Co-operative Home

AUGUST, 1955

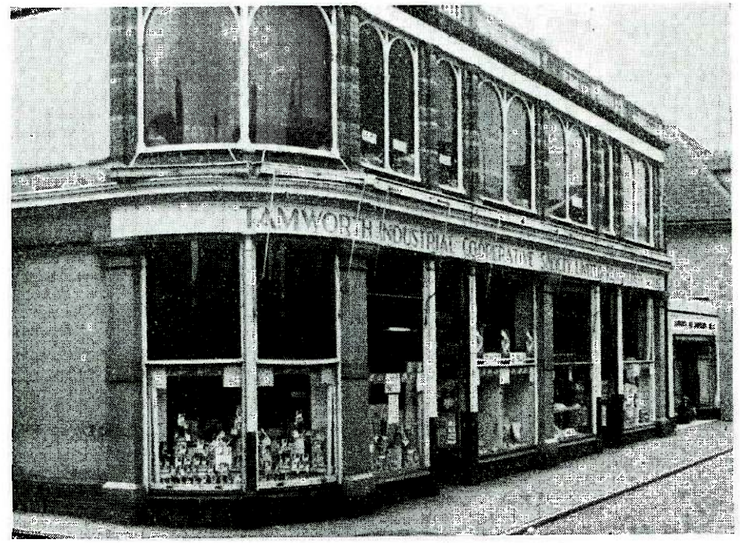
MAGAZINE

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR, by J. S. Copley

By courtesy of the Trustees of the Tate Gallery

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

THIS IS YOURS— No. 7



Central Grocery Department, Church Street, Tamworth.

DURING the past six months we have shown you something that you, with our other members, own in this society of ours, by telling you about our branches in six villages. Like any family we talk of our children first and the parent last, and so it has been with these articles; first the branches, which deal chiefly with members' grocery needs, and now it is the turn of the parent, the mother and father of all the branches—the central grocery department, a parent justly proud of its healthy children.

The grocery departments of all co-operative societies are in fact the parents of their societies, for it was with the sale of groceries that the societies first started, trading mutually in the things we need most in life.

Our own society started with groceries in that little shop in Church Street from which has grown our society of to-day.

Before the present shop in Church Street which we know to-day, there had been small grocery shops in Orchard Street, and on Colehill.

The present shop was purchased on July 16th, 1917, from Messrs. Alfred Sadler and Company, the purchase including the existing shop, an old warehouse, stables, horses, and vans, together with the stock that Messrs. Sadler had.

Many alterations and additions have been made to the property since 1917. In 1925 the open yard between the rear of the shop and stables was roofed, concrete floors laid, and other work carried out to make the present warehouse and receiving depot. In 1937 new cloakrooms were erected for the male staff.

Although at this time the committee had more plans for improvements, the war intervened, and it was not until 1949 that another start could be made, when the whole of the interior of the shop was modernised with up-to-date hygienic fittings, and a large refrigerator installed to keep in first-class condition the perishable foods, of which we sell so many tons.

In 1951 the whole of the electric lighting system was modernised to give us the much better lighting that we have to-day.

As one can well imagine, the society supplies many hundreds of tons of sugar to its members, so much that it has never been possible to weigh it by hand, so in

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Interior views of the Central Grocery Department showing the modern fittings and lighting.

Central Grocery Department Order Dispatch Room.

(Continued from page i)

1952 the old sugar weighing machine that had given good service over many years was replaced by a more modern one which could deal with the tons of sugar more efficiently.

So it was with the cash carriers. In 1954 the carriers running along the different wires in the shop could no longer deal with the amount of work put upon them, and the new pneumatic tubes for taking your money to the cash office and bringing back your change were installed, and no longer can we watch the carriers race along the wires, guessing which one will get to the cash office first.

The latest addition is the new dispatch and parcelling room, built in 1954 and brought into use this year. This was made necessary by the ever-increasing order trade from the districts that as yet have no branch.

The photographs show (top right) what we all know, the central grocery department standing on the corner of Church Street and Aldergate. The two bottom pictures show part of the interior of the shop, with its modern fittings and lighting. The photograph on page 2 shows the dispatch and parcelling room, with the conveyor taking members' parcels out to the loading room, where the vans are being loaded to bring the groceries to your home.

It has not been possible to show photographs of all parts of the premises, for instance the large upstairs warehouse, the windows of which you see in the first photograph, or the big receiving warehouse in Aldergate where so many tons of goods are received each day, but it has been possible to show a little of what is yours.

Our grocery manager and buyer is Mr. F. J. Waine, who was appointed to that position in 1943 on the retirement of Mr. A. J. Taylor. Mr. Waine is ably helped by the assistant manager, Mr. H. A. Upton, who came to us from Burton-on-Trent in 1950, and a staff of 58.

Through the shop and the orders well over £4,000 of groceries come to us each week, and through the warehouse many loads of goods go to the children of the central grocery—the branches.

During these past seven months you have seen something of one of the main departments of our society. Remember, it is yours, owned and controlled by you, the members, so use your own business to the full.

Golden Wedding

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

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

Youth Grant from National Fund

An award of £2,500 has been granted from the King George VI Foundation to further the work of the Co-operative Youth Movement. The award, which will be payable in £500 instalments over the next five years, will be used for the provision of tutors for district or local classes in selected areas (using the syllabus already prepared by the co-operative education department) and for assistance for attendance at summer training courses for those satisfactorily completing the syllabus of a district or local training class.

A Faithful Servant

The society has had many good employees and faithful servants, and none more so than the horse Betsy, who is now no longer with us.

Betsy was purchased at Shrewsbury horse sale on April 29th, 1933, her age then being about five years, and she started her work with the society as a butchery van horse, being in the main driven by Mr. J. B. Longdon. She also helped out with bread delivery on odd days; the writer recalls the many times that he used Betsy when his own horse had its rest day.

Betsy was a fast, spirited mare of a quiet, pleasant temperament, always a pleasure to drive and a horse that could be relied upon.

As the years rolled on Betsy, like all of us, grew older and the last work she did was to help deliver bread on our Bolebridge bread round. Many members must have known her over the years, and during the last few years must have seen her standing quietly with her van in Bolebridge Street, Kettlebrook Road, or the Amington Road. The load of age became too much at last for the old mare, and it was decided that it was kinder to have her painlessly put to sleep. This was done on July 7th.

Many members will miss Betsy, as will our deliverers who worked with her for so many years.

Obituary

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

Mary Elizabeth Grice, Polesworth, May 25th.
William Scriven Smith, Bolehall, June 8th.
William Thomas Mills, Edingale, June 11th.
May Ann Pratt, Tamworth, June 11th.
Mary Ann Coton, Dordon, June 15th.
Alfred Ernest Worrall, Mile Oak, June 17th.
Stanley Ernest Jackson, Tamworth, June 17th.
Eliza Harriett Pyke, Dosthill, June 18th.
Frances Ruth Craddock, Amington, June 21st.
Emily Wright, Kettlebrook, June 22nd.
Hilda Helen Pearsall, Tamworth, June 25th.
Edith Mary Chapman, Tamworth, July 2nd.
Ernest Stanley Curtis, Weeford, July 2nd.
Ernest West, Shuttington, July 4th.
William Henry Starkey, Tamworth, July 9th.

(For continuation of Local Matter see page iii)

OUR FRONT COVER

THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR is one of several interesting pictures relating to events in English history which were painted by John Singleton Copley, American-born artist who came to England in 1774 and never returned to his native land; whose son, indeed, became the English Lord Lyndhurst, lord chancellor of England in several Tory governments in the nineteenth century. But it was on his skill as a portrait painter that Copley's reputation was founded.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1737, Copley lost his father while he was still a child. His mother remarried, and it was from his step-father, Peter Pelham, a portrait painter and mezzotint engraver, that he got his early artistic training. In 1753, when only 16 years of age, he painted and also engraved a portrait of the Rev. William Welsteed of Boston, and he soon earned for himself a reputation and a regular flow of commissions for portraits. While still in Boston he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Artists in Great Britain.

He painted a portrait of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, which he sent to England and which was exhibited in the Royal Academy anonymously under the title "Boy with a Squirrel." It was the favour with which this painting was received which persuaded Copley to come to England.

From England he went to the Continent, studying at Parma and at Rome, and shortly after he returned to England, in 1776, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He became an Academician in 1779.

Throughout his stay in England he lived in a house in George Street, Hanover Square, London, and it was here that he died in 1815. He was buried in Croydon Church.

A number of his important portraits and sketches were destroyed in the great fire at Boston in 1872, but we still have enough of his paintings to judge his stature as an artist in comparison with his contemporaries.

THIS MONTH'S QUOTATION

". . . in their economic activities, co-operators strive to realise ideals and practise equitable methods which are only possible in a co-operative association."

—Hall and Watkins.

Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

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WHO was it that said "peace is the period of preparation for the next war"? We all like to think that this was merely a jest. But it has seemed to be only too true, particularly over the last 200 years or so; that is, since the start of the industrial revolution.

Prior to the introduction and rapid development of what is termed the capitalist system, men worked either individually or in small communities to supply their own day-to-day needs. People had to live on what they could grow or make for themselves.

With the coming of the mills, factories, and new means of transport was bred a new communal outlook. The struggle for existence took on a new form.

The fight against nature changed to competition in the expanding industrial field. And the idea that competition must be the moving spirit in any desirable system of economy became firmly rooted in men's minds. Manufacturers, mill owners, and other employers of labour competed relentlessly with each other. To make a profit was the be-all and end-all of their philosophy. The consumer became a pawn in the game, providing "markets" for competitive exploitation.

With the passing of time this combative principle of self-interest came to pervade international relations. The greatest statesman was he who furthered the economic progress of his own country, whether or not it adversely affected any other part of the world.

Nations became belligerents in a world-wide struggle for wealth and power. Political differences, engendered by rabid nationalism, inevitably led to repeated wars. Like a pendulum, economic power swung from country to country, causing the "friendly" ally of one generation to be the enemy of the next. At the root of these ever-changing world situations lay the doctrine that one nation's loss was bound to be another nation's gain.

