Co-operati

JANUARY 1957

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LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME, by W.

Issued by TAMWORTH

OUR FRONT COVER

This scene from LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME was painted by William Powell Frith in 1848, and after being exhibited at the Royal Academy and at Manchester, was sent to Paris, where it was awarded a Gold Medal.

Born at Harrogate in 1819, Frith pursued his early art studies in London, and in 1837 he was admitted as a student of the Royal Academy. He soon became an exhibitor at the Academy, and was elected an Associate in 1845 and an Academician in 1853.

Frith was honoured in a number of European countries. He was elected an honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts at Vienna in 1869; a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium in 1871; and in 1873 became a member of the Royal Academy of Sweden.

He died in London in 1909.

We Quote . . .

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And troubles forecasted, and possible pain
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Co-operative
Home
MAGAZINE

VOLUME 62 No. 1 JANUARY, 1957

A Happy New Year
to all our readers

IN a radio discussion programme somebody—was it Professor Joad?—once said that the worst thing that ever happened was when man invented the internal combustion engine.

Some of us may disagree. We recall pleasant memories of lovely beauty spots we have been able to visit, the enjoyable outings we have had by luxurious motor coach, or in the little family car, in the days before they, perforce, stood silent and forlorn in the garage for lack of petrol.

But if we take the wider view and think of the vital importance of the i.c. engine in its direct impact on our daily lives we might well change our minds.

Reduce even for a short time the flow of the precious fluid which transforms this ingenious, but inanimate, machine into a source of dynamic energy, and almost immediately drastic effects are felt in almost every aspect of our day-to-day existence. The whole structure of our national economy is undermined. And we begin to ask ourselves whether the undoubted benefits to mankind of this ubiquitous power unit outweigh the dangers inherent in its dominating influence on modern civilisation. For we have reached a stage when oil has virtually become the very life blood of us all and also the fundamental cause of relentless international strife.

It is at times such as these that one is tempted to deplore the unceasing progress of science and its application especially to mechanical development, particularly during the present century. We think of the aeroplane with its capacity for carrying bombs as well as passengers. Some of us have seen the human suffering and havoc wrought by the devastating tank. We remember only too well the sinister potentialities of the submarine, the surface battleship, and the directed missile.

Whilst never far from our minds, of course, is the almost unimaginable horror of the atomic bomb.

And with such reflections we look back with nostalgia to the "good old days" before such terrifying implements of death and destruction were introduced into a more simple and peaceful world.

In this pessimistic mood we are inclined to overlook the fact that these murderous weapons are not the result of the application of scientific knowledge, but of its *mis*application. The fault lies not with the machine, but with man.

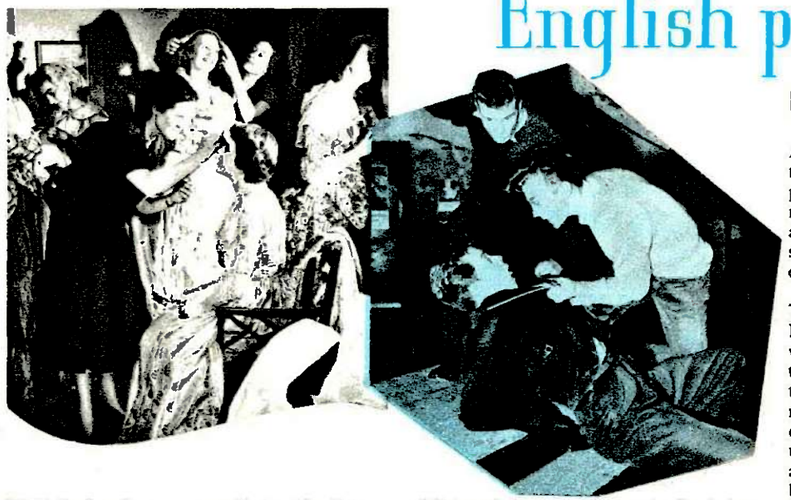
Ever since prehistoric man made his first stumbling attempts to discover ways of easing his struggle for existence, continuous advancement in human knowledge has been inevitable. And nothing can stop the eternal quest to solve further hidden secrets of the universe.

One day perhaps we shall learn how to direct this ever-increasing knowledge solely to the betterment of the whole human race. Surely, if one has any faith whatever in human nature, one must believe that, eventually, men of every nation will come to realise their past errors, and set their feet on the path that leads to a new and happier world. The New Year, 1957, brings us one step nearer that worthy goal. THE EDITOR

THIS ENGLAND

Castle Combe, Wilts., may well claim to be among the most beautiful villages in England. Old, mellow cottages line a narrow street leading up to the old market cross. A narrow pack-horse bridge crosses a stream beside which a child plays happily.

Hobby of half a million English people



By EWALD JUNGE

IT is in the nature of the English tradition that in matters which really interest them the English take an active rather than a passive part. In no other country in the world are hobbies more assiduously pursued—from bee-keeping to cabinet-making, from the growing of prize cabbages to archaeology.

One of the oldest hobbies is amateur drama which has been part of English cultural life since early mediaeval times when the citizens of York, Chester, and other towns staged their Mysteries and Moralities. *Hamlet* was first played by amateurs only three years after its publication, when the sailors of Captain William Keeling's ship *The Dragon* staged it for their own entertainment while anchored off Sierra Leone. Throughout the centuries, pageants and processions have been a favourite diversion in many towns and villages.

To-day, the amateur theatre movement is stronger and more widespread than ever. Some 500,000 people take active part in performances as actors, producers, scene-painters, and so on. Whatever their capacity, they are in some way engaged in creative activity and likely to develop a truer love and appreciation of drama than those content to watch it passively as spectators.

The artistic merits of these amateur companies vary, of course, but there are two types of company which have continuously helped to "feed" the professional stage, both with ideas and with personnel. These are the University Dramatic Societies and the so-called "Little Theatres."

Of the University Dramatic Societies, the best-known are those of Oxford and Cambridge. The latter boasts at least three different societies of importance, each covering a different branch of the theatre. There is the Amateur Dramatic Club, a general society; the Marlowe Society, which specializes in the plays of Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists; and finally the Footlights Club, which stages musical comedy and satirical revues.

Yet these theatre clubs really are amateur. Only rarely do they engage a professional producer; more often, he is one of the university teaching staff or, not infrequently, a student. Nor is this dramatic activity carried on in connection with the undergraduates' studies. There is no Faculty of the Theatre—as in many American universities—and the company on the average contains just as many Science students as Arts students. All these young men and women are spurred on by enthusiasm and initiative, but no thought of glamour or gain. In the Marlowe Society there is even a tradition of anonymity, and curtain calls are taboo.

The work done by the Little Theatres is perhaps even more interesting, and certainly its influence is wider. In 1946, a number of the more ambitious amateur clubs grouped themselves in The Little Theatre Guild of Great Britain. There are certain essential and minimum conditions of membership, such as possessing a permanent theatre (instead of playing in hired buildings), ploughing back all profits into future work, and maintaining high artistic standards. Apart from this, the Guild is pledged to encourage new playwrights and experimental work in general, and its members have given the first performances of many plays that have subsequently earned fame for their authors on the professional stage.

At present, twenty-two of these Little Theatres scattered throughout Great Britain are affiliated to the Guild. It would be both difficult and misleading to describe any one of them as typical: though all subscribe to the same fundamental principles, part of their strength derives from their variety and individuality. They may seat between 100 and 400; and the building itself may be anything from a converted aeroplane hangar to a disused chapel.

Most amateur theatre companies in Britain to-day are members of the British Drama League, founded in 1919 to encourage "the art of the theatre both for its own sake and as a means of intelligent recreation among all classes of the community." To-day, the League numbers almost 7,000 members of whom less than one-third are individuals, the rest being affiliated societies. These societies are almost a cross-section of England's social life, including private clubs, schools, universities, women's institutes, public libraries, industrial firms, education committees, youth groups, hospitals, and even prison and mental institutions.

The League has grown into a nation-wide body with a reference and lending library of almost 90,000 volumes, a training department which arranges full-time and part-time courses in various branches of dramatic art, a quarterly journal *Drama*, a theatre-goers' club, and a flourishing overseas department which arranges, among other things, exchange visits of amateur companies between different countries. It also organizes an annual Festival of Community Drama, children's lectures, conferences, and theatre weeks.

Thus the English amateur theatre movement is performing a valuable social function. It not only provides an active hobby for nearly half a million people from all walks of life. It also enables them to engage in a creative activity which fosters a true understanding and appreciation of literature and the theatre.

UNESCO

Mary Langham's COOKERY PAGE

Straight from the Sea

THE English housewife has a wealth of sea food available, and should, therefore, be able to make many succulent dishes. Fish is very rich in protein, vitamins, and phosphorus, but to retain these the fish must be absolutely fresh. We can always have sea-fresh fish by using ESKIMO brand deep-freeze fish in very handy packs. Ask to see them at your co-operative society.

SAVOURY COD CUTLETS

(To serve 4 persons)

4 cod cutlets, 2 oz. shrimps, 2 eggs, Federation plain flour, 4 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, seasoning, crumbs for coating, Shortex for deep frying.

Wash and dry the cutlets, and carefully take out the bone. Mix the crumbs, shrimps, lemon juice, and seasoning, and bind together with sufficient egg. Place a little of the filling in each of the cutlets. Dip the cutlets in flour, then coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Fry carefully in deep Shortex until golden brown and cooked through. Garnish with lemon butterflies and parsley.

CRAB SOUFFLE

(To serve 6 persons)

3 eggs, ½ pint thick white sauce, ½ oz. Gold Seal margarine, salt and cayenne pepper, 2 cups ESKIMO crab meat, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup coarse brown breadcrumbs.

Whisk the egg yolks until thick and creamy. Stir in the sauce, crab, and cheese. Fry the crumbs in the Gold Seal until crisp, then add to the crab mixture. Whisk the egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Put into a greased fireproof dish, filling it three-quarters full. Place in a roasting tin containing hot water and bake for approximately 45 minutes. Serve at once.

CURRIED CRAYFISH

(To serve 4 persons)

1 tin crayfish, 1 small onion, 1 small apple, 1 oz. dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ pint stock, salt to taste, ½ oz. rice flour, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. curry powder, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. chutney, 1 oz. sultanas, dry, boiled rice, 2 tablespoons cream.

