty queens was to take place.

Soon the various contestants arrived. There were half-a-dozen in all, and a fine picture they made as they began to assemble, each with a small retinue of maidens to hold their trains. For one of them, the winner, would be crowned Carnival Queen.

We examined the visiting girls critically. There was one with long dark hair and a nice face, rather Spanish in type we thought. She was a likely winner. Then there was a red-head, a bit plump she was but with plenty of vitality. A couple more with chestnut hair and nothing startling to them, and then a curly-haired blonde from the next village.

We all knew her well! And there was no denying she made a pretty picture, we thought, worriedly.

And then we saw our own girl, Mary Ellen, and for a moment our hearts were proud. There she stood, upright and almost stately, in a pure white dress, with a garland of bright red carnations around her neck. With her proud bearing and her graceful neck, and above all her long flowing golden locks, tumbling down her back like a radiant waterfall, from where we stood in the field Mary Ellen looked unquestionably the most beautiful Carnival Queen entry.

But alas, even as we felt cheered at the sight, so we remembered and felt sad at once. For when the judge looked at Mary Ellen he would see the cast in her eye, he would be blinded by that tiny defect to the greater beauty.

At last the great event began. A large car drew up bearing the Judge and his wife. Mrs. Watson greeted them and a little girl presented a posy, and then the party assembled on the raised dais; and after a few words the carnival queens queued up, and the contest began.

Each queen walked slowly across and up the steps and round the platform, stood right by the Judge for a final examination, and then walked away again.

First the dark-haired girl went up, then one of the chestnut-haired girls, then the red-head. The old judge, white hair blowing gently in the breeze, seemed to take his time about his task. Indeed, as each one stood in front of him, he seemed to have some difficulty in seeing them properly, for I noticed he often bent forward and peered quite closely.

At last it was Mary Ellen's turn and, encouraged by a great cheer from the local partisans, she walked gracefully round the platform. Oh, what a pretty picture, we all thought. If only—if only —and then we fell silent, for now the Judge was examining Mary Ellen closely. And now she would fail the test.

For a moment or two Mary Ellen stood up there, and we noticed curiously that the Judge made several remarks to her, smiling almost as if he were making a joke. No doubt, we thought sorrowfully, he was trying to soften the impending blow for her.

At last the judging ended, and the carnival queens stood waiting. Beside me I noticed Harry Laity. To my surprise he winked and held his thumbs up.

"Don't worry—our Mary's all right. It's a hundred to one bar none, you mark my words!"

"But how do you know? Why? What about . . . ?"

There was no time to question Harry further, for Mrs. Watson held up her hand, and announced that the Judge would name the winner.

The old man got to his feet and beamed around, and then he said jovially, "The winner of this beauty contest is Miss Mary Ellen Rogers—and a very worthy winner I'm sure all will agree."

The burst of cheering that broke out then must have echoed all the way to Penzance. We cheered and waved our hands, we were wild with joy.

Then I caught Harry Laity by the arm. "But, Harry—how did you know?"

Harry grinned and winked again. "You just take a good look at His Honour. Then you'll know."

So I did. I edged my way up to the platform where the venerable old Judge and his wife were chatting to Mrs. Watson and other officials. I watched him carefully, still a little puzzled. And then, as the Judge glanced round for a moment and I met his gaze—I was no longer puzzled.

For, like Mary Ellen, the Judge, too, was rather cross-eyed. And I suppose for him Mary's one apparent defect didn't really count. In which case, undoubtedly, the best girl won!

Floating CITY of SHIPS

by PETER CLIFTON

THE lower reaches of the River Thames contain the busiest and most cosmopolitan of all the world's harbours. London's vast dock system now stretches for 26 miles downstream, from Tower Bridge to Tilbury, and has been aptly described as a floating city of ships with a population that is constantly changing.

On any working day of the year more than 150 ships, from all the five continents, may be loading or discharging cargoes in the Port of London. Every conceivable sort of raw material and manufactured goods is handled by skilled dock workers along the hundreds of miles of quaysides.

To-day an important slice of Britain's commerce and overseas trade passes through the London docks. In addition to its road and rail connections, one of the chief canal routes of this country provides a direct water transport link between the Thames estuary and manufacturing centres of the Midlands.

