Home

OCTOBER 1957

MAGAZINE

THE TWO GITANAS

by
Augustus John, R.A.

By courtesy of the
Laing Art Gallery
Newcastle-upon-Tyne

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OUR FRONT COVER

A staunch admirer and defender of the Romany way of life (he was president of the Gipsy Lore Society in 1937) many of Augustus John's pictures depict gipsy types. This month's cover picture, THE TWO GITANAS, is one such.

Spontaneity is the keynote of John's pictures. Few contemporary artists could paint as swiftly. "Like a boxer who depends on an early knock-out," is how one critic has described him, while Wyndham Lewis called him "A great man-of-action into whose hand the fairies stuck a brush instead of a sword."

As a portrait painter, he escapes the greatest pitfall of this form of art, the temptation to subjugate the artist's imaginative approach to the desire for a photographic "likeness"; what has been called the eternal war between the artist and the historian.

Born in 1878, Augustus John became an associate of the Royal Academy in 1921, and was elected an Academician in 1928. He resigned from the Academy in 1938, as he did, too, from the Royal Cambrian Society and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, but two years later he was re-elected to the Academy.

He was honoured with the Order of Merit in 1942 and in 1946 was elected an associate of the Academie Royale Belgique.

Co-operative Home MAGAZINE

VOLUME 62 No. 10 OCTOBER, 1957

ENVY is not one of my besetting sins. But it must be admitted there is one man who does arouse in me this deplorable human failing. He is chairman of one of the more erudite radio panel games. It is sheer pleasure to hear him speak. Words just roll euphoniously out of his mouth. Never the slightest hesitation, never an ill-chosen word. His voice is pleasantly modulated, and without a trace of accent; every single word comes over as clear as a bell, often illumined by a sudden flash of brilliant wit. All at a speed which would leave most of us gasping for breath.

Yes, I am bound to say, I envy him. What tremendous opportunities there are for anyone given a reasonable measure of intelligence, with the ability to speak well.

Of course there have been many men, and women too, who have rendered noteworthy service to their fellow-men and yet have cut a poor figure on a platform, or even as speaker at a small informal meeting.

But how many more have left their footprints on the sands of time because of their powerful command of the spoken word. Whole nations have been swayed by the right words spoken at the right time by men who have been able to express their convictions with irresistible force.

Leaders of many worthy causes often have had little but their sincere beliefs and a natural, or acquired, eloquence to attain their ends.

Admittedly, the power of fluent speech also has wrought disastrous effects in the lives of innocent people who have failed to recognise sinister motives behind apparently innocuous verbal exhortation.

But this merely emphasizes the well-nigh unlimited impact of the spoken word on the minds of those less fortunately equipped for self-expression.

What then is the secret of fluent and effective speaking ? Is it an inherent gift ? Or can it be acquired by study and practice ?

A successful teacher of public speaking assured me that anyone with an average vocabulary can learn this desirable art. The first vital essential, it is asserted, is a thorough knowledge of one's subject. A five minute dissertation, for example, on some hobby in which one is keenly interested invariably produces good audience reaction.

From that stage onwards it is mainly a question of experience and constant application to the object in view—the expression in words in a form which will arouse, and hold, the interest of hearers, and, if intended, influence action in the required direction.

It goes without saying, of course, that equally successful results cannot be assured in every case. In this art, as in any other, we cannot all reach the highest standard of achievement. There must always be the few who far outshine the less gifted efforts of their fellows. There must always be speakers like my chairman of radio fame. Anyhow, we ordinary mortals can always have the pleasure of listening to them. That's something to be thankful for.

THE EDITOR

THIS ENGLAND **Grasmere, in Westmorland, has many associations with the Wordsworth family, and here in this picturesque churchyard are buried the famous poet, William, and his wife, as well as three of their children and William's sister, Dorothy**

Mary Langham's Cookery Page

VERSATILE HAM

HAM minced, ham scrambled, ham baked in a savoury loaf, cooked in a casserole, fried in croquettes, or used in apple hambake —take your choice from Mary Langham's October selection of recipes for cooler days.

BACON AND HAM RING

1 lb. minced raw ham, 8 oz. fine breadcrumbs, ½ pint thick white sauce, seasoning, grated nutmeg, tablespoon C.W.S. tomato ketchup, 5-6 rashers smoked bacon.

Mix the finely-minced ham with the breadcrumbs, white sauce, seasoning, and tomato sauce. The mixture should be crumbly. Grease a ring mould with Shortex and arrange the rashers at intervals round it. Pack in the minced mixture without disturbing the rashers. Cover with greaseproof paper or aluminium foil and steam for 2-2½ hours. Turn onto a hot serving dish and fill the centre with peas. Surround with diced carrots.

HAM SCRAMBLE

4 oz. cooked lean ham or gammon, 4 tablespoons milk, ¾ oz. Gold Seal margarine, 2 eggs.

Chop the ham finely and place in a saucepan with the milk and margarine. Heat gently until the fat is melted, then remove from the heat. Stir in the well-beaten eggs, return to the heat, and cook gently, stirring until the mixture thickens. While still creamy, pile on to hot buttered toast and serve at once.

SAVOURY LOAF

¾ lb. minced raw ham, 1 lb. minced lean pork, 1 breakfastcup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 small grated onion, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. mixed herbs, seasoning, ½ pint milk.

