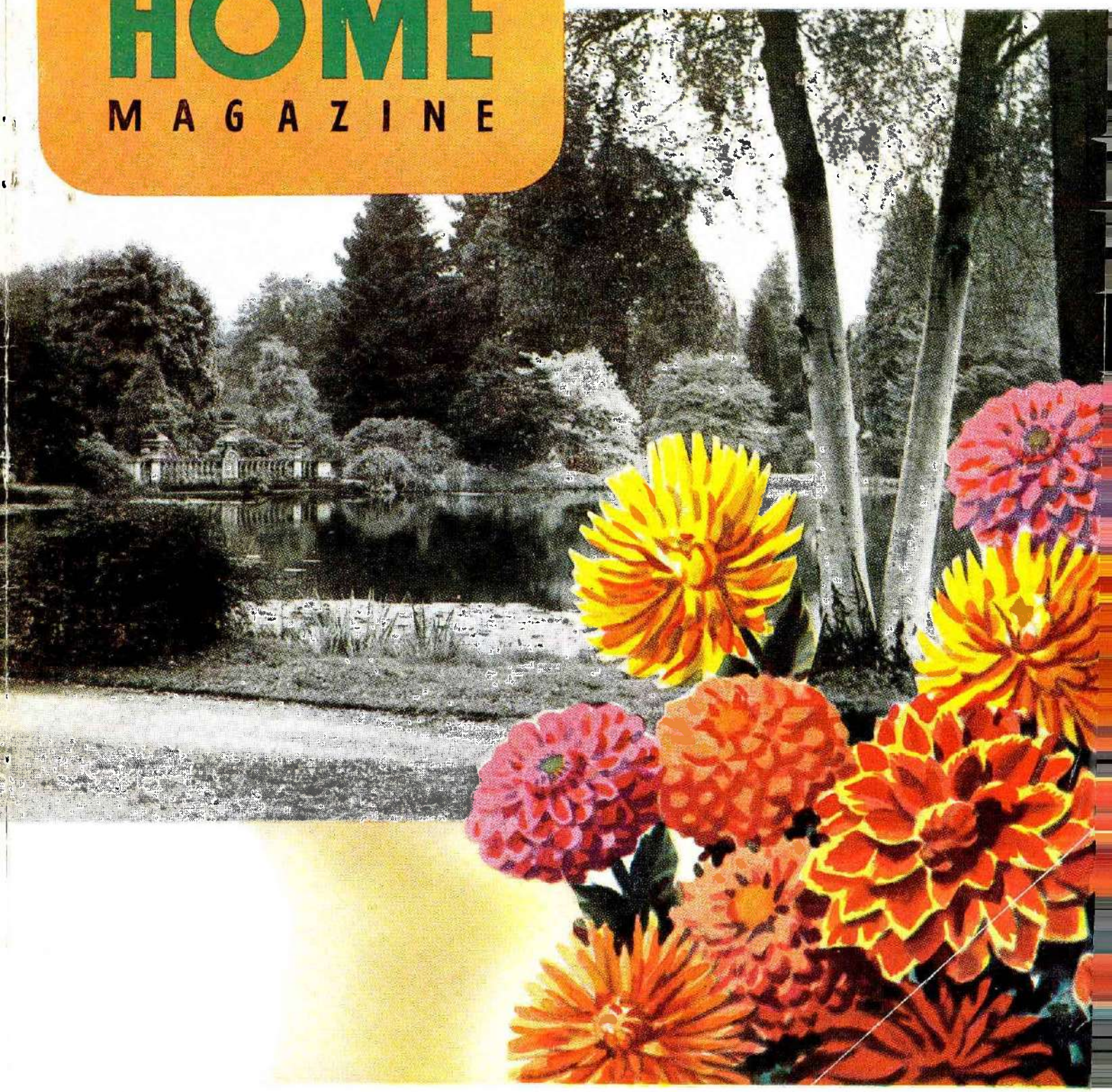
CO-OPERATIVE HOME MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1954



Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

It's YOUR Business

THIS month's issue is devoted to the report of our half-yearly meeting held on September 1st, and to the reports brought by your delegates to the C.W.S. meetings.

Members are inclined to forget that they, together with other co-operators throughout the country, own and control the C.W.S. and send delegates to the C.W.S. meetings, where they can speak and vote on any matter.

These reports are given in as much detail as space will allow. They should be of interest to you for they deal with your business and affairs.

Society's Half-yearly Meeting

The members' half-yearly meeting was held on September 1st. Mr. A. Heathcote presided.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed on the proposal of Mr. C. Brown, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

The committee's report showed that sales for the period were £560,327, compared with £556,055 for the previous half-year, and £547,050 for the corresponding period of 27 weeks of last year.

Membership was 15,960 on July 19th, 1954, 515 persons having joined and 144 having left during this half-year.

At the end of the balancing period share capital amounted to £670,049, compared to £644,661 in January, 1954. Many members were now allowing their money to remain in over the previous limit of £200. The law now allows £500 and the investment was a safe one with a reasonable rate of interest and easy facilities of withdrawal.

The total claims at the end of the half-year in small savings section were £12,734, while at the beginning of the period they were £11,629, thus showing an increase of £1,105.

Loan capital was £492,767, compared to £487,904 for the last balancing period, an increase of £4,863.

On the reinvested capital a surplus of £1,026 had been made.

The total purchases of goods for sale was £422,892, made up of £317,190 from the C.W.S. or 75 per cent; private traders, £83,230 or 19·7 per cent; local traders, £12,058 or 2·9 per cent; and from productive societies, £10,414 or 2·4 per cent.

The purchases from the C.W.S. by departments were :—

	Per cent
Grocery	73·2
Drapery	43·5
Footwear	44·0
Footwear Repairs	61·4
Outfitting and Tailoring	64·2
Furnishing	57·9
Bakery	93·2
Fish and Greengrocery	9·2
Butchery	89·9
Coal	72·2
Dairy	92·4
Sweets and Tobacco	96·6
Milk Bar and Cafe	23·5
Chemistry	22·9
Works	23·2
Mill	91·0
Funeral Furnishing	36·0

From the productive societies purchases were made as follows :—

	Per cent
Drapery	9·2
Outfitting and Tailoring	29·4
Footwear	34·9

During the half-year 224,410 stones of bread were produced. For the last half-year 211,821 stones were produced and for the corresponding period of last year (27 weeks) the total made was 229,804 stones.

Dairy sales were 353,231 gallons for the half-year under review, and 330,266 gallons for the previous period, while for the corresponding period of last year the sales were 343,489 gallons (27 weeks).

Members' purchases averaged £1. 7s. 0¾d. per week. For the last half-year they were £1. 7s. 5½d. per week. For the corresponding period of last year they equalled £1. 6s. 6½d. per week. This half-year 14,291 members traded and their average trade per week was £1. 10s. 2d. as compared to £1. 9s. 5½d. for last half-year and £1 8s. 2¾d. for the corresponding period of last year.

The chairman, Mr. A. E. Heathcote, said the board considered the report a favourable one. There was an increase in trade—not as much as it could have been, but he thought there were reasons for that.

Membership had increased considerably, partly due to the new housing estates which had been developed and to tenants coming from other areas. Share capital showed a satisfactory increase. Small savings and loan capital were also increasing.

The board proposed to try to increase trade done with the C.W.S.

Bread output was satisfactory but members could give better support to the confectionery trade.

Dairy sales were increasing in a most satisfactory manner.

The surplus disposable was £44,306 19s. 9d., which was recommended for disposal as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
To Share Interest	8700	0	0
,, Dividend to members at 1s. 3d. in the £	32500	0	0
,, Education committee	602	8	1
,, Balance carried forward	2554	11	8
	£44356	19	9

Developments

Since the last report Polesworth branch had opened and was receiving considerable support. The Dordon branch had been reconstructed and was ready to cater for the new members in that area.

The general office had been modernised and members would benefit by the alterations.

Difficult trading conditions had prevailed owing to the removal of controls, but the board believed that those members who had left the society would return.

The president thanked members for their support and the staff for their efforts during the period under review.

Mr. C. Brown seconded and the report was carried.

Mr. Brown commented on the fact that we were no longer slaughtering beasts on our premises.

Mr. Day complained of badly cut sliced bread and received the assurance of the chairman that this would be attended to.

Mr. A. E. Langtry said it was gratifying to see that the fine imposed on the society for the Glascote branch case had been repaid. The secretary explained that the amount received, £6 fine plus £3. 3s. costs, was paid to us because the act was done without the knowledge or consent of the committee or of himself.

Mr. Langtry asked for details of capital expenditure, and the secretary gave the information required.

Councillor M. Sutton commented on the payments from the pension fund, which indicated the number of employees with considerable service who had left. He was pleased that the society had granted a 10s. wages award in anticipation of a negotiated wages advance.

Pension Fund

The chairman said that in reply to a question by Mr. Langtry at the previous half-yearly meeting regarding an improvement in pensions payable to employees from the superannuation fund, the matter had been carefully considered by the pension committee, which had decided to wait until the results of the quinquennial valuation were known and this took place in July, 1955.

The balance sheet and education account were adopted on the proposal of Mr. A. E. Langtry, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Mr. Starkey said there had not been much time to consider the balance sheet before the meeting. The secretary explained the difficulties of getting the balance sheet prepared, audited, printed, and delivered in the time available.

The chairman said the board was not too happy about this, and it would receive consideration.

Mr. Deakin moved that the following donations be made: £1. 1s. to St. John Ambulance Brigade (Tamworth division); £1. 1s. to St. John Ambulance Brigade (Wilnecote division).

Councillor Sutton seconded and it was carried.

(Continued on page iv)

Delegates Report on C.W.S. Meetings

BIRMINGHAM—*Record Sales Announced*

The C.W.S. ordinary general meeting was held at Birmingham on May 1st. On the platform were Messrs. Williamson (bank), J. B. Smith (auditor), Schofield (grocery), Hill (drapery committee), Buckley (secretary), Robinson (drapery), Kassell (finance), Snow (accountant), and McGrail (Co-operative Insurance Society).

Mr. Robinson presided. Mr. Buckley, secretary, introduced to the midland meeting for the first time, said that nomination papers for a special election in the midland section would be issued shortly.

Mr. Robinson said it was with a feeling of satisfaction that he submitted the board's report and accounts. Sales constituted a record—a further extension of support would bring more dividend. The special dividend on all productions was an incentive to retail societies to extend sales.

The chairman commended Silver Seal and Red Seal margarine, and reported that the new cigarettes had met with an encouraging response. He asked for support for Wheatsheaf evaporated milk and cream.

In dry goods the increases shown arose from comparison with a period when trade was at a low level. They did not represent a return to the 1952 level.

Hardware increases were due to television sales in the Newcastle area, which would have been more but for a shortage of cathode ray tubes.

Only the footwear department and grindery were showing a deficit. There had been some depreciation of stocks by £27,249, plus a loss on sales (reduced prices) of £67,209, totalling £94,809. Loss in certain factories had been due to insufficiency of business.

The chairman thanked societies for their support during the year, and said if the movement were to meet the competition of the multiples there must be increased demand for C.W.S. productions.

