

# Co-operative Home

JULY 1956

M A G A Z I N E



*REFRESHMENT AND REST, by Stanley Anderson*

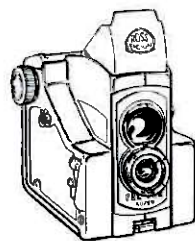
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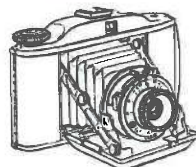
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## OUR FRONT COVER

Stanley Anderson, C.B.E., R.A., R.E., provides the second of our cover pictures by living artists, a charming and peaceful water-colour entitled **REFRESHMENT AND REST**, which hangs in the excellent collection at the Graves Art Gallery, Sheffield.

Born in 1884 and educated at the Merchant Venturers Technical College and Municipal School of Art, Bristol, and at the Royal College of Art and the Goldsmith's College of Art, London, Stanley Anderson was apprenticed at the age of 15 to his father's business as a heraldic engraver. He was unable to take up art seriously until 1909, when he won the British Institution etching scholarship.

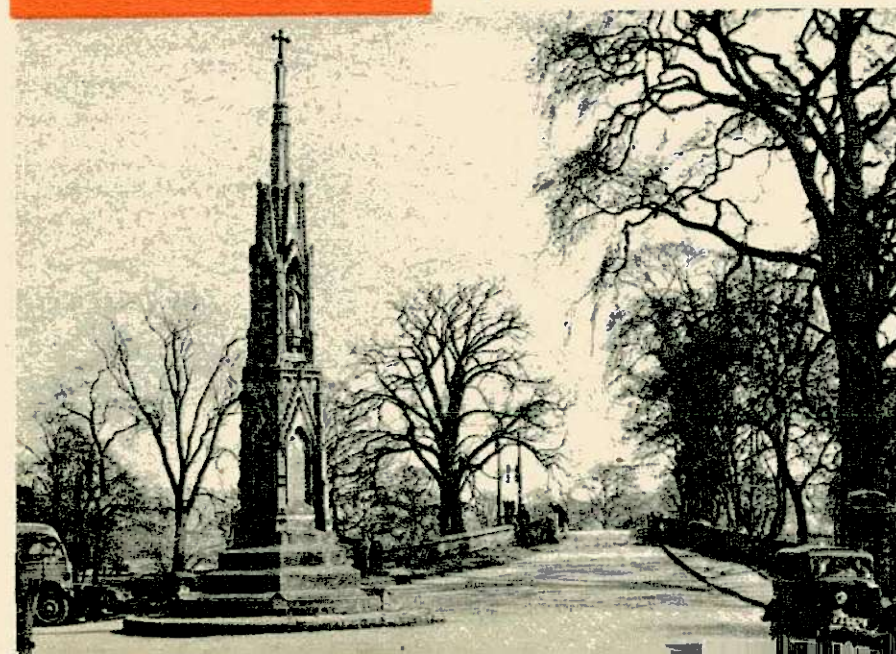
In 1938 he was chosen by the British Council as sole representative of British line engraving and dry point at the Venice Biennial International Art Exhibition.

He has twice won the International Medal and first prize at the Chicago Society of Etchers' International Exhibition—in 1931 and 1934—and in 1932 won the Silver Medal at the Los Angeles International Exhibition as well as awards at the U.S.A. National Academy in 1946.

Mr. Anderson became an A.R.A. in 1934, an R.A. in 1941, and was honoured with the C.B.E. in 1951. He has exhibited at all the principal galleries in England and Scotland, at Vienna, Hamburg, and Dresden, and in the U.S.A.

## THIS ENGLAND . . .

Ilam is a pretty little village near the junction of the Manifold and the Dove. This cross, near the bridge over the Manifold, is an imitation of the Eleanor crosses, and was built as a memorial to the wife of Jesse Watts-Russell



# Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

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JULY, 1956

IN all the recent speculations on the possible causes of cancer nobody appears to have thought of the common habit of needless worry, which certainly contributes to many other complaints. Doctors say, for instance, that worry causes ulcers.

I'm no biologist, but I suggest it might be feasible to ask, "If ulcers, why not cancer?" However that may be, medical men often assert that worry has done more to destroy health and happiness than all the rest of human ills.

It is very important that we should all take a balanced view of this irrational habit. Worry, of course, is imaginative fear; not the fear of sudden danger, but the delayed-action fear of uncertainty.

After all, every one of us is endowed with the power of reasoning, and in our more confident moments we all agree that worrying about something that may, or may not, happen never did anybody any good. Yet we still worry. Why?

We may concentrate our thoughts on some future situation, which we cannot be sure will be pleasant or unpleasant. At first, we might view the position quite rationally. But reasoning demands an effort of will and is likely to induce mental fatigue.

Then doubts and fears begin to creep in. Imagination is soon running riot. Our tired minds create images which previously have been subservient, and

very soon we "fear the worst." From then on, we worry.

That is the time to recognise the enemy within and to take action for his liquidation. The great thing to remember is that worry is the surest way to unhappiness, a feeling of helplessness, and ultimately to abject self-pity.

When first assaulted by the fear of coming trouble, try making a list of all the things which you think might happen in relation to the subject in hand. You are sure to find that such a list can be divided into (a) things you can help or alter, and (b) things over which you have no control.

Obviously, it is ridiculous to sit down and worry about the things in the first category. It is far more sensible to get busy and do everything possible to help or alter them.

As for those things you cannot control, well, why worry about them? If you do, it will only reduce your ability to "take it" when the unpleasant moment arrives—if ever it does.

There have been some excellent examples of this ability to overcome the worrying habit. The story is told that Napoleon at Austerlitz, after making full preparations for the battle, went to bed and "slept peacefully." During the Great War Mr. (later Earl) Lloyd George often snatched a few hours sleep during the most desperate onslaughts of the enemy. He had a most wonderful gift of casting off all his worries. Mr. Churchill had the same invaluable gift of being able to concentrate on his tremendous task and to shut out all anxiety even in "Britain's darkest hour."

Worry not only undermines mental stamina, but also is an enemy of the body. A prominent physician has stated that "worry creates a definite chemical change in the body," and there is no doubt that an unchecked tendency to worry is the most disastrous bodily affliction that has ever cursed mankind.

So is it possible, in some cases at any rate, that worry may set up, or at least hasten the growth of the dreaded scourge through some "chemical change" in the tissues? Of course, I can only ask the question. Maybe, at some time in the future, we may know the answer.

THE EDITOR



# Happily Hampered

## PRAWN CUTLETS

4 oz. shelled prawns, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 oz. Federation plain flour, ½ pint milk, Salt and pepper, few drops C.W.S. malt vinegar, Pinch C.W.S. nutmeg, Egg and fresh breadcrumbs, Shortex for frying.

Melt the fat, add the flour, and make a roux. Gradually add the milk and cook the sauce thoroughly. Mix in the seasonings, vinegar, nutmeg, and chopped prawns. Spread the mixture on a plate and allow to cool. Shape into eight cutlets, egg and crumb them, and fry in deep fat or bake in a moderately hot oven (375 F. or No. 5) until golden brown, approximately 20 minutes. Pack in a plastic box on a bed of lettuce and garnish with sliced cucumber.

## TOMATO SURPRISE

4 large firm tomatoes, ½ oz. C.W.S. gelatine, 4-6 spring onions, 1 hard-boiled egg, 2 oz. minced ham or any cold meat, A little cucumber, 2 tablespoonful C.W.S. salad cream, seasoning.

Cut off the stalk ends of the tomatoes and scoop out the pulp and juice. Dissolve the gelatine in the tomato juice. Chop the egg, meat, onions, and cucumber and mix together with the salad cream. Season well. Mix in the tomato juice and gelatine and stir well until nearly

setting. Fill the tomato shells and when set turn upside down and wrap in lettuce leaves.

## FRENCH SANDWICH LOAF

This should be prepared the same day. Choose a long, thin roll and slit it along the whole length without cutting right through. Butter well inside and insert overlapping slices of different cheeses, salami, tomato, cooked meats, or anything else that the family are particularly fond of. Slice the bread diagonally to serve, giving each person a wedge containing a good variety of fillings.

## STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

1½ cups strawberries, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful C.W.S. gelatine, ½ cup cold water, ½ cup boiling water, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, 2 egg whites,

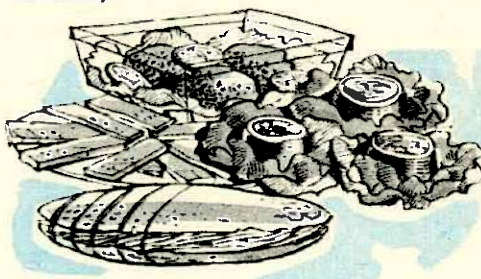
Wash, hull, and slice the strawberries, cover with the sugar, and allow to stand for half-an-hour. Sprinkle the gelatine over the cold water and let it stand for 5 minutes before adding the boiling water and lemon juice. Strain over the strawberries, stir well, and leave in a cold place until the mixture begins to thicken. Whip the egg whites until stiff, and fold into the strawberry mixture. If possible, fold in half a cupful of stiffly whipped fresh cream. Pour the mixture into an

8 in. baked pastry case, and decorate with a few whole strawberries.

## PINEAPPLE FINGERS

4 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 4 oz. sugar, 1 egg yolk, 6 oz. Federation plain flour, 2 oz. C.W.S. custard powder, 7-8 squares of glace pineapple, white glace icing.

Cream the margarine and sugar until white and fluffy. Beat in the egg yolk. Stir in the sieved flour and custard powder and 4-5 squares of finely chopped pineapple. Turn on to a lightly-floured board and roll out ¼ in. thick. Cut into fingers and place on a greased baking tray. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F. or No. 5) for 10-12 minutes. Cool and coat with icing. Decorate with sliced glace pineapple. (Makes about 24 biscuits.)



## FREE KITCHEN SERVICE

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USE WAVECREST

BOTANY 3-PLY WOOL  
FOR THIS CHARMING CARDIGAN

HOME MAGAZINE  
KNITTING PATTERN No. 10

# Plain & Fancy

**MATERIALS.**—8 oz. "Wavecrest" Botany 3-ply wool. Two No. 9 needles and two No. 11 needles. Four buttons.  
**MEASUREMENTS.**—To fit 36-38 ins. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 21 ins. Sleeve seam, 17½ ins.  
**TENSION.**—7 sts. and 9 rows on No. 9 needles measured over stocking stitch.  
**ABBREVIATIONS.**—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. tog.; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches.

## RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 52 sts. Work in k.1, p.1, rib for 5 ins.  
*Next row:* Rib 8 (inc. in next st. rib 17) twice, inc. in next st., rib to end. (55 sts.).

*Change to No. 9 needles and proceed as follows:*

*1st row:* \*\* k.10, p.10, rep. from \*\* to last 15 sts. k.10, p.5.

*2nd row:* p. These two rows form the patt. Keeping patt. correct dec. 1 st. at front edge of 9th and every following 8th row until 45 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without shaping.

*Shape armhole* by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next row. Still dec. at front edge on every 8th row from previous dec. as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every following alt. row until 7 dec. in all have been worked at armhole edge. Continue without further dec. at armhole edge but still dec. at front edge as before until 27 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 7 ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

*Shape shoulder* by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are cast off.

## LEFT FRONT

Work to match Right Front reversing all shapings, noting that the *1st row* of patt. will be: p.5. \*\* k.10, p.10, rep. from \*\* to last 10 sts. k.10.

## BACK

Using No. 11 needles cast on 110 sts. Work in k.1, p.1, rib for 5 ins.

*Next row:* rib 10 (inc. in next st. rib 9) 9 times, inc. in next st., rib to end. (120 sts.).

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

*1st row:* p.5. \*\* k.10, p.10, rep. from \*\* to last 15 sts. k.10, p.5.

*2nd row:* p. Continue in patt. until work measures same as Fronts up to armhole shaping.

*Shape armholes* by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 94 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures the same as Fronts up to shoulder shaping.

*Shape shoulders* by casting off 9 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.



## SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles cast on 48 sts. Work in k.1, p.1, rib for 3 ins.

*Next row:* rib 1 (inc. in next st. rib 3), 11 times, inc. in next st., rib to end (60 sts.).

*Change to No. 9 needles and proceed in patt. as on Back, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 9th and every following 6th row until there are 92 sts. on needle. Continue on these sts. until work measures 17½ ins. from beg.*

*Shape top* by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 70 sts. remain, every alt. row until 58 sts. remain, then every 3rd row until 40 sts. remain. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

## FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles cast on 9 sts. *1st row:* k.2, \*\* p.1, k.1, rep. from \*\* to last st. k.1.

*2nd row:* \*\* k.1, p.1, rep. from \*\* to last st. k.1.

*3rd and 4th rows:* as 1st and 2nd rows. *5th row:* rib 3, cast off 3, rib to end. *6th row:* rib 3, cast on 3, rib to end. Continue in rib working a buttonhole as on 5th and 6th rows on following 15th and 16th rows from previous buttonhole until 4 buttonholes in all have been worked. Continue in rib without further buttonholes until band measures 46 ins. (not stretched) from beg. Cast off in rib.

## MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, block and press each piece carefully, using warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back stitch seam, join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position. Using a flat seam, stitch on front band and attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press all seams.



# Saxon Relics Still Remain

By ALEC D. BAILEY

**W**HEN the Roman legions left these shores some fifteen hundred years ago they left Britain defenceless and open to the attacks of marauding pirates who came from across the North Sea, swept up our rivers, and laid waste towns and villages by pillaging, sacking, and burning.

Among them were the Saxons, who established themselves here by force and in spite of succeeding conquests by other races it is still possible for the traveller to discover relics of their existence, examples of their building techniques, and traces of their masonry.

The Saxons did not leave us much in the way of buildings because they built principally in wood which was obviously not so enduring as stone, but to-day we can find remnants of their masonry, mostly incorporated into buildings that were erected at a later stage in the development of this island's architecture.

It is not difficult to recognize their work, which is notable for its crudeness and smallness. This had the effect of making the interiors of their buildings very dark.

Saxon windows and doors were small openings through very thick walls, usually placed singly with round arches above them. Whenever they employed large openings, short, heavy pillars were used, sometimes shaped like balusters but more often plain, unadorned shafts of stone. Sometimes a triangle of stone was set into the masonry above the window in place of an arch. The alternate use of vertical and horizontal stones at the corners of their buildings is typical of the awkward way in which Saxon masons used stone.

Incidentally, the strongest part of their churches was always the tower and

a typical example can be seen at Earls Barton in Northamptonshire. This is generally accepted as the most noteworthy relic of Saxon times.

Running a close second is the beautiful symmetrical tower of Sompot Church in Sussex, curiously gabled and the only remaining example of a Saxon roof in England. But for a plain example of their masonry we must visit the box-like church of St. Lawrence at Bradford-on-Avon, reputed to be the most ancient unaltered church in England.

At Bradwell in Essex stands a church with walls pitted by time and worn by more than a thousand years of wind and rain. This church, St. Peter on the Walls, is a classic example of the crudity of Saxon stoneworkers.

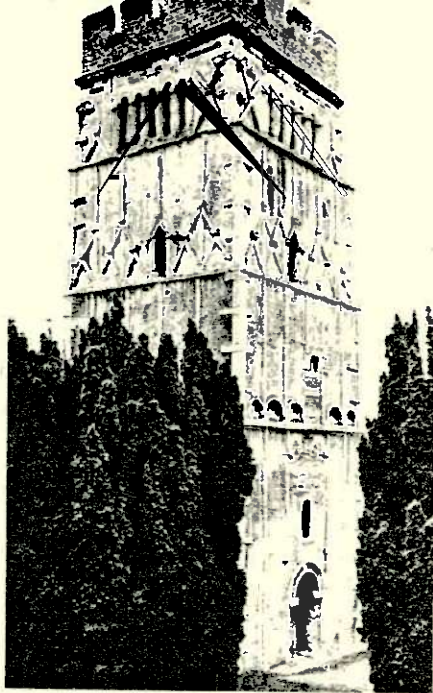
The Saxons lived in humble dwellings with walls made from split logs of oak, placed close together in an upright position. None of these buildings unfortunately remain, but at Chipping Ongar in Essex the nave of the church, about 1,200 years old, is constructed in this primitive fashion.

Often the traveller will chance upon a church with a Saxon crypt. There are still a number which are worthy of examination.

At Repton in Derbyshire, a seventh-century crypt beneath the church of St. Wystan is pure Saxon, with almost primitive pillars, plinths, and arches and a chancel, too, worth noting because it dates from the same period.

Another crypt worth studying is that of the Abbey Church at Hexham in Northumberland, where we can descend by the same stone steps which pilgrims used to visit the holy relics of St. Andrew. Here, too, is a font made from the inverted plinth of a Roman column, and there is an episcopal chair carved from one block of stone embellished with scrolls and popularly known as the Frith Stool or Seat of Sanctuary which is an immediate reminder of the Saxon practice of sanctuary given to a fugitive from his pursuers.

Within the church of St. Paul at Jarrow may be seen a remarkable link with those bygone days. It is a straight-



Earls Barton church tower is a typical example of Saxon building. The battlements were added later

backed chair almost thirteen hundred years old, said to have belonged to the Venerable Bede.

Further examples of the work of Saxon masons are found in the many stone crosses, preserved to this day, and, contrary to their usual practice, often carved with elaborate interlacing scrolls or dressed with carvings of strange birds, beasts, and old human figures.

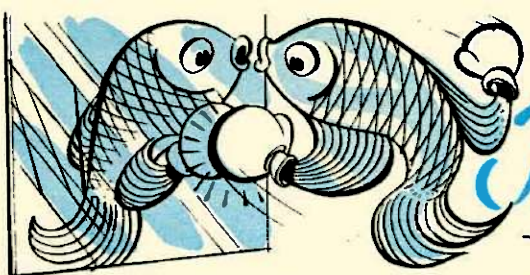
At Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire there is one in the church and Gosforth and Irton in Cumberland also have them. In the market place of Sandbach, Cheshire, stand two seventh-century crosses.

Ilkley possesses three perfect examples of this art and at Bewcastle in Cumberland is yet another cross, erected like the others by grateful Saxons after their conversion to Christianity.

Bury St. Edmunds takes its name from the last of the Saxon kings in East Anglia, reminding us of the year 870 when the Danes, having sacked the monasteries at Ely and Peterborough, faced the opposition of Edmund's army.

At Snareshill, Edmund was slain and some mounds on the heath are reputed to mark the burial places of those who fell in this battle. Tradition tells us that this Saxon king was tied to a tree and used as a target for Danish archers, who afterwards cut off his head. A stone cross at Hoxne is said to mark the site of the tree to which he was bound.

Bosham, that charming village on the western borders of Sussex, also has connections with the Saxons, for its small church, with relics of Saxon masonry, figures in the famous Bayeux tapestry.



*This fish will fight own image*

There are literally some queer fish says our contributor, describing some finny denizens of Eastern waters

By M. GORMAN

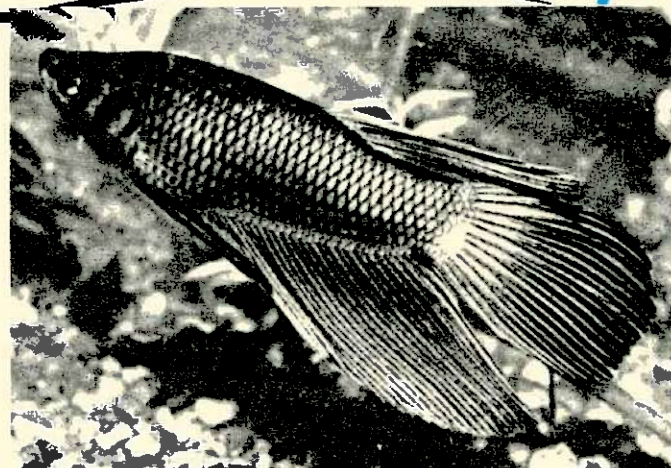
**T**HERE are some queer fish in the sea, but none has a worse temper than Siam's famous fighting fish. His hobby is attacking every male of his species he sets eyes upon. Even his own reflection gets him annoyed. Put a mirror near a Siamese Fighter and he will peck it furiously till his mouth gets sore!

Contests between these finny pugilists are a big attraction in Bangkok. There are ten licensed places where public fighting fish combats are permitted. The spectators, mostly Siamese merchants, take their seats around a small glass tank with a black partition in the middle.

On either side swim the contestants, proudly showing off their form while the merchants stake large sums of money on the fish they fancy to win.

Then suddenly the partition is removed. The antagonists dash at each other head-on, and a furious underwater battle takes place which may last anything up to six hours! The first fish to turn tail and swim away—that is if it still has a tail—is declared the loser.

