

Co-operative Home

JULY 1957

M A G A Z I N E



AN IDYLL OF 1745, by Sir J. E. Millais

By courtesy of the Lady Lever Art Gallery, Port Sunlight

Issued by TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

A Gulliver

Handbag for
the Summer



A2207

Produced at the C.W.S LEATHER GOODS FACTORY, Pelaw.

OUR FRONT COVER

Sincerity in art was one of the declared aims of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Sincerity, say their critics, is one thing the pre-Raphaelites could not achieve; sentimentality and failure to see the wood for the trees were two of their outstanding faults.

Whatever the merits of the arguments on either side, however, there is little doubt that the majority of people still like to see a picture which tells a story, and at this type of thing John Everett Millais was a master.

Early in the series of paintings reproduced on our covers we published his very famous picture, THE BOYHOOD OF RALEIGH. This month we reproduce a less well-known picture, AN IDYLL OF 1745, which may be criticised on the count of sentimentality, but which cannot be faulted on the grounds of story-telling.

Millais was born in Southampton in 1829. His artistic talent was soon apparent, and with the encouragement of his parents and the help of Sir Martin Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, he became a pupil at the Royal Academy Schools.

Though he had to meet bitter criticism of his early work, he was made an A.R.A. in 1853, and became an Academician ten years later. He was elected President of the Academy in 1896, but lived only a few months to enjoy this last among many honours, including a baronetcy, showered upon him in his later years.

WE were fairly regular customers. So we were not surprised when the proprietor of the small restaurant gave us a cheerful welcome. "To-night, gentlemen," he said as we took our usual corner table, "I have something very special I should like you to try. I am quite sure you will really enjoy it."

Like all food-prejudiced Britons we asked for details, but he hedged. "Please, to-night I suggest that, just for once, you leave everything to me." He smiled persuasively. Doubtfully we agreed.

Well, up came the most appetising dish you ever saw. Small slivers of white meat, apparently chicken, beautifully garnished, creamed potatoes, a piquant sauce, and, with the compliments of the proprietor, a bottle of a good French wine.

We set to and never was food more thoroughly enjoyed. Afterwards we insisted on being told what we had eaten. Our host smiled "Those, gentlemen, arrived from France only this morning. They were frogs' legs. Delicious, don't you agree?"

Although we could not deny it, I don't think either my two friends or I have ever again eaten that continental delicacy.

Which, of course, is quite unreasonable, and merely illustrates the fact that custom and habit, rather than common sense, dictate our choice of food.

This applies the world over. For instance, the natives of sub-tropical America will make a good meal of roasted caterpillar grubs which they dig out of the bark of palm trees. But they would turn up their noses at a nicely grilled fillet steak and chips.

The Chinese, Japanese, and other peoples of South East Asia would never dream of taking milk or any milk product. Which is surprising since the Chinese, at any rate, were for centuries in close contact with Mongol and Turkish tribes to whom these were basic foods.

Then again, there are Indians who welcome ants as manna from Heaven, but have been known to be literally ill when forced to eat an egg, or even chicken.

Many of us used to enjoy an occasional rabbit. To the Polynesians, on the other hand, a cooked rat was even more of a delicacy. And of the ancient Aztecs it is recorded that one of their main dishes at a banquet was a nice plump dog, specially fattened for the occasion.

Even in the U.S.A., before the last war, you could rarely obtain such tasty dishes as stuffed sheep's heart, grilled kidneys, or, say, a morsel of lamb's liver with luscious thick gravy. During the war, efforts were made to convert American housewives to these nourishing foods, in order to make the most of all food supplies available. But the results were not very satisfactory.

With all such immensely varied and deeply ingrained feeding habits, prejudices, and age-long traditions, what terrific problems confront any humanitarian attempt to plan and organise world food supplies so that under-nutrition, semi-starvation, and famine shall be banished from the earth. Yet it is encouraging to know that the Food and Agricultural Organisation of the United Nations is steadily achieving more and more remarkable results in many parts of the world in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties.

In this great international effort lies the germ of a higher civilisation and the social unity of all peoples.

For it is still true that both individually and collectively, the way to a man's heart, and mind, is through his stomach.

THE EDITOR

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THIS ENGLAND . .

The pretty Suffolk village of Kersey was many years ago renowned for the cloth which was produced there, and which was named after it

Kew helps to banish hunger

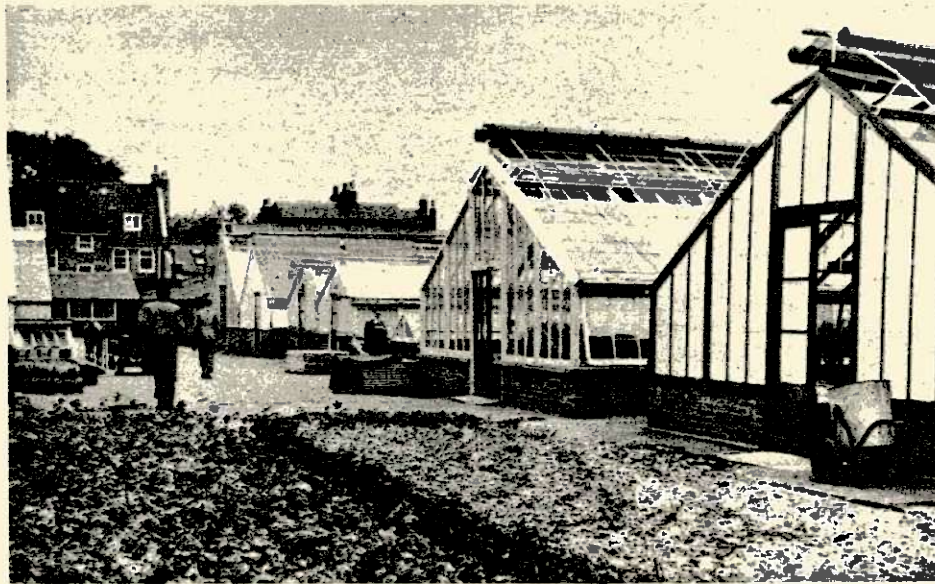
By JOAN DAVENPORT

TAKING a trip up the Thames to Kew this year? So will one or two million other folk. In Kew's hothouses you will find plants imported from the world's hottest spots. At the end of your visit you may truly say that you have seen a cross section of the world's vegetable life. Nevertheless, you will still know almost nothing of the really important work done at Kew.

How is that? Well, besides being one of Britain's loveliest show places, Kew is also the botanical centre of the greatest Commonwealth of nations in the world. This aspect of its work is unknown to all but a tiny proportion of visitors. It goes on behind tall hedges and in glasshouses to which the public are never admitted. It is rarely talked of, but it is helping to feed the hungry mouths of mankind.

One difficulty facing farmers who want to till their land to the best advantage is to find the most suitable crop. It may grow in another country, or even another continent. Very early in the world's history the New World split off from the Old, so that each developed a different plant life. But, because each reproduces much of the other's climatic conditions, a crop growing in, say, South Africa might well thrive on the uplands of Chile, and vice versa.

Who tries it out? On a supra-national scale, only a limited amount of work is being done. But the British Commonwealth, the only organisation having a foot in both the Old World and the New, is constantly experimenting with new crops through the wide range of climatic conditions of its member states. Sometimes these benefit not only the Empire,



The greenhouses and potting sheds which the public doesn't see, fitted with roller sunblinds to cut out or filter off sunlight as required

but all mankind. And the nerve centre of the system is Kew itself.

Take an example. Native farmers in Mauritius badly need a more abundant cattle feed. Scouring round the world, Kew's scientists found growing in Trinidad just the right kind of grass. The climates are roughly similar, the nutritive value of the grass is high. They decided to try it out.

Unfortunately, they could not just send a few plants from Trinidad to Mauritius and hope for the best. The grass is subject to a blight, which does not harm it much but could damage the Mauritius sugar crop. The plants selected must be guaranteed free from disease, and this

meant that they must be kept for a year in quarantine.

The place where this quarantine takes place is Kew. Growing in the two quarantine houses are not only trailing grasses from Trinidad, but also cocoa plants, banana trees, and other plants in route from one colony to another or else sent there so that a disease-free strain may be produced.

You might think that the plant's native land would be more suitable for this process. Kew can reproduce tropical conditions of heat and moisture but not of light. Because of this, some tropical plants fail to seed, so that if propagation is needed it has to be done by taking cuttings.

But despite these drawbacks, the plants are sent to Kew because the quarantine regulations are so strict. The precautions observed are extraordinary. Only the staff actually tending the plants are allowed inside. The public are kept well away. Among them might be, for example, a newly arrived Trinidadian carrying in his clothing germs of the very blight from which that grass is being freed. Such a risk cannot be run.

The Department of Economic Botany, which does this work, consists of less than half-a-dozen scientists and about 20 assistants. They keep a kind of bird's eye view on the world's plant situation, particularly the Commonwealth's; and whenever they think a crop might be tried

out in a new place, they obtain specimen plants and try to get some colonial government interested.

Recently they decided that Brazil nuts were far too expensive—an opinion with which most housewives would agree. The reason is that the nuts come only from the banks of the Amazon in Brazil itself, and British importers have to compete for them in the world market. But growing in the quarantine house to-day are young Brazil nut seedlings which one day will be tried out in one of our African colonies. If successful, this experiment will cheapen Brazil nuts on the world's Christmas tables.

An even more important experiment is taking place with a root which yields a drug widely used in the treatment of blood pressure. It grows only in India, and of recent years the increasing demand has raised the price to fantastic heights. Once again, Kew's scientists obtained specimens which they hope will one day be growing in another part of the Commonwealth.

The biggest job Kew ever brought off was the introduction of rubber to the East. In 1876 a British botanist, Sir Henry Wickham, gathered 70,000 seeds from rubber trees growing wild in South America, and planted them at Kew. Slightly less than four per cent germinated. From these, 1,900 plants were selected and sent to Ceylon. From there they spread rapidly all over the eastern hemisphere, which to-day supplies well over half the world's rubber requirements.

To-day it is more suitable varieties rather than new species that Kew is trying to introduce in different parts of the world, and another quite so spectacular operation is unlikely. Nevertheless, in its unobtrusive way the Department of Economic Botany is playing an important part in satisfying the hunger of the world.



Mr. T. A. Russell, economic botanist, examines banana plants destined for Australia. The stock plants from which cuttings were taken came from the West Indies

DOLLS THROUGH THE AGES

By DINAH LAWRENCE

NO-ONE knows when the first dolls were made or by whom, but it is certain that dolls were originally not meant as playthings for children; they were effigies for adults to worship or curse. These dolls were known as ancestor and talisman dolls, the former being used for religious rites, and the latter generally for more evil purposes.

Ancestor dolls were made of wood, polished with wax, and clothed in a short-sleeved robe with a belt. They wore boots and carried in their right hand a drinking horn, and in their left a shell to hold food. These dolls were placed near the hearth, and on feast days were given offerings of food and drink. Such dolls were meant to represent men and women who had recently died, and it is assumed that the respect they were shown was to ease the spirit of the departed and keep on good terms with it!