Mr. Turner, Birmingham, congratulated the directors on the fine results during the year. Mr. Noble, Wellingborough, supported, also Mr. Bailey, Rushden.

In reply to Mr. Noble, the chairman said they would consider how to even out fluctuation in C.W.S. dividend rates. The board realised they would have to keep on their toes to keep pace with our competitors.

The board's report was adopted.

The balance sheet and auditor's report were then taken. Mr. Kassell (C.W.S.) said that 216 local authorities were now banking with the C.W.S.

Birmingham Society asked the C.W.S. to buy Indian mats direct to secure lower prices. Mr. Robinson promised attention.

Mr. Cook, Selsden, welcomed standard prices in connection with preserves. It would enable national advertising to be used and would give satisfaction to consumers.

Mr. Ravenhill, Birmingham, congratulated the board on the excellent quality of the new cigarettes.

Mr. Robinson, C.W.S., said the C.W.S. packed one ounce of tobacco in foil because tins were so dear. He suggested quick sale and proper storage.

Mr. Bailey, Rushden, asked for assurance of full supplies of margarine. Mr. Schofield, C.W.S., said there had been difficulties with machinery for packing fats, but he was certain societies' demands for margarine could be met.

Mr. Deaking, Tamworth, asked for longer nylon stockings, and the chairman said he would take this up with the factory management.

Figures given of pairs of footwear made showed a drop compared with 1938, although there were more factories now.

Worcester Society suggested that design and prices were possible causes of loss in cabinet and bedding. Mr. Robinson said that cabinet works losses were entirely due to uneconomic production.

Under-employment and under-capacity was the cause of loss in the brush and mat department, also in Keighley iron works. New designs were being introduced, and results should be better next year.

Mr. Armitage, Birmingham, asked for assurance that there would be no increase in motor premiums or cuts in no-claims bonuses. Mr. Kassell said that at the moment the C.I.S. was not considering either reduced no-claims bonuses or increased premiums.

There were 107 delegates representing 36 societies in the area.

MANSFIELD—*Decontrol Difficulties*

The C.W.S. meeting was held at Mansfield on July 17th. Mr. Norman Tattersall, drapery committee, presided, supported by Mr. Gregory, grocery, and Mr. Peddie, finance. The manager of the Derby branch bank was also on the platform, with Mr. Hulse, minute secretary.

The minutes of the last meeting and special meeting were confirmed.

It was reported that some of the factories had had to resort to short-time working, particularly the furnishing, and those producing women's seasonal footwear. The chairman asked delegates to see that co-operative demands were met from their own establishments.

Spel was meeting with intense competition, including the latest distribution of free samples and it was only by the combined selling efforts of our staffs that we could counter the activities of our competitors.

The rapid growth of the detergent trade had had a bad effect on the soap trade of the country, including the C.W.S. works, and the chairman appealed for more trade in this connection. Referring to the end of food rationing, he said the board was gratified with the support societies had given to them during its control.

Regarding meat, he pointed out that all the normal channels of trade were swept away in 1940, and since then it had been on allocation. The C.W.S. had had to establish contacts with retail societies for slaughtering facilities, and reintroduce buying staff to get the stock for societies. Some time would elapse before trade settled down, but the C.W.S. would be competitive with anyone in the business.

A delegate asked if it were possible to concentrate more money on advertising Spel.

A delegate from Ten Acres and Stirchley Society said his society was disturbed about the distribution of supplies of meat.

Mr. McShane of Walsall said his society had had difficulty in obtaining accommodation in their local abattoir which the local council governed. Loughborough Society also complained of meat difficulties.

Questions were asked concerning margarine, particularly with respect to the new Gold Seal brand, containing 10 per cent butter.

Mr. Gregory, replying for the board, stated that some societies had a large proportion of sales of Spel, and other societies had a small trade. The C.W.S. was spending more on advertising Spel than on any other of their productions, and as much as they could afford to do. A coupon scheme had been introduced and another similar effort was being considered.

Regarding meat, he said there would be difficulties on both sides. The C.W.S. were confident they could obtain adequate supplies at the right price, and the right quality. They had undertaken, for the first time, branch deliveries to retail societies. There was acute congestion at the abattoirs, but he was satisfied the C.W.S. had done as well as their competitors.

Regarding imported meat, he said there would not be further imports from New Zealand until the beginning of January. The C.W.S. should be in a better position to supply imported meat than they were pre-war, because of the two large freezing depots they have acquired.

Replying to Mr. McShane, Mr. Gregory said the fat stock corporation was more of a commercial affair than a co-operative society. They would possibly try to get hold of the slaughtering facilities, in addition to market controls. The C.W.S. had an understanding with the fat stock corporation that they would not try to woo the meat trade from societies.

Replying to a question raised by a Birmingham delegate on the market research department, Mr. Peddie said the work of this department continued to expand.

Mrs. Creed of Birmingham drew attention to the considerable reduction—30¾ per cent—in the output of blankets.

The chairman stated that a decrease of £40,380 at the Littleborough Mills was partly due to Government contracts, and partly to the very mild winter last year.

The board's report was adopted.

The next meeting will be held at Leicester in October.

A special meeting was then held to approve various proposed alterations to rules, these being necessary as a result of the special committee of inquiry set up some time ago.

There was no opposition to any of the proposals and voting will be by a referendum in due course.

There were 103 delegates in attendance from 38 societies.

(For continuation of Local Matter see page iii)

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AWAY to the north the deep blue of the distant mountains formed a perfect background for the glowing purple, soft browns, and sombre greens of the wide moorlands.

Westward, a multi-coloured panorama of cornfields and lush meadows, with an occasional farmhouse under the shelter of tall pines or a small copse of chestnut and beech, stretched away to the rugged headland falling precipitously to the sea, dark aquamarine under the almost cloudless sky.

Far below, the seaweed-covered rocks and light golden sand were being slowly submerged by the incoming tide.

The only sounds were the chorus of countless birds and the cool burbling of a tumbling burn falling steeply to the shore. The noisy clamour of the faraway city was a half-forgotten dream; one was living in another world.

In such remote and peaceful surroundings the onrush of modern civilisation, with all its complexities, its endless striving for the unattainable, its gross materialism, seemed pointless and futile.

Why should man be the slave of the machine? Why should he exist in noise and dirt, ceaselessly toiling for a livelihood which, in many cases, he has neither the time nor the capacity to enjoy? Why herd together in unhealthy cities when he might pass his days happily amid the beauty and serenity of these wide open spaces? Why not cast off his chains and live in this simple freedom far from the maddening crowd?

Round a bend of the hill footsteps approaching along the stony track broke the stillness. The slow crunch of heavy boots could be heard for some time before an old man with a sheepdog at his heels came into view.

"A gran' day" he greeted us with a broad Scottish accent, which, on an island where hurry is unknown, inevitably led to friendly conversation.

The rugged old fellow had been a tall, handsome man in his day, though now a trifle bent with a lifetime's work on the little farm almost hidden by a shoulder of the mountain on which we stood. He had been born, he told us, in "Yon wee bit hoose," although, he added proudly, he had made a "muckle" of difference to it, since his father died and left the farm to him many years ago.

His keen dark eyes, under thick bushy eyebrows, set in a kind, weather-lined face, gazed reflectively over the sea where a ship was almost hull-down on the horizon.

"Aye, times hae changed since I were a bairn," he said thoughtfully.

"For the better, do you think?" we enquired.

"Nae doot," he replied; there was not the slightest hesitation in his voice.

"You think our children are having a better time than we had when we were young."

The old man smiled, "Ye're richt there," he said. "My twa laddies are awa'; one is a doctor and the other is an architect in Glasca'. Aye, they're doing far more useful jobs than their old father."

"And they prefer the hurly-burly of the city to a quiet healthy life on the farm?"

"Aye, an' I'm no' surprised. If I were a wee bit younger mysel'—". He looked up sharply at a kestrel hawk circling high above the headland. "Aye, I'm no surprised" he repeated as though talking to himself. Civilisation may not be so pointless and futile after all.

THE EDITOR.

THIS MONTH'S QUOTATION

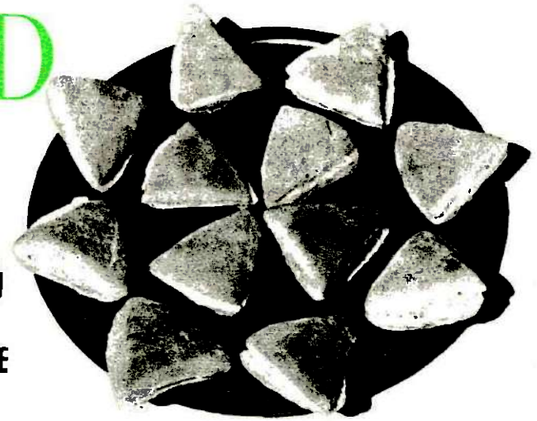
The truest test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out.

—Emerson

STRANGE COMPANIONS

SWEET AND SAVOURY

Mary Langham's COOKERY PAGE



WITH the aid of one or two basic recipes you can ring many changes on scones, sweet and savoury. Here are a few recipes for you to try out.

POTATO SCONES

8 oz. cooked potatoes, 2 3 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, ½ oz. Silver Seal Margarine, seasoning.

Mash the potatoes and mix with the margarine and seasoning. Add as much flour as the mixture will take. Roll out thinly on a floured board. Cut into rounds and cook on a hot girdle until done on both sides. Keep hot in a tea cloth. Butter and serve hot with grilled sausage, tomato, and mushroom.

DATE AND NUT SCONES

8 oz. C.W.S. Federation self-raising flour, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 oz. chopped dates, ½ oz. chopped nuts, pinch of salt, ½ oz. sugar, ½ pint milk.

Rub fat into flour and salt. Add sugar and chopped dates and nuts. Add enough milk to make a sponge-like dough. Roll out to ¾ in. thick and cut into rounds. Brush the tops with milk or beaten egg. Bake in a hot oven for 10–15 minutes. When cold split and butter. Suitable for a snack with your morning coffee.

CHEESE SCONES

8 oz. C.W.S. Federation self-raising flour, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, shake of pepper, pinch of mustard, 2 oz. grated cheese (use hard dry cheese), ½ pint milk.

Rub fat into flour and seasoning. Add grated cheese (reserving 1 dessertspoonful), and add enough milk to make a sponge-like dough. Roll out to ¾ in. thick and cut into triangular shapes. Brush the tops with milk and sprinkle over with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 10–15 minutes. Split and butter, and serve with a Health Salad.

HEALTH SALAD

Cabbage, carrot, beetroot, apple, orange or grapefruit, dates, grated cheese, salad cream, nuts.

Peel the orange and quarter or cut into rings. Mix together the grated cheese and salad cream, and use this mixture to stuff the dates. Shred or grate the remainder of the food (all should be raw), and arrange salad daintily. Serve with the buttered cheese scones.

DROP SCONES

3 oz. Federation plain flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 egg, pinch of salt, ½ oz. sugar, ½ gill milk.