Another finny curiosity is the X-ray fish from Burma. He is so transparent that you can see every bone in his body. Even his luncheon menu is no secret, for his last meal is clearly visible in his stomach! It is a curious fact that other fish in the vicinity of the X-ray fish always give it a wide berth. Perhaps they think it is a ghost! But our transparent friend is not treated by the



The Siamese fighting fish which will attack any male of its own species

natives of Burma with such awe. They use him as a fertiliser!

From a fish that can be read like an open book let us look at one that can really keep a secret. Herodotus, the Greek historian famous for his tall stories, described a fish that hatched its eggs in its mouth! For once he wasn't spinning a yarn.

The Egyptian mouthbreeder swims in the Nile just south of Cairo. As soon as she has laid her eggs Mrs. Mouthbreeder sucks them into her mouth and keeps them there safely till her young hatch out. Then she opens her lips and out they swim.

The incubation period lasts eleven days; and that means eleven days without food for the mother. No mean feat when you realise that it is hard for fish

to shut their eyes to tempting morsels—they have no eyelids!

Often these fish are caught in a fisherman's net and exposed to air. Even then these brave little creatures will not divulge their secret.

But you won't find the archer fish from the East Indies keeping his mouth shut. In anti-aircraft technique he puts even the best ack-ack gunner in the shade. As soon as he spies a fly hovering over the water, Mr. Archer Fish takes up position beneath it. Then he quickly fills his mouth full of water and gives the unfortunate insect a powerful squirt.

If the fly is within ten feet of the surface he is usually brought down drenched first shot, to be promptly gobbled up, but sometimes the hose has to be turned on again and again before the insect is persuaded to come in for a dip!

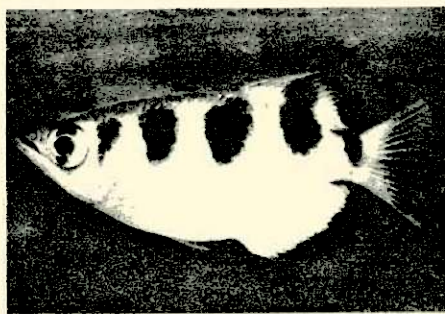
Perhaps the oddest of eastern "finnomena" is the Chinese telescope fish. Through no choice of its own the telescope fish has to devote itself to a study of the heavens. Its eyes are stuck on the ends of long tubes jutting vertically upwards out of its head.

Unfortunately this fishy astronomer experiences many eclipses! Hovering kite-hawks find its eyes very tasty and are constantly swooping down and pecking them off. This does not worry our finny friend, however. Inside a month he grows a new pair of lenses.

There are certainly some queer fish around.



Left, a pair of Egyptian mouthbreeders; the female hatches her eggs in her mouth. Below, the archer fish which can shoot down an insect at 10 feet



The Saxon crypt beneath the church of St. Wystan, at Repton, is only 17 feet square. It is at least a thousand years old, possibly even older



# COUNTRY POTTERY FIGURES

By DENYS VAL BAKER

I WENT into a typical farm kitchen recently—a big long generous room, dominated by a great hearth-place, and over the fire a deep shelf. Like so many shelves and mantelpieces in country homes, this one was cluttered with a variety of ornamental odds-and-ends. So often one rather takes them for granted: on this occasion my host drew my attention to some of his pieces. And so I was introduced to some of the fascination of collecting rustic, or "country" pottery.

Pottery of many forms, of course, has always been an integral part of country life. Indeed, to this day in many village homes you will find the stout red clay pitcher still in use. And many a farmer's wife still uses her butter pots, porringers, and other cool, simple examples of earthenware.

But there is another type of rustic pottery that was very popular a few centuries ago, and that is the production of numerous, and often ingenious, figures, human or animal. This tradition goes back much further than the famous Toby jugs.

The natives over a thousand years ago used to press and pinch lumps of clay into horrific human effigies.

Sometimes these figures were made in this fashion, but often they were made from moulds. During the Middle Ages it was a common practice to produce moulded face masks, often almost

diabolical in expression, and representing—perhaps satirising is a better word—some infamous public figure. These masks are still made to-day, but the tendency has been to make them more sophisticated.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and amusing of these country figures are the drinking containers, in which a basic pot mug is shaped into the face or figure of a man. One of the earliest of these took the form of a jug with a bearded face. Examples were found in Germany in the sixteenth century, and in Britain soon after.

Then came the famous Toby jugs, whose popularity has continued to this day. These drinking pots were finely made, and skilfully decorated to reveal real character. Usually the figure was made holding a round jug on one knee, with the right hand round the sides of



the jug. This is the style of the Toby Jugs made by Ralph Wood. Sometimes the head of the figure is held back and the cup raised in the act of drinking.

One feature of these country jugs which makes them so popular with collectors is the variety of inscriptions, often linked with topical events.

The variations on the Toby jugs are innumerable. There is the original Toby, but equally popular are such vivid figures as The Sailor, or Martha Gunn, or The Fiddler, or The Barge-man—many of them, of course, linked with rural pursuits. Sometimes a jug would be made to commemorate some national figure: hence the Lord Howe and Bluff King Hal. Certain figures are derived from plays of the day—Paul Pry, from a nineteenth century comedy of that name. Incidentally Toby Jug topicality is continued to this day.

A popular variant in country homes of the nineteenth century was teapots or flasks made in the shape of a figure, highly decorated and in several colours. Someone hit on the idea of reversible

heads; the most popular examples were "Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell," and "the Pope and the Devil". Often these pots were imprinted with a few lines of verse.

At the time of the Reform Bill conflicts, some potteries made drinking flasks shaped into effigies of such politicians as Lord Grey, Daniel O'Connell, Richard Cobden, and Lord John Russell. Even Queen Victoria was modelled into one of these flasks, inscribed: "My Trust is in My People."

Along with the Toby Jugs and other grotesque images, one often finds the more delicate art of Staffordshire figures—the finely made country maidens and other doll-like representations. Many of these used country settings: "The Umbrella Courtship" and "The Girl with a Cockerel" for example.

Some Welsh potteries were noted for their farm-yard pots: milk jugs in the shapes of cows and milk-maids. It was a natural develop-

ment to produce figures of animals, some of them most beautiful.

Feature of these country figures of a century or two ago were their simplicity, their exaggerated and perhaps naive shapes, their stark colours. To-day the potter's art has become more refined and subtle, so that while figure representation continues, it is more contemporary in style. Even so, it is interesting to note that shops are tending to display, much more than a few years ago, elongated and exaggerated figures.

And so, just as in my friend's farmhouse kitchen I found delightful, distorted Toby jugs and other shapes of old, so on the mantelpieces of more sophisticated friends, I am quite likely to find equally strange figures.



# Professional Risk

OUR SHORT STORY  
By DENNIS THORPE

GRAHAME Conway leaned back in his comfortable chair and smiled at the other occupant of his luxurious London apartment. "There you are, Mr. Melton. Signed on the dotted line."

The plump, rather fussy little insurance agent beamed back at the star in a fatherly manner, although he was barely ten years older.

"You'll never regret it, Mr. Conway," he assured him. "It's always wise for a man in your position to be covered against accident."

"Particularly when he makes the kind of pictures that I do, eh?" laughed Conway.

Mr. Melton looked at his handsome young client with a certain amount of awe.

"I saw you in *The Golden Galleon*," he remarked. "It was very exciting, particularly that bit where you had to dash into the blazing cabin to rescue the Countess. I remember thinking at the time that I wouldn't care to insure the double who did that for you."

Conway sat bolt upright, a flush of annoyance spreading over his pleasant, rather boyish features.

"Double?" he echoed, indignantly. "I never use doubles. Don't believe in 'em."

Mr. Melton's smile slipped and vanished.

"You mean—" Emotion choked him for a moment. "You mean you do all those things?"

"Every single one," claimed Conway proudly. "Fires or fights, cliffs or crocodiles. I tackle anything. Double! What gave you that idea?"

"I—I thought it was the usual thing," mumbled Mr. Melton.

"Not for me. I say, don't let it worry you. It's not really dangerous."

Mr. Melton made no answer. He was too busy wondering how to explain to his superiors that he had insured a young man who seemed to spend most of his working day fighting duels and jumping from trees.

"Look here, old man," said Conway, feeling sorry for the woebegone little fellow. "I've got to go over to the studio in a few minutes. Why not come along and see for yourself how safe it is?"

Mr. Melton nodded feebly, and a few minutes later Conway's rakish sports car was whirling them along to the studio at a speed that did nothing to reassure him.



On arrival, Mr. Melton gazed in wonder at the bustle and apparent confusion around him. The vast studio with its masses of complicated equipment was something outside his experience and he felt rather lost.

"That's the set we're working on now," said Conway, propelling him towards the centre of all the activity. "I'll have to go and get ready for work, but I'll get someone to look after you. Hey, Charlie!"

A lean, sun-bronzed man detached himself from the group around the cameras and limped towards them.

"Charlie, this is a friend of mine, Mr. Melton."

"Glad to know you," said Charlie, heartily, and extended a long, brown hand.

Mr. Melton gripped the nicotine-stained fingers and mumbled something in reply.

"Charlie is one of our publicity boys," explained Conway, "so he should be able to tell you anything you want to know."

"That's right," grinned Charlie. "Stick with your Uncle Charlie and you'll be O.K."

"That's very kind of you," said Mr. Melton, looking after the departing star. "Come and have a look at the set," invited Charlie, leading the way.

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Melton a minute later.

"Impressive, isn't it," said Charlie, proudly. "The picture's called *Sword of Saladin*, and this is supposed to be a hall in Saladin's palace."

Mr. Melton's eyes were dazzled by the glowing colours of gorgeous fabrics, the glitter of gems, and the gleam of polished wood and stone. Some ten feet above floor level an ornate gallery ran round the walls. Ten feet higher still was a chaos of lights and cables. In the centre of the floor was an enormous divan of scarlet silk.

Mr. Melton groped for a chair and sat down heavily.

"It's mostly paint and cardboard, actually," observed Charlie, sitting down beside him.

With some concern, Mr. Melton noticed that the other's left leg stuck out stiffly in front of him.

"Have you hurt your leg?" he enquired.

"Oh, that," said Charlie, glancing downwards. "Happened when I was playing a bit part in *The Golden Galleon*, before I joined Publicity. Some silly twerp left a spanner in one of the can-



nons. Two months in hospital." He grinned broadly. "It shook your pal Conway. He was sitting down in front of me. Nearly got his head knocked off."

Mr. Melton turned pale. "Does—does that kind of thing happen very often?" he faltered.

"Oh, well, bound to be a few accidents now and again. Luckily most of us are insured. Don't know whether Conway is, though."