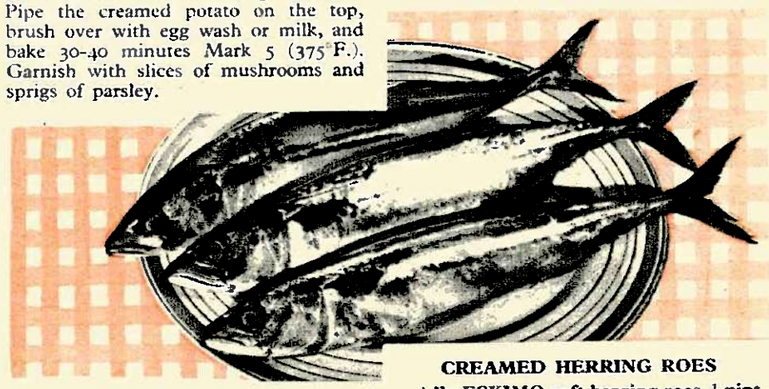
Chop the onion finely and fry until golden, fry the chopped apple, add the flour and curry powder. Add the stock gradually and stir until boiling. Add the chutney, sultanas, salt, and lemon juice. Simmer for approximately one hour. Add the crayfish and cream. Serve with a border of rice garnished with lemon butterflies.

PLAICE AND MUSHROOM PIE

(To serve 4-5 persons)

6 ESKIMO small plaice fillets, 1 boiled onion (chopped), ¼ lb. mushrooms, 2 oz. Gold Seal margarine, lemon juice, 1 lb. creamed potatoes, seasoning.

Melt 1 oz. Gold Seal margarine and lightly fry the onion. Add 1 teaspoon plain flour. Sauté the skinned and chopped mushrooms in the remaining Gold Seal, and season with salt and lemon juice. Add the onions. Spread half the mixture in the base of a casserole, place the fish on the top, and cover with the remaining mixture. Pipe the creamed potato on the top, brush over with egg wash or milk, and bake 30-40 minutes Mark 5 (375°F.). Garnish with slices of mushrooms and sprigs of parsley.



SAVOURY FISH CAKES

(To serve 3 persons)

½ lb. ESKIMO cod fillets, ½ lb. sieved potato, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, seasoning, egg to bind, egg to coat, 1 packet C.W.S. forcemeat stuffing, Shortex for deep fat frying.

Mix the fish, potatoes, and parsley together, and add the melted Gold Seal. Bind together with egg or a thick white sauce, and leave to go cold. Divide the mixture into 6 or 7 portions, shape carefully into flat cakes, dip in beaten egg, and coat with the stuffing. Fry in deep Shortex. Drain well and serve with parsley sauce.

SOLE VERONIQUE

2 ESKIMO filleted soles, ½ onion, bouquet garni, 3 peppercorns, 2 tablespoons white wine, ¾ pint water, 1 gill cream, ¼ lb. white grapes, ½ oz. Gold Seal margarine, ½ oz. Federation plain flour, seasoning, lemon juice.

Place the chopped onion, peppercorns, bouquet garni in water, and simmer for ½ hour; then strain.

Grease a shallow fireproof dish and lay the fillets in it, folded in half (skin side inside). Season and sprinkle on the lemon juice. Cover with strained stock and add the wine. Poach for about 15 minutes; then strain off the liquid. Reduce the liquid by boiling and make into a white sauce. Melt the Gold Seal margarine, add the flour, and gradually stir in the liquid. Cook 2-3 minutes. Carefully add the cream to the sauce, coat the fish, and garnish with the pipped and skinned grapes.

CREAMED HERRING ROES

½ lb. ESKIMO soft herring roes, ¼ pint milk, seasoning, lemon juice, ½ oz. Gold Seal margarine, ½ oz Federation plain flour, chopped parsley.

Carefully cook the roes in the milk. Drain, reserving the liquid. Melt the fat, add the flour, gradually work in the liquid, and cook 2-3 minutes. Season to taste. Add the roes, parsley, and a little lemon juice. Serve on fingers of toast.

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

Use **WAVECREST** *Botany 3-ply for this Lady's Cardigan*

Slenderising Stripes

MATERIALS.—10 oz. of WAVECREST Botany 3-ply. Two No. 13, two No. 11 and two No. 10 needles. A cable needle. Seven buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 38 to 40 in. bust. Length from top of shoulder, 22 ins. Sleeve seam, 18½ ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sl., slip; 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.

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

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 54 sts.

Proceed in rib as follows:—

1st row: ** k.3, p.3, rep. from ** to end. Continue in rib as on this row until work measures 3 ins. from beg.

Change to No. 13 needles and continue in rib until work measures 5½ ins. from beg.

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as follows:—

1st row: ** k.1, p.1, (k.1, sl.1 purlwise) twice, k.2, p.1, rep. from ** to end. 2nd row: ** p.3, (sl.1, p.1) twice, p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: ** k.1, p.1, k.1, (drop sl. st. and leave at front of work, k. following st., pick up sl. st. and k. it) twice, k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to end. 6th row: ** p.8, k.1, rep. from ** to end. 7th row: ** k.1, p.1, k.2, (sl. 1, k.1) twice, p.1, rep. from ** to end. 8th row: ** p.2, sl.1, p.1, sl.1, p.3, k.1, rep. from ** to end. 9th and 10th rows: as 7th and 8th. 11th row: ** k.1, p.1, k.1, (sl. next st. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k. sl. st. then k. st. from cable needle) twice, k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to end. 12th row: as 6th row. These 12 rows form the patt.

Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at outside edge on next and every following 5th row until 14 inc. have been worked, *at the same time* dec. 1 st. at front edge on 25th and every following 8th row until there are 62 sts. (number of sts. when side inc. are completed). Continue without further shaping at side edge, but dec. 1 st. on every 8th row as before at front edge until 58 sts. remain. Work 2 rows.

Shape armhole by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until 9 sts. *in all* have been cast off. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every alt. row until 6 decs. have been worked, *at the same time* continue to dec. at front edge on every 8th row as before, until 41 sts. remain. Continue without further dec. at armhole edge but still dec. on every 8th row at front edge until 36 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 7½ ins. from beg. of armhole shaping finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder by casting off 12 sts. at beg. of next and every alt. row until all sts. are cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to match Right Front, reversing all shapings.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 123 sts.

1st row: ** k.3, p.3, rep. from ** to last 3 sts., k.3. 2nd row: ** p.3, k.3, rep. from ** to last 3 sts., p.3. Continue in rib as on these 2 rows until work measures 3 ins. from beg.

Change to No. 13 needles and continue in rib until work measures 5½ ins. from beg., finishing at end of a 1st row. Next row: rib 7, (inc. in next st., rib 8) 12 times, rib to end (135 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as on Fronts, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 8th row, until there are 145 sts. Continue on these sts. until work matches Fronts up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 115 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work matches Fronts up to shoulder shaping. Cast off all across.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 66 sts. Proceed in rib as on Front for 3½ ins. Next row: inc. in first st. (rib 10, inc. in next st.) 5 times, rib to end (72 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in patt. as on Front, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd and every following 7th row until there are 94 sts., then every following 9th row until there are 108 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 18½ ins. from beg.

Shape top by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 80 sts. remain; every alt. row until 70 sts. remain, every following 3rd row until 44 sts. remain. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

FRONT BAND

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 11 sts. Work 4 rows in moss st. (every row ** k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last st., k.1). 5th row: moss st. 4, cast off 3, moss st. to end. 6th row: moss st. 4, cast on 3, moss st. to end.

Continue in moss st., working a buttonhole as on 5th and 6th rows on every 17th and 18th row from previous buttonhole until 7 buttonholes *in all* have been worked. Continue in moss st. without further buttonholes until work measures 45 ins. (not stretched) from beg. Cast off.

MAKE UP

1. Omitting ribbing, with wrong side of work facing, block each piece by pinning out round edges.
2. Omitting ribbing, press each piece, using a warm iron and damp cloth.
3. Using a back-stitch seam, join shoulder, side and sleeve seams, and stitch sleeves into position.
4. Using a flat seam, stitch Front Band into position.
5. Attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes.
6. Press all seams.

Exploring Roman England

By REECE WINSTONE

(Illustrated by the author)

Hadrian's Wall, meandering along between the estuary of the Tyne and the Solway Firth, meant security for the Roman Legionaries

IT is more than 2,000 years since the first Romans came to our shores. The first quest lasted three weeks, and was purely exploratory; the second visit was with strong military forces that made the absorption of Britain as a part of the Roman Empire a certainty. But it was not until A.D. 43, nearly a century later, that Britain was finally conquered. Then an era of peace and plenty developed until A.D. 410 when the fall of Rome was imminent. In these 367 years much was achieved in road making and architecture, relics of which we may still see to-day.

There is a unique relic at Lindum, or, more lately, Lincoln. Here is the only Roman arch we have left actually spanning a main road. The Newport Arch seems to be the inner member of a double gateway. The eastern postern survives, but the roadway has risen some eight feet in 2,000 years, and the addition of this height to the arch would make it much more impressive.

At Eboracum, the famous walled city we more readily recognise as York, are more relics of the Roman civilization. In the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey the most impressive is a multi-angular tower nearly twenty centuries old. Well cared for nowadays, it is a section of a fortress. In the Hospitum nearby one may see pottery and glassware used by the citizens of long ago.

Further north still is that great undertaking, the 70 miles of Hadrian's Wall.

The great Wall ended at Segendum; or, as we appropriately call it to-day, Wallsend. The actual site of its eastern end is now occupied by one of the busy Tyneside shipyards. In 1902 a section was uncovered and removed to Wallsend Park. There it stands for all to see, inscribed "A fragment of the Roman Wall built by order of the Emperor Hadrian, circa A.D.123-6. This historic monument was purchased by the City of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1924."

From Heddon to Haltwhistle, on the way to Carlisle, are many traces of the Wall. Cilurnum, now Chesters Park, near Chollerford, has a spectacular sight: the foundations of a Roman bridge over the North Tyne. The best explored of all the stations on the Wall, Cilurnum was a garrison town, and now revealed are the remains of temples, barracks, bath-houses, and the remarkable hypocausts, the Roman method of warming a house by hot air transmitted under the floor and up the sides of the apartments.