Mix flour, salt, and sugar together. Add beaten egg and enough milk to make a thick batter. Beat well. Quickly stir in the bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar. Drop in dessertspoonfuls onto a hot girdle. When brown on the underside, turn over with a wide knife, trim the edges, and cook the second side. Keep hot in a tea towel. Butter and serve.

BACON WHIRLS

8 oz. Federation self-raising flour, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, shake of pepper, ½ egg, 2 large rashers bacon, ½ pint milk.

Chop finely or mince the bacon. Cook lightly in fat. Make the scone mixture as for cheese scones (but do not include cheese in this recipe). Roll the dough into a square, brush the surface with beaten egg and sprinkle over with the cooked bacon. Roll up, as for Swiss Roll. Seal the end. Cut into slices, stand each slice flat on a baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven for 10–15 minutes. Allow to cool and serve with grilled tomatoes and lightly scrambled egg.

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

Father of the NOVEL

by *Roy Christian*

IN December, 1753, there was not a single murder or street robbery in the whole of London. It was the first crime-free month for many a year.

This sudden end to a crime-wave which had made it unsafe for an innocent citizen to venture out alone on the streets after dark was due to the efforts of Henry Fielding, Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex. His plan, drawn up at the request of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, had hounded every criminal from the London streets. Many were in prison; others had felt it necessary to attend to urgent business in distant parts of the country.

But Fielding's plan, which made the West End streets safe, hastened his own death. When the Duke sent for him, he had been about to leave for Bath in search of health. The postponement of his holiday added asthma, jaundice, and dropsy to his chronic gout. Not even the air and waters of Bath could cure him now.

So he went to Portugal in search of the sun, and there, on October 8th, 1754, he died, worn-out and old at 47.

It is not so much as an able and honest magistrate that we remember Fielding to-day, but as one of the greatest of all English novelists—"the father of the English Novel" as Sir Walter Scott called him.

The poverty that dogged him all his life drove Fielding to writing. He had to choose, as he put it himself, between being "a hackney coachman or a hackney writer." He chose writing, and millions of readers of *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Jonathan Wild*, and *Amelia* have applauded his choice.

The poverty was partly of his own making. The Fieldings of Sharpham Park, near Glastonbury, where he was born in 1707, were a distinguished family and not without means. Henry's schooldays were spent happily at Eton, acquiring learning and a wide circle of life-long friends, but not the ability to live within his income. He enjoyed life to the full, but the things he enjoyed most were those he could not quite afford.

Fifteen or so years of riotous living in early manhood ruined his health and emptied his pocket but gave him that knowledge of life that was to flash and sparkle through the pages of his novels.

Tall, handsome, witty, and charming, Henry Fielding embarked at 18 on a whirlwind courtship of a 15-year-old orphaned heiress named Sarah Andrews. She returned his love, but her guardian disapproved and sent her away.

Thus Fielding lost his Sarah, who met and married a more eligible suitor. But he was to find ample compensation when he married Charlotte Cradock in 1734. There was an ideally happy marriage, despite the inevitable financial worries.

Unhappily, his wife died in the tenth year of the marriage, and the broken-hearted husband shocked London society by marrying her former maid after an interval of four years. But the marriage turned out well. His second wife was plain, but she was kind and sensible and made his children an excellent mother.

Fielding began his literary career as a playwright. Before he was 30 he had written some 20 plays. None of them are acted or read to-day, though one, *Tom Thumb*, provided Swift with one of the two laughs of his life, and several achieved success in their day.

Indeed, at one time Fielding rented a theatre in London's Haymarket, where his own company acted his own plays. Most of his productions poked gentle fun at Robert Walpole's Government. When the fun became less gentle, the Government passed a Licensing Act which put Fielding out of the theatrical business.

Fielding then resumed his Law studies, which he had begun on leaving school, and supported his family with journalism until he was called to the Bar.

His first novel, *Joseph Andrews*, appeared in 1742. It was intended as a satire on Samuel Richardson's pompous novel, *Pamela*, which had become a sensational best-seller. It earned him the enmity of Richardson, but it gained him many friends among the new novel-reading public and brought him in the useful sum of £183. 11s.

He followed up this encouraging start by writing three more novels, of which *Tom Jones* was by far the best. It remains to-day one of the finest of all English novels. and has achieved success on the stage as a light opera. Unfortunately, Fielding did not live to see it established as a classic, but it brought him in £700 in his lifetime.

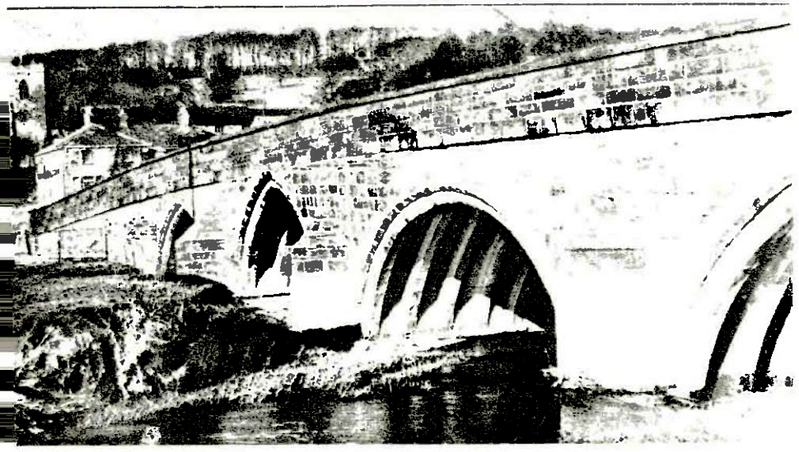
Two months before it was published came his appointment as a magistrate. Despite his failing health he tackled his new work with all his old energy, and by the end of 1753, he had completed his task of clearing the West End of its riff-raff.

After his death his blind half-brother, Sir John Fielding, kept up the good work, and later his own son took over the office. London still honours the Fieldings for their services to law and order. But all the world of literature honours the memory of Henry Fielding, the gay and reckless "happy warrior" of the English novel.

"He has known more happy moments than any prince upon earth," wrote his cousin, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, after his death.

BRIDGES *span the centuries*

by Arthur Nettleton



The bridge at Kildwick, founded by the canons of Bolton Priory, is the oldest bridge in Airedale. Below, Bolton Bridge, Wharfedale, which has the remains of a chapel built into a farmhouse at one end

WITH bigger and heavier loads nowadays being carried by road in Britain, fears have been expressed for the safety of some of our bridges. Civil engineers question whether the oldest of these can withstand for long the strain imposed upon them to-day, and about 300 such structures are being especially watched for any signs of collapse.

At some places precautionary measures are already being taken to avoid a disaster. Buses crossing Barden Bridge, Wharfedale, for example, are required to do so unladen while the passengers walk across, and restrictions on the loads which may be taken over other bridges are being more strictly enforced.

Crossing our rivers, however, has long presented problems, and bridges are among our most entertaining historic relics. The Romans built few, great roadmakers though they were, for they preferred to find a shallow spot where the river could be forded. But at scores of places waterways are spanned by structures which were founded in monastic days.

To facilitate communications between their abbeys and outlying monastic properties, the monks of the Middle Ages threw bridges across many rivers, and for a long period the religious houses were responsible for maintaining these.

One of the most important bridges in the West Riding to-day carries traffic over the River Aire at Kildwick, and although it has been widened since monastic times, it still incorporates a considerable part of the structure built at the same spot more than 600 years ago by the canons of Bolton Priory.

Another fine bridge spans the Trent at Swarkeston, near the Derbyshire-Leicestershire border. In addition to presenting a pleasing picture, it has other claims to attention. It was the most southerly point reached by the Highlanders during the 1745 Rebellion, and if the approaches to the structure are taken into account it is the longest road bridge in Britain. Traffic going towards it from the south travels along a mile-long embankment to avoid marshland.

There was a bridge at Swarkeston as early as 1204, and in the Middle Ages the crossing was often the subject of disputes. Tolls were imposed on both road and river traffic, and 250 years ago steps had to be taken to thwart boatmen who tried to pass without paying. The authorities stretched a stout chain from bank to bank, and this was not raised until pontage had been paid.

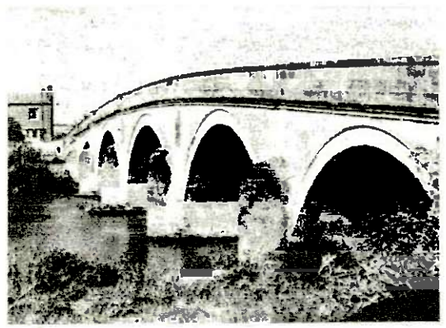
It is interesting to find that our present-day fears for the safety of our ancient bridges are nothing new. When a chapel adjoining Swarkeston Bridge fell into disrepair, 400 years ago, there was alarm lest the collapse of this building might also cause the bridge to fall.

Such chapels, where prayers were said for travellers and alms were given for the upkeep of such bridges, were commonplace in past centuries. The Swarkeston chantry has vanished (without harming the bridge as was feared), but a few are still retained by other bridges.

Wakefield and Rotherham have fine examples, and another enhances the lovely bridge at St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. The last-named is now a museum, but it was consecrated in 1426. Wakefield bridge chapel is used for services even to-day, and although it has been used occasionally for secular purposes during its long history, it once actually supplanted Wakefield Cathedral. That was during the Black Death, when the clergy thought it safer to hold services at a spot which in those days was on the outskirts of the city.

Selby possesses a unique bridge, the only wooden one still surviving on a main road in Britain. It is a swing bridge, and a curious feature is that the movable part turns on cannon balls—the earliest example of a ball-bearing!

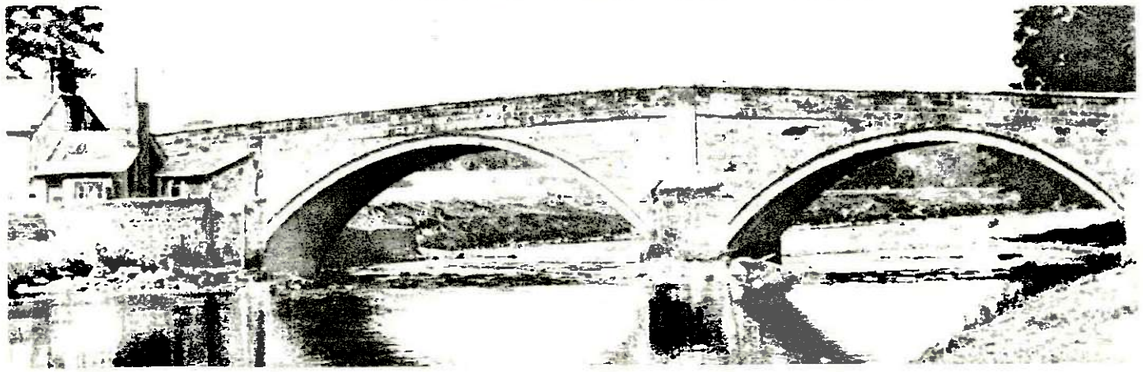
Considering their age and importance, it is hardly surprising that many of our bridges have traditions. The Devil is reputed to have built some of them—notably the remarkably ancient one at Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland.