Talisman dolls were usually made to curse or injure people you disliked or who had harmed you in some way. They were usually made of wax, and nails or pins were stuck into the parts of the body you most wanted to be harmed. But some talisman dolls were made to be worn as mascots or charms; a typical example is the Greenstone Tiki which is worn by the Maori of New Zealand to this day. The modern talisman doll is represented by the American Kewpies, and "Fums Ups," and Devon Pixies and such-like.

In the sixteenth century fashion dolls were used to show to foreign countries the latest Parisian fashions. Both male and female dolls were accurate to the last detail in dress, jewellery, and hair style.

Crib dolls for use at Christmas time were once popular, especially in Germany, Austria, and Italy. Many of them were made of wood and had joints of wire so that they could be adjusted to any position. And they were dressed to perfection.



A Parisian doll of the late 19th century, used to show current fashions

Puppet dolls were and still are the best-known dolls used by adults, both in the East and West. It is doubtful if they will ever die out, for to-day there is a greater demand for puppetry than ever before. Punch and Judy are, of course, the first two characters which spring to mind, but TV has introduced many new puppets, especially for children.

Dolls for children were made of rag in the eighth and ninth centuries, and it was not until the fifteenth century that we heard of the wooden dolls made in Germany, originally by the woodsmen of the Sonneberg district, which later became Nuremberg, a world-famous name for the doll industry.

In 1850 gutta-percha was discovered in Singapore and was used for making dolls' bodies. Later still china and papier mâché were used, the hair being made of flax, mohair, or silk.

Wax and porcelain were the most popular materials for dolls' heads for years and, apart from wooden dolls, it was a long time before the whole doll was made from the same material. And what a variety of materials there were: rag dolls, knitted dolls, dolls made of leather, rubber, celluloid, metal, and even soap. To-day, the most popular material is plastic, an excellent medium, unbreakable, washable, and very attractive because of its suppleness.



Mr. H. Collin, foreman gardener, with a batch of potted cocoa plants ready for dispatch to Nigeria

NURSES ON NEW FRONTIERS

DOTTED around the world, often living under the toughest of conditions, thousands of devoted nurses of many different nationalities are making their valuable contribution to the better health of millions of the world's under-privileged men, women, and children. They are in the vanguard of the fight for better health which is currently being waged by the World Health Organisation of the United Nations, in co-operation with other national and international bodies.

Low living standards and social unrest in many less-developed countries are largely due to disease and sickness, much of which could be avoided if even the most elementary medical and sanitary precautions were taken. To remedy this state of affairs, many countries have sought the aid of WHO to assist them in establishing the health services they sorely need.

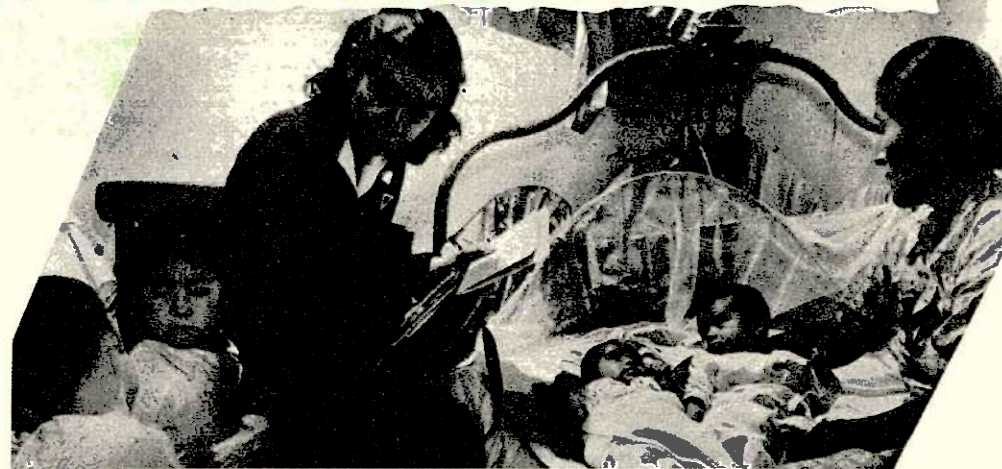
Projects of this type are now in operation in places as far apart as Peru and Liberia, Egypt and the Philippines. WHO nurses are found to day in Pakistan and San Salvador, in Burma and Colombia. They are carrying out their errands of mercy on the shores of Lake Chad in French Equatorial Africa and beside Lake Titicaca in the High Andes of South America.

When a WHO team arrives in a country in response to its call for help, one of the most important members of the group is the nurse-teacher whose special responsibility it is to train local would-be nurses in the mysteries of their noble profession.

One of the understandings on which WHO agrees to assist a country is that its Government will nominate a suitable person to work in co-operation with the WHO nurse-teacher. This "counterpart," as she is called, acts as an interpreter and generally helps the visitor to feel at home in the country she has come to assist.

Even with the assistance of an efficient "counterpart" the task of the WHO nurse-teacher is no sinecure, as Miss Olive Manning of Rawtenstall, Lancashire, found when she arrived in Afghanistan at the start of her WHO assignment there.

"It must be confessed that there were many anxious moments for the teacher when she unwittingly used words which have a special meaning in Afghanistan. As a result there would be a fit of suppressed giggles in the middle of what should have been a most serious discus-



(United Nations photo)

A Peruvian mother waits to hear what the nurse thinks of her four children. Thanks to the work of the WHO these children can look forward to a healthy future

sion," Miss Manning wrote in the report which she made at the close of her mission.

Another difficulty which faced Miss Manning was to cope with the customs of the country which require that women must live in seclusion with their parents and wear heavy veils on the rare occasions when they appear in public. Nor was it easy to persuade the older nurses to learn about the new Western ways.

Often the nurse-teacher has to undergo considerable physical hardships in the course of her work. Miss Vera Watson, whose home is at Cheam, Surrey, describes one of her experiences some little time ago when she was working on a Mother-and-Child-Health project in Formosa. Having heard that her services were required at a house some distance away

from the health centre, she decided to take her "counterpart" along to demonstrate how to deal with the case.

"Our transport took us several miles out of the village," she explains. "We then disembarked, took off our socks and shoes, and waded along a shallow but swiftly flowing river for about a mile (in some places the water was knee deep). Then we crossed over and walked barefoot for a further half-mile until we reached the house in question."

No wonder that when WHO advertises for volunteers to work on its assignments it adds the warning: "Soft-job hunters need not apply!"

In fact, to stand a chance of acceptance as a WHO nurse an applicant must be a registered nurse in her own country and have done at least a year's post-graduate work in one of the main nursing specialities (for example, public health, midwifery, surgical or medical nursing) as well as having had at least two years' experience in her speciality. In addition to these technical qualifications she must be able to adapt herself quickly to strange

surroundings and situations, to get on well with all sorts of people, to possess a sense of humour, and enjoy robust health.

Many of WHO's projects are jointly sponsored with the United Nations Children's Fund in bringing medical aid to the estimated 600,000,000 children in the world who are in need of proper medical care. Nurses with these projects play an important part in the world-wide campaigns to eradicate such diseases as tuberculosis, malaria, and the crippling tropical complaint of yaws.

In these campaigns the nurses share the privations with the doctors and technicians who make up a WHO-UNICEF team. A doctor in charge of an anti-tuberculosis team in the Philippines has described the physical rigours of a recent campaign.

"The summer sun in full blaze made us feel miserable," he wrote. "The only means of transport from one village to another was small sailing boats... Sometimes it was better to hike, for many times we found ourselves stranded because there was no wind. None of us had serviceable shoes after the first week... Every night after the day's work the members of the team massaged each other's legs... We thought we could never make it, or last out long enough..."

But, of course, they did and the hardships and trials these intrepid nurses cheerfully undergo are forgotten in the joy of knowing that, when they finish an assignment, the future health of the inhabitants of the country they are leaving will be safe in the hands of the nurses they have trained.

For their part, the people who have been helped are grateful, too. As one mother wrote in a letter of appreciation to a WHO nurse who had just left her village: "I am ignorant to write but my heart is thanking."

BASIC

Cakes and Pastry

MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE

I AM frequently asked for basic recipes by young housewives who modestly call themselves novices in the arts of cake and pastry-making. Here is a selection of such recipes which I hope will prove helpful.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

8 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 2 oz. C.W.S. Silver Seal margarine, 2 oz. C.W.S. Shortex, 8 teaspoons cold water to mix.

Rub the fats into the sieved flour until the mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add the water and mix to a pliable dough. Roll out and use as required.

FLAKY PASTRY

4 oz. C.W.S. Silver Seal margarine, 2 oz. C.W.S. Shortex, 8 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 gill cold water, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix the fats together and divide into four. Sieve the flour and salt in a basin and rub in one quarter of the fat. Mix to a soft dough with the water and lemon juice. Leave for half-an-hour to relax.

Knead lightly and roll into an oblong. Spread another quarter of fat in tiny pats over one-third of the oblong. Fold the pastry in three with the plain third inside, seal the edges, and half turn the pastry to the right.

Roll into a strip again and repeat twice, leaving the pastry to rest for at least 15 minutes after each rolling.

Roll and fold the pastry into the required shape, and bake at Mark 8 (450°F.).

SPONGE CAKE

2 eggs, 2 oz. castor sugar, 2 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 1-2 tablespoons warm water.

Whisk the eggs and sugar until thick and creamy and the mixture leaves a trail. Fold in the sieved flour with a metal spoon. Fold in the water. Put mixture into a greased and floured sandwich tin (about 6 in.), and bake in a hot oven Mark 6 (400°F.) for about 15 minutes.

VICTORIA SANDWICH

4 oz. C.W.S. Federation self-raising flour, 4 oz. C.W.S. Silver Seal margarine, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1-2 tablespoons warm water.

Grease and flour an 8 in. sandwich tin. Beat the fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in the eggs. Fold in the flour carefully. Add sufficient water to give a dropping consistency.

Place the mixture in the prepared tin and bake in a moderately hot oven Mark 5 (375°F.) for approximately 30 minutes. When cold, split and spread with C.W.S. raspberry jam or lemon curd.

MADEIRA CAKE

5 oz. C.W.S. Gold Seal margarine, 5 oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 8 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. baking powder, juice and rind of one lemon, slice of citron peel.

Line a 7 in. cake tin. Cream the fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Gradually beat in the eggs, lemon juice and finely grated rind. Fold in the sieved flour and baking powder. Place the mixture in the prepared tin and bake at Mark 3-4 (350°F.) for approximately 1½ hours. After 30 minutes carefully open the oven door and place the citron peel across the cake.

