Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

JULY
1955

COLUMN OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

By R. P. Bonnington

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

OUR FRONT COVER

By training, Richard Parkes Bonington belongs to the French school rather than to the English, for though he was born in England, his early studies were undertaken in France. But as a young man, he often travelled to London, losing no opportunity on these visits to study the work of the English painters, particularly Constable, absorbing their feeling to such an extent that he may be regarded as the link between "the men of classic fame" in England, and the Barbizon School, with all its developments in the landscape art of France.

Born in the village of Arnold, near Nottingham, on October 25th, 1801, he was the son of a Governor of Nottingham Gaol. His father was dismissed as a result of irregularities at the gaol and, turning portrait painter, went to Paris, accompanied by the young Bonington, then 15 years of age. Despite his lack of years the boy was permitted to study at the Louvre, and entered as a student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He was also an occasional pupil of the Baron de Gros, whose studio was a meeting place for the younger men of revolutionary tendencies.

Bonington naturally absorbed many of their ideas, but his frequent visits to London enabled him to steer clear of their worst extravagances.

He painted his first landscapes in Normandy and Picardy. Later he went to Italy, where he was prolific of sea pieces and historical scenes. Then, returning to England a comparatively unknown painter, he exhibited at the British Institution pictures which caused considerable amazement on account of their intriguing mixture of French technique and English feeling. THE COLUMN OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE, reproduced on our cover this month, is one of two pictures exhibited by the artist at the British Institution in 1826.

Bonington was a close friend of Eugene Delacroix who, with other of his associates, never ceased to marvel at the ease of execution which R.P.B. developed. Not easily satisfied by his own work, Bonington would begin, over and over again, apparently perfectly finished pictures. "But," says Delacroix, "so great was his dexterity that his brush produced new effects as charming as the first, and more truthful."

Bonington died in London at the early age of 26—a victim of consumption, brought on by long evenings of exposure while painting on the canals of Venice.

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VOLUME 60 No. 7 JULY, 1955

EVERY schoolboy knows that when the 130 ships of the Spanish Armada were sighted off Plymouth on July 20th, 1588, Sir Francis Drake was playing bowls on the Hoe —and that he insisted on finishing the game before putting to sea, for which, I always thought, he should have been court martialled for negligence.

Suppose the Spaniards had blockaded our fleet and conquered England? What a difference it would have made to British history. Or would it?

However, there was really no need to worry. After all these years, I learn from a well-versed and highly reputed historian of Sheerness that Drake could not possibly have had time for bowls on the Hoe.

Actually, when the Spaniards were sighted off the Lizard on July 19th, Drake was in Sheerness. Admiral Collingwood made Drake a rear admiral and ordered him with all speed to Plymouth. He put to sea next day, so he had no time to waste on the bowling green.

Of course many such incidents, and even events of importance in history, have been refuted by subsequent generations. As Thomas Carlyle wrote, "History is a distillation of rumour." And as we all know, rumour is a lying jade.

Even the origins and the nature of man himself are subjects of endless argument and controversy. Did we really come from monkeys? The anthropologist will tell you that we most certainly were derived from the same source. You might imagine that your body, with its bone structure, nerve cells, intricate bloodstream, wonderful brain centre, and the rest is a miracle of creation. Biologists say that you are merely an organism like a tree, or an elephant, or a jelly fish on the shore.

Psychologists, of course, look on everybody as a collection of brain and nerve elements which react more or less automatically to their surroundings. In other words, we are changing our very nature all the time according to the impact on our senses of our environment. And, of course, the philosopher analyses all our human impulses and actions in terms of logic. His ideal world is peopled by beings who control their existence according to their intellectual capacity. He has little time for spontaneous emotions such as love or hate, and any religious faith is considered to indicate a weakness of intelligence, and the lack of a proper sense of values.

Although Plato, the greatest philosopher of ancient Greece, regarded the soul as existing before and after its union with the body, he laid stress on the intellectual approach to spiritual things, rather than the acceptance of a "blind" faith in the supernatural.

Is it surprising that we cannot be sure of events that happened hundreds of years ago? According to all these scientific specialists, ordinary folk know very little about themselves and what is going on in and around them even to-day. How human beings have managed to get along with each other through the centuries, and built any kind of civilisation at all, is amazing.

No wonder their historical records go haywire. Probably they always will. Maybe a few centuries hence children will be told that H-bombs were spheres that Sir Anthony Eden played bowls with on Golders Green, as an aggressor nation's planes flew in from the sea.

THE EDITOR

MODEL YACHTSMAN

SOMEONE throws a switch in the vast machine-room beneath Pioneer House in London. There is a long low rumbling as the great presses awaken, a quickening throb rising to a thunderous rhythmic beat. *Reynolds News* has gone to press.

So, late every Saturday night, begins a weekly miracle of organisation, a miracle ensuring that in hundreds of thousands of homes throughout Britain, in Highland crofters' cottages, in the far Hebrides, in Paris, Rome, Berlin, Brussells, *Reynolds News* will be in the hands of its readers every Sunday.

Within 40 minutes of the start of the presses, thousands of copies are in long distance trains thundering through the night from Euston and King's Cross. Within hours, even minutes, there have been called into operation 27 long distance trains, no fewer than 800 road services, dozens of aircraft. By all means of transport, the newspaper is distributed to 3,700 wholesalers, who in turn distribute it to 50,000 retail newsagents—*in a few hours*.

Incredibly, such is the split-second timing of this gigantic operation, the paper is actually on sale in Cork, Southern Ireland, earlier than in Brighton, 52 miles from London. But it is in both places soon after dawn.

Reynolds News is the only national Sunday newspaper which prints 12 regional editions in London—and very rarely misses a train.

Sitting at the centre, directing this vast communications network throughout Saturday-Sunday night, is the paper's circulation manager, swift-thinking Glaswegian "Jimmy" Stark.

"I've been doing this job for 17 years," says Mr. Stark, a war-time air pilot, "but when the presses start rolling every week and our distribution organisation swings into operation like clockwork, it never ceases to thrill me. It's a job that keeps you on your toes, keeps you young. . . ."

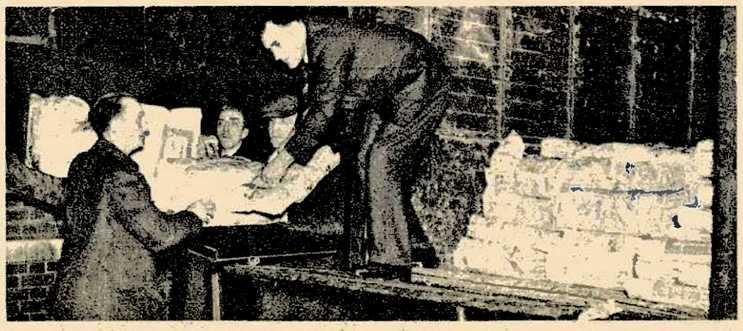
Recently a man wrote to Mr. Stark from the Island of Mull in the Western Isles. For years he had been receiving *Reynolds News* by post on Mondays. "Discontinue this now," he wrote, "I can buy it locally on Sunday morning."

"Papers for Skye?" says Mr. Stark, who pioneered the flying of newspapers just after the war. "They go by rail from Euston to Inverness, then by road to the Kyle of Lochalsh, then by ferry to Kyleakin on Skye. And, whatever the weather, they always get there."

"Why, holidaymakers in the Austrian Tyrol are now able to buy *Reynolds News* every Sunday morning. Day in, day out, we're pioncering new routes across Britain, across Europe. There's nothing the capitalist papers can do which *Reynolds* can't do, too—and frequently better."

So, when reading your *Reynolds News* on Sunday morning, think of the transportation miracle that has brought into your hands so swiftly the brightest people's newspaper of the week.

Bundled and addressed copies of Reynolds are loaded into vans for distribution throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles—and even further afield



[C.O.I. photograph

In town and country, home nurses are the friends of the people. Here a nurse, in accordance with her patient's doctor's instructions, changes a dressing

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the service rendered by the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. The recruitment of nurses to serve as Queen's Nurses has recently increased tremendously, and in 1954 the Institute trained about a hundred more than in 1953. This year the number will probably be even greater. Yet this splendid organisation began simply because a certain nurse named Mary Robinson helped those who desperately needed her in a time of serious illness.

In 1859 Mary was engaged to nurse the wife of Mr. William Rathbone, a rich merchant. He was so impressed with her work that when his wife died he asked Mary if he could engage her for a further three months, to nurse the many sick people in the poorest district of Liverpool, his native city.

Mary stuck it for a month. Then she asked to be released from her engagement. Accustomed as she was to pain and suffering, the atrocious conditions and human misery she had seen made her feel ill, and she found she could not bear any more of it.

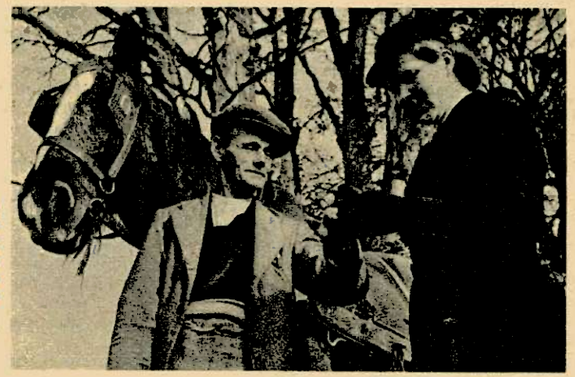
Fortunately Mr. Rathbone managed to persuade Mary to return by pointing out to her how greatly her service was needed in the Liverpool slums. He then decided to extend this urgent work, but the hospitals had no more nurses to spare, so he contacted Florence Nightingale. She suggested he got more nurses trained, and so Mr. Rathbone built a training school for nurses attached to Liverpool Royal Infirmary to treat people in their own homes.