A Derbyshire bridge with a legend. It is at Swarkeston, near the Leicestershire border

Swarkeston Bridge is said to have been built by two sorrowing sisters after their husbands-to-be had been drowned while trying to cross the Trent at that point by ferry. Croft Bridge, spanning the Tees near Darlington, is associated with a legend about a monster slain nearby, and for many years succeeding Bishops of Durham were met at the bridge and presented with a sword, allegedly the very weapon used to kill the beast.

Perhaps the most astonishing fact of all about our bridges is that, until the middle of the 18th century, London had only one such structure. Before that time, London Bridge afforded the only means of crossing the Thames in the vicinity of the Metropolis, except by boat.



Beauty from the Beast

by E. CUNNINGHAM

OF all living creatures it is the sperm whale which makes the greatest contribution to female beauty. For it is the oil of the sperm whale which is used to make lipstick, and the waxy spermaceti from its enormous head is the basis of many a face cream.

Ambergris, though itself evil-smelling, is an essential fixative for perfumes. This, as many women will learn with some consternation, is found in the intestines of the sperm whale. It is usually found in small quantities, but occasionally a mass weighing as much as 500lb. is obtained from a large whale.

Europe has treasured ambergris for over a thousand years, for it has the property of making perfumes last longer than they could do in its absence. Also it "prolongs the note" of perfumes, suggesting their presence even after they have finally evaporated.

Ambergris has been used for many purposes. Pilgrims to Mecca would pay high prices for the substance, presumably to use it as incense. In the harems of the East it was, and probably still is, used as a love potion, as well as for spicing wines and foods.

In the Middle Ages, doctors prescribed it for the treatment of syncope, epilepsy, and hydrophobia.

Most of the ambergris which finds its way to Europe comes from the tropical coasts of Australia, Brazil, and Peru, and from the islands dotting the continental shores of the Indian Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. For it is in these warmer seas that the sperm whales are most abundant. Recently, however, some ambergris was found in Orkney and was sold to a London dealer for a large sum.

The beachcomber who has the good fortune to find ambergris has indeed stumbled upon treasure. This happened to a native girl in the Barbados who was one day taking her basket of poultry to market. On the seashore she sat down to rest on a boulder, and the boulder stained her dress. She took it to a chemist to have it cleaned, and he, realising what had caused the stain, persuaded the girl to lead him to the boulder. As he suspected, it was a mass of ambergris, which later sold for more than £1,000.

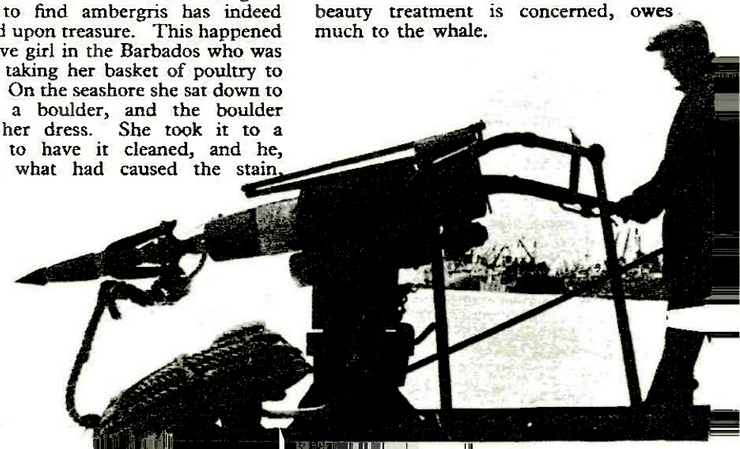
Even more extraordinary is the story of the New Zealand farmer who was very fond of his rock garden. A friend admiring the rockery one day pointed out that one of the rocks was a mass of ambergris worth thousands of pounds.

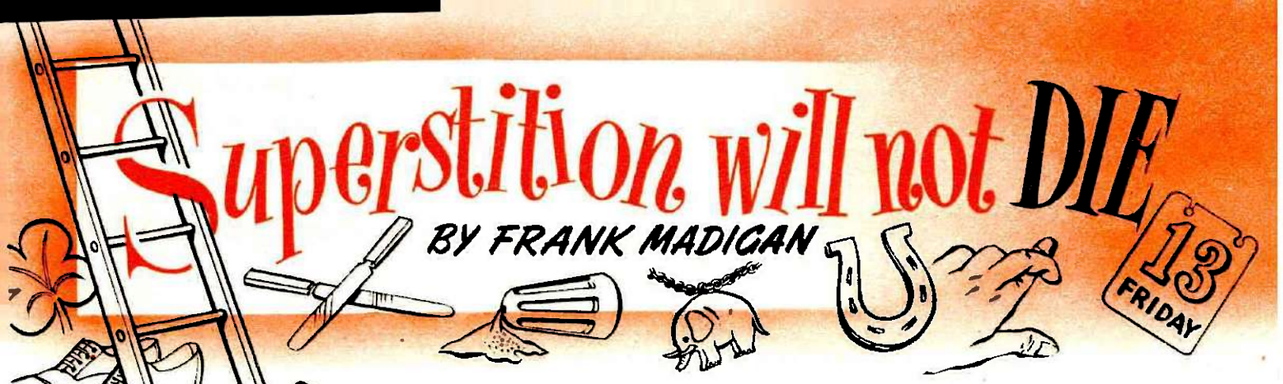
During the times of the Crusades learned Arabs thought that ambergris was a bitumen erupted from the sea floor. As recently as 1667 one author believed it to be the dung of sea birds. By the time of Marco Polo, however, it was known that ambergris could occasionally be taken from sperm whales, but it was believed that the whales had swallowed it. In 1724 the truth was discovered, when it was realised that ambergris is manufactured in the intestines by the whale itself.

The possibility of discovering a lump of ambergris inside a sperm whale made the hunting of the creature a search for treasure. One whaling expedition off the south-west coast of Australia had the good fortune to find inside a captured whale about 60 kilograms of ambergris, a find that was worth £4,000.

Stranger still is the story of the Antarctic Company of Larvik, Norway, who operated far out in Australian waters. In 1912 they had caught a meagre tally of only 25 whales, and the captain, deciding the expedition was a failure, gave the order to sail for home. Then he had the good fortune to kill a whale containing the largest piece of ambergris ever encountered in whaling history. It sold for £25,000.

Thus it seems that the modern woman, so much ahead of her ancestors where beauty treatment is concerned, owes much to the whale.





Superstition will not DIE

BY FRANK MADIGAN

MANY people still refuse to walk under a ladder, and they are made unhappy when they break a mirror. Spilling salt still calls forth dark forebodings, shoes placed on a table are regarded as inviting bad luck, and knives which are accidentally crossed are hurriedly separated.

The belief that there are powers hostile to happiness and well-being is still widespread. It is still a common practice for people anxious for something favourable to happen to keep their fingers crossed. This, of course, is making the Sign of the Cross, although most people who indulge in the act do not realise it.

That superstition keeps its hold in a scientific age is shown conclusively by the fact that many of the population of the Western World wear or possess amulets and talismans which they regard as protections against misfortune.

It is not accidental that the people who usually favour talismans must rely upon chance to a certain degree in gaining their livelihood, for lucky charms are most popular among actors, sportsmen, soldiers, divers, fishermen, and others who live by hazard or are dependent upon conditions not altogether under their control. Thus, superstitions are the result of anxiety about the unknown and the unpredictable.

Among sportsmen, belief in lucky omens is common. One famous England cricketer carries a silver threepenny piece for luck, always puts his right cricket pad on first, and always walks on the left of his fellow batsman. A well-known footballer makes it a point to don his left boot first and to leave the dressing-room last. Many sportsmen favour a rabbit's foot as the best guarantee of good fortune.

Primitive races have always worn amulets, particularly objects with piercing and cutting qualities such as arrowheads, miniature knives, daggers, and scissors to ward off evil spirits. These, it is thought, can inflict wounds and destroy or banish demons before they come near enough to their wearers to do any harm.

Native divers at Manar Gulf never descend without wearing lucky snake charms or a bracelet inscribed with a verse of the Koran. The natives of the Marquesas Islands often have their clubs decorated with eye ornaments, which are supposed to see the dangers and in doing so avert them. The New Guinea natives use head masks with prominent eyes to ward off evil spirits, and in Europe, the Portuguese fishing boats are often painted with two huge eyes in their bows.

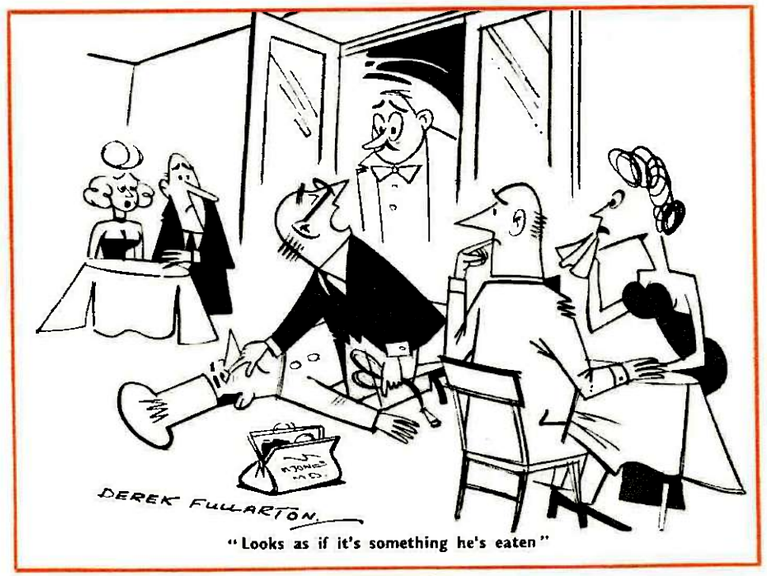
Some superstitious practices are still widely followed, although the reason for them has been forgotten. The idea of wearing black at a funeral is that of showing respect to the dead. Originally, however, mourners wore different clothes at funerals to disguise themselves and thus deceive evil spirits. In London many cart-horses are bedecked with brass ornaments, and while they are merely decorative to-day, each one had some superstitious significance in the past.

In modern life, the fear of illness leads many people to wear amulets as a safeguard of health. Many parents have their children wear blue glass beads as a protection against bronchitis.

In some quarters, sharks' teeth are carried as a safeguard against cramp, and teeth are sold and bought in the streets of London for this specific reason.

It may be, of course, that faith is an excellent cure for quite a number of complaints. In any case some well-known pharmacies in London sell small tubes containing mercury as a cure for rheumatism. The tubes, hermetically sealed and covered with soft leather, are carried in the pockets of people prone to rheumatism. Those who carry them declare that they invariably have to pay for their neglect if they inadvertently leave their tubes at home when going out for any length of time.

Superstition indeed does not die hard. It simply does not die at all.



"Looks as if it's something he's eaten"

Bella Moon

a short story by

ELIZABETH BIRKETT

THROUGH the familiar ritual of marking the school register the voices droned in a fashion as monotonous as the buzzing of a sun-warmed bluebottle in the window. "Jane Amor?" "Present Miss!" "Margaret Black?" "Present Miss!" "Ruth Cane?" "Present Miss." Until Miss Taylor called, "Bella Moon."