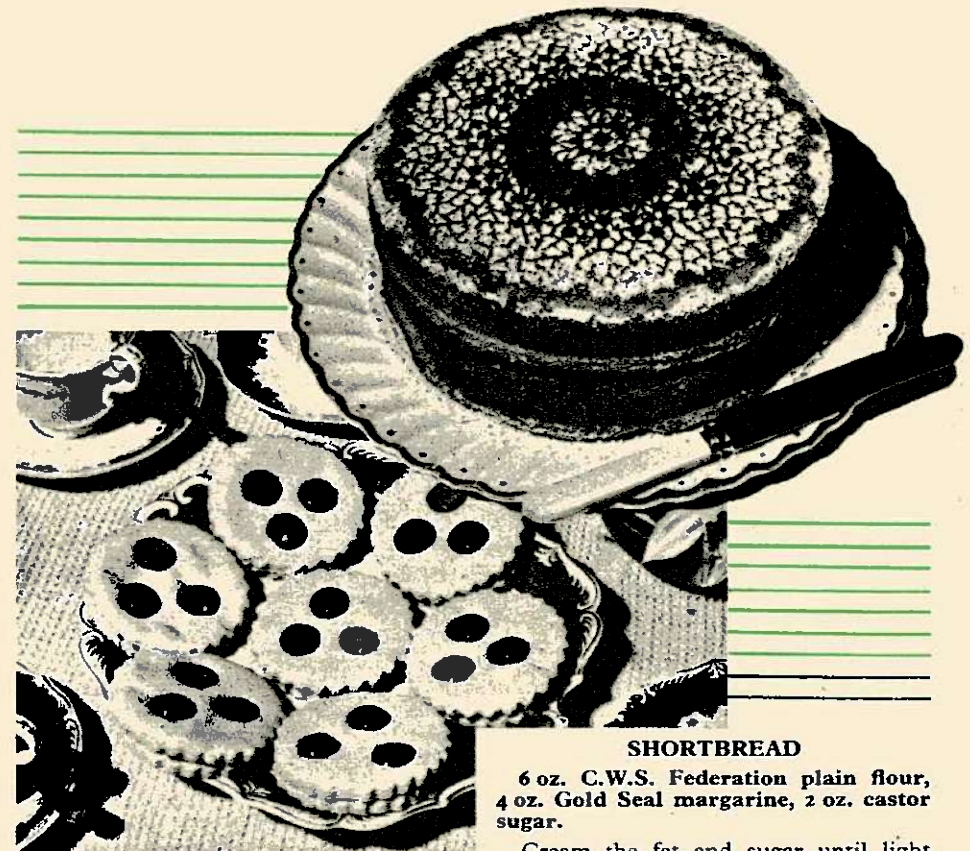
SHORTBREAD

6 oz. C.W.S. Federation plain flour, 4 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 2 oz. castor sugar.

Cream the fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Work in the sieved flour to make a smooth dough. Roll out as required, cut into fingers, and prick well. Bake in a moderate oven Mark 3 (350°F.) for 15-20 minutes until pale golden brown.

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



Getting you TAPED

By JUSTIN ATHOLL



Many famous actors and actresses use the tape recorder to help them perfect their performances (Picture Post photo)

A FRIEND who is the adoring father of an adorable baby is keeping a family album so that in years to come he will have a record of his girl growing up. The novelty of his album is that it is not the usual collection of snapshots but a record of the sounds his baby makes, from the first gurgles and cries through the struggle to say "dad-da" and all the fascinating stages of baby talk.

With patience, a miniature microphone no bigger than a wrist-watch, and a tape-recorder that fits easily into his pocket, he is making a family souvenir which no doubt in years to come will be treasured.

This is just one example of the possibilities of a new hobby based on the remarkable advances made with tape recorders and other electronic devices in recent years.

Not long ago at a party I was in friendly argument with a stranger about something. "No, you've got it wrong" I protested, "That's not what I said."

"Oh, yes, you did" he retorted, "Just listen to this."

I found myself listening to what I vaguely recognised as my own voice. My acquaintance had recorded it all through a microphone he wore like a wrist watch from which a wire went up his sleeve and down to his hip pocket, where a slim tape recorder fitted snugly. The wrist-microphone, he told me, had enabled him to make many interesting and amusing recordings which he would have been unable to get if the speakers had known they were being recorded. Those of merely passing interest, like my remarks, he "wiped out" from his tape so that he could re-use it. Others he collected together to make what amounted to a programme. He had one of the cries of newspaper sellers, and another, incredibly funny, of inconsequential remarks by strangers on buses.

Even this does not represent the limit of the ingenuity of electronic engineers in "miniaturisation." Instead of being connected to a tape recorder, the microphone

can be fitted to a transmitter so small that it can be tucked into a woman's girdle without being noticed. The transmission can be received in the next room or even in another building a few hundred feet away. This device was first designed for use by singers in night-clubs and theatres. Instead of being anchored to a hand or stand microphone and having to trail a wire after her, the singer can move about freely on the stage or among the tables.

The tiny microphone hidden in her dress picks up her voice. The sound is transmitted to a receiver behind the scenes and then amplified all over the room or theatre. When these devices are perfected, they may give television and film artists much greater freedom.

Miniature transmitters and recorders are being found important uses outside the world of amusement and entertainment. For instance, what is probably the smallest radio transmitter in the world has been designed to enable doctors to diagnose certain normally difficult conditions of the alimentary canal. Only one-eighth of an inch long and less than half-an-inch in diameter, the transmitter can be swallowed like a large pill and literally broadcasts conditions inside the patient's stomach. The range of this transmitter is only a few feet, but it is enough for the signals to be picked up and presented as a "picture" on a screen.

These "broadcasts," of course, mean nothing except to the specialist conducting the examination but it is hoped the device will replace some of the uncomfortable examinations which have now sometimes to be made.

In contrast to this minute apparatus there is the parabolic microphone which serves the ears as field glasses serve the eyes. A large concave "bowl" collects sounds and reflects them onto a sensitive microphone which is connected to a tape-recorder. Under favourable conditions a parabolic microphone can pick up a whispered conversation 300 yards away.

It has offered new possibilities in the recording of the sounds of shy birds and

animals and some of the remarkable bird recordings broadcast by the B.B.C. were made with its help.

Generally the parabolic microphone is large and rather clumsy, like an electric bowl fire three feet in diameter. Now a much smaller one has been designed. The disadvantage that it has to be "aimed" to an inch is overcome by using a telescopic rifle sight.

To avoid the sound required being drowned or distorted by other sounds nearer, electronic engineers have a device that suppresses unwanted "background" noises and amplifies the particular sounds they are after. With these devices it is possible to hear what two men fifty feet away are saying to each other in a busy street with traffic passing.

Another new and simple device clips onto the telephone receiver and, coupled to a tape-recorder, gives a complete record of both sides of the telephone conversation. Its use for recording important conversations or giving a check on anything being dictated by telephone is obvious. Amateurs find it amusing to re-hear even ordinary telephone conversations. Listening to yourself on the telephone can be instructive and greatly improve your telephone manner.

Self-recordings are, in fact, being increasingly used for instruction. A singer friend always records all her practice and at the end listens to herself and notes her mistakes. Tape-recordings can be of great help to speakers and have been used to help salesmen and even shop assistants to understand where they went wrong.

The oddest use of a tape-recorder by an amateur I have come across was by a man who knew he talked in his sleep and wanted to hear what he said!

These devices, as they become cheaper and more portable, will be more and more widely used. Others, such as a miniature "radar" for the blind and an automatic telephone answering and recording device, now in their early stages, will probably become commonplaces eventually.

Skipper's OUR SHORT STORY

By H. W. BAILEY



MY old grandmother was as full of sayings as the law is of loopholes. "T'ain't the gift but the thought behind it," was one, which brings to mind old Skipper Ben Blackbotham, reckoned the meanest chap in the four villages.

Spent over thirty years at sea, Skipper had. Then, when the old lady died, he came to live in the trim little villa called *The Moorings* up the Coxhall Road.

I'm the Police Sergeant here in Feering Parva and the circumstances under which I met Skipper weren't what you'd call auspicious. About midnight it was, raining and blowing, when I got the call. There was Skipper Ben, squatting under the kitchen table counting hundreds of lovely old dirty pound notes with the help of a candle. Burnt about fifty he had. Well, they took him away, did something to his brain, and when he came back with a long white scar across his crown and minus all his teeth he was about three stones heavier and three times as mean as before.

That brings me to Emmie Dabbs. A real good sort was Emmie; happy side of 50 and plump in the proper places. The roses in her cheeks were put there by her Maker and never needed touching up. Emmie had given her best years to a crippled father, and now she kept body and soul together with a bit of dressmaking. Funny thing was, she thought the world of Skipper. 'Course they'd known each other all their lives; he'd pulled her pig-tails at Sunday school.

I was one of the few in Feering Parva who had a good word for the Skipper. You see, I knew he pulled young Lorrie Bacon from the river one night. Took the kid home, he did, and dried his clothes and made him swear a horrible oath that he'd never tell a soul; not even his parents. How did I know? Well, after all, that's my job.

Things weren't going too well with Skipper and Emmie and it worried me a bit. I know I'm supposed to be a copper, not a matchmaker, but I'd always felt that Emmie was just the tight little craft the old sailor needed to sail the sea of life in the sunset years. It was his mean ways that kept Emmie at a distance. His latest craze was fishing in the muddy old river, catching eels he sold to George Martin, the fishmonger.

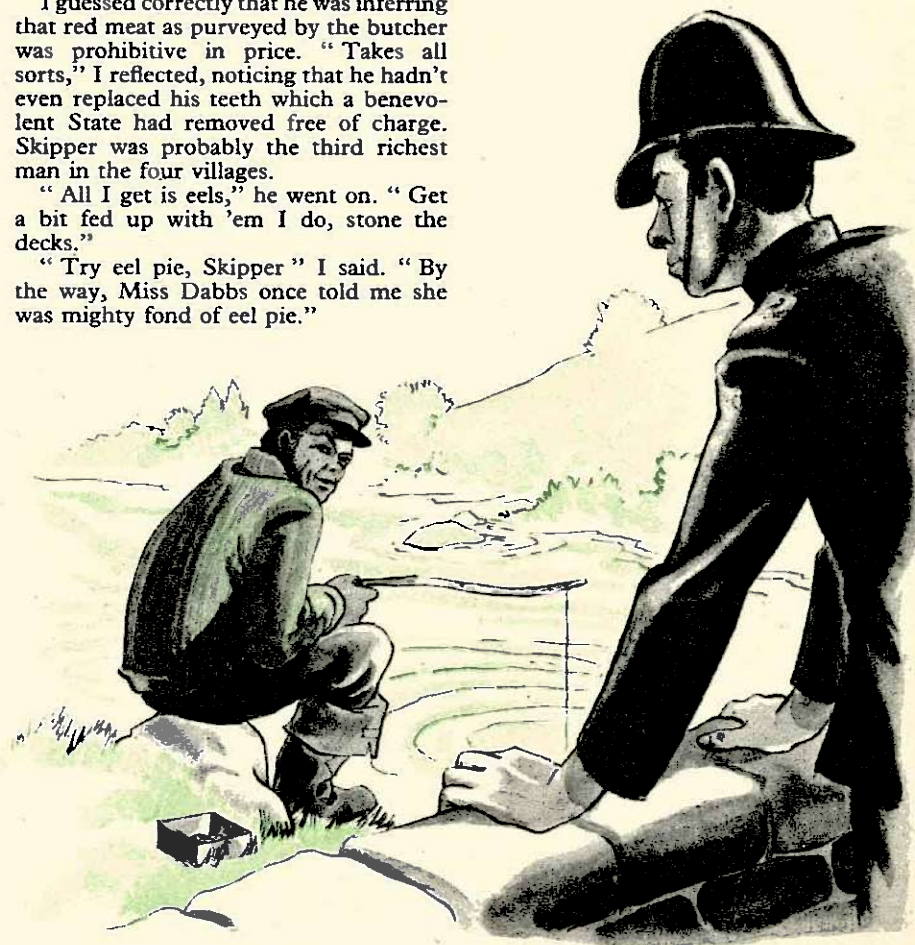
About this time I went down with a bad dose of 'flu. A couple of weeks in bed and a week on shaky legs found me ready to visit Doctor Mack one evening. I was just sneaking the car keys off the bureau when Bertha (that's the light of my life) caught on. "No, you don't. Walk down! Do you good. Bin sittin' about all day long. Great hulking—"

I slammed the front door on her and tottered off down the hill towards the village. Stopping to get my breath back on the old stone bridge, I looked down and saw Skipper, ragged cap, patched rubber boots and all, drooping a home-made rod in the water. "Aye, Aye, sir" he said, "Tryin' for a perch, butcher's bein' what it is."