"He is," said Mr. Melton, gloomily. At that moment a shapely young woman in a bizarre negligee appeared. "Who's that?" asked Mr. Melton, cheering up a little.

"Lydia Laurel," replied his cicerone. "She's playing Saladin's daughter, Fatima."

"Did Saladin have a daughter?" queried Mr. Melton, dubiously.

"He has in this film. Hello, here's Conway back again. Quick work."

Mr. Melton had some difficulty in recognising his mild-natured client in the guise of a crusading knight.

"He's Sir Leonard de Bruyere," commented Charlie. "Slipped into the palace to flirt with Fatima—"

The director's voice cut into the

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When it comes to comfort in footwear WHEATSHEAF Shoes are unbeatable. These two examples



**R1285**  
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FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

chatter. "Now then, boys and girls, let's get to work." He glanced round at the glamorous daughter of Saladin. "Same as yesterday, Lydia."

Lydia undulated her way to the divan and draped herself upon it decoratively. When Mr. Melton could tear his eyes away he discovered that Conway was missing again. Then there was a clink of armour, silken curtains parted, and Sir Leonard de Bruyere advanced into Fatima's boudoir. The cameras went into action.

"Darling," murmured Sir Leonard, "I had to see you once more before I went away."

Fatima gazed up at him soulfully. "Leonard, you should not have come. It is too dangerous. If my father finds out . . ."

At this point Mr. Melton lost interest in the dialogue, as he noticed with foreboding that sundry ill-favoured gentlemen in Eastern dress were appearing on the balcony and through the curtains.

"By the beard of the Prophet!" roared the biggest and ugliest of them. "Who is this infidel dog who dares approach the Sultan's daughter?"

"Spare him! I love him!" squealed Fatima, jumping up.

"Ah, Saint George!" thundered Sir Leonard, drawing his sword. Fifteen men rushed at him with bloodthirsty howls. Mr. Melton gulped and closed his eyes. He opened them again just in time to see a brawny soldier swing a battle-axe at Sir Leonard. It missed.

Sir Leonard made a desperate spring for the gallery and swung by his fingertips for a moment while Mr. Melton's stomach revolved rapidly. Once safely up, he turned to utter a last defiance to the mob below.

"Ah, Saint—"

At that moment someone hit him in the stomach with a javelin. With a grimace of agony he doubled up and pitched head foremost from the balcony.

Mr. Melton jumped up, following the example of his heart which seemed to be lodged in his throat. Luckily Charlie grabbed his coat before he could dash onto the set.

"It's all right!" hissed Charlie. "I've seen him do things ten times riskier."

"Cut!" yelled the director.

A moment later Mr. Melton was gaping at an apparently undamaged Conway.

"Don't say you were worried!" grinned the latter.

"But the javelin," gulped Mr. Melton. "That? Special padding round my middle with a steel plate behind. And the crowd broke my fall very nicely. Hello, time for the next shot."

Before the day's filming was over, Mr. Melton's nerves were badly frayed.

He saw Conway exposed to many varieties of physical assault, and performing breath-taking exploits. By the

time work was over and Conway was ready to leave, he felt only a numb surprise that his client was still in one piece. He was still twitching slightly as they prepared to leave.

"I keep telling you," said Conway, kindly, as they paused for a moment near the outer door. "This game is perfectly safe. You've nothing whatever to worry about." They stepped out into the street.

"There he is!" squealed a youthful feminine voice.

Mr. Melton looked round in alarm and found himself in the path of an onrushing mob of teenagers, all waving autograph albums or photographs of Conway.

"Run for it!" shouted Conway, and made a dash for his car.

Mr. Melton goggled in bewilderment for an instant before starting to follow. Too late. He was knocked down and trampled upon as the hunters surged after their prey. The last sound that reached him was that of a powerful car being driven away in furious haste.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Melton opened one swollen eye and saw Conway sitting by his hospital bed.

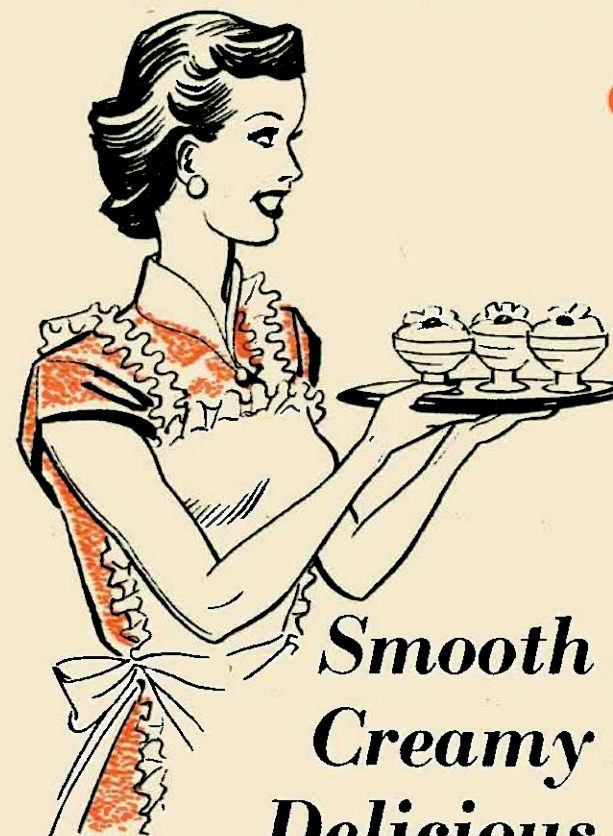
"Hard luck, old man," sympathised Conway. "I should have warned you about them. Still, you're insured, of course?"

Mr. Melton opened the other eye as far as possible.

"No," he groaned. "The idea never occurred to me."



# Mmm... Looks good doesn't it?



## Smooth! Creamy! Delicious!



This is how to make **ORANGE CREAM:**

5 teaspoonfuls C.W.S Custard Powder

$\frac{1}{4}$  pint water

2 ozs. sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Silver Seal margarine

$\frac{1}{2}$  pint C.W.S Orange Squash

Grated rind and juice of one lemon

1 egg white

Boil together the water, sugar, and fat. Blend the custard powder with the fruit juice, bring to the boil, cook. Add the rest of the liquid and lemon rind. Whisk the egg white until stiff, carefully fold in and then pile into glass dishes.

12 oz. drum **1/5 $\frac{1}{2}$**

# C.W.S CUSTARD POWDER

completes the sweet!



FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE





As your holiday-bound train speeds across the green meadows of rural England, it must, sooner or later, run by the side of a canal. Perhaps the ribbon of placid water, with its once-proud and well-maintained embankments, is falling into disuse. Maybe this stage has long since passed and what was at one time hailed as a great engineering achievement is only a sad, weed-strewn echo of the former thriving artery of water-borne trade.

From London to Westmorland and Gloucestershire to Yorkshire the canals are silent witnesses of this indifferent age which passes them by. For economic historians they are liquid history, a memorial to Brindley, Telford, Rennie, and the other pioneering engineers who built the waterways and so laid the foundations of the Industrial Revolution.

When the railways came it was not a free-for-all period of intense competition that sealed the fate of the canals. It was the action of the railway companies in buying up the canals and then proceeding to neglect their maintenance. Every effort was made by the railway companies to squeeze the canals into a hopelessly uneconomic position from which they could not possibly compete.

After years of deliberate neglect the final chapter of a canal's history would be written. The railway companies would apply for powers to abandon them. Once there were over four thousand miles of man-made inland waterways. Little more than half that mileage remains to-day.

You can still travel by canal from Ripon to Bristol and from Tonbridge to Liverpool. About 2,000 of the 2,400 miles of inland waterways still in use belong to the nation. They are administered by the British Transport Commission's Docks and Inland Waterways Executive. In one recent year these waterways carried nearly 13 million tons of freight, which included nearly

By  
LOUIS LANCASTER

7 million tons of coal and other fuel, and nearly 2 million tons of bulk liquids. The remainder was classed as general merchandise.

Even this record will surprise many people. It means that every mile of nationalised inland waterway carried an average of 6,373 tons of freight. Evidence that much more could be done in the way of developing traffic on these waterways, however, is demonstrated by the privately-owned 40 miles long Bridgewater Canal which, in four post-war years, trebled its traffic receipts. The company's chairman stated that this was due to the acquisition of modern barges, tugs, and other equipment. For every mile of the Bridgewater Canal 16,743 tons were carried in 1953.

Of course, the development of the railways and road haulage are the prime considerations of the B.T.C. It is right

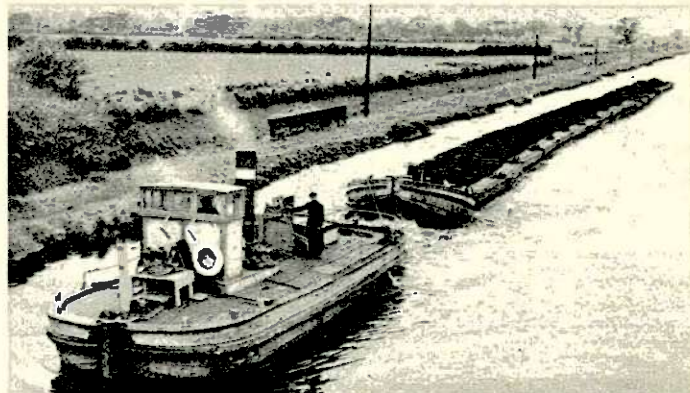


that they should devote their energies to such improvement. Canals, on the other hand, should not be overlooked. Water transport is the cheapest for many types of goods. A canal barge, propelled by a small diesel engine, will carry at least a load of 50 tons and the boat itself will last four times longer than a lorry.

And, if it is speed that is the main consideration, it may come as a shock to learn that 2.9 miles per hour is the average speed of the average railway truck. This is because a railway truck is constantly being shunted or is standing stationary. The canal boat, on the other hand, moves on relentlessly to journey's end through all the hours of daylight.

It seems a tragedy to let the huge capital investment of existing canals become another wasting asset. If Holland, Belgium, the U.S.A., and France can continue, as they are doing, to develop their canal systems, side by side with expanding industry, inland water transport should not be allowed to wither away in Britain.

The advantage of retaining canals as an alternative form of transport is not limited to the lower operating costs



Above: A compartment tug, with a train of compartment boats in tow, carrying coal along the Aire and Calder Section of the Knottingley and Goole Canal

[Photo by courtesy of the British Transport Commission]

Top of page: A scene on the Grand Union Canal at Hunter's Bridge, King's Langley, Herts



Modern narrowboats  
[Photo by courtesy of B.T.C.]

involved. Any move which would reduce the numbers of heavy lorries on the roads could not fail to cut the road accident figures. As, every year, the volume of traffic grows heavier and new roads are hardly built at all, the canals could help to rescue us from the coming transport crisis. Not by themselves—new motorways must be constructed. A commercially developed canal system would, however, prevent us from overloading our roads in the future.