Self-interest and power still inspire every nation's approach to international problems. True, efforts have been made from time to time to break away from this ruthless imperialism. The League of Nations, with its great possibilities, died miserably. U.N.O., which undoubtedly has done and is doing a good job of work in some backward countries, is passing through a difficult phase, to say the least.

The truth is, of course, that so long as ambition for national supremacy remains the mainspring of Government action there is no hope of permanent peace.

How such an outlook dominates politics depends upon the common people. There are few reforms that have not originated from democratic influences. For over a hundred years the Co-operative Movement has been demonstrating in a practical way the only way of life that will ever release mankind from the evils inherent in the competitive system.

As in all worthy human endeavour no spectacular advancement can be expected, but co-operation, as a progressive system of economy, now has its adherents in many countries. Year by year their numbers grow. Co-operation gradually is becoming an international social influence to be reckoned with. In some countries the advantages it offers have received Government recognition and support.

With the spread of education and enlightenment, the application of the co-operative idea to the everyday needs of the community will become increasingly the aim and determination of all peoples. For competition as the basic principle of political and social life is obsolete, a fact which is being slowly but surely recognised throughout the world.

THE EDITOR

BESIDE THE SEA

They TALK with their hands

By J. M. MICHAELSON

YOU do not see many people talking in "deaf and dumb" language these days. But even though our hearing and speech is perfect we all talk in hand-sign language on occasions, the only difference being that the vocabulary we use is limited, whereas "deaf and dumb" signs can express any thought.

There are two reasons why, all the world over, people who can hear perfectly well sometimes use sign language. One is to make themselves understood when they cannot be heard, either because sound language would not carry over the distance or would be drowned by louder sounds. The other is because the occasion calls for silence.

The commonest language sign, perhaps, is that urging silence—raising a finger to closed lips, a sign universally understood as "Be quiet!" It is only different in kind from the scores of signs used by the deaf and dumb: for instance, biting the finger to say "jealousy."

Every road user has to learn a sign language. The driver indicates his intentions with his hand because for him to shout "I'm going to stop," would be useless. The official sign vocabulary of the road is simple and limited, but some time ago South African traffic controllers devised quite a complicated sign language to encourage good road manners. This made use of the thumb and all four fingers in various combinations, to say various things from "Thank you!" to "Use great caution."

After real deaf and dumb language in which experts can speak with extraordinary speed and fluency, perhaps the most elaborate sign language is Tic-Tac, by means of which bookmakers on race courses talk to each other over considerable distances, and above the roar of the crowd. The language is as old as racing, and in Britain was also used by racing journalists before the comparatively recent time when telephones were permitted on the courses. The reporter on the spot read the race and the result with his hands and arms to a colleague sitting in the window of a house near the course.

To anyone who does not know the language, the tic-tac man, wearing white gloves or holding a racecard to make his movements more visible, looks as if he has St. Vitus' dance. In fact, the sign code is fairly simple and made up entirely of numbers and odds. Horses are "named" by their numbers—and here is the catch for the person who wants to read the bookmaker's messages. Each bookmaker renumbers the starters on the card according to his own code.

Up goes the umpire's finger, signalling "Out" to the scorer, and another batsman begins the long walk back to the pavilion

Familiar sight on the racecourse is the tic-tac man, whose sign "language" is one of the most elaborate of all

Apart from this difficulty, an expert in this sign language, like an experienced writer, develops his own "style" which may make him almost "illegible," except to someone accustomed to him.

Railwaymen the world over use sign language extensively, because they have to speak to each other under conditions where distance or loud noises make sound language impossible or liable to misunderstanding. The shunter talks to the locomotive driver with his arms, telling him when to stop and when to move. Apart from the official language, there is a certain amount of sign "slang." In America a hot axle box is expressively indicated by a pointed arm and the fingers of the other hand holding the nose!

Musicians have long had an elaborate sign language, which enables a conductor to speak silently to members of the orchestra while they are playing. Every conductor develops his own individual way of "speaking," but the basic signs remain the same.

With the coming of broadcasting and talking films, it became essential to invent a sign language that enabled producers and technicians to speak without making a sound that would be picked up by the microphones. Each country, and even each studio developed its own "language," the gestures being expressive of the action required. For instance, a hand patting under the chin would indicate to the person speaking that he was letting his face drop into his script!

In studios a silent language is necessary because spoken words would be recorded. In shipyards and docks it is necessary, because even shouts would be drowned by other noises. Crane drivers, riveters, and other workers learn a sign language which enables them to speak by gestures as surely as in words.

Sports have developed sign languages either to carry over long distances, or to keep tactical secrets. Pitcher and catcher at baseball have an elaborate code of signs unintelligible to the man at bat. In football the referee has a sign language to indicate the reasons for his decision. An elaborate sign language here has additional advantages in international matches where the players may speak two different languages and the referee a third.

At cricket there is an official sign language for umpires, which enables them to signal their decisions a hundred yards to the scorer's box.

Signs came before sounds in language, and primitive men probably communicated simple ideas to each other in the same way as the modern tourist who finds himself hungry in a strange country! Because they spoke many different languages, North American Indians developed a universal sign language to a high degree, and the colonists recorded at least a thousand different signs.

With all his inventions for improving communications, civilised man has been able to improve on sign language only occasionally. An elaborate sign language invented with the aircraft carrier is likely to disappear shortly. The wonderfully expressive signs of the man who guides a plane back to the flight deck are being replaced by a device which enables the pilot to "see" himself as he comes in to land.

A former landlord of the old Angel Inn (left) bequeathed money to pay for an annual sermon against drunkenness. (Right) St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, where a sermon is preached each year in thanksgiving for England's deliverance from the Spanish Armada

By ARTHUR GAUNT

Sermons by Bequest

ONCE a year churchgoers at Grantham, Lincs., are able to forecast with perfect accuracy the theme of the sermon to be preached at the parish church, even though the subject is not announced before the day. Ever since 1706, in fact, an annual homily on the evils of drunkenness has been preached there, and for doing this the preacher receives a fee of two pounds.

The sermon is one of many special dissertations given once a year in churches up and down Britain, as a result of bequests made long ago.

Until comparatively recent times it was not unusual for devout people to ensure that future generations would be warned from the pulpit about specific kinds of wrongdoing, and the Grantham sermon is the result of a local man's dislike of insobriety.

Oddly enough, he was an innkeeper, Michael Solomon, and the Angel Inn which he owned was a popular port of call for travellers on the Great North Road. To-day it is still an historic landmark in the town.

Yet tipplers were never tolerated by innkeeper Solomon, and when he died nearly 250 years ago he left a will arranging for "some able divine" to preach against drunkenness, which the testator described as "the inlet of almost all other sins."

He further stated that the payment of 40s. per year to the parson who delivered the sermon was to be a charge on the inn "for ever."

Mrs. Susannah Nanfan, of Berrow, Worcestershire, lived in the days of duelling, and she was distressed whenever she read or heard about men being killed or wounded as a result of the practice.

Determined to do something to discourage it, she bequeathed a meadow to the churchwardens of Berrow. Her will stipulated that the field was to be let, and that out of the rent was to be deducted 40s. a year. This sum was to go to the vicar of Berrow on condition that he delivered a sermon against duelling.

In the 18th century another lady, Mary Gibson of Sutton (Surrey), left a legacy to the governors of Christ's Hospital, in return for which they were to examine her grave in the churchyard each August 12th, satisfying themselves that it was still intact.

To make the most of the occasion she willed that a sermon was also to be preached, and the custom still survives.

A graveside ritual with which a sermon is associated also takes place in Hendon parish churchyard once a year. In this instance the bequest benefits the ancient Stationers' Company, and even the text is provided.

It is "Human life is but a bubble," and was chosen by Richard Johnson, who died in 1795.

Other individuals have left money to pay for sermons in commemoration of great national events.

Even 40 years after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, England's deliverance was regarded as a matter for thanksgiving, and in 1630 a Nottingham man, Peter Jackson, endowed St. Peter's Church in that city with 40s. a year for a special sermon each July 26th—the anniversary of the arrival of the Spanish fleet off Calais.

Not content with providing for this yearly sermon, Jackson endowed a second, to commemorate Parliament's escape from the Gunpowder Plot. This further religious discourse earns another 40s. each November.

Ralph Asheton, of Downham, a village near the Lancashire–Yorkshire border, was a shrewd judge of human nature, and he realised that church congregations were always largest when the preacher was a stranger! After his funeral in 1680 it was found that he had left £70 to be invested for paying an "outside" minister to preach at Downham on the anniversary of his (the testator's) death.

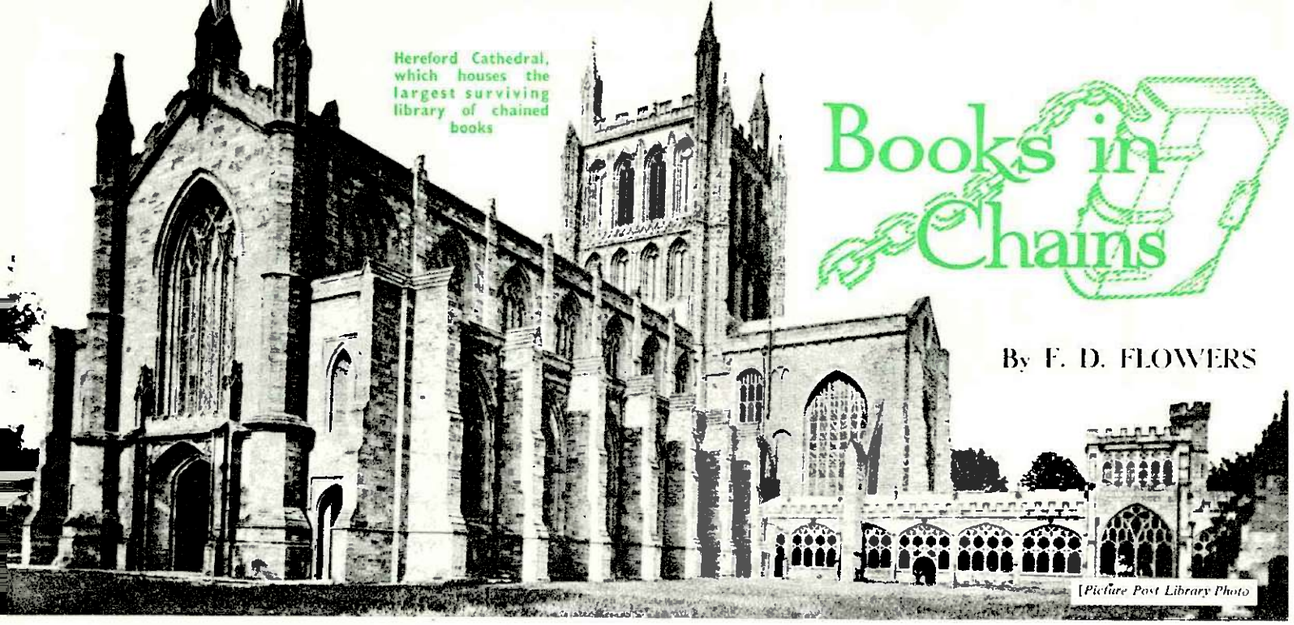
The Asheton Sermon is still delivered, and another from the same bequest is given at Whalley Church, near Clitheroe.