If you go by pleasure steamer down the river from London to Southend or Margate, you actually see little of the dockside activity at close quarters. For the five big dock groups lie mainly behind the river banks, marked out by a fantastic skyline of crowded masts, funnels, cranes, and warehouses stretching away as far as the eye can see.

Although these modern docks have grown up over the past century-and-a-half, the Thames tideway has borne ships and its banks have been used for trading from the earliest times.

Even in the Middle Ages London was a seaport of consequence. In 1166 one of its citizens wrote, "To this city merchants bring us ware from every nation under heaven. The Arabian sends his gold, the Sabean his frankincense and spice, the Scythian arms, Babylon her fat oil, and Nilus his precious stones; the Sous send purple raiment, and they of Norway and Russia trouts, furs and sables; the French their wines."

For many centuries, however, the whole maritime trade of London was confined to the short stretch of river between London Bridge and Tower Bridge. It was on this river frontage, dominated to-day by the dome of St. Paul's and the ancient Tower, that the city grew up so long ago, before the Romans came. The earliest settlers called it "Llyn-dyn," meaning the "Hill by the Pool."

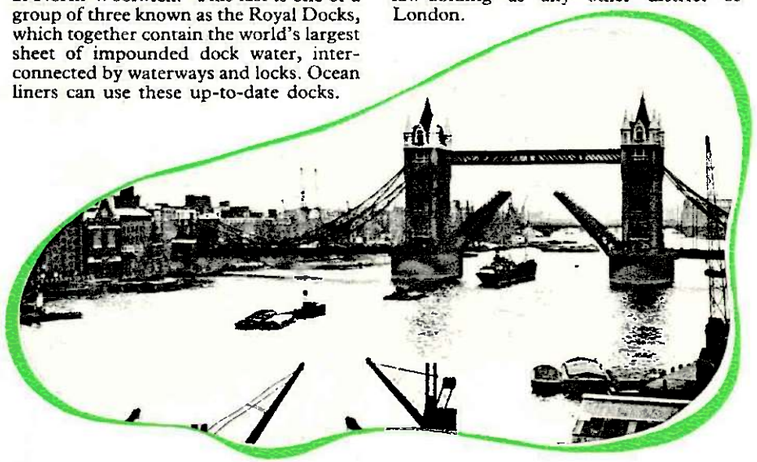
As a result of world discovery and the opening up of new trade routes by explorers and merchant adventurers in the first Elizabethan age, the narrow confines of the medieval port became seriously overcrowded with shipping. But it was not until the eighteenth century, over 100 years later, that anything was done to ease the appalling river congestion and reduce the wholesale plundering of ships and wharves. The authorities then decided to build a proper dock system outside the city area, lower down the river.

So London's docks were gradually brought into being. The West India Docks, the first enclosed docks of their kind, were opened in 1802. Others followed at intervals until, by 1921, the huge project was at last completed with the opening of the King George V Dock at North Woolwich. This last is one of a group of three known as the Royal Docks, which together contain the world's largest sheet of impounded dock water, interconnected by waterways and locks. Ocean liners can use these up-to-date docks.

Along the main river tideway there is an endless pageant of shipping steaming in and out of the port. The procession may include big passenger and cargo-carrying liners from Australia and the Far East, grain ships from Canada and the United States, timber ships from Newfoundland or Scandinavia, banana and sugar boats from the West Indies, tea-carrying ships from India and Ceylon, and tramp steamers from a score of different ports around Europe and the Mediterranean.

Behind the river and docks lies the densely populated area of East London, where live the thousands who gain their livelihood in the port. In the social clubs and inns of riverside Limehouse, Poplar, Bermondsey, and Silvertown gather the seamen of all the nations, enjoying the vastly improved Dockland amenities of the present time.

Near the river in Limehouse is so-called "Chinatown," whose bygone opium dens and other oriental haunts have figured in so many romantic novels. But hardly more than a hundred Chinese live there now, and the quarter is as law-abiding as any other district of London.



This peaceful scene belies the danger of the shallows, and the treacherous eddies that sweep round the cliff of the Lorelei

Along the Romantic Rhine

BY LILLIAN GRAY

THE Rhineland is once again taking its place as one of the most popular regions for those who like a Continental holiday not too far away. Even by train and boat it takes only 12 hours from London to Cologne, the usual starting point for a trip down the Rhine.