A canal network would have to pay its way. For a fair test the entire network would have to be publicised for commercial traffic. At the same time there



Experimenting with the use of a tractor for towing barges on Regent's Canal, London

[Photo by courtesy of B.T.C.]

would be a very large expense in bringing all the canals to a high level of maintenance.

To a growing number of Britons the canals are an attractive venue for a holiday. Without any fanfare of trumpets to excite the attention of prospective visitors, more and more people are seeking summer-time relaxation in the canal cabin cruisers or converted narrow boats that they have bought or hired from enterprising organisations. This is a function of our canals which could change the traditional face of working-class holidays—on a par with the coach tour, the holiday camp, and the conducted trip to the Continent.

Now, surely, is the time to give the canals, as an experiment, an opportunity to show their mettle. If a pilot scheme to revive canals commercially were combined with the organisation of holiday facilities throughout the network, the canals might reveal their possibilities to a wider public than that which appreciates them to-day.

And this would be a first step towards harnessing the contribution that could be made by the canals to our industrial and social well-being.



## Gilding the Lily

By ELEANOR HARVEY

THE modern girl's use of cosmetics is deplored by many people: yet there is hardly one present aid to beauty which women were not using over three thousand years ago.

Quite recently, ear-rings and fob ornaments, hollowed to contain pads of perfumed cottonwool, were hailed as beauty news. Yet Orientals, long before the birth of Christ, spent hours fashioning pastilles of musk and amber paste into chaplets, bracelets, necklaces, and ear adornments.

The wealthy Egyptian lady was, of course, the belle of them all, for she considered beauty an art to be cultivated from earliest childhood. To be beautiful in the eyes of her lord and master was her only desire, and she spent almost all her waking and sleeping hours to this end.

It was she who first considered it necessary to immerse completely in water, and her bath aids were extravagant and varied. Precious oils perfumed her bath and fuller's earth overcame any hardness of water.

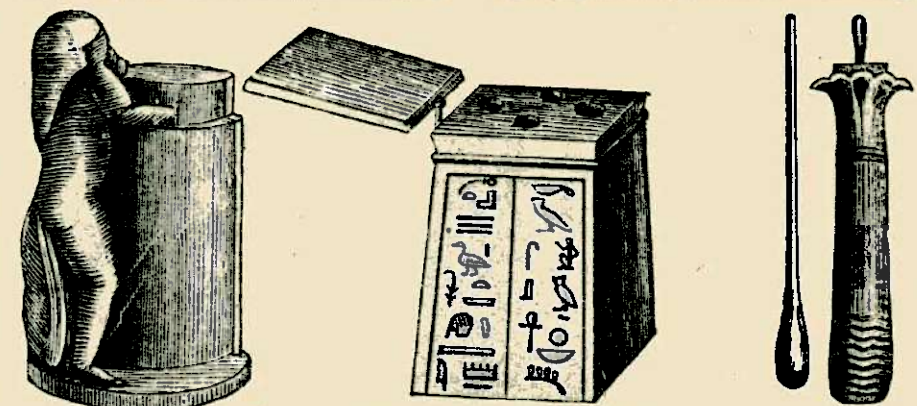
Afterwards, she would spend hours massaging her skin with sweet-smelling

unguents procured from the priests, who alone were acquainted with the mysteries of the compounding art and were, in fact, the first "manufacturing perfumiers." Of course the preparations were expensive and the "working girl" of the day had to make do with castor oil!

While her slave held up a burnished copper mirror, our belle would concentrate on enhancing her eyes. First came an application of kohl, not only to the lids, lashes, and eyebrows but, by means of an ivory bodkin, into the very eyes themselves. This enlarged the pupils and gave the admired "dewy" look.

Kohl was made by removing the inside of a lemon, filling it with plumbago and burnt copper, and placing in a fire until it became carbonised. To this was added pounded coral, sandalwood, pearls, ambergris, the wing of a bat, and part of the body of a chameleon, all having previously been burnt to a cinder and moistened with rosewater while hot. An expensive and rather messy mascara!

Red and white paints were used for the face, and though it may seem modern to apply lipstick with a brush, an early engraving shows a Grecian woman using



These boxes were used by the Egyptians to contain their eye-paint. Above: An Egyptian lady at her toilet, assisted by her servants

[Picture Post Library illustrations]



this method to put vermilion on her lips.

Even these women had their beauty problems. Pumice stone was used by the Romans to banish goose-flesh while weird and wonderful were the "face packs" concocted to improve the texture of the skin.

One recipe advised a mixture of pea-flour, barley meal, eggs, wine-lees, harts-horn, bulbs of narcissus, and honey. Here again, the working girl had to make do with simpler ingredients: corn-flour and breadcrumbs soaked in milk. They kept on these packs all night and it is said that some with ravaged complexions removed them only for the purpose of going out!

Such niceties as mouth-washes and depilatories were not overlooked. The mouth was rinsed with perfumed water. A more fanciful idea was illustrated in an early engraving showing a slave girl holding a lotus bud to her lady's mouth, this idea being that the lady should inhale the perfume of the flower.

The constant application of oils to

the body produced unwanted hair, and to remove this a paste called termentina, composed of turpentine thickened to a paste, was applied. This must have been an extremely painful procedure, but feminine vanity will always uphold that discomfort must be endured if beauty is the reward.

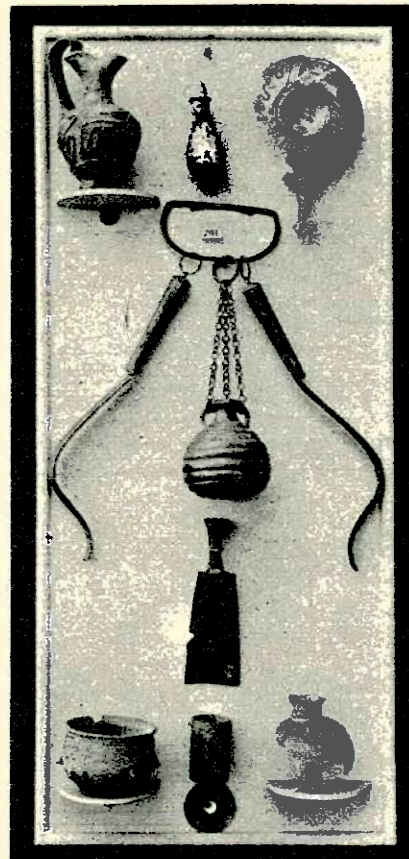
A pimple appearing at the wrong moment has distressed women of all ages. Ovid recommends roasted lupin beans, white lead, red nitre, and orris-root made into a paste with honey, but the Romans preferred barley-flour kneaded with fresh butter.

Preparations for cleaning the teeth depended upon national custom. The Oriental lady fancied a powder made from the walnut tree, the Romans swore by calcined pumice stone, while early Indians preferred their womenfolk to stain their teeth black.

Before the introduction of soap, perfumed clay or almond paste was used. But it is interesting to note that the first soap, composed of goat's fat and ashes, was used for dyeing the hair.

Grey hairs caused panic in ancient Egypt, where the hair was considered by both men and women as their crowning glory. Henna was, of course, used to obtain a blonde hue, but many a man tinted his beard black by applying a lotion composed of leeches left to putrefy for sixty days with wine and vinegar. Men as well as women hid their thinning locks with pads, wigs, curls, and chignons of dyed sheeps wool.

As finishing touches, our Egyptian lady would paint her henna-tinted hands with real gold or silverleaf nail varnish and sprinkle gold dust over her hair. Her toilet had probably taken her the best part of the day. It may confound some present-day critics to realise that the modern girl spends far less time with cosmetics than most women of by-gone days. It is to her credit that in our eyes she appears just as beautiful.



Above: A Roman lady's toilet articles, including oil flasks and strigils or scrapers for removing oil or perspiration. Right: An old engraving of a Persian bath

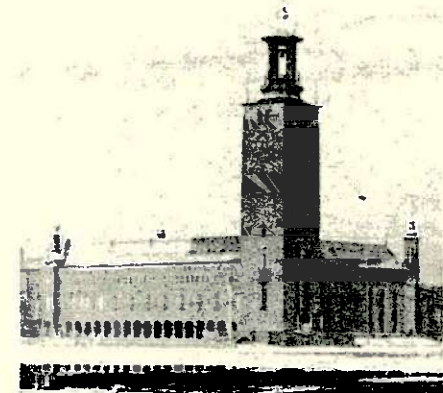
[Picture Post Library Illustrations]



dual art. The *Orpheus* group, outside the Concert Hall, is a good example of this in the field of sculpture.

There is, of course, no end to the sight-seeing to be done in Stockholm and its environs. The *Stadhus*, or City Hall, can hardly be missed by anyone, for its tower, rising gracefully from the edge of Malaren Lake, soars skyward to a height of 347 feet. Surmounted by a green copper spire it is, indeed, one of the landmarks by which to steer a course about the city.

Much has been written about the City Hall, with its great banqueting hall, its commodious civic apartments, and its faultless furnishings. The building is a treasury of Nordic art, and has to be seen to be believed. How careful the planning was may be gathered from one homely detail. The kitchens, instead of being located somewhere in the basement regions, are on an upper floor,



The City Hall, Stockholm; its graceful tower is one of the landmarks by which to steer a course about the City. Left: The well-planned traffic centre

[Photos by courtesy of Swedish Embassy, London]

A STRANGER to Stockholm can hardly fail to be impressed by its superb natural setting. The city rises from what appears to be the estuary of a river, or an extensive inland lake. Everywhere is the glint of water, the flash of white wings, and the bustle of shipping. For background there are the evergreen forests and the hills.

A prosperous country, with the highest living standard in Europe, Sweden has lavished untold wealth on the construction of its capital. Ultra-modernity is the keynote of its architectural style. But one should remember that there is also an Old Stockholm, situated on the two islands of Stadden and Riddarholm, whose history goes back to the 13th century. Connected with the mainland by bridges, it is easily reached.

The buildings, closely crowded together, are many of them built in the monumental style of bygone centuries. Narrow streets, winding alleys, and tree-shaded squares combine to produce, in some parts of the medieval city, a delightful Venetian effect. The visitor will be charmed by picturesque wooden houses, by a colourful market place, and by numerous old curiosity shops. Fascinating in the daytime, this quarter of the city is even more so at night, when the neon lights go on.