Borcovicium, or Housesteads Camp, is now under the protection of the National Trust. Standing 1,000 feet above sea level, it was the loftiest Roman stronghold in Britain and stationed 1,000 men. One may see the foundations of their H.Q., storehouses, workshops, barracks.

At Brading, in the Isle of Wight, Roman remains include a villa with a fine pavement, a human figure with a parrot-like head portrayed in coloured mosaic stones. The villa has 12 rooms, with a hall 50 feet long, and its elaborate pavements indicate it was a house of some importance. It, too, has hypocausts for heating.

A small incident in 1864 led to the discovery of a Roman relic at Chedworth, Gloucestershire. A ferret lost its way in a rabbit hole and while men were digging the animal out they hit on a fragment of mosaic. Now in the care of the National Trust, much evidence of the way the Romans lived has come to light; their tools, including a bone needle, bronze pins, and a pair of curling tongs; babies' beads; coins, pottery, stone carvings. The plan of the house is revealed for all to study.

Bristol has traces of a small Roman station by the side of the River Avon at Sea Mills, known as Abone, excavated in 1934. In the late 1940's on the Kingsweston Estate, a more important villa was unearthed when developing the site for new houses. Remains of another villa may be seen at Keynsham, a few miles away in Somerset, the living room, hot and cold rooms, and other parts of the building being plain to see.

In Dorchester (Durnovaria), the Roman town house in Colliton Park is of great importance: 17 rooms were found, the walls several feet high, of large flints and limestone slabs. To preserve them all the old mortar was removed and new cement used of the same colour as the old. Here too are beautiful mosaic pavements.

Dorchester also has another fascinating relic. Maumberry Rings had been a sacred circle of the Stone Age folk; the Romans converted it into one of the finest amphitheatres in England. Here men fought with beasts nearly 2,000 years ago. In the Middle Ages it became a place of execution.

Right, Corbridge Church, Northumberland, has a Roman gateway built into the Saxon edifice. Below, the remains of a Roman town house at Dorchester

Londinium can show us a Roman milestone. It is in the wall of St. Swithin's church in London's Cannon Street, and is believed to be the central point from which all distances in Roman Britain were measured. Now protected by an iron grill, it is black with London's grime. All readers will remember the recent discovery of the Temple of Mithras in the City of London.

Most of the traces of Roman occupation are of a military or at least defensive character, but Bath tells a different story. Famed for its hot mineral springs in remote Celtic days, it is believed the Romans came here very early, around A.D.50 to 60. They named it the "Waters of Sul," Aquae Sulis. Sul, the goddess of springs, was a Somerset creation, and is not found elsewhere in the Roman Empire. The Romans made it a rest town where the legionaries might relax. By the straight road of the Fosse Way, across England, it was joined to Lincoln and Exeter, and therefore easy of access.

One may still see the lead piping taking the water from the spring to the Great Bath. Adjoining is the smaller circular bath, and beyond again are revealed, once more, hypocausts for heating.

Filling the Gap

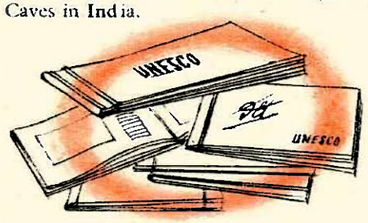
By BERTHA GASTER

ALMOST up to the present century, the only means of mass reproduction by which the stay-at-home public—and a very limited public at that—could become acquainted with the appearance of countries, architecture, and works of art outside their immediate surroundings, were etchings and engravings.

As for colour, no one but the nobleman wealthy enough to commission or purchase original paintings, or the gentleman who could afford to have copies made, was privileged to enjoy it. Only in our lifetime has the steady development of colour photography made it possible to produce a close approximation of the masterpieces of the world of art, and bring them within the reach of millions.

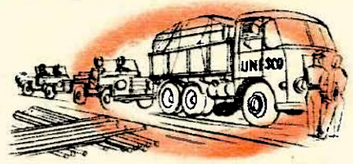
Many of the classic works of art have already appeared in album form for our delectation; volumes of superb colour reproductions of the great painters and the great national collections continue to pour from the presses of the better-known art publishers.

There are, however, obvious gaps. Some of these are not surprising, particularly the wonders half concealed in remote places, difficult of access, such as the mediæval frescoes now being stripped of disfiguring whitewash in the mountain monasteries of Yugoslavia, or the magnificent wall and ceiling paintings that fill hall after hall in the Ajanta Caves in India.



This gap is being steadily filled by the Unesco World Art Series of albums, designed, in the editors' own words, "to bring within the reach of artists, teachers, students, and the wide art-loving public, the finest quality reproductions of masterpieces of art which hitherto have been known to a too limited few." Responsibility for the photographs and text rests with Unesco; the volumes are printed in Italy in five languages—English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German, and they are distributed by the New York Graphic Society.

Obtaining the pictures is no easy matter. Apparatus including an electric generator and 300 lb. of camera, film, and lighting equipment may have to be dragged by bullock team up rocky mountain slopes, as at Neresi in Serbia. It may require a lorry, two jeeps, and 25 men to erect scaffolding to take the perfect photograph of a wall-painting in the Theban tombs of Egypt. For a picture of mural paintings in an isolated hermitage in Ceylon, in a forthcoming



volume on Buddhist art in Ceylon, a photographer and an expert had to hack their way through jungle growth at night, with armed guards standing by to keep off stray leopards and elephants, and runners ready to take the film from the heat of the jungle to the refrigerators waiting for it in Colombo.

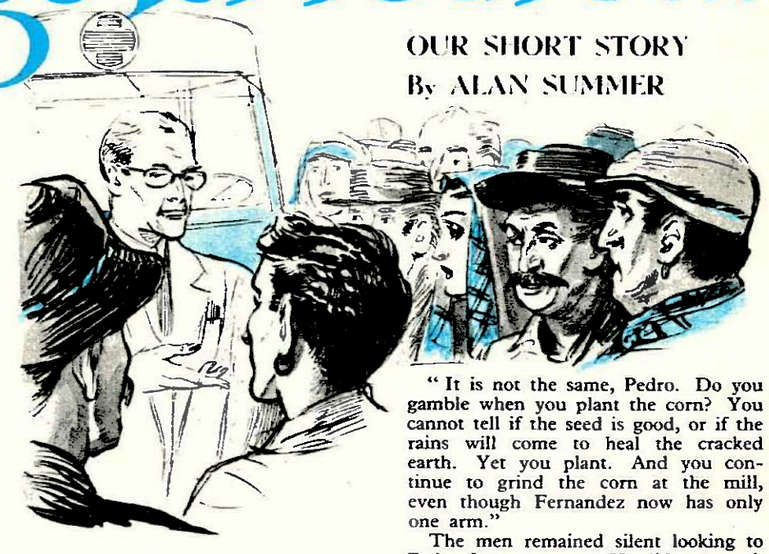
Six volumes have been published up to the present. They include a selection of little-known mediæval wall paintings from the unique wooden Stave Churches of Norway, only 25 of which still exist; a series of wall and ceiling frescoes from the Indian caves of Ajanta, hewn out of the solid rock by Buddhist monks between the second century B.C. and the sixth century A.D.; mural paintings from the tombs of Sakkara and Thebes in Egypt; rock paintings of the aboriginal tribes in Arnhem Land, Australia, still living the mode of life of prehistoric man; a series of Serbo-Byzantine frescoes from the monasteries of Yugoslavia, whitewashed over and half-forgotten since the time of Turkish occupation, and only now being discovered and restored; and a volume on Persian miniatures.

Plans under way for the next two years include a volume on Russian ikons, a volume on Japanese Buddhist art, and others on Romanesque painting in Spain, early Buddhist painting in Ceylon, and further projects still in the melting-pot stage.

Courage for Pedro...

OUR SHORT STORY

By ALAN SUMMER



THE posters had been up a fortnight. There was one on the notice board at the church and another, fly-spotted and faded by the hot sun, on the wall of Chui's wine shop. Coming from the city beyond the mountain, however, the posters made no impression on the villagers. Nothing that was not of the valley had any real significance and all had shrugged their shoulders at the news and gone about their daily tasks unmoved.

But when the ambulance came with the doctor, things were different. The crowd that watched its arrival was sullen and ill at ease.

"Pues, it is no good. The posters tell us to volunteer—but who in Pontala has volunteered? Nobody! Then why do they send the doctor? I tell you why—because they will make us have the medicine, and the little ones will die like the one in Castello."

Pedro was addressing the crowd of menfolk who had gathered in Chui's to drink wine and discuss the day's events. He surveyed them belligerently, his brown eyes bright with indignation, a determined expression set upon a rounded face of carved and polished mahogany.

"Ah! Pedro is right," said Ignacio sorrowfully. "They had the medicine in Castello and the little one died. I know because my married sister lives there and it was very sad."

The others shook their heads gravely and murmured their disapproval.

"Are you children that you talk so? You know you will not be made to have the medicine if you refuse it."

All heads turned to the newcomer and Chui hastened in attendance. It was not often that Father Antonio honoured his establishment and his anxiety to please reflected the respect of all the villagers for their priest.

"Wine, Father?"

"No thank you, Chui. I'll just rest a little. The heat is so tiring this evening."

The men puffed at their cheroots and eyed the priest expectantly as he seated himself on the rough wooden bench.

"Yes, you are so like the children," continued Father Antonio indulgently. "Because you do not understand what the doctor has come to do, you are afraid. But why do you fear the vaccine?"

"It is not for ourselves that we are afraid, but for our little ones. What happened in Castello can happen here, Father. That is why we do not want this medicine. That is why the doctor must go." Pedro spoke with feeling and the others voiced agreement.

Father Antonio shook his head. "Is it not true that last month Fernandez crushed his arm at the mill? And do you not still grind the corn?"

"That was different, Father. Fernandez was old and careless, and the mill-stone was heavy. Our hearts would be heavy, too, if our little ones should die."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ignacio who always contrived to suit the expression to all occasions. He spat noisily upon the earthen floor and complained: "Why do we want this medicine in Pontala when The Sickness has not come for three summers?"

"Are you so sure it will not come again, Ignacio? Do you not understand that the medicine the doctor has brought will protect you and your children, as it has protected the million others who have already been injected?"

"As in Castello, Father?" The way Pedro said it, it was more an accusation than a question.

"Yes, Pedro, it was very sad. But before we had the medicine, hundreds died of The Sickness. Now, only one. One accident, Pedro, like the one at the mill."

"One in a million," said Pedro sullenly. "It is like gambling, and you have taught us so often that it is wrong."

"It is not the same, Pedro. Do you gamble when you plant the corn? You cannot tell if the seed is good, or if the rains will come to heal the cracked earth. Yet you plant. And you continue to grind the corn at the mill, even though Fernandez now has only one arm."

The men remained silent looking to Pedro for an answer. He did not speak again, however, until Father Antonio had left, and then discussion was resumed with rising heat. As the little priest made his way slowly along the hot, dusty road to his house, the sound of raised voices carried to him on the warm air, and he was troubled.

* * *

THE fire had already taken hold of the stable behind the church before the sound awoke Father Antonio and the doctor. Hastening from their beds, they were in time to move the ambulance to a place of safety, but could do nothing to save the stable or prevent slight damage to the rear door of the church.

In the morning, the village was unusually quiet. Everyone carefully avoided discussion of the fire that had so nearly destroyed the ambulance and its contents, but many eyes were strangely restless.

Pedro's absence was soon noticed. Father Antonio, having inspected the damage, walked over to the house beside the *huerta* where he found Rosanna weeping. In a corner, on a rush mattress, lay Chico, Pedro's youngest. He was in a high fever and Pedro sat at his side, a picture of abject misery.

The Sickness had come to Pontala.

The doctor attended the child, but there was little he could do. That

evening little Chico died, and Pedro and Rosanna wept bitterly all night.

For ten days Pedro and his family were in quarantine, and every day the villagers prayed in the church for divine intervention. On the tenth day, the doctor declared the village free, and no one was more surprised than he that no further cases had appeared.

It was a miracle, they all said. But the failure of The Sickness to spread confirmed Pedro in his belief that Chico's death was a heaven-sent punishment for his part in the fire.

With the danger past, opposition to the vaccine revived, although Pedro kept to himself and no longer went to Chui's. Yet the doctor was determined to overcome the prejudice. With the help of Father Antonio, the villagers were summoned to the church where he had set up his equipment, and with great patience he explained the purpose of the vaccine and how, once they had all been injected, The Sickness would stay away from Pontala. But when he called for volunteers, a strained silence descended upon the crowd, broken by the awkward shuffling of feet.

Father Antonio began to roll up his sleeve. Someone had to give a lead. As he did so, a murmur came from the crowd, a murmur that grew rapidly to uproar as Pedro pushed his way forward. "No, Father," he called, "It is I who

should be first. Only in this way can I do right for little Chico and for the harm I have caused."

There was an expectant hush as Pedro bared his arm to the needle. "Your hand shakes, Pedro," observed the doctor as he applied the spirit.

Pedro hung his head in shame. "It is because I am a coward," he said.

"No, Pedro," said Father Antonio with kindness, placing a hand gently on his shoulder. "To face that which you fear is not to be a coward. It is only your hand that shakes. Your heart is still."

Pedro smiled for the first time in many days. A queue was already forming behind him.

musician with a sense of humour

by

B. S. BREED

THE ordinary-looking man and his companion strolled leisurely along the New York streets, occasionally gazing into the shop windows, like the thousands of other shoppers who hustled about them.

Then they came upon a fish shop. The ordinary-looking man stopped and looked for a moment at the rows upon rows of fish on the slabs, and they gazed back at him with blank, staring eyes.

"That reminds me," said the man quietly, "I have a concert to-night."

Such is the sense of humour of that great violinist Fritz Kreisler; he is a man always ready with a joke and a touch of fun. He is eighty now, with greying hair, but he still retains that dry sense of humour that makes him lovable to his friends and irresistible to his audiences.

A sophisticated society woman once engaged him to play at one of her parties. She was quite happy with his fee of £600, overwhelmed at having such a great musician to entertain her guests. She pointed out, reverently, that Kreisler would not be required to mix with the guests.

"In that case," said Kreisler, "my fee will only be £400."

It is such touches of wit that have made him one of the great musical characters of the day. Besides music, he has two great loves—fox terriers and antique shops. He is hardly ever seen without the first, and hardly ever out of the second.

Even at eighty he is still one of the world's greatest violinists. If he came to England to-morrow at short notice, his audience appeal is such that he could still fill the Albert Hall three days after his arrival. There are few soloists to-day who can hope to fill this huge hall of music even after months of advance billing. Fritz Kreisler has filled it to capacity no less than fifty times.

Kreisler's playing and music are like his character, warm and essentially human. With every movement of his bow he takes the audience with him, gathering them up in the warmth he feels for the music.

He has lived life like that, loving it with the same warmth he gives to music. His has been no sheltered musician's life. It has contained enough adventure to suit even the most excitable taste.

Born in Vienna, he seemed to have an instinctive feeling for music from the start, and the violin seemed the ideal medium through which to express it. At the age of six he gave his first solo public performance. He was a great success.

Such was the human warmth of his playing that in his 'teens he was known almost throughout Europe. But the young Kreisler thought he needed other experiences besides music, and set about getting them.

He forsook music for a while to study art. He had a wonderful time at university. On one occasion he fought a duel with a fellow student, because the latter spoke badly of the painter Michelangelo. Luckily, neither were very good with the sword and both escaped serious injury; otherwise we might have been without one of the musical figures of our age.

Next he trained as an army officer in the Uhlans. He did, in fact, fight against Britain in the First World War.

But after the strife he settled down to his true vocation—the expression of great music. His violin took him to all the great capitals of the world, and the people loved him and his playing, wherever he went. Soon Kreisler, the legend, was founded.

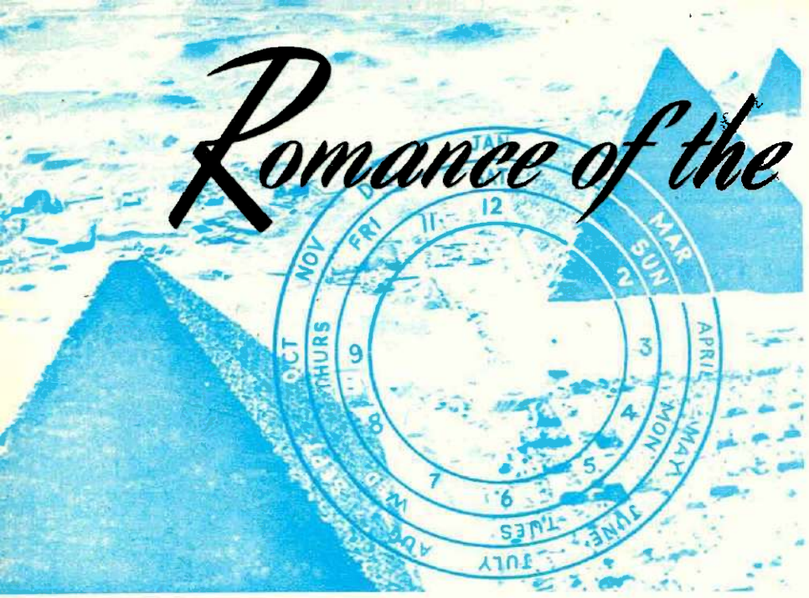
He caused one of the greatest musical surprises of the 'thirties when he revealed in 1935 that he was also a composer, and no mean one at that. He revealed that the pieces he had been playing for thirty years as the works of early composers "arranged" for violin were in fact his own compositions.

He said at the time, "Necessity forced this course on me thirty years ago when I was desirous of enlarging my programmes. I found it inexpedient and tactless to repeat my own name endlessly on the programmes."

The great musician refused to play on radio until 1944. He maintains that radio receivers are like hot and cold water taps that listeners can turn off and on.

Kreisler was responsible for discovering a piece of music which has now become one of the most popular pieces for violin. He visited the aged Dvorak in Prague, and went through his papers for him. Among the untidy mass of manuscripts he found Dvorak's "Humoresque" and later played it to the world for the first time.

Kreisler is an old man now, but he still remains young in his warmth for music and life, and in his ageless wit. He has had the life of adventure. He has managed, through his fingers and bow, to show the warmth he feels for life, and with it to lift people out of themselves.



Romance of the Calendar

By RUDOLPH ROBERT

IT was probably the ancient Egyptians who were the first to develop the calendar in scientific form—sixty centuries ago. Their agriculture and prosperity were based almost entirely upon the periodic flooding of the great river which flowed through their land. The day on which the blood-red waters of the Nile rose to inundate their fields was regarded as New Year's Day, and was given over to rejoicing. Thanks were offered to the goddess Hathor, or to the god Osiris, for ensuring another year's food supply. Masters of the art of brewing, they celebrated the occasion by drinking great quantities of beer.

A year, for the ancient Egyptians, was at first simply the period which elapsed between one Nile flood and the next. But later the priests of Heliopolis introduced a calendar which was based upon the heliacal rising of the star Sirius, and upon lunar observations. Their computations were astonishingly accurate, and they knew, for example, that the year comprised 365¼ days.

An interesting point to note is that the angular alignment of the pyramids, like that of Stonehenge and other megalithic relics scattered over Britain and northern France, has an astronomical significance. These great monuments played their part in measuring out the years, and helped the wise men, the priest-kings, to predict the approach of the sowing season.

When we come to glance at other early civilizations, such as those of the Assyrians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, and the Chinese, we find similar evidence of a pre-occupation with calendar-making, the results being sometimes most ingenious and often, as in the case of the Japanese calendar, highly picturesque.

The Romans were the ones who evolved the calendar at present used by most civilized nations. When the Imperial City was founded, in 753 B.C., it is probable that the year contained only ten months, and the calendar was riddled with inconsistencies. Numa Pompilius is the emperor usually credited with increasing the number of months to twelve—by the introduction of January and February. But it was Julius Caesar who, with the assistance of a Greek astronomer named Sosigenes, put matters on a really sound footing. The introduction of an extra day, leap-year day, every fourth year, was one of his major innovations.

This was in 46 B.C. Some hundreds of years later the Julian calendar was obviously in need of revision. The tropical year, as the astronomers had discovered, was not of exactly 365¼ days duration, but some 11 minutes less. Gradually accumulating, these odd minutes had, by the sixteenth century, thrown the seasons "out of joint" to the extent of about ten days.

The task of reforming the Julian calendar was undertaken by Pope Gregory XIII who, in 1577, published a Bull ordering the deletion of the unwanted days, and by doing so restored the equinoxes to their true dates. He also introduced adjustments aimed at preventing the calendar from slipping again in the future.

All Catholic countries adopted the Gregorian reforms, but Protestant England continued obstinately in the old style for yet another 175 years. Not, indeed, until 1752 did we bring our calendars into line with those used on the continent, and by that time the discrepancy had increased to eleven days. Then, when Parliament legalized the reforms, London witnessed its Calendar Riots! For workmen were under the impression that they were being robbed of eleven days' wages! "Give us back our eleven days," they yelled.

In the New World, too, interesting developments are to be noted. So involved were the calendars of the Aztecs, for example, that the key to their comprehension remained a mystery until the end of the 19th century. When the riddle was at last solved, it was seen that the Mexican calendar embodied many completely original features. There were, in fact, two years: the normal year of 365 days, and a "ritual" year of 260 days. Both went through a cycle of 18,980 days.

An interesting point about the Aztec calendar is the mystic significance attached to the number 13; for the ritual year, it will be seen, consisted of 13 x 20 days. Possibly we may draw the conclusion that the number was then considered lucky rather than the reverse.

Calendar keeping, in Central America as in ancient Egypt, was a carefully guarded prerogative of the priestly caste. Archæological research has shown, too, that the Mexican pyramids, like those of Egypt, had a connection with the calendar, for they were built in layers, each of which corresponded to one of the 52 year cycles.

Finally, a brief reference may be made to an interesting story which takes us back into the days of prehistory. High up in the Bolivian Cordilleras, at Fiahuanaco, was found a crumbling gateway on the weathered surface of which unknown, primitive men had carved a calendar.

The territory is one which the Incas formerly dominated, but a suggestion has been made that this Great Gateway of the Kalasasaga Sun Temple is not merely thousands, but tens of thousands of years old. There are, indeed, those who believe it was constructed at some remote period of time when a second, and somewhat smaller, moon circled our earth at dizzy speed. According to the theory, it was the pull of this satellite upon the tides of the sea which forced the builders of the Temple so high up into the Andean ranges.

Here we have not only romance, but one of the unsolved mysteries of the calendar!

HUSKIES *are indispensable*

By E. R. YARHAM

ALL the modern modes of transport—planes, motor sledges, Sno-cats—have been taken on the Trans-antarctic expedition at present in progress, but Dr. Fuchs and his party will not be able to do without the age-old method of travel around the poles—dogs.

Dogs, says Dr. Fuchs, are still indispensable for Antarctic exploration. Snow tractors can haul heavy loads in good conditions, but they cannot go everywhere that dogs can go, and therefore 24 huskies are to accompany the expedition to the Far South. The dogs have been trained amid the snows and glaciers of the Southern Alps.

Dr. Fuchs has, of course, spent much time in the Antarctic as leader of the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, and he knows what he owes to his dogs. After the Festival of Britain, where the dog was on show with others, Dr. Fuchs bought Darkie, the husky which led his team during exploratory journeys. The grand old fellow was going blind, and Fuchs wanted him to spend his last days in comfort.

The courage and stamina of these husky dogs are legendary. Huskies took Peary to the North Pole, and in the Far South won the South Pole for Amundsen while the hapless ponies lost it for England; lost, too, the lives of Captain Scott and his gallant companions.

It is true these dogs will fight, as Amundsen relates, at the least provocation, but they will also pull till they drop with exhaustion. Amundsen tells how on one occasion, "like a lot of roaring tigers, the whole team set on each other till the hair flew," but 18 reached the South Pole, pulling marvellously up the frightful slopes, as if they knew the glory of their achievement, and came back safely.

Roger Buliard, a priest who lived among the Eskimos, says of them: "When they are in the thick of a fight, Eskimo dogs are pitiless, and almost insensible to pain. Rage and fury seem to possess them. I have seen rifles broken across their backs without effect. They tear each other's ears to pieces, gouge out eyes, slash off great chunks of flesh. And they will never quit, never surrender. What can you do? Put them against an angry bear, with your life as the winner's prize, and they will fight just as hard."

That famous medical missionary, Dr. Grenfell, who spent half a century in Labrador, says much the same thing about their courage and ferocity. A husky is, of course, half dog and half wolf, and Grenfell said that during the years he had been in the country the Labrador wolf had never been known to kill a man; but he had known the dogs to kill two children and one man, and to eat the body of another. Unlike wolves, huskies will attack even the largest polar bear.

Two of the huskies which are to accompany the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, seen here on the way from their kennels at Edenbridge to H.M.N.Z.S. Endeavour, which carried them to New Zealand on the second stage of their journey to the Far South

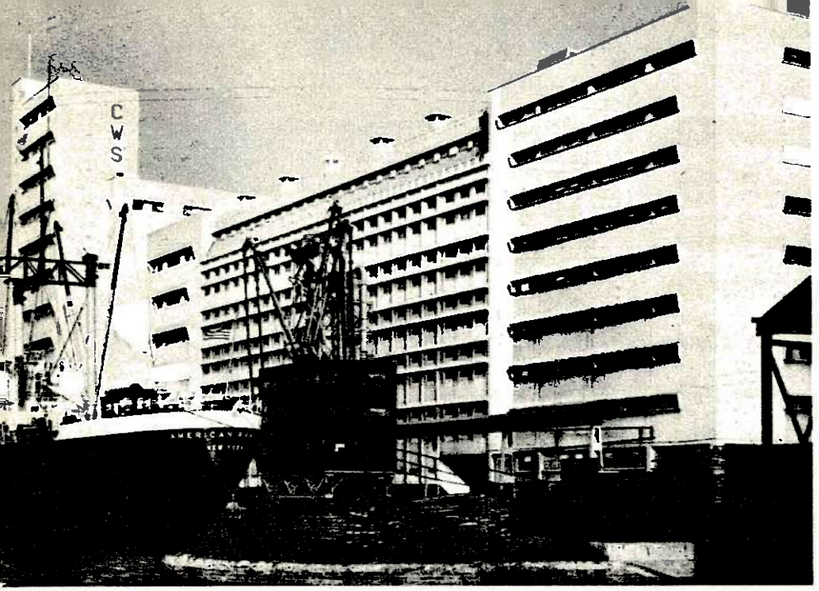
On the other hand, they enjoy fun. Sir Douglas Mawson, the celebrated Australian Antarctic explorer, found this on his expedition. His huskies delighted to race about following in each other's tracks; the leader, in order to make any headway at all, proceeding in a series of plunges.

At each bound they sank to nearly double their depth in the snow, so that it was quite remarkable they had sense enough to steeplechase along as they did. The exercise must have been exhausting, for some of them would try pushing their way along under the snow. In response to a call the man would observe, gradually approaching, a commotion on the surface indicating the existence of the dog beneath.

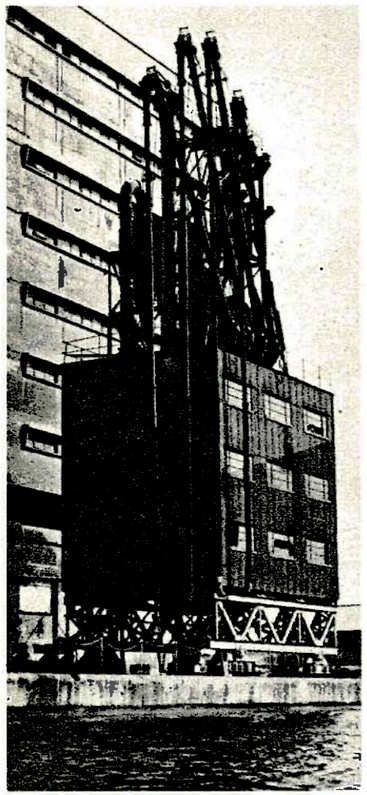
Not surprisingly these dogs have developed a very high intelligence. They have a marvellous instinct for finding their way under what seem insurmountable difficulties, and they have times out of number been the means of saving the lives of their masters.

Dr. Grenfell quoted such a case. He was driving 70 miles across country. The path was untravelled for the winter, and was only a direction, not being cut or blazed. The leading dog had been across once the previous year. The going had then been very bad. With snow and fog the journey had taken three days. A large part of the way lay across wide, frozen lakes, and then through woods.

As Grenfell had never been that way before, he had to leave it to the dog. Without a single fault, as far as he knew, the dog took Grenfell across. He accomplished the journey in twelve hours, including one and a half hours for rest and lunch.



The C.W.S. Flour Mill on the Royal Victoria Dock, London, one of the largest and most modern flour mills in Europe



A close up of the pneumatic plant which discharges the grain from the ship's hold into the storage silo of the Victoria Dock Mill

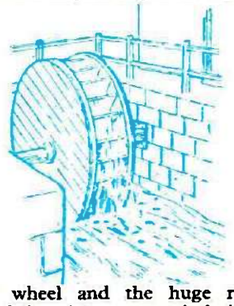
The Staff of Life Through the Ages

IT is quite possible that pre-historic man, in his never-ceasing search for food, came across the tall grass we now call wheat, and found the hard seeds in the ear good to eat. With his dawning intelligence maybe he discovered that, if ground between two stones, the pulverised grain could be made into a very satisfying food. Be that as it may, it appears certain that the production of flour and the making of bread goes back far beyond the dawn of civilisation.

Perhaps the earliest known form of flour milling dates from 4,000 B.C., when wheat was pounded into meal between two shaped stones. It is said that straw and even grains of wheat were found in excavations of bricks made in Babylon at least six thousand years ago. The Egyptians later invented a method of revolving one horizontal "saddle" stone on top of another, the upper stone fitted with long poles like a capstan. Their slaves and criminals did the arduous work of operating this primitive grinding mill.

Next came the water wheel, its long spindle geared to rotating stones inside the adjoining building. Then, about 600 A.D., the first windmills appeared, and became the main source of flour supply for over a thousand years.

The development of steam power early in the eighteenth century naturally had some influence on flour milling. The steam engine began to replace the



water wheel and the huge revolving sails of the picturesque windmill.

The wider distribution of grain also was made possible by the coming of railways and steamships. A far more progressive future for the flour milling industry appeared to be dawning.

But the heavy hand of monopoly, so often disastrous in other trades, lay on this important service to the people.

While the hand-operated mills of country folk might be used, any larger quantities of flour had to be ground by mills owned usually by the Lord of the Manor, or in some cases by the Government. Even the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846 did little to improve milling technique or encourage progress in mechanical equipment.

On the Continent new roller mills were by then producing fine white flour which was far more popular than the coarser home-produced quality. At this time the enterprising pioneers of the early Co-operative Movement attempted to compete with the imported commodity, and achieved a few moderate local successes, but more failures.

At last, in the 1880's, British millers began to follow their Continental competitors. Great financial risks were taken in installing the new roller mills. Gradually foreign competition was overcome, and danger receded.

Although a few co-operative societies and federal combinations of societies courageously invested capital in mills in inland towns they experienced serious difficulties through lack of facilities for storing imported grain at the ports.

In 1891 the C.W.S., came to the rescue by building a flour mill and a large storage silo at Dunston-on-Tyne. Nine years later another large mill was built at Silvertown (London). In 1906, the Wholesale acquired mills at Oldham and Rochdale, and purchased Sun

Mills, Manchester, on the newly-established port at Trafford Park, on the Manchester Ship Canal.

And so the chain of C.W.S. flour mills, strategically situated to serve the whole country, was developed. Avonmouth, Sowerby Bridge, Wilmington (Hull) followed in quick succession.

The C.W.S. had become flour millers on a national scale with a mill in each of the major ports.

It was now possible efficiently and economically to cater for the needs of the growing millions of co-operative society members throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Steadily increasing demand for C.W.S. flour made necessary extensions to each mill from time to time. With every advance in milling techniques, new machinery and processes have maintained the peak of efficiency.

At one mill only, Silvertown, further extension became impossible, more land being unavailable. Consequently, a site was acquired on the Royal Victoria Dock, where, after wartime delays, the magnificent new London Mill was erected. Production was commenced in 1945 at this mill, one of the largest and most modern in Europe.

To-day, the C.W.S. with its group of seven huge mills, is one of the largest flour milling organisations in the world.

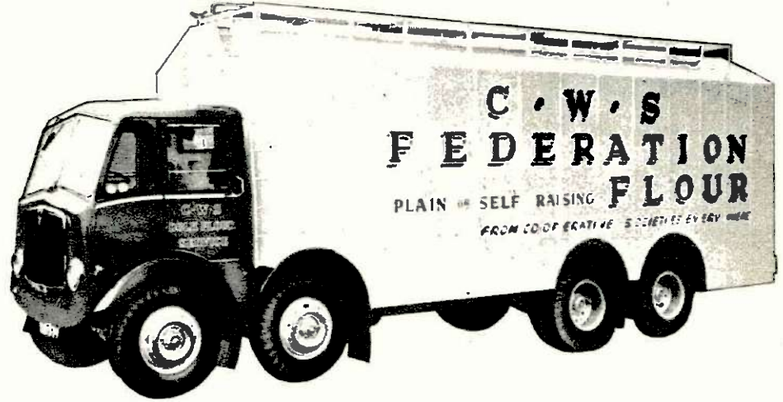
A great achievement, one of the most outstanding successes of a democratic Movement built by the far-seeing enterprise and collective support of millions of ordinary working folk united in nation-wide co-operative endeavour for the common good.

IT'S A FACT . . . .

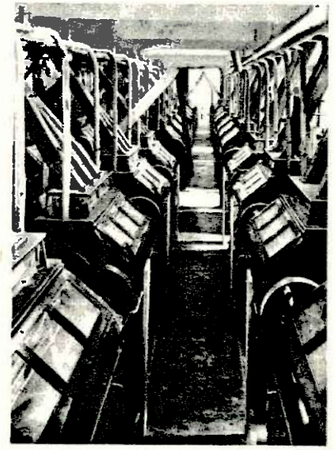
The energy value of a 2 lb. loaf (2,300 calories) is equivalent to 7 pints of milk, or 11 oz. of butter, or 2 lb. of beef or mutton, or 6 lb. of chicken.

A 2 lb. loaf requires about 1½ lbs. of flour for which some 36,600 grains of wheat are needed. This wheat is the product of five square yards of ground in Britain or eight square yards in Canada and America where yields are rather lower.

The people of Britain consume nearly 26 million lbs. of flour every day. On average they eat their own weight in flour every year.



One of the fleet of bulk-transport vehicles which take the processed wheat from the C.W.S. Flour Mills to co-operative bakers throughout the country. Below: roller-grinders which perform one of the numerous processes in the reduction of wheat to flour



C.W.S. Safety Boots 'Worth £1,000'

WHILE at work, Mr. R. Clarke, of Middlesbrough, stepped unwittingly into the path of a diesel-driven truck, one wheel of which went over his right foot.

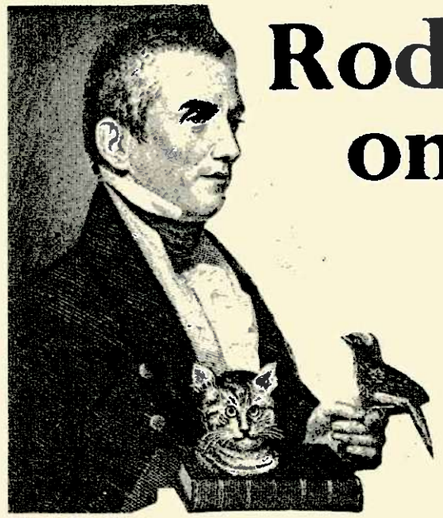
Fortunately he was wearing C.W.S. Safety Boots, so instead of severe foot injuries which would have necessitated the amputation of his toes, Mr. Clarke's injuries were limited to a fractured big toe and contusions.

Said Mr. Clarke's mother, "The footwear was worth £1,000 to him."

C.W.S. Safety Footwear is obtainable at Co-operative Footwear shops throughout the country.

The C.W.S. undertakes that if in the course of employment within the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland the wearer of C.W.S. Grade 1 Safety Boots sustains accidental toe injury, the sum of £5 a week will be paid during the period of absence from work as a result of such toe injury, up to a maximum period of ten weeks, provided that within 30 days of such accident the directions attached to the boots when bought are complied with.

Rode bareback on a crocodile



(Picture Post Library)

By A. E. COX

SOME ninety odd years ago a sunburned, muscular man of eighty clambered up a tall tree on his Yorkshire estate. It was a hobby of his. He paused only to scratch his steel-grey hair with a big toe, another favourite practice. Then, on a topmost branch, he thought back to the days when he searched for the deadly curare poison, used by the South American Indians on their blow-pipe arrows.

Charles Waterton was one of the earliest "bring 'em back alive" zoologists. Probably the most bizarre naturalist of all time. If he had lived to-day he would have been a certain television personality.

Throughout his life Waterton sought danger; from the day when, as a young man in Rome, he climbed a church spire and stood with one foot on the angel surmounting it while his other leg dangled into space.

But it was in the South American jungles that he spent most of his time. There his activities read like a catalogue of curiosities.

He had novel ways of catching snakes. One boa constrictor he captured by knocking it unconscious with a hard uppercut to the jaw. He caught another —when his servants all ran off—by tying it up with his braces and throwing it in a sack. After leaving it in his bedroom until the morning he complained because it had a restless night.

Snakes weren't the only creepy-crawlies he took to bed.

Being anxious to have his toe sucked by a vampire bat—"Just for the experience," he said—he kept one of these horrible creatures chained by his bedside. Waterton was most disappointed when it preferred his native servants' toes to his own.

His most famous exploit was with a crocodile. Determined to catch a large specimen, he had one hooked, but his helpers were unable to pull it ashore.

Instantly Charles jumped on the reptile's horny back. Grabbing its front legs he used them as a bridle, and sat this way while natives pulled the crocodile fifty yards on to land before it could be secured.

Afterwards, when asked how he had stayed on the croc's back, Waterton replied: "For some years I hunted with Lord Darlington's foxhounds."

As a diversion from the jungles he paid a visit to the United States, where he sprained his ankle. Remembering that as a child a similar injury had been cured by applications of cold water, Waterton decided that water in even greater quantity would cure it even more quickly. So he held his sprained ankle under Niagra Falls!

sweep to let his donkey be injected with the poison. A few minutes later it appeared to be stone dead.

The naturalist put his antidote into action, and after four hours the donkey was up and eating carrots. Waterton took the animal home and it lived on his estate for another twenty-five years.

When Charles Waterton was almost fifty he decided to marry. Typically, he chose a fresh, seventeen-year-old girl, whose ancestors included both Scottish princes and Arowak Indians.

The girl, Anne Edmonstone, was still at a Belgian convent school when a shabby, travel-stained Waterton went to Bruges to marry her. The ceremony took place at the convent church at three o'clock in the morning!

After a honeymoon which consisted mainly of touring European zoos, he brought his young bride home to the gaunt Yorkshire house where her only other companions were stuffed animals.

A year later she died in childbirth, and Waterton, heartbroken, symbolised his separation from all women by never again sleeping in a bed. He lay on the floor with a wooden log for a pillow, and every morning rose at three—his wedding hour.

Yet his queer naturalist activities continued. At the London Zoo he entered the cage of a savage orang-utang, putting his head in the beast's mouth. When everybody expected to see Waterton attacked, the ape welcomed him like a long lost brother.

But always the main ambition of his explorations was to obtain some curare poison and, by experiment, discover an antidote for it.

Through long contact with the South American Indians he gained their confidence and eventually succeeded. Returning to London, his experiments complete, Waterton induced a London

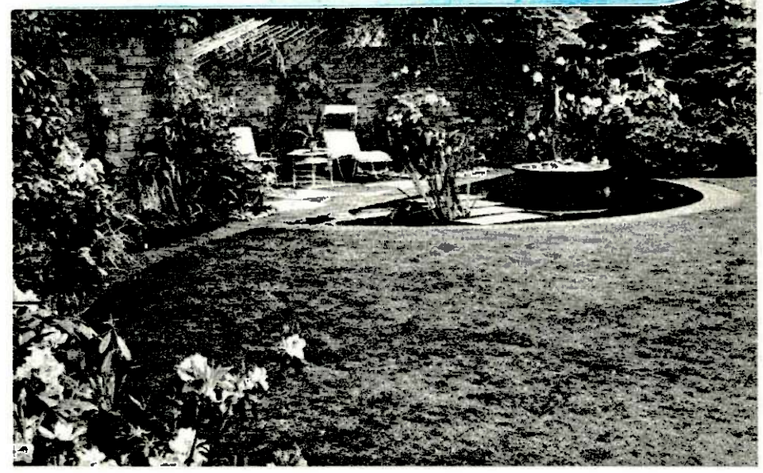
One of his last exploits was to take a bath with a consignment of owls, and he climbed trees right until his death in 1865 at the age of eighty-two.

