

Co-operative Home

M A G A Z I N E

OCTOBER 1956



THE ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE IN THE
PRISON OF THE TEMPLE, by E. M. Ward

By courtesy of the
Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston

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OUR FRONT COVER

This month's cover picture won for the artist a number of noteworthy awards, including the Heywood Gold Medal in 1852, though if the artist had had his way, it would not have done so.

The picture forms part of the Richard Newsham Bequest to the Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston, and in his catalogue of the pictures the donor tells the picture's story thus:—

Being in London in January, 1851, I saw this picture, then far from finished, and immediately purchased it at the price named, 300 guineas; Mr. Ward assenting that it should not be engraved if I did not wish it.

Upon being exhibited at the Royal Academy it made a great sensation. Her Majesty admired it, and it was said, wished to possess it; but no application was made to me on the subject, and, in all probability, hearing that it was the property of a private collector, Her Majesty thought no more of it.

Upon paying Mr. Ward I presented him with a silver claret jug, in token of satisfaction, with which he was much pleased.

It was wished that the picture should be exhibited in the ensuing autumn at Liverpool or Manchester; Mr. Ward inclined to Liverpool, and I rather strongly, on several accounts, to Manchester, where a prize of £105 was offered that year for the best Historical Painting.

It went to Manchester, where Mr. Ward was not only awarded the 100 guineas prize, but the Council felt bound also to give him the Heywood Gold Medal.

It was subsequently exhibited at the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester.

At the great Paris Exposition in 1855 it was again exhibited, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, and one of the Gold Medals was awarded to the artist.

The Emperor of the French much admired it, and the correspondent of *The Times* went so far as to write that he had purchased it—certainly without my knowledge or consent, and I fancy it was a little episode similar to what occurred with our own Most Gracious Queen; but it is at least to the honour and interest of the picture that it should have been an object of desire with two sovereigns.

Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

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OCTOBER, 1956

AS we go to press it is impossible to foresee the ultimate outcome of the Suez Canal controversy. Whatever that might be, this latest example of aggressive nationalism will still have a bearing on the question which many thinking folk are asking these days.

What are we humans striving for; what kind of society do we consider would be ideal for the entire human race?

Of course, the stereotyped answer is a society organised on democratic principles in which we all can live in peace and freedom. But how far do the facts of existence coincide with this theoretical aspiration?

The truth is that during the last fifty years or so, "progress" has been so fast, and made life so complicated, that we have had no time to try to discover a workable system of democratic world government.

In fact, the modern scientific age has driven us in the entirely opposite direction. There never was a period when nationalism was so strongly developed. At a time when the people of most countries are so dependent on each other for food, raw materials, and other essentials of life, the recent tendency is to drive a wedge of conflicting interests between them.

Economic and political forces, unmindful of their moral responsibility to common humanity, strive for power with ever-increasing intensity.

Propaganda spreads poisonous clouds of fear, distrust, and enmity.

Yet in spite of all there are steadily growing millions of the common people who are uniting with their fellows to supply their communal everyday needs. Slowly but surely, the co-operative concept of combining limited individual resources for the common good is expanding throughout the world.

From the plains of India to the prairies of the Middle West, from Tasmania to Alaska, men and women are pooling their efforts in operating co-operative societies for almost every conceivable economic purpose.

In the Far East, for instance, there are co-operative societies formed for the specific purpose of building bridges over irrigation dykes in the mutual interest. Hundreds of the remote ranches of North America draw power, heat, and light from a co-operative electric supply.

Gradually, these millions of co-operators the world over are drawing closer together economically and socially within the orbit of the International Co-operative Alliance.

In the whole history of mankind no such far-reaching unity of purpose has ever been known, or held greater prospects of ultimately reaching a standard of civilisation in which the guiding principle in every field of human activity will be "each for all, and all for each."

Surely, no more worthy objective can be conceived by man; no higher ideal for which to strive. THE EDITOR

THIS ENGLAND...

On a height of the Downs near Canterbury is the village of Chilham. Just off the busy main road, a group of old houses cluster between the church and the gateway of the drive to the Castle. The present building was designed by Inigo Jones, but it took the place of a Norman erection, which itself replaced a Roman fortress improved by the Saxons. Julius Caesar encamped his men here.



Preparing for the **FIFTH**

HERE are some traditional recipes for November 5th. Make them in good time, and be sure your party goes off with a bang.

BRANDY SNAPS

1½ oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 2 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. syrup, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. ginger.

Melt the fat, sugar, and syrup, and add the sieved flour and ginger. Drop in teaspoonfuls on to a greased tray. Bake 7-10 minutes, Mark 4 (350°F.). Allow to cool, then carefully lift off tray and roll round the handle of a wooden spoon. Leave to go cold and carefully remove. Fill with cream if desired.

PARKIN

8 oz. Federation plain flour, 8 oz. medium oatmeal, 4 oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. ginger, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz. syrup, 3 oz. Shortex, approximately ½ pint of milk, pinch salt.

Mix flour, oatmeal, and ginger. Melt Shortex, syrup, and sugar, and add a little milk. Pour into flour mixture and mix to a stiff batter. Add the bicarbonate of soda dissolved in the rest of the milk. Mix quickly and pour into a shallow tin lined with greased paper. Bake 1 hour 20 minutes at Mark 2 (300°F.—325°F.).

TREACLE TOFFEE

1 lb. brown sugar, ½ pint water, pinch cream of tartar, 3 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 4 oz. black treacle, 4 oz. Golden syrup.

Dissolve the sugar in the water. Add the margarine, treacle, and syrup. Bring to the boil, add cream of tartar, boil to 270°F. Turn into an oiled tin. When half set, mark into squares with a knife and when cold break and store in an airtight tin.

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

GINGER NUTS

2 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. ground ginger, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. bicarbonate of soda, 1 oz. sugar, 1 oz. syrup, 1 oz. C.W.S. Silver Seal margarine.

Melt together the syrup, sugar, and fat. Add to the sieved, dry ingredients and mix well. Divide into small balls and place on a greased tray. Bake 10-15 minutes, Mark 4 (350°F.).

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE

Halloween party fare

FOR your Hallowe'en Party on October 31st here are recipes for toffee apples, apple cake, and apples stuffed with sausage meat.

TOFFEE APPLES

12 small apples, 12 small smooth sticks, 8 oz. granulated sugar, 8 oz. golden syrup, 2 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 saltspoon cream of tartar.

Polish apples and insert the sticks firmly into them. Melt the sugar, syrup, and vinegar in a stout pan over a low heat. Add the cream of tartar and margarine cut into flakes. Bring to the boil and boil steadily, stirring continuously, for 10 minutes. Test by dropping a little into cold water; when it forms a hard ball it is ready. Take pan from heat and cool for one minute. Dip the apples rapidly into the toffee, turning round and round so that each becomes completely covered. Stand apples on a sheet of oiled greaseproof paper. Remove before set too hard. If not to be eaten the same day, wrap each apple in waxed paper.

APPLE CAKE

1 lb. apples, 1 egg, 2 level tablespoons castor sugar, 6 oz. Federation plain flour, ½ pint milk, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 oz. Silver Seal margarine.

Peel and core the apples and cut each one into eight sections. Sieve flour and salt and baking powder together. Rub

in the margarine. Stir in the beaten egg. Then mix with milk to a stiff dough. It may not be necessary to use the whole half pint of milk. Grease a square or oblong baking tin about an inch deep. Line the tin fairly thickly. Arrange the wedges of apples in rows on the dough, pressing the thin edge slightly down into the dough. Sprinkle the sugar over the apples. Bake in a hot oven Mark 6 (400°F.) for 25-30 minutes. Eat the cake hot or cold. The apples may be sprinkled with cinnamon or all-spice if liked.

STUFFED APPLES

6 tart cooking apples, ½ lb. sausage meat.

Wipe the apples, remove the cores, then scoop out a good part of the apple, but leave a thick shell. Chop the apple taken from the centre, mix with the sausage meat, adding a little additional seasoning if necessary. A very little powdered ginger, mace, and chopped parsley may be added. Refill the apples with this mixture, piling up the filling. Put into a buttered pie dish or meat tin and bake in a moderate oven Mark 3-4 (350°F.) until sausage meat is cooked. Serve on a round of toast or with chipped potatoes.

TO say that now is harvest time in Majorca is not to conjure up a picture of the garnering of late cereal crops, but of the gathering of more unusual things—almonds, figs, locusts and, in some places, grapes. In the chill of autumn mornings in Britain it is not easy to realise that in Majorca one can still go bathing in warm seas with a hot sun tempting one to bask on one of the many golden beaches—which is one reason why the holiday-maker is hardly aware of the harvesting inland!

But wandering round some of the smaller villages you will occasionally



One of Majorca's lovely tree-lined beaches

Harvest time in **MAJORCA**

By LILIAN GRAY

hear the "tap-tap-tap" of a family sitting on the ground, each member with a small hammer, cracking open thousands of almonds. "Sweet as a nut" is an apt description of these kernels, and if you can pass a certain shop in Palma, where almonds are roasted all day long, without succumbing to its enticing smell—well, you are not human!

The figs, as they dry, look interesting but unappetising. They are placed on racks facing the sun, and are generally looked after by some old grandmother who hobbles out every now and then to turn them. Though almond trees are the more numerous, there are many fig trees too, and their produce represents a steady return to the growers.

Locust pods, or carob beans (from the carob tree), are dried until they are shrivelled and black, but as they are usually used for fodder it is presumed the animals have no objection to their colour and appearance! Sometimes,

during times of extreme hardship, they are eaten by the peasants themselves.