I guessed correctly that he was inferring that red meat as purveyed by the butcher was prohibitive in price. "Takes all sorts," I reflected, noticing that he hadn't even replaced his teeth which a benevolent State had removed free of charge. Skipper was probably the third richest man in the four villages.

"All I get is eels," he went on. "Get a bit fed up with 'em I do, stone the decks."

"Try eel pie, Skipper" I said. "By the way, Miss Dabbs once told me she was mighty fond of eel pie."



neglected chair next to mine. After a few conventional remarks I tried my luck. "Seen much of Skipper lately, Miss Dabbs?" I asked.

Her expression changed as if she'd wiped her face with a brand new army towel. "No, I 'aven't, and no more I want," she almost snapped.

There was a silence for maybe a minute and a half. "Mean, horrible creature," she went on in a sort of sibilant stage-whisper for the benefit of the others. "Finished with Ben, I 'ave, Sergeant."

"He's all right at bottom, Miss Dabbs," I ventured, "and I'd stake my job he's real fond of you."

"I know you mean well," she replied, "but after last week—my birthday it was, Ben knew well enough—you'd have thought he'd . . . Oh well, what's the use, I've finished with him."

"Not as bad as that, surely? It's just this fishing craze he's got," I said, "he'll get over it."

"That's what makes me so mad," said Emmie, "Sellin' eels to George Martin for a few coppers, him with all his money. Makes me feel sick. I bought a lovely eel off George only yesterday; made a beautiful pie it did. Threw it all away when I thought maybe that mean old fool had caught it—"

She broke off and I thought, "She thinks the world of Skipper really."



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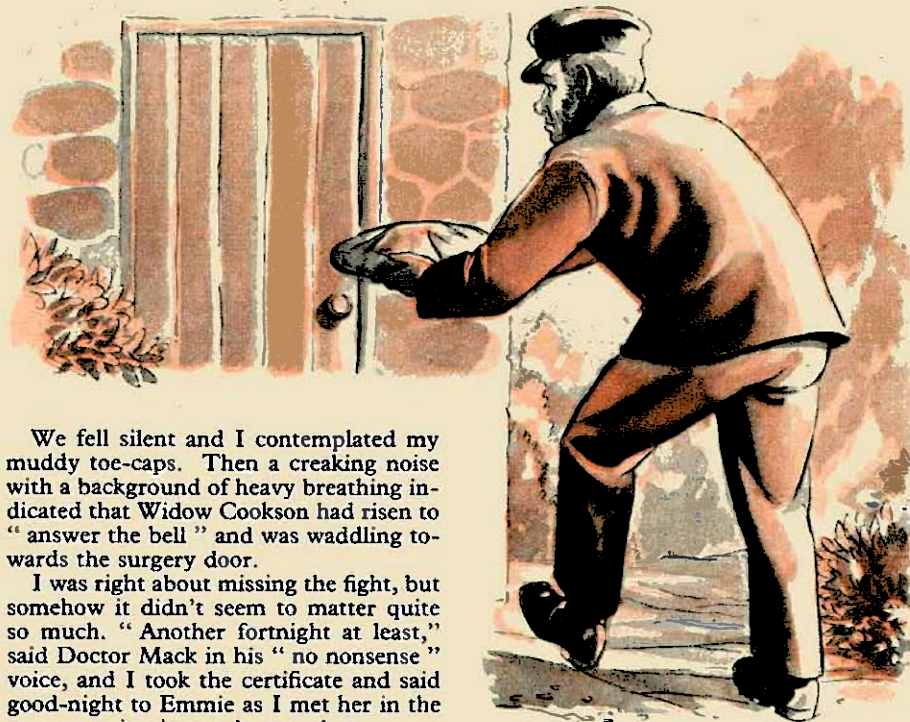
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STANLEY MATTHEWS Football Boots

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



We fell silent and I contemplated my muddy toe-caps. Then a creaking noise with a background of heavy breathing indicated that Widow Cookson had risen to "answer the bell" and was waddling towards the surgery door.

I was right about missing the fight, but somehow it didn't seem to matter quite so much. "Another fortnight at least," said Doctor Mack in his "no nonsense" voice, and I took the certificate and said good-night to Emmie as I met her in the passage going in to take my place.

When I reached the bridge it was nearly dark, but Skipper was still there, a shadowy figure knee deep in the rushes. Stopping, I shouted down, "Saw Miss Dabbs at the Doctor's, Skipper."

"Emmie queer?" he shouted back, "Never known her that in 30 year." "Seems a bit run-down," I answered, "Tells me it was her birthday last week."

Even in the darkness I could see the toothless gap as his lower jaw dropped, "Stone the decks," he muttered, "Stone the perishin' decks."

I walked slowly away up the hill. During the next two weeks I had what they call 'flu reaction, a sort of black depression. I still had "ways and means," however, and a reliable source, as the papers say, informed me that Skipper, in his best rig, had been seen sneaking round to Emmie's back door late one night carrying a big, round parcel.

Bertha brought me the news one day. "What do you think?" she said, "That mean, rascally old Ben Blackbotham's bin' an' married Emmie Dabbs on the quiet. Wants her head testin'; far too good for the likes of him she is, money or no money."

"Oh, I don't know," I said, "There's good in old Skipper. It'll be the making of him. I'll bet a week's pay he'll make a good husband."

"You're the only one in the village who thinks so," snapped Bertha as she flounced out of the room. I turned to the wall to hide a grin.

It was nearly a week later when the postman brought the square white box. As I started to tear off the paper and string, Bertha appeared at my shoulder, still in dressing gown and bobbing curlers, and full of the sweetness of the early morning—washday morning. "What's that?" she snapped, snatching the box and leaving me with a small piece of paper.

"Well, I never thought old Skipper had it in him. It's a piece of wedding cake," I said, as I read, "Dear Sargint, To show my appreciation. Ben."

My mouth watered in anticipation as Bertha opened the box and drew out a lovely substantial piece of—EEL PIE. She had the last word, of course. "A week old, at least," she sniffed. "Fine friends you got."



WAVECREST

Knitting 3-ply makes this child's cardigan

For Cool Evenings

MATERIALS.—5 oz. WAVECREST Knitting 3-ply. Two No. 12 and two No. 10 needles. Six buttons.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit 26 inch chest. Length from top of shoulder, 14½ ins. Sleeve seam, 10 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS.—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; w.f., wool forward; tog., together; inc., increase by working into front and back of stitch; dec., decrease by working 2 sts. together; beg., beginning; alt., alternate; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; ins., inches.

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

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. 1st and 2nd rows: k.2, ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. 3rd row: (on which a buttonhole is worked) k.2, p.1, k.1, w.f., k.2 tog., ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. Continue in rib, working a buttonhole as on 3rd row on every 14th row from previous buttonhole until 3rd buttonhole from beg. has been worked, thus finishing at side edge. Next row: inc. in first st., rib to end (57 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and keeping front band correct proceed in rib patt. as follows:— 1st row: k.2, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, ** p.1, k.2, rep. from ** to last st., p.1. 2nd row: p. to last 8 sts., (p.1, k.1) 4 times. These 2 rows form the patt. Continue as on these 2 rows making a buttonhole as before on 17th row following and every 20th row from previous buttonhole until one row after 6th buttonhole from beg. has been worked, thus finishing so that right side of work will be facing when working next row.

Commence front slope shaping as follows: Next row: k.2, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, work 2 tog., patt. to end. Work 2 rows.

Shape armhole as follows:— Next row: cast off 3 sts., patt. to last 10 sts., work 2 tog., (p.1, k.1) 4 times. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on next and every row until 5 dec. in all have been worked, at the same time dec. 1 st. inside Front Band on every 3rd row as before (46 sts.). Still dec. inside Front Band as before, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row until 4 more dec. have been worked (39 sts.). Continue without further dec. at armhole edge, but still dec. at front edge as before until 30 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 5 ins. from beg. of armhole shaping, finishing at armhole edge.

Even in July we may

get cool evenings

which demand

warm garments

Shape shoulder as follows:— 1st row: cast off 7 sts., work to end. 2nd row: work all across. 3rd and 4th rows: as 1st and 2nd. 5th row: cast off 8 sts., work to end. Work 1½ ins. in rib on remaining 8 sts. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT

Omitting buttonholes, work to match Right Front, noting that every row of rib will be worked ** k.1, p.1, rep. from ** to last 2 sts., k.2., and that the 2 rows of patt. will be:— 1st row: ** p.1, k.2, rep. from ** to last 9 sts., p.1, (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.2. 2nd row: (k.1, p.1) 4 times, p. to end, and that 1st row of front slope shaping will be:— Next row: patt. to last 10 sts., work 2 tog., (k.1, p.1) 3 times, k.2, and that 1 row less will be worked before commencing armhole shaping.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 96 sts. 1st row: k.2, ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. Work this row 31 times more, inc. 1 st. at end of last row (97 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in rib patt. as follows:— 1st row: k.1, ** k.2, p.1, rep. from ** to last 3 sts., k.3. 2nd row: p. These 2 rows form the patt. Continue in patt. until work matches Fronts up to armhole shaping.

Shape armholes by casting off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 81 sts. remain, every alt. row until 73 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work matches Fronts up to shoulder shaping.

Shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 8 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Next row: (patt. 4, work 2 tog.) 4 times, patt. 5 (25 sts.). Cast off.



SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. 1st row: k.2, ** p.1, k.1, rep. from ** to end. Work this row 26 times more. Next row: rib 4, (inc. in next st., rib 5 (55 sts.)). 4 times, inc. in next st., rib 5 (55 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and proceed in rib patt. as on Back, inc. 1 st. at both ends of 13th and every following 8th row until there are 67 sts. Continue on these sts. until work measures 10 ins. from beg.

Shape top as follows:— Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 57 sts. remain. Proceed as follows:— 1st and 2nd rows: patt. to end. 3rd and 4th rows: cast off 1 st., patt. to end. Rep. 1st to 4th rows once, then 3rd and 4th rows twice (49 sts.). Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 29 sts. remain. Cast off.

MAKE UP

1. Omitting k.1, p.1 rib, with wrong side of work facing block each piece by pinning out round edges.
2. Omitting k.1, p.1 rib, 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. Join ends of bands and neatly stitch into position across back of neck.
5. Attach buttons to correspond with buttonholes.
6. Press all seams.

Buy WAVECREST knitting wools from your local co-operative society

HOME MAGAZINE KNITTING PATTERN NUMBER 22



Mr. Carl Dolmetsch in his studio at Haslemere, surrounded by some of the instruments produced at the Dolmetsch workshops. As well as being a skilled craftsman, Mr. Dolmetsch is a virtuoso on the recorder, and he personally tests every recorder made in the workshops

New Life for Old Music

By W. H. OWENS

EVERY July for the past thirty years a unique musical festival has been held in the little town of Haslemere in Surrey. The famous Dolmetsch family of musicians, with their associates, play early music on the instruments for which it was actually composed.

At this year's Haslemere Festival the music of masters like Bach and Handel will be played just as it was in the composers' own day. Also included in the week's programmes, however, are many charming works by early English composers whose music is not usually heard on the concert platform.

Instruments used at the Festival were made in the Dolmetsch family workshops at Haslemere, from which recorders, harpsichords, viols, lutes and so on, are nowadays sent out to musicians in many parts of the world. Dolmetsch recorders are played by thousands of schoolchildren, in Britain and overseas, who form tuneful consorts with these simple but melodious instruments.

Arnold Dolmetsch, son of a French organ builder, was a violin teacher at Dulwich College when, more than sixty years ago, he became interested in early music. While searching in the British Museum for music for his viola d'amore, he came across a wealth of forgotten English music for the viol, the ancestor of the violin.

That chance discovery led to his life's work, the study and making of old-time musical instruments. Famous people of the eighteen-nineties showed keen interest in performances of early music given by

Not only did Arnold Dolmetsch repair existing instruments, but he soon began making them himself. Those early Dolmetsch harpsichords and clavichords are to-day prized by musician-collectors in many countries. They are usually richly decorated in hand-painted designs.

Arnold Dolmetsch continued making instruments, not only in London but for several years in America and France, too. Then, in 1917, he settled with his family at Haslemere. He taught his wife and their four children to play on viols and recorders, and so recreated the "domestic consort" of centuries ago.

To-day Carl Dolmetsch, Arnold's son, and other members of the family carry on



IN THE DOLMETSCH WORKSHOPS: Rolf Wilhelm, a Swiss craftsman, removes a lute from a mould while George Carley strings a minstrel's harp

Arnold Dolmetsch, among them William Morris and Bernard Shaw.

At that time, however, there were hardly any viols, lutes, clavichords, virginals, and other period instruments in playing order, so Dolmetsch had first to find the means of restoring those he had been able to collect. Remembering his boyhood training in his father's workshops, he set to work with noteworthy success.

the tradition established by the founder. The Haslemere workshops are also directed by Carl, who for many years has made the recorder, or English flute, his special study.

None of the Dolmetsch instruments is in such demand as the recorder, perhaps because it is a convenient and tuneful instrument for performance at home, or in clubs and schools. To satisfy this growing demand, Carl Dolmetsch designed an in-

expensive plastic recorder a few years ago.

These cheaper recorders are as good as any short of the finest hand-turned instruments. Like the expensive types, which are carved from rare and beautiful woods and fitted with ivory mouthpieces, they are all designed on the principle used by the musical craftsmen of Tudor England four centuries ago.

There is a surprisingly large and varied selection of music for the recorder, especially among early English composers, and Bach and Handel wrote for it. In the last few years a number of British composers have written recorder suites especially for the Dolmetsch family.

Among the stringed instruments is the viol family, the chief members of which are the treble, alto, tenor and bass, or viola da gamba. These make up what was known as a "chest of viols."

Perhaps the most beautiful of the stringed instruments is the mellow-toned lute, which attracted Arnold Dolmetsch so early in his career. Shaped like half a pear, it has from twelve to twenty-seven strings, and although held like a guitar is much more difficult to play well.

All the Haslemere instruments are as beautiful to the eye as to the ear, especially the harpsichords. Besides their perfection of tone, many of these instruments are decorated and gilded by hand in the traditional way. This decoration was for many years a speciality of Mrs. Arnold Dolmetsch and is nowadays carried on by her daughter, Cecile.



Stringing a portable Gebunden clavichord is Olin Tillotson, who came to the Dolmetsch workshops from Sacramento, California, to learn the craft of making old instruments



A most unusual scene: no fewer than six bears photographed together on the ice floes off Polar Bear Island, James Bay

Ghosts OF THE ICE FLOES

By JAMES FINDLAY

POLAR bears are in the news. The Canadian Government is enforcing a law forbidding the hunting of these bears for sport. The United States, afraid that the influx of thousands of men into the Arctic will cause the animal's extermination, has passed a law forbidding hunters to kill it within three miles of Arctic shores—which means the hunter has to "take himself out among moving sea ice if he wants to get him a bear." Few hunters who do not live in the Arctic are prepared to do this.

Even so, the ice-white bear is being so reduced in numbers that the United States is sponsoring an Arctic-wide survey of its numbers.

Last among recent items of polar bear news flashes is this: The U.S. Fish and Wild Life Service is to make the first documentary film of the polar bear's life-cycle, starting this winter.

The ice-bear's habits have made it difficult to study from birth to death, if for no other reason than because it spends much of its life among moving ice floes, hunting, and except for the old he-bear it hibernates from October to April.

With the first blizzards of autumn the she-bear scoops a hollow in a snow-bank, allows swirling snow to cover her great body, and awaits the arrival of her cubs in October or November.

This period in the polar bear's life is a blank in the naturalist's notebook, and it is hoped to burrow into two or three dens, place movie cameras in position, and take the first moving pictures of the birth of polar bear cubs.

The massive, lumbering giant of the ice-packs begins life as a very white ball of fluff. All winter the she-bear holds her two puny offspring in mighty arms, soothing with sibilant whisperings while her hot breath funnels through the blow hole above her bullet-shaped head. All

winter she lives on her own blubber, which is the source of the milk necessary to her cubs—usually twins, less frequently triplets.

Nature has made the cubs exceedingly small at birth so that they will require little milk, thus sparing their mother from drawing heavily on her coat of fat.

Amazingly, in less than eight months the blind, whimpering, 2 lb. cubs of October have grown into massive creatures weighing a fifth of a ton!

The she-bear has the exclusive care and training of her young. She teaches them to hunt, leads them to safety when killer-whales bump up underneath the ice to pitch them into the water, and snarls defiance when they are threatened by Man or husky. Summer sees the cubs, roly-poly, pure-white teddy-bears, trotting across the floes between their mother's huge forepaws with comical gait or, when tired from swimming, catching hold of her tail for a tow!

To secure film evidence of this delightful period in the polar bear's life may entail long and dangerous journeys among moving sea ice.

Other points which the documentary will set out to answer are the Eskimo beliefs that the polar bear places a white paw over the only part of its anatomy noticeable against a snowy background—its black nose—when stalking its quarry; that it buries its nose in the snow at the edge of a seal's blow hole to prevent the seal detecting its heavy breath; and that it sometimes uses a block of ice as a club, shattering its quarry's skull with it.

"I've seen *Nanook* pick up a block of ice and smash a one-ton walrus over the head," an Eskimo hunter, Yatiak Koma-tiak, told me. Whatever the truth of such tales—which the documentary may be able to record—the bear's teeth are his main weapon. The development of the jaw-muscles proves this: one bite is enough to crush the seal's head or cripple its supple body. The bear also uses its huge paws like clawed clubs.

When defeated by a quarry the bear may give an exhibition of tantrums. I witnessed bear-tantrums in Spitzbergen. For some time we had been watching an old he-bear stalking a seal. He took immense pains to advance unseen, but as he launched the final, incredibly swift rush, the seal rolled neatly into the water and was gone. Whereupon, in a fit of rage, the bear spun around and smashed his "fists" against a rock outcrop, breaking several of the bones in his right paw as we later discovered.

The animal seldom abandons a kill, but fortunately for the Arctic foxes that accompany him he usually leaves much of the meat on a seal or walrus carcase, for he prefers the blubber.

He is not exclusively carnivorous. In summer, as well as fish, he will eat eggs and berries. An old trapper once said, laughingly, "Can't get near the blue-berries on the shore. The bears are berrying there!" He paused. "They like berries in the spring but at a pinch they'll eat anything—anything but polar

bear meat! They'll rob a cache of seal meat or walrus steaks. But let a bear find your cache of *bear* steaks and he'll back away from it."

If the polar bear is not a cannibal he is inquisitive. He'll enter a cabin just to see what is inside, and if the door is shut he will smash it down to satisfy curiosity.

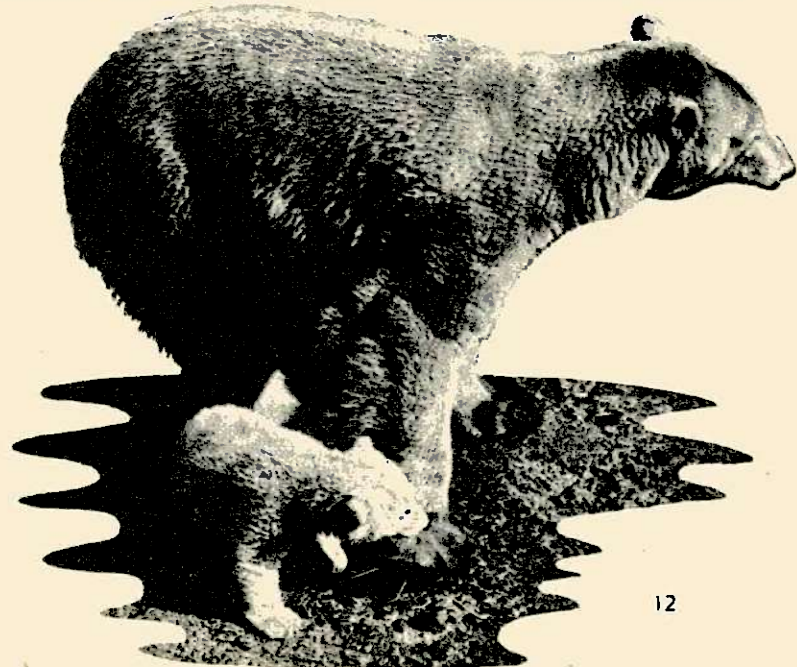
"Hang two or three tins outside your cabin and you can be sure that should a bear pass he'll stop, stare uncertainly at the cans, sniff them, give them a bash, and perhaps batter them into pancakes before moving on! I've seen this happen a dozen times," says Greenland trapper Kaare Jensen. "Makes you want to roll in the snow with mirth, but see you don't let old *Nanook* hear you laugh or he may come and investigate you!"

