Home

JUNE 1956

MAGAZINE

SPANISH FÊTE by John Frederick Lewis

By Courtesy of the Bristol City Art Gallery

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

OUR FRONT COVER

The life of John Frederick Lewis, R.A., painter of this month's front cover, was one of early success and continued achievement. Son of a London engraver, his first picture was publicly exhibited in 1820 when he was only fifteen. And, in the following year, one of his paintings was hung in the Royal Academy.

Originally an animal painter, he earned the title of "Spanish" Lewis for the colourful pictures which followed his visit to Spain as a young man of 27. He left Spain before he was 30 with a portfolio of street scenes, bull fights, church interiors, and incidents from the Carlist war for which he was to receive great approbation at home.

Our front cover, a water colour entitled SPANISH FETE, was given to the City Art Gallery, Bristol, by Mr. Melville Wills in 1931. It came from the Ruskin Collection and was hung at the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition in 1891, prior to exhibition in the Royal Academy.

After the Spanish phase, Lewis sailed for the Middle East. He made his home in the Arab quarter of Cairo and there (according to his friend, Thackeray, who visited him) he lived in complete oriental fashion. His greatest love, however, was to journey out into the desert and there to live a tented existence under the stars.

This was the oriental period in which his paintings combined his masterly draughtsmanship with a fine feeling for light, colour, and shade. They raised his reputation to its highest point. He was elected President of the Royal Watercolour Society in 1856. Turning to oil painting on his favourite Eastern ground, he became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1859 and a full member six years later.

His paintings of Arab life were at that time a novelty in art. Among the greatest of them was "The Hareem," "Camels and Bedouin," "The Well in the Desert," and "A Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai."

John Frederick Lewis died at Walton-on-Thames, at the age of 71, in 1876. His life's work had certainly returned the confidence his father had originally shown in him. To the boy John it was his father who had said: "You can be a painter if you exhibit and sell a picture." At the height of his fame Lewis was concerned not with finding a buyer for his pictures but a buyer at the right price. And it was because oil painting paid off better than water colours that, relatively later in life, he changed over from one to the other.

Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

VOLUME 61 No. 5 JUNE, 1956

As mentioned in another page, this issue of the *Co-operative Home Magazine*, formerly the *Wheatsheaf*, completes the sixtieth year of publication of this C.W.S. journal.

Browsing through the first few editions of 1896 one is specially impressed by the full page advertisements of C.W.S. productions. To the modern publicity expert, their lack of attractive display, their often quaint wording, and the multiplicity of printers' types, fancy rules, etc., may be amusing.

But those simple, honest descriptions of goods made to meet the daily needs of the growing army of co-operative members conjure up a picture of the days which, for the rich, may have been "the gay nineties," but for the poor, often meant dire hardship and destitution.

Sometimes one hears the argument that working folk were "better off" in those days because of the low cost of living, compared with the inflationary prices of to-day. The tragically low wages, the frequent incidence of unemployment, the exploitation of workers who dare not jeopardise themselves and their families by fighting for more equitable conditions, are all forgotten.

Few people to-day have to measure their weekly shopping list in pennies, or save up, possibly for months, to buy a pair of shoes. Well within living memory there were men working ten or twelve hours a day at a hand-operated forge for less than a pound a week. Women toiled in their own homes on such strenuous and highly skilled work as file-cutting, or burnishing silver ware, for a few shillings a week. Girls made expensive dresses for "society ladies" for eight to twelve shillings a week.

Of course, there were no cinemas, no radio or television. In any case, they would have been beyond reach. A working man owning his own eight or ten horse-power car, had there been such a thing, would have been a vain dream.

In those days the "common people" were indoctrinated with such virtuous epigrams as "we must be thankful for small mercies," "hard work never killed anybody," or "never be discontented with your lot."

Yet strange to say, although there must have been few homes which, at one time or another, had not felt the pinch of distressful conditions, most people took their pleasures gladly. Music halls, beer, and tobacco were cheap. Public houses gradually were becoming larger and brighter, as electric light came more and more into common use. Football was becoming a popular national game, and professionalism was emerging not without its initial problems. They were rough, boisterous times, but with the resilience of the British race the "working classes" were always ready to forget their troubles and make the most of their all too scanty leisure.

Yes, life in the nineties was a peculiar mixture of drabness and gaiety. Often within a stone's-throw of squalid slums was another world of luxury and pleasure peopled by the wealthy who considered themselves a race apart. But it was in that typically Victorian era that the main foundations of a more enlightened, more progressive state of society were laid.

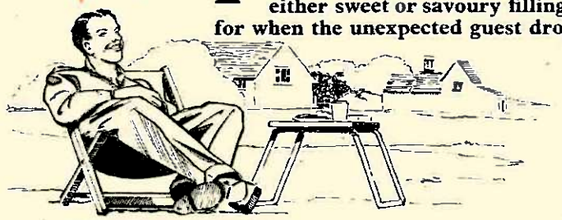
THE EDITOR

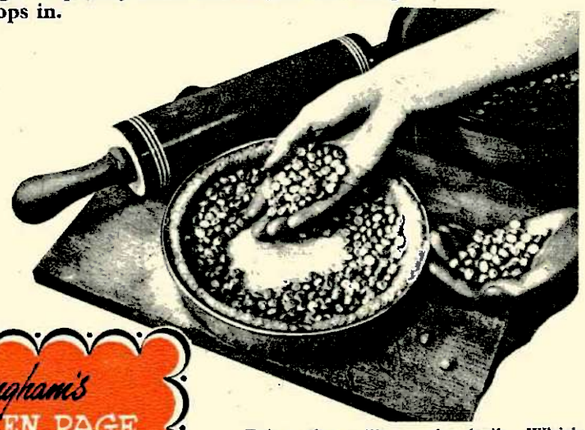
THIS ENGLAND . . .

Thatched roofs, white-washed walls, and half-timbered construction make these cottages surrounding the village green of Welford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, a lovely sight.

Summer Sweets & Savouries

FOR satisfying summer sweets or savouries, bake a batch of pastry flan cases, store in airtight tins, and fill just when required with either sweet or savoury fillings. A quickly-filled flan is just the thing for when the unexpected guest drops in.





Mary Langham's KITCHEN PAGE

FOR THE FLAN CASES

4 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 2½ oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 teaspoonful fine sugar (omitted if for savouries), 1 egg yolk mixed with a spoonful or two of cold water.

Rub the fat into the sieved flour and add the sugar to the egg yolk and water. Add sufficient liquid to give a pliable paste. Roll out and carefully line a flan ring, keeping a good edge. Line with greased greaseproof and fill with beans to keep a good shape. Bake 20–25 minutes, Mark 6 or 400° F. Remove the paper and beans and put back into the oven for a few minutes. Remove the ring. Place flan case on a cooling tray. Fill as required.

MARSHMALLOW APPLE FLAN

1 flan case, 1 lb. cooking apples, 2 oz. C.W.S. ground almonds, 2 tablespoons C.W.S. apricot jam, 1 packet marshmallows.

Cook the apples gently, rub through a sieve, and sweeten to taste. Mix in the almonds and jam. Pour into the flan case, cover the top with mashmallows, and place under the grill. Grill gently until the marshmallows are lightly browned.

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 a stamped addressed envelope

NORFOLK TREACLE TART

1 flan case, 5 oz. golden syrup, piece of butter the size of a walnut, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, grated rind of half lemon.

Warm the syrup and butter together. Beat the egg and cream together and pour on the warm syrup. Add the lemon rind. Pour the mixture into the flan case and slide carefully into the oven. Bake 20–30 minutes, Mark 6 or 400 F., until well browned and firm to the touch.

APRICOT FLAN

1 flan case, 1 large tin halved apricots (or any fresh, canned, or bottled fruit), 2 flat teaspoons C.W.S. arrowroot, ¼ pint fruit juice.

Strain the juice from the apricots. Arrange apricots carefully in the flan case. Blend the arrowroot with the juice, bring to the boil, and cook until clear (about 2 minutes). Allow to cool and carefully coat the apricots. Leave to go cold. Decorate with cream.

PEACH BOURDALOU FLAN

1 pastry case, 4 peaches, flaked almonds, icing sugar.

Pastry Cream: ½ pint milk, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. C.W.S. cornflour, 2 egg yolks, vanilla essence.

Bring the milk to the boil. Whisk the egg yolks and sugar together, add the essence, and stir in the cornflour. Gradually add the milk. Return to the pan and cook until the mixture thickens. Half fill the pastry case with half the pastry cream, arrange the halved skinned peaches on top, and cover with pastry cream. Sprinkle with flaked almonds. Dredge with icing sugar. Brown under the grill. Serve cold.

TOURTE PAYSANNE

1 flan case, 4 oz. smoked bacon, 2 oz. grated cheddar cheese, 2 turkey eggs (hen eggs will do), 2 cups milk, salt, pepper, nutmeg, herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped boiled onions.