The month of June sees the beginning of tourist traffic for this most interesting and beautiful part of Germany. It may be, indeed, that *you* are going soon. If not, perhaps it is a pleasure to come. In the meantime, let us jump our place in the queue and take a quick look at a little of what Father Rhine has to offer.

Best known section runs between Cologne and Mainz in Germany. Members of the British Army of Occupation who were stationed in the neighbourhood of Cologne at the end of the war would hardly recognise the city now. Most of the ruins have been cleared up, and in their place are municipal buildings, blocks of flats, huge shopping stores, residential houses—nearly all built in the modern style so characteristic of the new Germany.

Happily the cathedral, with its famous twin spires, was spared from irreparable damage. As a landmark it can be seen for miles, particularly from the river, on which we now propose to go up-stream via one of the comfortable white-painted Rhine steamers. These large boats have a restaurant on board, and are reasonable in fare. Some are "express," some stop at every village. The latter are most useful if a leisurely, pottering sort of tour is wanted.

Bonn is soon reached, and for different reasons is one of our "musts." For one thing, it is now the capital of the German Federal Republic, and it is sometimes possible to take a look at the assembly room in the new Government building where all the Federal parliamentary business is done. This chamber, with its rather austere black and white setting, is very different from our own House of Commons. But then, so is its historical background. Before its elevation to capital status, Bonn was a quiet university city, and something of this atmosphere still clings where students forgather. Beethoven was born here, too, and music lovers from all over the world pay homage in the house of genius.

A few miles beyond Bonn, on our left, is a hilly range called the Siebengebirge, or Seven Mountains. They are not really high enough for such a grandiose term, but their irregular wooded heights are most attractive. On the top of one are some ruins called the Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, and as there is a restaurant there, and the view is superb, it may possibly be what the Germans proudly say it is—the most visited hill-top in Europe!

Inside the wine cellar at a Rhineland weindorf

After the Siebengebirge the landscape becomes flatter, and there is nothing much to delay the romantically minded until Coblenz. At the junction of the Mosel and Rhine, this is where you board your much smaller steamer, if you want to explore the former, somewhat quieter river. Opposite Coblenz, on a high spur of rock, is the gaunt-looking fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, from which a magnificent panorama can be seen.

Down by the river again we ought to start savouring the liquid fruits of the coming *weinbergs*, or grape-growing terraces, by sitting down at the Rhineside *weindorf* (wine village) to sample a glass either of Rhine wine or that of the drier Mosel. At night the *weindorf* is a hive of hilarity, with buxom Rhenish-dressed waitresses bustling to and fro. For contrast, light opera is probably being delightfully played on a river stage nearby.

We are now about to enter a land of castles: some but a few bare walls and others in better state of preservation, but all frowning down upon the rushing waters—for the Rhine, mountain-stream urged, is an ever hurrying river. Just a few castles are inhabited or, like that of Schoenburg, above Oberwesel, turned into youth hostels. Too many are they to tell their individual stories, but each one has a history. Some even have nicknames, like neighbours Katz and Maus!

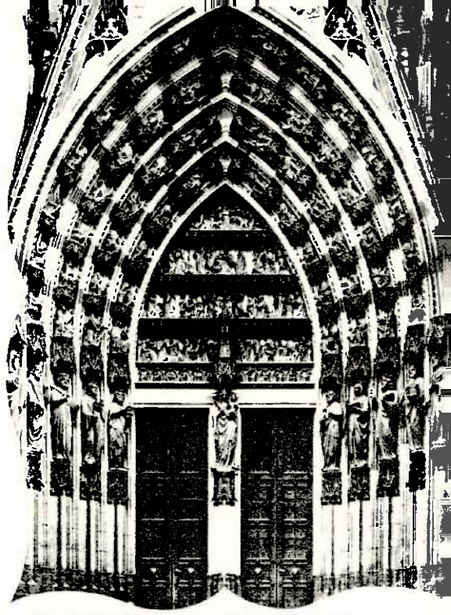
Just after St. Goar comes the most beautiful part of the Rhine, the Rhine-gorge. The most dangerous, too, and demanding a pilot. For here are shallows and treacherous eddies as the banks wind round by the Lorelei cliff. Do not be surprised, by the way, if everybody starts singing the renowned Lorelei song, telling of a siren who used to comb her golden locks high above, luring poor fishermen to their doom on the submerged rocks. You will probably be singing it, too, the tune is so familiar.