The plan was a complete success, and in a letter to *The Times* on April 14th, 1876, Miss Nightingale quoted an old woman as saying: "They nurses is a

Friends of the PEOPLE

By GERALDINE MELLOR

"Put your trust in God and man, and keep your standards high" was the advice of Florence Nightingale. How well the Q.I.D.N. has followed it!



During her rounds a nurse meets a farm-worker whose septic finger she has been treating. He stops to show her how it is getting on

[C.O.I. photograph

real blessing: now husbands and fathers did ought to pay a penny a week, as 'ud give us a right to call upon they nurses when we wants they." And she added the comment, "this is the real spirit of the thing . . . and some day let us hope that the old woman's sensible plan will be carried out."

In 1887 a Jubilee offering was made to Queen Victoria by the women of Britain, and the Queen directed that £70,000 should be devoted to the endowment of the Queen's Institute and County Association for District Nursing to expand the work begun by William Rathbone and Mary Robinson nearly thirty years before.

The fund grew steadily from a number of sources, including the penny a week contributions, and to-day under the 1948 National Health Service Act everybody is entitled to free nursing, including dressings. Before that date each visit cost the organisation approximately 3s. 8d.

[Photo by courtesy of "Nursing Mirror"

Male nurses concentrate on treating men and children. Like the women, they undergo intensive training

Under this new Act it became the statutory responsibility of each local health authority (county council and county borough council) to see that a district nursing service was provided by its area, either by employing the nurses or by using the voluntary county and district nursing associations on an agency basis and reimbursing approved expenditure.

Some of the local health authorities have chosen to provide the service in one way and some in another, and most of the local authorities who are administering the service direct have entered into membership with the Queen's Institute, an arrangement resembling the affiliation of the county and district nursing associations. In such areas the work of the Queen's Nurses is the same as formerly except that they are employed by a statutory authority instead of a voluntary committee.

From the beginning the Queen's Institute has followed the sound advice given to the early pioneers by Florence Nightingale: "Put your trust in God and man and keep your standards high; you will have a glorious future if you keep your standards high—as you will."

No wonder that men, women, and children of all types throughout Britain feel every confidence in the skill and experience of these women, who are very carefully selected for their character and suitability for the work.

Some idea of the high standard required for a Queen's Nurse to-day may be gathered from the amount of training she has to undergo. She must be a State Registered Nurse, with three years' hospital training to her credit, and after

[Photo: Pictorial Press

Nursing the elderly. "They nurses is a real blessing," was the verdict of one old lady who had cause to appreciate their services

she has been accepted, she undergoes six months' special training. This includes lectures on social welfare, public health legislation, and health teaching to prepare her for the day-to-day problems she will be called upon to face and solve.

In 1947 the Institute opened its doors to men, and since that time has trained 320 male district nurses. Usually these concentrate on nursing men or children, but they do care for some women patients who may require insulin and other injections. They undergo exactly the same training as their women colleagues, with the exception of midwifery.

ESPERANTO *is the answer...*

By G. L. BOLTON

THE world is a Tower of Babel. The babble of Babel results in lack of understanding, mistrust, and fear. Learn your French, conjugate your German verbs, speak Italian like an emigrant or Spanish like an exile; with five languages to your bow (including English) you should go far in human intercourse. Then there is Russian, Arabic, Hindi, Chinese, Japanese and . . . how many other tongues before your speech will be understood by everyone who crosses your path? In Europe alone there are over 120 languages in daily use.

International good fellowship cries out for a second language that would permit the free exchange of opinion in a polyglot world. That language is already with us. It is Esperanto—an international language invented by L. L. Zamenhof in 1887 and, since then, the centre of a brave movement which has had to contend with the indifference of mankind towards foreign languages in general, and especially towards a synthetic tongue which can boast no major nation as its natural adherents.

The stumbling block in the advance of Esperanto has, in fact, been the reluctance of individuals to learn a language which, as yet, has little commercial or cultural value, and which cannot open the floodgates of speech with the one-language man-in-the-street encountered in foreign countries. If only this man, wherever he may be, could be persuaded to take a course in elementary Esperanto, the immediate advantage of being able to exchange simple conversational sentences between peoples of different tongues would at once become obvious—and cause a drive for greater comprehension of the higher flights of the language.

While the ultimate objective of Esperantists is to secure a widespread knowledge of the language, enthusiasts can claim that, even to-day, there are 30 National Esperanto organisations linked to the Universal Esperanto Association. Clubs and societies of Esperantists dotted round the globe are active in arranging exchange visits and holidays abroad for travellers. With Esperanto at the tourist's command he can journey to almost any important centre in at least 60 countries, knowing that a fellow Esperantist on the spot will be able to answer all his questions without the medium of an interpreter.

At annual congresses of the world movement the familiar headphones and interpreters of international conferences are not required. Here, if anywhere, the sceptical would be converted to the notion of an international language as the basis of lasting friendships.

The national body in Britain is the British Esperanto Association. It conducts correspondence courses and examinations, publishes books and journals, organises travel parties to international congresses, runs a magnificent library, and acts as the spearhead of Esperanto in Britain.

The variety of the activities of British Esperantists will surprise most people. There are special organisations for scientific Esperantists, worker Esperantists, Scout Esperantists, and for those of a religious body. A handful of schools have Esperanto teaching on the time-table, and in others it is taught out of school hours. Many adults go to classes of further education in Esperanto. And, when they have achieved some ability in the language, they can read classics originally written in Esperanto or the well-known classics of national literature translated into the international tongue.

To pioneer Esperanto in the Co-operative Movement and to recruit Esperantists to Co-operation there is a small but flourishing Co-operative Esperanto League. The League publishes a bulletin known as *The Co-operator Esperantist*, promotes co-operative classes in Esperanto, and puts co-operative Esperantists abroad in touch with their counterparts here. Individuals, groups, and co-operative auxiliaries, societies, and education committees have equal rights as members.

At Universal and British Esperanto Congresses the Co-operative Esperanto League frequently arranges special meetings for co-operators. Week-end schools, too, are organised, the next being at Godstone, Surrey, on September 3rd/4th, 1955.

An outstanding success for the League has been its translation work for the Public Relations Department of the London Co-operative Society. This society has published advertising posters, printed in Esperanto, and exhibited in London. Many of these posters have been displayed by foreign co-operative societies, and this has resulted in much Esperanto correspondence with the London Society. Co-operators interested in the League should write to Mr. A. A. Ager, Secretary, Co-operative Esperanto League, 8 Pelham Road, Beckenham, Kent.

All the bodies associated with the Esperanto movement are conscious of the difficulties which beset their aims. The case for an international neutral language is indisputable. U.N.E.S.C.O. has recognised "the results attained by Esperanto in the field of international intellectual relations and in the rapprochement of the peoples of the world." The Esperantists are, however, up against the vested interests of other lesser-known international languages, insular exponents of the "Why can't they learn English?" fraternity, and certain teachers and translators of living national languages who fear Esperanto as a potential threat to their livelihood.

Esperanto can be learned in one-tenth of the time it takes to learn a foreign language. Because of this it may be taught to pupils who have not the time or ability to indulge in the French or German which is common in our schools. Prominent educationists, themselves Esperantists, say that a knowledge of Esperanto is a stimulus to the learning of other languages. If this statement were more widely known, it might persuade the doubtful modern language teachers that Esperanto is worth a trial in their schools.

When all is said and done it is in the schools that the real battle for Esperanto must be fought. All that is being done at present to popularise the language is in the nature of blazing a trail. What is needed now is an agreement among the U.N.E.S.C.O. countries to introduce an Esperanto course into the syllabus of their schools. Failing that, Britain could take the lead and, as a start, put Esperanto into the syllabus of the secondary modern school.

Resulting from such action thousands of Esperantists would be added every year to the movement. This would be a British contribution towards international friendship that, assuredly, would enrich our people and their contacts from abroad.

Gifts with a history

By ARTHUR TURNER

On entering the City of London, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II touches the pearl-handled Sword of the City, presented to her by the Lord Mayor

NO country in the world guards its ancient traditions more jealously than Britain, and in addition to our national anniversaries and annual customs we have many singular rites in the form of ceremonial presentations and unusual gifts.

Not even Royalty can easily escape these rituals. When the Queen entrains for Sandringham she does not do so at the usual departure station, Liverpool Street, but from King's Cross. Although this arrangement entails a rail detour, it obviates the need for the Queen to enter the City, and avoids the formalities entailed in meeting the Lord Mayor and being presented with the city sword.

For centuries it has been obligatory for the Sovereign to ask permission before entering the square mile of London over which the Lord Mayor of the city has jurisdiction. To symbolise his authority, even over royalty, the Queen has to be met on the boundary, where she receives from him the pearl-handled Sword of the City, this temporary gift denoting that there is no objection to the royal car or coach entering the area.

From time to time it has been suggested that the Sovereign might make a private arrangement with the city authorities to abolish the custom; yet rather than break with the ancient sword-giving ceremony no monarch has done so. The Queen continues to impose upon herself the inconvenience of travelling from King's Cross, instead of passing across the boundaries of the Square Mile.

Stranger still are some other presentations connected with Royalty and visits by distinguished personalities to places up and down the United Kingdom. Many of the gifts are only symbolic, but their antiquity gives them much interest.

Some of the horseshoes in the wonderful collection at Oakham Castle, Rutland

A considerable number represent rents for property, and one of the oddest is the pound of black pepper paid for the use of certain lands in Sussex. Several tenants of farms in England have to hand over a red rose to their landlord on June 24th each year, and the rent for the Munro estate in the Scottish Highlands is a snowball, which must be presented on Midsummer Day!