Some pious people have willed money for a whole series of sermons—or "lectures," as they are sometimes called. Eight sermons known as the Bampton Lectures are delivered annually at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, under a bequest founded by the Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, and the custom dates back to the year 1780.

But perhaps the most astonishing circumstances surrounding an annual sermon are those connected with one at the church of St. Katherine Cree, in Leadenhall Street, London. Every year on October 16th a sermon is preached here to commemorate the escape of a Lord Mayor from a ferocious lion!

He was Sir John Gayer, who lived in the reign of Charles I. A noted traveller, he was once compelled to spend the night alone in a part of Africa infested with lions. One of these beasts actually came up to him as he feigned sleep, but he prayed fervently and the beast walked away.

Sir John vowed that on his return to London he would endow various benefactions, and one of his gifts provided for the preaching of a Lion Sermon annually, as a reminder of his miraculous deliverance.



Hereford Cathedral, which houses the largest surviving library of chained books

Books in Chains

By F. D. FLOWERS

[Picture Post Library Photo

CHAINED Bibles are a not uncommon sight in our old churches, but a complete library of chained books is a great rarity. A library of this kind, the largest still surviving, with 1,444 volumes each carrying its original chain, is one of the more notable treasures of Hereford Cathedral. The oak presses, benches, and reading desks date from 1611 A.D., but the books themselves are much older, and the first chains were attached as a protection against theft as early as 1390.

To-day the library is as a Jacobean student would have found it. The books are stacked in three tiers with their backs facing inward to prevent the chain fixed to the sides of their covers from wearing the bindings. A ring at the end of each chain is threaded on rods that run the length of the shelf, fitting into a long flat catch fastened by a lock. A book can be lifted from the shelf to the reading desk below with ease but the lock must be turned and the ring unthreaded from the rod before it can be taken out of the library.

In the past the library was badly neglected. On one occasion a minor official of the Cathedral threatened to put the priceless volumes on a bonfire. Some of the presses and seats were taken away and put to other uses, while a niece of one of the canons even had a chain given to her as a lead for her puppy. The full scandal of this neglect is appreciated only when it is realised that many of the books are "incunabula"—books printed before the year 1500—several from Caxton's own press and therefore national treasures of the first rank. The 226 manuscript volumes date from the ninth century.

The library was preserved by the care and good sense of several individuals. About 26 years ago, the most notable of these, Canon H. B. Streeter, decided to restore the library to its original state and at once found himself involved in a difficult piece of detective work.

At first all he could find was five presses of which only one was fitted with its reading desk. Among the Cathedral records are the original letter and notes in which the 17th century librarian gave specifications for the library furnishings. He offered to pay for two presses and double seats, the former to be modelled on those installed by Thomas Bodley in his famous library at Oxford, each with its reading desk that lifted up into place and each accompanied by a long seat.

Canon Streeter was certain that other furniture had not been destroyed but was somewhere in the Cathedral and he set about hunting it down. Five presses were still in use as book cases; the Verger unearthed the remains of others doing duty as cupboards in the vestry. They had been partially boarded over and when the wood was removed the cupboard backs were seen to be made from the missing desks.

Although the desk that remained was wrongly hinged to drop down, Canon Streeter had noticed that each press had hooks that suggested that the desks were originally constructed to rise and not to fall. If his conjecture was right there must have been brackets to hold them in position, but of these there was no trace.

Working in the library on this restoration, however, was a boy carpenter who observed that some of the books were leaning on rectangular pieces of wood. Closer investigation revealed screws, and to his delight he discovered two of the missing brackets that had been fastened together to make a book rest. The same boy later found a hinge in a box of rubbish that just fitted a groove in one of the brackets. New hinges could now be made and the brackets restored in their proper places.

Now only the seats had to be traced. The Canon continued to prowl round the Cathedral until at last his attention was attracted by some old brown-painted pews in one of the transepts. Measuring them he found they were the exact length of the missing seats. They had been divided and extra backs fitted, but when the paint was removed it was found that they were the missing back-to-back seats. They are now restored to their proper use.

By now all the chains had been traced and fastened on the books that had lost them and the work of restoration was over.

If you should ever happen to go to Hereford, make sure you visit the chained library and give a thought to Canon Streeter and the carpenter's boy who made it possible for us to see a library as scholars knew it in the days of King James I.

Left: The chained library which is one of the notable treasures of Hereford Cathedral. It has been restored as nearly as possible to the original condition, as revealed by the letter and notes of the seventeenth century librarian who gave the specification for its furnishing

Right: Another chained library—that of the King Edward VI Grammar School, Guildford. The books in this library were bequeathed in the will of John Parkhurst, Bishop of Norwich, in 1573. The oldest book dates back to 1478

Why not try Surf-riding?

By JOHN BARTER

MANY people think of surf-riding as an activity confined to the sun-kissed beaches of Australia, America, and South Africa, but every year thousands of holiday makers enjoy the sport on England's south-west coast, where the great Altlantic waves come rolling on to the beautiful beaches. There is as much enthusiasm among these riders of the waves as is shown by the zealous people who can afford to go to the winter sports in Switzerland.

There's no need to feel guilty about taking an Australian sport and practising it here in England, for at the beginning of the century the Australians themselves took up the idea of surf-riding from stories they had heard from travellers who had seen the natives in the South Seas "riding the waves on boards!"

One of these pioneers was Alick Wickman, who introduced the Australian crawl to Australia. He made his own surf-board from a length of driftwood, while others threw themselves into the high surf using old wooden doors as surf-boards!

But it was the Hawaiian Olympic Games swimming star, Duke Kahanamoku, who, while visiting Australia at the beginning of the century, took with him a real surf-board from his own country. With wondrous dexterity he ran his board into shore across the great rolling waters off Freshwater Beach and astounded the Australians with his skill and mastery of this new sport. Kahanamoku's skill in surfing was backed by centuries of tradition, for Hawaiian heroes were measured by their prowess with a surf-board. During his stay he inspired the Australians to become adept at this sport which demanded so much skill and nerve.

At the same time foreign visitors brought the sport to us here in Britain, and along such lovely beaches as Newquay, Polzeath, Bude, and Treyarnon sprang up the nurseries of the surf-riders. In recent years the sport has really caught on in popularity, one reason being that it is very inexpensive.

At most of the principal beaches surf-boards or surf-planes may be hired by the half-hour for a small charge. If you want your own board you can make one out of flat wood for a few shillings. You can try out "Mark II models" by designing a fin at the back-end to help the board keep square and with the crest of the riding wave. And up-at-the-front types can be bought quite reasonably.

The hiring and sale of surf-boards is the only commercial facet of the sport in this country. Despite its popularity there is no official organisation of surf-riders. No official surf-instructor will demonstrate to you how to pick out the seventh large carrier wave, and there is no official handbook or guide to show you how to place the board on the front of your thighs with the head turned over one shoulder ready to jump and be carried into the shore on top of a roaring, spuming roller. No instructions will be given either on what to do when, sliding down the mountainside of a wave, you feel the board hit and overturn, and the Atlantic Ocean closes over you.

How does one learn then? The same way as you learnt to ride a bicycle. By trying, and trying, and trying again. Keep falling off and learn that way! A little painful, at times, but skill comes with perserverance. Especially watch the seven-year-old boy who zooms past you on his home-made surf-board, performing a hand-stand!

It is great fun, and confidentially I whisper to the apprehensive, it is quite safe with reasonable care.

Pioneer of "Underground Mountaineering"

By R. R. WATERHOUSE

[Photo : W. Fairbank

The use of a bos'n's chair has made it possible for anyone of average strength and nerve to go down a pot-hole

POT-HOLING, or "mountaineering underground," has become such a popular sport in the North of England that many imagine it to be nearly as old as the Pennines, wherein lie some of Britain's largest and most fascinating caverns. The pastime, however, is quite modern. We are now in the diamond jubilee year of pot-holing in this country. Exactly 60 years ago, on August 1st, 1895, Monsieur E. A. Martel, who was working for the French Government on the science of spelaeology, made the first descent of Gaping Ghyll, a giant chasm on Ingleborough mountain, 10 miles from the small West Riding market town of Settle.

Adventurous Englishmen quickly followed this intrepid Frenchman, and so the sport of pot-holing came into existence. Now there are numerous pot-hole clubs, particularly in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire. Their members ask nothing better than to be allowed to put on miners' helmets and their oldest clothes, climb up and down precipitous rock faces with the aid of rope ladders, crawl along narrow passages, squeeze through slits like letter-boxes, and swim or wade through icy-cold underground lakes. They love adventure. But there is more to it than that. Limestone formations of peerless beauty, and caves fit for Aladdin, make the pot-holer's world a veritable fairyland, especially for photographers.

Gaping Ghyll is regarded by many experts as Britain's most beautiful pot-hole. It is certainly the most popular. From the level of the moor to the floor of the main chamber is exactly 450 ft., and Martel had to go down 365 ft., the depth of the main shaft.