Among the places of major interest are the Royal Palace, full of Gobelin tapestries and French *objets d'art*, and the Nicolai, the German, and the Riddarholm churches. The last is of particular importance, for it is the Pantheon in which many of the Swedish kings, among them the late Gustav V, lie buried. Readily distinguished by its gilded spire, Riddarholm Church is as good as an introduction to Swedish history. Thousands of tourists look round its dim interior every year.

## Lovely Swedish Capital

By RUDOLPH ROBERT

Also to be seen in this part of Stockholm are the Riksdag, or Swedish Parliament, with a lovely outlook over Strommen, the Stock Exchange, founded in 1764, and a State Bank, reputed to be Europe's oldest.

Around this original nucleus, on the islands at the junction of Malaren Lake and the Baltic, new Stockholm has grown up, radiant and serene, a city renowned, even in Scandinavia, for its Twentieth Century Renaissance architecture. Undoubtedly the exteriors of some of the office buildings, and of the blocks of flat dwellings, are quite spectacular.

The architecture of Stockholm is stimulating, imaginatively daring, and complementary to it is a highly indivi-

thus ensuring that the noses of distinguished guests are never offended by the smell of cooking!

Another building that may be singled out for special mention is Engelbrecht Church, a true masterpiece in 20th century Gothic style. This lies at some distance from the city centre, but will come as a revelation to all who go to see it. On the way back there is a chance to see the famous stadium, scene of many an international sporting event.

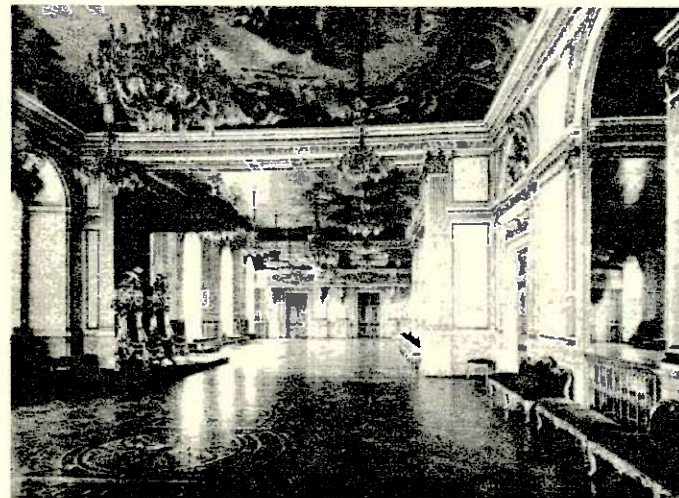
Here are some other points which may

strike the English visitor to Stockholm: the strength of the Co-operative movement; the parking meters for motorists; the hairdressing salons where men are shaved by girl assistants; the slot machines from which, by slipping in a few kroner, it is possible to extract almost anything, from chocolate to nylon stockings, after the shops have closed.

There is one other attraction which can hardly be omitted from a survey of the lovely Swedish capital, however brief. A short tram ride from the Opera House will take one to Skansen which, hundreds of years ago, was the encampment of a primitive people, but is now a national open-air Museum and recreation centre. Here are to be found specimens of old Swedish farmhouses, country manors, windmills, peasant cottages, and barns. Particularly worthy of attention is an exquisite, wooden "stave" church.

Skansen is also a bird sanctuary, and a zoological garden of a most unusual kind. Only animals which will thrive and breed in captivity are kept there, and emphasis has been laid on the old Scandinavian fauna. A Lap colony, complete with reindeer herd, is probably the most popular "exhibit" of all.

At midsummer the whole of Stockholm flocks to Skansen, for there is dancing round the Maypole, and rural musicians, performing on a variety of curious instruments, keep alive the folk tunes of former days. Plays, concerts, art, and cultural exhibitions, are provided *ad lib*, and to suit all tastes.



The large banqueting hall of the Royal Palace. The ceiling paintings date back to the 18th century. The two splendid baroque thrones were made for the coronation of Adolphus Frederick in 1751

[Photo by courtesy of Swedish Embassy, London]



# PLANTS and the WEATHER

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

**M**ANY people find it difficult to believe that July is the worst month for diseases in the garden: because it's a nice summer month, they imagine all should be well. In fact, however, plants react quickly to atmospheric humidity and until midsummer there is seldom sufficient humidity to activate the dormant fungi. From now on, however, gardeners should be on the look-out.

Potato blight, for instance, begins in June in the south-west and then spreads until by July it's often a serious disease of tomatoes. This blight is bad enough on potatoes but it is always far worse on the tomato. It starts with a few yellow blotches on the leaves, then the foliage turns black and the fruits are affected too.

Fortunately it's fairly easy to prevent the trouble if the plants are sprayed with Bordeaux wash. Write to the C.W.S. Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby or go to your local co-operative store and buy this. Apply the spray from above so that the upper surfaces of the leaves get covered. The spores usually drop down from above on to them. Spray a second time a fortnight afterwards and a third one a fort-

night after that. As the spores blow from the potatoes on to the tomato plants, the former must be sprayed as well.

Mildew is another disease which is rampant this month. It attacks radishes, peas, onions, turnips, and spinach. If you find a white mealy substance on the foliage, sometimes in blotches and sometimes in quite large patches, dust with a very fine sulphur dust. Don't use ordinary flowers of sulphur because the particles are not fine enough to kill the disease. Buy the special sulphur dusts manufactured for the purpose, and apply with a "dust gun" which distributes the powder effectively.

Fruit rot fungus attacks squashes, marrows and cucumbers out of doors. It enters at the top end of the fruits and

it's most infectious. Pick off diseased fruits the moment you see them, and burn them. Then spray stems, leaves, and the surface of the ground round about with a solution of permanganate of potash:  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. in two gallons of water.

## LETTUCE AND CABBAGES

**F**OR nice, crisp lettuces in the summer buy the best varieties like Osmaston Gem (my favourite) and Frilled Wonder, which turns in for use quickly. Fork plenty of sedge peat into the ground before sowing the seed, soaking it first in water if the soil is dry: I use two bucketfuls to the square yard. When the lettuces are ready to use, pull them up, roots and all, and put the roots into water until about half an hour before the lettuces are needed on the table. The outside leaves should then be removed, the roots cut off, and the remainder should go into icy-cold water to clean; then put the lettuce into a little wire cage and whirl it round and round in the open to get rid of the excess moisture. You will thus have lovely, crisp, cool lettuce, instead of soft, flabby leaves.

Don't forget to sow the spring cabbage about the middle of the month, choosing the variety C.W.S. Early Market. Prepare a seed bed by raking the soil down fine and adding at the same time sedge peat at a bucketful to the square yard and a fish fertiliser at 3 oz. to the square yard. Set out the plants where they are to grow about the middle of September.

Welcome, all of which are outstanding.

If you like lavender you will do the plants a good turn if you cut the flowers while they are in a perfect condition. Do not wait until some of the "pips," as the baby flowers are called, shrivel. If the cutting is done early then the scent is conserved, and as the drying is carried out indoors the oil of the perfume will remain at its best. Furthermore, by cutting the plants now you prevent them from growing scraggy and this is very important.

There may be other flowers in your garden which should have their spent flowers removed during the month in order to prevent seed pods forming. It's when the plants are allowed to go to seed that exhaustion takes place and they cannot do as well the following season.

# 40 Nations in quest for knowledge

By J. MORETON

**O**NE often hears the question "Of what possible use are these expeditions to the North or South poles?" To the lay mind they often seem a waste of money and an unnecessary risk of men's lives.

Actually, of course, such hazards are not undertaken merely to gratify the adventurous spirit of a few brave men. They are all part of a world-wide campaign to gather new and important knowledge about the rotating planet on which we live and its inter-relation with the remainder of the universe.

Since the earliest civilisations there always have been men—often at great personal risk—who searched ceaselessly for scientific knowledge. And to-day we take for granted many results of their work.

We never think of the dangers involved in proving the earth is round. If we wish to cross mountains or sail to distant shores we simply consult maps and guide books, without a thought of how they came to be compiled, or who compiled them.

The specialists who gave us the mass of information now available regarding the earth's surface knew that, at some time in the future, their discoveries would be useful to coming generations.

We have now reached an age, however, when we need to know much more. Our present knowledge is inadequate and not sufficiently exact for many modern purposes. We must have more precise facts for use in such matters as forecasting the weather, radio and television broadcasting, high altitude flying, predicting changes of temperature, the level of the oceans, location of fish shoals, controlling rainfall, anticipating earthquakes or other earth movements.

It is necessary to explore the mysteries of the sun with its radiations of energy

of which we know comparatively little. The earth's interior, the ocean deeps, the frozen continents of North and South, the upper air within and beyond the earth's atmosphere, all call for the most intense and persistent research.

It is, therefore, interesting to know that one of the largest and most important scientific projects ever conceived is to be launched next year. It will be termed the International Geophysical Year although its full activities will spread over eighteen months—from 1st July 1957 to the end of 1958.

No less than forty nations are participating in this great united effort. It will be managed by a central authority in the form of a special committee of the International Council of Scientific Unions, with its secretariat in London, operating partly under a subvention from Unesco in Paris.

Representatives of Unions concerned with physics, astronomy, geography, geophysics, meteorology, and radio will compose the Council. So this body will draw upon the resources of the whole scientific world.

Preparations for the immense programme already have included large explorations in the Antarctic by British and American expeditions. This vast mass of snow, ice, and rock will later be the scene of concentrated study by eleven nations. From twenty to fifty observation stations will be set up on the continent and neighbouring islands. Prior to the scientists' arrival in 1957 planes will land on the ice plateau at a height of 10,000 feet, and 500 tons of cargo will be dropped by parachute.

Involving the world as a whole, at widely separated points, observations will be made of electrical conditions, the sun's radiations, and so on, with

widespread studies of the upper atmosphere.

Measurements and special observations at certain regular periods will be made simultaneously all over the world. There will be at least three regular "world days" each month, two at the new moon and one near the quarter moon. When magnetic and auroral displays are expected three powerful radio transmitters in U.S.A., France, and Japan will alert all stations. In six "world meteorological intervals," each lasting ten days, a series of eclipses of the sun will be studied from all stations.

The most spectacular experiment will be the launching by the U.S.A. and U.S.S.R. of small rockets which will establish themselves in orbits from 200 to 1,000 miles above the earth, and will travel round the earth like small moons, once in every 90 minutes for several weeks. They will then slow down through air friction and drop at great speed, burning away like ordinary meteorites.