Making such a present at the height of summer is not as impossible as it may seem, for snow lingers throughout the year in some of the deep, sheltered rifts of Ben Wyvis. On the other hand, at some places where a "snowball" has to be given, the name is applied to a white rose—a helpful interpretation for the landlords concerned.

Formal visits to certain places also sometimes involve the visitor in the presentation of special articles. For centuries it has been customary to demand a horseshoe from any peer of the realm passing through Oakham, Rutland, and to-day a wonderful collection of these unusual gifts is displayed in Oakham Castle.

The building is not a stronghold, being in reality part of an old manor house, but horseshoes of all types and sizes adorn the interior walls. Some have come from the steeds ridden by the donors; others have been specially made for commemorative purposes. The most striking examples measure nearly a yard across; others, though smaller, bear coronets and are gilded.

Many of these remarkable presents are inscribed with the name of the donor. Among them is a horseshoe left by Queen Elizabeth I.

The custom is believed to have been started nearly 900 years ago, when the lord of the manor was the only person in the locality permitted to supply horseshoes by the King. When the monopoly in the Oakham area was abolished, and other farriers set up in business, the occupant of Oakham Castle still retained first claim on royal horses and peers' steeds which had to be re-shod in the town.

To signify his privilege he retained one shoe from each such horse, and nailed these shoes in the hall of his castle. Thus was the present collection of more than 200 historic horseshoes begun.

Six gigantic horseshoes also figure in a presentation made annually in London, when the city corporation renew the occupation of lands in the parish of St. Clement Dane. Here, however, the same gifts, including a supply of nails for the shoes, are given year after year.

They are held by the Queen's Remembrancer until the time for the presentation ceremony comes round again in October. They are several centuries old, and although each of the six shoes is pierced for 10 nails, the original purpose of one nail is uncertain, for they total 61!

Not all the strange gifts presented annually nowadays are necessarily welcomed. In some instances the recipient is out-of-pocket.

Thus, when "wroth money" is paid to the Duke of Buccleuch for certain ancient land rights near Knightlow Hill, Warwickshire, he collects less than 10s. But he entertains all taking part to breakfast in an inn at Dunchurch, and the meal costs much more than half-a sovereign.

H.R.H. Prince Charles plays with the most famous pet in England—the Royal Family's corgi, Sugar

[Photo by Lisa

Famous pets of famous people

By PETER SHIRLEY

MANY famous people have cherished pets. We are all familiar with the antics of our Royal Family's Welsh corgi, Sugar. The Queen has also owned other pets, including a Siamese cat named Timmy. Another very famous pet is Sir Winston Churchill's miniature poodle Rufus II.

Yet another canine contemporary of wealth and fame is Lady Munnings' peke, Black Knight, who, quite apart from being an author in his own right, is also a freeman of the City of London. When his diary was due to be published, Black Knight signed the publisher's contract with the tip of his paw.

The late President Franklyn D. Roosevelt was deeply attached to his Scotty, named Fala. But there was a long-standing superstition at the White House concerning cats.

When two kittens, born at Buckingham Palace, were offered to the President, the gift caused some consternation, for no cats had been kept at the White House since President McKinley's time. Cats were thought to bring bad luck, because one had been in residence at the time of McKinley's assassination.

The Secretary of the American Feline Society laughed at the absurd idea, and said: "Let the President end this silly superstition at once. If introduced to the Scotty properly the three of them would soon be romping together on the White House lawn." So a cable was sent to the Queen asking her to send the two kittens, Jane and Belinda, across the Atlantic.

Florence Nightingale usually had five or six Persian cats at the same time. George Washington adored cats; so did Abraham Lincoln. So fond of his cat was Cardinal Wolsey that he is said to have "accommodated it with part of his regal seat when he gave an audience or received princely company."

Samuel Johnson had a cat named Hodge, and there is a record of him going out to buy oysters for the animal when it was ill. When Petrarch's cat died, it was embalmed and placed over his study door.

When Mary Queen of Scots was executed, her pet spaniel followed her to the block, and while Marie Antoinette's daughter, Mme. Royale, was in prison, messages were smuggled through by her pet dog during his visits. This information enabled her to escape.

The great singer, Dame Clara Butt, had a Pekinese which she claimed could sing a scale in perfect tune. Sir James Barrie immortalised his St. Bernard, named Porthos, in "The Little White Bird."

Karsavina had an unusual way of naming her pets. She took a biographical dictionary and opened it at random. In this way one of her Sealyhams was christened Eugene Joseph Verbekhoven. A grand name for a little dog.

Other dog lovers have included Byron, whose Boatswain is buried in the garden of Newstead Abbey; Sir Walter Scott, who named his pets Hamlet, Maida, and Camp; and Matthew Arnold, who had two dachshunds, Geist and Kaiser. Dash was the name of Charles Lamb's pet. Robert Louis Stevenson kept several Skye terriers.

When Frederick the Great lay dying, his last thoughts were of his pet greyhound which lay shivering on a chair beside his death-bed. "Throw a quilt over her," he whispered, as he breathed his last.

Another greyhound—which, incidentally, is the only breed of dog mentioned specifically in the Bible—caused a war. In the first century A.D. the King of Connacht badly wanted a certain Irish greyhound. He offered 6,000 cows for the coveted dog. But the King of Ulster endeavoured to outbid him, so they went to war over the deal. Unfortunately, even the drawing of swords did not settle the matter satisfactorily, for the greatly desired greyhound lost his life in the battle!

Pets of the famous have frequently figured in their masters' funeral processions. Sir Piers Legh's mastiff stood by him as he lay wounded on the field of Agincourt, and later followed his master's bier. King Edward VII had a wire-haired terrier named Cæsar, who walked in his funeral procession.

There are many anecdotes from royal households of the past in which pets figure strongly. Queen Victoria had many pets, including numerous dogs, ostriches, a Shetland pony, and a kangaroo. She is said to have changed quickly from her state clothes after her coronation, in order to give her little dog a bath.

When friends in Germany gave Queen Victoria several dachshunds, this was the sign for the breed to become fashionable in England. But when she died it was a pomeranian who lay at the foot of her bed.

Other royal pets have included falcons, canaries, and countless ponies. Queen Elizabeth I kept pocket beagles. Queen Alexandra owned turtle doves, as well as a parrot and numerous dogs. King George VI had a long-haired Tibetan lion-dog named Choo-Choo.

Cleopatra liked cats; so did Lord Chesterfield, who left his cats a life pension.

But *all* the great people of the past have not been pet lovers. Some have been allergic to cats and dogs. Among those who hated cats were Shakespeare, Dante, Kipling, and Lord Roberts. And Henry VIII of France couldn't stand cats at any price. He fainted whenever he saw one.

John Masefield, with his pet cat Micky

The last trick

By MARJORIE AINLEY

"HOW I wish," said Mr. Wallis, "that the Devil would take old Joshuah."

Mrs. Ruston looked up, her fingers still in position on her typewriter. "Why, what's he up to now?"

Mr. Wallis took out his cigarette case. "He wants a carpet!"

"A carpet!" In her voice there was the expected surprise and a puzzled note. "Why, that's not quite in character, is it? Thought he liked his floor swabbed like the deck of a battleship."

"So he did, but now the old blighter fancies a carpet apparently. When the council gave him a home in exchange for permission to pull down his derelict little house Joshuah became—in his own eyes—a high pundit. His whims and fancies became law—and now he wants a carpet!"

Mrs. Ruston tapped a few keys and then stopped again. "And how does he propose to acquire the carpet?" she asked.

"By hire purchase: a few shillings a week out of his pension. I only have to sign the form as guarantor—that's all," Mr. Wallis said pleasantly.

"But will the Welfare Committee allow that?" Mrs. Ruston went on.

"They will not," Mr. Wallis said, still pleasantly. "Old Joshuah has had special considerations—a room instead of a bed in the dormitory; facilities to do his own washing and cleaning; an extra few shillings left to him from his pension. But that is the limit of his privilege—the absolute limit."

"I see," Mrs. Ruston nodded. Briskly she tapped a few more staccatto notes; then turned from her machine and faced Mr. Wallis. "Would they allow me to give him a carpet? I have an old one I bought when one had to take anything at all—it's rolled up now out of sight. He could have that."

They regarded each other gravely for a minute, then laughed. "So old Josh gets his own way again," Mr. Wallis said. "The Board wouldn't like it—but they needn't know—no one ever climbs up to the fourth floor on inspection days."

Mrs. Ruston accepted the cigarette Mr. Wallis had been offering so long, and they smoked together in the peace of a problem solved to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Next day old Joshuah put down his carpet, and his accompanying remarks would certainly have puzzled the head warden and his secretary, the carpet's donor.

"Damned un-hygienic things, carpets! Give me a clean floor swabbed every day with carbolic. Never 'ad no use for carpets!" His arms, bent and knotted with the wear of 75 years of work, pulled and pushed the two iron beds into place. He set the scratched, polished chest of drawers exactly half-way between them, and surveyed the result with a deep scowl of disapproval. His expression remained unaltered when the door opened, and in came the man who for the time being shared the room.

"Well," said the new-comer. "We haf here a great improvement—is not so?" He spoke with a strange accent and a grand manner.

Old Joshuah turned towards him. "So you think it's an improvement, do you? All alike, you foreigners—carpets and statues, and such like! Rubbish I calls 'em, but I told you I could get a carpet if I wanted one."

"So I see. You are surely a man of great influence—of importance—of standing," the other said with evident admiration.

They were a strange contrast, the little bald man with his wizened monkey face—and the other, 30 years his junior, a tall should-be powerful frame wasted by illness, and handsome waxen face framed by prematurely silver hair. Old Joshuah had protested loudly and long when another bed had been put in this room of the Welfare Home which he considered his own private domain. But assured that the arrangement was only for a week or two he had eventually accepted the invasion.