On past sloping vineyards and castle-crowned heights, quaintly timbered villages nestling at their feet, until we reach an island piece of medievalism called the Pfalz, a sort of toll house which used to be run by the local tax-catching barons.

Bingen is famous for its Mauseturm in which, according to legend a wicked Archbishop was gnawed to death by mice

HOW TO GET THERE

The nearest branch of the Co-operative Travel Service will supply you with all necessary information. Indeed, wherever you intend to travel the C.T.S. will be pleased to make all arrangements for your journey



The principal doorway of the Cathedral at Cologne

The gorge ends at Bacharach, though not the last of the castles for at Bingen, on a tiny islet, is the *Mauseturm*, or Mice Tower. In this, so legend goes, thousands of mice once gnawed a wicked Archbishop of Mainz to death as a punishment for his sins!

In the city of Mainz you will probably end your journey unless, of course, you have already cast your eyes towards the Black Forest, the Neckar, or other pleasant holiday grounds. But the Rhineland, with its many picturesque villages and wooded or vine-terraced valleys, its never-ceasing internationally-flagged river traffic, its air of jollity and friendliness and—equally important—its good cooking, usually satisfies its devotees.

Rheinfels is the largest of the ruined castles on the Rhine

World's Greatest Animal Sanctuary

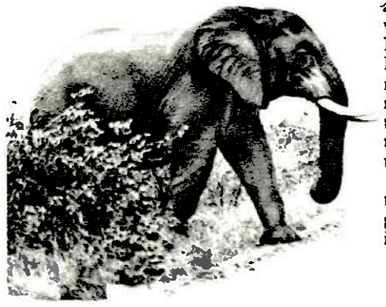
BY W·H·OWENS

[Photos by courtesy of South African Tourist Corporation

EVERY year some 40,000 visitors drive through the Kruger National Park of South Africa chiefly for the thrill of watching lions at close quarters but not behind bars. For in the heart of this beautiful reserve the king of beasts roams freely about his native haunts quite unconcerned by the flow of motor traffic during the tourist season.

It is now more than half a century since President Paul Kruger established these 8,000 square miles of the Transvaal for the protection of all wild creatures. At that time big-game hunters were taking heavy toll of Africa's rich and varied fauna, and killing was on such a scale that it was feared the rarer species might become extinct.

To-day nearly a million wild creatures live, unmolested by gun or trap, in this reserve of mountains, forests, lakes and



rivers, dominated by the rocky peaks of the Drakenberge.

Man goes there not as a hunter but as a curious visitor, to be thrilled by the lions, elephant herds, rhino and buffalo, and enchanted by the host of gentler animals which include zebras, giraffes, antelopes, and the graceful native springbok, so called after the long distances it can leap. Hippopotami are found in the rivers.

When the Kruger Park was first opened to motorists only three cars ventured through the gates in a whole year and those travellers went heavily equipped with guns and ammunition. People refused to believe—and some do still—that it could be anything but highly dangerous to enter territory inhabited by such large numbers of wild animals.

Actually the roads through the reserve are as safe as any in the world, provided visitors strictly observe the regulations. No one may sleep anywhere in the Kruger Park except at one of the 16 rest camps built for the nightly accommodation of tourists. The other rules are that one must not shoot animals, leave the roads, or get out of the car in unauthorised places.

Nor is it wise to bathe in the often tempting streams, because, as the visitors' guide puts it, "there are crocodiles even in the smallest pools"!

Most visitors are astonished by the complete indifference shown by the wildest animals to motor cars. Lions prowl only a few yards off the roads, and it is not uncommon to find one enjoying a nap in the middle of a highway. But as a driver approaches and slows down, it will get up and, with a rather bored air, stalk off into the trees or bush nearby.

Most visitors respect the rangers' warnings, but there have been cases of foolish people amusing themselves by chasing the lions in their cars, or throwing oranges or bottles at them. And more than one over-enthusiastic amateur photographer has had to beat a hasty retreat when he left his car to try and get close-up pictures.