The main chamber of Gaping Ghyll with the shaft of light from the top making a dramatic pool of light amid the surrounding gloom. The pot-holers in the left foreground give some idea of the size of the cavern

[Photo : Albert Mitchell

He must have had enormous courage. He possessed only 260 ft. of rope ladder; therefore the first part of his descent had to be made by means of a rope. About 100 spectators gathered on that memorable summer afternoon to watch the Frenchman begin his great adventure. Among them was Martel's wife, who looked after the portable telephone. No one would help him knot his ropes, because they felt it too great a responsibility.

Martel was as resourceful as he was brave. He had to estimate the depth of the pot-hole (and was only a few feet out of his reckoning), and realising that much of his time would be spent in the middle of a huge waterfall, he bored holes in the soles of his climbing boots, so that the water could drain away. Furthermore, he knew it would be useless taking food with him, as it would probably become saturated. Actually, he fasted before going down the pot-hole because he had a theory that "the long soaking will hinder my digestive processes."

In his diary he wrote, "I have a long slender package, containing only candles, magnesium, and a flask of rum, sealed with a watertight waxed cloth."

Martel afterwards described the first part of his journey thus: "I descended to the edge of the shaft and, held by a rope around my waist, I threw into the hole the last few yards of rope ladder, taking care not to lose my foothold through the resulting jerk. At a frightening speed the abyss swallowed up the 260 ft. of rope ladder, followed by about 115 ft. of double rope, of which 65 ft. were in the hole and the remainder on the slope of the shaft attached to stakes. . . . Everything now appears to be ready, and my only anxiety is that of illumination. If daylight does not penetrate to the bottom of the shaft I do not know what to do . . . there is so much water falling that the spray is certain to extinguish my light. However, I fasten a lantern on to my arm and seat myself on a wooden bar."

It should be explained that the Frenchman usually went down pot-holes on a bar of wood fastened to the lifeline. Nowadays, pot-holers put the lifeline round their waists.

Difficulties soon arose on the journey down Gaping Ghyll. A knot between two ropes caught in a rock crevice and pulled Martel up with a jerk when he had gone 130 ft. He spent several minutes in a cascade of water while the rope was being freed.

Then the rope was found to be too short. Friends at the top asked him to be patient while they made the necessary adjustments. "That's all right for you, but I'm in the middle of a waterfall," he shouted back.

At last he got safely to the bottom. The descent had taken 23 minutes. The main chamber of Gaping Ghyll, which is 500 ft. long, 110 ft. high, and 90 ft. wide, and could contain a fair-sized cathedral or town hall, fascinated the Frenchman, who spent 1¼ hours down there. Wet through, shivering with cold, and his teeth chattering, he then decided it was time to get to the surface if he wished to escape pneumonia.

It was a gruelling task to climb up the rope ladder. It took him nearly half-an-hour. Several times the ladder became wedged in the rocks; more than once he almost fell through exhaustion, and to make matters worse his telephone line broke.

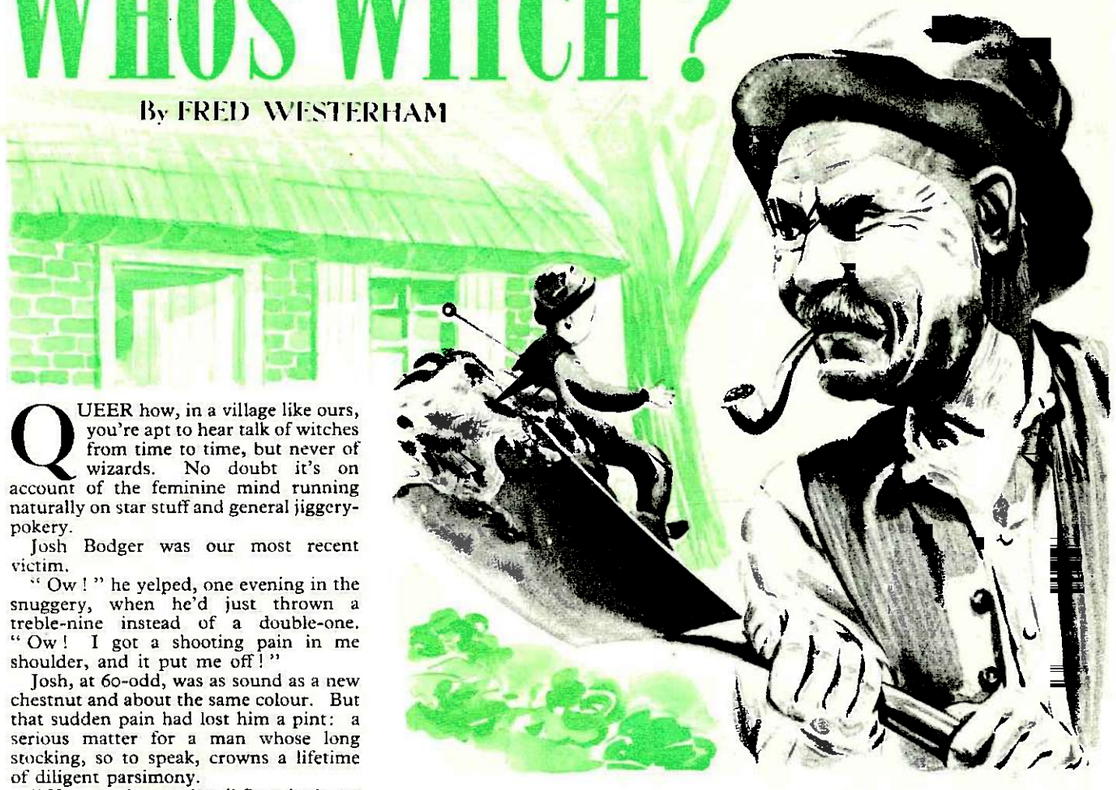
But he got to the top all right. Shortly afterwards a severe thunderstorm, accompanied by torrential rain, broke over the moor. Flood waters poured into the pot-hole, so Martel got out only just in time.

Stalactites in an alcove of the south east passage of Gaping Ghyll

[Photo : Albert Mitchell

WHO'S WITCH?

By FRED WESTERHAM



QUEER how, in a village like ours, you're apt to hear talk of witches from time to time, but never of wizards. No doubt it's on account of the feminine mind running naturally on star stuff and general jiggery-pokery.

Josh Bodger was our most recent victim.

"Ow!" he yelped, one evening in the snuggery, when he'd just thrown a treble-nine instead of a double-one. "Ow! I got a shooting pain in me shoulder, and it put me off!"

Josh, at 60-odd, was as sound as a new chestnut and about the same colour. But that sudden pain had lost him a pint: a serious matter for a man whose long stocking, so to speak, crowns a lifetime of diligent parsimony.

"You got rheumatism," Sam Ambrose suggested, adding, with ready sympathy, "You healthy types allus go to pieces unexpected. Better go home while you can still totter."

"Rheumatism? Not while I carry me rabbit's foot!"

"Then someone's riveted a curse on you," said Bert Pubble cheerfully, "which is worse."

That shook Josh. He's a credulous type, always planting his cabbages according to the phases of the moon. He'd turn off across a 40-acre ploughland to avoid passing three black crows on a gate. So pretty soon he stumped away home, to the pleasant cottage he shared with his married son and his daughter-in-law, Rosie.

Rosie Bodger's a dark, alert young woman with mysterious deep eyes. Thoughtful type, and them's dangerous. One angle of her musings was easy to guess. She enjoyed running that cottage in her own way. A smart youngster like Rosie could chivvy a husband and a father-in-law around as though they were two tabby cats.

But Josh Bodger might marry again. He was spry enough, good company, and well-upholstered as to the bank-book. A fish worth hooking. And a second Mrs. Bodger, senior, would put Rosie into the background—or even, with young Bodger, right out of that convenient cottage!

So Rosie Bodger's dark eyes rested, with suspicion, on any village lady whose smiles went Josh's way. Especially on Mrs. Flossett, a widow with keen glances, thin gold rings in her ears, and a brown laughing face. Mrs. Flossett kept herself to herself, cherished a big black cat, and was clever with herbs. With those looks and those habits she was, folk said, a witch or a gipsy; probably both.

"If I was ever to ask anybody," old Josh stated, one unguarded moment in his rocking-chair, "it'd be Mrs. Flossett."

Rosie's eyes flickered with the firelight.

Now on the morning after that pain in his shoulder, Josh was digging in his cabbage-patch—with an "Ouch!" from time to time, for the ache was still there—when suddenly he paused, and gasped. He'd found a Mysterious Thing.

Josh stared at it. He moved it with his foot. Then, as it was nigh dinner-time and the usual company would be taking their usual refreshment, Josh wriggled the Mysterious Thing on to his spade and marched with it all the way to the snuggery here.

"What d'ye make o' *this?*" he asks, in an abysmal tone.

"Looks like a doll," says Bert Pubble.

"Ugly doll," remarks Sam Ambrose. "Not unlike you in the face, Josh."

"Hatpin stuck in its shoulder," says Bert. "Funny!"

"Funny?" howled Josh. "A doll made to look like me, with a darn great pin where I've got me pain? It's witch-craft!"

There were some scornful laughs, but Mrs. Flossett's niece Poppy came in just then for a drop of port wine because her aunt was jugging a hare. Nice girl, Poppy: big, innocent blue eyes. Engaged to be married. She gave Josh unexpected support. "I've heard of

these images," she said. "Someone's wishing you harm, Mr. Bodger. And you can only fight magic with bigger magic."

"I'll do that," Josh declared. "This has made me feel quite weak." Then, as nobody offered to revive him, he started off again with the doll on his spade.

"Hurry up," Sam Ambrose chuckled, "Case you find yourself turned into a toad on the way, and have to hop the last half-mile."

Poppy had gone, with her port.

"Where's Josh making for now?" Bert Pubble wondered.

"To the widow Flossett's," said Sam. "Her being the only witch in these parts. For them as believes in it. And that's odd," he added, shrewdly, "for it's my guess as he told his daughter-in-law, young Rosie, about his shoulder-ache; and she planted that doll for him to find so's to throw suspicion on Widow Flossett's witchcraft, see?"

Well, that was Sam's guess.

Meanwhile Josh was showing Mrs. Flossett the doll with the pin in it. She shook her head. Her gold ear-rings glittered. "Bad," she said. "Black magic. You'll need a potion."