As senior resident—a pensioned one, too—a proper pension, not just an old age pension—he had given the intruder to understand that his word was law. Beds must be stripped at 6-30 sharp, left to air while the occupant cleaned up the room, washed, shaved, and dressed, and made up smooth and ship-shape before breakfast at 7-30. No charwoman slopping about at 10 in the morning for old Joshuah, prying in his belongings and leaving ridges of fluff and dust at the far side of the bed.

His new room mate had been quiet and amenable, answering civilly when addressed, obeying the rules, and offering to help with the chores—an offer refused by the old man.

In the night Joshuah who, like many old people, needed but little sleep, knew that his companion was also often awake, and during the second week when the man tossed and turned more restlessly than usual, he asked gruffly, "What's the matter wi' ye man—can't you rest?"

The other had apologised for disturbing him, and said, "Perhaps I should request that they should remove me from your room?"

"You needn't do that. I get as much sleep as I need. They had lit cigarettes and talked—as people do in the small hours—of things apart from their daily routine.

Joshuah had told Stefan Olsan of his life in the Merchant Navy, of storms in the Bay of Biscay, the ice of the Russian run, the shimmering heat of tropical ports. Later he mentioned the wife and the adored soldier son, victims of a 'flu epidemic, who were buried in the nearby town.

"I shall lie there with them; there's room for me. A headstone, too—no pauper's grave for me," he finished proudly.

Stefan Olsan's face in the moonlight had worn a bitter, twisted smile. "I shall not even rest in my native country," he had said quietly. "For me the grave of the pauper in a strange land. No-one will know or care that I am here. In life an outcast I have become, and in death it will also be so."

" Well, you see, I have served my country and I have a pension for it. Some of my old comrades will follow me. They will play the ' Last Post,' and I shall go decently—as I have lived," Joshuah had answered with pride.

" But I, too, have lived decently. I, too, have served my beloved country," the other answered, and questioned, he had told, in modest understatement, the story of his service—a story of courage and devotion, of underground movements, of capture and torture, of concentration camps and escape.

" Why don't you go back ? " old Joshuah had asked reasonably.

" There is no-one to go back to. My wife, she thought I was dead. She has married again, and there are children. I would not brand these little ones—you understand ? " the other explained.

" I see—yes ! That's very awkward," old Joshuah nodded.

Afterwards, when they couldn't sleep, the old man drew from his companion a story of great family traditions, of town and country houses, of wealth—all sacrificed on the altar of duty and compassion. And gradually, in small ways, he began to scheme and plot to make life a little easier for the newcomer. Extra cigarettes, newspapers, finer soap than the official issue, little luxuries of food and drink, and then—a carpet !

The handsome Norwegian accepted these tributes with grave and grateful dignity, giving to old Joshuah the appreciation and admiration due to an important personage who could produce these refinements. Both knew the stranger had little time left. He had been discharged from hospital as incurable: had nowhere else to go and no strength to work.

As time passed he became weaker, and old Joshuah nursed him through nights of pain and distress until his condition became apparent to the authorities, and he was moved to the hospital wing. There the older man would visit him, and he was sitting there at first light, when life itself is pulsing only faintly, when the door to the unknown is ajar and so many slip quietly through.

Stefan Olsan opened his eyes and spoke. " Hello, my friend ! Hello, and goodbye." In his weak voice there was the echo of laughter.

" You'll be all right," said old Joshuah, " just try to sleep."

" Yes, I'm going to sleep—a long, long sleep in my pauper's grave, eh ? "

Old Joshuah set his face in grim, determined lines. " You'll sleep in no pauper's grave. You shall have mine, and your name on the stone, too—Stefan Olsan, a brave soldier of Norway."

It may have been a faint shadow of alarm which passed over the face of the man in the bed; then he nodded, smiled faintly again, and was still.

Old Joshuah insisted on superintending the last office; later he conducted a stormy interview with Mr. Wallis regarding the burial of Stefan Olsan in his own grave.

" But, Joshuah, do you realise there's only room for one ? Your wife and son are there; surely you want to rest beside them."

" I'll save and buy another plot nearby. I'll not have him buried in a pauper's grave. No friend of mine shall have that end," the old man said flatly. " He was a soldier and a gentleman; he shall not be buried like a stray dog."

" You're too old to save for another plot—you know you are. *You'll* be the one in a pauper's grave," Mr. Wallis said bluntly.

" It's no business of yours." Old Joshuah was aggressive. " I'll do as I please."

The arrangements were made. What the old man told the British Legion Mr. Wallis never discovered, but at the appointed hour several Old Veterans turned up and there was a shiny black car for their transport, and an impressive wreath on the cheap casket.

Mrs. Ruston watched the departure from her office on the second floor and she was startled when Mr. Wallis came in, slammed the door, and came to stand beside her. She didn't speak, however, and the little procession moved slowly down the drive.

Then Mr. Wallis sat down in his chair and swore.

" Mr. Wallis ! " Mrs. Ruston was not easily shocked, but such a remark at such a time was truly shocking. " Whatever has old Joshuah done now ? "

Mr. Wallis lit his cigarette and drew deeply on it. " It's not old Josh," he said. " I've just been down to see MacDonald, the lodge keeper. He's back at work after twelve weeks off with lumbago."

" Yes, well . . . ? " prompted Mrs. Ruston.

" As you know, he's a retired policeman. Part of his time he was in Liverpool. He knew our friend in the front carriage there. He *was* a Norwegian, or rather he had a Norwegian father in the dockland of Liverpool. He'd never been out of England in his life. All through the war he *was* in the underground movement all right—the black market and service-dodging underground movement. He was a thief, a liar, a spiv, a confidence trickster."

" A confidence trickster," Mrs. Ruston echoed.

" That's what I said," Mr. Wallis agreed, " and now he's making his last journey underground—to old Joshuah's bit of underground. His final trick ! "

" Oh, no ! " Mrs. Ruston protested. " Oh, no ! " There was a minute's shocked silence. " Will you tell old Josh ? " she asked presently.

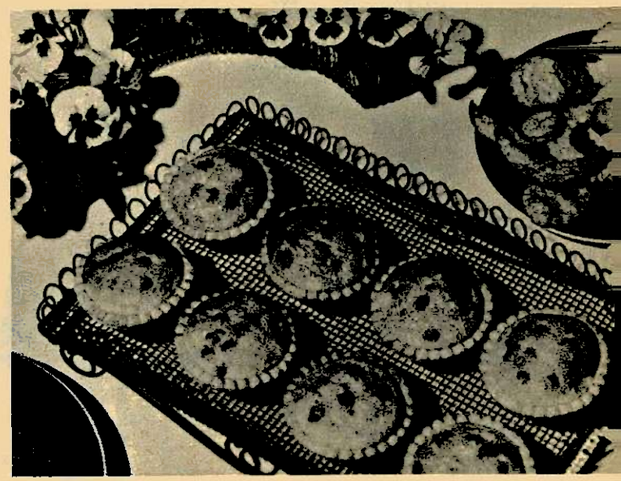
Mr. Wallis shook his head. " No, I shan't tell him, and I've asked MacDonald to hold his tongue. At least he shall be spared that."

Another minute passed slowly, and then . . . .

" Oh, Mrs. Ruston, old Joshuah told me to thank you kindly, and you can have your carpet back now. He doesn't really care for carpets."

Mary Langham's COOKERY PAGE

Milk has all the Virtues



MILK is Nature's own perfect food, but how tired of it we get when it is served up in an endless series of rice and sago puddings. And quite needlessly, of course, for there are many appetising ways of introducing milk into the family meals. Try some of these, specially chosen by Mary Langham.

SCALLOPED HADDOCK

½ lb. smoked haddock, ¾ pint milk, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 clove, blade of mace, 1½ oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, browned crumbs, chopped parsley.

Wash the fish and put it in a pan with ¼ pint milk, the finely chopped onion, clove, and mace. Simmer gently until tender, then remove and flake the fish and arrange it in four scallop shells or small dishes.

Blend the flour with the remaining ½ pint milk, add to the strained milk in which the fish was cooked, and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Cook for 2–3 minutes and season well. Pour over the fish in scallop shells, sprinkle with browned crumbs, and heat through in the oven. Just before serving sprinkle with chopped parsley.

If desired, the scallops may be decorated with piped potato.

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," P.O. Box 53, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4, and enclose stamped addressed envelope

TOMATO SOUFFLE

½–¾ lb. tomatoes, salt and pepper, a little minced onion, 1 egg, ½ oz. C.W.S. Silver Seal margarine, ½ oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, ¼ pint milk, 2 oz. cheese.

Skin and slice the tomatoes and lay in an oven glass or pie dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and minced onion.

Melt the margarine in a saucepan, mix in the flour, and add the milk slowly. Bring to the boil, stirring well, and cook 2–3 minutes. Season and allow to cool slightly, then add egg yolk and grated cheese.

Whisk egg white as stiffly as possible, and fold it lightly into the sauce. Pour over the tomatoes and sprinkle with a little grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (360°F. or Regulo 4) until golden brown and risen (about 10 minutes).

Other vegetables may be used for this dish, but they should be cooked first.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE

1 small tin pineapple, 2 eggs, 4 oz. sugar, ¼ pint milk.

Make a custard by beating egg yolks and 2 oz. sugar together, and pouring the heated milk over. Strain back into pan and cook until thick. Cut the fruit into cubes and stir into the custard. Pour into a fireproof dish.

Whisk the egg whites until stiff, and fold in the remaining sugar. Pile on top of custard and put in a moderate oven (325°F.) for about ½ hour until meringue is set and golden brown.

A tin of Mandarin oranges may be used in place of pineapple cubes.

CURD TARTS

6 oz. short crust pastry, curds from 1 pint junket or sour milk, 1–2 eggs, 2 oz. C.W.S. Gold Seal margarine, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 oz. sugar, 1 oz. C.W.S. currants, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. baking powder, ½ oz. C.W.S. ground rice, a little grated nutmeg.

Line some patty tins with pastry. Drain the curds from the milk or junket and mash with a fork. Beat the eggs, melt the margarine, and mix all the ingredients together, adding the baking powder last. Three parts fill the patty tins with this mixture, and bake in a No. 5 or 400°F. oven for 25–30 minutes.

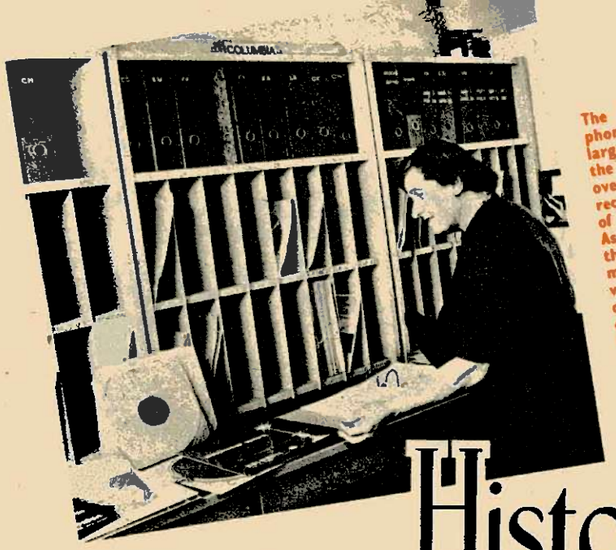
SOUR MILK CHEESE

The milk used must not be pasteurised or in any way heat-treated. When the milk has become thick and separated, add salt (½ teaspoon to 1 pint milk) and hang in a muslin bag to drain. When it no longer drips, it is ready for use. More salt may be added if necessary, and also any of the following flavourings: C.W.S. dried mixed herbs, finely chopped chives, finely chopped spring onions, or finely chopped parsley.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

3 eggs, 3 oz. sugar, 1½ oz. Lutona cocoa or chocolate, ½ pint milk, ½ oz. gelatine, C.W.S. vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon water.

Put eggs, cocoa, and sugar into a basin over a pan of hot water. Whisk until thick, and allow to cool. Dissolve the gelatine in 1 tablespoon water, add the milk, and whisk. Then add the milk and gelatine to the chocolate mixture, whisking all the time. Flavour with a few drops vanilla essence, pour into a souffle dish, and allow to set. Decorate with whipped cream and green coconut.



The B.B.C. gramophone record library, largest of its kind in the world, contains over half-a-million records, many of them of historic interest. As many as eleven thousand records a month are used by various departments of the B.B.C. and a careful check must be kept on their movements

History on Record

By CHESTER MATTIN

IN its library of some half-a-million gramophone records, the British Broadcasting Corporation has over six hundred of great historic value. This collection may be said to be one of Britain's finest treasures, containing the voices of many of the great figures of the past.

Did you know, for instance, that it is still possible to hear the voices of Queen Victoria, William Gladstone, and Florence Nightingale? The records they made when the gramophone was in its infancy are perhaps the most priceless of these valuable recordings.

Then there is one of Lord Tennyson, who died in 1892, reading part of his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." The words can just be distinguished if followed with the text.

But these are only four of the famous personalities who can still speak to us across the years. Since 1900, when recording began seriously, practically every notable person in every sphere of human activity has made a record.

We can hear Lord Roberts, hero of the Boer War, speaking in favour of military training for the whole of the nation's manhood. We can thrill to the story of Ernest Shackleton's dash to the South Pole, told by the famous explorer himself.

Coming nearer to our own times, we can learn from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a recording made in 1930, of the origin of Sherlock Holmes. Or we can listen to Amy Johnson telling the story of her flight from England to Australia.

From the world of the music-hall there are, fortunately, many records of its great stars. Notable among these is one of Albert Chevalier singing his famous song "My Old Dutch." On the other hand, although that great comedian Dan Leno must have made many discs, few exist to-day. The B.B.C. would be pleased to have any that could be found.

There are, however, plenty of those hilarious sketches for which the old-time music-hall was justly famous. Through the medium of the gramophone it is still possible to build a chicken-run with Will Evans, to go motoring with Harry Tate, and to pay a visit to Will Hay's school.

Librarian Miss Valentine Britten and Assistant Librarian Mr. Raymond Angel discuss and play over some of the old cylinder records in the B.B.C.'s library

Then there are the actors: Henry Ainley reciting "Carillon," a poem which was a feature of many patriotic concerts during the First World War; Arthur Bourchier in the dagger scene from *Macbeth;* Sarah Bernhardt in a recording which dates back to 1903; and many more, including Marie Tempest, who is not usually remembered as a fine singer as well as a great actress.

In the field of music, Clara Butt, Nellie Melba, and Adelina Patti need not be mere names to the present generation. While their records are imperfect technically compared with those made by more modern processes, it is possible, on hearing them, to capture the magic of their glorious voices and to feel something of what those who actually heard them in person experienced.

At Milan, in 1902, Enrico Caruso, at that time virtually unknown outside Italy, recorded 10 songs for the then unheard-of fee of £100. These very primitive records heralded his triumphant London debut later that year, and prompted the subsequent invitation he received to appear at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Fortunately for posterity many of these records are still in existence.

But one of the rarest Caruso recordings is of "Qui Sotto il Ciel" from *Ugonotti*, which exists only on a cylinder record, for he never made it again. It was broadcast some months ago, faithfully reproduced on a magnificent 60-year-old phonograph borrowed specially for the occasion!

Many of these historic voices were, of course, originally on the old cylinder phonograph records, forerunners of the discs, and therein lay a danger. In the early days it was, it seems, easy for people to make recordings in their own homes. So, in case there were any clever mimics about, the B.B.C. have always been careful to check, through descendants and other authorities, on such things as the Florence Nightingale recording.

Every precaution is taken against the loss or destruction of not only the more rare records, but of all of historic interest. A master disc is made from the original and kept by the gramophone company responsible for the processing. From this fresh copies are produced as required.

It is not generally known that many of these historic records are available to the general public through the major commercial recording companies. They are expensive, but that is only to be expected in view of their interest and importance.

Among the best-selling are those made by King George V, whose voice had a quality seldom equalled and certainly never surpassed, even in this age of great speakers. It is interesting to compare his records with those of his son, King George VI; the similarity is most marked.

So the voices of kings, statesmen, politicians, explorers, singers, actors, and others, long since dead, can still be heard to-day and are kept for the benefit of future generations. Like the film which was born and which grew up at about the same time, the gramophone record has not only made history, but is helping to preserve it.

[Photo by courtesy of Birmingham Gazette and Despatch Ltd.

One of three people recently honoured as Freemen of the City of Birmingham was 80-year-old Alderman Mrs. A. M. Howes, a founder-member of a Women's Co-operative Guild branch in Birmingham and still a member of the Guild. Here she is seen receiving the honour from the Lord Mayor, while the other new Freemen, Mr. Sidney Vernon and Sir Barry Jackson, look on

Honorary Freemen of England

By LOUIS LANCASTER

THE city council of York is in solemn conclave. In their midst is a distinguished citizen of the city, or one who by his services to the nation or his contribution to the welfare of the community has earned the respect of the assembled aldermen and councillors. They have decided to offer him the highest honour that they can bestow—the Honorary Freedom of the City.

The freeman-to-be, in time-honoured language, declares on oath: "This hear you, my Lord Mayor and good men; that I from henceforth shall be true and trusty to our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth II and to this City of York; and the same City shall save and maintain to our said Sovereign Lady the Queen and her Successors; and all the Franchises and Freedoms of the same City maintain and uphold with the best of my power and cunning, and with my Body and Goods so often as it shall need my help—*so help me God.*"

Then the Town Clerk of York, with the majesty of his office behind him, charges the new freeman with these words: "You shall be obedient to the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of this City, that are, or shall be for the time being, and justified after the laws, Customs, and Orders of the same City: the goods of any Stranger, or Men unfranchised, you shall not avow for your own, by which the Lord Mayor or Sheriff may lose their Tolls or Customs, or any other duties that belong to them: the Councils and Privities of the same City you shall well and truly keep: and all these points and articles before rehearsed shall hold anenst you: and for nothing let, but you shall do so—*so help you God.*"

The actual words used at the installation of a new honorary freeman vary, of course, from place to place. For all, however, it is an important occasion and speech-making is customarily of the gracious kind. The power to grant the honour, incidentally, is given to county, non-county, and metropolitan boroughs under the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs Act of 1885. Contrary to popular belief the honour does not carry with it any payment or special privileges. And, before a borough council can grant the "freedom" of the borough, it must hold a special meeting, convened for that purpose, and pass the resolution by a two-thirds majority.

Although the general right to confer honorary freedoms dates from 1885, some cities have customarily bestowed the honour for at least six centuries. The trap for the unwary is the word "freeman" itself. Care should be taken not to confuse *honorary* freemen with freemen in their own right. This is made doubly confusing for the public because when some notable figure is to be made an honorary freeman, like as not the press will say that he is to be offered the Freedom of Blankchester and, after the event, that he is a Freeman of Blankchester.

To be strictly correct, it is the Hono-

rary Freedom of Blankchester that he receives, and it is as an Honorary Freeman that he emerges from the ceremony. The slipshod method of referring to honorary freedoms is largely because freemen to-day, except in the case of the City of London and other isolated survivals from the past, are indistinguishable from the local ratepayers.

Freemen or burgesses were once the privileged class of the boroughs. Their rights differed from borough to borough, but these usually included exemption from tolls and dues, a share in the revenue from corporation property, and a vote in parliamentary elections. Often, they had trading privileges.

The move for municipal reform in the nineteenth century severely restricted the role of the freemen. They were stripped of their peculiar trading privileges in 1835. The widening of the electorate undermined their power to vote. Forty-seven years later an Act effectively prevented admittance to the freedom of a city or borough by purchase or gift. After that date one could only become a freeman by birth, apprenticeship, or marriage.

Outside London it is rare, indeed, to hear of anyone claiming to be a freeman. Those who bear the surname Freeman or Burgess, while not the only ones to have had the rights of freemen, can be sure on the other hand that their ancestors were in that limited section of the community that boasted privileges which would be considered undemocratic to-day.

There is still a keen desire to become a freeman of the City of London. The normal method of obtaining the freedom is to become first a member of a City livery company, and then to make application. Membership of a livery company is not essential, however, for the only requirements for would-be freemen are that they be British subjects of "full age," and duly nominated by two persons who are aldermen, councilmen, or liverymen.

"Looks as if they've put Umbango on plain clothes duty to-day!"

The applications are considered by the Corporation and, if granted, the freemen are entitled to such privileges as use of the City's almshouses if they are in need, and the education of their children should they be orphaned. Among applications for the freedom of the City of London in recent years a variety of occupations have been noted. Bank manager, police sergeant, stockbroker, fried fish shop manager, and housekeeper—for all the freedom of London has been their aim.

While honorary freedoms are granted to well-known local personalities as well as national figures, it is the latter that have the best opportunity to collect a quiver full of parchment rolls from several cities and towns. One who has been a leader in this respect is Sir Winston Churchill. His list of "freedoms" goes beyond the confines of Britain and includes Brussels, Antwerp, Luxemburg, and Strasbourg. He is also an honorary freeman of at least 27 cities and towns.

Mr. Attlee, too, has a respectable number to his credit. Viscount Montgomery's paragraph in *Who's Who* states that he is an "Hon. Freeman of the City of London and many other cities and towns at home and abroad." His war-time contemporary, Viscount Alexander of Tunis, is an Hon. Freeman of the City of London, Belfast, Londonderry, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Bologna.

It is true that the City of London takes to its breast most of the Commonwealth statesmen and soldiers and, with due ceremony, grants them the Honorary Freedom. A glance at the roll of Manchester's Honorary Freemen is no less interesting. Among them are Stanley (the African explorer), Woodrow Wilson (President of the U.S.A.), W. T. Cosgrave (President of the Executive Council of the Irish Free State), and C. P. Scott (of the *Manchester Guardian*). There are 12 prime ministers of the United Kingdom and Commonwealth countries, and eight leading military, naval, and air force commanders.

Amid these historical names shine those of the Honorary Freemen of Manchester who gained the distinction for prominent services within the city. For the great majority this would be the crowning achievement of a life devoted to public service, so often unsung and rarely rewarded.

A local authority, like the Government, should be able to express its thanks for services rendered. It is for this reason that the power to grant honorary freedoms is jealously guarded. As long as honorary freedoms are preserved for those who deserve the honour, it is a distinction that, quite rightly, will be highly prized.

A Sherpa yak hut, nestling beneath the Himalayan peaks. The mountain in the picture is Ama Dablam

The SHERPAS of NEPAL

By S. JEEVES

IT was in January, 1954, that I first came in contact with the Sherpas of Nepal. Our expedition had assembled at Katmandu, capital of Nepal, prior to commencing the 17-day trek to Namche Bazar in the heart of the Sherpa country. The 15 Sherpas who were to be our porters and helpers arrived a few days before our departure for their native land. The impression they gave of being a happy and hard-working band of men and boys turned out later to be well justified.

Sola Khumbu, land of the Sherpa, was inaccessible to foreigners until 1949. Then, however, changes of policy occurred within the Nepal Government, and visas were granted which enabled explorers and mountaineers to make their way north-east in the general direction of Everest. Sola Khumbu, though a part of the kingdom of Nepal, varies greatly from its parent country, and the people, Tibetan in origin, Buddhist by religion, differ in many respects from their Nepali cousins, who dwell at the lower altitudes.

The Sherpas are truly a mountain people, and their land borders the world's highest mountains. Until 1949 they were completely cut off from the influence of the more advanced civilisations. As a result they live in conditions comparable, perhaps, to those of our own medieval Britain.

A typical Sherpa village, situated high amongst the mountains of the Everest group, is Thyangboche, memorable for its association with the successful 1953 British Everest expedition, and delightfully situated. Thyangboche guards the lower entrance to the Imja Khola valley, by which access to the southern slopes of Everest is gained. At the head of the Imja, the Lhotse-Nuptse face forms an impassable rampart of snow, ice, and rock. High above this natural battlement the highest mountain in the world thrusts its final cone to the blue of the Himalayan sky.

The Sherpa dwellings of Thyangboche cluster mainly at the foot of the monastery walls. Sherpa houses are quaint and interesting places, and fit well into the impressive landscape. They are two-storey dwellings, the bottom portion being devoted to the owner's livestock and winter feeding stuff, while the upper section is occupied by the Sherpa and his family.

To gain the upper storey one must climb an insecure stairway, its ascent made more difficult by the lack of light. Upstairs consists, usually, of one large room, with sometimes a portion set aside for a private chapel.

Light filters into the dwelling between the cracks in the shutters which act as windows. Facing the windows along the opposite wall, large wooden shelves support enormous brass urns containing water.

The open-hearth fire is situated on the window side of the room, and the smoke filters its way between the gaps in the slates of the roof. If the house is near the tree line, wood is the fuel used. At higher altitudes, however, dried yak dung is used.

Besides the permanent villages and houses there are, higher up in the more remote valleys, small yak villages. These tiny hamlets are used primarily by the yak herders and their families during spring and summer. Yak huts in many ways reminded me of the Scottish crofts. Many were the cold Himalayan nights we spent within the walls of such dwellings, the yak-dung fire giving out a rosy and comforting warmth.

The yak provides meat and wool, and the female of the species gives milk. Besides these important contributions to the Sherpa economy, the yak also acts as a beast of burden.

On our first visit to Thyangboche, we were made very welcome by an old Lama from the monastery. Sangi Lama invited us to visit the small room where he lived within the monastery walls. The walls were decorated with colourful religious paintings, and at one side of the chamber was a small altar upon which were tiny idols. Above the altar, looking down with sinister eyes, was a grotesque mask, which Sangi Lama informed us was used during the ceremonial dances.

The old man beckoned us to a low bench-like seat, and set before us a similarly proportioned table. He placed on the table two dainty cups set upon ornate silver stands, and picking up a large kettle from a nearby charcoal brazier he poured from it hot Tibetan butter tea. This drink is prepared from butter, salt, and tea, and I am afraid I was not at all impressed with its flavour. On future occasions when we visited the old gentleman we made a polite request for the European preparation of tea, and with equal politeness the request was met. Sometimes Sangi Lama would journey to our base camp, and seemed to enjoy very much the English breakfasts which were served to him.

It was our good fortune one day to attend a Sherpa wedding. We were not permitted to witness the actual marriage ceremony, but we took part in the festivities which followed. The women were dressed in their most colourful raiment, and the men wore on their heads tall, fur-brimmed hats decorated with gold thread. The chang bottle was in great demand everywhere.

Numbi, one of the Sherpas who accompanied the expedition described by the author

The Buddhist dancing mask which hung above the altar in Sangi Lama's room

Chang is equivalent to our beer, and is prepared from rice. Well-made chang can be a cool and refreshing drink, but poor quality chang contains quantities of rice grains clotted together, which mar its otherwise pleasant properties as a drink.

Both bride and bridegroom looked charming. On their feet they wore their best Sunday boots, and they were adorned with typical Sherpa dress. Sherpa footwear consists invariably of yak-hide soled boots with coarse woollen cloth uppers.

The bridal procession made its way noisily to the neighbouring village, and gradually a silence descended upon the valley.

Slowly the sun was sinking into the west. The higher mountains were still flecked with the patches of light which came from the setting sun as it filtered through the massing clouds. Slowly the deepening shadows crept up the precipitous slopes of the mountains, deeper and deeper the rosy hue of the lofty snows became. At last, only the summits of the highest mountains of the Himalaya were still within sight of the fast-westering golden orb. Suddenly, silently, as though some great god had turned off the light of the sun for another day, these great peaks, too, sank into shadow. Night was falling rapidly in Sola Khumbu and that great silence, characteristic of peaceful nights among high mountains, descended upon the valley.

Proud be the Rose

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, M.B.E., N.D.H., F.L.S., F.R.S.A.

Proud be the rose, with rain and dews her head implashing—
Wordsworth.

THE use of mulching and sedge peat to-day has revolutionised the old methods and complications of growing roses. Mulching saves forking and hoeing, and also makes almost certain that the trees are never attacked by the black-spot disease. I would strongly recommend sedge peat, which is absolutely weed-free, pest-free, and disease-free. It not only has 14 per cent of immediately available humus, but also 70 per cent of additional organic matter, which is finally available as humus. This special type of peat is obtainable comparatively cheaply, and should be applied to a depth of 2 in. or 3 in. all over the ground in May. You may find, the following season, that a further dressing is required to the depth of 1 in., as the worms pull in a good deal of the organic matter.

Fish manure should be used in addition to the peat. Get hold of a type which has a 10 per cent potash content, and apply this at 3 oz. to the square yard. After this the gardener will have no further work in connection with the roses apart from the usual pruning and spraying as necessary. It has often been proved, however, that by adopting this system there is a minimum of pests as well as diseases, and the spraying is eliminated also!

Polyantha roses have a lot to commend them. As their Latin name indicates, these are many-flowered, and they are characterised by densely clustered heads of blossom. There are the dwarf types, usually known as pompon polyanthus, the new hybrid types which have been produced by marrying the H.T.'s with the pompons, and a third polyantha type, the rambler, which I do not intend to deal with in this article.

For those of you who would like a few recommendations among the hybrid polyanthas, I would suggest Frensham, which has outstanding red blooms that do not fade. Its semi-double flowers are borne almost continuously. For a delightful coral salmon, try Fashion with its large double flowers. The three Poulsens—Else, the bright rose pink; Karen, the vivid scarlet; and Kirsten, the bright scarlet—are always firm favourites, while for a brilliant orange shade, plant Orange Triumph with its large clusters of small double flowers.

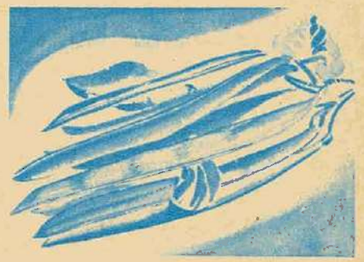
Let us now consider a few of the dwarf polyanthas or pompons. Paul Crampel, with its vivid glowing orange, is a "must," and Coral Cluster, with tight double flowers of coral pink, is also a favourite of mine. I would also recommend Ellen Poulsen, which is a cherry rose; Ideal, a dark scarlet; and Natalie Nypels, which bears large flowers of a clear pink. It is better to plant the trees 18 in. square, although with the pompons you can safely have them 15 in. apart.

Although the actual planting cannot be carried out until November, a word about roses now will enable you to make the necessary plans, and you will be able to select your polyantha roses by actually seeing them in flower in your local nursery.

If you prefer the H.T. roses, I would advise you to concentrate on the scented types. If you intend being really extravagant, then grow some of the newer varieties such as Trigane, a vermilion red with the reverse of the petals chrome yellow; or Independence, a cinnabar red of outstanding merit. For those of less expensive tastes there is Madame Butterfly, an attractive flesh pink; Lady Sylvia, a deeper pink; or Picture, a clear rose pink. There is also Edith Nellie Perkins, a pale salmon pink with coppery shading; Mrs. H. Bowles, a fine glowing rose pink; or Lal, a salmon pink with a deeper centre. Mrs. Sam McGredy is a coppery orange flushed with bright red, while those who like a really bright rose will do well to try President Hoover, with its mixture of gold and orange yellow splashed with deep cerise.

Plant any of these roses 18 in. square, giving them a good mulching with sedge peat, and feeding them with a fish manure as directed. The result will be a wonderful display of roses each season for many years.

French Beans



FRENCH BEANS are usually sown in May, resulting in the ordinary summer crop. I prefer, however, to sow the seed in July, and thus am able to pick the beans in late September when very few gardens have them. I particularly recommend The Prince for this late sowing.

Take trouble in preparing the soil to ensure good results. Dig the strip of land over well, and incorporate sedge peat at the rate of half-a-bucketful to the yard run, adding fish manure at 4 oz. to the yard run into the top 2 in. or 3 in. Tread the strip well to firm it. Draw out drills 2 in. deep and space the beans out in it 8 in. apart, sowing a dozen or so extra beans at the end of the row for gapping up as necessary later.

Cover the beans over with the hoe or just by drawing the earth over with your foot; then firm the ground by tamping it with the head of the rake. Give one light raking. Don't water the drill, for bean seed has a tendency to rot with too much moisture. Once the seedlings are through, however, you can water as much as you like.

ROYAL STATUE found in Junk-yard

By J. M. MICHAELSON

"Not so good as the original" is the verdict of some experts on this copy of a statue of Queen Anne

MR. William McMillan's bronze statue of the late King George VI, to be unveiled on a site near the Mall later this year, will add one more item to London's remarkable collection of kings and queens in stone and metal. Millions of Londoners and visitors from all over the world see these statues every year, but few realise the curious stories behind some of them.

For instance, how many notice the little mound below the left hindleg of the horse on which King William III rides in St. James's-square? This represents the molehill in Windsor Park which caused the king's horse to throw him with fatal results. Never was a molehill so near being a mountain, for this accident endangered the Protestant succession, arousing the hopes of some that Queen Anne's successor would be James III. Hence the secret toast of the Jacobites to "The little gentleman in black velvet," that is to the mole that made the molehill!

Queen Anne herself was the subject of one of the most controversial royal statues, which has had an astonishing history. Every visitor to St. Paul's Cathedral notices the Queen Anne memorial in front of it. The original statue was executed in Carrara marble by Francis Bird, an eminent sculptor of Queen Anne's reign. The Queen was shown attended by figures representing Britain, France, Ireland, and the North American colonies, and the memorial immediately aroused ridicule. The Queen was shown facing what was then a very popular public house, hence the contemporary lampoon:

Brandy Nan, Brandy Nan, you're left in the lurch,
Your face to the gin shop, your back to the church.

However, the statues remained until 1885 when a lunatic cut off the Queen's nose which he said reminded him of his mother. A sculptor named Belt saw his opportunity and offered to replace the statues very cheaply. The City Council agreed and one night the queen and her four attendant ladies vanished, to be replaced in due course by Belt's copies.

These were declared by experts to be mere caricatures of the originals and there was a public outcry demanding the return of the historic statues. But neither the Dean of St. Paul's nor anyone else had any idea what had become of the 250-year-old sculpture. The famous Augustus Hare searched London for them but it was only after two years that, quite by accident, he found them in a builder's junk yard waiting to be cut up and sold as building material. He also found that the statues had never belonged to the City of London, but to the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lord Mayor.

Hare could not get them restored to their original position and was given permission to remove them to his home near Hastings. The railway said it was impossible, as the Queen alone weighed seven tons, but eventually, with four trucks and 28 horses, Hare got them to the South Coast at a cost of £460. He had them restored and to-day they stand in the garden of his home, now a Convent.

The sea air has treated them unkindly and the Queen has lost her arms, and Ireland her harp, but some experts believe they are still better than the copies and hope they will be restored to their original position. Meanwhile the copies still excite attacks, in the last of which, just before the Festival of Britain, Britannia's trident was carried off.

Considered Britain's finest statue of a king is this monument to Charles I

Another royal statue with a strange history is the one of King Charles I in Trafalgar Square, where supporters of "the martyr king" still meet every year. The statue was commissioned by the Earl of Arundel while Charles was still king, for erection on the site of Charing Cross. Before it could be put up, the Civil War broke out.

Parliament sold the statue to a metal merchant as scrap, and the cunning merchant began to sell forks and other objects he said were made from it. These were eagerly bought as souvenirs—by the Royalists to commemorate their king, by the Roundheads to show what the king had come down to! With the restoration it turned out the merchant had defrauded the public. He had kept the statue intact in the vaults of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and in 1674 it was set up in its present position by Charles II. It is considered artistically Britain's finest statue of a king, and stands on the exact spot where the regicides were hanged, drawn, and quartered!

Charles II was himself the subject of a statue with a hardly less curious history. Robert Viner, a London merchant, having made a fortune out of lending money to the king, determined to erect a statue to him in the city. But he determined to do it "on the cheap," and hearing that there was a statue going cheap showing King Sobieski of Poland trampling on a Turk, he bought it. A little judicious chiselling turned the Polish king into Charles and the Turk into Oliver Cromwell. King Charles himself attended the unveiling!

For the JUNIORS

DEAR JUNIORS,—Those of you who regularly go to the London Zoo at Regent's Park will, I am sure, already have met the new favourite, Jane, a baby chimpanzee which was brought to this country recently by David Attenborough and Jack Lester after a "Zoo Quest" expedition to West Africa. Jane, who is only 18 months old, has soon settled down in her new home in the Monkey House, and her amusing tricks have already made her a favourite both with juniors and grown-ups. Our picture shows Jane in the arms of 11-year-old Lesley Morton of Coulsdon, Surrey, who was lucky enough to be allowed to hold the baby during a visit to the zoo.

Your friend, BILL.

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Word Building

Start with the word TAB, and then add a letter and rearrange to form another word. Then go on adding a letter and rearranging to form a word each time until you get the word BATTLE.

2. Alice in Code

Here for you to decode is a passage from *Alice in Wonderland*. To help you, we'll tell you it's what the jury did when the King said, "Write that down."

GSV QFIB VZTVIOB DILGV WLDM ZOO GSIVV WZGVH LM GSVRI HOZGVH, ZMW GSVM ZWWVW GSYN FK, ZMW IVWFXVW GSV ZMHDVI GL HSROORMTH ZMW KVMXV.

This Month's Competition
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

ANIMAL DRAWINGS

Two prizes again this month, and here's what you have to do. This month Bill tells you of a recent arrival at London Zoo, but of course you can see many more animals there. We want you to choose one, and draw and colour a picture of it on a piece of paper not more than 8 in. by 6 in. in size. For the best entry sent in by a boy or girl aged 9 or over there will be a GRAND BOOK PRIZE, while for the best entry from the under-9's, the editor will present a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK.

Read the following rules carefully before sending in your entry:

1. The drawing and colouring must be entirely your own work.
2. You must write your full name, age, and address on the back of your drawing.
3. Post as soon as possible to the Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., P.O. Box 53, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. (Put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope.)

May Competition Winners:

DOROTHY RIMMER
22 Kipling Street, Bootle, Liverpool 20

SUSAN LOUISE ANDERSON
205 Hadleigh Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex

3. Find the Animals

Put the names of two animals in place of the rows of X's to give you eight four-letter words reading down:—

X X X X X X X X
I V O A B U H A
X X X X X X X X
E L M E E T D S

4. New Words for Old

By putting the word CAP in front of the three words SIZE, ABLE, and TOR you get three new words. Get it? Well, what are the four words which, put in front of the four groups of words below, will make them into new words also?

(a) Noon, wards, thought, most.
(b) Fall, mill, pipe, ward.
(c) Go, pet, rot, mine.
(d) Able, ion, ice, withstanding.

5. Changing Word-square

Rearrange the order of the words in the following square so that reading diagonally downward from the top left corner you have the name of a Spanish silver coin:—

M I A S M A
P R A I S E
P A L A T E
D E V I C E
C I N E M A
A S S E N T

6. How Many Boys?

The P/T class formed up into a square, the boys standing 3 ft. apart each way. Then all the boys on the outside of the square sat down, leaving 16 still standing. How many boys were there in the class?

7. Riddle-me-Ree

My first is in cedar but not in pine,
My second in course but not in fine,
My third is in ink but not in pen,
My fourth is in cock but not in hen,
My fifth is in kick but not in scream,
My sixth is in perch and also in bream,
My seventh's in redoubt and also in fort,
My whole is a popular summer sport.

LITTLE OLIVER — By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"I don't care for the Arabius, Sea Lion, or Seal type of Frog foot, L.O."

"And the Penguin pattern wouldn't suit me at *all*!"

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to make a nice quiet job for me in the office."

L.O. is going to put an advertisement in HOME Magazine: "Small brown bear would like to exchange large lady ostrich for a potted geranium, or a box of dominoes."

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

1. Tab, beat, table, battle.
2. The jury wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.
3. Mongoose, marmoset.
4. After, wind, car, not.
5. Praise, device, assent, cinema, palate, miasma (peseta).
6. 36.
7. Cricket.

This Is Yours—No. 6

POLESWORTH BRANCH.

WHEN Polesworth Branch was opened last year, on June 18th, there were some mixed feelings as to whether a country village would take to self-service shopping in grocery.

Self-service is the modern way of grocery shopping, and as Polesworth had waited so long for the branch it was proper that our fellow members in that village should have a modern shop designed for the modern way of shopping.

As you will see from the photograph the branch has a very smart up-to-date interior, designed to give the greatest possible space for the display of goods, and with plenty of room for the customer to get around in to serve herself.

It must seem strange to anyone who has never shopped the self-service way to see customers helping themselves to what they want and the assistants taking no notice, unless the customer cannot just see what she wants.

You see in the photograph a member examining a tin of something before she makes up her mind to have it. Did she finally have it? That is one of the advantages of self-service: you can see what there is without having to ask, and you can also see the goods that you had forgotten to make a note of.

Polesworth members certainly like self-service for the branch in its first year has done a good trade under the able management of Mr. Hodgkinson and with the help of his assistants.

If you have never seen a self-service shop in operation why not go to Polesworth one afternoon and have a look at another part of the society which you, with other members, own.

Children's Colouring Competition

Following the success of last year's children's colouring competition, the education committee are again this year holding another competition.

Included in this month's "Home Magazine" is the entry form having on it the picture that is to be coloured.

This year there is an extra age group, making the groups as follows: 5 to 8 years, 8 to 12 years, 12 to 15 years, ages to be reckoned from August 1st, 1955. With the extra age group the committee have increased the number of prizes to 45, 15 in each group, and there are three first prizes of £1 vouchers, three second prizes of 15s. vouchers, three third prizes of 10s. vouchers, and 36 consolation prizes of 2s. 6d. vouchers.

The vouchers can be spent in any of the departments or can be put into small savings accounts.

Without doubt the children will want extra copies of the entry form, so there will be some available at the Central Grocery department, Church Street, and also at the branches.

Our artist has drawn a pleasant picture of a Co-op Bread Deliverer calling at a country cottage, though I doubt if any of our deliverers would recognise themselves. However the picture gives plenty of opportunity for the use of colours, and the education committee look forward to hundreds of good entries in each group.

Entries must be received not later than August 8th, and have to be sent to the Education Secretary, T.I.C.S., 5, Colehill, Tamworth, the envelope being marked—Colouring Competition.

Examinations and Scholarships

Earlier in the year, through this magazine, we wished success to all those employees, who through the winter months had been studying a variety of subjects, and were ready to sit for their examinations. Examinations are all over, and the results known. Congratulations to all those who have passed, and to those who were not successful this year we express the hope that they will be successful next year.

The education committee, with the management committee, have awarded three scholarships to employees who have either studied with the Co-operative Union, or have attended the Display Course at the Tamworth College of Further Education.

The successful employees to whom the scholarships have been awarded are: Alderman T. H. Sutton, Memorial Scholarship; Brian Thorpe, footwear department; the Society's War Memorial Scholarship, plus an extra scholarship to Hazel Taylor and Jean Sherwood, both of the Central Grocery department.

All three are young employees who started their studies soon after commencing employment with the society.

The scholarships will take them to the Co-operative Youth Movement Summer School at Collington Rise, Bexhill-on-Sea, where they should have a very interesting and enjoyable week to the benefit of both themselves and the society.

Golden Wedding

The following members have celebrated their golden wedding and received good wishes and a special anniversary cake from the society.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Ward, 12, Maypole Road, Warton, June 14th.

OBITUARY

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

Debnere Deaton Chandler, Tamworth, May 8th.
Hilda Maud Burrows, Tamworth, May 9th.
John Henry Hull Dooley, Wilnecote, May 16th.
Mary Dutton, Polesworth, May 17th.
John Allton, Glascote, May 20th.
Harriett Mason, Tamworth, May 21st.
Elizabeth Beadey, Two Gates, May 24th.
Florrie Meer, Hurley, May 26th.
Annie Bray, Kettlebrook, May 29th.
Charles Hilton Meere, Mile Oak, May 30th.
Catherine Mary Heathcote, Wilnecote, May 31st.
Alice Spencer, Wilnecote, June 6th.
Walter Bernard Leedham, Shuttington, June 10th.

(For continuation of Local Matter see page iii)

Light Meals and Picnics

ONE of the greatest problems that mankind has had to face is that of preserving foods obtained in the lush time of harvest against the periods when food is scarce, and in some parts of the world unobtainable.

Seafarers in the past suffered dreadfully on long voyages because they could not keep fresh vegetables, and so became deficient in Vitamin C and fell easy victims to scurvy.

On some British vessels in the early part of the last century limejuice was issued as a daily ration to overcome this vitamin deficiency, and British sailors were known as "limejuicers." The diminutive "Limey" still exists.

The value of canning to preserve food was conceived by a Paris chef, Appert, between 1783 and 1795, though his methods were very crude and often unsuccessful. In actual fact he used glass bottles which he placed in water and brought the water to the boil.

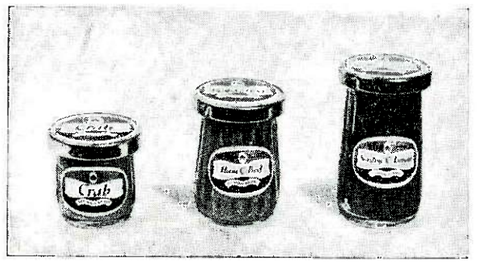
Few people realise the debt they owe to Louis Pasteur, whose work on fermentation was the basis of the present canning system.

Canning, simply, is a method of preserving fresh food by the process of sterilisation in hermetically-sealed tins. Only in the degree of heat and the actual method of application does the technique differ from the work of Appert. The principle remains the same.

But there are, in this modern age where so much emphasis is rightly laid on hygiene, other factors.

In Lowestoft, that brisk, bustling Suffolk port, the C.W.S. maintains one of the most up-to-date canning factories in the world. Into its dust-free, scrupulously clean kitchens come the raw materials, for instance fine fresh peas, with the sweet, tender flavour well known to those who wisely buy C.W.S. Waveney peas.

Incidentally, peas provide one of the most difficult jobs for the canner. To preserve the delicious flavour, peas must be cooked and in the can within a very few hours from the time they are harvested.



As for fish, "from the cran to the can" is a fact accomplished with miraculous speed, and you may be sure that tasty, succulent Waveney herrings, cooked in rich tomato sauce, were swimming in the sea probably not more than 24 hours before they were canned! Can't have fresher food than that, can you? (The pun is unintentional).

A farmer or a fisherman with crops or catches not of the highest quality does not offer his wares to the C.W.S. ONLY THE VERY BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH.

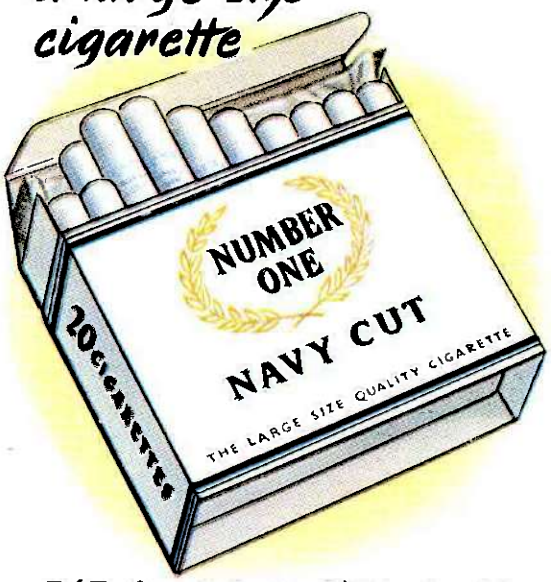
And this is the reason that C.W.S. Waveney canned foods are in such demand.

Sandwich fillings are another popular line from Waveney. Now the summer days are here, many of us will be having picnics, and what better filling for the sandwiches than one of the many choice and appetising Waveney lines that your local society branch has to offer? Crab, ham and beef, sardine and tomato—and a host of other delicious lines are there for the asking.

Don't take our word for it. Try some yourself.

for those who prefer

a large size cigarette



3/7 for 20 * 1/9½ for 10

a small size

2/8 for 20 * 1/4 for 10

a filter cork-tipped

3/- for 20

Ask for these at your CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

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