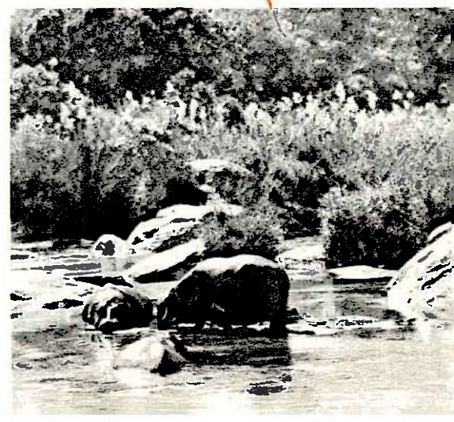
It is estimated there may be a thousand lions or more in the Kruger Park to-day.

So far as is known the numbers of lions and tigers have remained fairly constant over a long period, though there have been considerable increases in other species. Elephants were once rare, but there are several hundreds now.

The Kruger's two thousand or so giraffes are said to be descended from one family which survived the wild-life slaughter in the Transvaal at the beginning of this century.

Among the smaller creatures, possibly the warthog is the most amusing. This is a kind of large-headed wild pig with a very thin tail that stands up vertically as it trots along.

Following on President Kruger's foundation came the establishment of other and smaller wild animal sanctuaries which are to be found all over South Africa. Some of these favour a particular animal as, for example, the Addo Elephant Park, the Mountain Zebra National Park, and the Bontebok National Park, all in Cape Province. The Hluhluwe Game Reserve in Zululand is famous for its herds of white rhinoceros, now one of the world's rarest animals.



Commas that cost FORTUNES

by J·M·MICHAELSON

IT'S only a comma! But what a difference it can make. The minister who was reported to have said in his sermon, "I want to wear no clothes, to distinguish me from fellow Christians," rightly complained that, although he had used those words, there was no comma in the sentence as he spoke it!

The omission or insertion of a comma can completely change the meaning of an apparently straightforward statement. Miss Clare Booth, the famous American playwright, author of *The Women*, was reported in an interview to have said that her hobbies were "Surfboard riding, shooting cats and needlepoint." She naturally complained that a comma had been omitted after "shooting."

When a dramatic critic was printed as having written, "The play ended, happily," it was left to his readers to guess whether the comma was purposeful or accidental. It made all the difference to what he meant.

It is not surprising that lawyers fear commas or that legal documents are sometimes drawn up with all the punctuation omitted. Roger Casement, charged with treason in 1916 under a fourteenth century statute, bitterly complained that he was going to be "hanged by a comma." The question whether he had actually committed the offence with which he was charged did depend, more or less, on the meaning of the medieval wording, and whether or not it was intended that two words should be taken together or separated by a comma. He is reported to have said that a man's life was imperilled because a fourteenth century draughtsman made a blob on his parchment.

Whether a blob was a comma or a pen splutter was actually the gist of a lawsuit in France some time ago. In this case the comma was an apostrophe. The question was whether a man had written in his will "*deux*" meaning two, or "*d'eux*" meaning "of them." Read without the apostrophe, the will left 200,000 francs to two nephews. Read with the apostrophe it left 200,000 francs to *each* of them. The court decided that the mark was an apostrophe and the nephews each got double the money they would otherwise have done!

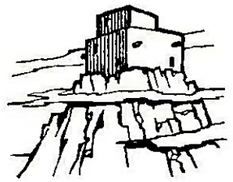
A comma that accidentally got into an Act of the U.S. Congress in 1872 is said to have cost £400,000. In this case the law imposed a tariff on certain imports, but exempted "fruit plants," that is plants which would bear fruit. In the drafting, a comma slipped in between "fruit" and "plants." The result was that it read as if "all fruit, plants, &c. . . ." were exempted from the tariff. Importers took full advantage of the mistake, and before an amendment could be passed, omitting the comma, it was estimated that £400,000 was lost in duties.

In a similar case before the war in Czecho-Slovakia, the insertion by mistake of a full-stop instead of a comma in a new Act made tax relief granted to farmers available only in one small district instead of the whole country, as intended. The whole Bill had to be brought forward, debated, and passed again.