Place the chopped bacon in the base of the flan case. Cover with the grated cheese. Whisk the eggs and milk together, and season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Flavour with the onion. Pour into the flan case. Bake approximately 25 minutes, Mark 6 or 400° F., until nicely browned and set.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE FLAN

1 flan case, ¼ pint white sauce, 2 oz. grated cheese, mixture of cooked vegetables, parsley.

Mix the sauce with most of the vegetables and cheese and pour into the flan case. Garnish with the remaining vegetables and grill until brown. Serve hot or cold, garnished with parsley.

Step up for Nursery Schools

the demand

Says LOUIS LANCASTER

IN Belgium five out of six children attend nursery schools. In France over half the children attend nursery schools. And in Britain? Not more than two out of every hundred children, between two and five years old, attend nursery schools or classes. This is little more than before the war. Even in 1902, sixteen years before the Education Act which first empowered Local Education Authorities to make educational provision for children from two to five, the infant schools were taking them in. In fact, at the turn of the century, nearly half the children in infant schools were between the ages of three and five.

This was not special nursery school education. It did show, however, that the community recognised the need for tiny tot classes. Now a parent is lucky indeed if she can get her child into the infant school before the age of five. This is because school building has not kept pace with the pressure of the birth rate.

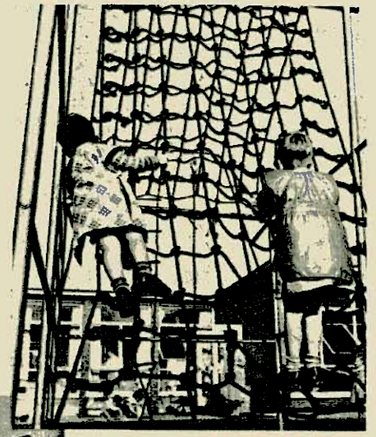
As for the nursery schools, the post-war restrictions on capital expenditure have forced them to the back of the priorities queue. Many people may not be aware that this is an evasion of the 1944 Education Act.

Let us, for a moment, recall the words of the Act: "It shall be the duty of every Local Education Authority to secure that there shall be available for their area sufficient schools . . . in particular have regard . . . to the need for securing that provision is made for pupils who have not attained the age of five years by the provision of nursery schools, or where the authority considers the provision of such schools to be inexpedient, by the provision of nursery classes in other schools."

Group activities help the children to conquer their inhibitions and are particularly helpful to the only child

So, from 1918 the position was that Local Education Authorities could build nursery schools if they wished and from 1944 it was compulsory for them to do so. And the two out of a hundred children attending nursery schools? That is the measure of Government restrictions on implementing the nursery school portion of the Act.

Of course new nursery schools have been built. In a few years Lancashire opened twenty fully-equipped nursery schools. Many Education Authorities can report that they have built one or two. London's first post-war effort, the Elizabeth Lansbury School, was erected as a by-product of the Festival of Britain. Its capital cost, according to an L.C.C official, worked out at something like £192 per place.



Activities such as this provide healthy exercise and encourage a spirit of adventure

Left: The toddlers learn to be tidy. Each child's cupboard is easily identified by means of a simple picture

The schools that have been built are, however, like drops of water in an ocean of indifference. The 98 children out of a hundred, for whom there is no nursery school provision, are playing out their young lives in home, backyard, and street without the benefits which were promised long before they were born.

What does the nursery school seek to do? Some of you may think that it seeks to take the place of the home. Nothing could be further from the truth. The nursery school aims to supplement the home and to increase the happiness of both child and family. As one mother said, "I am so much better with children when somebody else has them for a few hours each day. I do not get so irritated." This mother can now enjoy the presence of her children before and after school and, while she carries on with her housework, she knows that they are safe in the hands of a teacher. A child needs more than anything a mother who is not jaded—with a foot in the adult world outside as well as her domestic and maternal contacts at home. A speaker at a nursery schools conference summed up the point with these words: "It is a dreadful idea that a child has got to be stuck to its mother for twenty-four hours a day: that idea has received its death blow to-day, and I am very glad."

At a nursery school the theme is "education through play." A child develops through play and the nursery school is planned to encourage such activity. In the company of other children—from whom they learn the

give and take of society—nursery school children are able to explore all the adjuncts to play which few normal homes could hope to provide. Sand, water, buckets, and spades are there in abundance. So are the building blocks and climbing frames with which children can test skill of eye, hand, and limb. The little mother is given her doll, clothes, pram, and bath and a play-house in which to be "at home." The boy fashions his clay and plasticine and takes a delight in hammering nails into a varied assortment of woods. Both boy and girl are able to take up their artist's brushes and indulge in the wild dreams of gaily-coloured imaginations.

Above all a nursery school child is under regular medical supervision. In the open air for most of the day, good health is made a major objective of the programme. And the mid-day meal, the orange juice, the cod liver oil, and the mid-morning milk are designed to improve the physique of the child. The after-dinner rest, under supervision, is another factor which helps to insulate the nursery school child from the ills of later life.

At the nursery school they learn to sing and rhyme, to dance and to beat the drums and tambourines. They listen to stories and, wiser with the telling, start to repeat them over and over again. The freedom of the nursery school helps them in this way to conquer their inhibitions and encourages them to take the lead.

Only in a nursery school can the children from some homes play in safety. Only in the nursery school can the children from poor homes play with brightly-coloured toys. Only in the nursery school can some children from an otherwise good home learn self-control, and enjoy happiness and friendliness with other children. The only child, surrounded by an adult world, and the child of fecund parents, with only a proportion of parental love for himself, would gain contentment in the the nursery school. And whatever the circumstances of the child he needs a mother who is in love with her role.

For many responsible women, pursuing a desire for financial independence, the betterment of her family standard of living, or the need for adult companionship, the desire to go out to work is paramount. For other, educated and intelligent women, the desire to pursue a career is a spur to personal (and therefore family) happiness and, indeed, a positive benefit to the community at large. If the nursery school enables them to follow their bents, it means that more mothers and children are linked to each other within the warmth of a family hearth that is not bestrewn with the aching bitterness of motherly "might have beens."

For those men, and women, too, who regard the mother at work as a temporary intrusion, it is, perhaps, necessary to remind them that Britain possesses an aging population. One out of seven are 65 to-day; in thirty years' time the proportion will be one out of four. It will be absolutely necessary for young mothers to do paid work in order to provide the goods and services which those who are beyond working age will consume. Here again nursery schools will have to play a major part.

While nursery schools help in this way it must never be forgotten that their purpose is educational. They are not day nurseries—which directly owe their existence to the needs of working mothers. The nursery school is free to the children of all mothers, whether they work in the home or do paid work outside.

Parents can make their influence felt on councillors and M.Ps. If the pressure of a large volume of public opinion is applied, something good will surely come out of it. The demand should be for new nursery schools in the post-war housing areas and for the wide-spread development of nursery classes in all the infant schools.

Use WAVECREST Knitting 4 Ply wool for this SLEEVELESS PULLOVER for Summer Occasions

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles cast on 132 sts. Work k.1, p.1, rib for 3½ ins. Next row: rib 3 (inc. in next st., rib 5) 21 times, inc. in next st. rib to end. (154 sts.)

Change to No. 9 needles, and proceed in cable patt. as follows:—

1st row: k.1, ** k.8, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. k.9. 2nd row: p.1, ** p.8, k.8, rep. from ** to last 9sts. p.9. 3rd-8th rows: rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. 9th row: k.1, ** c.4, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. c.4, k.1. 10th row: as 2nd row. 11th row: k.1, ** p.8, k.8, rep. from ** to last 9sts. p.8, k.1. 12th row: p.1, ** k.8, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9sts. k.8, p.1. 13th-18th rows: rep. 11th and 12th rows 3 times. 19th row: k.1, ** p.8, c.4, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. p.8, k.1. 20th row: p.1, ** k.8, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. k.8, p.1. These 20 rows form the patt. Continue in patt. until work measures 14 ins. from beg. finishing so that right side of work will be facing when working next row.

Keeping patt. correct, shape armholes by casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Continue to shape armhole and divide for neck as follows:—

Next row: work 2 tog., patt. 63, turn. Next row: work 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts. Work 2 tog., dec. one st. at armhole edge on every row until 5 dec. in all have been worked, then every alt. row until 11 dec. in all have been worked at armhole edge, at same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every 3rd row from previous dec. until armhole shaping has been completed (48 sts.). Continue without further dec. at armhole edge but still dec. at neck edge as before on every 4th row from previous dec. until 36 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 9 ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are cast off. Rejoin wool to remaining group of 65 sts. and complete to match first half of front.

MATERIALS.—10 oz. WAVECREST Knitting 4-ply wool; two No. 9 and two No. 12 needles; set of 4 No. 12 needles; 1 cable needle.

MEASUREMENTS.—Width all round at under-arm 38-40 ins. Length from top of shoulder 23 ins.

TENSION.—6½ sts. and 8½ rows on No. 9 needles measured over stocking stitch.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; tog., together; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch, dec., decrease by working 2 stitches together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches; c.4, cable 4-ply working across next 8 sts. as follows:—
Slip next 4 sts. on to a cable needle and leave at front of work. Knit next 4 sts. then knit 4 sts. from cable needle.