As may be expected many strange things were written about him during his even stranger life. Only once was Charles Waterton hurt—when another writer described him as "eccentric!"

January

IN THE GARDEN

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



IF you have a greenhouse, you will be busy there this month, for there are pelargoniums to pot on, chrysanthemum cuttings to take, seeds of the begonias to sow, while if you like the lovely Cape Violets you can sow the seeds of these also in John Innes seed compost. I always bring into the greenhouse some plants of Solomon's seal and doronicum which I pot up from the garden to get early cut blooms.

Out of doors, attend to the fruit tree spraying. Use what is called a miscible tar oil wash, which you can get from the C.W.S. at Derby. Dissolve a pint of this in 13 pints of water and soak all the trees and bushes thoroughly. If you haven't a spraying machine you can buy a very effective one costing about £2 and known as the Solo. By removing a little screw in the nozzle it is possible to send a jet up to reach the branches of very tall trees, and by putting back the screw you get a wider cone of spray with which to treat the canes and bushes. The great thing is to see that no twig is missed because we aim to smother and kill all the insect eggs and so prevent damage in the spring and early summer.

This is a good time to take cuttings of blackcurrants and redcurrants. Blackcurrant cuttings should be 9 or 10 inches long and when putting them in the ground you don't remove any of the buds. Redcurrant cuttings should be about a foot long and you should remove all the buds except the top three and then plant the cuttings 6 inches deep. The aim is to grow the redcurrant on a leg or stem. Prepare the cuttings by making a cut with a sharp knife just above a bud at the top, and just below a bud at the bottom.

There is still time to plant fruit trees and bushes. Send your order to the C.W.S. nurseries immediately. If the trees come when the ground is frozen, keep them in their bundles until the earth is in the right condition. You will see a little bulge at the base of the stem; that's the point where the budding or grafting has taken place. The tree should be planted so that this is about two inches above the level of the earth. Why not consider planting a Family Tree, which bears several different varieties at the same time?

The C.W.S. publishes an excellent general nursery catalogue of rock and alpine plants, flowering shrubs, roses, fruit trees and bushes, including Family Trees bearing five different kinds of fruits. Write for a copy to the C.W.S. Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby.

IN THE WATER GARDEN

WEEDS are plants growing where they shouldn't be; plants that become a nuisance; and many is the pool that has been almost ruined by plants which have taken charge and have become an absolute nuisance. There is an algae known as blanket weed which can prove very troublesome. It is often introduced accidentally when putting in aquatics which have been obtained from pools in the country.

If by any chance this weed has been making dense growth in your pool, remove all pond life and then sterilise the pool with permanganate of potash. Put a handful of crystals in a muslin bag and swirl this about the water until it changes to a rich purple colour. Then, after a day's soaking, the pool may be emptied and replenished with fresh water.

It helps to plant marginal specimens, either bushes or plants, on the sunny side of the water to give shade, and to stock the pond with water fleas, cyclops, and aquatic snails.

PRIMULAS are fascinating, and provide lots of colour; a number of varieties are suitable for waterside planting. They are of varying heights, and I always plant the taller sorts as a background for the dwarf ones. The soil in which they grow must be rich and cool, but never sodden.

Primula japonica is one of the best, it is very showy as well as being very hardy. It produces tier after tier of crimson, pink, or white flowers in May and June, and there are a number of main varieties, most of them growing to two or three feet in height.

Primula pulverulenta is similar but has stems covered with a mealy dust, and carries whorls of rich crimson flowers. Bartlett's strain is a varietal group which gives other colours such as buff, rose pink, salmon, and apricot. The plants usually look their best in May and have quite a long flowering season.

Primula sikkimensis is really the Himalayan cowslip. This does like wet, boggy ground and has rosettes of long narrow leaves with slender stems bearing clusters of fragrant, nodding flowers of pale yellow. They are out in June and grow about two feet high. Each bloom is about an inch in length and half an inch across.

Primula Florendiae is rather like a giant cowslip and always does its best in full sun. When it is happy it will grow to a height of three feet and will produce flowers in July and August. The leaves are heart-shaped and sometimes they are nearly as big as marsh marigold leaves.

For the JUNIORS

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

PRIZES FOR ESSAYS

Did you enjoy your Christmas and receive lots of presents? How many parties did you go to? This month you have another chance to win a grand prize. All you have to do is write an essay of not more than 400 words, saying why you enjoyed Christmas. For the best essay sent in by a competitor aged nine or over, the prize will be a GRAND STORY BOOK. The prize for the best entry from the under-nines, will be a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK. Read these rules before writing your essay:

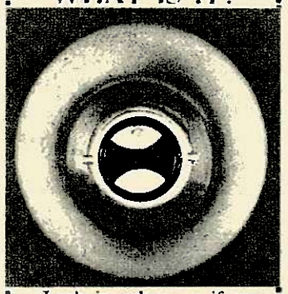
1. The essay must be entirely your own work.
2. You must give your full name, age, and address.
3. Post your essay as soon as possible to The Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4. (Put 2½d. stamp on the envelope.)

November Competition Winners

Avril Chant
2 Broadway, Merriott, Somerset

Richard Feltham
20 Greencroft, London Road, Salisbury, Wiltshire

WHAT IS IT?



Look in column 4 if you can't guess what this queer-looking object is.

DEAR JUNIORS,—A Happy New Year to you all! I hope 1957 will bring many jolly times, with lots of fun, and success in your studies at school. Talking of New Year reminds me—Good resolutions! Did you make any? I did, but I'm afraid some of them have been broken already. The custom of making New Year resolutions is not very popular these days, but I think it is a good idea, because even if one doesn't live up to one's good intentions throughout the year, the effort to do so is better than no effort at all. And if everyone tried hard to be even a little better than in 1956, the world would be a much happier place, wouldn't it?

Your friend, BILL

PUZZLE CORNER

Six Eighteens

Place the nine numbers 2 to 10 inclusive in the square below, so that each line across and down totals 18. Two figures are in place to help you.

	10	
		9

Co-op Drops

Complete the nine skeleton words below by dropping into each the four letters CO-OP.

```
 I  US
 T  US
 R  T R
H R S O E
 R  RAL
```

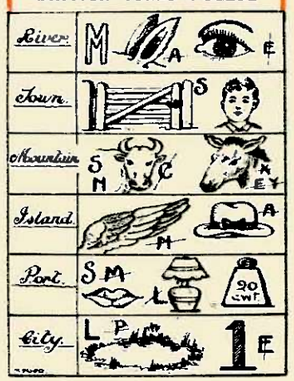
Margarine March

No doubt you are well familiar with delicious C.W.S. Gold Seal margarine. The puzzle is to step from GOLD to SEAL by changing one letter at a time to make a new word. There are several ways of doing it, but try to use only "G" and "S" as initial letters.

In Days Gone By

When mummy wants to iron the clothes, she uses a C.W.S. Dudley-Electric Iron. But when the Victorian housewife wanted to smooth the linen, she often used an object like this. It's an "iron" made of glass, and it apparantly worked quite well cold.

BRITISH ISLES PUZZLE



The letters and pictures give you the clues to a river, a town, a mountain, an island, a port, and a city. And they're all in the British Isles. Solution in column 4.

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"Attention everybody. We're salvaging a broken cable between Bit-Cranky and Loch Mess."

"Oliver, I'm certain that cable as you call it moved just now of its own accord."

"Another thing just look where you've brought us to!"

It may be the right cable but nobody seems to like the look of the Loch!

THE INK BLOTS

By PAMPHILON

Here's Marvo The Magician, at the children's party. "Watch closely kiddies," he says.

"From my top hat I shall now produce a rabbit." However, the mischievous Ink Blots are in the audience.

They are also full of tricks and when Marvo waves his wand, instead of a rabbit, out pops Percy Ink Blot.

Puzzle Solutions

What is it? An electric light bulb.
British Isles Puzzle: River, Mersey; Town, Gateshead; Mountain, Snowdon; Island, Wight; Port, Southampton; City, London. **Co-op Drops:** Copious, octopus, procter, horoscope, corporal. **Margarine March:** Gold, gild, gill, sill, sell, seal.
Six Eighteens:

3	10	5
7	2	9
8	6	4

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

Greetings

ONCE again in this first issue of your magazine in a new year, we extend to all our fellow members wishes for a very happy and prosperous 1957. Perhaps it is a good thing that we do not know what is in store for us, but we can look back and say that 1956 has been a reasonably good year for we co-operators, and we must look towards 1957 with confidence.

A businessman of Tamworth speaking in a meeting a few weeks ago said that the co-operative society was built up by a spirit of adventure. He was quite right, for it was with a spirit of adventure and also confidence that our pioneers of 70 years ago started our society, kept it going and built it up, handing on to us a heritage of untold value which we in turn must, in the same spirit of adventure and confidence, continue to build and improve so that in due course we hand over a heritage of even greater value to our successors.

Best wishes to you all and let our new year resolution be a little more co-operation in all things.

Co-operative Choir

The choirmaster informs us that he can take a few school-leaving girls into the choir. This is a great opportunity for any of our members' daughters who have just left school and would like to continue with choral singing which they would have started at their day school.

There is no cost at all for anyone under 17, and everyone who knows our choir will realise that here is a chance, particularly for school-leavers, of having expert tuition in chojal singing under Mr. A. Knight at the same time as having enjoyable times with the choir.

The choir meets on Tuesdays at 7-30 p.m. in the Assembly Hall, Colehill, Tamworth (above the general offices), and all those interested in joining should attend there or write to Mr. A. Knight, 7, Jonkel Avenue, Wilnecote, near Tamworth, who will make arrangements to hear them.

Mr. Frederick Armstrong

We are sorry to have to record the death of Mr. Fred Armstrong on November 30th. The society was represented at the funeral on December 5th by the vice-chairman, Mr. E. Collins, Mr. J. Wrench, and the secretary and executive officer, Mr. G. A. Stock. There were three retired employees in attendance, Messrs. W. Walton, traffic manager, J. Myatt, delivery staff, and A. Bridgewater, grocery warehouseman.