When the Charter of the United Nations had been printed, there was a discussion of the meaning of a clause of great importance. The key was the phrase, "in the first instance." A comma before it would have made it refer to what had just been said. The comma omitted would have apparently made it refer to what was coming. Investigation showed that of the five texts published in different languages, three were different in the placing or omission of the commas—and legally all five were equally authentic!

These are real cases. We must suspect that some of the comma cases often quoted have been ingeniously devised just to show the difference that the omission of a comma can make. Such a one was probably this story of the minister who was reported to have said in his sermon, "My friends, only last Sunday a young woman died suddenly in this parish, while I was trying to preach to you in a state of beastly intoxication."

It's HOME Sweet HOME to Someone



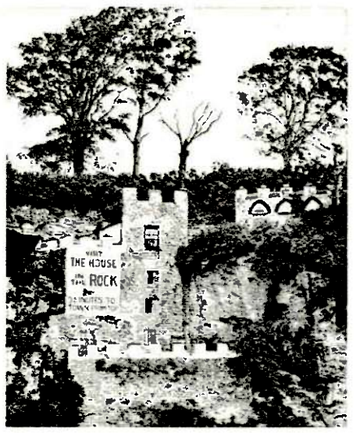
By F. W. SADLER

THE lighthouse on the River Humber, five miles from Hull, which was recently again on sale as a dwelling, is but one of the many queer houses which are "home, sweet home" to somebody.

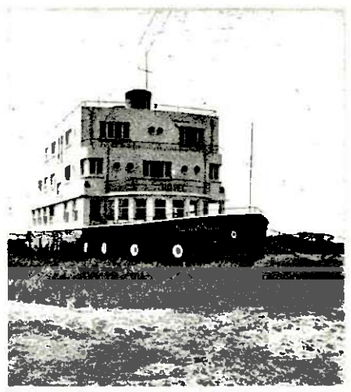
At Knaresborough, Rock House, otherwise Fort Montagu, has been cut out of the living rock. This odd dwelling was originally planned by a poor weaver who possessed no money with which to buy a house. Undaunted, he spent years chiselling his way through the stone, but died before he could occupy it. After his death, his son completed the work and became the owner-occupier of a three-storied house half-way up the cliff.

Lyme Regis, Dorset, can boast of an "umbrella" house. Many years ago it was built in the shape of his article of trade by an umbrella maker. Even the ceiling is adorned with ribs.

The walls of New Zealand's strangest house—a four-roomed bungalow built by two ex-servicemen on the shores of Lake Wakatipu—consist of 9,089 bottles. Every type of bottle the men could find was used in the construction of the bungalow. Only beer bottles are absent,



The House in the Rocks at Knaresborough, planned by a poor weaver who died before he could complete it



An hotel in the form of a ship was built on the sand dunes at Coxyde, Belgium

for these must be returned to the brewery when empty. On a sunny day the bottles reflect every colour of the rainbow.

Some years ago a novel idea of Lady Betty Walker resulted in an hotel being built at the top of a fig tree in Kenya, the charge being £10 a night, which covered the cost of cars through the jungle, native bearers, and a white armed guard. Many wild animals could be seen from the hotel.

Motorists in South Africa can obtain refreshments at a most extraordinary cafe just outside Capetown. It is built in the shape of a giant dog—and you can buy hot-dogs there, too!

The Leaning Pagoda at Vinj-Yen, Indo China, was deliberately built to lean. It inclines at a greater angle than the Tower of Pisa, Italy. Natives regard it as a barometer of justice that leans according to the fairness of their government.

Australia's queerest house is at Ballarat, Victoria. It is constructed of an endless medley of miscellaneous objects in a great variety of colours—lamps, jugs, vases, shells, dishes, plaques, rocks, statuettes, broken glass, and so on.

On the fringe of Port Augusta, South Australia, one sees one of the strangest suburbs in the world. It is Pipetown, a place inhabited by bachelors and old-age pensioners, and it is composed solely of pipes. They are giant pipes, six or more feet in diameter. They were brought there as part of a plan to carry water to remote districts. Because the scheme proved too expensive, the pipes are used to-day as dwellings, which are most comfortably furnished.