There are not many vineyards on the island, and the grapes are devoted to the making of only local wines. These are not to be despised by anyone requiring a light pleasant flavour. One red wine in particular, Binisalem, is worth drinking anywhere.

Olives are also harvested now, and even later, depending on the tree's situation. Sometimes they are hand-picked, but more often the villagers lay sacking on the ground, and vigorously shake the trees, collecting what falls. Most of the island's olive harvest is processed into oil, pressed and pressed again until not even a drop is left.

While these activities are going on, you and I, as visitors, can explore Majorca, chief island of the Balearics, in a mood far removed from that of work.

There is much to see. First of all there is Palma, the capital, not a very big city, and with few really picturesque corners. Yet the Old Town, with its narrow streets and even narrower alleys, though lacking in medieval atmosphere, owes a certain distinction to its 17th and 18th century palaces, with secluded entrance courtyards sometimes cheek by jowl with busy little shops, attracting with their colourful wares.

The best "buys" are raffia and wicker-work, silks, hand-made shoes, sherry, leather goods, Toledo gold-inlaid jewellery, and Manicor pearls; above all, Manicor pearls! These last greet you everywhere, fashioned into every decorative costume and fashionable effect possible. And if you go to the town where they are made, and visit the showrooms there—well, no

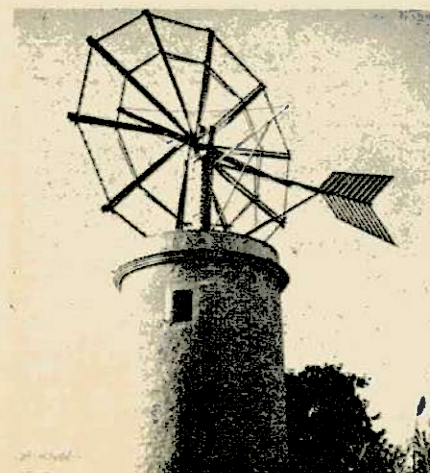


Two Majorcan maidens smile a welcome from a window-sill in Selva

one can resist these delightful and reasonably-priced presents and souvenirs.

Going into caves does not appeal to everyone, but those of Drach and Hams, on the east side of the island, should not be missed. Inside are some magnificent stalactite, stalagmite, and other calcareous formations which, cunningly lit from behind, give translucent effects of sheer beauty, in shades of soft green, gold, pink, amber, and white. Thousands and thousands of years have gone to the making of these wonders.

In the Hams series of caves is one which has a large pool under a vaulted roof. People sit in tiers in a kind of nature-made concert hall, facing a softly lit flanking rock wall beyond the subterranean lake, and wait until, from the



Windmills help in the irrigation of the Majorcan plain



distance, comes the sound of gentle music and the sight of a lanterned boat. As this glides over the black waters, the cave is filled with Mozartian or other delicate airs. The scene is unforgettable.

The north-western side of the island is the most spectacular because of its grand mountainous region. In parts the headlands go sheer down to the sea, and the coastal road from the port of Soller over the pass of Puig Mayor is as fine and breath-taking in its serpentine ascent as any *corniche* on the Mediterranean seaboard.

Above: On the quay-side at Soller

Right: A relic of old Palma

In these highlands is situated the former monastery of Valledomosa where Chopin and his mistress, George Sands, accompanied by her two children, occupied rooms during the winter of 1838. But Chopin was a sick man, and the mountain air was too bleak for him. Rooms similar to those in which he stayed are on view, together with furniture and effects associated with him.

But this pilgrimage to a famous man's temporary home has not spoil the village, and there you can see folk-dancing by local men and women which, in its charm and sincerity and lack of passion, makes that of the Palma cabarets—attractive though it is—seem ultra-sophisticated.

Oranges and lemons grow in the sheltered areas of this part of the island, and some of the private gardens, with their lush, sub-tropical vegetation and quietly-playing fountains, are much as they were when created by the Arab conquerors of the island. Little else of their reign, however, remains.



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Jumper in Cable and Stocking Stitch



MATERIALS.—4/5/6 oz. **WAVECREST** Botany 3-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 10 needles. A cable needle. Four buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 32/34/36 inch bust. Length from top of shoulder 19½/19¾/20 ins. Sleeve seam 5 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; tog., together; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches; c.3., cable 3 by working across next 6 sts. as follows:—Slip next 3 sts. on to cable needle and leave at front of work, knit next 3 sts. then knit 3 sts. from cable needle.

TENSION.—7½ sts. and 9½ rows to the inch on No. 10 needles measured over stocking stitch.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 100/104/108 sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 3½ ins.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in stocking stitch with cable panels as follows:
1st row: k.22/24/26, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.14, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.22/24/26.

2nd row: p.22/24/26, k.1, p.6, k.1, p.5, k.1, p.6, k.1, p.14, k.1, p.6, k.1, p.5, k.1, p.6, k.1, p.22/24/26. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd.

5th row: k.22/24/26, p.1, c.3, p.1, k.5, p.1, c.3, p.1, k.14, p.1, c.3, p.1, k.5, p.1, c.3, p.1, k.22/24/26. 6th row: as 2nd row. 7th and 8th rows: as 1st and 2nd.

These 8 rows form the patt. Continue in patt. inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 6th row until there are 120/128/134 sts., at the same time moving the cable panels out towards the side on 11th and every following 24th row, the 11th row being worked as follows:—

"11th row: k.22/24/26, k.2 tog., p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, inc. in next st. k.11, inc. in next st. k.1, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.22/24/26," and the 35th row, the 2nd movement of cable panel, being as follows:—

"35th row: k.25/27/29, k.2 tog., p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, inc. in next st. k.13, inc. in next st. k.1, p.1, k.6, p.1, k.5, p.1, k.6, p.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.25/27/29."

When side inc. are completed still working the movement of cable panels on every 24th row from previous movement row, proceed on the 120/128/134 sts. until work measures 12½ ins. from beg. Still working movement & before, 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 94/98/102 sts. remain. **

Continue without further shaping until work measures 5/5½/5¾ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing so that right side of work will be facing when working next row.

Shape neck as follows:—

Next row: patt. 36/38/40 cast off 22, patt. to end. Proceed on each group of sts. as follows:—

Still keeping cable panels correct, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 30/32/34 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 7/7½/7¾ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows:—

1st row: cast off 10 [10, 11] sts. patt. to end. 2nd row: patt. all across. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. Cast off.

BACK

Work as front until ** is reached (94/98/102 sts.). Still keeping movement of cable panels correct, continue on these sts. until work measures 4½/4¾/4¾ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing so that right side of work will be facing when working next row.

Divide back as follows:—

Next row: patt. 47/49/51 sts. turn. Proceed on this group of sts. until work measures 7/7½/7¾ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping. Cast off.

Rejoin wool to sts. on needle and cast on 3 sts. for under flap. Knitting these 3 sts. on every row, continue on these sts. until work matches other half of back. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 82 sts. and work 1 inch in k.1, p.1 rib.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in stocking stitch, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 6th/5th/4th row until there are 92/96/100 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 5 ins. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 6/7/8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 70/72/74 sts. remain; every alt. row until 60/62/64 sts. remain; then every following 3rd row until 42/44/46 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using a back-stitch seam, join shoulders of back and front. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, knit up 92/96/100 sts. round neck. Work 10 rows in k.1, p.1 rib. Cast off in rib.

MAKE UP

Omitting ribbing, with wrong side of work facing, block each piece by pinning out round edges, and, again omitting ribbing, press each piece using a warm iron and damp cloth. Using a back-stitch seam join side and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position. Stitch down lower edge of underflap to wrong side of work. Attach buttons to underflap and work button loops to correspond. Press all seams.

HOME MAGAZINE KNITTING PATTERN No. 13

The CURIOUS KIWI

THE kiwi has a good claim to being the world's queerest bird. A flightless bird is itself an oddity of nature, but apart from its complete inability to leave the ground the kiwi is a strange bundle of feathered oddities.

It has no tail at all, minute invisible wings, whiskers like a cat, and nostrils at the tip of an overlong beak, instead of at its base, as with all other birds. It lays a single egg a quarter of its own weight, burrows into the ground, and is one of the few birds to possess a strong sense of smell. In addition it is one of the very few bird species preserved and at present virtually kept alive by the government of its native country, in this case, New Zealand.

No wonder British scientists reacted with one word—impossible—when details of this remarkable creature first reached them from its homeland in 1813.

But the kiwi is very much a reality, although the more one studies it the less like a bird at all it appears to be. Even its feathers are more like long straggly hairs than ordinary plumage.

A cursory glance at an adult bird as it cautiously sniffs and probes in soft earth reveals that it is something of a composite, having "borrowed" the distinctive features of several other creatures. Thus its long, down-curved bill and small, pointed head comes from the wader tribe, but its large scaly legs and feet are those of the scratchers—birds like partridges and the domestic fowl.

Like ostriches, emus, and cassowaries, it has given up the power of flight, so its wings have become tiny and useless, actually being quite hidden beneath the drooping feathers of its back. The stiff bristly whiskers at the base of the beak have obviously been developed for the same purpose as a cat's—to guide its nightly prowlings, for the kiwi is normally asleep all day underground or in hollow logs.

The sense of smell and the notably acute sense of hearing largely take the place of sight, enabling it to locate its favourite worm food in soft mud, while the prominent nostril-holes at the tip of its beak do most of their owner's food-searching for him. A kiwi's eyesight is so poor that it is practically blind at a distance of one foot in sunlight, and six



feet at night. Yet alone among birds it can detect a juicy worm solely by scent, which is not a faculty much needed by ordinary flying birds.

All this must nevertheless suit the kiwi, for as birds go, it lives long. The normal life span if not harassed by man is said to be about 25 years, and many specimens in captivity in New Zealand, living under protected conditions, reach the age of 20 or more, often still breeding at that age.