BACK

Work ribbing and inc. row as on Front (154 sts.).

Change to No. 9 needles and proceed in patt. as follows:—

1st row: k.1, ** p.8, k.8, rep from ** to last 9 sts. p.8, k.1. 2nd row: p.1, ** k.8, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. k.8, p.1. 3rd-8th rows: rep. 1st and 2nd rows 3 times. 9th row: k.1, ** p.8, c.4, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. p.8, k.1. 10th row: as 2nd row. 11th row: k.1, ** k.8, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. k.9. 12th row: p.1, ** p.8, k.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. p.9. 13th-18th row: rep. 11th and 12th rows 3 times. 19th row: k.1, ** c.4, p.8, rep. from ** to last 9 sts. c.4, k.1. 20th row: as 12th row. Continue in patt. until work measures same as Front up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 120 sts. remain, then every alt. row until 108 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures same as Front up to shoulder shaping. Cast off all across.

NECKBAND

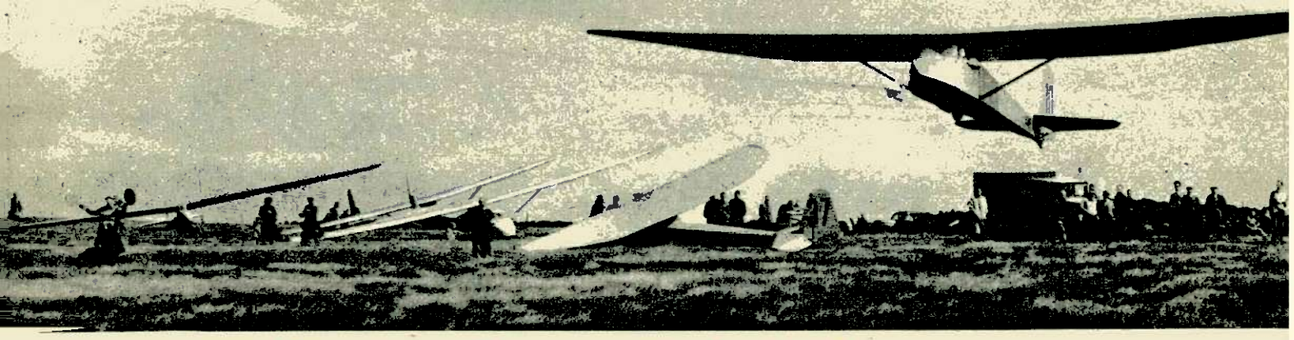
Using a back stitch seam, join shoulders of Back and Front. Using set of No. 12 needles, with right side of work facing commencing at top of left shoulder knit up 88 sts. to centre V, knit up 1 st. from centre V by picking up loop that lies at centre of V and knitting into back of it. Knit up 87 sts. along second side of neck finally knit up 48 sts. across back of neck (224 sts.). Work 9 rounds in k.1, p.1, rib dec. 1 st. at both sides of centre st. in every round. Cast off in rib.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 12 needles with right side of work facing, knit up 182 sts. round armhole. Work 9 rows in k.1, p.1. rib. Cast off in rib. Work second armband in same manner.

MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, block, and press each piece using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back stitch seam, join side seams. Join ends of armbands. Press all seams.



As safe as driving a car

Women find in gliding an antidote to the stresses and strains of modern life, says F. W. SADLER

MORE and more women are taking up gliding and finding in it a complete antidote to the stresses and strains of to-day. A little nervousness about taking up this fascinating individual sport is perhaps understandable, but the first girl to win a certificate for it said: "It is not as dangerous as hockey." Certainly gliding is as safe as driving a car in a busy street.

The farthest distance flown by a glider is 465·6 miles; the greatest height reached (in a specially equipped glider) is over 40,000 ft.; and the longest duration flight is 36 hours. The performance of the modern sail-plane is now so good that on a moderate day one can traverse this island almost from coast to coast.

Few can fail to appreciate the graceful lines of a modern sailplane. Many of our best craft are built at Kirby Moorside, Yorkshire, of silver spruce with stressed plywood skin. Such craft possess the aero-dynamics of an arrow, and their 50 feet of wingspan will keep them airborne on a gradient so slight that they appear to be flying level.

A Prefect glider takes off for a flight during a National Gliding Championship held at Great Hucklow, Derbyshire

The oldest method of launching is termed "bungey" launching; the glider is catapulted over a ridge face by an elastic rope. A more popular method is that of auto-tow launching which gives the glider a casting-off height of anything up to 1,000 ft. from a flat airfield. For more specialised and expensive occasions an aero-tow is employed up to any height required.

Once your glider is airborne, it is buoyed up by the wind, accelerated from nought to 30 miles an hour, and gently wafted away from the earth. In a few seconds you are 1,000 ft. up and flying like a bird. Like a soaring bird, the glider pilot learns the behaviour of the winds, the thickness of its up-draughts and the use of the hot, rising air which comes from dry, warm places and which the pilots call "thermals."

On a reasonably good gliding day, you can climb to three or four thousand feet by simply using up-draughts and gravitational pull. The use of currents and thermals is expressed by the word "soaring." Thermals, or columns of hot air, are found over dry hillsides, ploughed fields, and the roofs of houses, especially houses with red-tiled roofs.

"Sink" is the glider's enemy. In areas of down draught, such as over a forest, sink can be considerably greater than is caused by force of gravity alone. Areas of down draught are avoided like the plague. Lift is the thing to seek, cherish, and exploit to the limit. When the lift ceases, as at the top of a cloud, the pilot glides slowly and leisurely, with only the music of the wind in his ears, across country to his next area of lift. His voyage depends upon his skill, his glider, and the weather conditions.

Gliding, unlike powered flying, is the nearest man can approach to the flight of birds. Indeed, should you ever come across a glassy-eyed individual, dressed inevitably like a tramp, and staring at a hovering hawk or soaring gull, you have probably encountered a grounded glider pilot. Shake vigorously for further proof, and if some comment about the advantages of high aspect ratios comes out, you have got your man—or woman! Birds so often betray the site of the thermal that they are held in great affection by all glider enthusiasts.

The history of gliding dates from 1900, when several theories regarding engineless flight were published. An early experimenter, Jose Weiss, carried out tests with large models. Before the first World War, a man-size glider was flown for a few minutes.

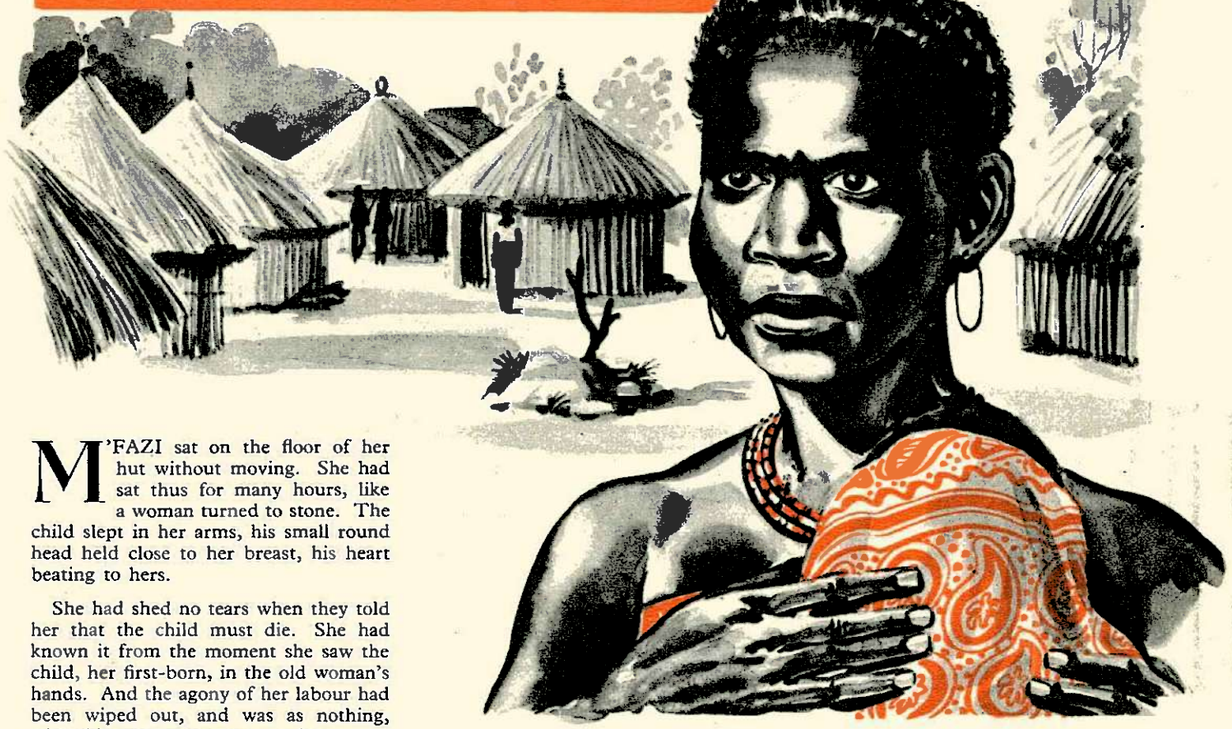
There is little doubt that the limitations imposed on Germany at the conclusion of the first World War by the Treaty of Versailles directed the energy of the power-flight enthusiasts of that nation towards gliding flight.