Perhaps the most original house in the world was built by Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ford in Chicago. It is round and made of cypress, steel, glass, playing marbles, 34,000 ft. of rope, and 35 tons of coal, specially treated not to smudge. Bedroom ceilings are made from coiled rope and glass, and the people in bed can look at the stars. The walls are of glass, and there are no windows to clean—Mrs. Ford just turns the hosepipe on the walls.

"Let's have a party," seems to be the motto of an ex-naval rating living in Stepney, South Australia. His cottage is built of 10,000 champagne bottles cemented together.

This old windmill at Cholesbury was renovated and converted into living quarters

Mme. Gregoire Staechelin is one of the most effective of all climbers. Its long pointed buds of crimson open to fragrant flowers of pearly pink. As the photograph shows, it is a vigorous grower

W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER M.B.E., N.D.H., F.L.S. offers timely advice on ROSES and FRUIT

RAMBLER roses need pruning early, for if they are left until really late in the season, the young growths tend to be crowded out by the older ones, and this prevents the sun from ripening the wood. Make sure, therefore, that the best young wood is ripened off during the next two months. The growths should be spread out so that the air can pass through them freely.

Rambler rose pruning on the whole is very simple. Just cut out the old wood which has borne the flowers, and tie in the young growth in its place. The best specimens are the ones which grow up from the base of the plant.

Use a good pair of leather gardening gloves and a sharp pair of secateurs for the job. Cut all the old ties, starting from the top of the growths and working downwards. Next spread out the branches right the way round the base of the plant. Thus it will be easy to see the old shoots. Cut the latter down hard to within say 9 in. of the base of the plant. If there should be young growths developing from the base of the older wood, cut back to a point just above the growth you are going to retain.

Make sure you leave sufficient shoots to cover the avilable space. A few branches, however, will cover up quite a large area, especially in the spring and summer when they are furnished with leaves and side shoots.

If you are tackling a specimen which has made very little new wood, then leave some of the strongest of the older branches, plus a few of the young growths, but make sure that the laterals or side-growths developing from the older wood are cut back to within half-an-inch of their base. This will cause the laterals to grow up quite strongly and flower well next season.

DON'T allow your gooseberries to be ruined by the American or European gooseberry mildews. Give a thorough spraying with lime-sulphur, dissolving 1 pint in 80 pints of water, though in the case of the yellow varieties like Leveller, Golden Drop, and Yellow Rough, use a washing soda solution, with a formula of 1½ lb. washing soda plus 1 lb. soft soap or suitable spreader like Estol H to 10 gallons of water. The latter wash will unfortunately last only until the next rain, and so may have to be given again. Dead or dying branches must be removed and burnt, for this is the disease known as die-back. Bushes must be sprayed next spring, immediately after flowering, with Bordeaux mixture.

When the strawberry picking is all over, clean up the beds. Some people like to burn the straw, and providing there is a quick fire this is a good idea. After cleaning, fork lightly, adding a fish manure at 3 oz. to the square yard.

Pick the early varieties of apples and pears. Apples like Beauty of Bath, Grenadier, Langley Pippin, Laxton's Exquisite, Owen Thomas, and St. Everard should be ready this month, and so should pears like Beurre d'Amanlis, Clapp's Favourite, Jargonnelle, Laxton's Superb, and William's Bon Chretien.

In the south the earliest varieties of peaches have been picked, and much of the old bearing wood can be cut out, leaving the younger wood to receive the bulk of the elaborated sap. It may be necessary to protect the later varieties with muslin bags tied on to the spurs.

Ripening figs often need to be treated similarly when wasps give trouble.

Another very good plan is to tie one pound jam jars into the tree, a quarter filled with a sugary syrup with the top covered and pasted down with a sheet of paper. Make a hole in the top with a pencil. The wasps go down for the syrup and never seem to find their way out.

TOMATOES from CUTTINGS

HAVE you tried growing tomatoes from cuttings? It is a paying proposition, and you get earlier crops as a result. Furthermore, there'll be no trouble with pricking out seedlings and growing them on. Take the cuttings at this time of the year, and you'll have excellent plants for putting out into their permanent positions next March, either in the greenhouse or under cloches. The only objection to this method is that the plants have to be over-wintered in a greenhouse.