From a corner cupboard she brought a phial. "Compounded," she told the gawping Josh, "of juice of ivy and sap of elm, blood of viper and moonlight dew. Drink it at midnight at the cross-roads, with your face turned towards Stonehenge."

"Where's Stone'enge?" asked Josh, anxiously.

"Ask a policeman," said the Widow Flossett, gravely.

Two days later Josh called again at Mrs. Flossett's; for though a frugal man he was open-handed with gratitude. "Me pain's gone!"

She gave him a cup of tea in her neat kitchen, and at last Josh said, rather reluctantly, "Er—what do I owe you?"

"Two guineas," said the widow.

Josh gasped as though the pain had come back with seven others. "That's a big fee for a little bottle! Couldn't you do it for three-and-six, ma'am?"

She shook her head. "It was strong magic. And it'll get worse each time, Josh. If you find another doll with a pin through it in your cabbage-patch, it'll cost you four guineas to shift the curse . . . . and then eight . . . . and then . . ."

"Stop!" Josh begged, piteously. He furrowed his brow awhile. And then he said, "Look, ma'am, would you take me on as a second husband?"

"I daresay I might," replied the widow, pouring herself another cup of tea. "And we won't wait too long. You'll come in handy for the spring cleaning."

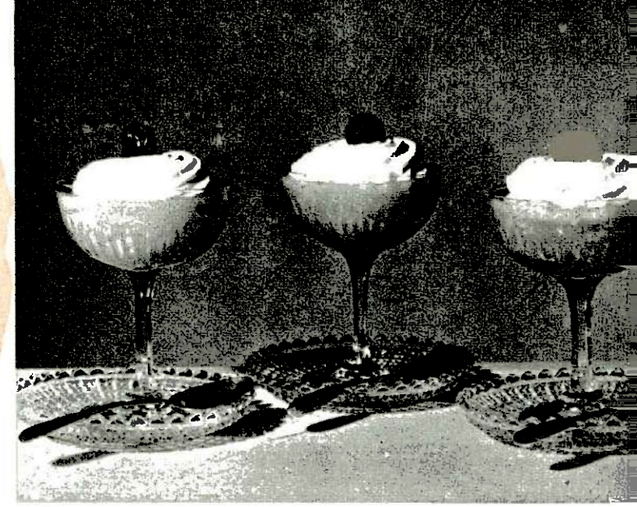
So it was agreed, and a few weeks later the witchcraft widow became the second Mrs. Bodger, somewhat to the disgruntlement, at first, of young Rosie. But the two women soon settled down. They're like real mother and daughter.

Well, that's our black-magic mystery. Who planted that there doll amongst Josh's cabbages? Was it young Rosie, hoping to poison his mind against the Widow Flossett? Or was it maybe Mrs. Flossett herself; she knowing that Josh wouldn't swallow a bottle of honest home-made physic, without she dressed it up in a mumbo-jumbo bottle sealed with hocus-pocus? And knowing, too, his parsimonious nature?

The most puzzled person in the whole village is Poppy, the pretty niece of Mrs. Flossett-as-was. Poppy's married now. She and her intended were only waiting for a house, and the young pair have taken the cottage left vacant by Poppy's Aunt. And whenever the talk drifts to the mysterious affair of the doll, Poppy looks round with her big blue innocent eyes and says she can't possibly imagine who could have done such a stupid thing. Can you?

Use Rice with your Fruit

MARY LANGHAM'S Kitchen Page



RICE is an excellent base for cold sweets. Here are a few suggestions, made with fruit, which can be easily and quickly prepared by the busy housewife.

STRAWBERRY CREAM

1 oz. C.W.S. rice, 1 oz. sugar, ½ pint Wheatsheaf evaporated milk, ½ lb. strawberries.

SAUCE: 3 tablespoons of C.W.S. strawberry jam, ¼ pint water, rind and juice of ½ lemon, 2 teaspoons C.W.S. arrowroot.

Stew the rice, milk, and sugar together until the rice is soft and the mixture thick and creamy. Allow to cool. Make the sauce by boiling the jam, water, and lemon rind together for 5 minutes. Blend the arrowroot with a little cold water and add to the jam mixture. Boil thoroughly. Add the lemon juice and strain. Arrange the hulled and washed strawberries in the bottom of sundae glasses and cover with the rice mixture. Finally pour on the cold sauce. Decorate with whipped cream and strawberries if desired.

RICE AND PEACHES

2 oz. C.W.S. rice, ½ oz. Avondale butter, 1½ oz. sugar, ¾ pint milk, peaches, small tin Wheatsheaf cream, 1 oz. castor sugar, few browned almonds.

Put the rice, butter, 1½ oz. sugar, and milk into a basin and cover with greased paper. Steam for 2–2½ hours. When cool, pour into a glass dish. Peel the peaches, cut in halves, and place hollow side upwards on top of the rice. Add the sugar to the cream and pipe in the centres of the peaches. Decorate with browned almonds and serve at once.

RICE SURPRISE

1¼ oz. C.W.S. rice, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. sugar, raspberries, ½ oz. C.W.S. custard powder, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. sugar, nuts and angelica.

Put the rice, sugar, and milk into a double saucepan and cook slowly until the rice is tender. Lightly stir in the raspberries and when cool pour into a glass dish. Blend the custard powder with a little cold milk; boil the remainder of the milk and pour over the blended custard powder. Return to the saucepan and boil; add the sugar. Cool slightly and pour over the rice. Decorate with nuts and angelica.

APPLE DELIGHT

½ pint apple puree, ½ gill apple juice, 1½ oz. castor sugar, ¼ pint Wheatsheaf evaporated milk, ¼ oz. gelatine, 2 oz. C.W.S. rice, ½ pint milk, 1 oz. sugar, ¼ pint C.W.S. lemon jelly.

Put the sugar, rice, and milk into a saucepan and cook slowly until thick and creamy. Cool. Dissolve the sugar and gelatine in the fruit juice. Whisk the evaporated milk until thick. Fold in the fruit juice and apple puree. Lastly, fold in the rice mixture and put into a glass dish to set. Make a ¼ pint C.W.S. lemon jelly and pour over the top. Allow to set thoroughly before serving.

APPLE CONDÉ

1 lb. apples, 2 oz. C.W.S. rice, 1 pint milk, 1 oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons water, 4 tablespoons C.W.S. raspberry jam.

Wash and core the apples, stuff with sugar or sultanas, and bake in a moderate oven until soft. Put the rice, sugar, and milk into a shallow dish and bake in a No. 4 or 375°F. oven until tender. When the apples are cooked, place on top of the rice pudding. Dissolve the gelatine in half the water and boil the jam with the rest. Strain the jam and add the gelatine. When this mixture is almost set, pour over the apples. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

BANANA SNOW

1 oz. C.W.S. rice, 1 oz. sugar, ½ pint milk, 1 egg yolk, 1 egg white, 1½ oz. castor sugar, 3 bananas.

Thoroughly mix together the rice, sugar, milk, and egg yolk. Pour into a greased pie dish and bake in a No. 3 (350°F.) oven for ¾–1 hour. Allow to cool and then half fill sundae glasses with the mixture. Whisk the egg white until stiff. Add the sugar and crushed bananas and whisk until stiff again. Place in rough heaps on top of the rice mixture and serve immediately.

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

TEA was once a medicine

By CECILY MORRISON

WHO dares to tell an Englishman how to make a cup of tea? The Tibetans, perhaps, for they drink 20 cups a day, all flavoured with yak butter. Or maybe you'd prefer the Moroccan brew of tea steeped with mint leaves; or even a dash of peppermint. Then there's the Korean method of sucking a raw egg between sips of tea.

You'd still rather have just plain sugar and milk? I think I agree with you. But remember that tea was once as precious in England as Scotch whisky is now, being smuggled into the country and sold on the black market at 60s. a pound. And all because Charles II married a Spanish queen.

Catherine of Braganza first popularised tea in England in 1662. And when, a century later, one Jonas Hanway remarked that men seemed to lose their stature and comeliness and women their beauty through drinking tea, it was well on the way to ousting coffee and becoming our national drink.

But tea was not always a beverage: it began as a medicine. Way back in Chinese history, tea was highly prized for its virtue of "relieving fatigue, delighting the soul, strengthening the will, and repairing the eyesight." It was an ingredient in the elixir of youth and because of its supposed digestive properties, tea was served after every one of the numerous courses at a meal. Not only was it taken as an internal dose; it was also applied externally as a paste to alleviate rheumatism.

To the natives of Burma and Siam, however, the importance of tea lies in its use as a food. In these countries, where tea trees grow wild, the softened leaves are mixed with salt, garlic, pig fat, and dried fish before being rolled into balls and swallowed. This everyday dish is transformed into a wedding luxury by stuffing the same mixture into the hollows of bamboo canes and burying them beneath the earth to ferment. Some native tribes prefer whipped tea, made by mixing the dried and ground leaves to a thick paste in a bowl, which is then passed round from hand to hand.

A medicine and a food to some, and a beverage to others, tea has still another use—as money. In China, brick tea money is almost as old as tea itself. As a form of currency it is easily interchangeable among the many different hill tribes, either for consumption or for further bartering, and unlike real money, its value remains stable. Brick tea is still used as money in parts of Tibet and China.

Apart from these everyday uses, tea had its influence on the social life of the early Chinese. Instead of money gifts for eminent services, Emperors bestowed gifts of rare teas, while little-known species of tea were sought and prized much as are orchids to-day. To be able to distinguish one specie of tea from another was a social asset which became a national craze. Competitions were held involving between 10 and 100 different teas, and to classify them all required the utmost delicacy of taste. So widespread did the craze become that attempts were made to stop it, but the game continued until quite recent times.

There are as many different ways of making tea as there are different species, and the first essential in making good tea, we are told, is to have best quality leaves. These according to Luwuh, a Chinese sage of the 8th century, must have "creases like the leather boot of a Tartar horseman, must curl like the dewlap of a mighty bullock, unfold like a mist rising out of a ravine, gleam like a lake touched by a zephyr, and be wet and soft like fine earth newly swept by rain." A high standard indeed. Even so, we do take our packet of tea rather too much for granted and the subtleties of its preparation before being packaged are apt to escape us.