To-day, it takes about the same time to learn to pilot a glider as it does to drive a car. Even if one has never been off the ground before, an apt pupil may qualify for "A", "B", and "C" certificates on a twelve-day course.

All gliding is controlled by the British Gliding Association, and the strictest standards of air worthiness are insisted on by all clubs.

The MOTHER

OUR SHORT STORY
By FAY KING



M'FAZI sat on the floor of her hut without moving. She had sat thus for many hours, like a woman turned to stone. The child slept in her arms, his small round head held close to her breast, his heart beating to hers.

She had shed no tears when they told her that the child must die. She had known it from the moment she saw the child, her first-born, in the old woman's hands. And the agony of her labour had been wiped out, and was as nothing, with this greater agony upon her.

The old woman had laid the child beside M'Fazi on the sleeping mat of woven grass, and had dived through the low doorway of the hut. She had stood before the entrance wailing and beating her breasts, and the patter of many feet and the devil's chorus of voices had told M'Fazi that all the kraal knew of her shame and terror; that the Evil One now froze the hearts of the men and women of her kraal, as he had frozen hers.

"We must send for Fanyana, your husband," they told her, creeping reluctantly into her hut, and averting their eyes from the tiny form that lay beside her. "A runner must be sent at once."

In the days that followed the birth of M'Fazi's child there was no singing in the kraal, no laughter or dancing. No loud voices. The wind died in the valley before it reached the cluster of huts on the hill-top, and the skies were leaden.

The women sat about in groups, muttering and afraid, and work ceased in the fields. Travellers, hearing that the Evil One had laid a curse on the kraal, skirted it widely, taking the path that led round the base of the hill.

M'Fazi remained in her hut, sorrow and fear consuming her.

On the eighth day Fanyana came from the mines. He entered the hut and approached his wife. She sat on her mat with the child in her lap.

"So," he said, and she knew that his pain was great.

Very slowly, as though the gesture was almost more than she could bear, she drew the blanket from the sleeping child's head so that her husband might see its face.

He glanced at the child and his face stiffened. His eyes darted to meet his wife's deep stare. She covered the child's head and held it close.

Fanyana backed out through the low opening, blocking out all light from the hut.

That night the head men had their *indaba*.

And the next day some of the women slipped quietly into the cursed hut. They smeared M'Fazi with special oil. They decked her with the bead necklaces, armlets and anklets, the hip-girdle, and beaded blanket she had worn as a bride a year ago. They fastened an artificial flower in her hair, and adorned her pierced ears with scarlet trinkets.

All day long they came and went silently, with frightened glances over their shoulders, and eyes that would not see the babe.

At sunset the drums began to pulse, and the men withdrew from the kraal and turned their backs upon it, beating their drums with rising tempo.

M'Fazi rose from her mat and stepped

outside her hut for the first time since the birth of her child. She stood for a moment or two gathering strength, while the women fell in behind her, their muted talk stamped out by the steady hammer of the drums.

The valley below was full of mauve shadows and the tops of the kopjes in the distance were burnished by the dying sun.

At the foot of the hill was the river, wide, brown, and sluggish, with reeds obscuring the banks, and great boulders forming a crooked chain of stepping stones across it.

The drums beat louder and louder, their echo rolling back from across the valley.

"Go," ordered the old woman who had delivered M'Fazi of her child.

And M'Fazi led the way down the winding path that had been beaten hard by the bare feet of the people of her kraal. Behind her trailed the women, moaning and wailing softly.

At the river's edge she stopped, and the women formed themselves about her, and turned their backs to the slow-moving river.

The drums changed their rhythm, and the women broke into a chant that had been passed down from the dim beginning of their race.

A crocodile heaved its body out of the water and lumbered up the far bank. In mid-stream an ugly head broke water, and a pair of small glittering eyes regarded the women with unholy interest.

M'Fazi held its stare for an eternal second.

The chant reached its climax and changed to a high-pitched wail.

M'Fazi held her child tightly, so that he cried aloud. Then she lifted him above her head, and flung his warm, strong body far out into the river.

The women surged round her. They lifted her when she stumbled and fell, and carried her back to her hut.

She had done this thing for the safety of her kraal—for the sake of her people. She had not thought of rebellion. The well-being of the community must be protected, no matter what the cost might be to the individual. It was a law of her people, not to be questioned. As a Zulu woman she could not flinch from her duty.

Because she had given birth to an albino, a child carrying the curse of the Evil One, it had been her duty to free her people from the danger of that curse.

A week later the White Police came on horseback to arrest her. And she walked with dignity, refusing to talk when questioned. They might hang or they might imprison her. She would suffer her punishment as became a woman of the Zulu people, with courage and dignity—but without comprehension of the White Man's laws.

Sixty years of PROGRESS

SIXTY years ago the *Wheatsheaf* was launched. It was the first C.W.S. magazine and from July 1896 made its regular monthly appearance for half a century. In August 1946 it was incorporated in the new *Co-operative Home Magazine*.

From the very first issue, when the membership of the Co-operative Movement was 1¼ million (now 11¾ million) and the annual trade of the C.W.S. only just exceeded £10 million (now £418 million), the *Wheatsheaf* increased in popularity in co-operative homes throughout the length and breadth of England, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

Commencing with a circulation of 77,000 copies, the peak demand ultimately rose to well over 1,000,000 copies per issue. To-day, each month's national pages of the *Home Magazine* are augmented by upward of 1,000 pages of individual Societies' local news and comment. This publication, therefore, is not only one of the oldest established monthly journals in Britain, but is also unique in its number of pages per issue.

Reviewing its earliest editions it is interesting to note the "educational" character of its contents. In those days the Movement was fighting for recognition as a comparatively new conception of economics. Little was known of the rapidly expanding C.W.S., the cornerstone of the co-operative structure which was to play such an important part in the daily lives of millions of working folk, both economically and socially. The *Wheatsheaf* therefore was planned to spread the gospel of co-operation by presenting the facts concerning the early achievements of the Movement, and to point the way to future expansion of co-operative endeavour. From the first it accomplished its editorial purpose and at the same time made widely known many C.W.S. products through its advertising pages.

Judged by present standards of magazine production presentation of text and displayed advertisements alike were dull and unrelieved except for occasional illustrations of factory interiors or perhaps a few portraits of bearded stalwarts of the ever-growing Movement. But in spite of all its humble beginnings and early limitations this unique publication undoubtedly has done much during the past sixty years towards making the initials C.W.S. world famous, and the Co-operative Movement an important influence in the nation's economic, social, and political affairs.

Venus observed

By RICHARD C. STONE

LIFE is the riddle of the universe. It seems absurd to imagine that Earth, one of the most insignificant dots in the heavens, should be the only planet to sustain some form of life.

Does it exist on the earth's twin sister Venus? A Russian astronomer believes, anyway, that life will develop on it at "any time now." Moscow radio reports that Professor Nikolai Barabashov, who spends night after night watching the planets, has found evidence that large areas of Venus are covered with water. Similar conditions prevailed on earth 300 million years ago, when the first signs of life appeared, he said.

It is significant that the professor makes no definite assertions, and actually our own Astronomer Royal, Sir Harold Spencer Jones, said much the same thing several years ago. The importance of the statements lies in their agreements as to what is happening. Sir Harold said that although Venus has not yet reached the stage of planetary evolution at which either plants or animals can exist, it is "a world where life may be on the verge of coming into existence."

Sir Harold has boldly postulated that "wherever in the universe conditions are suitable for life to exist, life will somehow come into existence." This is not to say that such conditions are common. In fact, using as criteria the conditions essential for life on this planet, and applying them to the other members of the solar system, all the planets except the earth and, doubtfully, Venus and Mars, are ruled out. If life does exist on the others it must have taken an entirely different form from that which has evolved here.

As for Venus, it is not only the loveliest and among the most fascinating, but among the most mysterious objects in the sky. Although sometimes as near to the earth as 26 million miles—far nearer than Mars, which is 35 million miles away—the planet has been able to hug its secrets to itself because its surface is practically permanently screened by its cloud-laden atmosphere. For this reason nobody knows how long its day is. The rotation of the planet has been put as high as 225 earth days and as low as 68 hours.

Venus is next nearest to the sun from Mercury, a planet believed to be far too torrid to support the kind of life with which we are familiar. It has a diameter only two or three hundred miles less than that of the earth; and its surface may be much the same, seamed with mountains and valleys, and bright with oceans and rivers (as the Russian scientist suggests), because it is very nearly as heavy as our own planet. Unfortunately all that is lighted up for our gaze is a surface as white as snow on which are still brighter points and patches, which some have thought to be snow peaks of immense height peering through a covering of cloud. But all is speculation.

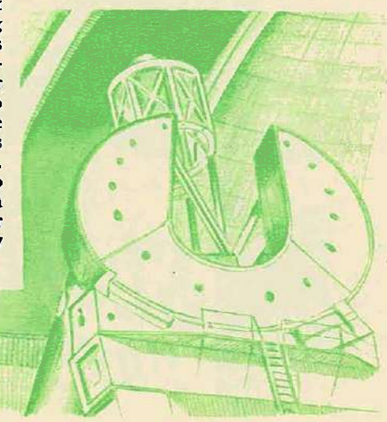
Venus is, of course, known to the most amateurish gazer at the heavens because it is the brightest planet and several times brighter than any star. It can often be seen in daylight with the naked eye. As an object of beauty it is supreme, but apart from this, Venus is a disappointing object in the telescope. The planet's extensive atmosphere is so highly reflective, probably owing to cloud, that her true surface is extremely difficult to observe. Vague dusky shadings may be seen or imagined, but conspicuous markings are both rare and evanescent. Some observers have been unable to detect anything at all except variations in light, but this is not to say Professor Barabashov has not made a valuable new discovery.

As one proof of the mystery that envelops the planet, in 1927 the astronomers at Mount Wilson, California, took a photograph of the planet showing a dark marking on it, which seemingly did not move for an hour. If the day on Venus is as long as has been suggested by some astronomers, 225 days, it means it takes the planet as long to revolve as to accomplish its journey round the sun.

Then there is the question as to whether Venus has a satellite. In the 17th and 18th centuries several observers reported seeing one. None has been detected since, and the mistake is thought to be due to the appearance of a "ghost," caused by some fault in the construction or adjustment of the instruments used.

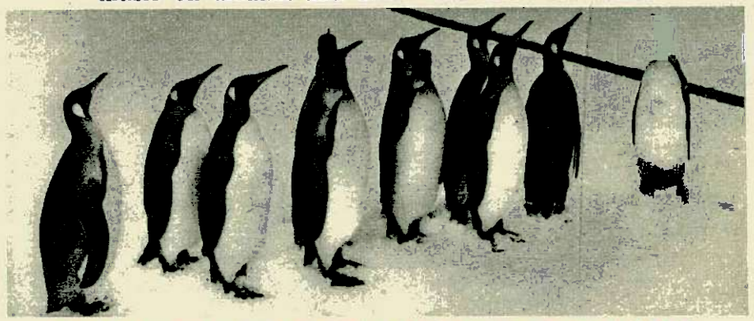
As a final summing up of the probability of life existing on this planet, at the moment scientists lack certain knowledge as to its rotation and other important data, making it impossible to form conclusions as to its habitability. Nevertheless, the resemblance of Venus to the earth in size and mass, coupled with a dense atmosphere, would seem to tend towards conditions favouring the support of life.

At this moment in time it would not appear, if resembling life on earth, to be very high in scale. For observations reveal a considerable amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere but not oxygen. Such might also be the conditions on earth were it not for the constant absorption of carbon dioxide by vegetation and its replacement by oxygen. This condition may slowly come about on Venus with the spread of vegetation.



Penguins can't stand banjos

E. R. YARHAM tells of the strange effects of music on animals and birds—and even on worms



Flocks of penguins, gathering inquisitively round antarctic explorers, waddled off at top speed as soon as a banjo was played

ONE wonders how the penguins down south are going to greet Dr. Fuchs and Sir Edmund Hillary, bursting in on their usually sacrosanct domains. Penguins, of course, are known for their insatiable curiosity, but there is one way of clearing the precincts of the camp of the little fellows; play a banjo! It never fails.

Dr. Hussey, medical officer to Sir Ernest Shackleton's last expedition to the Antarctic, said that when he went to Central Africa he took a banjo with him. The natives thought it was an instrument of the devil. When he accompanied Shackleton he took the same banjo, and if the actions of the penguins are any guide, they thought the same as the natives.

The explorers found themselves adrift on the ice for six months, and had to live on what they could pick up. Their only amusement was that banjo. Every Saturday night they had a sing-song, and sometimes sang songs they made up themselves. Shackleton dearly loved these sing-songs, and was very fond of the banjo. The penguins certainly weren't. Flocks of these friendly creatures used to gather round when the men were about their usual tasks, but as soon as the banjo struck up they all waddled off at top speed, apparently horror-struck.

Perhaps the seals will be more amenable to the radio. They have been famed since the days of the ancients for their love of music. An Arctic explorer recounts how, en route to Spitzbergen, numerous seals followed the vessel for miles when a violin was played on deck. During the ringing of the church bell at Hoy, in the Orkneys, many seals put their heads up in the picturesque bay. And at Hunstanton, Norfolk, in recent summers, the playing of an organ on the pier has immediately brought seals up on the beach, where they bask in comfort, listening to the music.

Hunters have often told stories of wolves gathering round the camp fires at night to listen to the strains of a violin or ukelele. This evidence seems to be borne out by evidence from zoos. But a tune set in a minor key causes them to point their noses to the sky and give voice in so vociferous a manner as to drown the players completely. If the music is discordant they show their resentment by getting to the back of the cage and baring their fangs, snarling with rage.

At one zoo a small orchestra, consisting of two violins, a flute, an oboe, and a mouth organ toured the grounds. The coyotes in particular appeared to enjoy the musical interlude. They ranged themselves in a semicircle, sitting on their haunches and listening with almost rapt attention. When the muic stopped the smallest coyote got up and pawed through the bars as if demanding an encore.

The way the seals and sea-lions reacted to the sounds corroborates what has been said earlier. They rested high in the water and with heads sunk between shoulders and eyes closed listened apparently enthralled to several selections.

When playing in the reptile house the orchestra never failed to bring the crocodile tribe to the surface. In fact, every pond was emptied, the beasts clustering on the banks. With heads upraised they evinced the keenest interest in the performance.

In the wilds this liking for music is used to lure the creatures to destruction, because it makes them easy targets. In Northern Australia a hunter said he and his companions found this attraction out by accident. They were playing a portable gramophone while fishing. Three crocodiles nosed around, obviously fascinated. Unlike some animals, crocodiles seem to like anything from Bach to boogie-woogie. Sea-lions are much more choosy than crocodiles; although enchanted by classical music, they will retreat from jazz.

One beast very sensitive to music is the elephant, whose intelligence is rated very high. Over a century ago a French naturalist tested this theory of sensitiveness of the elephant with the aid of a group of musicians. He found that while it was indifferent to song, it was

Music failed to soothe this savage breast. Grumpy-looking rhinoceros charged the musicians immediately they struck up

Wolves are sensitive to the difference between major and minor keys—and discords make them angry

interested in a simple melody quietly played on the violin. The same tune played on a horn caused the animal to lift its ears and move towards the performer, becoming very excited, swaying its trunk in rhythm, and breaking into a kind of shambling dance. When the player had finished, the beast showed its gratitude by caressing him with its trunk.

On the other hand, when the orchestra described in an earlier paragraph tried to entertain the rhinoceros, he would have nothing to do with any type of music. Without hesitation he charged in the direction of the players as soon as they struck up.

Darwin knew he was no musician, but he tried the effect of blowing a trumpet at an earthworm. Although it has no ears he found it was sensitive to vibrations. But Darwin did strange things. He even blew his trumpet at a row of runner beans to see if the music would affect their growth. He was unable to detect any reaction; otherwise perhaps gardening would be done to music, as the milking of cows is said to be in up-to-date cowsheds. It is said to result in a heavier yield.

Seals have an ear for music. Violins, church bells, and an organ are cited as instruments to which they'll listen with pleasure

Dear Sir...

Reynolds News readers write to the Editor

IT was only one of the hundreds of letters that go into *Reynolds News* editorial department from readers every day. But it shouted out for swift action.

"This is the last letter I shall ever write. Life has become too much for me," the writer, a crippled, almost-blind *Reynolds News* reader, had scrawled.

A reporter was sent immediately by car to the North London address that was on the pathetic "last" letter. The letter had been in the mail for almost a day—but there was always a chance it was not too late to help.

It was a sad story—with a happy ending—that the reporter 'phoned back to the Letters Editor of *Reynolds News*.

The crippled old man, unable to understand the workings of the National Insurance scheme, had decided to end his life rather than face poverty.

Within twelve hours a Ministry of Pensions welfare officer, summoned by the Letters Editor, was offering the reader all possible assistance.

Under one name or another—it is called Sunday Postbox now—the readers' letters service has been an important feature of *Reynolds News* for many years.

It is the part of the paper to which readers can contribute their views and news, fearlessly and without favour.

And, as thousands of men, women, and youngsters have come to learn, the Letters Editor is the man to whom they can confide their problems, worries, and ambitions.

Old folks send him their pension problems. Socialists tell him how they would run the Labour Party if given the chance. There are letters of praise and of criticism of co-operative societies.

"Please don't print my name if you put this in *Reynolds News*, but I think the manager of my Co-op shop would make the ideal husband," one correspondent to Sunday Postbox wrote recently.

There have been letters from lonely young men asking, in confidence, for the name of a reliable matrimonial bureau.