When cornered, the polar bear will fight fiercely, using his 9 in. claws like a man with two fists full of scythes. He can bite the head off a man's shoulders, disembowel him with a swipe of his claws, crush him with one heavy blow.

When chased he has the peculiar habit of scooping up mouthfuls of snow with his tongue. This melts in his stomach and slows him down, so that he can be overhauled and killed, and one aim of the documentary is to record this snow-scooping act.

The snowy-owls that flit about the polar bear's head in early spring have considerably better hearing than the polar bear, and the bear's companion at many a meal, the polar fox, has better sight. But the bear's sense of smell is supreme. He can detect the smell of burning blubber from two or three miles away, the Eskimos tell you.

Much that we know about it is hearsay from the Eskimos, and these next few months well see men creeping through the blizzard-stricken darkness of the months-long polar night with cameras, in the hope of recording the winter secrets of the Ghost of the Ice Floes.



Telford's spectacular bridge over the Menai Straits

PROBABLY no one man has ever done so much to improve a nation's highway communications as Thomas Telford, who was born in Dumfriesshire on August 9th, 1757. He constructed over 900 miles of road and more than 1,100 bridges in his native Scotland alone, besides cutting the famous Caledonian Canal.

In many other parts of Great Britain, too, Telford reconstructed out-of-date roads and built canals, docks, and harbours. But it is perhaps as a builder of bridges that he is best remembered to-day. Of all his achievements in this particular field, the greatest and most spectacular is the Menai Suspension Bridge in North Wales.

The bridging of the straits between the Welsh mainland and the Isle of Anglesey was the climax of Telford's work on the Holyhead Road in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This highway was the most important in the kingdom after the Dover Road, particularly after the Union of Great Britain with Ireland in 1806.

Irish M.P.s sitting at Westminster, who had to travel frequently from London to Dublin and Belfast, complained bitterly about the terrible conditions on the Holyhead Road. During the winter parts of the route were often quite impassable to the coaches. The ferry crossings of the Conway estuary and the Menai Straits were extremely hazardous, and the loss of baggage, horses, and even passengers' lives there was by no means rare.

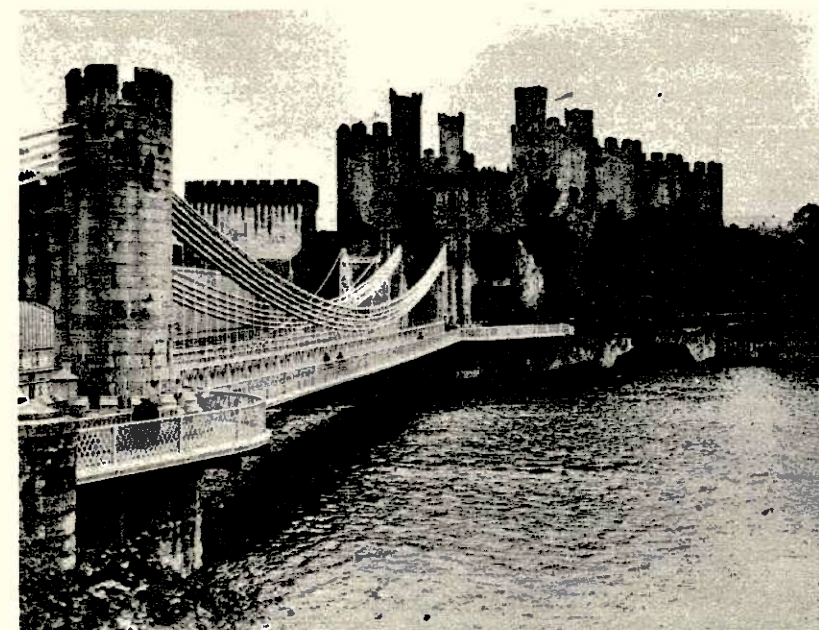
Telford made his first report on the Holyhead Road in 1811, and seven years later he was commissioned by the Government to prepare plans for a bridge over the Menai Straits. He proposed that the bridge should be of the suspension type, which was quite a revolutionary idea at that time.

The main span of the bridge was 550 feet, to be poised at high level to allow for the passage of shipping. Never before had so wide a crossing been spanned by a

bridge without any support at the centre.

Hardly had the foundations of the Menai Bridge been laid, however, than local landowners, led by the Marquis of Anglesey, voiced strong opposition to it. But in spite of all they could do to hinder the project, they failed to win any public support. Telford went ahead with his plans to get the bridge built in record time.

Flanking piers and arches were built, chains were thrown across, and the centre platform of the bridge was floated into position on a huge raft and then hoisted up by chains and capstans. The architect himself directed these crucial operations from one of the bridge arches.



One of the most picturesque bridges in Britain is this one over the estuary at Conway. Above, an aerial view of the Menai Suspension Bridge

By HERBERT WALTERS

On the evening of January 29th, 1826, six years after the foundation stone was laid, the first Irish Mail coach passed over the Menai Bridge from Bangor into Anglesey. Only a week or so later the bridge underwent its first strenuous test when a gale of exceptional force blew up through the straits. But only a few minor adjustments were necessary afterwards.

More than 131 years have passed since then, and the Menai Bridge has withstood many a heavy gale sweeping in from the Irish Sea. Yet it still stands and serves present day motor traffic of a far heavier kind than anything its builder could have foreseen—a great testimony to Telford's genius.

The Commissioners of the Holyhead Road were so impressed by his design for the Menai Bridge that they engaged Telford to build a similar one over the river estuary at Conway. There, too, the coach ferry was often upset by the sudden gales and blown off course on to the dangerous sandbanks.

When Telford designed the Conway Bridge he decided it should be in keeping with the appearance and character of the ancient castle and town walls close by. So with its turreted entrances it stands as one of the most picturesque old bridges in these islands.

Nowadays, unfortunately, this bridge is a serious bottleneck to traffic on the North Wales coast road. Permitting only one-way traffic, it causes vehicle queues of a mile or more in length during the busy summer months. Proud as Conway people are of their old bridge, they do not regret the belated start with a new one more in keeping with twentieth century ideas.

Nevertheless, there are many Telford bridges up and down the land still serving a useful purpose. His methods of construction, though more than a century old, have been studied by modern bridge builders not only in this country but from overseas.

Bridges and roads apart, Thomas Telford also excelled in the cutting of canals which, in his lifetime, were a most important medium of transport. Greatest of them all, of course, was the 60-mile Caledonian Canal, from Inverness to Fort William, which cut Scotland into two halves and saved shipping the long voyage right round the northern coasts. The Caledonian Canal was such an immense undertaking that it took more than thirty years and was not actually completed until after Telford's death.

This great engineer's reputation extended outside Britain, and he was called in to advise on Sweden's famous inland waterway, the Gotha Canal.

C.W.S. CUSTARD POWDER

Makes the Creamiest Custard

There's never any need to wonder what's best for a sweet with C.W.S. CUSTARD POWDER handy—hot or cold whatever the season, smooth creamy custard solves so many meal-time problems. Easy and quick to prepare, economical and certain to please C.W.S. CUSTARD completes the sweet—it's delicious!



Smooth—
Creamy—
Delicious

CUSTARD

Completes the sweet

Try these mouth-watering recipes

BANANA CREAM PIE
FILLING
1 family block ice-cream
2 bananas
1 pint thick C.W.S. CUSTARD
Make in a 7 in. flan case.
When the custard has become almost cold, fold in the ice cream and sliced bananas. Pile the flan case, decorate with cherries and angelica, serve at once.

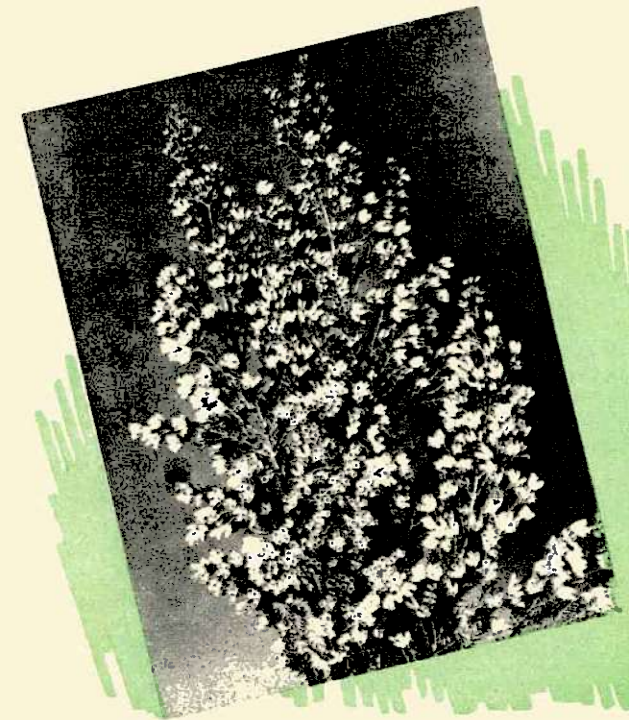
QUEENS CUSTARD
3 tablespoons pineapple jam
2 ozs. sugar
1 pint thick C.W.S. CUSTARD
6 tablespoons very finely chopped pineapple
2 teaspoons rum
2 egg whites
1/2 gill whipped cream
Spread the jam over the base of a pudding dish. Mix half the pineapple with the custard and pour into the dish. Mix together the remaining pineapple and rum, and spread over the custard and leave to go cold. Whisk the egg whites until stiff, fold in the whipped cream and the sugar. Pile on the pudding and serve decorated with cherries and angelica.

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

JULY IN THE GARDEN

Saving time and Labour

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



FOR years I have recommended the use of sedge peat to save time and labour. Apply it all over your rose beds to the depth of an inch or so, and you will have no need to do any hoeing in the summer, for the peat will smother the weed seeds and will keep the soil beneath much moister. Make certain, however, that it really is sedge peat and not sphagnum peat; the former is about ten times more valuable, and yet is invariably sold at the same price. You can buy sedge peat from the C.W.S. Horticultural Department at Derby.

Straw is also a time and labour saver. Where soft fruits are growing it can be applied all over the ground to the depth of a foot or so. It, too, smothers weeds, and provides an ideal mulch. Put straw in between the rows of lettuce, to help to retain moisture in very hot weather.

The Americans put down thick brown paper to smother their weeds, and make holes in this paper to set out the plants.

Lawn mowings may be used along the rows of runner beans and peas to the depth of half-an-inch. Unfortunately they do contain weed seeds very often, and they must not be put on deeper than half-an-inch, for they create a great deal of heat as they rot down, and so damage the plant stems.

It won't be long before celery has to be earthed up, and though many people say you get the best flavour from the stems if you actually draw up the soil to them, earthing-up does take up a great deal of time and labour. The simplest way of blanching celery (as this operation is called) is to use agricultural drain pipes. These are carefully popped over the celery, and they keep out the light and ensure that the stems are white. The drain pipes can be used year after year if they are stacked away carefully after the

celery has been lifted. There is the initial expense, but much labour is saved over the year.

If you have rather limey soil, it is difficult to produce a perfect grass lawn. Why not have a clover lawn? Such lawns are popular in France, and they make one of the best swards for alkaline land. If the clover is cut regularly the leaves will become beautifully small and a perfect carpet is produced all over the ground, which keeps really green right through the

year. For such a lawn, buy the seed of a pedigree wild white clover, and use this alone at one ounce to the square yard.

No special instructions need be given about such a lawn. Just fork the ground over and add sedge peat at a bucketful to the square yard. Follow this by a light rolling, rake to a fine tilth, and leave the surface level. Distribute the seed evenly, and rake it in lightly. Follow by a light rolling, and if the weather is very dry give the ground a good watering.

Heathers are EASY

THERE is no easier bed to look after than one planted with heathers. Don't be under the impression that such plants can be grown only on peaty soils. This is not true at all. There are heathers that can be grown on all types of land, even if there is lime in the ground. The only thing the plants ask for is plenty of sun.

Just think of it! Heathers are attacked by hardly any pests or diseases, they don't need staking or tying, they don't need stopping, and they will go on flowering year after year without any special treatment at all.

The only warning is in respect of rabbits. If you live in an area where these creatures still abound, be careful, because rabbits will go for young plants when they are first put out.

You can plant heathers at almost any time, but they do best as a rule when they are put in during September. Order the plants now, however, and at the same

time get hold of the sedge peat which you will fork into the soil where they are to be planted.

There are, of course, summer flowering heathers, and winter flowering varieties. There is a variety called Winter Beauty, which blooms in November and December, and this in my garden is invariably followed by Queen of Spain. Then in February and March we get Pink Beauty and Ruby Glow. The Mediterranean heathers start blooming in October, and keep on blooming until the Spring.

There are varieties that grow 9 or 10 in. high, and others which are only 3 in. tall. Foxii is a typical example of this group. The variety Pom Pom is a little more upright, and Sister Anne, with its pretty silvery foliage, grows 4 in. high. Among the Cornish heathers, I am very fond of Apple Blossom, a very pale pink, but there is also Mrs. D. F. Maxwell, a startling cerise, and St. Keverne, an excellent bright rose pink.

For the JUNIORS

H-O-W-L-E-R-S

An elephant is an animal with a leg at each corner and a tail at each end.

A corps is dead.

Mandolines are high officials in China.

On lots of buses smoking is aloud.

A cyclone is a one-man bicycle.

Vandals are a kind of footwear.

In Days Gone

By . . .

Most of us connect the name curfew with a bell tolling at sunset. But, this is an example of the original curfew—a hood-shaped, brass appliance which was placed over the heap of ashes on the open hearth. It served two purposes: (a) to protect the house from burning splinters, and (b) to keep the fire smouldering.



THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

ABC Rivers

Can you name three British rivers which suggest letters of the alphabet?

How Many?

How many legs has an octopus? How many clubs are there in Division III of the English Football League? How many flags are incorporated in the Union Jack? And how many English counties begin with the letter C?

Adding Letters

By adding a letter to an ornament, you can change it to an old-time dance—in other words, add L to VASE and it becomes VALSE. Now try these:—

Add T to LEVEL for HAPPENING

Add N to a BRAVE MAN for a BIRD

Add EL to a PUNCTUATION MARK for an OFFICER

Add VE to TRUE for DISCLOSE

5. Odd Men Out

There's one word which "doesn't belong" in each of these groups of words. Can you find the "odd men out"?

Lemon, banana, orange, grapefruit.

Slipper, shoe, sandal, gaiter.

Red, yellow, green, blue.

Seven, nine, eleven, thirteen.

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

How much do you know about your home town? For this month's competition write a short essay on "My Home Town," but don't write more than 400 words.

TWO GRAND PRIZES

As usual the Editor is offering a STORY BOOK for the juniors aged nine or over and a CUT-OUT MODEL BOOK for the under-nines.

Write your essay, add your full name, age, and address and post as soon as possible to the Editor, "Co-operative Home Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4.

Prizes will be awarded to the competitors whose entries, in the opinion of the Editor, are the neatest, age being taken into consideration.

May Competition Winners

Irene Whitehead

35 Knott Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Pauline O'Shea

109 Heaton Terrace, North Shields, Northumberland

Puzzle Solutions

ABC Rivers: Dee, Exe, Wye.

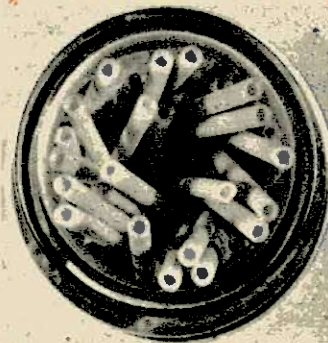
How many: 8, 48, 3, 4.

Adding letters: Even(t), hero(n), colon (e), re(ve)al.

Odd men out: Banana, gaiter, green, nine.

What is it: Macaroni in a jar.

WHAT IS IT?



This month's puzzle picture is a tough one. To help you here are two clues: (a) you are most likely to find the above item and contents in mother's cupboard; (b) the contents are uncooked. See column 3 for the answer.

Laugh-line

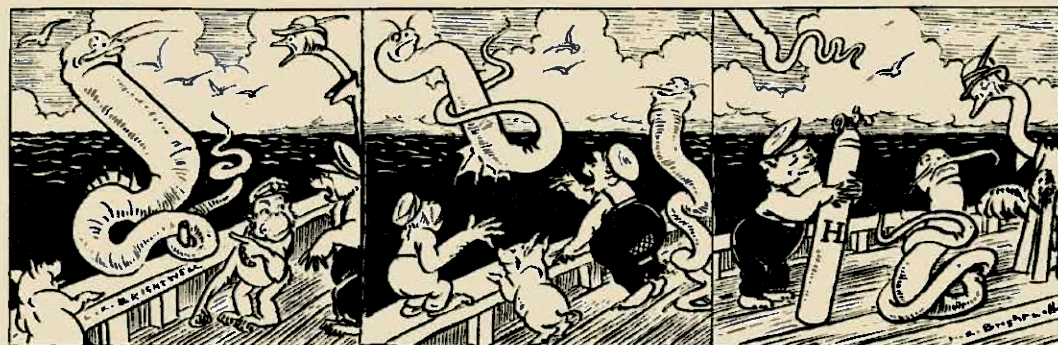
Small boy: (to farmer lifting sack of potatoes): Can I help you?

Farmer: What could you do?

Small boy: I could grunt while you lift.

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL



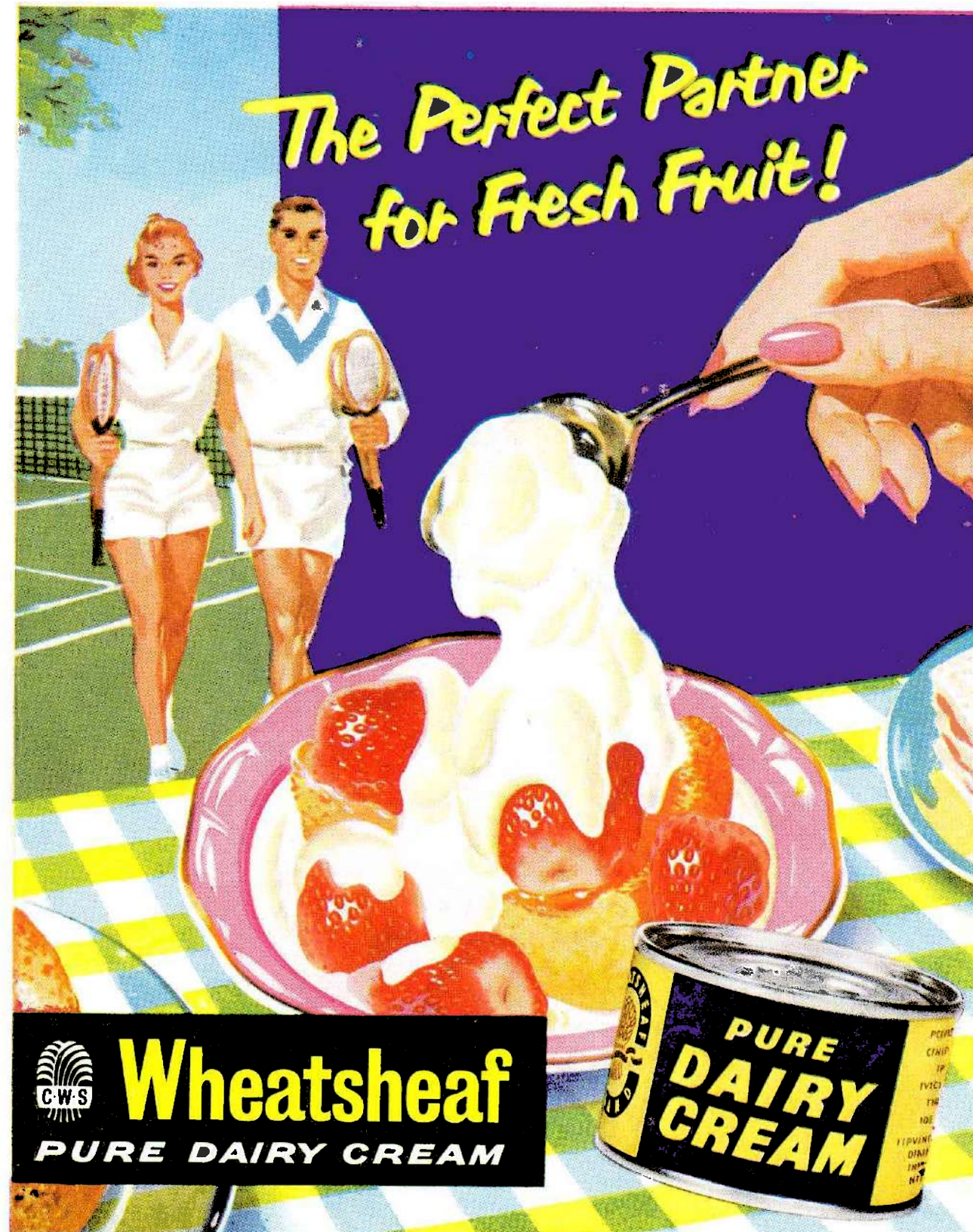
Look!—Rock's got the whole tube . . . and he can't keep on deck.

Hi—take Roll with you! Just our luck! Still, one's gone!

Come on Roll . . . Swallow this lovely tube with a pretty H on it!

If L.O. had learned Chemistry properly he would have known H stands for Hydrogen, the gas they put in balloons to make them rise.

The Perfect Partner for Fresh Fruit!



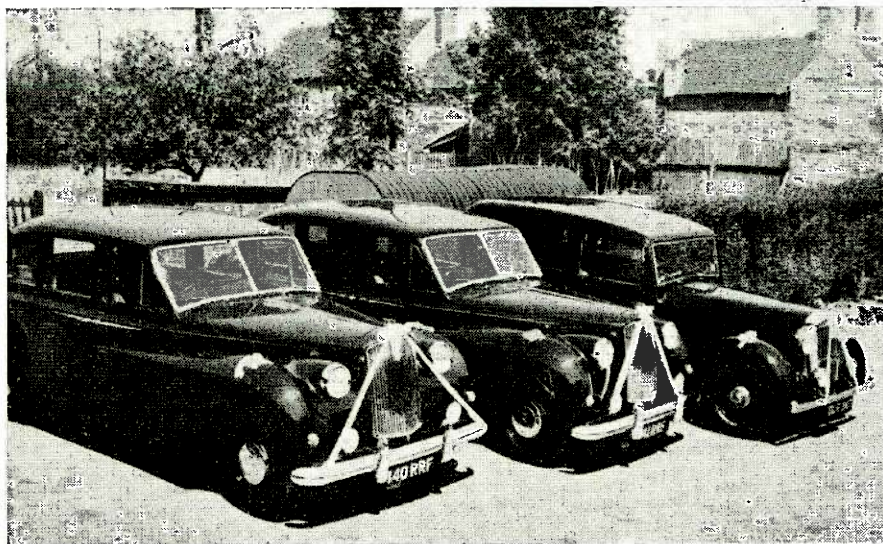
FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD

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Local Editor's Notes

THESE ARE YOURS



ONE of the lesser known services that our society has for us is that of cars for use at weddings. Most of our 17,000 and more members are married, but a large number are, as yet, still single but have their marriage arranged or are thinking about it. A girl's wedding day should be the day of her life, as it is the proudest day of the man's life as he takes the girl of his choice on his arm for the first time as his wife. In sunshine or rain, to them it is a really great day. Nothing is too good on that day, and this is where your society can help in one more way.

For some years cars have been available for weddings, and many have taken advantage of this service. In the main Daimler cars have been used, but now the management committee have started a fleet of Austin Princess cars of the very latest type, for they too believe that only the best is good enough for the bride and groom.

The photograph shows the first two of these cars, with one of the Daimlers, which were only delivered to the society a few weeks ago, and now await your service.

The society's fleet of wedding cars, together with the courteous service of the department, will put the finishing touch to any wedding. Inquiries for the hire of these cars can be made either at the general office or at the car hire department, Upper Gungate Mews, Tamworth.

Bolehall Branch

Very soon after reading this, the new branch at Bolehall, Tamworth, will be opened for the service of our members in that area.

As these notes are being written it is understood that the society comes into possession of the shop known as Hubbles' Stores on July 22nd, and within a few days of that date it will open as branch No. 9. After taking over the shop it will have to be closed for a day or so for the rearranging and stocking for our trade.

Mile Oak

Continuing the policy of opening more and more branch shops, the management committee have purchased two shops at Mile Oak, and as soon as possible will be taking possession so that our Mile Oak members will have their own branch.

Examination Successes

We are pleased to record the following successes of employees in their Co-operative Union examinations:—

K. Stock (general office), Economics, pass.
B. D. Thorpe (shoe department), Salesmanship and Commodities, first-class pass; Human Relations in Branch Management, pass.

C. E. Wright (general office), Advanced English, pass.

H. Palmer (butchery department), Human Relations in Branch Management, pass; History and Organisation of the Co-operative Movement, pass.

G. E. Spare (general office), Bookkeeping, Stage 1, pass.

Miss F. Primo (drapery department), Practical Introduction to Display, pass.

K. Sharpe (central grocery department), Practical Introduction to Display, pass.

Diamond Weddings

Mr. and Mrs. C. Atkins, 33, Sheeppcote Lane, Amington, June 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Donovan, Fox Inn Cottage, Coton, June 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Beardsmore, 53, Belgrave Road, Belgrave, June 7th.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Wright, 42, Park Lane, Bonehill, June 6th.

OBITUARY

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

William Henry Finch, Birchmoor April 19th.

Percy Holiday Neal, Cliff, April 19th.

William Denkin, Mile Oak May 4th.
Emily Elizabeth Day, Sutton Coldfield, May 6th.

May Chiles, Glascote, May 9th.
Francis Swinnerton, Hopwas, May 10th.

Minnie Bown, Dordon, May 13th.
Charles Chapman, Tamworth, May 14th.

Clare Tutford Fidgeon, Wilnecote, May 16th.

Hannah Booth, Bolehall, May 17th.
Caroline Elizabeth Hitches, Tamworth, May 23rd.

Nellie May Payne, Tamworth, May 24th.

William Joseph Kinson, Two Gates, May 24th.

John Harper, Tamworth, May 25th.
William Jeffcoat, Tamworth, May 25th.

Fanny Shakespeare, Thorpe, May 27th.

Charles William Mousley, Tamworth, May 29th.

James Oxford, Dordon, May 31st.
Alice Herion, Polesworth, June 1st.
Harry Quartermaine, Tamworth, June 2nd.

Joseph Denis, Glascote, June 4th.
Elsie Maud Hinds, Kettlebrook, June 7th.

Harry Charles Busby, Tamworth, June 9th.

Florence Annie Bridges, Polesworth, June 11th.

James Vyse, Wigginton, June 12th.
Beatrice Olivia Barker, Tamworth, June 16th.

"Co-operation and Modern Socialism"

by Jack Bailey

Secretary of the Co-operative Party

Co-operation is more than an economic system; it is a social theory. Not every socialist appreciates this. In his new pamphlet Mr. Bailey is at pains to make this clear and to argue the case for "forms of local socialism" and a new approach to social ownership.

Dealing with the relationships between the co-operative movement and other bodies he has this to say:—

"The co-operative movement could never consent to becoming politically subservient to another body. Nor could it, without exposing itself to the same criticisms as the co-operative movements of the so-called people's democracies, lay itself under an obligation to accept without objection or opposition any decisions to supersede existing co-operative institutions in any fields of its activity. Where a particular type of organisation, including a state-promoted scheme, is clearly and demonstrably in the public interest, the co-operative movement must obviously be ready to examine it and to see how far a single state monopoly is essential to fulfill the purposes of the scheme. It must never be assumed that the co-operative movement will not defend its principles if any political party outrages them or that the co-operative movement, so long as it remains free and democratic, can escape the duty of preserving the right of a free people to adopt co-operative forms of organisation if they choose to do so. This is not political awkwardness, it is not doctrinaire—it amounts to nothing more than a readiness to defend what it believes in, for the principles of co-operation are as precious to the convinced co-operator as the principles of any political party are to its followers."

In the section headed "A Free Society," he writes:—

"In Britain the concentration of most socialists upon the capture and use of state power has tended to blind them to the validity of non-state forms of socialism."

Later (page 13) he argues that "Over-concentration of power in a democratic community is a far greater danger than over-concentration of wealth, serious as this is." In order to safeguard against this he advocates distributing social power as widely as possible. "There must be trade unions, political parties, co-operative societies, and many other bodies to exercise their limited powers, and thus avoid the concentration of power in some one institution."

"The state socialist thinks mostly of the Parliamentary and local government machines. He has for this reason attached more importance to political work than to the creation of forms of social ownership. No student of our time can fail to be impressed with two marked tendencies. One is the almost inevitable centralising movement in our economic life. There is a certain minimum of centralisation which is a condition of our survival as a nation. A large

measure of Government planning is inescapable, whether it is done consciously or by the hit-and-miss methods of a Conservative Government. This is bound to limit local initiative and qualify our conceptions of what can be controlled by direct democratic methods. Socialists ought not, however, to ignore the dangers inherent in all this. We do not want to create the feeling that all economic matters must be handled by those at the top. Social power must be as widely distributed as possible; we must not be guilty of centralising what we can well control in a more direct democratic way.

"The second tendency is sometimes referred to as the managerial revolution. It is the product of the greater complexity of industrial, economic, and administrative processes, cause and result of a high degree of specialisation. Technical 'know how' is concentrated in too few heads. Despite the talk of 'workers' control' the fact is that the vital decisions of management and indeed of policy are being divorced from ownership, as John Strachey has emphasised in his recent book, *Contemporary Capitalism*. If automation should advance rapidly on a wide scale it is likely that 'workshop democracy,' even if it were effectively created, would be founded upon an ever-contracting basis. Democracy cannot survive if we rob it of its limited opportunities of functioning and if we make no attempts to compensate it in other spheres for what it is losing in the industrial and economic spheres.

"If for no other reasons no socialist should wish to limit the opportunity which any people's institution provides of applying democratic principles to a sector of our economic life. He should share the eagerness of co-operative leaders to expand their own sector of the economy and should at least avoid any course of action which will hamper or supersede its democratic institutions in the interests of centralisation."

Mr. Bailey ends on this note:—

"This pamphlet is a plea for co-operation as one form of socialism. It is not the only form, but without it democracy would have lost its greatest economic achievements, for

the co-operative movement is not the creation of any government or body of civil servants, it is the creation of ordinary men and women, the very stuff of democracy. Co-operation is the people in business. It is the supreme example of collective action by the little people of modern society—it is their most conspicuous success."

Co-operation and Modern Socialism is published by the Co-operative Union Limited for the Co-operative Party at 6d. per copy, and is obtainable from the Co-operative Party, 56, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1., or Publications Department, Co-operative Union Limited, Holyoake House, Hanover Street, Manchester, 4.

Giant Telescope

Work on the erection of what is to be Europe's biggest telescope started recently at the Saint Michel de Provence Observatory in southern France, and should be completed next August. The telescope, built in Britain, is remarkable not only for its size, but also because it incorporates two important innovations.

One is an air-conditioning device in the telescope tube which will reduce distortion and blurring caused by the mixing of the cool night air with warm air in and around the telescope dome.

The other is an "electronic image receiver" invented by two scientists of the Paris Observatory, Professor André Lallemand and M. Maurice Duchesne. This device replaces the photographic plate generally used to record the optical image of the stars with electronic apparatus somewhat akin to a television camera and considerably more sensitive to light.

This increased sensitivity will make it possible to reduce exposure time and obtain much sharper pictures of planets, such as Mars and Jupiter, which are very difficult to photograph.

A man who does not learn to live while he is getting a living is a poorer man after his wealth is won than he was before.

—J. G. Holland.

Special Notes To Members

Please make sure that the Correct Share Number is always stated on your checks, and check your change before leaving the departments.

Advise the office of any change of address, and take great care of your Pass Card.

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