Actually, a tea plant is a four-foot high evergreen shrub which, in season, bears beautiful white blossoms with yellow stamens, resembling wild roses. Each native picker gathers 30,000 leaves a day, 3,000 of which go to make a pound of tea. For fine leaf the bud and the next two leaves are plucked, for medium tea the third leaf is also taken, and for coarse tea four or more leaves are used. Then the leaves are withered on wire racks, before being rolled, fermented, and dried.

During its travels around the northern hemisphere, tea caused several upheavals and made its mark on history, notably in the events leading to the American War of Independence. But in Holland during the 1700's, tea drinking became a craze which ruined many homes and almost became a social menace.

Women would neglect their housework and families to take tea with their neighbours, drinking it out of the saucer with much audible sipping and sucking, as an expression of appreciation to their host. After 10 or 20 cups each—about a tablespoonful per cup—each guest was served with brandy and raisins, and after the brandy came tobacco pipes—for women smoked pipes in those days as well as men.

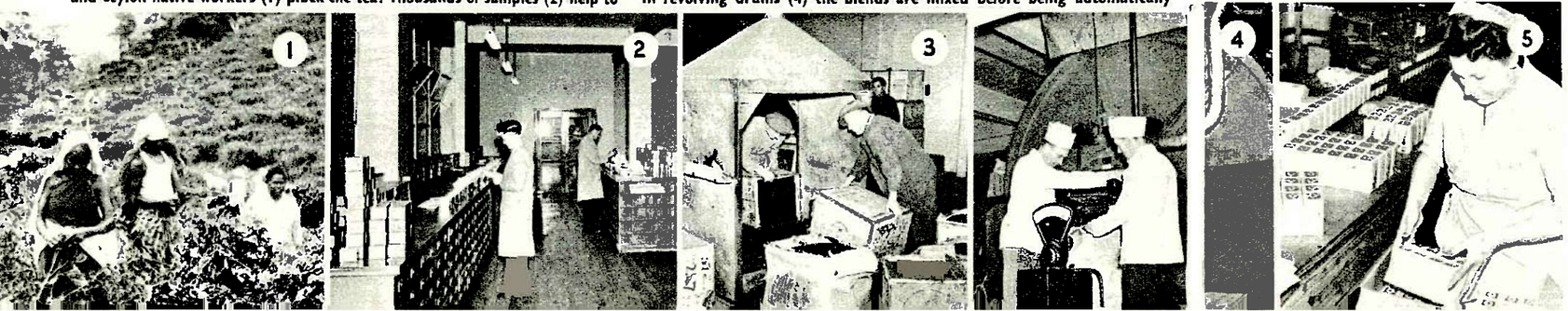
Not until the 1720's did tea-parties become popular in England, and when eventually they came into vogue there was a great scandal because the smart set served tea instead of ale for breakfast!

Judged by our present-day code of manners, several tea-drinking habits of that time were a little odd. For when a lady had sipped enough tea she laid her spoon across her cup or else tapped on the cup with her spoon until a gentleman relieved her of it. Stranger still was the habit of upturning the empty cup in the saucer—about which Sir Walter Besant in his "London in the 18th century" quotes a little rhyme—

Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what? Your cup
Turned in your saucer bottom up?
Dear me, how soon you've had your fill.

Could this have been the origin of the modern beer-drinking well-wisher's "Bottom's Up"? I wonder!

On the English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society's tea estates in India and Ceylon native workers (1) pluck the tea. Thousands of samples (2) help to make the E. & S. blends, and 15 to 20 different teas may go into one blending (3). In revolving drums (4) the blends are mixed before being automatically packeted ready for placing in the cartons (5) in which they reach your Co-op Shop



'Ware Forest Fires!

By ARTHUR TURNER

A CARELESSLY discarded match or cigarette end—and hundreds of young trees, which have taken ten years to grow, may be destroyed in half an hour! That's the threat which confronts our woodlands in summer, and against which the Forestry Commission is waging war.

During a single month in a recent year, nearly 5,700 acres of forest suffered destruction by fire in Scotland alone. Reckoning 1,500 trees to the acre, that means a loss of more than 8½ million trees and at least a ten-years' setback to the forestry programme in the area concerned.

It takes that length of time for a tree to grow to a height of only 10 feet, to say nothing of the expense and labour involved. Put in another way, the loss corresponded to an area roughly nine miles long and one mile broad.

As our forests, denuded for timber during the war, are being rebuilt, and new woodlands are being planted to make Britain more and more self-supporting, firefighting is now an important countryside activity. In various ways the Forestry Commission is gradually improving the protective measures.

This summer experiments are being made with radio-controlled firefighting vehicles, and more adapted gun carriers equipped with water tanks and pumps are being brought into use. More observation towers are going up, too, some of them over 60 feet high, from which a continual watch can be kept for the first sign of a blaze.

Linked by telephone to a central control point, the observers can quickly summon firefighting teams to check the flames in the early stages. Promptitude is one of the greatest aids to confining a forest blaze, for such a fire can spread with astonishing speed.

Fire has been known to sweep through a forest at the rate of a mile in less than 15 minutes! It travels not only by leaping from tree to tree, but also through the undergrowth.

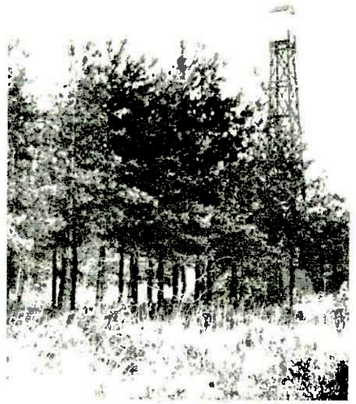
Fire usually destroys young trees immediately and completely, and passes quickly through a forest even where the grass and weeds are sparse, since all ground vegetation dries out and becomes inflammable at some season.

Experts point out that the summer months bring more forest fires simply because there are more people in the countryside then than at other times of year. The obvious inference is that carelessness is often the cause.

The Forestry Commission exonerates the true rambler, but indicts the careless motorist who throws a lighted match or cigarette end from his car, and the picnicker who lights a fire or stove too near trees or fails to put the camp fire out before leaving the site. Many costly forest conflagrations, in fact, begin outside the forest proper, and spread to the trees *via* the grass or heather.

General measures to prevent the swift extension of a blaze in the forest, and to limit the damage, include the making of "fire rides" or wide lanes across which the flames are unlikely to go, thus restricting the fire to the section in which it occurs.

Besoms are stacked at strategic points—



[Forestry Commission photo.

State forests are watched over from tall observation towers such as this. Fire-fighting vehicles are kept ready for immediate action

and they are for public use as well as for firefighting by forestry employees. If you see a forest fire, your duty is first to send somebody to report it quickly by telephone and then to tackle it yourself with the brooms until help arrives.

Many a big blaze could have been put out before it caused much damage if it had been fought as soon as it was seen. The observers in their towers can detect the early wisps of smoke, and by taking angle readings they are able to determine the position of the fire, but even in motor vehicles it takes the firefighting teams vital minutes to reach the spot.

If no brooms are at hand, a green branch torn from a nearby tree makes a good substitute. The flames should be fought from the flanks and the blaze worked towards a fire ride or ditch. A car fire extinguisher is unlikely to be of much use, unless the fire is a very small one and is caught before it really catches hold.

Some of our State forests are patrolled, as well as watched over from tall observation towers, and although statistics reveal that the greatest single cause of forest fires is the railway locomotive, with more and more cars on the roads to-day, and more people going into the countryside, a great responsibility rests with the public.

A large proportion of the fires arise through thoughtlessness by just one individual in each case. Most of the conflagrations start with just one match or one cigarette. An interesting point is that there is no evidence that fires are caused by the sun's rays focusing through discarded bottles.

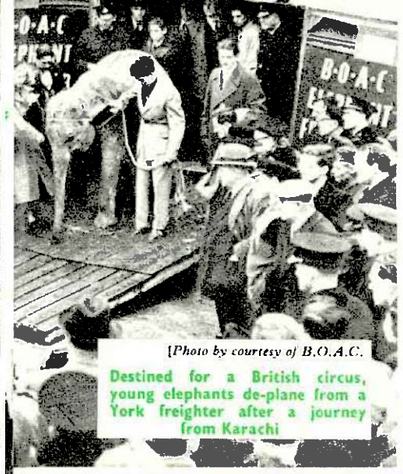
Hints for fighting a forest blaze include the advice that, when the heat is intense, short rushes by several persons together are often more effective than individual attacks. Wet sacks will be found very useful, but if water is not handy, beating out is the only satisfactory way.

In a recent five-year period, no fewer than 5,614 separate fires, causing damage to the tune of over £100,000, were reported in the Commission's forests—and those State properties do not cover as big a total area as our privately owned ones!

The need for caution by all who go into the countryside this holiday season cannot be too strongly emphasised. For many years we shall need all the timber we can grow, and the preservation of our forests from the fire bogey is imperative. A thoughtless act may undo years of painstaking work, destroying trees which can be replaced only by further protracted efforts.

[Forestry Commission photo.

By day the forest fire can be a tragic and awe-inspiring sight. By night the frightening effect is heightened by the surrounding darkness. The Forestry Commission's notice board is thrown into ironic prominence by the flames



[Photo by courtesy of B.O.A.C.

Destined for a British circus, young elephants de-plane from a York freighter after a journey from Karachi

Noah's Ark has wings

By T. S. DOUGLAS

FLYING puts so much less strain on an animal than a train and sea journey that millions of birds, beasts, and fishes now travel by air every year. In fact the number of animal passengers is now probably nearly as large as the number of human passengers. When I visited the animal "waiting room" at Schipol, Amsterdam's airport, recently, Mr. A. R. Todd, the Chief Animal Steward, told me he sometimes had five or six thousand canaries through the "hotel" in a couple of days, and that he had handled more than three million birds, not to mention every other kind of animal from elephants to mice.

Amsterdam, as a "Clapham Junction" of the air, perhaps handles an exceptional number of animal air passengers, but London Airport has a fine hotel for animals and in a recent year B.O.A.C. freighters alone handled well over half-a-million animals, birds, and fish.