Mr. Armstrong commenced work with the society on July 15th, 1912, and retired on pension on August 7th, 1947, serving in the delivery department for the whole of this period, the only break being his war service during the 1914-1918 war. He enlisted on May 22nd, 1916, and returned to the employ of the society on January 30th, 1919.

Fred, as he was known to so many fellow employees and members, was always well respected by everyone, and to the society was a good and conscientious worker for whom nothing was too much.

The sympathy of the management, employees, and members is extended to Mrs. Armstrong and family.

A Branch for Kingsbury

This first issue of 1957 gives good news to our Kingsbury members; it is possible that some know of it already, that a branch is to be opened in the village.

Your society has purchased the business of Mr. Graham on the Tamworth Road, and it is hoped to open as a co-op either late in January or early in February.

There are alterations to be made to the premises to make them suitable for co-operative trading, and these are to be pushed ahead with as quickly as possible.

Kingsbury and Picadilly have always been strong co-operative villages, taking full advantage of our delivery service, but now with a branch of their own, supplying their day-to-day needs we look forward to even increased trading which will make it necessary in the very near future to increase the size of the branch.

The management committee's policy of branch shops forges ahead—Dordon, Amington, Wilnecote, Glascote, Wood End, Polesworth, Gillway, Kingsbury. Where will the next one be? Perhaps by the first issue of the magazine in 1958 the list will be longer, but it all depends on you and how much you shop at your own shops.

Obituary

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

Joan Patterson, Tamworth, October 24th.
David Walter Clements, Glascote, October 28th.
Mary Jane Trotman, Glascote, November 6th.
George Henry Bennett, Belgrave, November 9th.
Lucy Goult, Wilnecote, November 13th.
Ethel Emma Chaplin, Tamworth, November 13th.
Charles Albert Humpherston, Whitacre, November 14th.
Nellie Sketchley, Kettlebrook, November 18th.
Frances Edith Meer, Wilnecote, November 20th.
William Spencer, Kettlebrook, November 24th.
Henry Rabbage, Amington, November 26th.
John Thomas Ward, Glascote, November 27th.
John Myatt, Dordon, November 29th.
Evelyn Archer, Tamworth, November 29th.
Frederick Armstrong, Tamworth, November 30th.
Mary Hollis, Elford, November 30th.
Francis James Vickery, Wood End, December 1st.
Henry Wells Pyke, Dosthill, December 3rd.
Sarah Ann Burdett, Fazeley, December 5th.
Thomas Henry Wood, Wilnecote, December 6th.

Film-Strip Step to Brighter Homes

"Colour and Pattern in Your Home" is the name of a new film-strip on interior decoration. Prepared by the education department of the Co-operative Union and the Council of Industrial Design, the strip is based on the popular booklet of the same name published in December of last year.

The success of the booklet has shown that people want advice on the problems of using colour and pattern in their homes to the best effect. This film-strip extends the booklet's usefulness by providing a visual presentation of the subject. Part of the responsibility of a movement of consumers is to organise education on planning and decorating the home, and many lectures on this are arranged within the co-operative movement and throughout the country. The strip accompanied by full lecture notes, provides a clear and straightforward treatment of what can be a difficult subject to put over.

The strip is made up of 25 frames, using coloured line drawing by David Knight, M.S.I.A., some taken from the booklet, others specially drawn.

The basic points which one must know about colour and pattern before being able to use them successfully are vividly set out, together with the psychological effects of different colour schemes and the need to consider the use to which a room is to be put (the right colours for a kitchen would not be right for a bedroom; a room used mainly in the evenings needs different treatment from the one used mainly in the daytime). The strip shows how the character of rooms can be changed at modest cost. As the schoolgirl becomes the teenage daughter, so her room can be adapted with new colour schemes to meet her new interests and position. The living room for a family with young children can assume, likewise a new face when these children grow up and go away from home.

The strip includes, too, a section on the theory of colour values, emphasising the relation of colours to each other, and the apparent changes in colour content with varying juxta-positions.

Just as the clever use of "advancing" and "receding" colours can alter the apparent proportions of a room, so too can pattern. But, the strip explains, the tendency to overdo pattern is one to be resisted strongly. Pattern should be suited to a room both in type and scale Thus a small sprig-patterned wallpaper suitable for a bedroom would be out of scale if used on the larger wall areas of a living room.

The strip gives a straightforward and easily digestible account of the basic secrets of pattern and colour—how to make a room lighter or darker, colder or warmer, larger or smaller—all useful things to know in making our homes an appropriate background to our particular ways of living.

The film-strip, with lecture notes, is available, price 27s. 6d. (28s. by post) from either the education department, Co-operative Union Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, or from the Council of Industrial Design, 28, Haymarket, S.W.1.

Pathfinder Group Party

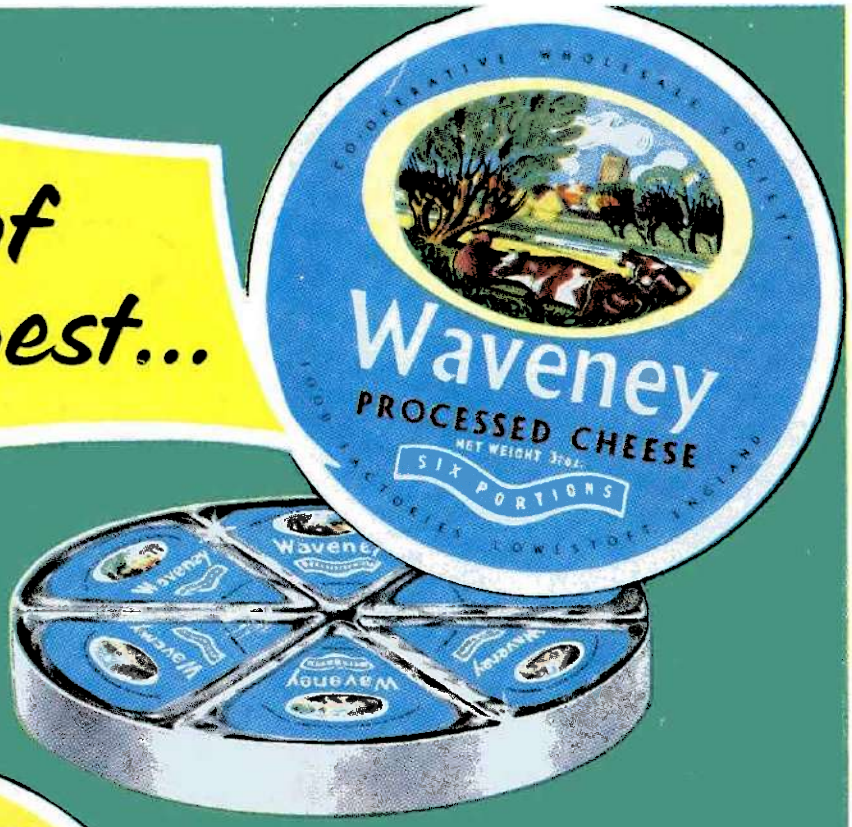
On Monday, December 17th, instead of the Pathfinders arriving at the St. George's Hall for their usual meeting at 6 p.m., they turned up an hour earlier to find a decorated room with tables loaded with good things to eat, with crackers to pull, and fancy hats with which to decorate themselves.

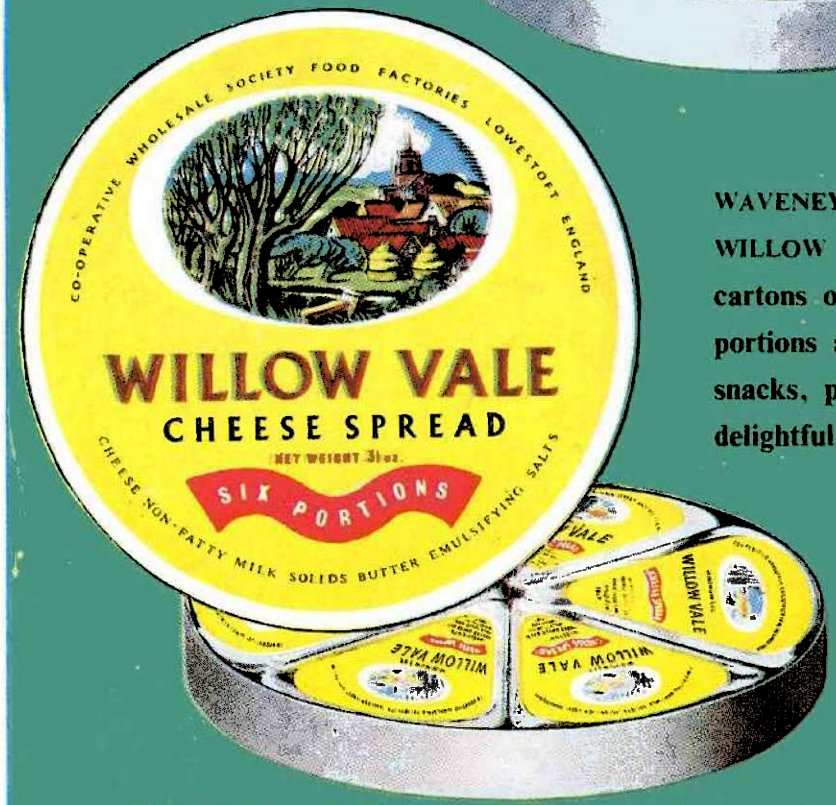
It was their first Christmas Party, provided by the education committee, with the tea laid and served by committee members' wives. In a remarkably short time vast quantities of food disappeared with no apparent discomfort to those who made it disappear. After tea the parents of the children were invited to a little concert arranged by the children, and the evening was rounded off with tea and mincepies for everyone.

During the evening Mr. H. A. Upton, chairman of the education committee welcomed the parents on behalf of the committee and also had a word for the children, after which he distributed a little gift to each of them.

The photograph shows early arrivals of the children with the ladies who helped at tea.

two of the best...





WAVENEY PROCESSED CHEESE and WILLOW VALE CHEESE SPREAD in cartons of six dainty, foil-wrapped portions are so handy for quick snacks, picnic lunches, or as the delightful finishing touch to a good meal. Try one–or both–of these delicious creamy cheeses for your own satisfaction.

Delicious for quick snacks and packed lunches!

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

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