And, not long ago, a young lady from Belfast bemoaned the lack, so she said, of "eligible young men" and asked to be found a husband.

In the hundreds of letters that are stacked on the Letters Editor's desk every day there are stories of loneliness, worry, grief, happiness, and good fellowship.

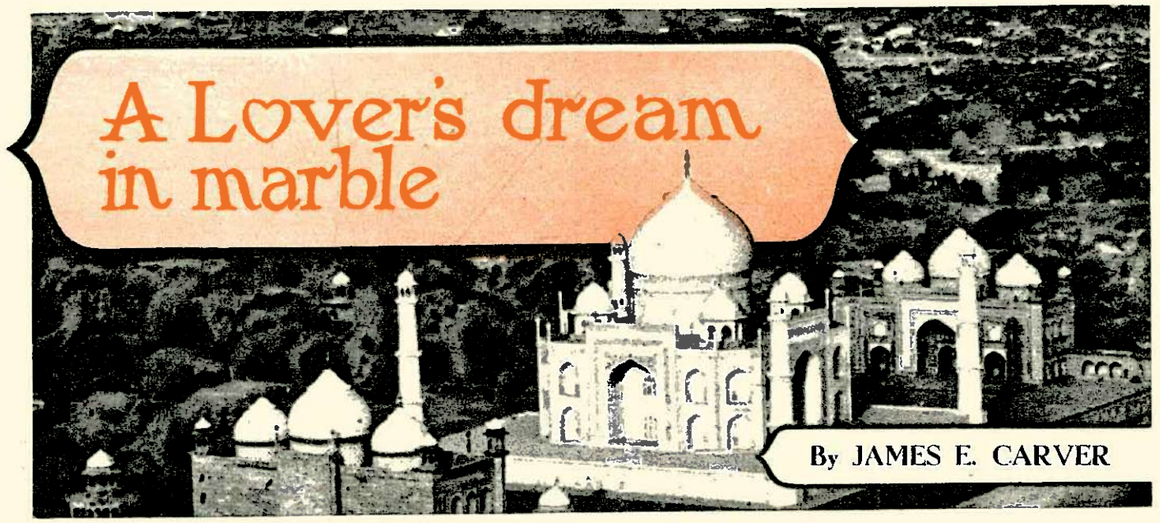
One Yorkshire widow has sent a letter every week for more than a year "because it's like writing to a friend."

A Devonport man, who has ambitions to become Britain's champion letter writer, apologized for not sending his weekly letter, explaining that he had been on holiday and had been too busy to write.

As Britain's finest family newspaper, *Reynolds News* naturally devotes more space to readers' letters than any other Sunday newspaper.

But Sunday Postbox has become something more than a place in the paper where readers can see their name in print. It is a family friend and counsellor.

It is a name that thousands instinctively put on the top of an envelope when they want to write to someone for advice, guidance, or friendship.



A Lover's dream in marble

By JAMES E. CARVER

THE world's loveliest monument to love is threatened by wide cracks in three places. This is the world-famous Taj Mahal at Agra, India. An outer courtyard has collapsed impairing the splendour of the monument, which attracts thousands of tourists from abroad every year. The Taj Mahal is recognised as the most perfect example of the Mogul style. Many declare it the most beautiful building in the world.

The Taj Mahal, exquisite monument to love, is perhaps the only true expression of the spirit of womanhood among all the great works of architecture. It was built 300 years ago by Shah Jahan as a tomb for his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and it enshrines what is often regarded as the world's greatest love story.

The princess was a girl in her teens when Shah Jahan married her. He changed her Tartar name to Mumtaz Mahal, which means Light of the Palace. She was certainly that to the Shah, who worshipped the ground she trod on, and lavished incalculable riches upon her. Sir Thomas Roe, English ambassador to the Court, after getting a glimpse of her wrote: "If there had been no other light her diamonds and pearls had sufficed to reveal her."

The Shah could well afford the extravagance because he was one of the wealthiest rulers in all history. He trebled the revenue of the Mogul Empire, which reached the pinnacle of prosperity under him. His court was maintained on a splendid scale. He spent colossal sums on festivals arranged to celebrate official events. That on his accession cost over one and a half million, in which were included presents to courtiers and officials.

The collection of jewels in his royal treasury exceeded anything imagined in the Arabian Nights or found in the cave of Aladdin. Perhaps his most marvellous possession was the fabulous Peacock Throne, adorned with precious stones valued at not less than £12 million. As well he had six other thrones hardly less magnificent. Another of his treasures was the Koh-i-Noor diamond, now in the British Crown Jewels. Tavernier, the French traveller and pioneer of trade with India, reported that in the Shah's jewel house gems of the highest prices were countless, "each of which would have been worthy to serve as an ear drop to Venus."

Shah Jahan was prepared to devote all this wealth to his queen. She for her part was equally devoted to him. Mumtaz Mahal was not only strikingly beautiful but was a woman of strong character and high moral standards. Her influence upon the Shah was all for good, and she accompanied her husband on his journeyings and campaigns, which were many, and she endured hardships with him.

On one of these travels she was stricken with sudden fatal illness. The Shah was broken-hearted and inconsolable. He refused to see ministers or to conduct State business. The entire country was ordered into mourning, and all feasts, music, jewels, and fine clothes were banned for two years. The Shah vowed never to marry again, and he kept his word.

After her death he was seized with a passion to erect for the everlasting glory of his beloved and beautiful wife the most glorious tomb the mind of man could conceive. Thus the idea was born of this so-called "dream in marble—designed by Titans and finished by jewellers." There was one sphere of regal authority in which Shah Jahan had always surpassed his predecessors. Not since Hadrian had there been such a builder of magnificent conceptions. In the Taj Mahal his love for the Empress inspired an incomparable masterpiece.

Couriers were sent to far parts of the world to get drawings of the loveliest buildings existing. The architect was Ustad Isa, variously described as a Byzantine Turk and as a Persian. There were masons from Bagdad; and builders from Anatolia and Samarcand; mosaic workers from Italy and Persia. There was a celebrated French goldsmith, Austin de Bordeaux, who designed two solid silver doors. A sheet of pearls was made to cover the actual tomb, and huge sums were expended on rich carpets, golden lamps, and jewelled candlesticks. A screen of gold, studded with rare gems, was made to enclose the tomb.

The foundations have been found to go 44 ft. underground. Every brick used in the building was hand-moulded and well burnt. The marble stone for the facing came from Rajasthan in 2½ ton blocks carried on the backs of more than a thousand elephants, the size of the blocks being determined by the load one beast could carry.

The structure is reputed to have called for the labours of 20,000 men working for nearly 20 years. The cost was about £3 million, a huge figure for those days.

The tomb proper consists of a domed, square, white marble building raised on a terrace from the corners of which rise four slim, white minarets. The Government of India has done much in recent years to maintain the beauty of this masterpiece.

It is difficult to say when the Taj Mahal looks at its loveliest. By daylight its splendour is almost overwhelming; by moonlight its glories are almost unearthly.

In your GARDEN IN JUNE

By W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER, M.B.E., N.D.H.

BEWARE THE RASPBERRY BEETLE

IT is exasperating to have a wonderful crop of raspberries ruined by maggots, but this is by no means uncommon. The trouble is caused by the raspberry beetle, often called the raspberry weevil, which attacks raspberries, loganberries, blackberries, and the more unusual types of canefruit such as Boysenberry and Laxtonberry. The eggs are laid in the open flowers, and the maggots hatch out and eat the fruits as they are forming. Before any cure was discovered, gardeners used to grub up their raspberry rows and burn them, but to-day it is possible to get over the trouble in a less drastic way.

Spray with liquid Derris about 12 days after flowering has started and again a fortnight later. The idea is to kill the maggots while they are still on the outside of the fruits, before they begin to burrow in and attack the cores.

Raspberries are usually sprayed about the middle of June and then at the end of the month; with loganberries, both sprayings are about a fortnight later; while with blackberries it is not necessary until towards the end of July.

Make up the liquid derris (the C.W.S. Horticultural Department at Derby can supply this) in accordance with the maker's instructions and if a spreader is required, use a liquid detergent which is excellent for the purpose. Apply the spray with the greatest force possible and give a really thorough soaking.

You may use derris dust instead of liquid derris, but this is never so effective as liquid spraying. If it is put on too late an unfortunate brown deposit is left on the forming fruits which makes them lack lustre. Should dusting have to be carried out, however, it should be done during the third week of June for raspberries and loganberries, and during the first week of July for blackberries.

The liquid spray not only kills a large number of pests but has the effect of freshening up the canes and generally giving moisture to the plants.

Don't forget a mulch of straw, cut grass, or sedge peat along the rows; this will also help the moisture problem at this time of the year.

GREAT HARVEST MONTH

JUNE is a great harvest month. There are the peas and the earliest broad beans to pick, the digging of the very early potatoes, onions to pull, and lettuces to cut.

If you harvest crops when they are young and fresh, the vitamin content is higher and they are much more appetising to eat and easier to cook as well. In addition you get a much higher yield in the case of beans.