Miss Taylor, newly appointed Head of Glenrigg school, fresh from the ordered bustle of a city Secondary Modern, looked up and repeated, "Bella Moon?"

"She's always late, Miss."

"Oh, is she?"

"She looks for things in the roadside, Miss."

Teacher's eyebrows lifted a shade, but she wisely kept silent, though she had seen nothing of note in the roadside as yet.

It was not until Scripture had been "taken," and arithmetic was well on its way that footsteps sounded in the outer porch. Cloakroom was altogether too fine a word for the small box, with its crooked rows of pegs, from which hung the up-to-date blazers and short jackets of Miss Taylor's country scholars. Besides, generations of Glenriggites had called it porch and no-one saw any necessity for change, just as the fathers and mothers, with their modernised stone cottages, could never get round to calling the parlour the lounge.

Miss Taylor's coat swung back and forward as the door latch was lifted and the door was pushed slowly inwards.

"It's Bella Moon, Miss Taylor."

No-one laughed at the appearance of the latecomer, though Miss Taylor imagined she must have stepped immediately out of fifty years ago. But then, Miss Taylor didn't know that Bella lived with Gran; that her mother had gone into service in town after her trouble.

A thick horse-tail of auburn hair was brushed back from Bella's forehead and hung down over her shoulders. Over her sprigged cotton frock she wore an old-fashioned pinafore with embroidery at armhole and hem. Her hand-knitted black stockings reminded Miss Taylor of Dean Allgood's gaiters, but the clogs dumbfounded her.

They shone like a black-leaded firegrate and had gleaming brass toe-caps and shiny clasps across the front. Miss Taylor didn't know, but all the others with their fur-lined boots envied Bella her clogs when the ponds and dykes were frozen over, for the caulkers on the wooden soles, worn to a shining slipperiness by the road flints, made Bella fly as if on skates. What a slider Bella was!

But it was Bella's eyes that arrested Miss Taylor. In a large, pale face these purple brown irises, deep like a woodland pool, were reminiscent of a wild creature's eyes. Once Miss Taylor had seen a deer at close range while holidaying in the Highlands, and she was startled by the memory of it as she watched this new acquaintance.

"I seen a snake," Bella ventured, before stepping forward to the desk.

Miss Taylor thought it best to be firm. "Wherever have you been until this time? The register is closed. You must get here on time."

It was as if Bella had never heard.

"It was lying in the sun, Miss. I thought a car might run over it so I poked it with a hazel. It jumped round and I seen its tongue flashing in and out. It *was* vexed, Miss."

Miss Taylor was tempted to say "I saw," but decided on silence. "Very well, go to your seat and *do* try to be early in the morning."

Arithmetic lesson was a waste of a good half-hour to Bella. "Bella Moon, I do wish you would look at your book and not out of the window."

Bella tried for a while, and then a wren, which had a nest in the playground wall, appeared on the grey stone sill within Bella's range of sight.

She could count and add up and do shopping calculations, but she saw no virtue in finding how long it would take six men to dig ninety yards of drain if one man could dig a yard in thirty minutes. "Fair daft," was Bella's expressed opinion. Reading had a little more to it, though she preferred a story to be read to her, and she liked poetry if it happened to deal with birds or flowers, stars or rivers, trees or mountains.

As soon as the evening prayer had been said in the afternoon, Bella hurried away on her own precious business. She had so many things to do, so many rendezvous to keep before she reached Gran's cottage and her evening chores, for she was a good child and helped to wash dishes, weed the garden, and seek kindling sticks from the riverside.

This last job was to her liking, for then

she could search for bonny stones, those which held a few crystals of quartz in their hearts. Sometimes, in summer, she watched a lizard sunning itself on the hot stones, or gathered a bunch of rare white Grass of Parnassus. Gran always gave her a special old lustre jug from the three-cornered cupboard for these lovely flowers.

On the way home through the wood, her bundle of bone-like sticks tied in her skipping rope, a bit of an old clothes rope, she'd look out for the squirrel. There was an old hollow ash tree where wild bees made honey. Bella surprised even Gran when she landed home one day with a flat cake of sweet heather honey.

" Why, Bella love, how come the bees didn't sting you ? "

" Bees never sting me, Gran."

Bella knew all the secrets of the countryside. The pool in the wood told her that she was kin to all wild things; the fox did not streak away through the bracken when she was about, but lingered as if he knew that she had none of the wicked tricks of the others.

But Bella had a strange influence on Miss Taylor, who had come to Glenrigg prepared to teach her rural charges in urban fashion, at urban speed. Local intelligence was a thing she had still to recognise.

After Bella had come late so many times that Miss Taylor was at her wits' end—and always with some new information about the flora and fauna of the dale—she gradually began to be more interested in the finding of a gentian than in the twelve-times table, more enthralled with Bella's tale of an eel catching a trout than with how to remember whether i or e comes first in a word. In fact, Miss Taylor had to take herself in hand to regain her eager enthusiasm to model the school on city lines. Even then, life was never the same.

Bella Moon was like a narrow slit in a tower from which the prisoner has a view of distant fells and castles by lily-bordered rivers.

" I seen a meadow pipit feeding a young cuckoo." That excused one late arrival, but the excuses were legion; a wreath of withies, moss, and heartsease woven by Bella's expert fingers; a fistful of purple, scented thyme that looked like a tiny cushion; a daisy chain which Bella had made sitting in the dykeside forgetful of clocks and bells; a blue butterfly with lace-edged wings that she carried in her " hankercher," and freed as soon as Miss Taylor had seen it.

Then one day it happened. Bella didn't come to school. Miss Taylor anxiously watched the clock, but there was no latecomer.

That afternoon Jane Amor came to school early to be the first to tell.

" Please, Miss, Bella Moon's gone away with her mother. She's taken her to live in the town and she isn't coming back any more. My Ma says her Gran'll be heartbroken."

Bella Moon not coming back ! The sunlight seemed to be dulled a little but Miss Taylor answered the child.

" Oh, she's not coming back ? Do you think she'll like the town ? "

" No Miss, not Bella, but her mother'll make her bide."

Fifty-two weeks went by in leaden succession. The school at Glenrigg was becoming a model after Miss Taylor's first vision. Interesting new projects were carried through. Miss Taylor was accepted in Glenrigg. No-one knew that the Head was planning to leave and go back to city life. She found the days strangely empty. The countryside took on a withdrawn, alien air. Romance had disappeared.

In her cottage in the evenings she lived over the days when a pale-eyed girl had excused her inability to conform to the need for early attendance at school.

" I seen the Cow Lonnin', Miss, last night. Gran says some call it the Milky Way. I heard the frogs croaking in the swamp, same as the Emperor thought was the nightingale."

Ghosts of peacock butterflies, chalk-hill blues, fritillaries, emperor moths, a red fox, roses picked from the hedgerows, gentians blue as a Swiss sky above the snow, all hovered about Miss Taylor's sitting-room and filled her with unease, a nostalgia for a mood rather than for time or place.

" I must be getting old and lonely. I shall have to leave this place and get back to town and some life."

Even that prospect had lost some of its appeal in the thinking of it.

One morning she was busy with the register. " Jane Amor ? " " Present Miss ! " " Margaret Black ? " " Present Miss ! "

The voices hummed through the list and by a slip Miss Taylor called out, " Bella Moon."

" She's left, Miss Taylor."

" Dear me, yes, I forgot. She was always late wasn't she ? "

" Yes, Miss."

During the story of David and Jonathan Miss Taylor's coat swung back and forth as the door latch lifted and the door opened slowly inwards.

Miss Taylor looked towards the coat, then cried, " It's Bella Moon ! "

" I made you this, Miss Taylor," Bella said, and handed up a pith basket full of forget-me-nots and late buttercups.

" I've come back to stop, Miss Taylor," she announced, and wondered why Miss Taylor looked as if she were going to cry

'Federation' and 'Seal' help to win prizes

We are pleased to print without comment the following letter, written to the managing-secretary of the Staines and District Co-operative Society:—

I thought it may interest you to know that in addition to the successes I gained at our recent Handicraft Exhibition I was awarded further prizes at the Staines and District Gardening Society's Show. This makes my recent prize list as follows :— Staines Handicraft Exhibition : Madeira Cake, first prize ; Victoria Sandwich, first prize. Staines and District Gardening Society : Fruit Cake, first prize ; Fruit Pie, first prize ; Sponge Sandwich, third prize.

In all these entries I used "Silver Seal" margarine and "Federation" flour, and I cannot speak too highly of the qualities of these C.W.S. products.

(Mrs.) N. A. T., Staines.

Iron Curtain Councils

The Leicester City Council in session. Journalists are present to report the proceedings. The press at Leicester also attend meetings of the education committee.

DEMOCRACY thrives on controversy. This is a rule which applies to local government as well as to Parliament. The essence of controversy is, of course, that the force of public opinion *must* have the opportunity of influencing the deliberations of those who govern. Where there is no such opportunity controversy is still-born. And if controversy can only take place after a final decision has been made, public opinion may still be inflamed but its fire is easily quenched.

Apathy is a disease of local government. As its malignant influence expands, so does democracy wither. For those to whom democracy is a flower to be carefully nurtured, the Iron Curtain local Councils of Britain are menacing weeds that call for vigorous hoeing.

Iron Curtain ? A total silence round all the committee meetings of the Council ! On most days of the month the town hall is like an oyster—with councillors debating in committee, but the public blissfully unaware of what is being discussed in their name. Only after the Press has reported the monthly meeting of the full Council has the ratepayer any knowledge of local authority business. Then, unless a question has been referred back to a committee, the Council has already made its decision. No wonder that the local government elector feels impotent and lapses into a disinterested somnolence which is only disturbed when he or she is asked to pay the rates !

Very few local authorities admit the Press to committee meetings. Members of Councils which do admit the Press to committee meetings are usually full of praise for the innovation. Instead of local government reports being limited to one a month, or one a quarter—and briefer, therefore, than they might be—committee news finds its way into the paper nearly every day. This generates public interest. The ratepayer becomes a partner in local government. He is able to write a letter to the Press, call a protest meeting, or lobby the councillors if he disagrees with a committee decision. And, if it appears that sufficient electors are of like mind, the committee decision may be reversed at the subsequent Council meeting. By admitting the Press to committee meetings, public opinion has the opportunity to express itself.

One urban district councillor, expressing the opposition view, declared, " If the Press were admitted to committee meetings, Council chambers would rapidly develop into ' public platforms ' and be used for the purpose of either personal aggrandisement or party political propaganda, or both." This is the stock argument. There is a danger that councillors might " play to the gallery." But surely the same possibility exists in Parliament and no one has suggested that the House of Commons should meet in secret.

Another contrary argument is that the presence of the Press would hinder the informal discussions that proceed in committee. In my experience this is definitely not the case. And so far as " private " matters such as staff salaries and conditions, and legal advice and contracts, are concerned, the Press always lay down their pencils on these occasions either voluntarily, or when instructed by the chairman.