They will serve as automatic observation posts, measuring the sun's radiation, cosmic rays, and magnetic conditions, and will report their measurements by radio signals.

Other small rockets will be launched from balloons at about 90,000 feet, and will then carry scientific instruments further upwards to a height of 60 miles.

The information gained from these and other measurements and intensive experiments will provide a basis of study for years to come, and undoubtedly yield a huge amount of new knowledge. Incidentally, the international organisation of scientific unions must surely lead to improved racial understanding and eventually, in one way or another, benefit the whole human race.



# For the JUNIORS

## THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

For the best drawings of a bunch of summer flowers, the Editor offers:

### TWO GRAND PRIZES

There will be a GRAND STORY BOOK for the best drawing from a competitor aged nine or over, and a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the best entry from an under-nine. Age will be taken into consideration in judging the entries.

Read these rules before starting your drawing—

- (1) The drawing must be original; it must not be copied or traced.
- (2) It must be entirely your own work, and you may colour it with paints or crayons if you wish.
- (3) It must not be bigger than 6 in. wide by 8 in. deep.
- (4) Write your full name, age, and address on the back.
- (5) Post your drawing as soon as possible to the Editor, Co-operative HOME Magazine, C.W.S. Ltd., P.O. Box 53, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. (Put 2½d. stamp on the envelope, and enclose a 2½d. stamp if you want your drawing returned.)

**May Competition Winners**  
**Pauline Janice Lord,**  
 10 Whitegates Rd., Middleton  
**Angela Kelly,**  
 37 Essex Rd., Willesden, N.W.10



## AT YOUR CO-OP SHOP

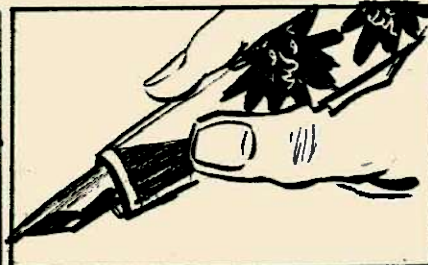
If mummy asked you to go and buy her a tin of Silverlene, where would you go and what would there be in the tin?

(Answer in column 4)

## THE INK BLOTS



What's this? Slick Sam, the rascal, forging a signature to a cheque?



We must do something about it. But what is there we can do?



Ah, that's the idea! That's blotted his cheque-book for him!

By PAMPHILON



**DEAR JUNIORS,**—You will have read in your newspapers that there have already been some disastrous heath and forest fires this year. If the hot weather continues it will create just the conditions in which fires start so easily. A little carelessness with a match, and there is a fire going in no time at all. So it is up to all of us, when we go camping, or even when we go for walks in the countryside, to take the utmost care. We must not light fires where there is the slightest chance of them spreading, must we?

Your friend, BILL.

## THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

### 1. Where are You?

You're in a city whose name contains that of another city. It's sometimes called Cottonopolis, and it has a famous zoo and pleasure park. Its speedway riders are all Aces. Where are you?

### 2. Which Boy?

Which boy is another name for an oboe?  
 Which boy is a large wicker-covered glass vessel?  
 Which boy is a high chest of drawers?  
 Which boy is an attendant behind the scenes at a theatre?

### 3. Song Titles

Can you complete the titles of the following songs? A dash for each missing word.

'Way down upon — — —  
 Drink — — — — eyes  
 — low — —  
 — in the cradle — — —

### 4. Is it or isn't it?

The answer to each of the following questions is a plain "yes" or "no":—

Is pennyroyal an ancient coin?  
 Is a bassoon a musical instrument?  
 Is an amah an Indian nurse?  
 Is a mousse a large American animal?

### 5. Find the Plants

Put the names of two plants—one is a spring bulb and the other a national emblem—in place of the rows of dashes to give you eight four-letter words reading down:—

U S E A A O N A

T Y R E S R H E

### 6. Catch Question

A man died and left £100 to be divided between his sons. How much did each son get?

(Solutions in column 4)

## LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Jane decided to learn to fly, but Little Oliver thinks she never will



"It's true L.O. I'll never learn to fly. But if I've no wings, I have brains!"



"I'm going to give all these extra people on board lectures!"



"Whatever is that dreadful Jane up to now!"

Jane's a nuisance—but not so silly. With all the extra people on board, L.O. quite forgot about food supplies... and they're giving out, fast!

## Puzzle Solutions

**At Your Co-op Shop:** You would get Silverlene at your co-operative grocery or hardware store. It is a silver polish made by the C.W.S. and it protects as well as polishes.

**Where are You?** In Manchester. **Which Boy?** Hautboy, carboy, taliboy, callboy. **Song titles:** 'Way down upon the Swanee River. Drink to me only with thine eyes. Swing low, sweet chariot. Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Is it or isn't it? No, a herb. Yes. Yes. No, a cookery term for a light dessert. **Find the Plants:** Daffodil and shamrock. **Catch Question:** £50.

It takes all sorts to make a happy family

MR PUFF  
THE ENGINE DRIVER



# GOLD SEAL MARGARINE

makes all sorts of families happy

BUTTER-BLENDED

tastes better!  
 spreads better!  
 better than ever!

1  
HALF POUND



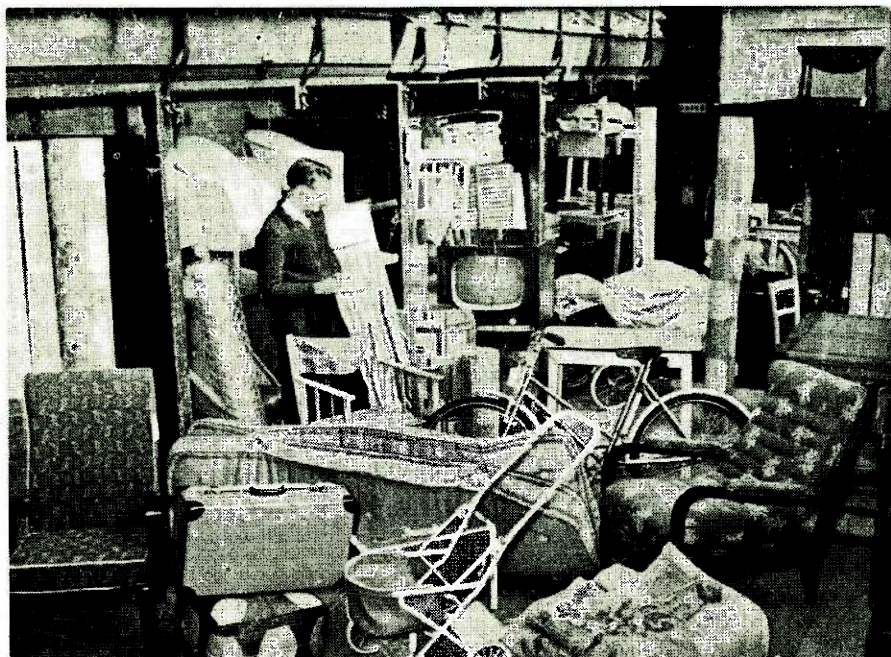
FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



# TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

## *This is Yours—No. 15*



**W**HAT is this a photograph of? Perhaps a jumble sale, or even a picture puzzle to find out how many different articles one can name? It is none of these but a picture of something that is very much "all yours." It shows a corner of the furnishing dispatch room with the assistant checking and getting into order for delivery some of the things that you have bought in our furnishing department, which also incorporates the crockery, hardware, radio and television departments.

Of all the wide variety of goods sold through this department the first mention of any one of them was in 1887 when the committee, getting into the swing of co-operative business, were ordering goods of everyday requirements such as brushes. I think it can be said that it was the humble, but very essential, brush that started our present furnishing department, which has grown like other specialist departments from small beginnings—in a shop that sold almost everything—to what it is to-day.

Like most of our shops at the present time, this department suffers from lack of space and has had to use all kinds of odd rooms from small attic bedrooms in the old vicarage to the boarded over disused swimming bath in the Old Baths, Church Street, where the photograph was taken.

It will be seen that almost anything in hardware, from a roll of wire to a television set, can be obtained from your own shop. If, when needing something you cannot see, you ask Mr. Ball, the manager, or his assistants, they will give you all the help and advice you require. Whether it is a cup, new furniture, wallpaper, television, or the humble brush, your own shop can supply it, and at the same time you will be building up the dividend.

To give some idea of the enormous quantities of goods supplied to you in one year, approximately four miles of lino, 34 miles of wallpaper, and 4,000 tins of paint are sold through this department. There used to be a popular song which said that 50

million Frenchmen couldn't be wrong; that's as maybe, but I am certain that all those fellow members of ours who use their society to the full cannot be wrong, so if you are not one of them, start now to use your own shop for all your needs.

### **Paris Oil Fever**

Many Frenchmen are confident that there is oil round Paris, M. Denis Formel, French Government delegate, told the International Labour Organisation's Petroleum Committee at Geneva. About 50 requests for permission to exploit petroleum deposits, particularly in the Parisian Basin, had been received by the French Government so far.

These requests followed France's first big oil find at Parentis, near Bordeaux, in 1954.

The deposits represent two-thirds of France's known petroleum reserves. Production, which was a modest 600,000 tons last year, was expected to reach a million tons in 1956. Important deposits of gases have also been discovered nearly 10,000 feet underground.

Starting from 1957, these will probably help to meet part of France's sulphur requirements. Some time later, France may even begin to export sulphur.

**IS 1956 TO BE  
YOUR WEDDING  
YEAR? ———**

*The Society's Cars,  
Tastefully Decorated,  
will certainly add  
prestige to the event*

**Inquiries to  
THE MEWS,  
UPPER GUNGATE,  
TAMWORTH**



Wall Newspaper

During the past few weeks you will have seen the Co-operative Wall Newspaper that has been fixed to various premises and put up at the branches. The first issue of this newspaper tells how co-operation works through Congress which is held each year, and attended by thousands of delegates from all parts of the country, as well as many from abroad.

The heading of this issue described Congress as "Parliament at Blackpool," and Congress can rightly be called the co-operative parliament, for it is at this annual meeting that the decisions, ideas, and resolutions formed in the local meetings, such as your half-yearly meeting, are discussed and acted upon.

It could happen that an idea born in Tamworth, taken to Congress by your delegates, discussed and agreed there, could alter or change the policy of the whole movement.

Many people still think that all co-operative societies are owned and controlled by the C.W.S., instead of the opposite, that this great organisation, the Co-operative Wholesale Society, is owned and controlled by the local societies; it is the big child of many parents, and no matter how big the child grows it is still controlled by you and your fellow co-operative members through your local meetings, sectional meetings, and Congress.