Developing at maturity to be rather larger than the ordinary domestic hen,

By
DAVID GUNSTON

the kiwi reaches a weight of about five pounds. As a rule they are drowsy creatures, preferring to sleep hidden away than to roam abroad, except for

their regular feeding-times after dark. When captive specimens in New Zealand sanctuaries are brought out of their box quarters to entertain visitors, they are reluctant to wake up at first, standing heavy with sleep, their heads supported by their long beaks—a favourite stance.

But as soon as a keeper brings out their shallow boxes of soft earth in which live worms have been placed, they wake up, run greedily to probe in them and swiftly secure food.

Sometimes, however, they will be quite unable to find food other than by scent. If several birds are placed on a flat wooden bench and a box of worms stood three feet away, they may remain unmoved until a careful trail of worm scent is made artificially from where the birds are standing to the food-boxes. But the worms awaiting their fate must be motionless, since the keen hearing of the kiwis will detect the tiny rustlings worms make in the soil.

The name kiwi, by the way, is a rendering of the bird's usual call when alone at night. It screams forth when out hunting, shrill and high-pitched, *keeeee-wi! keeeee-wi!*

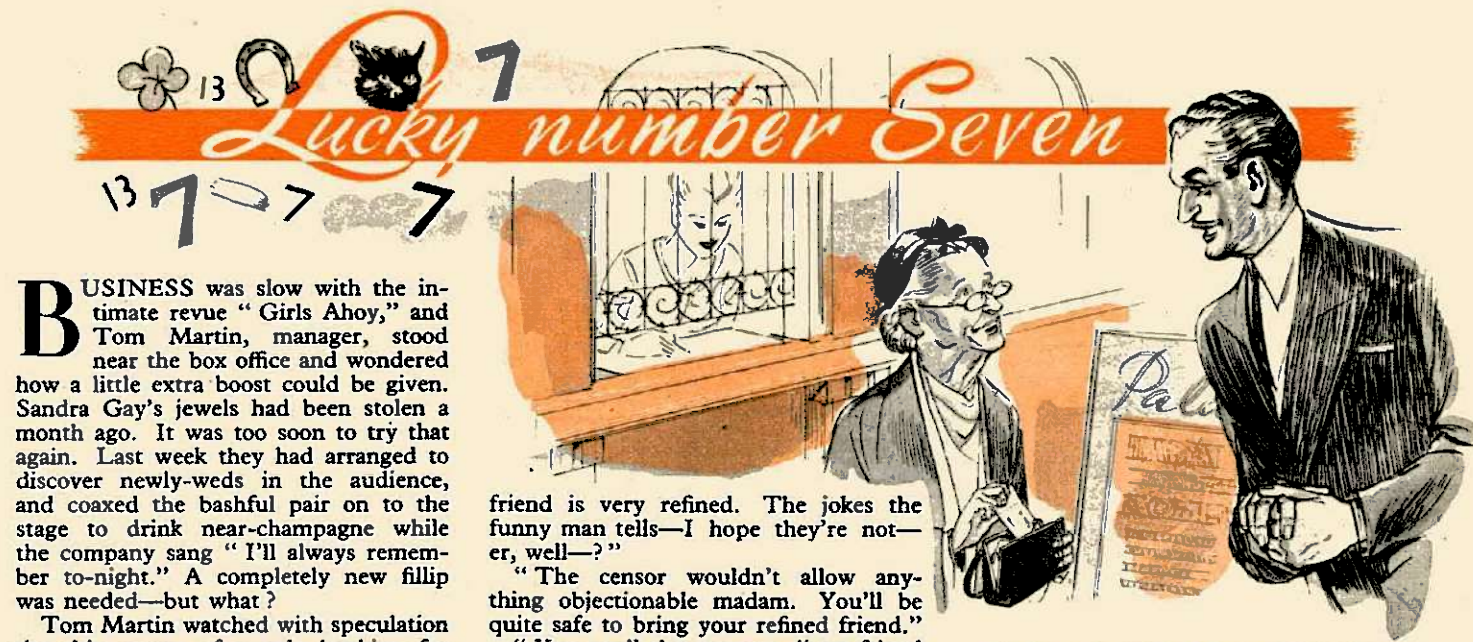
The kiwi is very much the odd bird out when breeding, too. The hen bird approves the underground burrow, dug out at the root of a large tree or in a

sandy bank by her mate, checking first that he has not forgotten the secluded approach tunnel, itself maybe three feet long, and the entrance screen of brush or trailing vines. There, in this hidden sanctum, she lays her usually single egg, an enormous thing weighing a pound or more and measuring five inches long by three across, at least two and a half times the size of an ordinary hen's egg. Her duties end with the delivery of this white-shelled monster.

The male kiwi then takes over, struggling manfully to sit upon the huge egg so that it shall be covered. He has to incubate it thus in the dark burrow for 70 to 80 days, leaving it only for brief periods at night to feed. So conscientious is he, in fact, that sometimes a week will pass before he seeks food. As a result the cock bird loses as much as two pounds in weight, passing his long hours of duty in sleep, and emerging very haggard and thin when the chick hatches.

Oddly enough the kiwi chick is left to feed itself from the very beginning, but, its legs being too weak to support its weight for a week or so, it fasts for that time. Once it starts to find food, however, it grows rapidly, but it does not reach breeding maturity until it is five or six years old. The father bird watches over his offspring for a while, warning it of danger by kicking forward at it to drive it from harm, but beyond that neither parent takes the slightest interest in the family.

The kiwi, for all its strangeness and its need for official protection in New Zealand, is individually a toughie. Male birds approached when incubating will slash out damagingly with claws and bill, and are consequently hard to watch or photograph. The males will fight before mating and at other times, lunging forward with flying feet and claws, or sparring murderously with beaks. It is the feet that do the most damage, however, even by tame birds suddenly alarmed or held in human hands, for the skin is so leathery that jabs of the bill in a fight make little impression on it.



BUSINESS was slow with the intimate revue "Girls Ahoy," and Tom Martin, manager, stood near the box office and wondered how a little extra boost could be given. Sandra Gay's jewels had been stolen a month ago. It was too soon to try that again. Last week they had arranged to discover newly-weds in the audience, and coaxed the bashful pair on to the stage to drink near-champagne while the company sang "I'll always remember to-night." A completely new fillip was needed—but what?

Tom Martin watched with speculation the thin queue of people booking for the evening show. He passed as unpromising the first six, then his gaze lingered on the seventh.

That seven was his lucky number he sincerely believed. But the seventh patron was unlikely material for a sensation; a prim, old-maid type, her

friend is very refined. The jokes the funny man tells—I hope they're not—er, well—?

"The censor wouldn't allow anything objectionable madam. You'll be quite safe to bring your refined friend."

"You see," she went on, "my friend sometimes has tickets for the Floral Hall concerts, and she takes me. I thought I would repay her kindness and invite her to an evening's entertainment. It's better to give than to receive, we are told."

"I see. Two and sixpence change, good morning."

OUR SHORT STORY by MARJORIE AINLEY

greeny-black coat braided in the fashion of long ago, white hair scraped into a bun under a stern hat. Small black shoes strapped over black stockings were conspicuous in their effort to be inconspicuous.

She was, Tom Martin realised, an unusual type to be buying tickets for a saucy revue.

He moved nearer to the box office to hear her. A clear, precise voice said, "I should like two pit stall seats for to-night's first performance please."

"Certainly madam, numbers 11 and 12, Row E; will those be all right?" A lilac fingernail indicated two squares on a plan.

Holding the spectacles which were loose on her small nose, the other bent her head to look. "Yes, I think so, thank you. They're quite near, aren't they? My friend and I don't see quite so well as we used to." A small deprecating laugh accompanied this.

"Oh, you'll be able to see I'm sure," the clerk promised.

The elderly woman fumbled in a shabby handbag but before relinquishing her money she asked, with another nervous little laugh, "It's not—well, a vulgar performance, is it? I'm quite broadminded myself, you know, but my

Carefully tucking the tickets into her bag the woman moved away. Tom Martin moved towards her. Removing his cigar with one hand and his hat with the other he said with great civility.

"Excuse me madam, I'm the manager. I hope your reservations are satisfactory?"

"Oh yes, I think so. The young lady was most kind."

"Are you a regular theatre-goer? We like to meet our public you know," he said.

"I'm afraid I'm not, sir. You see, my circumstances hardly allow me to indulge in this kind of thing often."

"I take it then that this is a special occasion—a celebration perhaps?" he invited her confidence.

"Well, not a celebration—but perhaps to me a special occasion," she began.

"Just a moment Mrs.—er—," he broke in.

"Ransome," she supplied, "Miss Ransome."

"Well, Miss Ransome, suppose we go and have a cup of coffee. Then you can tell me about this special occasion." Tom Martin offered her his arm. She hesitated, then her cotton-gloved fingertips descended lightly and they moved towards the door.

In the cafe, Tom Martin invited her to tell him more.

Miss Ransome lived, she told him, in a Sunset Home for old ladies. It was a lovely house and the grounds were charming, but whereas many of the old ladies had relatives to visit them, she had no-one. Mrs. Deane, her friend, had a son and it was from him that the concert tickets came. Now, after weeks of saving, Miss Ransome was proud and happy to be hostess for the evening.

"I don't like to be the one who always accepts. I did want to return Mrs. Deane's hospitality." She looked around the cafe. "This is quite a pleasant tea-room. We could have tea here first, perhaps. I hope it's not too expensive?" she asked anxiously.

"No, very reasonable really," the man replied. "Tell me, what's this Sunset Home really like? Comfortable?"

"Yes," Miss Ransome admitted, "comfortable enough. Of course, the ones like Mrs. Deane, who have relatives, have extra little luxuries—bedside clocks, electric blankets, warm winter coats and things. But I have my hot water bottle and I'm knitting a cardigan for the winter." Her voice was without complaint.

Tom Martin turned the story over in his mind, viewing it from every angle to see if it held a sparkle of exploitable sensation.

Sandra's delightful dancing the night after her home was burgled, her earnest plea from the stage to the miscreant to return only her engagement ring, had won loud applause.

The company's sentimental tribute to young love and the holy state of matrimony had been a riot.

Could the pathetic pride of a little old lady, sacrificing her hoarded pennies in the genteel tradition of returning hospi-

tality, be made to pay off? Tom Martin thought it could—and it would cost very little.

"Listen," he said, "I'm going to give you back your money. You and Mrs. Deane are the company's guests to-night. To dinner first at the George; then to the show. And furthermore, we shall present you with one of those little extra comforts." He patted her hand on the table.

"But I couldn't," Miss Ransome fluttered, "I should be accepting again, too—not giving."

"No, look at it like this. A show thrives on the goodwill of the public. A little gesture such as this will amply repay us in favourable publicity—and," he added hastily, "we'd love to have you."

"Should I have to go on the stage?" she asked, "I couldn't."



"But, ma'am, the British public are the kindest folk in the world. They'll take you to their hearts and give you a reception to remember always," Tom Martin soothed her. "Tell me, what would you like as a token of our regard? An electric blanket?"

"I can't think, it's all so surprising," she murmured.

"Never mind that now," he said. "To-night at five a taxi will call at this Sunset Home. Think what a wonderful evening you'll be giving Mrs. Deane; dinner, a box for the show, chocolates."

Before Miss Ransome had time to make further protest Tom Martin put three half-crowns on the table. "Here is your refund. You finish your coffee, I'll pay the waitress. I must go. Don't forget, be ready at five."

He left her sipping her coffee and hurried to the telephone. The news-editor of the evening paper was sarcastic, but when informed that the Mayoress was to be asked to present the memento—it would be the following morning, at a local store—he agreed to have a small write-up of the event.

Perhaps, Tom Martin hoped, the

local store would give the memento as a goodwill gesture.

A call to the Mayoress brought gracious consent. "I'll give the ladies lunch, too," she promised.

Tom Martin smiled to himself happily. Number seven was turning out trumps.

Dinner at the George went well. The dining room was full, Sandra's returned or renewed jewels sparkled in the photographer's flashes, Sammy Samson's solemn toast to "these dear elderly gentlewomen resting now from their labours on behalf of a better world" was impressive.

Miss Ransome sat quietly, a vague small smile on her face.

Later the house, bemused with sentiment after listening to Tom Martin's announcement that "We have with us two dear, self-sacrificing ladies, symbolic of your mother and mine," rose and cheered the guests as they entered the box.

"Oh yes, I understand. How exciting," Miss Ransome answered.

"And when Sandra asks you what you would like for a memento of the evening, just tell her an electric blanket, bedside clock, or whatever it is. Here she comes; don't be afraid."

He urged her to where Sandra stood holding out her hand. The orchestra rolled out a fanfare and Miss Ransome was on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present to you Miss Ransome of the Sunset Homes, an honoured guest. God bless her." Sandra's lovely voice was full of tenderness. The British public loved it—and cheered again.

"To-morrow," went on the revue star, "Mr. Martin, our manager, and the company are to give a memento of this lovely evening to Miss Ransome. The Mayoress has promised to present it at Lushworth's stores at twelve-thirty; but for now, please accept these with our love."

A bouquet of roses was passed by a page-boy to Sandra who with a curtsy handed them to Miss Ransome.

Laying her cheek against the flowers, Miss Ransome smiled and Sandra went on, "Now, what have you chosen as your gift?"

Into the microphone, as clearly as a well brought-up child, Miss Ransome said, "I have always wanted a musquash coat to keep me warm in the winter."

The star's rigid training kept her bright smile fixed, but in the wings Tom Martin's smile faded abruptly. A musquash coat! They could have had a panel game celebrity for the cost of that!

He searched desperately for a way out. To put off the presentation until the public had forgotten? No, there was the Mayoress—and the press. Such bad publicity would kill the show.

What a fool he had been not to cover the possibility of such a mistake.

Then, as he watched his seventh patron bow to the audience and, taking one step backwards leaving the star centre-stage, to Sandra, Tom Martin realised that there was no mistake.

Miss Ransome had not unknowingly put him on the spot. Oh no! Miss Ransome was of the stage. Her clothes and the quiet, sweet smile, so right for her role; the traditional bows; all proclaimed her as a professional actress. She knew well the value of making her request in public.

Across the space between them, they looked at each other; she held out her hand indicating to the audience that someone hidden should be seen.

Tom Martin came on to the stage and bowed—to Miss Ransome, to Sandra, to the audience.

"Lucky number seven my foot," he thought savagely. "Stupid stage superstitions. But wait, isn't to-morrow Friday the thirteenth?"

MISADVENTURE TO

THE MIND



The aim of treatment and training in a mental deficiency hospital to-day is to help the patients to develop and use their limited faculties to the full. Children in such a hospital are kept as busy as their development allows. Training forms a large part of their care

[Crown copyright photograph]

MOST of us sympathise with any unfortunate friend or acquaintance who is taken to hospital with a physical complaint. But whenever we come into contact with mental defect or insanity, in an adult at any rate, we tend to shy away from discussion of it, and even from the person concerned. On the other hand, we speak feelingly of anyone suffering from "a nervous breakdown."

Of course, there are dividing lines between these states of mind. Mental defect may be described as "backwardness," while the medical term "neurosis" indicates a nervous breakdown, and "psychosis" insanity proper.

Dr. Margaret N. Jackson in a new pamphlet entitled "Misadventure to the Mind" * makes the alarming statement that nearly half our hospital beds in this country are reserved for mentally ill and mentally defective people.

It is, therefore, desirable that we should more clearly understand, and adopt the same sympathetic approach to, the loss of mental health as we do to physical illnesses. By knowing more about mental illness and the effective modern methods of treating it we shall ultimately get rid of that out-of-date view that everyone suffering from any

mind disturbance should be shut away without hope of recovery.

Dr. Jackson states, "The widespread idea that insanity is more often permanent than not has come down to us from our wicked past, when the mentally ill were so brutally treated that few of them had any chance to recover: their illness was maintained and increased by darkness, cold, filth, starvation, purging, beatings, and chains."

To-day, quite a large proportion of patients recover from their temporary illness, and many others are greatly improved.

Medical evidence proves that some mental disorders, though not all, are caused by some interference with the way the brain cells are nourished, meaning that mental symptoms can be due to purely physical causes; in short, to disturbance of the chemistry of the body.

Obviously, then, mental illness need not be mysterious and terrifying. It should be viewed like any other kind of illness.

Continuous research, in fact, already has revealed some factors which can lead to mental breakdown.

For instance, there is a disease called pellagra. This is common among people

who live on a diet with a shortage of some vitamins in the B group, causing impoverishment of the brain cells. Unless put on a proper diet such patients almost certainly become insane.

Then there are people who have taken certain drugs. In these cases, too, nourishment of the brain cells is below normal.

It has also been proved that, if subjected to excessive strain, members of nervous or mentally abnormal families are more likely to experience breakdowns than people of more stolid or tranquil parents. Heredity, plus emotional stress, therefore, may be responsible.

In children, a birth injury, meningitis, or some glandular or other physical disorder may cause mental defect.

But in spite of accumulating knowledge, it cannot be claimed that all causes of mental diseases have yet been discovered.

On the other hand, there have been great advances in the treatment available in mental hospitals. "Many patients," affirms Dr. Jackson, "recover with ordinary psychotherapy (which amounts to the chance of talking out their troubles with an experienced psychiatrist), occupational therapy, sedatives, and other simple things. Occupation has

* *Misadventure to the Mind* by Dr. Margaret Nelson Jackson. Published by National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1. (1s.)



Occupational therapy is an active form of treatment in both mental illness and mental deficiency. Many grown-up defectives fill their days enjoyably and usefully making not only practical but also attractive products

(Crown copyright photograph)

long been recognized as a helpful form of treatment for the mentally ill. New patients are always taught some handicraft or other, and many of them keep this up as a hobby after they leave. Others take up gardening in the hospital grounds, which are always large and lovely, and some like to work on the farms which many mental hospitals have attached to them.

"Modern forms of physical treatment—such as electro-convulsive therapy, insulin therapy, and some forms of brain operation—nowadays also are available in all good mental hospitals for patients who need them."

Hospitals for defective children are more like boarding schools than hospitals. While their physical health is carefully guarded, the children are given lessons like other children and learn as much as their mental capacity will allow and some wonderful results have been achieved.

It is extremely encouraging to read that most of the patients entering mental hospitals now go home, either recovered or considerably improved, within a few months at the latest. And no doubt it is quite true that, in Dr. Jackson's concluding words, "those who sought the help of mental hospitals are much better informed about them, and the treatment they offer, than those who have never needed such help; indeed, fear and dread of these hospitals is nowadays almost entirely confined to people who know nothing about them."

This informative pamphlet undoubtedly will help to dispel that ignorance.

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IN YOUR GARDEN

There's **URGENCY** in **OCTOBER**

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



SOME gardeners face October with a sigh of relief, imagining the great bulk of their gardening has been done for the year. Actually, October should be a tremendously busy period, for it is the bridge between summer and winter.

Those who grow pot chrysanthemums must move them into the greenhouse out of a hard frost's way. Protection must be given to the roots of the dahlias, the corms of the begonias, and to such half-hardy plants as that stunning tall red lobelia and the glorious blue salvia.

October's a wonderful month, too, for collecting leaves. No garden ever receives too much compost. There are no leaves which will not rot down properly to form good food for the soil. Even pine needles will "behave" after a year if they are activated with a fish fertiliser, and are mixed well with softer material. Say "nonsense" to those who tell you you should not rot down sycamore and chestnut leaves, and an equally loud "nonsense" to those who don't want you to use rhubarb and laurel leaves. The general rule is: a 6-inch layer of vegetable waste, then fish manure at 3 oz. to the square yard; then another 6-inch layer of waste and fish fertiliser; and so on.

It's a great planting month, too. Many of you will want to put in some new roses, and you'll be getting a catalogue from the C.W.S. Horticultural Dept., Osmaston Park Road, Derby, for this purpose. The floribunda types are giving more and more satisfaction and must be considered. They go on flower-

ing almost throughout the summer and they make a glorious show even if the roses themselves are not so firm and big. If you want a regular "mat" of roses, so that you can see hardly any soil, then have them at about 20 inches apart.

This is a good month also for planting evergreens; whether they are trees like the blue spruce or silver fir, or shrubs like the Californian mock orange, Mexican orange blossom, and the Chilean fire bush. Dig large holes for each specimen and if the soil is very dry see that it's thoroughly soaked with water before you actually plant.

Roses, trees, and shrubs will all appreciate a mulch of sedge peat. Cover the soil to the depth of an inch. It must be sedge peat, remember, not any other type; you can get it from the C.W.S.

One way of reducing the number of pests which damage your fruits is to put grease bands on the trunks as early in October as possible. These trap the wingless moths which climb up to lay eggs on the branches and young twigs. If the trees are old, you can put the grease direct onto the trunks, but if they are young you must use special grease-proof paper first.

If you have a nice shady spot, put in some lily-of-the-valley. These will go on producing flowers for years and can be considered a very good investment. From the C.W.S. you can buy small crowns for planting this month at 2s.6d. a dozen. Put these crowns in about 4 inches apart and about 2 inches deep. Fork in some well-rotted compost or sedge peat first, a bucketful to the square yard, and then give a similar dressing over the top of the soil afterwards. See that the soil is well-firmed before the top dressing of peat is applied.

Attend to the lawn, using C.W.S. moss killer at an ounce to the square yard. Rake off the dead moss after it turns brown. Then apply mowrah meal at 4 oz. to the square yard and water it well into the turf. The worms will come up in hundreds and you can sweep them

up and put them on the compost heap. This meal, incidentally, is also a good fertiliser, so the grass will benefit greatly.

Most of the perennials in the flower border should be cut down to within 4 or 5 inches of soil level. The tops will make good compost, so they must not be burnt. Vigorous-growing perennials such as Michaelmas daisies, Shasta daisies, and heleniums may need digging up and dividing. The centre part of each clump, the oldest part, should be thrown away. Don't dig up such plants as peonies, oriental poppies, and gypsophila, which may be left down for a great many years; they hate disturbance.

Some readers complain they have apple and pear trees which make nothing but wood and are not fruiting at all.



Such trees may be root-pruned. Dig a trench 3 feet away from the stem of the tree half way round one side and cut down with a spade to about 2 feet deep. All roots met with on the way are pruned back hard. The following year deal similarly with the other side of the tree, and so the job is completed in two seasons.

The Swede turnips should be lifted before the end of the month and the Jerusalem artichokes cut down to within a foot of the soil. The tubers themselves can be dug up later. Winter spinach should be thinned to about 6 inches apart. The thinnings may be used in the kitchen. Remove the old, yellow leaves from the brussels sprouts.





An experiment in resettling refugees at La Roque-Sur-Pernes in the French mountains of the Vaucluse has transformed La Roque from a dying village into a thriving and prosperous community. Here, one of the refugees who came with his family from a camp in Austria to take over a derelict farm is building a house from the remains of ruined buildings. Above: A refugee family "at home" in a Greek camp

[United Nations photographs]

"Unless somebody takes us away," said one of the refugees, "we must die here in misery. None of us has even enough money to cross the sea to Athens to look for work."

"I was a farmer once," explained one of his companions. "My dream is to go back to the land, but on Tinos there is no land free."

"If I had my own nets and could hire my own boat," put in a fisherman, "I could earn a living in the tourist season. But where can I get the money without security? You know the banks!"

Near the Cathedral, an old woman sat, selling embroidered table runners and carved model ships. "It pays for milk for the babies and our old people," she said, "but we haven't really got enough thread or materials to make a business of it."

At mealtimes these refugees troop into the backyard of the refugee centre. There they receive their rations—soup, bread, an onion, and a handful of olives. The daily living allowance is only 1s. 6d.

Thanks to the Nobel Peace Prize, all these hardships will soon be a thing of the past.

Two hundred "miracles" are needed to solve the problems of all refugees in Europe for whose welfare the United Nations is responsible. Scattered throughout Germany, Austria, Italy

contracted TB. In one camp at Kufstein in the Austrian Tyrol I met a refugee widow who could never emigrate because she had a mentally 'backward' little girl; an old man who fell off a ladder and had to have a leg amputated; and a Russian schoolmaster permanently confined to bed by TB.

By the end of 1958, all these camps can be closed down. The plans have been worked out in detail by the United Nations.

About 40,000 of the refugees are fit to do work of some kind. They will be placed in light industries or on farms. Many have already been given the proper training.

Some 15,000 young refugees, born in the camps, are also being trained to take their place as useful citizens of their adopted countries.

Finally, about 15,000 old and infirm refugees must be transferred to old people's homes, where they can end their days in peace and comfort.

To carry out these plans, the United Nations needs about £6 million. Unfortunately contributions from governments are coming in much too slowly. Hence, to help the High Commissioner in his task, the British United Nations Association is organising a national Refugee Appeal during the autumn.

House-to-house collections all over the country will enable hundreds of thousands of ordinary people to give their sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns. The Dutch people recently raised more than £400,000 for the United Nations refugee fund. Similar fund-raising campaigns are planned for Australia, Canada, and the United States.



Who could resist the appeal of these children, born and brought up in a refugee camp? YOU can help to make life mean something to them by supporting the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees' appeal

[United Nations photograph]

The Envy of Everyone

By L. G. WALMSLEY



A section of Heinz Flugge's model railway, with several gradients, a viaduct, and some miniature hill country, in the foreground

IN the eyes of thousands of youngsters, and possibly of their fathers, too, the world's most enviable job belongs to a young German who recently arrived in this country. Heinz Flugge of Hamburg pulls the levers that operate the world's biggest mobile model railway and makes young and old eyes glisten at the responses of tiny engines on the 120 square yards of table in front of him.

On the broad instrument panel are controls that put 35 locomotives and 53 other types of motors into action. There are express, passenger, and goods trains, diesels and shunters, nine railway stations set among their tiny houses, an electric mountain railway, a cable car railway, and a ship that sails on its own in real water. There are town trolley buses, a station master who really signals a train off, red and green signals that really stop trains, and trains that really whistle.

To move all this around, the 24-year-old German has used 400 yards of track, 2,750 yards of cable, 47 closed circuits, ten transformers, and 159 switches. Three different voltages are required: 16 volts to move trains forward, 24 volts to reverse them, and 20 volts for lighting

and magnetisation. The scale of the whole layout, which has hills, gradients in places of one in eleven, automatic turntables, viaducts, and even street lighting, is one in 90 and the train speeds are claimed to be to scale at 300 m.p.h.

The most impressive moment in Flugge's demonstration of his railway is its night operation when, in a darkened room, trains flash signals at each other, whistle, and go through their evolutions as though there were really little men inside the sleeping cars and goods locomotives. Shunters pick up scattered goods wagons, drag them up gradients, and release them into different sidings. Tiny locomotives circle up a steep hill and a cable car glides down its ropeway from the top. The trains do everything trains do in real life—except run into each other. The distance the trains cover every day is something like the distance from London to New York.

The railway belongs to a German newspaperman named Friedrich Lahme who found Heinz Flugge among the trainees of the German State Railway school and hired him to help when the model railway was merely the size of a small room. The railway is now the

WANTED 200 MIRACLES

THE most surprising thing about miracles," wrote G. K. Chesterton, "is that they sometimes happen." On the little Greek island of Tinos, 125 happy people are talking about the "miracle" which will rebuild their shattered lives. Happiness is something which none of them have known for seven years. For they are not ordinary people. They are exiles from Eastern Europe—one small remnant of Europe's refugee population.

"Pennies from heaven" is how the miracle seems to them. Recently the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the Office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. All the members of the High Commissioner's staff got together and decided to spend the money—about £12,500—on closing down the refugee centre at Tinos. Soon all these people will be settled elsewhere with homes and jobs.

For seven years "the forgotten men of Tinos" and their families have longed for a real home and a chance to work. On the island their prospects are hopeless. There is not enough work for the Greek inhabitants, let alone foreigners.

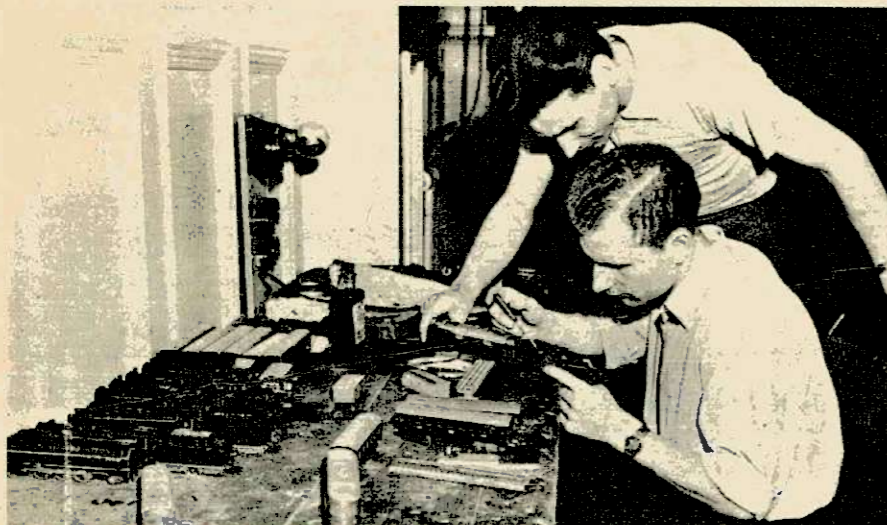
and Greece, there are still 200 refugee camps housing about 70,000 men, women, and children.

Eleven years ago thousands of camps were crowded with 1,600,000 refugees and displaced persons. By 1951 the United Nations had broken the back of the problem. About 73,000 of the refugees were able and willing to go back to their own countries. More than a million others were found homes and jobs in countries such as Australia, Canada, Brazil, the United States, and Israel.

To-day the United Nations still has to look after about 250,000 refugees in four European countries. But many of them, by this time, have got jobs of various sorts and are on the way to becoming self-supporting.

The 70,000 refugees in the 200 camps are U.N.'s biggest headache. They include the "difficult cases." Many victims of Hitler's concentration camps have lost arms or legs, or have

By
LESLIE ALDOUS



Heinz Flugge with his assistant Heinz Luttermann, also from Hamburg, at their repair bench. Together they keep 150 items of rolling stock in working order, as well as setting up the 400 yards of track and maintaining that

world's biggest mobile model railway and Great Britain is the tenth country it has visited.

The job of moving it around with all its tiny, delicate equipment, crating it into 15 huge packing cases, and setting it up again takes something like three weeks, working about 16 hours a day. The slightest deviation from normal routine can disrupt the whole layout, as it did on the morning when the caretakers of a seaside hall left all the windows open to air the room. Tiny points and rail junctions suffered from the unaccustomed salt air.

For three and a half years now Flugge has been taking the model railway round the world and has learned Dutch, French, English quite well, and a little Italian, Spanish and Swedish on the side. From England he hopes to go to America and,



A young audience is entranced as Flugge sits at the instrument panel which controls the model railway

he himself admits, he never lacks friends of all ages. The boast is that adults outnumber youngsters at his show by four to one, the conversation all the time being about couplings, circuits, pick-ups, and all the other niceties of a hobby that counts millions among its fans.

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The Saints'



The romantic island of Bardsey seen from the western tip of the Llyn Peninsula; sheep

REMINISCENT of Cornwall's coastal scenery, haunted by saints, remote, and full of charm, the Saints' Road to Bardsey runs through that part of Wales which projects into the sea south of Anglesea. Of the thousands who throng Snowdonia, few visit Bardsey Island. Yet it is an interesting road that leads there from Caernarvon.

Setting out south-west, along a road which gives many glimpses of the Menai Straits, we are soon on the old Saints' Road, or Pilgrims' Way, along which the devout made their way to the Isle of Saints—a road with many associations with St. Beuno, Vortigern, and Merlin.

Another medieval way for pilgrims from Beddgelert joined it at the village of Clynnog Fawr and this little place became the scene of much activity centuries ago. The church is of great interest to tourist and archaeologist alike. Leland, in 1536, described it as the "faerest church yn al Cairnarvonshire and almost as bigge as St. Davides" and Dr. Johnson in 1774 wrote "it is very spacious and magnificent for this country."

Dating 1470-1530, it was built by Geoffrey of Trefnant on a charter given by Edward IV. Beuno arrived in Clynnog about 617 and built the first church of mud and wattle, founding a monastery of the early Celtic church on the site of the present St. Beuno's Chapel. In this chapel may be seen a boulder with a seventh century cross to the memory of Gwyddeint, who gave the land to Beuno. Another remarkable relic is the tenth century sundial, over

Road to Bardsey

By REECE WINSTONE

(Illustrated by the author)



and the remains of wartime occupation are the only features of this bleak and lonely spot

nine feet long, now standing at the corner of the tower. St. Beuno's chest is preserved in a glass case; in it the pilgrims placed their alms. Another curiosity is a pair of dog tongs, perhaps the only ones now displayed in a church; they were used to remove snapping sheep-dogs during service.

A lych gate, beautiful perpendicular window tracery, the covered passageway from the church to the separate chapel, the porch, carved timber roof, rood screen, and choir stalls are all worth study.

Leaving Clynnog the road climbs with views of "the Rivals" (so-called) ever in front. These peaks, Yr-Eifl meaning the forks, are actually three hills, the steepest rising to 1849 feet. The most

easterly one has an ancient village of a hundred hut circles, known as Tre'r Ceiri (the Town of the Giants) on the summit at 1591 feet, the greatest Iron Age hill fort in Wales.

From here runs Vortigern's Valley, which tradition makes the last refuge of the leader of the Britons, when driven westwards by the invading Saxons.

While quarrying has demolished a similar fortress on Penmaenmawr, Tre'r Ceiri seems to be safe for the moment, and it is worth the not-too-difficult climb over rock and heather from the highest point of the road to see the foundations of the huts, with magnificent vistas over Llyn and Snowdonia as extra reward. A massive stone wall rampart, ten feet thick and ten feet high in places, encloses some five acres and within may be traced some hundred dwellings, mostly single-roomed, some double.

For those who like exploring hazardous hill climbs, there is a rough track known as Screw Hill, which descends to the quarry village of Porth-y-Nant in Vortigern's Valley. This Welsh "terror" drops 1,000 feet in one mile and is strewn with boulders and slate.

To resume the ordinary route—the descent into Pistyll brings Garw Bodfean, 918 feet, into view. Then Nevin, where Edward I celebrated his conquest of Wales in 1284 by a Kingly Tournament. A short diversion to the sea shore at Morfa Nevin rewards the visitor with a beauti-



Abersoch, a secluded boating village on the southern shore of the Llyn Peninsula. A pretty little place, quite unspoilt, with creeks, sand dunes, and a golf course. Rising in the distance is Snowdonia



The lych gate and eastern windows of the village church at Clynnog Fawr. Rebuilt in the reign of Henry VII, it was carefully restored again in the 1930's. Notable features are the porch, carved timber roof, rood screen, and choir stalls

ful and lonely stretch of sand, as foreground to the peaks of Yr-Eifl, rising sheer from the sea and seeming more majestic than their actual modest height.

Onward the road becomes still less frequented, the lonely lanes between Carreg and Uwch-Mynydd sometimes bounded by little groups of one-storey cottages, reminiscent of Scotland, slate roofed and with white-washed walls.

Then we catch our first sight of Bardsey Island, but the track to the tip of Llyn is through a farmyard. A pole across the lane, serving as a gate, maintains the ownership of the thoroughfare. Then a steep climb up on to the headland, via a road obviously made for military purposes in the war, gives extensive views.

To the west is the objective of our excursion—the sacred island of Bardsey, 2½ miles long by ¾ mile broad, according to tradition given to St. Cadvan by Einon, King of Llyn. Here, too, Merlin, King Arthur's wizard, landed with the thirteen treasures of Britain. The Saint founded a brotherhood and became the first bishop and soon Bardsey was looked upon as the medieval gate to Paradise.

A different route back to Caernarvon, or a good approach to Criccieth, is via Aberdaron and Abersoch. The first mentioned, so reminiscent of a Cornish village, huddles near the sea and during the pilgrimages was an important place where the visitors could rest and claim a meal.

A narrow road inland leads to Abersoch, a tiny harbour round the mouth of the river Soch. People who "delight to mess about with boats" are well catered for here.

Llanengan, nearby, has a village church containing a bell brought from the monastery on Bardsey. Llanbedrog shows a little wooded cove like the chines of Dorset, and the coves of Devon, before we return to the well-worn touring grounds of North Wales.

For the JUNIORS

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

For this month's competition write a short essay not more than 400 words on

MY FAVOURITE HOBBY

For the best essays the Editor will again award two prizes: a GRAND STORY BOOK for the best essay from a competitor aged 9 or over, and a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the best entry from an under-nine.

Remember these rules:

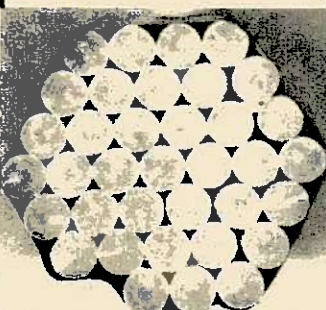
- The essay must be your own work and in your own handwriting.
- Give your full names, age, and address.
- Post your essay as soon as possible to The Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon Street, Manchester. (Put 21d. stamp on the envelope.)

August Competition Winners

John Perry,
89 Tunnel Hill, Worcester

David Best,
87 Sunderland St., Harpurhey, Manchester

WHAT IS IT?



Can you guess what this queer object is? Look in column iv for the answer.

THE INK BLOTS



Poor little Bobby. He was looking forward to seeing the Nigger Minstrels but now he can't go because he has a cold



"Never mind, Bobby says Parcy Ink Blot "We will put on a show right here for you!"



And making a shoe box their stage they proceed to cheer up Bobby by putting on their own Nigger Minstrel Show!

PUZZLE CORNER

Hidden Birds

Hidden in each sentence below is the name of a bird. Can you find all four?

His wanderings took him all over Europe.

There was his host, richly apparelled.

A bird lives in the hollow log. He looked smart in his new suit.

Odd words

Three words in each group of four below have something in common which the other hasn't got. Can you find the odd words?

- Foot, arm, leg, nose.
- Paris, London, Cairo, Brussels.
- John, Jack, Jill, Janet.
- Cod, trout, dace, perch.

Two Colours

Put two colours in place of the rows of dashes below, so that you have seven dictionary words reading downwards:-

a f i l a e n

e r t s l t w

Muddled Jobs

Six men have got their jobs muddled up in the following phrases. Can you straighten them out?

- COME IN PAL
- LAST JUNIOR
- HIS RACE
- RAIL IN BAR
- TAKE BROOM
- SIGH FOR MEN

AT YOUR CO-OP SHOP



Another tin you'll find on the shelves of your co-operative grocery shop. Look in column iv if you don't know what it contains.

HOWLERS

"A la carte" means "Serve yourself from the transport."

Loures is a very famous English cricket ground.

When every line begins with a capital letter, that's poetry.

People go about Venice in gongzolas.

"Pas de deux" means "Father of twins."

To marry two wives at the same is bigotry.

Mary didn't quite mean what she said when she went into a post office and asked, "Please may I have a dog licence for father."

By PAMPHILON

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Jane's slimming lectures didn't have much effect on Little Oliver.



"And here's where slimming gets you! The whole ship, bar two of us, sea-sick."



"And me as usual in the soup, Captain and home-nursing."



"Come on, Sam. Flop carefully over Miss Jane. Thank goodness - she's flopped!"

Puzzle Solutions

At your Co-op Shop: A tin of C.W.S. dried peas.

What is it? A packet of candles.

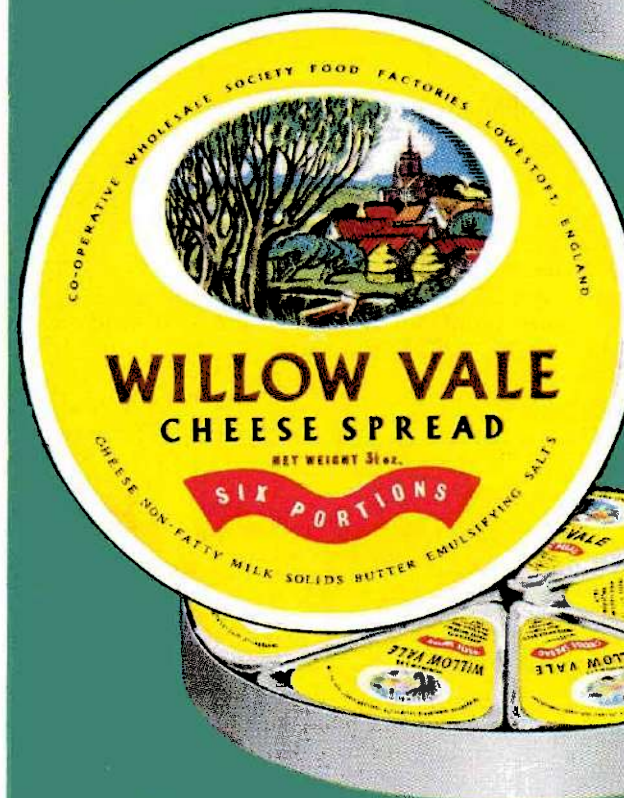
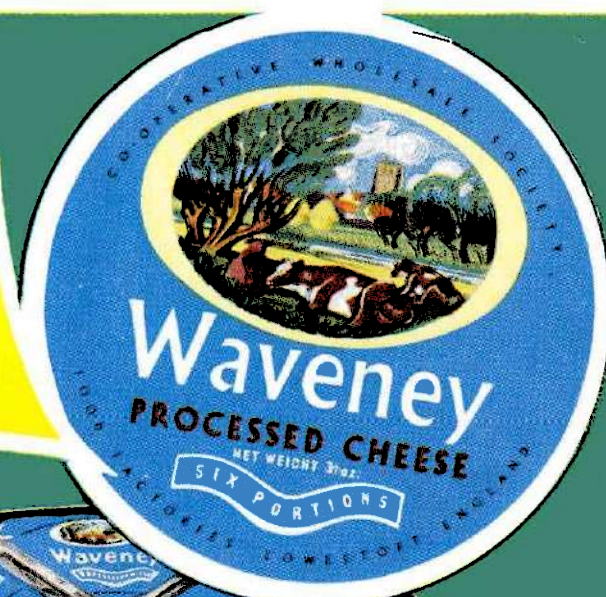
Hidden birds: Swan, ostrich, owl, martin.

Odd Words: Nose, Cairo, Janet, cod.

Two colours: Magenta, carmine.

Muddled jobs: Policeman, journalist, cashier, librarian, bootmaker, fishmonger.

two of the best...



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Tribute to Mr. G. A. Stock

OFFICE BOY TO SECRETARY

AT the half-yearly meeting held on Wednesday, September 5th, in the Co-operative Assembly Hall, Colehill, Tamworth, a cheque was presented to Mr. George Albert Stock, the society's secretary.

Chairman Mr. C. W. Deakin enlarged on the activities of the secretary; several other members of the board and members from the body of the hall speaking in complimentary terms of the service given by Mr. Stock.

In reply, the secretary said he started as an office boy on September 22nd, 1906. The secretary at that time was Mr. F. S. Wharton, who approached the headmaster of Glascoate Boys' School for a suitable boy for the office.

He was interviewed by the management committee and had to pass an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Wages paid at that time were 6s. per week, or 1½d. per hour; but it had to be borne in mind that money values at that time were much different to what they are to-day—he instance the fact that five cigarettes could be bought in a packet for 1d.

At the time of his engagement, membership was 3,070 and average sales per week £1,450. Members' share capital was £30,561 and the reserve fund £1,213, the total capital assets being £39,277.

In those days currency of the realm came in gold sovereigns and half sovereigns, not in £1 and 10s. notes as now.

Mr. Stock had to do most of the office jobs between 1906 and 1915 before he enlisted in the Royal Engineers and served abroad in France and Flanders. He was awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.

He remembered many of the improvements which were introduced to office routine, such as the introduction of loose leaf ledgers instead of the bound books and card indexes instead of sheets of paper which had to be perforated and filed on box files.

He believed he was the first person in Tamworth to use a Burroughs' adding machine, as the society many years ago purchased one to add up members' checks and balance roundsmen's cash with the checks, &c. This mechanisation assisted greatly in the efficiency of that section of the office. Later on, of course, more calculating machines were purchased; at one time the society had a staff of 12 girls in the check office doing this class of work.

About three years ago, however, the board of management decided to install the Powers Sumas system in the check office. Nowadays, the only manual operation is for the copy of each climax check to be punched on to a small card; these cards are then mechanically sorted and tabulated, ultimately arriving at the amount of the members' purchases.

Mr. Stock remembered a dark day for the society, when on August 5th, 1914, 18 of

the society's horses were taken away by Government authority to be used in the war. The difficulties created were obviously enormous, but the general manager (at that time Mr. T. Shaw) and Mr. Walton of the transport department managed to secure several motor vehicles, and the service to members was maintained. These motors were of the solid tyre and chain drive type, and were the first to be used by the society.

In 1919, upon his return from H.M. Forces, he was appointed chief clerk, when the membership was 6,198 and average sales £5,600 per week. Share capital stood at £124,000 and the reserve fund at £8,968, capital assets being £118,000.

In November, 1933, Mr. Stock was appointed assistant secretary, and August 14th, 1942, secretary, when membership was 11,616 and trade £7,400 per week.

It was difficult for a few years to add to reserves owing to the tax position, but since

July, 1947, the stability of the society has been built up until at the present day we have a reserve fund of £57,000, weekly trade of practically £27,000, membership of 17,000 and share capital of nearly three-quarters of a million pounds, with total capital assets of £1,443,628.

Total capital of the society in shares and loans and small savings, &c., is now £1,238,546, and 96.1 per cent of this is reinvested, only 3.9 per cent being used in running the business of the society, plus the reserve fund and balances.

He emphasised that the society had been built up on sound foundations by the devotion of the old pioneers, of which he knew many. One of them, Mr. H. F. Walker of Croft Street, Tamworth, is still alive.

In times of prosperity and adversity there has always been a band of interested persons to support the business, and a sequence of hard-working and devoted management boards and employees, who had to work for long hours with little extra pay.

Tamworth Society has helped locally by encouraging thrift and placing a vast amount of money into circulation. Total amount of dividend paid to members since the society was founded in 1886 being £1,439,318.

Half-yearly Meeting

Tamworth Society's sales for the half-year have amounted to £695,775, an increase of £74,573, or 12 per cent, over the same period last year.

This was stated by Mr. C. W. Deakin, chairman, at the society's half-yearly meeting in the Co-operative Assembly Hall, Colehill, Tamworth, on September 5th.

Worthy of particular mention were the following increases: Polesworth grocery 34.2 per cent, Wilnecote grocery 33.1 per cent, central grocery and Amington both 23.5 per cent. Among other departments worthy of mention were the dairy department 14 per cent, chemist 13 per cent, and butchery 11 per cent.

In the dairy department, a new record sales figure of 16,508 gallons in one week had been achieved. Appealing to members to rinse and return all milk and orange drink bottles, Mr. Deakin reminded them that bottles cost money, and by returning all bottles they were helping themselves—financially. A lost or broken bottle means less profit.

The Government's action in increasing the percentage of deposits and purchase tax had hit the sales of the furnishing department, now 11.6 per cent lower than a year ago.

Bread sales, too, have fallen and show a decrease of 4 per cent, or £347.

Membership still rising slowly but surely, now stood at 16,982. During the period

under review Collective Life Claims had been paid amounting to £1,791. The total of members' capital stood at £1,192,187, £28,542 more than a year ago. Investments totalled £1,190,238 and the reserve fund £57,000.

The society was established on November 26th, 1886, and the 70th anniversary would soon be celebrated. In congratulating members on their loyalty and employees on their valued services, Mr. Deakin recalled how the average weekly sales had risen during that period.

In 1887 sales stood at £52, in 1901 £1,000, in 1936 £6,300, and in 1956 we averaged £26,760 a week.

In the last report alterations were proposed to our Glascoate shop, but it had been decided it would be better to demolish the whole building and erect a modern shop.

Owing to modern road conditions horses were becoming outmoded and as the horses become aged or unable to work, we were replacing them with petrol or electric vehicles. Plans had been prepared to extend the present Colehill garage to provide for more motor vans.

The baby linen shop in Church Street would soon be finished and ready for business. This would give our drapery manager more space to put on a good display of infant requirements and at the same time release valuable space in the drapery shop.

We had been allocated a grocery shop on the Gillway Estate and expected to begin trading in October.

We were taking over the butchery business in Bolebridge Street now being run by Mr. Voyce. We should continue it as pork butchers and supply made-up goods too.

Three employees retired this year. Mr. T. Evans, grocery department, Mr. E. Lees, bakery department, and Mr. S. R. Plant, blacksmith.

Superannuation Fund

The long awaited quinquennial report of the actuary on the state of the superannuation fund had been received and showed a deficiency of £1,710. The committee have discussed the report and were now in contact with the actuary as to how best to strengthen the fund and also to increase the benefits.

Wages had risen by £4,400 during the half-year, and further claims for increases had been proposed. The increase in rateable value of our property had also added £1,487 to our expenses. Bearing in mind this further wage claims and other items on the credit side which would not recur, the committee felt it wisest to pay a 1s. 5d. dividend and place the balance of £2,172 to reserve.

Discussion

Mr. A. E. Langtry said the report was commendable in the main, but there were one or two things not commendable. He referred to the plant baked bread and contended it was not so good as that produced on the draw plate ovens.

Mr. C. Brown said more blame was attached to the collectors or deliverers in regard to the non-return of empty milk and orange juice bottles. It was about time some pressure was brought to bear on those responsible.

Mr. M. Sutton said that he thought we should have a branch in every village of reasonable size.

He thought the time would come when we should have to meet our employees in regard to the basing of the pension contributions and benefits on the wages they receive.

Mr. Walton said he was surprised at the superannuation fund—we were not paying out as much as we were getting interest on our invested capital.

The chairman replied to points raised.

The report was seconded by Mr. A. E. Langtry and duly accepted.

The chairman adjourned the ordinary business in order that Mr. G. A. Stock, secretary and executive officer, could be presented with a cheque in recognition of his 50 years' service with the society.

(There were several comments in praise of Mr. Stock's services to the society, but space unfortunately does not permit us to quote).

Mr. Stock replied thanking everyone for their kind comments and gave a brief résumé of the society's progress during his period of employment.

The ordinary business of the meeting then proceeded and the balance sheet and

education statement were approved on the proposal of Mr. W. F. Jackson, seconded by Mr. A. E. Young.

"Donations Disproportionate"

Mr. M. Sutton commented on the fact that donations of £1. 1s. had remained at that figure for years since before the war, and were now disproportionate. The chairman said note would be taken of this point.

Mr. F. Ward was elected delegate to C.W.S. meetings. Mr. R. J. Longden was elected delegate to Congress, 1957. The arbitrators were re-elected. The auditor, Mr. S. Barlow, was re-elected, as was the scrutineer, Mr. A. E. Langtry.

Voting for the education committee resulted as follows:—

Mr. R. J. Longden	37
Mrs. O. Waine	31
Mr. C. Brown	25
Mrs. K. M. Johnson	13
Mrs. A. Sherriff	10

The chairman declared Messrs. Longden and Brown and Mrs. Waine duly elected to serve 18 months.

Mr. C. Brown gave a report on a C.W.S. divisional meeting at Leicester.

Nominations for three vacancies on the education committee to be filled at the next meeting were received as follows:—

Mr. F. Egan, proposed Mr. H. Upton, seconded Mrs. A. Sherriff; Mr. A. Heathcote, proposed Mr. C. Brown, seconded Mr. A. E. Langtry; Mr. M. Sutton, proposed Mr. F. Wood, seconded Mrs. O. Waine; Mrs. A. Sherriff, proposed Miss Redmile, seconded Mrs. K. M. Johnson.

Mr. H. Baker said he thought the education committee should consider the appointment of a permanent secretary. The chairman said according to the rules the education committee must appoint a secretary from among their own number, and to change that an amendment to the society's rules would be necessary.

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tooley, 2, Council House, Nether Whitacre, August 29th; Mr. and Mrs. Tunncliffe, 27, Sharpe Street, Amington, September 3rd; Mr. and Mrs. Draper, 16, Bungalow, Prince Road, Polesworth, October 13th.

Drama Course

A special course for drama students in radio, film, and television, being run at Bristol University, is the first of its kind to be offered by a university in Britain.

The film course consists of 12 lectures on fundamental theory, composition of shots, editing, use of sound, scripts, documentaries, and criticism, and includes 14 practical periods in which students learn how to use a projector. For radio there are 10 lectures and 10 practical demonstrations, including exercises in programme production.

Finally, there are four short periods on television. The course concludes with the writing and production of a short scene successively for stage, screen, radio, and television.

Mysteries of Deep

More than 30 ships are being equipped by the Soviet Academy of Sciences to carry out underwater exploration, and preparations are being made for a number of expeditions in the near future.

The research vessel *Academician Koudowski* will shortly make its first voyage along the coastline of the Black Sea. During the trip, Soviet and Rumanian scientists will collect data about sea flora and fauna, and will make chemical analyses of sea water.

Similar expeditions are planned for the Barentz, White, and Caspian seas; in the case of the last, observations will be made of the change in its level. An important expedition to explore parts of the north-eastern Pacific Ocean is to be undertaken by the research vessel *Viliuz*.

Caribbean Federation

Most British islands in the Caribbean celebrated their first Federation Day holiday on August 2nd last. The Bill bringing into existence the British Caribbean Federation was given the Royal Assent on that day.

The federation will not, in fact, become a reality until 1958, when the first elections for the Federal Government will be held.

Obituary

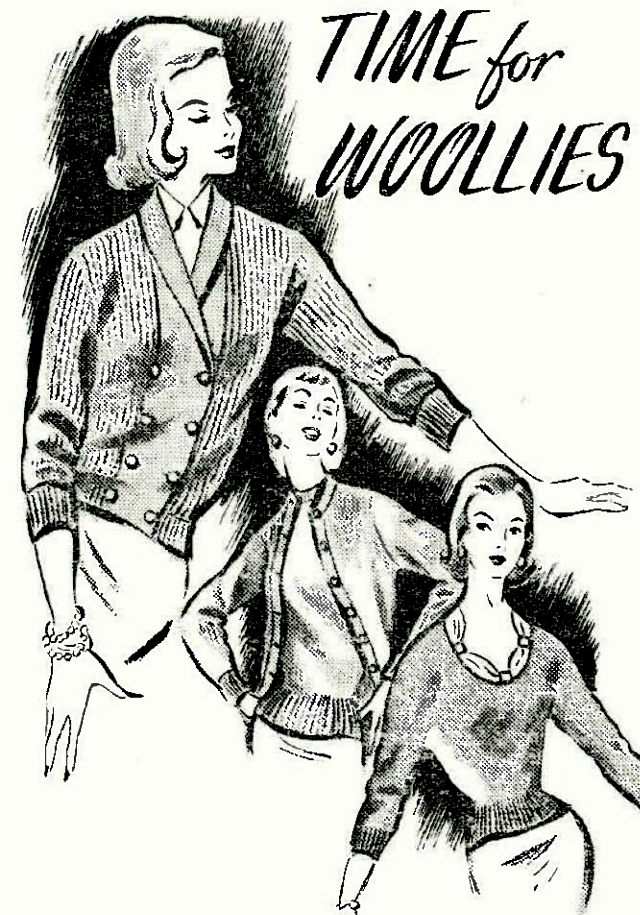
We regret to announce the deaths of the following members, and offer our sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

Frank Perry, Tamworth, June 29th.
 Agnes Matilda Hawkins, Tamworth, June 30th.
 Ernest Wallbank, Wilnecote, August 4th.
 Joseph Foster Clark, Birchmoor, August 6th.
 Harriet Burden, Polesworth, August 11th.
 William Arthur Baker, Glascote, August 12th.
 George Head, Kingsbury, August 13th.
 Joseph Bernard Duffy, Tamworth, August 16th.
 Edna Day, Polesworth, August 17th.
 Sarah Ann Leigh, Tamworth, August 18th.
 Alfred Richard Washington, Tamworth, August 18th.
 John Henry Ward, Wilnecote, August 21st.
 Alice May Parr, Polesworth, August 30th.
 Maud Ellen Wedge, Wilnecote, August 31st.
 Thomas Riley, Polesworth, September 2nd.
 Lilian May Jacobs, Tamworth, September 2nd.
 William Sproson, Polesworth, September 5th.

AUTUMN TIME

IS THE

TIME for WOOLLIES



There is more than usual interest in our new range of

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Raincoat. with Zip-in Detach-
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Raglan style, with Belt, S.B. Rain-
coat, comfortably styled, from
proofed material

91/6

S.B. Box Coat in Shower
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S.B. Box Coat in Union and Wool
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