While the ultimate aim should be the admission of the Press to all local authority committee meetings, it may surprise some readers to learn that the Press has only had the statutory right to attend meetings of the full Council since 1908. If the Council decides to meet as a General Purposes Committee (consisting of all the members of the Council) the Press is automatically excluded. Journalists can also be asked to leave the chamber temporarily after an appropriate resolution has been passed.

The position of the public is worse than that of the Press. The only type of local authority meeting to which they have the statutory right of admittance is that of the parish council. If your local authority, other than a parish council, does in fact admit the public—many have public galleries as fixtures of the chamber—it is because of a local decision and not because of Parliamentary enactment.

Even when the public is permitted to watch the proceedings, however, a public gallery could accommodate only a handful of electors compared with the thousands over whom the local authority governs. It must fall, therefore, to the Press to be the watchdog for the public.

In recent years a great number of other public authorities of interest to the citizen have been established, few of which admit the Press. An Admission of the Press Bill has been formulated, which may eventually be laid before Parliament, that guarantees the rights of the Press to attend the meetings of these statutory bodies. In addition to local authority committees, the Bill proposes that the Press be admitted to meetings of regional hospital boards, hospital management committees, Health Service executive councils, the consultative or consumers' councils of the nationalised industries, catchment boards, drainage boards, and river boards, and regional and county committees established under the National Insurance Act.

Admission to rent tribunals, local employment committees, county agricultural executive committees, regional boards for industry, and appeals tribunals under the Reinstatement Act are also included in the scope of the proposed Bill. It would, indeed, be a great step towards public enlightenment if the Bill were to become law.

TINKLES of DELIGHT

BY ALAN LINCOLN

WITH the invention of the gramophone began the decline of the musical box, so that to-day these are either a novelty or a nostalgic reminder of other days. Nevertheless, a London dealer told me recently that he still sells them to practically every country of the world.

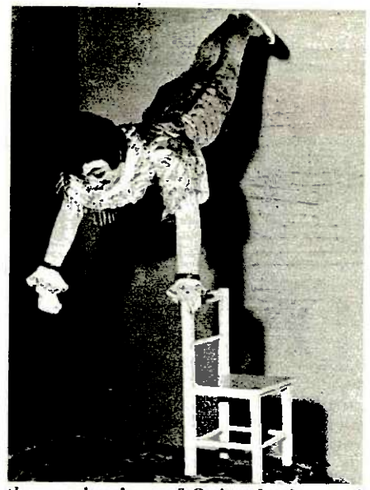
"The appeal of a musical box is universal," was the way he put it, and in support of this he told me that he sells them to such far places as the Fiji Islands, the Gold Coast, Bolivia, Siam, America, Venezuela, India, Australia, and Persia.

The music in the boxes varies, of course, but he said that the old favourites are still very much demanded. Excerpts from *The Magic Flute*, *The Barber of Seville*, a Brahms lullaby, or "Annie Laurie" are still popular, although they have to compete with "The Harry Lime Theme" which is one of the most sought-after modern pieces.

These tunes are demanded year after year and the only thing to upset this demand was the Coronation when such music as the National Anthem, "Land of Hope and Glory," and "Rule Britannia" were requested.

Apart from this however, the demand is more or less equally divided between classical and modern music.

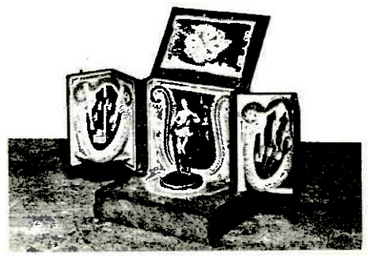
Following their success with the making of musical and repeater watches the watchmakers of Switzerland turned to the development of a musical box such as we know to-day and one of the earliest boxes played an air called "The Swiss Boy."



Selections from the operas followed and the watchmakers encouraged sales by placing the movements in jewel cases, workboxes, and many other odd places, including even the tops of walking sticks. One of the most popular novelties was a ring stand for the dressing table made in the form of a harp, and which played a minuet.

To-day we give little serious thought to musical boxes and in the increased pressure of living regard them as part of the romantic past when time was not so valuable as it is to-day. A close inspection, however, reveals that like every other form of popular entertainment the musical box has tried to bring to its owner "the latest."

Minstrel songs were popular in the early days of the boxes but the music hall really began the fight among the makers to bring the latest success on to a cylinder.



The songs of George Leybourne were typical in this respect. His first song to be put on a cylinder was called "She Danced Like a Fairy" and his great success, "Champagne Charlie," soon followed.

Nicole Freres, one of the most famous of the Swiss makers, produced boxes playing the successes of Albert Chevalier and Charles Coborn, including such items as "The Future Mrs. 'Awkins," "My Old Dutch," and "The Man Who Broke the Bank."

One of the strangest tunes to be placed on a cylinder was called "A Night on the Wheel." During an Earls Court Exhibition the Great Wheel of the fair stuck and defied the attempts to move it. Eventually the people on it were rescued with ladders and the management paid £5 to each sufferer by way of compensation. Fred. W. Refern, a popular composer of the day, promptly wrote a song about it and an enterprising company marketed it immediately.

From the time the first music from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas was put into a musical box there has been a steady demand for it. *The Mikado* was the great success of the early times and it remains extremely popular to-day.

One manufacturer produced a set of boxes which played English airs including "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," and Queen Alexandra, who was a collector of musical boxes, ordered one to be made specially for her to play Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words."

In retrospect it seems almost impossible for a musical box to get anyone into trouble, yet it did in its early days and occasionally still does to-day.

Last year a musical box brought a man to court because he played it in the street. He was an ice-cream merchant who played it to attract the children, and he was summoned by the police for playing a noisy instrument in public.

Happily the magistrates after listening to the offending box dismissed the case, and most people will agree with them that there is little harm in such a toy which recalls so many happy yesterdays. Long may they tinkle for our delight!

"Take off my head!" cried crazy guest . . .

By ROBB GRANT

SAID Theophilus Cibber, son of the 18th century Poet Laureate, to three of his friends "Let's have a day out and play the fool wherever we go." So off they went by coach into the Surrey countryside. Villagers at the first stop saw a cross-eyed gentleman get out of the vehicle. They stared as the second man who climbed down also had a squint. When they noted that the third man had an even worse squint-eyed gaze, they gaped. And they cried aloud as the fourth gentleman to get out had a viler cross-eyed glare than all the others put together.

At the next stop along the road Theo Cibber and his companions pretended to have artificial legs. Each of the four tried to out-do the others in bawling for assistance to descend from the coach. And as the four strutted stiff-legged up and down the street and then across to the inn, some two hundred yokels ran to see the remarkable sight.

They pressed round the door and windows of the inn to glimpse the four jokers sitting at ease with their eight legs stretched out stiffly like so many stump wickets.

All through a meal the guests kept up the deception and got back into their coach again without giving the game away.

"What's the next thing?" asked one, as they drove on.

"Eh?" asked Theo, whose attention was elsewhere.

From the mis-heard question they evolved their third slice of good, clean fun. For when they drew up for tea none of them could hear a word.

The innkeeper spoke to them louder and louder. His serving wenches' voices rose higher and higher to a scream. But the four jokers merely smiled gently as they cupped their hands around their ears and said softly:

"I'm a little hard of hearing. Speak up!"

But it was not until after supper at yet another roadside hostelry that Theo and Co. really let their day's fun out to its fullest extent. They called for a servant as they sat at ease among the evening crowd in the bar parlour.

"Here, fellow," called Cibber. "Take out my teeth."

"T–t–teeth, sir?"

"Yes, unhook this wire and they'll all come out."

Very gingerly, for he had never seen such a thing before, the servant obeyed. Hardly had he laid the teeth on the table than the second joker spoke:

"Come and remove my eye, waiter."

The startled man gasped until Theo's pal spoke again.

"Lift up the lid, my good fellow, and the eye will drop out easily enough."

Trembling with emotion the servant managed to do the task, only to have the third strange guest cry:

"Be good enough to unscrew my leg, my man."

With some difficulty the cork leg was removed and placed carefully on the table. The servant wiped his brow and turned to go, with a nervous eye on the teeth, false eye, and cork leg spread on the tablecloth.

Then the fourth man spoke in a hollow groan:

"Waiter—waiter. Take off my head!"

The luckless servant turned—to see the gentleman's head rolling so loosely on his neck that it appeared to be about to drop off into the fireplace!

With a wild yell he jumped for the door, the other drinkers with him, to flee down the road crying out that "A pack of devils are loose in the inn!"

And the four joking gentlemen laughed and laughed and laughed . . .

Blowers of Brass

From a Special Correspondent

RANKED among the leading brass bands in Britain, the C.W.S. Manchester Band and the Scottish C.W.S. Band of Glasgow are both to compete for the National Championship in the Royal Albert Hall, London, on Saturday, October 16th.

The longer established C.W.S. Manchester Band, which came second in the National Championship last year, was founded in 1900 as the Tobacco Factory Band and adopted its present title in 1938, while the Scottish C.W.S. Band started in 1918.

What story lies behind the glittering facade of these Co-operative contestors for the classic brass band title, and of thousands of other brass bands like them spread throughout Britain?

It is from the pit, the factory and the mill in the industrial North and Midlands that the brass band, amateur in status but at its best of professional standard in performance, can trace its major expansion well over a century ago. Then, as now, the working man with the feeling for a creative outlet in harmony with his workmates made brass band playing his own rewarding and stimulating activity after the day's work.

The instruments for his purpose lay, as it were, newly created at hand. The improved design and manufacture of brass instruments, notably the saxhorns patented in 1845, gave the impetus to the wide adoption of the all-brass ensemble. Manual workers found it easier to take up brass instruments in preference to strings or woodwind which need more sensitivity of touch. Playing progress was quick, musical results encouraging.

From the mid-nineteenth century onwards, brass bands sprang into existence by the thousand, formed under the wing of works management or independently. A report in a brass band journal of 1889 referred to 40,000 amateur bands in the United Kingdom and added, "They are increasing rapidly." Though this staggering estimate may be treated with some reserve, it does indicate the tremendous build-up which had been going on for some 40 years. Even now, after the upheavals of two wars, brass bands remain the nation's biggest movement of non-professional music-makers, with more than 100,000 players handling melodious brass currently worth £6,000,000.

To-day, besides the colliery and works bands are the multitude embracing town and village bands, public subscription bands, mission and temperance bands. Many are self-supporting, having deep roots in the life of their communities, enlivening parades, brightening galas, fetes, and sports meetings. They are as familiar in the park bandstand as on the seaside pier. Whether in the open air or in the concert hall, or in the broadcasting, recording, and television studios, brass band music spells popular entertainment for the millions who "follow the band."

Interwoven with the story of the rise of the brass band movement is the magnetism of the brass band contest which, from the earliest days, has had a powerful attraction for bandsmen and audience alike.

One of the first organised contests took place at Burton Constable, near Hull, in 1845. Five bands competed, each limited to 12 players; the use of drums was prohibited and the contesting order decided by ballot. Conditions of the first brass band contest held in 1853 at Belle Vue, Manchester, included the barring of professional players and the screening of the three judges in a "box." The top four bands received cash awards. In 1860, the first national contest of brass bands was staged at the Crystal Palace, London, climaxed by a massed bands performance by nearly 1,400 bandsmen.

Between them, the pioneer contests produced a solid, workmanlike pattern for the events which were to follow, a design little altered in 100 years. But for the dozen players of the early days, the maximum generally permitted by current rules is 25. In other respects, the century-old conditions as to the ban on drums, drawing lots for the playing order, the screening of judges, and the cash prizes are still in force, and will apply to the *Daily Herald* National Championship contest in which the co-operative bandsmen are to take part.

Then, their rivals will play the same test-piece on a group of instruments which, with only slight variation, conforms to this long-established pattern: 1 E-flat soprano cornet; 8 or 9 B-flat cornets; 1 B-flat flugelhorn; 3 E-flat tenor horns; 2 B-flat baritones; 2 tenor trombones and 1 bass trombone; 2 B-flat euphoniums; 2 E-flat basses; and 2 B-flat basses.

Such a new set of 25 brass pieces to-day costs, with purchase tax, more than £2,400. One bass alone accounts for more than £200. Other instruments range from the popular cornet (£40), flugelhorn and trombone (over £50), tenor horn (£70), baritone (nearly £110) to the euphonium (nearly £140). With uniforms and music swelling the total by hundreds of pounds, it obviously takes a lot of "brass" to start and run a brass band these days.

Above, the C.W.S. Manchester Band, finalists in the National Brass Band Championship this month. At the Edinburgh Festival in August, they took first places in the two major classes at the Invitation Brass Band Contest. Right, Mr. Alex Mortimer, musical director of the C.W.S. Band, and member of a family deservedly famous in the brass band world

Britain's Wild Ponies

by Geraldine Mellor

FROM the dawn of time ponies have roamed wild over various parts of Britain, and for some time now they have made a strong contribution to exports. Moreover, they have provided our children, and occasionally adults, too, with the finest means of learning equitation.

Unfortunately, these robust, hardy little animals, with centuries of endurance behind them, have been declining in numbers of late, and recently they were in danger of extinction.

It would be deplorable if this heritage of thousands of years should disappear, and active steps have been taken by the International League for the Protection of Horses, and similar organisations, to avert such a catastrophe.

Many people regard a wild pony as a small horse, but really it is quite a different creature, with shorter legs and able to endure more.

These animals may be found on Devonshire's Dartmoor; on Exmoor in Somerset; in the New Forest in Hampshire; roaming the Upper Dales of Tyne, Allen, Wear, and Tees; among the Welsh hills; and in the Scottish Highlands and the Western Isles.

The ponies wander at will all the year round, fending for themselves, and never see the inside of a stable. The only shelter they know is in thickets and under trees. Breeding occurs in the open. In the autumn they are rounded up for branding, controlled breeding, and selling at the annual pony fairs.

In captivity they are put to work pulling small traps and giving children seaside rides. All this must seem very confining after their previous nomadic, communal life in small herds, existing on such hardy fare as heather, bracken, gorse, and brambles.

Among the best known of all British ponies is the Dartmoor pony. Following the last war, which took heavy toll on Dartmoor, there are still numerous ponies wandering at will on their ancient heritage. This very old strain is still being improved by experts who are afraid that otherwise it may die out. These animals are intelligent, strong, and sure-footed.

Turning north to Exmoor we come to one of the oldest and most attractive of all the English ponies. The most outstanding distinctive characteristic of the animal is the "mealy muzzle," and it possesses similarly coloured rings round the eyes. The rest of the creature is brownish in colour. Though small, Exmoor ponies are tough and spirited on the run.

If you require a first-class riding pony you cannot improve on one from the New Forest. All belong to private owners and being fairly tame ramble all over the New Forest.

The infusion of Arab blood may have improved the looks of these handsome, grey-brown animals, with the thick shaggy manes, by making them taller and slimmer, but it has lessened their stamina to a certain degree. The ponies are of Celtic origin.

The Dales ponies are unsurpassed for strength and hardiness among all the other small breeds. In olden days they were used for carrying lead ore in panniers from the mines in the remotest part of the Dales to the smelt mills.

Most of these animals are black or very dark brown, and they are good tempered beasts. Nowadays they usually do all the work of the small farms of the Dales.

One of the few breeds of British ponies that remain purely bred are the hardy ponies of the Northern Fell country of England. They are clever, sensible creatures, strongly made and much valued in their native country for riding, shepherding, and light harness work.

When I first encountered a Welsh pony I realised what courageous, bold riding animals these tenacious, long haired ponies are. The true native representative roamed the hills of Wales in prehistoric times, and very few of the ancient race can be found to-day.

The modern animal has had Arab blood introduced into the strain so that the entire aspect of the pony is brisk and virile and full of quality in all respects.

Everyone falls in love with the pretty little woolly-haired Shetland ponies of Scotland. They are a breed apart and are, probably, of truly aboriginal primitive stock. Although the largest are only 3ft. 6in. high, they are tremendously strong, and in the Western Islands where they live they are used for riding and drawing carts. Many of them are bought by circuses.

Standing as high as 14 hands and embracing many shades of colour, the Highland pony of the Mainland of Scotland is a muscular, powerful beast, who is able to transport incredible weights for long distances over high mountains and very rough country.

Being a good jumper, the Highland pony provides a cheap hunter, and can also undertake all types of farm work as efficiently as a larger animal. And it is much more economical to keep.

D'ye ken JOHN PEEL?

by PHILIP CONWAY

HUNTSMEN from all over the country will meet at Caldbeck, Cumberland, on October 23rd, to celebrate the centenary of a man who became famous because of a song—John Peel.

He was born on November 13th, 1776, the son of William Peel, a farmer of Park End, near Caldbeck, and during his life established a reputation that was to make him as well-known off the hunting field as on it.

John was a member of an old and respected yeoman family, but this did not prevent him from eloping, when only a youth, with the pretty Cumberland lass who had caught his eye.

She was attractive Mary White, daughter of a prosperous Uldale farmer. It was their intention to be married in church, but when the banns were read in Caldbeck Church, Mary's mother protested, declaring "They're far ower young." Tongues wagged in the parish, and it was said that the real reason for Mrs. White's objection was that she wanted Mary to marry a rich suitor.

The strong-headed John still determined to marry Mary, so when all were sleeping peacefully in their beds he mounted his father's fastest horse and galloped off to the home of his lady love. In true romantic style he climbed to the admiring lady's window. She offered no objection to the manner of her lover's visit, and in fact agreed at once to fly with him to Gretna Green, venue of many runaway marriages. Later, this rash act was forgiven and the couple were married for a second time at Caldbeck Church. Eventually they had a family, and the eldest of the sons, "young John," was to be seen hunting with his father.

John Peel kept foxhounds for over half a century and such was the character of the man that the hounds loved their master as much as he loved them.

Peel hunted with an enthusiasm that was catching. There is the story of one clergyman who was just about to perform a marriage ceremony when he heard John Peel's horn. He could not resist it, and, flinging off his gown, ran for his horse, shouting to the unfortunate bride and bridegroom as he did so, "Come back to-morrow, and I'll finish the business for ye then."

This incident is reputed to have occurred during one of the most famous of all the huntsman's runs. The run started near Lorton and continued over Wythop Fell, crossed the River Derwent, and passed through eleven different parishes, covering 70 miles in the best part of a day. Not bad, when one considers the type of country over which the hunt travelled and the fact that Peel was then in his fifties.

The huntsman kept himself fit for the rigours of the chase by leading a simple life with good plain fare for his food. He had a weakness, however, in that he drank too much, and one day he found himself at a religious meeting after having had one too many. He joined the gathering, but as time went by and no move came from the silent throng, he pulled himself to his feet and asked, "Is nobody going to say 'Amen'?"

It was while John Peel was enjoying a drink one winter's night with his crony, John Woodcock Graves, that the song which was to make the huntsman's name immortal was born.

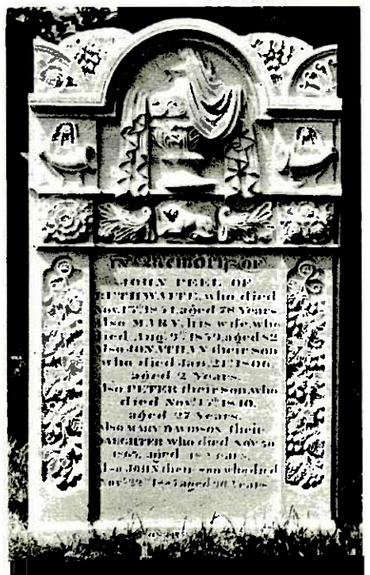
Somewhere in the inn, a child was being lulled to sleep to an old air called "Bonnie Annie." Graves felt an urge to write a song to it, and, obtaining writing materials, wrote out the five original verses of "D'ye ken John Peel?"

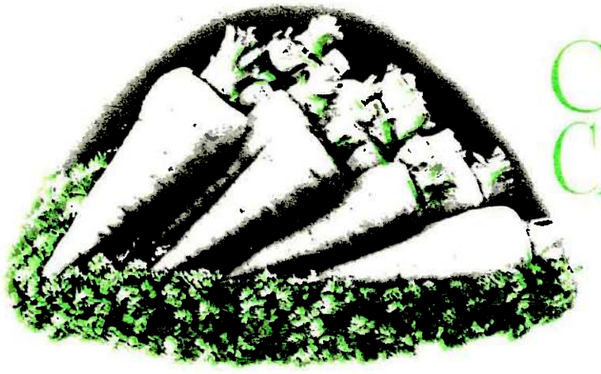
Tears came to the eyes of the hardy Peel when his friend declared with warmth, "You'll be sung long after we've both been run to earth."

Graves little realised how true his remark was to become. Since that night of long ago generations of country folk, and townspeople too, have sung the old song or danced to its lilting strains, but many fall into the error of singing "D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?" The word is "grey," and doubts about this were dispelled some time ago by a Mr. John Peel, great-great-grandson of the huntsman. In a letter to a national daily newspaper, Mr. Peel stated, "John Peel's coat was grey, not gay, as is found in some versions; it was made of hodden grey from the wool of local sheep, and there are several authentic paintings showing this."

John Peel died at the age of 78 on November 13th, 1854—the day was also his birthday—and he was buried in Caldbeck churchyard. His grave is fittingly marked with a headstone inscribed with symbols of the hunt.

John Peel's tombstone in the churchyard at Caldbeck, Cumberland





CARROTS & CAULIFLOWERS

by W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER M.B.E., N.D.H., F.L.S.

IT surprises many people when you tell them that it is possible to make some vegetable sowings in October or later—especially in the South.

Carrots can be a profitable and useful crop to sow this month and harvest in February. A December sowing can be pulled in March, and good carrots were pulled in April from a sowing made in January. Of course, it is necessary to give some protection; both frames and cloches can be used if available. It is even possible to use the borders of heated greenhouses, or the rather deep boxes provided for tomatoes on the staging of a ¾-span house.

To get the seed to germinate quickly, sufficient moisture must be available, and last year, in one frame where we did not water because we thought that the soil was damp enough, there was great delay until we gave it a thorough wetting.

It is always worth while making the soil as near a John Innes seed compost as possible. To do this, fork in horticultural sedge peat and silver sand, together with phosphates in the form of steamed bone flour at 3 to 4 oz. to the square yard and hydrated lime at a similar rate.

See that there is a friable depth of soil of about 10 in., and do not tread to consolidate. Carrots like a soil which is well aerated and some people even put down planks so that they do not have to tread on the ground directly. Draw out shallow drills just over ½ in. deep and sow the seed in these, raking lightly afterwards to leave the surface level. This is very important indeed because you cannot carry out uniform watering unless the texture is uniform on the surface.

Not only is it necessary to prepare the soil properly, but the right varieties must be sown. For sowings under cloches in December or January, I would recommend Early Nance or Amsterdam Forcing. To ensure thin sowing it is wise to mix the seed with three times its quantity of sand or peat dust. Carrot seedlings will not mature early unless they are thinly spaced; sow to ensure that the plants stand about ½ in. apart. When thicker sowing is done it is usually necessary to thin the plants out to say ¾ in. apart.

If they are being sown under Dutch lights or in frames, it is usual to broadcast, and at the Horticultural Training Centre we reckon that a tenth of an ounce of seed should be sown per Dutch light. Again the seed is mixed first with dry sand or peat to make thin sowing possible. Amsterdam Forcing can also be sown in frames, and so also can Broadcast and Christmas Candle. You want a variety which colours well when young and which possesses a dwarfish, leafy top. Sow the seed shallowly, rake it in, and then firm with a wooden presser.

Should the frames be heated by a hot bed underneath, either Broadcast or Amsterdam Forcing can be used. We find that ¼ oz. of seed is sufficient for about a frame and a half, especially if the soil has not been sterilised and there are likely to be weeds. The thicker sowings often discourage weeds, and it is always possible to thin out later.

The first sowings out of doors can be done in March. Choose a raised south border and enrich the soil with horticultural sedge peat. Make the rows 8 in. apart and sow shallowly. In the South, it may be possible to sow outside in February, and then varieties such as Early Gem and Early Horn should be used.

Cauliflower plants raised by sowing in August should now be planted out in frames, if this has not already been done. They do not need any special soil mixture, but should go out about 4 in. square. Make sure that the young plants are not buried, for if they are planted too deeply they invariably go blind the following summer. Be careful to see that the seedlings are quite close to the glass, otherwise they will become drawn. On bright days throughout the winter the little cauliflower plants will appreciate as much ventilation as possible although, of course, during frosty periods it is necessary to cover the glass with sacking to protect them.

If the seed is sown in cold frames in October, then I do not advise you to thin the seedlings out; they can stay where they are until late March or early April, and then be put in the plot of land where they are to grow.

I have been successful with cauliflowers in soil blocks, and if you have one of the small soil block-making machines, or can borrow one from a neighbour or local market gardener, I am sure it would be well worth while. The idea is to prick the seedlings out into soil blocks when they are an inch or so high, and to over-winter them in these. They can then be planted out in the soil block and receive no check at all. John Innes potting compost is used to make the soil blocks, and the young cauliflower plants have a first-class start.

In the South and the warmer parts of the North it is usually possible to plant out early in April, but you may have to wait until later in the month if you are in a colder district. If you happen to have cloches available, the plants can go out in March.

EASY TO MANAGE PLANTS

THERE are a number of plants which will delight the women folk and which are easy to manage. Iris tectorum grows 9 in. high, and loves rich limey soil in sun. The flower is crinkled, purple, and crested. Iris unguicularis will bloom from October to March if it is given a nice warm spot, say at the base of a wall where there is shelter, and it produces lovely flowers on stems 18 in. tall.

For the JUNIORS

Pets' day at a school in Surrey. For once the pupils did not have to say good-bye to their pets in the morning, but took them along to the classroom

DEAR JUNIORS,—Most of you, I'm sure, have a pet of some kind or other. Some of you will perhaps have more than one. At my home we have quite a number: there are white mice, budgerigars, a vivarium with a number of newts captured in a nearby pond, an aquarium with several kinds of fish, and in the garden are rabbits and a tortoise. These are only a few of the animals and birds we have kept as pets in the past few years, but one pet I have always wanted but never been able to have is—a monkey!

I expect most of you have ideas about the pet you would like best if you could have your choice, and our competition this month invites you to tell the Editor about it.

Many schools encourage pupils to keep pets, and at some, regular pet shows are arranged. The scholars take their pets to school, and parents are invited to go along to see the medley of cats, dogs, mice, birds, rabbits, tortoises, fish, and other pets of all shapes and sizes, for which prizes are awarded to the proud young owners.

By the way, I do hope you look after your own pets at home, and don't expect mummy or daddy to feed them and clean out their cages.

Your friend, BILL.

This Month's Competition
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

PRIZES are offered again this month for letters telling the Editor about

THE PET I'D LIKE

Write a letter (not more than 400 words) telling the Editor about the pet you'd like, why you'd like it, and how you would look after it if you had it.

TWO GRAND PRIZES

will be awarded for the best letters received: a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the best letter from an under-nine, and a GRAND STORY BOOK for the best entry from a competitor aged 9 or over. Read the following rules carefully before writing your letter.

1. Your letter must be your own unaided work.
2. Give your full name, address, and age.
3. Send your letter as soon as possible to: The Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., P.O. Box 53, 1, Balloon Street, Manchester, 4.

August Competition Winners:
ANDREA MARY THOMAS
5, Verne Avenue, Swinton, Nr. Manchester
STELLA M. WESTON
The White House, Alton, Stoke-on-Trent

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES

1. 128 tons.
2. He held the signpost up with the arm reading "Birmingham" pointing the way he had come.
3. This is your own page.
4. Exchange 7 and 8 for 6 and 4.
5. Bimbo.
6. Ethel is aged 2.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Ship's Cargo

The cargo of a ship was carried away from the docks by eight lorries which made two journeys each. If each lorry had been able to carry eight tons more, only one journey each would have been necessary. What was the total weight of the ship's cargo?

2. Broken Signpost

Jack started to cycle from Birmingham to Gloucester. When he got to a cross-roads he found the signpost had blown down and was lying in the road. How did he find out which road he should take? (He didn't ask anyone.)

3. In Code

Can you decipher the following sentence which is in quite a simple code?

UIJT JT ZPVS PXO QBHF

4. Figure Exchange

Quite simple, this. Here are two equations:—

$3+7+8+9=27$
$6+5+4+2=17$

Exchange two figures in the top line for two in the bottom line so that both totals equal 22.

5. At the Circus

Clown Bimbo tumbled somersaults across the circus ring at its widest part, and then tumbled back again. His donkey, starting at the same point, galloped around the ring once at the same speed. Who arrived back at the starting point first—Bimbo or the donkey?

6. How Old

Jim is 12 years of age. George is five years younger. In another three years their little sister, Ethel, will be half as old as George and one-third as old as Jim. How old is Ethel now?

Solutions at foot of column 1.

LITTLE OLIVER — By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"Phew! Never thought it could be so hot on Mars. Let's park our space suits by these funny plants."

Then Jane played up. "I want to go home," she said. "Take me back to the space ship *at once* L.O.!"

"Yes!—but *where* is the space ship!"

They've lost it of course. Nice to land on Mars perhaps . . . but to be *stranded!* And even the trees (if they *are* trees) are full of upsetting surprises!

(*Continued from page i*)

Mr. E. Collins moved and Mr. F. Wood seconded the confirmation of the following donations and subscriptions: Co-operative Party (national), £32. 9s. 6d.; International Co-operative Alliance, £24; British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, £5; Dordon Horticultural Society, £2. 2s.; necessitous members, &c., £38. 2s. 8d. This was carried.

Elections

A card vote taken to elect a delegate to the C.W.S. divisional meeting, midland section, resulted as follows: Mr. A. E. Langtry, 44; Mr. C. Brown, 20. Mr. Langtry was declared elected.

Mr. Langtry was elected delegate to the 1955 annual Congress on the proposal of Councillor M. Sutton, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Voting for the education committee resulted as follows: Mr. H. Upton, 32; Mr. J. Hinds, 28; Mr. W. J. Rogers, 25; Mr. F. Wood, 22; Mr. C. T. Hinds, 18; Mrs. E. Helmore, 16.

The chairman declared the first three duly elected to serve 18 months.

The arbitration were re-elected en bloc on the proposal of Mr. M. Sutton, seconded by Mr. C. Brown.

The auditor, Mr. S. Barlow, was re-elected on the proposition of Mr. C. Brown, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Mr. A. E. Langtry was re-elected scrutineer on the proposal of Mr. F. Wood, seconded by Mr. A. E. Young.

The following nominations were received for the education committee:—

Mrs. O. Waine, proposed by Mr. F. Egan, seconded by Mr. A. E. Young.

Mrs. E. Helmore, proposed by Mr. E. Collins, seconded by Mrs. Chapman.

Mr. R. J. Longden, proposed by Mrs. Davis, seconded by Mr. J. Hinds.

Mr. C. Brown, proposed by Mr. M. Sutton, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Mr. C. Brown reported on his attendance at the Co-operative Congress at Scarborough, and his report was adopted on the proposal of Mr. E. Starkey, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Report of C.W.S. meetings at Birmingham and Mansfield were taken as read. Mr. Collins regretted this decision, since the C.W.S. dividend had allowed the payment of another 1d. on the society's dividend, which meant thousands of pounds to members.

Mr. Langtry thought delegates could bring back something of interest to the members.

Results of voting for the general committee were as follows: Mr. C. W. Deakin, 44; Mr. A. E. Heathcote, 43; Mr. J. Hinds, 54; Miss M. A. Redmile, 22; Mr. J. W. Rogers, 30.

The chairman declared the first three elected to serve two years.

These reports show the wide range of your business. Remember, you can help yourself by shopping in your own shops—co-operative shops—and insisting that your goods must be C.W.S.

Golden Weddings

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

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, 22, New Street, Dordon, September 24th.

Obituary

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

Leonard Oxford, Dordon, July 9th; Frederick Wain, Wilnecote, July 21st; William Hunt, Baddesley Ensor, August 8th; Enid Mary Cuffe, Tamworth, August 8th; James Holdon, Glascote, August 10th; Richard Alldritt, Belgrave, August 12th; Dora Nicholls, Tamworth, August 12th; Herbert Wood, Wilnecote, August 13th; Eliza Ann Hill, Wilnecote, August 14th; Barbara Juno Jackson, Tamworth, August 16th; John Edward Gardiner, Mile Oak, August 19th; Matilda Deeley, Tamworth, August 24th; Charlotte Copeland, Glascote, August 28th; Beatrice May Faulkner, Glascote, August 29th; Carrie Dennis, Dordon, August 30th; Frances Elizabeth Coleman, Tamworth, August 31st; Elizabeth Hartin, Kingsbury, September 1st; Rose Hannah Baller, Wilnecote, September 1st; Patience Ann Salisbury, Tamworth, September 10th; Joseph Cooper, Tamworth, September 10th; John Pegg, Amington, September 11th.

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