Experience has shown how to make every kind of animal passenger comfortable and the airlines take no less trouble with their animal passengers than with their human ones. Before a flight the captain of the aircraft will discuss his flight plan with the steward who is an expert on animal passengers and may modify it to meet the needs of particular animals. Great care is taken to avoid bumpy conditions which might upset the animals or flying at heights which would cause them distress.

The maximum comfortable height varies for different animals. Perhaps curiously, birds are likely to be the first affected by height. Birds are apt to lose their sense of balance over 11,000 feet. One of the curious facts that has been discovered is that the eagle, which soars majestically in the heights, begins to suffer from reduced pressure earlier than day-old chicks.

Generally speaking conditions that suit human passengers suit animal passengers but racehorses, which are now frequent air passengers, can travel to greater heights without discomfort, presumably because of their greater lung capacity. The effect of a slightly diminished oxygen supply has proved useful on occasions. A full-grown elephant can be a danger if it becomes excited in a plane. If the plane goes up to 12,000 feet the effect is to quieten him in half-an-hour. But Mr. Todd told me he accidentally discovered a simple method of keeping an elephant still in the air. If a chicken is put near the elephant's foot, he will stay quite still for fear of trampling on it!

Experience has shown the best ways of crating different animals for air travel and even of allotting them their "seats." For instance, if an elephant and a tiger are carried in the same plane, care is taken to put the elephant well in the nose and the tiger in the rear. There is then no chance of the elephant scenting the tiger and becoming excited.

Monkeys like to travel in a crowd. They become miserable alone, but are quite happy if they can get together. Snakes need crates that are well padded to avoid risk of bumping their heads or damaging their skins. Any cage containing a pheasant must be kept covered on top or the birds may see the sky and "take off," injuring themselves against the netting. Horses are very good passengers as a rule. The "Houdinis" of the animal world seem to be bears and pigs. They are surprisingly strong and have an uncanny gift of detecting the slightest weakness in a crate or cage.

[Photos by courtesy of B.O.A.C.

A B.O.A.C. stewardess weighs two lion cubs before they are flown to a zoo in North America. Right: the baby chimpanzee was well wrapped up for his journey from West Africa

Every animal passenger's "ticket" has spaces for the owner to give instructions about meals en route and what to do if the animal escapes. The instructions on the latter subject are not always helpful. I saw one for a python which said that in the event of the reptile escaping it should be caught and put back in the cage! In fact, escapes are comparatively rare. They are commonest with monkeys and generally end happily with the animal being lured back with a banana or other food.

A great number of dogs and a fair number of cats now cross the Atlantic by air. The reason is chiefly that Americans serving in Europe cannot resist acquiring pets and naturally take them back when their tour of duty ends. At Amsterdam I saw half-a-dozen of these dogs waiting for their planes. Their owners had obviously taken great pains to ensure they would travel comfortably, with specially-made kennels, their name in large letters on the outside so that the steward could address them properly, and instructions about feeding, the food sometimes being attached. While waiting, the dogs are taken out on the lead for a walk every hour or two.

The most feared passenger is fortunately a rare one—the black leopard. Zoos find this the most dangerous animal and it has a nasty habit of crouching at the back of the crate and then suddenly leaping forward without warning. Some time ago a leopard got loose in an aeroplane as it landed at Tripoli. The steward got out, but to save the lives of the other animal passengers, the leopard had to be shot. Such incidents, and deaths from natural causes during flights, are quite exceptional, and far fewer than those expected on long sea journeys, when feeding the animals is a problem. Any death, whatever the cause, is the subject of an "inquest."

Journey's end for a pedigree Friesian calf after travelling to his new home in an Auster Autocrat

What strikes you most when talking to the men who look after animal passengers is their love of animals and the trouble and imagination they use to make them comfortable. There is a classic story of a B.O.A.C. animal steward whose passengers included a bulldog being flown as a present to the Chairman of the Corporation. The aircraft was high over the Atlantic when he noticed the bulldog was having difficulty in breathing. The steward decided to give him oxygen, but the bulldog did not get the idea. So the steward crawled into the oxygen tent with him and showed how it was done, staying with him on the floor until he was all right again!

Stars may come and stars may go, but "Matty" goes on for ever. Here the ever-youthful 85-year-old actor is seen in his latest stage hit, "The Manor of Northstead," which casts him as the Earl of Lister

Marvellous 'Matty'

By DONALD McFADDEN

SHOW business may never again see the like of colourful, lovable Albert Edward Matthews, O.B.E. —"Matty" as he is universally known. As a star he has reigned longer than any other living actor. Matty made his acting debut as long ago as 1886, was a rising young player of the Naughty Nineties, a top-ranking star, famous on both sides of the Atlantic, in the glittering Edwardian era, and is to-day still famous, a living legend in the magical world of make-believe his talents have so greatly enriched.

Matty's career statistics are phenomenal. Next year sees this artiste with the ageless charm completing 70 years on the stage—55 of them as a star. He has 30,119 stage performances to his credit—a theatrical endurance record which may well stand for all time. He has played opposite a glittering host of over 500 leading ladies, has crossed the Atlantic 26 times to star on Broadway, and seven times has known the thrill of being with a play for over a thousand performances.

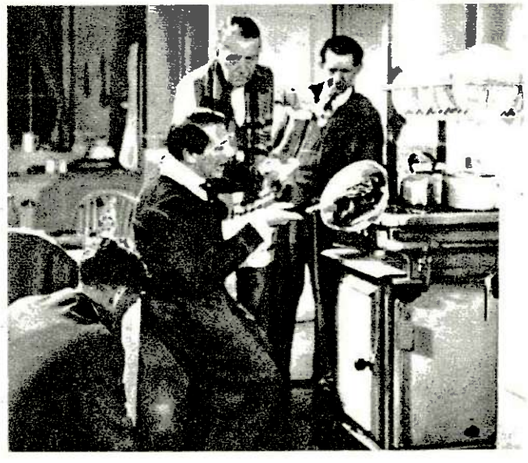
During his long career Matty has earned over £800,000, but he is not a rich man. He has always believed in enjoying every moment of his life and it has cost him a great deal of money.

Even at 85 there is no holding him back. In recent months he has found fresh fame on television and scored one of his most resounding stage triumphs in the longest part of his career, as the Earl of Lister in *The Manor of Northstead*.

Matty will never retire. He is determined to die in harness. Acting is his whole life. Cut off from the bright lights he would pine away in a week.

How does he do it at 85? Matty has been blessed with a particularly tough constitution and his blueprint for a long and happy life is plenty of riding and walking, a keen sense of humour, and a dogged determination never to worry. He has only one remaining ambition—to ride in the Grand National: but no-one will take him seriously.

His most treasured memories? As a young man riding in Rotten Row with Lord Roberts and bearded Irish politician Sir Roger Casement, later executed for treason . . . tea-ing with the breath-takingly beautiful Lily Langtry . . . at Southampton, seeing friends off to Jamaica, having one farewell toast too many, and waking up horrified to find himself on the high seas when he should have been rehearsing for his first big (£6 a week) stage break . . . the time when King Edward VII told him: "Matthews, you always remind me of Lord Rosebery as a young man," so Matty decided to specialise in playing members of the nobility (he is tremendously proud of a gold cigarette case presented to him by the late King) . . . touring Australia 50 years ago and spending £50 a week (salary £5, racing winnings *Forty-five Pounds*) which he kept up for three years! . . . the stream of 107 letters from Barrie, not one word of whose spidery scrawl he has ever been able to decipher ('What have I missed?') . . . trying to comfort a very unhappy Private Gerald du Maurier, hounded night and day by a bullying army sergeant in World War I . . .



You can still learn at 85! Director John Paddy Carstairs shows veteran star A. E. Matthews exactly how he wants him to upset a pan of kippers for an amusing kitchen scene in the film "Made in Heaven"

his excited whisper, "Lynn, will you marry me?" to lovely Miss Fontanne in a New York taxi, blissfully unaware that she would be Alfred Lunt's wife in 48 hours . . . the tremendous thrill he got one evening, looking from the stage of the Duchess Theatre towards the darkened auditorium—one man alone with a million memories. Now he was starring in "The Chiltern Hundreds," his greatest success, and 60 years before he had been a humble callboy in this very theatre . . . his 80th birthday party in New York when there were over 300 guests and Lynn Fontanne presented him with a very special book—"Curtain Call for A. E. Matthews," its pages signed by every show business notable in New York . . . winning a gold Oscar for being the London stage's best-dressed actor of 1953, although he had not bought any new clothes for 35 years!

The most hilarious moment of Matty's life came when, in New York, he was invited to sing the praises of a breakfast cereal over the air. It was the chance Matty had been waiting years for. Before the microphone he proceeded to make radio history (of a sort) to the horror of the assembled executives.

"Why does everyone over 21 in New York look half dead?" he asked the listening millions. "I'll tell you why. They eat ——, the lightning route to the grave. Why, I wouldn't feed it to my pigs . . .!" Matty said no more. Half-a-dozen men made a grab for him, carried him bodily from the studio, and dropped the protesting star on the sidewalk to cool off. But the breakfast cereal firm did not go bankrupt. The amazing sequel was that the company received hundreds of letters from all over America praising Matty's "refreshing radio technique"; the sales of the cereal doubled overnight; and the delighted president offered Matty a long-term contract, which the grand old star promptly declined.

Work in the Vegetable Garden

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

THIS is the time of the year when peas so often get mildew. This is a disease which invariably occurs when the leaves are flaccid and much can be done to prevent this trouble by watering the rows thoroughly, following a good flooding with a mulching of compost or sedge peat. If the disease has already broken out, dust the rows thoroughly with fine sulphur dust, applied with one of the modern hand blowers. This gives better results than using the rather coarser flowers of sulphur.

Thrips have a habit of attacking peas at this season also. They cause the pods to become silvery and may prevent the flowers from setting at all. In bad cases the young growths may be distorted. Spraying the rows with nicotine (1 oz. of liquid nicotine to 10 gallons of water) is one method of control, but latterly I have found a good soaking with a D.D.T. spray is even better. Even syringing the rows thoroughly with clean water is better than nothing, and those who hate using insecticides should certainly do this.

As ground becomes available various kinds of broccoli may be planted out; preferably the later cropping types such as Late Purple Sprouting, April Queen, Late Queen, and Knight's Protecting. Give them plenty of room; the rows should be 2 ft. 6 in. apart and the plants 2 ft. apart in the rows. See that the ground is firmed well, for in the case of the hearting broccoli, loose soil is apt to produce loose curds. Try to do the planting without a watering in, because if this is done at the start, heavy waterings are usually necessary subsequently. It is better to reduce the size of the leaves by half, thus reducing transpiration.

With French beans and runner beans, all the pods should be harvested directly they are ready, and preferably on the young side. As a result, further beans will be produced and a much heavier total crop result. It is often necessary to water regularly, particularly the runner beans, and to syringe the plants over with clean water at night time. The rows can be mulched with lawn mowings or compost and, if the plants have reached the top of the poles, they may be stopped. If it is necessary to pick a number of pods that cannot be used at one time, they may be kept fresh for several days if their stem ends are put into a little water in a jar or bowl.

At this time of the year, too, Brussels sprouts are often attacked by the mealy aphis or blue bug. It will help matters considerably if the large yellowing leaves are removed close to the stem and this may be followed by a really good spraying with one of the best types of liquid derris. Direct the nozzle of the sprayer underneath the leaves where the pests may be lurking and spray again five days later so as to catch any bugs that may have hatched out since the first application. Don't wait until the attack is severe; catch the first few "stem mothers" now.

Spring greens are much liked and in addition to spring cabbage that may have been sown in July, a sowing of Ellam's Early Dwarf or Wheeler's Imperial may be made where the plants are to grow. No attempt should be made at transplanting. Choose a strip of land from which potatoes or peas have been recently harvested; tread it and rake it level; then sow the seed thinly, aiming to have no seed nearer than 1 in. from the next. The plants are then allowed to grow and the cabbages are cut as greens in the spring long before they can attempt to heart.

YOUR FRUIT GARDEN

CONTINUE to take off the best runners from the strawberry plants which are disease free, and set these out in their cropping position. It helps tremendously if the ground can be covered with sedge peat, because then the runners root quickly and well. Furthermore, the root system is encouraged by the fine organic matter and the plants do not seem to get any setback when they are planted out. If the weather is dry, see that the peat is damped well before it is put down.

Be prepared to protect the ripening fruit on the walls from birds. One way of doing this is to hang fish netting in front of them. Another more effective method is to pop a little bag of butter muslin over each fruit and tie the "mouth" on to the spur. Paper bags will do instead, and finely perforated cellophane bags have also been used with success. The advantage of these bags, of course, is that they prevent wasps from doing any damage, and do not stop the fruits from ripening properly.

No one could possibly have anything to say against cutting down all the old raspberry canes to ground level. Be sure to cut low down so as not to leave a "snag" which may be a breeding place for disease or harbour for pests. It may be necessary to remove some of the younger canes at the same time if there is likely to be an excessive number. About six strong canes per clump is ample. Varieties like Malling Promise, particularly in the first year or two, always throw far more canes than are needed.

Some people like to carry out their blackcurrant pruning at this time of the year. If you are to prune this month, remember to cut out the bulk of the old wood, leaving the current year's growth to crop in 1956.

For the JUNIORS

Boys! you can meet STANLEY MATTHEWS

This is the FIRST PRIZE which will be awarded to SIX winners of a grand new Football Competition

A FREE trip to Blackpool to meet Stanley Matthews and be his guest at a match, with a seat in the stands

What you have to do :

Pick the top 12 clubs of the First division of the League as you think they will stand on 1st January, 1956

NOTE :—The first six correct or nearest correct entries opened by the judges will be the First Prize winners. The six next best will receive a consolation prize of a Stanley Matthews Football

When you buy a pair of the famous Stanley Matthews Football Boots at your local Co-operative Society you will receive an Entry Form for this grand competition. You will also receive a badge which makes you a member of the Stanley Matthews Fan Club

CLOSING DATE 31st OCTOBER

PUZZLE CORNER

1. Which Word?

Can you insert a three-letter word (the same word in every case) in each of the groups of letters below so that they form words which have the meanings given ?

DESCH—send away.
IMIENT—unable to wait calmly.
ELLA—knee-cap.
EXRIATE—banish.
CH mend by putting in a piece.

2. Dear, Dear

Using the letters ADEFGILNPR as often as necessary, find four six-letter words ending in INE whose initials spell the word DEAR.

3. How Many Marbles?

Tom, Dick, and Harry each had a number of marbles. Dick won two from Harry, and then all three had the same number. Dick then lost three to Tom and three to Harry; then Tom and Harry each had four times as many as Dick. How many did each have to start with ?

4. Odd Man Out

In each group of words below, three have something in common which the other hasn't got. Can you spot the odd men out ?
(a) Saxophone, trumpet, bugle, violin.
(b) Orange, apple, grapefruit, lemon.
(c) Yellow, green, red, blue.
(d) Automobile, cycle, sleigh, motor cycle.

This Month's Competition FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW MANY WORDS FROM

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

Take all the letters in the words AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY and see how many new words you can make with them. You need not use all the letters at once, and where a letter occurs two or three times, you may use it that number of times in any of your words.

TWO GRAND PRIZES

The Editor offers two grand prizes for the longest lists received: a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the under-nines and a FINE STORY BOOK for competitors aged nine or over. Read the following rules carefully before writing out your entry:

1. You must prepare the list of words without assistance.
2. Write the words down in alphabetical order.
3. Give your full name, age, and address.
4. Post to the Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., P.O. Box 53, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4 (put 2½d. stamp on the envelope).

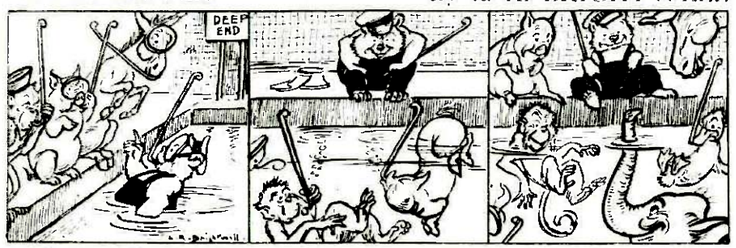
June Competition Winners

PHILIPPA OKE
9 Dunchurch Road, Knotty Ash, Liverpool 14

CAROL ANN BURTCHETT
48 Audley Road, Hendon, London, N.W.4

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL



"Now, boys, before we use the Aqualung we start off with the breathing tube or Schnorkle because you snort through it!"

"All set Then in we go!"

"Oh, dear If only we all had our own home-grown Schnorkles like Jumbo!"

You can't start looking for sunken galleons right away there's a lot of schooling for the Frog-man first.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

1. Despatch, impatient, patella, expatriate, patch. 2. Define, engine, alpine, refine. 3. Tom had 9, Dick 7, and Harry 11. 4. Violin, apple, green, sleigh.

FOOT NOTES

Styles which meet every demand for Fashion Appeal and Comfort, at keenest prices

The best in Men's and Children's Footwear too!

W2691—Black suede kid Court. Grosgrain relief, leather sole, Louis heel, **43/6**

Gay **GADABOUTS**

to set *your feet a-roamin'*

Exciting styles—exciting colours—lovely Wheatsheaf Casuals for the modern fashion lover

W2626—Cornfield Gold cross strap Casual. Crepe sole and heel. Also in tan. **34/6**

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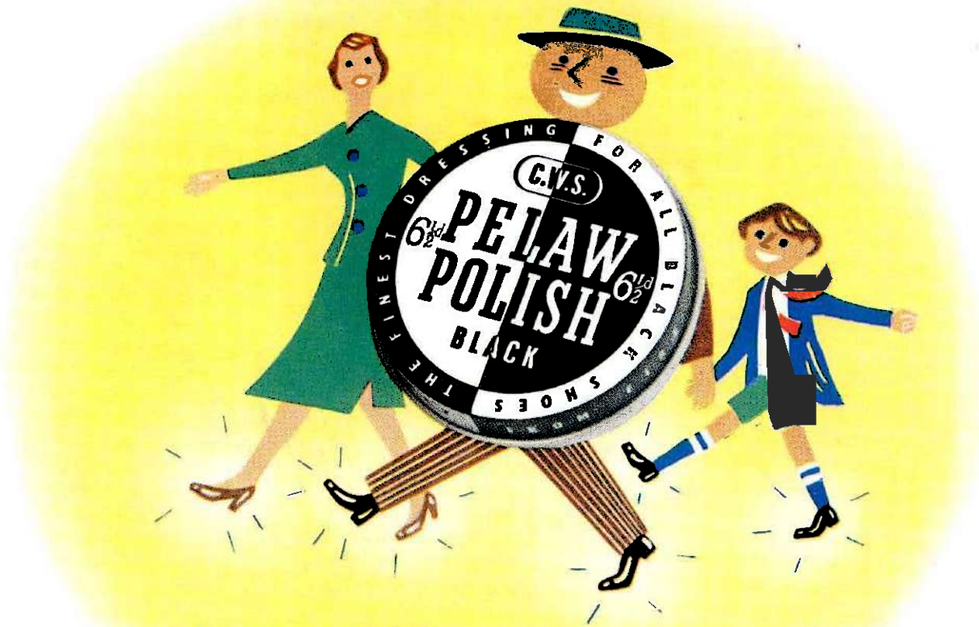
FOOTWEAR DEPARTMENT



Smart folk step out in PELAW polished shoes

PELAW POLISH gives to shoes the brightest, quickest shine with a sparkling sunny brilliance that lasts longer. No need to wonder why sales of C.W.S. PELAW SHOE POLISH have increased by 70 per cent in the last 12 months. More and more Co-operative customers have proved PELAW POLISH protects and preserves the family footwear, and so will you—because C.W.S. PELAW SHOE POLISH saves your shoes, saves your money, and you get a mighty fine shine indeed!

Large Tins 6½D

BLACK, BROWN, OX BLOOD, LIGHT & DARK TAN.

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THE POLISH WITH THE SUN IN ITS SHINE!

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