Cuttings about 3 in. long should be selected from the most healthy, vigorous, and heavy cropping plants. Use sturdy side shoots for the purpose. Remove these side shoots carefully with a knife; cut off the bottoms of the cuttings and then with a sharp blade (an old razor blade is excellent) cut right across the stems at the bottom joint of the cuttings; in fact at the spot where the leaf was removed. Strike the cutting in a compost consisting of 4 parts good soil, 1 part peat, 1 part sand. Put three cuttings, evenly spaced, round the edge of a 6 in. pot, or one cutting in the centre of a 3 in. pot.

Those who like to use hormones will find they react splendidly with tomato cuttings. Dip the cuttings in the solution in the normal way. Water the cuttings when they are in the pots, using the fine rose on the can, and stand them in a deep box in a greenhouse or frame, covered with a sheet of glass. Remove this glass each day to wipe off the moisture.

As soon as the cuttings start to root, remove the pots from their boxes and place on a shelf near the glass. Here they remain unattended until December or early January. They will then have to be re-potted in J.I. Potting Compost 1.

For the JUNIORS

DEAR JUNIORS,

I always think that one of the most pleasant features of the annual seaside holiday is bathing in the sea. The sea is so buoyant and makes floating so easy, while the tingle of the salt water on your skin gives you a grand feeling of vigorous health. But there are a number of dangers in sea bathing which those of us who do most of our swimming in the local baths are apt to overlook, and on a recent visit to the seaside one of the beach attendants gave me some tips I should like to pass on to you.

"First of all," he said, "bathe when the tide is coming in, then you can't get carried out to sea. And remember, tides are always highest and fastest at full moon. Watch out for rocks, for where you find these there are also likely to be pools in which you may get out of your depth without warning. Before you go into the water find out if there are any currents, for quite a gentle current can be too strong for all but the strongest swimmers. If the water isn't calm, don't bathe unless you are sure you can find your feet if a high wave knocks you off your balance."

Bear these points in mind before going for your seaside swim, and I'm sure you'll thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Your friend, BILL.

These young Oxford artists find inspiration for their sketching in the lovely tower of Magdalen College as seen from the river bank

This Month's Competition

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Out with your pens and writing paper, for this month it's an

ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an essay of not more than 400 words on the subject "My Ideal Holiday." The Editor will again award

TWO GRAND PRIZES

There will be a STORY BOOK for the best essay submitted by a competitor aged 9 or over, and a MODEL CUT-OUT BOOK for the best entry from the under-nines. Your essay must be entirely your own work and must contain not more than 400 words.

Give your full name, age, and address, and post as soon as possible to the Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, 4. (Put 2½d. stamp on the envelope.)

June Competition Winners:

SYLVIA A. HOLDSWORTH
5, Smith House Lane, Lightcliffe, Near Halifax, Yorks.

ANN FIRMAN
130, Sandhurst Road, Queensbury, London, N.W.9.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Colours—Where?

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet—where would you expect to find all these colours together?

2. Babies

Foal, cygnet, gosling, leveret, and lamb are all the names of baby animals and birds. Can you say what they will all be when they grow up?

3. Name, Please

Jack's surname is the same as that of a famous poet and playright. Working one of those name-punching machines on a railway station, Jack punched out E three times, A and S twice each, and H, K, P, and R once each (not in that order, of course). What is Jack's surname?

4. Fun with Fish

What fish would a bird sit on, an old soldier fight with, a light shed, a winter sportsman have on his foot, and a lady have on her finger?

5. Magic Square

Fill in all the squares with the numbers 1 to 16 so that the numbers in each column, in each row, and in each long diagonal add up to 34. To make it easier the positions of four numbers are given.

13			16
1			4

SOLUTIONS

1	14	15	4
12	7	6	9
8	11	10	5
13	2	3	16

1. In a rainbow, for instance. The colours are those of the spectrum.
2. Horse, swan, goose, hare, and sheep.
3. Shakespeare.
4. Perch, pike, ray, skate, and herring.
5.

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

The way these plant things are growing. Mars must have air on it. Let's have a breather.

Think of it, Jane; first Earth dwellers ever to land on Mars!

Y-yes, Oliver. But we're not the first people ever to to be on Mars.

The animal looks flimsy. That's because the atmosphere on Mars is much lighter than ours. There are other differences, too. The Co-opers will find out soon enough.

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