Make further sowings of broad beans as well as French beans and peas this month to get succession.

Where you have rows of seedlings, thin early so as to give those you want to grow a proper chance.

It should be possible this month to put out many members of the cabbage family, such as the kales, both curly and Scotch, the savoys, early and late, the sprouting and hearting broccoli, and the brussels sprouts.

BORING PESTS ARE TROUBLESOME

IT is disconcerting to find that one's fruit trees are dying for apparently no reason whatever. The branches appear quite healthy, yet the leaves droop and the fruits shrivel. If this is happening to any of your trees, suspect immediately one of the wood-boring caterpillars, for it is plain, from the samples received at the Horticultural Training Centre, Thaxted, that these particular pests are giving a good deal of trouble this year.

The goat moth caterpillar, so named because it smells like a goat, is about 4 inches long and may bore in the trunk of a tree for about 4 years before turning into a chrysalis. I have found this pest doing damage to plums, pears, cherries, apples, and walnuts. The large brown moth lays her eggs at this time of the year usually and immediately these eggs hatch out the caterpillars bore their heads straight into the bark of the tree.

Then there is the leopard moth caterpillar which goes for the same types of trees. It usually enters the main trunk but sometimes will attack one branch only. Like the goat moth, the female lays her eggs at this time of the year and when the caterpillar is fully grown it is 2 inches long. This yellowish white "maggot" spends 2 or 3 years in this stage.

One of the indications that the caterpillars are working is that brown excreta —frass plus sawdust—may be found on the ground around the trunk of the particular tree and at the spot where the caterpillar has entered. The hole is quite small and not easily found. If the branch has not been completely killed, it may be possible to push a piece of wire up the gallery made by the caterpillar, bent in the shape of a little hook at the end, and hook the caterpillar out. If this is impossible, a small piece of sodium cyanide may be put in the hole, as far up as possible; then squirt a little water on top and fill the entrance hole with a piece of putty or piece of clay. The cyanide gas then goes up the tunnel, and kills the caterpillars concerned.

As well as these caterpillars there are the shot-hole borer beetles. These tiny black beetles, the size of a pin head, bore into the wood of trees and once again there is an odd smell around trees that are attacked. The cure is to paint the stems of all the trees attacked with a 10 per cent solution of Tar Oil wash (the C.W.S. can supply this also). This can be done during July, providing the leaves are not touched with the solution. It is best to use a spray which will drive the wash into the holes and into the tunnels.

Swam after ship with champagne to christen it

By J. M. MICHAELSON

MISS MAY GOULD aimed a bottle of champagne at the bows of her father's new yacht to christen it. But before she could release the bottle the ship moved down the ways out of reach, into the water. For a moment she hesitated, then ran down the pier, jumped into the sea, and swam after the ship! She caught up with it a hundred yards from the shore, smashed the bottle of champagne on its bows, saying, "I christen thee *Sergochet*." And no doubt she heaved a sigh of relief that all was well that ended well!

It was not the first or last mishap with the bottle of champagne that is traditional for naming a ship at its launching. Not many years ago a ship built on the Firth of Clyde slipped off unexpectedly leaving the bottle of ribboned champagne in the hands of the lady who was to christen it. She shied the bottle, but it bounced off unbroken. The managing director of the dockyard caught it and threw it himself. It missed, but miraculously was unbroken! This time there was no dramatic swim out to the ship, but a journey in a launch. And on the third try the bottle broke.

Mrs. Clement Attlee has launched many ships, but twice within a few months had the disconcerting experience of seeing the champagne bottle unbroken on the first fall. In both cases a second effort was successful.

This was not the case with a ship launched in Japan at the beginning of the century by Baron Saito, then Minister of Marine. The bottle missed the plate it was supposed to strike and slid unbroken along the side of the ship attached to its ribbon. As soon as the ship reached the water, spectators were astonished to see a man dash up in his sampan, cut the ribbon, and make off with the bottle!

In these days ships are nearly always christened by distinguished women, but in the long history of the sea this tradition is a comparatively new one. Since men first built ships there always appears to have been some ceremony on the occasion of the launching when the ship took to the element in which it would spend the rest of its life. It is said pre-Christian shipbuilders of fighting people like the Vikings insisted on their warships being launched with blood. Prisoners were tied under the rollers which carried the ship to the water. The tradition that the ship must touch blood before it touched water was later modified in various ways and in mediæval times the ceremony was more often religious.

By the 17th century English warships were being christened in a ceremony by which a representative of the king sitting on the ship drank wine and then, spilling some on the deck, marked the four points of the compass.

In general, sailors were suspicious of women having anything to do with ships. In the days of sail they were supposed to encourage adverse winds! But the present tradition of launching by distinguished and beautiful women began in the last century, encouraged, it is said, by Edward VII when he was Prince of Wales. He had innumerable invitations to launch ships and found a way of paying a compliment to distinguished ladies he admired by suggesting they should perform the ceremony.

Launching a ship is a critical business and in spite of the immense care taken, mishaps occur. Before the war there was tragedy when the aircraft carrier *Formidable* launched herself half-an-hour too soon, not only unchristened but at great danger to the spectators, some of whom were injured by flying wood. Lady Wood, who was to perform the christening ceremony, with great presence of mind hurled the bottle after the ship and shouted its name amidst the crash of shattered timber.

The present almost universal arrangement of ribbons and strings so that it is almost impossible for the champagne bottle to miss or fail to break is said to have been adopted after one lady threw the bottle with more vigour than skill, and hit a spectator with it.

Nine times out of ten champagne is now used for christening, but on occasions the bottle contains other liquids. When Mr. V. K. Menon was Indian High Commissioner he broke a coconut instead of a champagne bottle on the bows of a ship built on the Tyne for India. There was coconut milk instead of champagne in the bottle when Princess Margaret named the *John Williams IV* for the London Missionary Society. Molasses was used to christen a ship for the West Indies trade. Jordan water has been used, and at one christening the bottle contained samples of water from all the seven seas!

Sailors set great store on the christening and launching ceremony. Even to-day Friday is an "unlucky" day for a launching. At different times attempts have been made to "break" this superstition. There was so much trouble about sailing on a Friday that it was decided to build a ship to be called H.M.S. Friday, lay the keel on a Friday, launch her on a Friday, and send her to sea on a Friday. All went well—until the ship disappeared.

A strange case was that of a ship to be launched by Mrs. Samuel White, wife of the founder of the famous shipyard. When she found she was due to launch a ship on a Friday she insisted on the ceremony being postponed until next day. But when Saturday dawned, it was found the ship had launched herself in the night!

Everyone likes a christening ceremony that goes off without a hitch, but the records suggest that there is nothing in the superstition that a faulty christening ceremony brings bad luck to the ship.

For the JUNIORS

DEAR JUNIORS,—These are some of the sports trophies which were on view at an exhibition at the Cafe Anglais, Leicester Square, London, recently. The exhibition, which was opened by cricketer Colin Cowdray, covered a wide range of sports, and among the trophies on show were the Football Association Cup, the Rugby League Cup, a Lonsdale Belt, and a replica of the Ashes.

Your friend, BILL.

If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work.—Shakespeare

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Jane is annoyed at the inconvenience being caused by the Mayor and his companions.

"L.O.—I will not stand the table manners of these passengers any longer."

"I'm dining on deck—and take these gulls away *at once!*"

Then Oliver breathed—"This is too good to be true."

He's right. We're afraid poor Jane will never fly—except into a temper!

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Anagrams

A well-known English town is jumbled in each of these phrases:—

(a) SEEN OUR BAT
(b) DIG NEAR
(c) EXTOLS WIFE
(d) STEW CLEAN
(e) TO DWARF
(f) THREE CORDS

2. Secondary Colour

Rearrange the words below so that reading diagonally downwards from top left to bottom right you have the name of a secondary colour.

BURDEN
DIMPLE
GARDEN
GRANGE
IMPALE
PREACH

3. Hidden Fish

Can you find the fish hidden in each of the following sentences?

(a) As each arrived he sat down.
(b) There is no proper chair in the room.
(c) She showed her ring to her sister.
(d) There is often character in handwriting.

4. What countries?

What countries are described in the following phrases:—

(a) Land of the Rising Sun.
(b) Holy Land.
(c) Land of Saints and Scholars.
(d) Down under.

AT YOUR CO-OP SHOP

Which department of your co-operative society would you be in if you asked for a particular kind of goods made by the C.W.S. and called CHUM? And what would you receive—something to eat or something to wear? Answer in column 4

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

TWO GRAND PRIZES

If you could go where you pleased and by whatever method you liked, what kind of a holiday would you choose for yourself? For this month's competition write a short essay—not more than 400 words on

THE HOLIDAY I WOULD CHOOSE

There will again be two prizes: a GRAND BOOK PRIZE for the best essay from a competitor aged 9 or over, and a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the best from the under-nines.