Read these Wall Newspapers as they appear: perhaps they will stimulate your interest and make you want to take part in the running of our movement. If it does that—the next half-yearly meeting will be held on the first Wednesday in September, at which we shall be pleased to see you.

Bible Story Clue

Part of the wall that protected the city of Jaffa 3,000 years ago has been unearthed by Israeli archaeologists excavating for the Tel Aviv municipality and the Israeli Department of Antiquities.

This discovery is believed to mark the first major clue to the site of the old city, for it shows signs of fire and destruction which may have been left by the Philistines' invasion of 1,200 B.C. which is related in the Bible.

OBITUARY

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

Christopher Walker, Polesworth, May 8th.

Sarah Ann Baxter, Polesworth, May 9th.

Laura Parsons, Tamworth, May 12th.

Enock Davies, Mile Oak, May 20th.

Violet Lucy Seal, Tamworth, May 21st.

Amos Kennerley, Amington, May 25th.

Frederick George Twomlow, Fazeley, May 26th.

Elizabeth Hextall, Glascote Heath, May 28th.

John Whitbread, Newton, May 28th.

Emily Gould, Tamworth, May 29th.

George Henry John Mitchell, Hurley, June 2nd.

MONUMENTAL MASONRY DEPARTMENT

Upper Gungate Mews, Tamworth

Telephone No.: Tamworth 94

Memorials & Grave Vases always in stock

Renovations, Cleaning, New Inscriptions, New Chippings, &c. for existing Memorials

A postcard to the above address, or telephone Tamworth 94, will enable an appointment to be made for our Representative to call upon you at your home

Fighting Malaria

Till recently, almost a quarter of the population of India suffered from malaria, resulting in two million deaths annually from the disease. During the past two years, a national anti-malaria campaign has been put into operation and, by 1955, about 75 million people had been given protection.

It is intended to increase the number of anti-malaria teams in the field during the next few years to 200 units, so as to protect the entire susceptible population against the disease.

Childish Chatter

What do children talk about? Some 150 British students now know the answer after spending two weeks listening in to conversations of 330 five and six-year-olds.

The purpose of the experiment, carried out under the direction of a member of the Birmingham University Institute of Education, was to help educators and publishers meet the demands of children who are about to learn to read.

The researchers produced a list of 3,500 words in "basic children's English." Words such as "doll" and "bird" were frequently heard, of course, but some youngsters floored their listeners with "bagatelle," "tabernacle," or "helter-skelter."

Motorists—Try this Oil

Just a reminder for the ever-growing number of co-op motorists that it is possible to run your car on co-operative motor oils.

Growing in popularity—the sales have doubled in four years—are Cascade motor oils. More than 80 per cent of retail societies are Cascade customers.

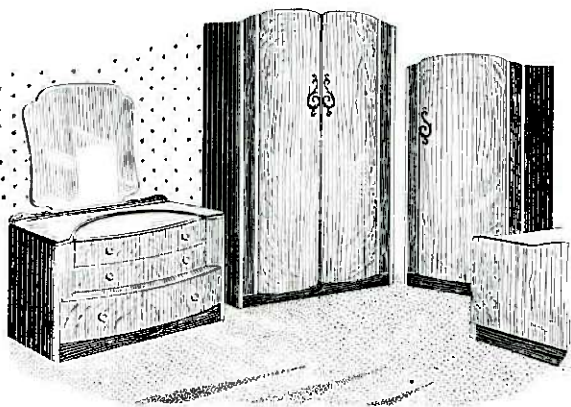
Cascade motor oils are made from the finest American co-operatively-produced base oils and blended by the C.W.S. motor trade department to suit the requirements of the modern motor vehicle.

Retail societies with their fleets of vehicles need the best oils at the most economical price—that is why so many of the retail societies buy these oils from the C.W.S.

If you run a car, why not make inquiries at your retail society?

The Popular Range of

C.W.S. BEDROOM FURNITURE



is constructed of selected timbers with oak or walnut veneers

WE INVITE YOU to inspect this excellent quality, low-priced furniture, which can be purchased for CASH or on HIRE PURCHASE TERMS

We give below a few examples:

	Cash Price	or	Deposit	and	Weekly Payments for 12 months
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.		s. d.
4 ft. Double Door Robe	21 1 10		4 8 0		7 6
3 ft. Fitted Robe	20 13 6		4 4 0		7 3
Dressing Chest (Triple Mirror)	16 14 6		3 8 0		5 10
5 Draw Chest	14 8 2		3 0 0		5 0
3 Draw Chest	12 9 2		2 12 0		4 4

Any piece can be sold separately with a deposit of 4/- in the £1

Pay With Ease for Goods that Please!  
(FULL DIVIDEND ON ALL REPAYMENTS)

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT





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TRADE MARK

**THE MORNING ORANGE DRINK**

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**CHILDREN LOVE THIS IDEAL BREAKFAST DRINK—  
IT'S SO REFRESHING !**

**3<sup>D.</sup>** per bottle. Ready to drink.

*Bottled daily and delivered by*

**MARMION DAIRIES**

**Ask your Milk Deliverer for it or obtain direct from the Dairy**



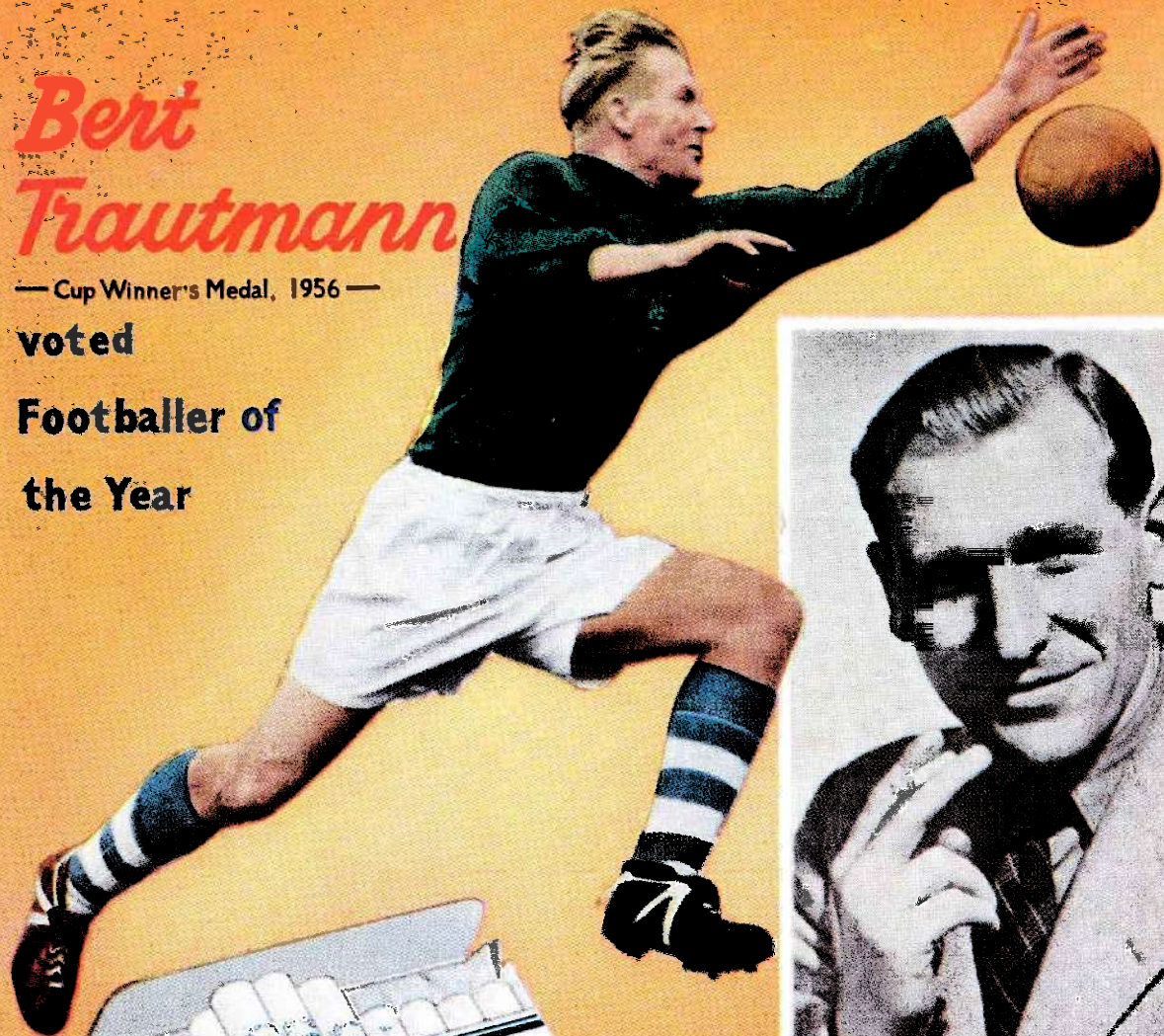


*Bert  
Trautmann*

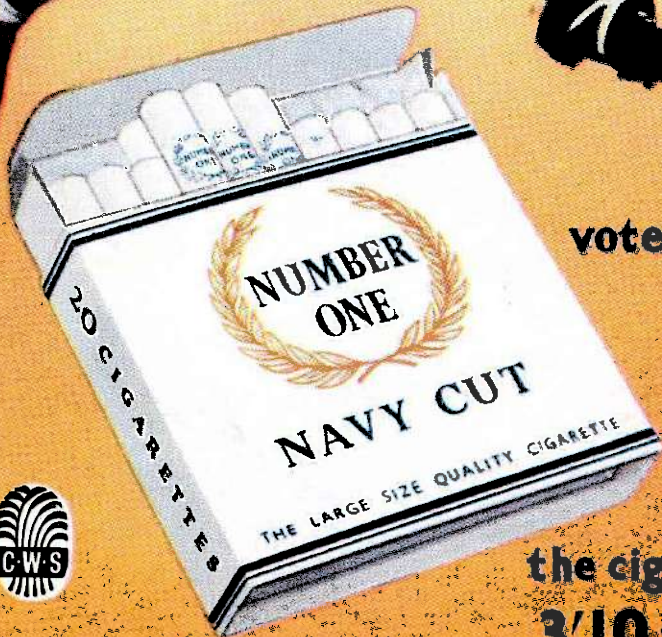
— Cup Winner's Medal, 1956 —

**voted**

**Footballer of  
the Year**



**votes**



**NUMBER ONE  
NAVY CUT**

**the cigarette of the century!**

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**FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE**