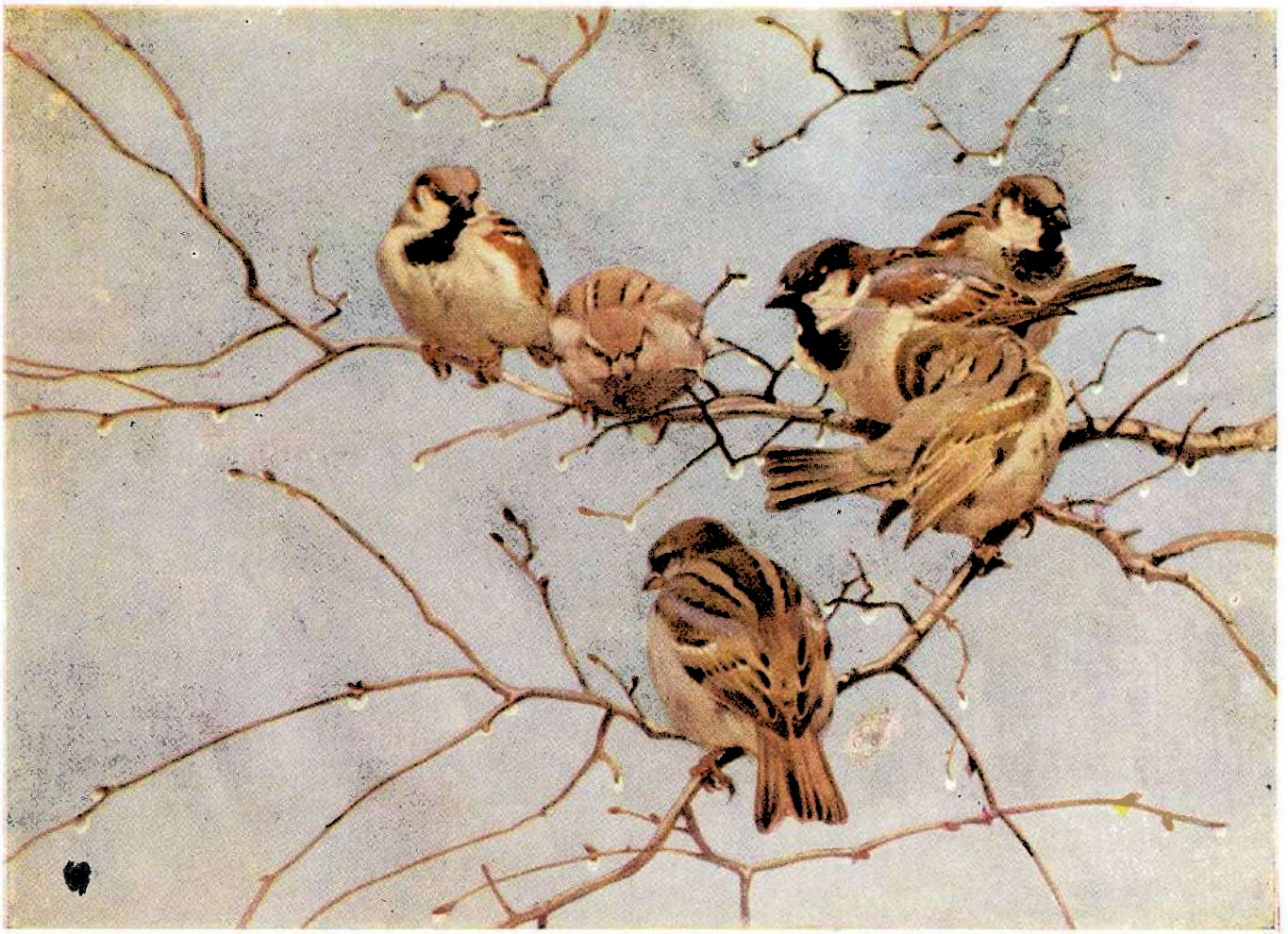
Co-operative Home

NOVEMBER 1956

MAGAZINE



ROGUES AND VAGABONDS,
by Winifred Austen

By courtesy of the Artist and the
Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston.

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

OUR FRONT COVER

Lovers of the outdoor life will be familiar with the delightful bird and animal studies of another contemporary artist—Winifred Austen, R.I., R.E.

Our cover picture, ROGUES AND VAGABONDS, with its suggestion of a delicate Japanese style, amply demonstrates what an early reviewer called the artist's "cleverness of drawing, subtlety of modelling, and perfect command and simple handling of the medium."

Winifred Austen works in watercolour, etching, drypoint, and aquatint. As well as exhibiting at the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, the Royal Society of Painters, Etchers, and Engravers, and other important British and foreign exhibitions, she does a great deal of work for reproduction in periodicals and books, and in designs for publishers.

Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

VOLUME 61 No. 10 NOVEMBER, 1956

RECENTLY the leader of the American Productivity Mission, after six years in this country, made disparaging comments on British manufacturing methods and the quality of our goods.

Strange, when so many of his fellow-countrymen still boast about their English suits, shoes, and so on; when many of them buy British cars; and when American firms place orders for millions of pounds' worth of our machinery. However, let that pass.

It is when he advises British industry to "substitute competition for complacency" that we co-operators should sit up and take notice. Particularly when some sections of our Press urge us to accept his advice.

Here we are, in the second half of the twentieth century. This is the atom age, in which nuclear energy is soon to provide us with well-nigh unlimited benefits. Wider and wider applications of automation will shortly release us from an immense number of laborious tasks in our factories and workshops. We shall thus have far more leisure in which to enjoy the good things of the world.

Every day we hear of new scientific discoveries which enlarge our knowledge, and promise a longer and healthier span of life for us all.

One after another come new inventions, new ideas, new this and new that, all ostensibly aiming to increase our individual welfare and happiness.

Indeed there never was an age which, to superficial appearances, held such great hopes for the economic and social advancement of mankind.

Yet with all our knowledge, all our boasted progress in almost every field of human activity, there are those who still overlook the one basic factor which alone can bring such hopes to fulfilment.

We are still being told that "competition" is the only foundation on which to build a progressive and successful way of life.

Which, of course, is the very antithesis of the truth. What has "competition" brought us in the past? Has not competitive striving for wealth and power led us into ruthless national enmities and repeated wars? Has it not constantly hindered the gradual drawing together of the common people of different colours and creeds?

And where will "competition" lead us in the future? Will the combative spirit help us to settle the many problems which beset the world to-day? Will it help to close the wide gulfs between nation and nation? Is it likely that relentless competition for the ownership or control of the world's resources is going to provide a means of settling current international disputes?

Every thinking man and woman knows that there is only one basis on which international justice and lasting peace can ever be established, and that basis is—Co-operation.

The ideal of world co-operation is not founded on any fantastic or unattainable theory. Against the most virulent attacks by vested interests, in face of all opposition by powerful economic forces, the Co-operative Movement has progressed from strength to strength for more than a hundred years.

Essentially a Movement founded and maintained by the voluntary support and personal services of its individual members, its principles are the very essence of democracy.

With its ever-increasing millions of adherents and its continually expanding trading and social achievements throughout the world, the Co-operative Movement of to-day, with its basic principle of "each for all, and all for each," points the only way to a world-society in which all men may live in peace and goodwill.

THE EDITOR

THIS MONTH'S QUOTATION

Government and co-operation are in all things the laws of life; anarchy and competition the laws of death.

—Ruskin.

THIS ENGLAND

A small boy helps father to bring in the cattle on Yew Tree Farm, near Coniston, a typical mountain-girt Lakeland farm. The farm is one of several contiguous National Trust properties which include lovely Yew Tree Tarn, Tom Heights, Tarn Hows, and Holme Fell.

KNITTING *the modern way*

By JOAN VALLENDER

Do you knit because you actually enjoy it or to produce attractive garments at a much lower cost than bought ones? Most of us come into the second category, and it's for people like us that the knitting machine has been devised and revised until it has become the miraculous and efficient thing it is to-day. For many women knitting remains a handworked hobby; to them the click of needles is soothing and relaxing. But for the busy housewife with a large family, there has been nothing to beat the advent of the knitting machine in years.

If you have been thinking of buying one but feared it was too complicated to master, take heart! You don't have to be a mechanical genius, you don't even need to know anything about hand knitting. You can learn to use a machine in a matter of minutes, and master it in a few hours.

In the short time that knitting machines have been widely available in this country many makes have appeared on the market, but I think by far the best is an all British one—the Knitmaster.

For the woman who likes quick results for her efforts this is the machine to have. On it, knitting for the whole family can be done in a week, or even less according to the time she has to spare. Compare these times with your own, however fast a knitter you are, and you'll see what I mean. A woman's jumper can be knitted in 45 minutes, a dress in 85 minutes, man's socks in 35 minutes, and a scarf in a mere quarter of an hour. Gloves, baby clothes, skirts and sweaters, you can tackle them all, and identical pieces of work such as two sleeves, two gloves, two socks can be done at the same time. And the finished work looks just like hand knitting because the stitches are formed by the same method.

Some people are under the impression that you need a special sort of wool for machine knitting. This is not true. You can work equally well with one, two, three or four ply, double knitting, angora, tinsel wool, baby wool, Shetland, boucle, and even cotton; in fact exactly what you would have chosen had you been knitting by hand.

Casting on is a simple matter of putting the required number of needles into the working position, winding the wool round them, and running the "cam box" across the machine in one swift movement. From then onward, with a flick and a whirr a row is done, and as if by magic the knitting rolls off the machine at the rate of 30 rows and 5,000 stitches a minute.

One of the greatest advantages of working with a machine is that perfect tension is automatic. Also you can shape a garment, increase, decrease, and turn in the middle of a row, without taking the work off your machine.

Any number of fancy stitches and patterns can be worked out, some with the aid of a few simple tools, some without. Fair Isle, an irritating and complicated business on two needles, can be achieved with ease, using any number of colours in a row. Another speciality of this machine is a beautiful tweed stitch, which can be used for skirts and dresses shaped on the machine or, for a more tailored effect, knitted as a length and then cut with scissors and made up like cloth.

A beautifully knitted garment can be ruined if care and attention hasn't been paid to the making up. Careless making up is the one thing which usually distinguishes a home made garment from an expensive shop bought one. The scope is tremendous once you have really mastered your machine, and its speed and efficiency make it a joy to use always.

The KNITMASTER

can be obtained from your local Co-operative Society

The OPEN HAND *and other greetings*

By LESLIE E. WELLS

THE handshake is an ancient custom, and had its origin in a period when the person approaching might be an enemy carrying a concealed weapon. The open hand thrust out was proof that the greeting was genuinely friendly, and the holding of each other's hands was a guarantee that neither person could take advantage of the other.

The Chinese also shake hands, but each man shakes his own hand, not that of the person he is greeting. Before doing so, however, and while still some yards away, the Chinaman bows very low as a mark of respect.

To raise the hat to a Chinaman is regarded most impolite, for such an action is regarded as a gesture of mockery in China.

Many greetings have sprung out of the circumstances of the country in which they are used. For instance, the Laplander asks not "How are you?" but "How are your feet?" This apparently curious custom has a perfectly logical explanation. Laplanders travel far and on foot, and such journeying is liable to have a more adverse effect on the feet than on any other part of the body.

The Chinese greet each other with the enquiry, "Have you eaten your rice to-day?" In a country which has known poverty for centuries, and where millions endure many riceless days a year, the question is easily understood.

"May Allah cool your eyes," is a Persian greeting. In a country of great heat, where the sun's rays torment the sight, such a greeting is apt and readily appreciated.

Perhaps the most astonishing greeting to be found anywhere in the world is provided by the Ainu, the descendants of the people who were the first to occupy Japan. Meeting a friend whom they have not met for some time, although they are overjoyed to see him again, it is the thing to burst into tears. This, no doubt, is the Ainu way of making it known that they have been sad during their friend's absence.

In Europe and America, of course, the reverse obtains. For in these countries it is the custom to greet a visitor with large smiles, even when there is a strong desire to shed tears at his unwelcome arrival.

The European handshake is now a perfunctory affair; no one has much time to spare on formalities. In the East, however, time is given no consideration. Because of this the Indian often keeps his guest waiting outside the door for some considerable time. An Englishman kept waiting outside a house in England would regard this as certain evidence that his presence was not welcome. In India, however, the guest likes to be kept waiting a long time; he knows that he is being honoured, that extensive preparations are being made for his visit.

Nor does the new arrival begin to chatter, fuss, or laugh loudly as is the case in Britain. In India the guest is still and quiet and at pains to avoid any violent movements; otherwise he would be guilty of disrespect to his host.

In North-West Africa greetings are very ceremonious and affectionate. Sometimes the shoulder of the person being saluted is kissed, or the finger-tips are pressed together, then carried to the lips and then to the heart. Or a single finger may be set against the mouth, as though the two people are warning each other to be silent.

The Moors, though a highly hospitable people, seem also to be very suspicious, and no guest is admitted to a Moorish house until he has been inspected by a servant through a spy-hole. The guest, once he has been admitted to the house, must remove his shoes. Moors sit on carpets, rugs, and mattresses, and a person in shoes would be liable to damage them.

Though the Maori may have adopted modern dress, he still retains the traditional form of greeting *(Picture Post Library photo)*

The Bengalese have what is, perhaps, one of the most courteously deferential forms of greeting. They join their hands and raise them to the forehead.

The Persians hold courtesy in the highest esteem. The person introduced to a Persian must take the latter's hand in both of his. He is then rewarded with a bouquet of flowers. But failure to acknowledge a courtesy proffered by a Persian can be a serious matter. How true this is emerged some years ago when an American consul was found stabbed to death, having received no less than one hundred and thirty wounds. He had not responded in the expected manner to a greeting from a Persian, and had paid with his life.

In Afghanistan, greetings are also of a ceremonious nature. When Afghans meet they place the right hand on the heart and bow low. It is of interest to note that the toast, once common in London saloon bars, "May your shadow never grow less," was imported from Afghanistan. The phrase is rarely omitted when natives meet.

Perhaps the world's most unexpected form of greeting is found in Tibet. There, it is the customary form of greeting to stick out the tongue.

invaded the Mediterranean via the canal would not have been able to do so in their adult stages. They drifted through as plankton—fish eggs and larvae. After reaching Port Said, the creatures from the Red Sea are borne on the prevailing currents along the coast of Sinai and up the Levant to Palestine, Syria, and Turkey. Free from their natural predators they steadily increase; but it takes many years for newcomers to become common and appear on the local fish-markets. They seldom travel far in the other direction, along the North African coast. A few of the immigrants have reached Alexandria and Mersa Matruh, but the currents are unfavourable for the majority.

Strange Travellers through the Suez

By ERIC HARDY

NO freezing of assets or guarding of the entrance ports can prevent certain travellers from passing through the troubled waters of the Suez Canal that lie like a dark and greasy serpent across the narrow isthmus of sandy waste which joins Africa to Asia. These are fishes, crabs, and other marine life which wander, mostly from the warm and salty waters of the Red Sea into the cooler, sweeter waters of the Mediterranean.

The canal has been in use since 1869. Since then it has harboured a fascinating procession of little creatures, harmless to ships but travelling slowly towards the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Many have not only survived in the Mediterranean, but increased to such an extent as now to appear normally on the fish markets of Haifa and Gaza.

Because the current flows for ten months of the year northwards through the canal—only during August and September does it flow south—far more creatures have travelled from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean than *vice versa*.

Even before intensive studies of Israel's fish-life were recently begun at Haifa, ten species of Red Sea fish were known to have found their way into the Mediterranean. Now others have been identified. They include grey mullets, scads or horse-mackerel, sand-smelts, sprats, barracuda, and the Red Sea flying fish. A rather remarkable migration of prawns from the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean has also spread as far as Haifa Bay, and many of these large prawns now appear on the fish markets misnamed "shrimps" like all Mediterranean prawns. At least three quite common crabs have come through from the Red Sea to wander up the coast to Syria.

Red Sea mussels, drifting in the sea in their larval stage or as spat, have done so. One of the most important of these Mediterranean immigrants is the Indian Ocean pearl mussel, but it seems to have no inclination to form pearls on the Syrian coast

To the sceptic who asks how naturalists can prove these tiny travellers have gone through the canal, the answer is simple. For one thing, species previously found only in the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean have been found in the eastern Mediterranean only since the canal was opened, and for another, some creatures marked at the Red Sea end have been recovered at the other. Notably is this the case with crabs.

When Professor Gruevil, of the Paris Museum, and Cambridge University scientists studied the movements of marine life through the canal, a Neptunus crab tagged with an identity disc in the Red Sea was found twenty-nine years later on the Syrian coast, still wearing its identity disc. The peripatetic crab usually migrates sideways, against the current, but this is a swimming crab which must have drifted with the current.

The migration of sea life through the Suez Canal is increasing, and will increase further in the years to come. The canal was dug through salt deposits, and the Bitter Lakes have been a partial barrier to fishes and crustaceans. These salts are gradually being dissolved, the waters are becoming less brackish, and more marine life is able to pass through. The canal is expected to be almost salt-free by 2050.

Most of the creatures which have

Plant life has not been affected to the same extent as animal life. Some recent studies of the seaweeds on the Israeli coast have shown that one or two Indo-Pacific species of seaweed have gone through the canal to the Syrian coast, but the influence is not so great as that of the animal immigrants.

Mary Langham's COOKERY PAGE

PREPARATIONS FOR Christmas should be started without delay to give the cake, the puddings, etc., time to mature.

Christmas Preparations

THE CHRISTMAS CAKE

5 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 5 oz. brown sugar, 6 oz. Federation plain flour, 1 lb. C.W.S. mixed dried fruit, 4 oz. C.W.S. glace cherries, 3 oz. C.W.S. mixed peel, rind of 1 lemon, 1 small dessertspoon black treacle, 3 eggs, ½ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 oz. ground almonds.

Cream the fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the treacle. Add the eggs gradually and beat well. Fold in the sieved flour and spice. Add the fruit, peel, chopped cherries, and lemon rind. Then put the mixture into a lined 7 in. cake tin. Bake 1 hour at Mark 3 (350 F.) then reduce the heat to Mark 1 (250 F.) for approximately 3 hours. Store in an air-tight tin. Before putting the almond paste on, prick all over with a fine knitting needle and sprinkle with rum or brandy.

ALMOND PASTE

½ lb. ground almonds, ½ lb. castor sugar, ½ lb. icing sugar, few drops almond essence, egg yolk to bind.

Mix the dry ingredients together, bind with the essence and egg yolk, and knead well. Roll out three quarters into an oblong the depth and circumference of the cake, the remaining quarter into a circle to fit the top. Brush the cake with warm apricot jam and carefully fix on the almond paste. Leave to set and dry out a few days before icing.

ROYAL ICING

1 lb. icing sugar, 2 egg whites, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Sieve the icing sugar. Place the egg whites and lemon juice into a clean bowl and stir in a little icing sugar at a time, mixing well with a wooden spoon. When all the sugar has been incorporated, beat well until white and smooth. This consistency should be correct for coating, but a little more icing sugar may be added for piping. The icing should be covered with a damp cloth when not in use.

THE PUDDING

2 oz. Federation plain flour, 2 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. Sutox, 4 oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, C.W.S. nutmeg, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. mixed spice, 1 baking apple, pinch salt, 1 lb. C.W.S. mixed dried fruit, 2 oz. mixed peel, 1 oz. chopped almonds, rind and juice 1 lemon, a little brandy or rum (optional).

Mix all the dry ingredients together. Add the eggs, grated apple, lemon rind, and juice to make a moist consistency. Place in a well-greased pudding basin, and cover with paper and cloth. Steam 4-6 hours. Steam a further 2 hours on Christmas Day, and serve with custard sauce or rum butter.

RUM BUTTER

3 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 4 oz. icing or brown sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 3-4 tablespoons rum or brandy.

Cream together the fat and sugar until soft and fluffy. Gradually work in the boiling water. Work in the rum and to give it just that extra flavour, work in the grated rind of an orange and 1 oz. chopped, browned almonds.

THE MINCEMEAT

1 lb. Sutox, 1 lb. C.W.S. sultanas, 1 lb. C.W.S. currants, 1 lb. C.W.S. raisins, 1 lb. baking apples, 1 lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. C.W.S. mixed peel, rind and juice 2 lemons, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. mixed spice, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt.

Mix all the ingredients thoroughly with the minced apple. A little rum or brandy may be added to improve the flavour. Cover with a cloth and leave to stand overnight. Bottle and store.

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

HUBBY TAKES A HAND

BILL is an unselfish, understanding type. A chap who will always argue that most wives work harder than their husbands. Very handy about the house, too. He is never so happy as when papering a room, painting the woodwork, fixing a leaking tap or a broken fuse.

He thinks nothing at all about washing the dishes. Often after the evening meal he will say "Here's to-night's paper, Mary. Sit there and tell me if there's any important news." And away he will go into the kitchen with a pile of crockery, probably raising his voice in a none-too-melodious rendering of "Down in the glen" or "Annie Laurie."

Mary quibbles sometimes about his helping in household tasks. "You've done a day's work, my lad. I'm not letting you come home and start doing *my* job." Then he will grab her by the shoulders and plant her down in an easy chair. "Stop there woman and do as your master bids you" he will say with mock sternness. Which just shows you the type Bill is.

He is very rarely ill, but on a recent Monday he had to take the day off with a sprained ankle.

That's how, for the first time in years, he came to see Mary do the week's washing. It was a warm day and there she was in clouds of steam, scrubbing at one garment after another, and nearly breaking her back with heavy bed linen, until the perspiration was pouring off her. Soaping, rubbing, wringing! Bill sat watching from a kitchen stool until he could stick it no longer.

"Mary, my girl, we're going to cut out all this toil and sweat from next week," he said.

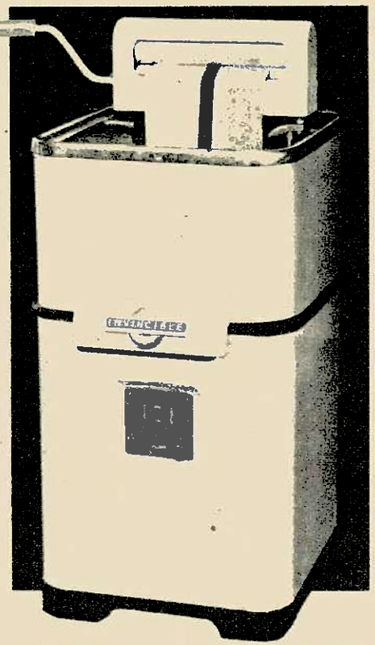
"Whatever do you mean?" asked Mary, pausing for breath.

"I'm going to buy you a washing machine."

His financially careful wife demurred a little. Could they afford it? She could manage without. And so on. But when Bill makes up his mind, he's not the sort to be easily put off.

A few days later Mary had her washing machine installed.

It was a C.W.S. Invincible, one of the very latest improved models. Finished in white enamel it looked very attractive and took up very little space in the corner of the kitchen.



On its two castors, and an adjustable foot for levelling, it was quite easy to move into a convenient place when in use.

As Mary soon found, she could wash a few dainty undies, a full size blanket, or even a typical week's wash of, say, 6 lb., dry weight, with the utmost ease.

The machine electrically heated the water, which was automatically pumped in by connecting the hose supplied to the tap over the sink. The pump and hose also emptied the machine without a single splash of water on the floor.

The wringer was efficient and light in action.

In fact, both Mary and Bill were delighted with their new Invincible, and particularly pleased with the price. For when they went to the local Co-operative Society, the assistant had told them of the special reduced price offer just announced. The present price of the Heated model was 47 guineas, and the Non-heated model 42½ guineas, which, as the assistant said, now makes the Invincible the lowest-priced washer of its type on the market.

CENSORING CINEMA MANNERS

By JAMES WHITMORE

DURING most of the half-century that films have played a part in our entertainment, the law has left the behaviour of British cinema audiences largely to their own good taste. But local authorities are now "censoring" what goes on in front of the cinema screen as well as on it.

While few Londoners probably realised that the less inhibited cinema-goers among them were legally at liberty to sling stink-bombs around, cinema managements have been uneasily conscious of the freedom the law has allowed their more unruly patrons.

In most parts of the U.S.A. and Canada smoking is still permitted only in the circle of a movie-theatre. Most European countries forbid it entirely, and over 5,000 people are fined every year for smoking in French cinemas.

Americans who have neglected to change their socks are barred from cinemas in the Illinois town of Winnetka, near Chicago.

A by-law adopted by the Brussels City Council forbids women to wear obstructive headgear in the stalls—though it is apparently permissible in the circle.

The American town of Moundsville, in West Virginia, takes no chances of an argument over whether a particular hat is too large. Under a law of 1949 a 10-dollar fine awaits any woman who neglects to remove her hat when she sits down in a local cinema.

The State of Oregon has banned both popcorn and peanuts from its movie-houses. And even in tolerant England a 16-year old youth who flicked popcorn about in a cinema in Hounslow (Middlesex) was convicted recently of "insulting behaviour."

It is usually youngsters who run foul of legal restrictions upon cinema behaviour. The only New Yorkers convicted lately of "disturbing the peace" by "talking boisterously" during film shows were six teenagers.

Cities in lands as far apart as Italy and the Philippines have laws forbidding kissing or cuddling in cinemas.

The Irish town of Clones (Co. Monaghan) even forbade couples to hold hands in the dark of its one picture-house.

Our Bruce

A SHORT STORY BY JOAN AEBI

WHEN we bought Bruce down the Lane for five shillings, he was a rather small, white bull terrier. "Half pedigree," the man anxiously assured us. He had a bar sinister in the form of a brown patch over one eye, which almost made us call him Mud-in-your-eye, but, clinging to family rumour of descent from Robert the Bruce, we called him . . . Bruce.

His small eyes were tinged with pink ("Sign of Breed," said the man) and he had a moist, black nose.

By the time we got him home that moist, black nose had come off on my new yellow coat and was revealed as a tender pink. His eyes stayed pink and in later life gave him the appearance of a playboy the morning after, which, more often than not, he was.

Bruce grew and, surprisingly quickly, learned his way around the town.

"Where *does* that dog go all day?" Mum would say, or, "What *does* that dog do all day?"

Bruce had formed the habit of going out after lunch and returning, if you will pardon the expression, dog-tired in the evening, flopping into his basket with a grunt.

He sulked sometimes, that dog did, and at other times had a positive hang-dog look about him.

"Almost as if he was ashamed of not having a licence," remarked Auntie Bee dryly. She could never resist a dig at our financial state.

Next month, however, it being Christmas, Bruce got a licence as a present and perked up a bit. From me he got a bright yellow collar with lead to match. Not that he ever used the latter.

On the collar I had his name and our telephone number engraved. I was soon to regret that. Day after day the phone would ring and Mum would hear a quavery old voice say: "Have you a little dog called Bruce?"

"Yes," Mum would admit wearily for the umpteenth time.

"Well, the poor doggie is wandering around, *lost* in the Park!"

In the Park, was he? thought Mum.

"That's all right, madam," she would say again, "he knows his way home."

"Oh!" the phone would squeak, "I wouldn't like the dear little dog to wander away . . ." and on it would go.

One day after that Bruce returned home collarless. "What *does* that dog do?" went on Mum. She was soon to know.

Next morning a dark-blue, female voice phoned. "You have a dog called Bruce?" No nonsense about that one. "This is the police station in the Park. We have his collar. Will you collect it? Thank you . . ." And that was that.

After she'd phoned several times I finally went to get it. It cost me a pound. It turned out that a woman's hat had blown off and Bruce had pounced. The woman got hold of him and surveyed her ruined hat. Bruce neatly slipped out of the collar and ran (which I thought rather clever of him), but the phone number gave us away.

Then the old ladies started taking Bruce to the nearest available policeman and he, with that piece of string fabled to repose in every policeman's pocket, would secure our dog, march him to the station, and our phone would start ringing again. One of us would have to go and collect him. Cost us a shilling every time, but it was worth it, to see our dog leap crazy with joy over the counter when we showed up.

"This can't go on," stated Mum flatly one morning. So I had a little disc on his collar engraved with the legend: HE KNOWS HIS WAY HOME. HE IS NOT LOST. PLEASE LEAVE HIM ALONE. "That should do," I told Mum.

We still took Bruce for walks sometimes, and leadless he would trot along, thirteen inches from our side, stopping

at crossings and being as good as gold, behaving like the little gentleman he was.

One thing about Bruce, he *never* chased cats, which I was personally rather glad about. However much they arched their backs and spat, preparing their defence, he would blandly ignore them. He sometimes bit people, but it was always for a reason—if they trod clumsily on his feet, or kissed him which was disgusting and naturally he resented it.

Occasionally he would get into a fight with another dog, or an amorous adventure. I was glad there was nothing like breach of promise cases with dogs.

He even brought us presents sometimes, things like ten-shilling notes, bits of wood, bowler hats (note: never any other kind of hat, only bowlers. A very U dog, our Bruce); or old bones (stolen from other dogs).

We were amused at, and admired, our Bruce's choice of "presents," which of course we kept. It would be impossible, not to say embarrassing, to try to trace the owners. Naturally, if he should "pick up" something in our presence we would certainly return it with a handsome apology, and assure the owner that he had never done anything like that before.

Perhaps a bit of a rake, Bruce was nevertheless a gentleman. Surveying his ugly bull-terrier exterior, we would murmur among ourselves that he was a rough diamond. We even hinted that perhaps he was three-quarter pedigree, the miserable quarter only remaining in his distinctive eye-patch, which gave him a pleasing slice of the common touch.

When Bruce would return home soaking wet on a cloudless, sunny day, we muffled our annoyance, dried him, re-cleaned the stairs, and agreed that, poor dog, he must have felt really hot to have actually entered water—a thing we had not yet been able to induce him to do. "He has character, that dog," Auntie Bee would say gleefully, looking straight at me, whom she considered a colourless little thing.

To Auntie Bee's chagrin I got married shortly afterwards—to a gentleman Bruce had bitten in the area behind our house. The situation being as it was, we regretfully declined Mum's most generous offer of—Bruce.

Mum, herself, was compelled to go and live with Auntie Bee in a place where no dogs were allowed. It was hard to realise that Bruce came under a "No Dogs" ruling, human as he was, but that was it, Bruce would have to go . . .

After much cajoling on the part of Mum, the milkman (the one he *didn't* bite) finally agreed to take him and our consciences settled down.

Bruce, unfortunately, didn't settle down, for not two weeks after we'd removed, and Bruce had moved in, bag and basket, with the milkman, we heard he'd left for his usual run and had not returned.

Mum and I, after three months of Bruce "posted missing" and no news of our dog, had little weeps whenever we talked about him.

"Wonder where that dog is now?" mother would say wistfully, her chin beginning to quiver. We felt sure there must be a deity somewhere that protects little lost dogs, but the uncomfortable thought came again and again to us, that he was roaming the streets . . . looking for us.

The years went by and Jim (that's my husband) got promoted in his job and we began to look around for a better flat.

He came home one day, all excited. A colleague at the office, whose job was similar to Jim's, told him that the couple underneath his flat were moving and hadn't yet given in their notice, and he was sure that he could fix it with the landlord to let Jim move in.

Jim was pleased at this: he got on well with this Fred, and the house had just two flats, one big floor for each and a big garden dividing it from the other houses. Jim and Fred both loved gardening, so that would be all right.

"The only thing is . . ." Jim said to me, as we sat side by side one evening, "the flats are separate, but you'll have to use the same front door . . ."

"After this," I waved my hands to indicate our two small rooms, "that sounds like Paradise."

Jim was a little worried, it seemed to me, as to whether I'd get on with Fred's wife, as we were bound to see a lot of each other, especially having to use the same front door.

"Oh, that's fine," I assured him airily, but the seed had been sown.

The next thing was to see the flat, which we did, and it was fixed up on the spot that we would move in in three months' time.

Fred, who was with us, then asked us upstairs for a drink and to "meet the missus."

I walked upstairs feeling the old moths at work inside me. I'd always hated meeting new people, especially wives, and a lot depended on whether I'd like this woman, and vice versa.

Fred threw open the door. "This is Rose."

The flat smelled strongly of polish, and Rose was waiting in the hall for us, looking as if she had not been furiously cleaning for the past four hours. Jim, of course, noticed nothing of this, but my woman's eye saw her over-anxious, eagle look at our feet as we wiped them on the doormat. My heart sank. The house-proud type . . .

Rose opened her mouth and gushed forth. ". . . and you must come and see my son, the sweetest baby you've ever seen. Perhaps you'll even look after him for me when we go out . . .?" she concluded skittishly, wagging her head at us playfully. From the next room rose the sort of scream that goes with a puckered, red face.

I was turning to run, but Rose's strong little hands were already propelling me into the nursery, with that heart-to-heart-talk look in her eye. I turned an agonised look back, but Jim and Fred had quickly disappeared into the living room, whence came the sound of clinking glasses.

Setting my chin firmly, I faced forward. Might as well get it over with. I looked.

There was an over-frilled pink cot in the centre of the room, containing "my son," covered by a fluffy quilt. But in the corner . . . In the corner, even now quivering, moist, pink nose a-twitching, was Bruce.

"The darling!" I cried, starting forward, my eyes unaccountably watering.

Rose smiled smugly.

I rushed forward, full of emotion, *past* the pink cot, and gathered our Bruce, tail madly wagging, hysterically excited, into my arms.

Rose was livid. But I didn't care. I just didn't care—flat or no flat.

Well, we did move in and I reclaimed Bruce (there was absolutely no doubt whose dog he was), Jim having forgotten the bite, and I was even able to gush back to Rose and "my son."

Our gentle Bruce was back! Mum was quite overcome when she heard and there was a glad reunion all round. I had a new collar for him in a jiffy and our telephone number engraved on it, just under his name, and it gives me the greatest joy to tell someone: "It's quite all right, madam; he knows his way home . . ."

But I do wonder, sometimes, what that dog *does* all day.

Lewes celebrates the Fifth

By ALEC D. BALLEY

Zulus of the Borough Society in the Grand Procession

[Photo by courtesy of the Sussex Express & County Herald

THERE is perhaps no town in all England which celebrates the Fifth of November with so much ritual and gaiety as Lewes, the old county town of Sussex.

Here tradition and history march hand in hand to produce the unrivalled pageantry of its splendid processions when, for a while, this quiet old country town drops its air of respectability and its streets become thronged with happy people in carnival dress and carnival mood.

These festivities are a survival of old religious demonstrations, but to-day their original significance is forgotten in a night of revelry and ritual.

Before nightfall all windows in Lewes are heavily boarded and the crowds gather in Commercial Square, customary prayers are said, and then comes the formation of the fabulous processions organised by the various bonfire societies of the town.

Each procession is headed by a brass band. They walk in total darkness until a given signal brings the great torches to life. It is estimated that as many as three thousand torches are carried by the societies, and to stand on a hill above Lewes and watch the rivers of fire winding along the narrow streets is an unforgettable sight.

Each torch is hand-made from stakes bound with rag and dipped in hot Stockholm tar; the bonfire societies spend many hours at this task. In bygone days the tar was worked into the torches by hand and torchmakers' hands stayed black for weeks afterwards.

Lewes has four main societies, each with its own bonfire. They have officers and staff in official robes of office and their attempts at mock dignity are amusing amid such revelry.

For some 150 years the annual commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot has been observed here and we learn that at one time the effigies cost about £1,000, a large sum for those days.

In the year 1829 the custom of dragging flaming tar-barrels through the streets was originated. They are still drawn on iron sledges and one society flings a blazing barrel into the River Ouse, a custom which once marked the opposition of one society to another.

At one time huge ladles of red and green fire were held aloft and the Ancient Key of the Borough was paraded for all to see. Records explain that in 1874 an epidemic of typhoid held the celebrations over until December 31st, and accounts of that evening explain how weird the effect of the torches and the coloured fire was upon the snow.

A little more than 100 years ago the Lewes Bonfire Boys affected a definite style of dress consisting of a blue coat and striped guernsey, white cap, and white trousers. Old prints show them parading the town in this garb, complete with banners and effigies, the officers easily distinguishable by the red sashes they wore.

To-day no uniform is worn, but the principal attractions of this festivity are originality and colourfulness of the costumes which make the whole evening a fantastic fancy-dress parade. Painstaking hours of work by society members produce every costume imaginable, so that Lewes looks like Hollywood gone wild.

Like a living river, with the great torches flaring above them, the people flow endlessly past. Here are African warriors daubed with war paint, followed by oriental mandarins who rub shoulders with Indian rajahs, complete with jewelled turbans. A clown laughs gaily into the face of a girl dressed as a Spanish dancer, and a cut-throat pirate walks arm-in-arm with a girl from the Swiss Alps. Behind them towers the winged hat of a bearded Viking.

Probably the most picturesque costumes are those of Red Indian tribesmen, portrayed by a group of townsfolk who walk the historic streets of the town, their faces streaked with war paint, their great head-dresses trailing to the floor, and attendant squaws and braves stamping and dancing realistically.

The wild west is also represented by cowboys and cowgirls in gay check shirts and wide stetsons, with six-guns at their hips. Each society, incidentally, has a prize for the best and most original fancy dress.

The fires which bring the evening's events to a climax have to be seen to be believed. Each bonfire society has its own fire, so huge that those who light them are obliged to walk into a grotto formed of faggots, brushwood, tar barrels and other combustible ingredients.

Then the effigies, stuffed with fireworks, are put to the fire and the cheering, happy-go-lucky crowds gather to sing and chant into the small hours until the fires burn themselves out and slowly die.

Use WAVECREST double knitting for this Cardigan

In the Italian Style

MATERIALS.—27 oz. of WAVECREST Double Knitting; 1 pair of No. 8 and 1 pair of No. 10 Knitting needles; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit a 34 to 36 in. bust. Length from back of neck 23 ins. Sleeve seam 17½ ins.

TENSION.—6 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st.(s)., stitch(es); rep., repeat; sl., slip; KIB., insert needle through the loop below next stitch on left hand needle and knit, then slip off stitch which is on the needle; wl.fwd., wool forward; wl.bk., wool back; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together.

SPECIAL NOTE.—Wool must be carried loosely in front of work when slipping stitches so that loops are not tensioned.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 96 sts. Work 1½ ins. in k.1, p.1, rib.

Change to No. 8 needles and pattern.

1st row: sl.1, k. to end. 2nd row: sl.1, ** KIB, wl.fwd., sl.2 purlwise, wl.bk., rep. from ** to the last 2 sts. KIB, k.1.

These 2 rows form the pattern. Work 8 rows. Now keeping pattern correct, inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 10th row until there are 114 sts. Work without further shaping until back measures 13½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with the 2nd pattern row.

Shape raglan armholes. 1st row: cast off 3 sts., work to end. 2nd row: cast off 3 sts., work to end. Work 6 rows. 9th row: sl.1, k.1, k.4 tog., k. to the last 6 sts., k.4 tog., k.2. Work 7 rows. Next row: as 9th. Continue to dec. in this way on every 8th row until there are 30 sts. left. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

** With No. 10 needles cast on 51 sts. 1st row: ** k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to the last st., k.1. 2nd row: ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to the last st., p.1. Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 1½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with the 2nd row.

Change to No. 8 needles and pattern. Work 10 rows. Now keeping pattern correct, inc. 1 st. at side edge on the next row, and then every following 10th row until there are 60 sts. ** Work without further shaping until front measures 13½ ins. from cast on edge, ending at side edge.

Shape raglan armhole and front slope. 1st row: cast off 3 sts., work to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog. Work 7 rows. 9th row: sl.1, k.1, k.4 tog., k. to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog. Work 7 rows. Next row: as 9th. Continue to dec. for armhole and front slope in this way on every 8th row until there are 8 sts. left. Work 7 rows. Next row: sl.1, k.1, k.4 tog., k.2 tog. Work 3 rows. Cast off the 4 remaining sts.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Follow instructions for the left front from ** to **. Work without further shaping until front measures 13½ ins. from cast on edge, ending at centre front edge.

Shape front slope and raglan armhole. 1st row: k.2 tog., work to end. 2nd row: cast off 3 sts., work to end. Work 6 rows. 9th row: k.2 tog., k. to the last 6 sts., k.4 tog., k.2. Work 7 rows. Next row: as 9th. Continue to dec. for armhole and front slope in this way on every 8th row until there are 8 sts. left. Work 7 rows. Next row: k.2 tog., k.4 tog., k.2. Work 3 rows. Cast off the 4 remaining sts.

THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 10 needles cast on 54 sts. Work 3½ ins. in k.1, p.1, rib.

Change to No. 8 needles and pattern. Work 6 rows. Inc. 1 st. at each end of the next row, and then every following 6th row until there are 96 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 17½ ins. from cast on edge, ending with 2nd pattern row.

Shape top: 1st row: cast off 3 sts., work to end. 2nd row: cast off 3 sts., work to end. Work 6 rows. 9th row: sl.1, k.1, k.4 tog., k. to the last 6 sts., k.4 tog., k.2. Work 7 rows. Next row: as 9th. Continue to dec. in this way on every 8th row until there are 12 sts. left. Work 3 rows. Cast off.

THE BORDER

With No. 10 needles cast on 17 sts. 1st row: sl.1, ** k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to the last 2 sts., k.2. 2nd row: sl. 1, ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

Make buttonhole in the next 2 rows by casting off the 3 centre sts. in the first row, and casting them on again in the next. Make 5 more buttonholes in this way 2¼ ins. from the centre of one to the centre of the next. Work until border measures 52 ins. Cast off firmly in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece separately with hot iron and damp cloth. Backstitch raglan seams. Sew side and sleeve seams, overstitching ribbing and backstitching remainder. Sew border to front and neck edges. Press seams. Sew on buttons.

HOME MAGAZINE KNITTING PATTERN No. 14

As many as 300 fruit pickers are engaged at harvest time

From Ancient Manor to Co-operative Enterprise

By J. UPTON

AS a demonstration of the essentially practical virtues of co-operation there could be no finer example than the C.W.S. estate of Cockayne Hatley. This vast fruit-growing, farming, and market gardening enterprise brings sound co-operative theory right down to hard fact. For centuries this 1,600 acres of excellent agricultural land, with its moated Hall and ancient Priory Church, was held by the Lord of the Manor. In 1427 Sir J. Cockayne acquired the manorial rights, and members of that family were in possession until the early nineteenth century.

In the autumn of 1946, the C.W.S. purchased the entire estate, and commenced the development of the largest area of productive land ever owned by the Co-operative Movement.

Thus, these extensive privately-owned parklands became the collective property of millions of co-operative members throughout the land. To-day this great undertaking has become a most important source of fruit and vegetable supplies for every co-operative home.

Yet another proof, if such was needed, of the sound basic principles of the co-operative system and its immense potentialities for meeting the everyday needs of the people.

As we drove through the gently undulating Bedfordshire countryside, there suddenly came into view the ancient manor of Cockayne Hatley, with the tall square tower of the twelfth-century church of St. John the Baptist rising high within the boundaries of its wide stretching acres.

The setting September sun cast long shadows across spacious lawns. Almost as far as the eye could see apple trees weighed down with fruit covered the low slopes of the vast estate.

Away in the distance, one caught the warm glow of golden corn, the dark green of huge fields of cabbages, the brighter greens of beans and brussels sprouts, the tangled foliage of potatoes, and over to the right, the coppery sheen of acres of sugar beets and the hazy sheen of blackcurrants. Far off, in another direction, but still within the confines of this great C.W.S. estate, the dark outline of Potton Wood, with its acres of valuable timber, was silhouetted against the evening sky.

In the autumn tree felling commences; part of the 15 years re-afforestation programme

Over the whole landscape, remote and peaceful, lay an air of tranquility and restful calm.

But this apparent inactivity could not have been more deceptive. Nearly a hundred regular employees and as many as 300 temporary harvest workers were busily employed in their widely varied tasks.

Almost hidden between the long avenues of apple trees—there are 600 trees to the acre—large groups of nimble-fingered women plucked the ripe fruit from the laden branches at incredible speed. The apple harvest, including the largest concentration of Cox's Orange Pippins in Britain, had begun and a daily average of 80 tons of fresh shining apples were being gathered from the hundreds of thousands of healthy trees. Quickly the specially designed collecting bags were emptied into the waiting motor truck and the apples were carried away to the cold storage bay adjoining the huge grading and packing room.

Ceaselessly, along roller runways, an unending stream of apples was passing on to the endless belts of the automatic grading machines. Long rows of girls were feeding in the fruit. On the opposite side of the forty foot machines continuous showers of the apples were rolling down between the partitions according to their varying sizes.

Rapidly they were packed into stout cartons bearing the now well-known trade mark "Cock-Hat." Then the cartons travelled along further roller runways to the despatching section.

A recent and instantly popular innovation was an attractive plastic tray, pre-

packed with a row of five carefully selected apples, the whole completely machine-wrapped in cellophane for sale in co-operative self-service shops.

Even as the exceptionally heavy apple harvest was in full swing, a hundred other tasks were in operation on this wonderful estate of over 18,000 acres.

Traversing approximately twenty miles of roads, one may come across the bee-keepers collecting honey produced by the 250 stocks of bees which ensure efficient pollination of the immense quantity and variety of fruit-bearing trees and bushes. Incidentally, the select crystallised honey from these C.W.S. hives is certified for quality by the British Standards Institute.

Beyond the vast orchards, the giant combine harvester could be seen reaping wide fields of wheat. Travelling at surprising speed on its great pneumatic wheels the huge machine, over 30 feet long and 18 feet high, mows down the corn with its eleven-feet-wide cutting knives. As the corn falls it is drawn into the gaping mouth of the machine, is efficiently threshed, and in 15 to 20 minutes one and a half tons of grain is deposited in the tank towering overhead. The remaining straw is compressed into tight bales, bound with twine, and thrown out at the rear, the whole in one completely automatic operation.

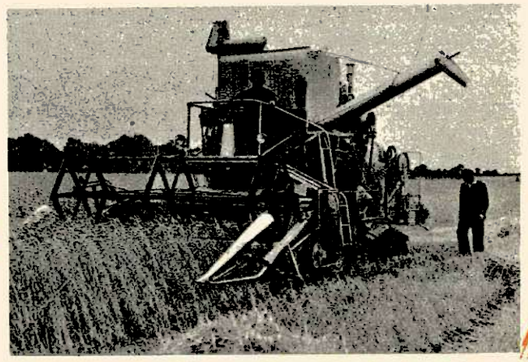
Meanwhile, in the distant woods, the foresters are regularly engaged on their fifteen years' clearance and re-afforestation programme, with the official blessing of the Forestry Commission. Hewing ash, maple, blackthorne, oak, and other trees by hand and machine, cutting and dressing timber in their mobile sawmill, they provide all the stakes, fencing, and other timber needs of the estate. And as they go forward through the dense woods, they are re-planting with ash saplings which in their turn will one day serve the same useful purposes.

A lengthy ride on a Land Rover along the rough woodland drive brings one to the nursery from which large quantities of apple trees in due course will be grafted and transplanted, corn seed will be harvested, and even young rose-bushes will be transferred to their permanent growing ground.

Suddenly rounding a bend of a new plantation we come upon a broad-set, stolid-looking countryman, leisurely tramping through the long grass by the roadside. He carries a 12-bore double-barrelled gun under his arm. A big sportsman's haversack swings from his broad shoulders, and a big black retriever follows closely on his heels. As an employee of the C.W.S. he is unique. He is Jack Bartle, keeper. It is his responsibility to destroy depredatory birds and other vermin which prey upon the valuable crops. His gun often may be heard soon after dawn, even if he himself is rarely seen. But his "gibbets" in many odd corners of the estate are ample evidence that he has recently passed that way.

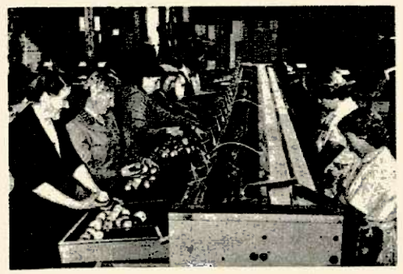
The group of buildings near "the Hall" are also the centre of many varied activities. Here, the blacksmith in his forge is repairing some essential implement. In the repair shops motor mechanics are overhauling a tractor or a truck. Maintenance men are attending to the inspection and renewal of worn machinery. The storekeeper is busy issuing and recording tools, spares, and scores of other items in daily use.

In the nearby offices, all the routine clerical work of a big trading organisation is being efficiently handled by the chief clerk and his staff.



The giant harvester which reaps the corn, threshes it, and throws out banded bales of straw. Working capacity: a ton and a half of grain every fifteen to twenty minutes

The story of this remarkable C.W.S. enterprise still is far from complete. It is impossible here to describe all the scientific and highly technical methods of organisation and control applied to the widely varying crops in their respective seasons. Continuous research, practical field and laboratory experiments, the most exacting tests, all contribute to the output of the finest quality produce. It is not surprising that the products of this unique estate are in ever-increasing demand



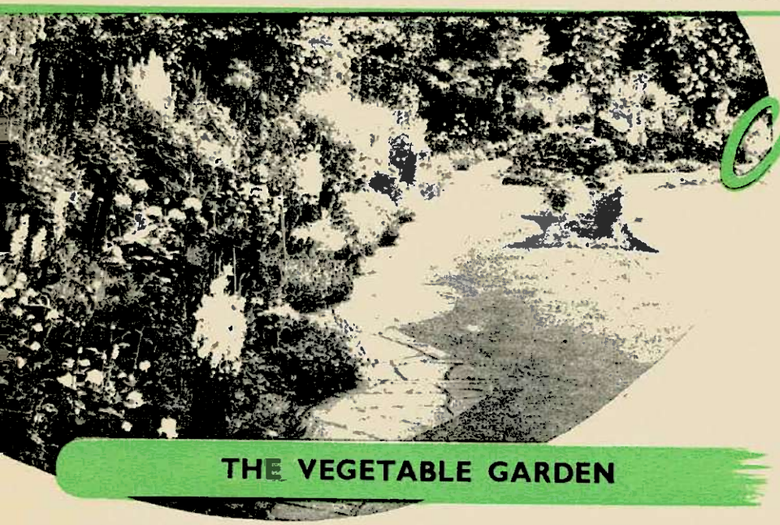
One of the grading machines automatically sorting the apples

Luscious "Cock-Hat" apples in the new plastic trays, each tray cellophane-wrapped

The keeper and his expert retriever keep bird raiders and other pests well under control

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

Pleasing everyone



THE interests of a family are often divided: the men-folk may devote their energies to the production of vegetables, while the women, perhaps, are keener on growing flowers. I hope this month to satisfy the demands of both groups, because in November there is much to do in the vegetable garden, while it is also a good month for planting a herbaceous border.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN

GET on with the digging, ridging, or trenching and leave the land rough: frosts and cold winds will break the clods down. Let Nature do this work of pulverization for you.

Clear up the fallen leaves in the vegetable garden and put them on the compost heap.

If crops still in the ground need protection during the winter, attend to this now; cut bracken is excellent for this purpose, if you can get hold of it.

Cut down the stems of globe artichokes, remove the decaying leaves, and put bracken or straw along the rows to protect them from frost. You can remove this during mild periods, especially if it tends to get sodden with rain. Jerusalem artichokes need no special coverage and can be dug up as desired, or else harvested altogether.

You can sow a Longpod variety of broad bean in a sheltered border.

Heel broccoli over towards the North to give added protection. Keep in this position by covering the backs of the stems with a little soil.

If you did not have time to earth up celery during October, do so now. It is a good plan to lift a few sticks before a hard frost and store them in soil for current needs.

Lettuce growing in frames should be given a little air if the weather is mild and the surface soil should be kept scratched and free from moss. Remove diseased bottom leaves immediately they are seen.

The parsnip bed should be covered with bracken or straw so that the roots may be lifted during frosty periods.

If you want to force some rhubarb, the crowns should be lifted now and left on the surface of the ground for three weeks or so before they are brought into the heat.

A row of early peas can be sown now if you live in the south and can find a warm, dry, sunny spot in the garden.

Onion bulbs in store should be examined and any decaying ones removed.

Those with Ganwicks may use them in November for sowing prickly spinach, for radishes, and for a hardy, quick maturing variety of pea like Meteor. Cloches can cover Autumn sowings of onions. You will be able to cut the July and August sown lettuces from under them and whitewash the outside of a few Ganwicks or cloches for blanching endive.

THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

AS a good herbaceous border will be down for 4 years or so, it is important to carry out the initial preparation carefully. The strip of land should be bastard trenched, and any perennial weeds eliminated. Well-rotted compost should be buried at the rate of half-a-bucketful to the square yard, and into the top 2 or 3 inches will be forked sedge peat at a similar rate. This helps to open up clay soils, and provides the right medium for holding moisture in the case of sandy soils. With such soils, damp the sedge peat before using it. When the sedge peat is applied, put on a good fish-manure with a 10 per cent potash content at 4 oz. to the square yard; this will help improve the humus-content, as well as providing plant foods which will be released over a long period.

Next, there is the plan to consider. I always think a border should reflect the artistry of the owner of the garden, but there are one or two ideas with regard to the planning which I should like to pass on. First of all, see to it that when one drift of flowers fades, another should be coming along to take its place, just in front if possible, so that the cut-down stems will be hidden. Some herbaceous plants will grow to a height of over 6 feet and some to only 9 inches. It is a good plan, generally, to keep the taller plants at the back of the border and the dwarfer ones to the front, but occasionally allow a taller drift to come nearer to the front, to break the monotony.

In nature, colours never clash so much as they may, say, in dress, but in herbaceous borders I never like puce pinks set next to crimsons. It is a good plan to have plants with cream flowers and greyish foliage next to flowers with more dominant colours like red or bright blue. I like the idea of allowing the lighter colours to merge into the darker shades of the same colour—for instance, light blue towards the front of the border, darker blue about midway, and perhaps a really deep blue at the back. Mauve pinks don't much like the bronzes.

In addition to colour, there is shape to consider. Don't plant all the tall spiky plants in one place, and have the round feathery ones in another. Clumps should consist of at least 3 or 4 plants. These groups look better than single specimens dotted about. Remember there is much to be said for the beauty of foliage as well as of flower.

The second Mayflower

By DAVID LANGTON

THE *Mayflower* was "broad of beam, short in the waist, low between the decks, and in her uppers none too light." She was apparently of 180 tons, 90 feet long and 24 feet wide, and originally used for nothing more spectacular than carrying freight and passengers between Britain and the Continent.

In appearance she was much like any ship of her tonnage and time, 1588, with a high forecastle and three masts. She also sailed low in the water and shipped more sea than was good for her or her passengers, merchant or Pilgrim.

For weeks the little *Mayflower* lurched and groaned to the tune of Atlantic gales. Waves swept and battered her. The Pilgrims dared not emerge from the foul air 'tween-decks, except for one who was swept into the raging sea and, by the grace of God, hauled back by the crew.

Then new sounds blended into the creaking of strained timbers: one was the cry of a newborn babe; the other, the groaning of the main beam which had given way. This held the Mayflower's sides together, and the strains that followed its rupture were followed by inpouring sea.

And on that wild day in 1620 everything was on the verge of loss. The ship and all aboard were doomed—or so it seemed. But by superhuman effort the crew forced the beam back into position.

The Pilgrims' supplies included a few beans, salt, salted beef and herrings, cheese and butter. To make room for Pilgrims only bare essentials were taken aboard at Southampton and Plymouth. The galley comprised a frying pan over a charcoal box and a kettle suspended over a sand-box, so there could have been few hot dishes.

The fearful journey continued until November 9th, 1620, when the cry "Land ho!" went up. Two days later the Pilgrims, men, women, and baby, landed on a new shore — the "New England" of their dreams.

Next year another *Mayflower* is to sail! She has been built of British oak, in a Devon yard, and is as nearly as possible an exact replica of her famous predecessor. Her navigational instruments will be replicas of those that took Mayflower I to Massachusetts. Her passengers will wear period costumes. She will follow the course set by Capt. Christopher Jones, the brusque man of seamanship of 336 years ago. When she reaches the New World she will tour its great ports with samples of British workmanship—and remain in the States, a goodwill link between Britain and North America and a historical one spanning the present Elizabethan era and that of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Perhaps we should remind ourselves *why* the Pilgrims sought to leave England for ever.

The closing years of the reign of Elizabeth I saw a moral change creep across England, "when the people became the people of a Book and that Book was the Bible . . . when the whole nation, not only nobles and scholars but farmers and shopkeepers and labouring men, felt that life was earnest and not to be scornfully frittered away." England had become Puritan.

Then came James I, vicious, cruel, unscrupulous, who tortured and slaughtered those who held to their Creeds.

To escape the oppression, the good thought of other lands where they might worship as they would. A little group of Pilgrims left for Holland in 1608, and during the next twelve years they and their brethren in England thought about starting a new life, free from persecution, in North America.

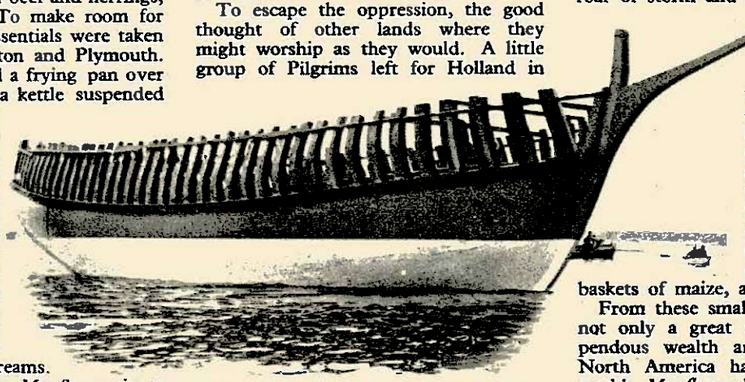
So we come to 1620. The Pilgrims in Holland left aboard the little ship *Speedwell* for Southampton, where another group awaited them in a ship destined to undying fame, the *Mayflower*.

On August 5th both ships set sail. One might think that the Almighty had decided upon testing these men and women who would sail from their homeland that they might worship Him in peace, for He scattered their path with fear and hardship.

The *Speedwell* sprang a leak, and the poor Pilgrims had to turn about to Plymouth. The *Speedwell* made for London Bridge with 18 Pilgrims whose determination had waned. But 102 remained aboard the *Mayflower*: 44 men, 19 women, 39 children. On September 6th, 1620, these set sail on their momentous voyage.

The world has come to look upon the Pilgrim Fathers as being elderly people. Yet they were mostly young. Only two had reached the fifties; only nine exceeded forty. The remainder were young, 18 of the nineteen women being both young and married.

The weeks passed. Pilgrims became ill and died, the baby-crying of the newborn among them mingling with the roar of storm and the creak of timber.



Mayflower II as she was launched from a Brixham shipyard in September. It is hoped she will be fitted out and ready to sail from Plymouth in April, 1957

Such was the Pilgrims' trust in God that they took with them the barest essentials in household equipment, agricultural instruments, and seeds; and this trust was rewarded with the discovery, in the sands of New England, of ten baskets of corn, baskets of maize, and a bag of beans!

From these small beginnings, sprang not only a great nation but the stupendous wealth and the bounty that North America has showered on the world. *Mayflower II* will forge a further link between the past and to-day, and between ourselves and the people who sprang from that voyage in *Mayflower I*.

For the JUNIORS

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

The Cosy Co-op's municipal passengers—to say nothing of the crew—are getting tired of slimming

"Miss Jane—if we are wrecked the life-belts won't fit us slimmers properly now!"

"As for you Captain—Councillor Lion wants a word with you."

"Stop hiding in that ventilator—and take us all straight home."

Puzzle Solutions

At your Co-op shop: C.W.S. jellies are made at Reddish, Cheshire. **What is it?** A watering can. **Riddle-me-ree:** Firework. **Word Sum:** 8,566. **Musical Instruments:** Guitar, violin. **All Square:** 100. **Find the Animal:** Badger

DEAR JUNIORS,—During their woodwork and handicraft classes boys of Banstead County Primary School make models of buildings in their locality. Some of them have been making a scale model of the Parish Church, which dates from the 12th century. Before starting on the model, which is made of balsa wood, they made a proper survey of the church and took accurate measurements to ensure that their model should be true to scale. They also obtained permission to work in the churchyard so that all the details should be correct.

Your friend, BILL

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

Riddle-me-ree

My first is in fun but not in games,
My second in Tim, but not in James,
My third is in red and also in green,
My fourth is in pea and also in bean,
My fifth is in worry but not in trouble,
My sixth is in soap but not in bubble,
My seventh is in copper but not in tin,
My eighth is in thick but not in thin,
My whole is made of explosive stuff,
And goes off on the Fifth with a bang and a woof!

Word Sum

If THERE plus HERE equals 95,312 what is the value of TREE?

Musical Instruments

Put the names of two musical instruments in place of the X's so that reading downwards you have six four-letter words—

X X X X X X
I N K A R E
X X X X X X
E T O E D T

All Square

A party of schoolchildren formed up into a square. Round the outside of the square there were 36 children. How many children were there altogether?

Find the Animal

Rearrange the six words below so that reading diagonally down from top left to bottom right you have the name of an animal.

F O R M E R
B A L L E T
M I N G L E
B A R L E Y
M A D C A P
C A T T L E

In Days Gone By

Long before the "Bells of St. Mary's" were ever heard of, worshippers were gonged to church with this quaint triangular "bell."

AT YOUR CO-OP SHOP

From your co-operative grocery shop mummy can get delicious C.W.S. jellies in nine different fruity flavours. Do you know where these jellies are made? Check your answer in column 1.

WHAT IS IT?

Keen gardeners should have no difficulty in deciding what this is, even though they usually see it from quite a different angle. Answer in col. 1

HOWLER

A philosopher is a man who makes the best of a bad job. Socrates was a philosopher because he didn't worry when he was poisoned.

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

FIREWORKS

This is the month of bonfires, bob-apple, and fireworks. Below you will find a list of fireworks. What you have to do is place them in the order you think they are most popular. Write the numbers 1 to 9 on a postcard. Opposite No. 1 write the firework you think is most popular. Opposite No. 2 put your next choice. And so on down to No. 9. Then write your full name, age, and address on the card and send it as soon as possible to The Editor, Co-operative HOME Magazine, C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

TWO GRAND PRIZES

will be awarded to the competitors whose lists are nearest to the correct order: a GRAND STORY BOOK for the best entry from a competitor aged nine or over, and a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the best entry from an under-nine.

Here is the list of fireworks: Catherine Wheel, Rocket, Roman Candle Flying Torpedo, Coloured Fire, Bengal Matches, Thunder Flash, Sparkler, Rip-rap.

September Competition Winners

Barbara Mead, 70 North Avenue, Chelmsford, Essex.
Paul Malkin, 6 Westville Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

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1886 – 1956

70 years of Tamworth Co-operation

PROUDLY we call ourselves co-operators, for we co-operate with each other, 17,000 of us in Tamworth alone, carrying on the society that our grandfathers founded 70 years ago this month.

Few are left who can tell of Tamworth in 1886, and it is hard for anyone 70 years afterwards to understand just what life for ordinary people was like, even though there are writings and *Tamworth Heralds* of those years in the public library for all to read.

It was in the 1800's that the co-op, as we know of it, was born, first in Lancashire, and then spreading throughout the country. The early days of the co-operative movement in Tamworth were similar to those of other societies: small bands of shrewd, far-sighted and brave men, placing their faith in the principle of co-operation and overcoming obstacles in their path.

Early efforts in the surrounding districts of Tamworth had failed. In 1865 a society was formed in Fazeley which grew and prospered for two years but was then suddenly dissolved. Three years later a number of railwaymen attempted to form a society in Tamworth, but although meetings were held and contributions made, lack of information and confidence, together with great opposition, brought the venture to a halt, and contributions were handed back.

In 1872 another attempt was made, this time by the miners. Meetings were held, a committee formed, a secretary and treasurer elected, and contributions received. But this attempt failed because the owners of vacant premises refused to let them to the co-op.

Wilnecote was the next village to form a society which, formed in 1872, prospered for three years before being dissolved.

Nothing further was done until 1885, when the old L. and N.W. Railway transferred a number of employees from Stafford to Tamworth. Amongst them was Mr. T. Hatton and a few other co-operators, and in October of that year they arranged a meeting at the Chetwyne Arms, Polesworth, for the purpose of forming a society. About 40 persons attended, and although it was unanimously agreed to form a Polesworth Society, nothing further appears to have been done.

In 1886 men and women in Tamworth again started to talk of co-operation and, in the autumn, letters on the price of meat, &c., appeared to be followed by letters dealing with co-operation. The outcome was a meeting, held in the Victoria Road School on Saturday evening, November 13th, was a most important resolution which was to affect the lives of the people of Tamworth and district. It was "That a co-operative society be formed in Tamworth, and that steps be taken to promote the same, the necessary capital to be raised in £1 shares."

The meeting and resolution started co-operation again and, in spite of earlier setbacks and failures, ordinary men and women prepared to make another attempt, the results of which we have inherited to-day.

After much discussion and searching, premises were found and the first co-op in Tamworth was opened in a little cottage, 46, Church Street, on Friday, December 10th, 1886, when £3 of goods were sold.

In 70 years the society has gone a long way, but still nowhere near far enough; there is much for all 17,000 members to do to make it the society that those old pioneers dreamed of, for they were men of vision. Every one of us should get to know more about our society and co-operation: we should take a greater interest in the workings of it, use it more, and at the same time benefit ourselves.

From the 5th to the 17th of this month special offers will be made in all departments to celebrate our 70th birthday. During this time—and at all times—watch the shop windows for birthday bargains.

1886	
Members	Very few
Share capital	£40
Trade, first week	£15
Employees	One
Vehicles	None
Shops	One, rented

1956	
Members	17,000
Share capital	£737,234
Trade per week	£27,000
Employees	420
Vehicles	81
Shops	19

Golden Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. Coupland, 87, Dosthill Road, Two Gates, October 6th; Mr. and Mrs. Kibler, Gillway, Tamworth, November 6th.

Rembrandt Mystery

An exhibition in the Stockholm National Museum to celebrate the 350th anniversary of the birth of Rembrandt brought together a magnificent collection of some 400 paintings, designs, and sketches by the great Dutch painter.

Among the exhibits was the first complete X-ray photograph of Rembrandt's painting *Julius Civilis giving Oath to the Batavians*, which deepens the mystery surrounding this work that has defied art experts for years.

The painting portrays a group of men around a table taking an oath on their swords, and experts have long been puzzled by the outline of an "ownerless" sword which appears in the picture. The X-ray photograph has revealed no hidden figure holding the sword, but has brought to light a second "ownerless" sword.

This is not the only mystery connected with the picture. The painting measures about 20 square feet, but it is known to have formed part of a monumental work depicting an episode in the battles between the Romans and the Batavians, intended for the Town Hall in Amsterdam. The municipal authorities refused the work, and Rembrandt took it away in disgust and cut it into three pieces. Two have disappeared completely; but the third found its way to Stockholm where, since 1785, it has been the property of the Swedish Government. How it got there is an unsolved mystery.

Buddha in Sweden

A 1,700-year old bronze statuette of Buddha has been discovered at Lillon, an island in Lake Malaren, near Stockholm, where Swedish scientists are excavating an iron-age trading centre. The statuette is said to be the second of its kind to be found on European soil, the first having been unearthed at the Forum in Rome.

When found, the image had a ring round its neck which, on cleaning, proved to be a piece of leather, indicating that the Buddha had probably been worn as an amulet. The discovery is causing historians to speculate on the movements of inhabitants of Scandinavia in centuries before the Vikings started on their voyages.

Sea College

Last year 288,709 books were sent to British merchant seamen by the Seafarers' Education Service and College of the Sea, a voluntary organisation officially recognised by the British Ministry of Education.

The service provides seamen with reading material of all kinds, including educational and technical works. Exchanges of books often take place in foreign ports with the co-operation of the British Missions to Seamen Society.

How do you keep a girl happy? Buy her some Reddish sweets.

Obituary

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

Sarah Ada Swindell, Bolehall, September 6th.
Constance Lawrence, Glascote, September 7th.
Minnie Washington, Two Gates, September 9th.
Florence Davis, Wilnecote, September 12th.
George W. Coxon, Nomans Heath, September 14th.
Mary Ann Argent, Wood End, September 17th.
Eliza Walker, Tamworth, September 17th.
Mary Ann Lees, Tamworth, September 20th.
Joseph E. Edney, Wilnecote, September 22nd.
William T. Jinks, Mile Oak, September 20th.
Elizabeth Jenkins, Wilnecote, September 27th.
Elsie Wilson, Glascote, September 28th.
Enoch Latham, Amington, September 28th.
Mary Ann Sandlands, Wilnecote, September 29th.
Albert George Stainer, Wood End, October 2nd.
Joseph Gladwin, Amington, October 2nd.
Rose Morris, Tamworth, October 3rd.

Giant Telescope

Australia is to have the world's biggest radio telescope, it was announced in Sydney. The design which is being undertaken by a British firm, is expected to be completed within six months, and the telescope will be built and ready for use about the middle of 1958.

Dr. Bowen, of the Australian Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation, said the new telescope would be capable of locating stars in outer space which are at present invisible even to the giant instruments on Mount Palomar in California. The telescope, to be erected within a hundred miles of Sydney, is a saucer-shaped aerial like a spider's web, 250 feet in diameter, revolving on a tower. Both the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation have promised £112,000 (Australian) each towards the building of the telescope, and the balance (about £250,000) will be provided by the Australian Government.

River Blindness

The Owen Falls dam, completed two years ago to produce power for Uganda's industrial development, is now proving a key point in the battle against onchocerciasis, or river blindness. The giant dam, stemming the White Nile not far from Lake Victoria, is being used as a giant mixer of insecticides to kill the simulium fly, carrier of the disease.

Experiments over a 40-mile stretch of the Upper Nile showed that it was possible to eradicate the fly by treating the river with a solution containing DDT. Realising the strategic position of the Owen Falls dam, the Uganda health authorities decided to pour insecticide into the water rushing through the dam sluices. They claim complete success for the operation in freeing lower stretches of the river from the insect pest.

Atom Power Plan

Work starts next year on the construction of Czechoslovakia's first atomic power station, which will start producing electric current in 1960. Plans are now being made to build further atomic power stations between 1960 and 1970, and a scheme is being drawn up by physicists, engineers, and chemists.

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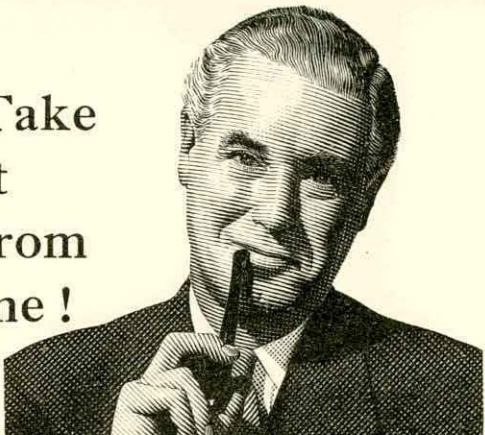

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