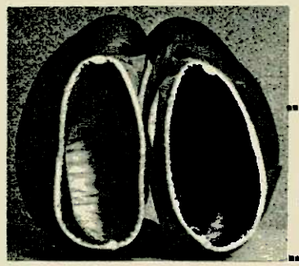
Read these rules before writing your essay:

(*a*) The essay must be your own work in your own handwriting.
(*b*) Give your full name, age, and address.
(*c*) Post as soon as possible to the Editor, "The Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. (Put 2½d. stamp on the envelope.)

April Competition Winners

Eleanor Dempster, Ballylisbraden, Dundonald, Co. Down

Carolyn Pearman, 52 Sloane Street, Brighton



WHAT IS IT?

Can you guess what this fearsome looking object is? Or is it two? Answer in column 4.

THE INK BLOTS

By PAMPHILON

Mr. Glubb is having a nice snooze at the seaside, but the Ink Blots notice that the glare of the sun is annoying him.

"Look," says Percy Ink Blot, "he's screwing his eyes up! He should be wearing sun glasses instead of ordinary ones."

"We'll soon alter that," replied his twin. "We'll change his specs into sun glasses by covering them ourselves."

Puzzle Solutions

At Your Co-op Shop: Footwear department. CHUM are smart, sturdy shoes for boys, made specially to stand up to hard wear. The C.W.S. also makes NATURE FIT shoes for girls. Tell your Mummy about them.
What is it? A pair of boxing gloves.
Anagrams: Eastbourne, Reading, Felixstowe, Newcastle, Watford, Dorchester.
Secondary Colour: Purple. **Hidden Fish:** Char, perch, herring, tench.
What Countries? Japan, Palestine, Ireland, Australia.

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

CHILDREN'S ESSAY COMPETITION

For all Children under 12 years and between 12 and 15 years

30 PRIZES

UNDER 12 YEARS
on JULY 7th, 1956

1st Prize	**20/-**
2nd Prize	**15/-**
3rd Prize	**10/-**
12 consolation prizes of	**2/6**

12 to 15 YEARS
on JULY 7th, 1956

1st Prize	**20/-**
2nd Prize	**15/-**
3rd Prize	**10/-**
12 consolation prizes of	**2/6**

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Write an essay of about 150 words on "Why My Parents Joined the Co-operative Society." You can ask your parents why they did join. Write on one side of the paper only, add your full name and address, your birthday and age this year, your parents' share number, and send it to : Education Secretary, T.I.C.S., 5, Colehill, Tamworth, not later than July 7th. Write on the top corner of the envelope "ESSAY COMPETITION."

Points will be given for neatness and handwriting as well as the best answer to the question. Age of the entrants will be taken into consideration in the judging.

SPECIAL AWARD TO SCHOOLS

IN ADDITION TO THE PRIZES THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE WILL MAKE A DONATION OF £3. 3s. TO THE SCHOOL FUNDS OF THE SCHOOLS WHICH THE TWO FIRST PRIZE-WINNERS ATTEND.

Children's Competition

IN the past two years the education committee have arranged colouring competitions for the children, but this year there is another competition which is something different. This year's competition is the writing of a short essay about "WHY MY PARENTS JOINED THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY."

Children entering the competition will be divided into two groups of those under 12 years, and those 12 to 15 years of age by July 7th, 1956. The prizes in each group: 1st £1, 2nd 15s., 3rd 10s., and 12 consolation prizes of 2s. 6d.

In this competition parents can help their children by telling them why they did join the co-op. Parents had better start thinking about it too, for without doubt, as soon as the children learn of this competition they will be asking "Mum, why did you join the co-op?" Well, why did you? Was it for the dividend; because you consider co-op goods the best to buy; the shops and service the best; or a score of other reasons? Or did you join because you believe in the principals and ideals of the co-operative movement?

Think about it so that you can tell your children and then they can write in their own words "Why My Parents Joined the Co-operative Society."

Annual Scholarships

The education committee have been pleased to award the Alderman T. H. Sutton annual Memorial Scholarship, and the T.I.C.S. War Memorial annual scholarship to Mr. H. Palmer, butchery department, and Mr. B. D. Thorpe, shoe department. These two students will attend a summer school at the Co-operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, during August.

Examination Successes

Some months ago in these pages we wished success to those employees who had been studying through the winter and were sitting for examinations in various subjects. It is now pleasing to record the following successes and offer our congratulations.

B. D. Thorpe, shoe department, first-class pass Shop Practice and Commodities and also a first-class pass in Trade Calculations and Accounts.

K. Stock, general office, pass in Co-operative Law and also a pass in Secretarial Practice.

C. E. Wright, general office, first-class pass in English.

H. Palmer, butchery department, first-class pass in Branch Organisation.

Traffic Signals for Blind

The town of Louisville, in Kentucky, has installed a special traffic signal to help blind pedestrians cross one of the city's main streets. When a button is pressed, traffic lights stop the oncoming flow of traffic and a buzzer sounds, indicating to the blind pedestrians that it is safe to cross. The signal has been placed where students from the Kentucky School for the Blind cross the street to go to their workshop.

Golden Weddings

It is with pleasure we record the wedding anniversaries of the following members, to whom we have forwarded a special cake, with congratulations from the society.

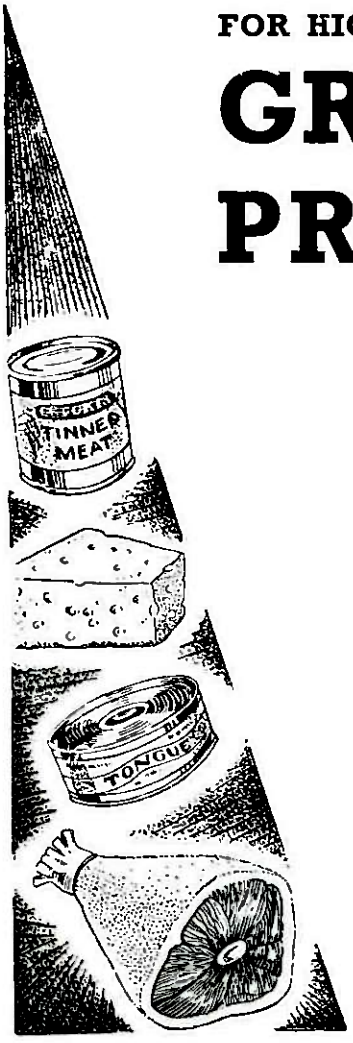
Mr. and Mrs. De la Hay, Glascote Heath, June 2nd; Mr. and Mrs. C. Thompson, 72, Amington Road, Bolehall, June 2nd; Mr. and Mrs. Dingley, 135, Long Street, Dordon, June 2nd.

OBITUARY

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

Ernest Pegg, Tamworth, March 4th.
John Thomas Bond, Polesworth, March 27th.
Charles Ernest Foster, Wilnecote, March 28th.
Sarah Elizabeth Chapman, Tamworth, March 31st.
Gladys Irene Dyche, Kettlebrook, April 8th.
Caroline Wright, Polesworth, April 9th.
John Passey, Two Gates, April 10th.
Alice Maud Boardman, Dosthill, April 10th.
Marjorie Barbara Shipley, Tamworth, April 11th.
George Alfred Sketchley, Polesworth, April 11th.
Thomas Spencer, Wood End, April 14th.
Andrew Miller, Middleton, April 15th.
Edward William Allton, Hurley, April 20th.
William Henry Edden, Tamworth, April 21st.
Eleanor Lawrence, Hall End, April 21st.
John George Houlday, Tamworth, April 22nd.
Ernest Wileman, Warton, April 23rd.
Arthur Dicken, Amington, April 24th.
Tom Harris, Tamworth, April 25th.
Ada Jane Payne, Austrey, April 26th.
Eilliam Beasley, Polesworth, April 28th.
William David Ward Payne, Wilnecote, April 28th.
Florence Baker, Wilnecote, April 28th.
Maggie Atkins, Tamworth, April 29th.
Annie Ellen Cooper, Belgrave, April 29th.
Edna May Allard, Amington, April 30th.
Hilda Alice Barlow, Tamworth, May 4th.
Josephine Edwina Goodwin, Kettlebrook, May 4th.
Emily Parsons, Dordon, May 6th.
Annie Allsopp, Bolehall, May 8th.
Gertrude Rodway, Wilnecote, May 8th.
Mildred Smith, Tamworth, May 8th.
Luna Hodgson, Wood End, May 10th.
Emily Knight, Two Gates, May 11th.

COME to the CO-OP . .



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★ ★

BUTTER

From the leading English and Danish Blenders

★ ★

CHEESE

Finest English Farmhouse, Cheshire, Colonial (White and Coloured), Danish Blue and Fancy Processed by makers of renown

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Canned Fruits, Fish, Meat & Vegetables
Preserves, Pickles, Sauces, Dried Fruits,
&c.

❶ Dividend on all Purchases

GROCERY DEPARTMENT and BRANCHES

Salad Cream at its choicest

Every salad a heavenly feast! That's what it tastes like when you add delicious C.W.S Salad Cream. This smooth, rich, and gorgeously satisfying dressing will do full justice to *your* salads. Try a bottle to-day.

C·W·S

Salad Cream

5 oz. 1/- 7 oz. 1/5

The finishing touch to your favourite salad

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