Mix the meats, breadcrumbs, herbs, onion and seasoning, and bind well together with beaten egg and milk. Grease a loaf tin (8 in. by 4 in.) with Shortex and press the mixture into it. Bake at Mark 3 (350°F.) for about 1½ hours. Serve hot with a good, thick gravy.

APPLE HAM-BAKE

2 slices ham (¼ inch thick), 6 ½-inch slices apple, 12 small sausages, ½ breakfastcup brown sugar, a little melted Gold Seal margarine.

Remove the rind from the ham and cut into six pieces. Place in a greased baking dish and place a slice of apple (with the core removed) on each piece. Fill the centre of each apple with brown sugar and arrange a small sausage on each side of the apple. Brush over the top of the apple and sausages with melted margarine and bake at Mark 3 (350°F.) for 30-40 minutes. This is an ideal supper dish.

CASSEROLE OF GAMMON

¾ lb. slice of gammon, ¾ lb. onions or leeks, 1½ lb. potatoes, 1 oz. Silver Seal margarine, 1 oz. Federation plain flour, ½ pint milk, ½ teaspoon dry C.W.S. mustard, 1 tablespoon brown sherry (if desired).

Trim the rind from the slice of gammon. Peel and slice the onions thinly. If leeks are used, trim off the green and cut the remaining part lengthways. Peel the potatoes and slice thinly. Melt the fat in a saucepan, add the flour and cook for 2-3 minutes. Remove from the heat and gradually beat in the milk. Season with salt and mustard. Grease a large casserole and place in a layer of sliced potatoes, then a layer of onions. Cover with half the sauce and place the gammon on top. Cover with another layer of potatoes and onions and coat with sauce. Sprinkle the sherry (if used) over the gammon. Cover with the lid of the casserole and bake it in a slow oven at Mark 2 (300°F.) for approximately 1½-2 hours until tender.

HAM CROQUETTES

½ lb. cooked ham, ¾ oz. Gold Seal margarine, ¾ oz. Federation plain flour, ¾ gill hot milk, 1 egg yolk, 2 teaspoons minced parsley, seasoning, flour, egg and crumbs, Shortex for deep frying, 6 pineapple slices.

Mince the ham. Melt the margarine and stir in the flour. Remove from the heat and gradually stir in the milk. Return to the heat and cook for a further 2-3 minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from the heat and beat in the egg yolk. Stir in the ham, parsley, and seasoning. Spread over a plate and allow to cool. Divide into 6 pieces and shape into flat cakes. Coat lightly with flour, then with egg and crumbs, and fry in deep, hot fat until golden brown and heated through. Drain on tissue paper. Heat the pineapple slices in their own juice, lay in a fireproof dish, and place a croquette on top of each. Garnish with parsley and serve at once.

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

EAR-RINGS *through the ages*

By ALAN P. MAJOR

RECENTLY an Australian archaeologist was shown a pair of gold ear-rings by a British emigrant. The archaeologist immediately recognised them as being of immense value and at least 2,000 years old. Eventually the ear-rings were bought by the University of Sydney's Nicholson Museum.

The emigrant had bought them on the Mediterranean island of Rhodes at the end of the War, in 1946. They came originally from treasure found at Patmos. Made of pure gold, the ear-rings comprised finely-worked gold discs, each set with a garnet, from which hung figures representing the Winged Victory of Samothrace. It is highly probable that eventually women will be wearing a modern version of this design.

Present-day designs may be either the simple and practical clip-on type for everyday use, the more complicated and expensive pendant screw-type for formal occasions, or those for pierced ears. Incorporating a wide range of styles, shapes and subjects, modern ear-rings are made in an almost endless variety of metals and minerals, including diamonds, sapphires, pearls, acquamarine, platinum, gold, silver, bronze, to mention only a few. Plastic button ear-rings have proved popular.

A celebrated event in the news often gives birth to a new design. The success of the *Mayflower* in crossing the Atlantic has inspired Mayflower ear-rings, a topical replica in miniature of this famous ship.

The earliest method of facial adornment began in the Stone Age. During that period our ancestors gruesomely pierced their ears and nostrils and plugged them with pieces of bone, as do some primitive tribes even to-day. This use of bone was supposed to ward off evil spirits from entering the body of the adorned person.

Bronze Age people were amongst the first to pierce their ear-lobes so as to hang basket-shaped metal objects from their ears. At the Babylonian Court, noblemen wore heavy gold ear-rings in the shape of fruit and acorns.

In the Oriental countries, where the most beautiful designs of fine workmanship originated, both men and women wore ear-rings, but the Ancient Greeks and the Romans considered their use effeminate, and only women wore them. Gold ear-rings are mentioned in the Bible, by Aaron to the Children of Israel.

The South American Incas wore cart-wheel-shaped ear-rings, with a long hook, that hung *over* the ear, eliminating the then-painful process of piercing the ear-lobe.

A "snowflake" design which was shown at last year's watch and jewellery trade fair. Cost? £60 the pair

Novelty ear-rings, with necklace to match, made of cork discs and balls in a gilt setting, a French design which combines the advantages of boldness with lightness

One of the most spectacular pairs of ear-rings in existence are those found several years ago while excavations were taking place on the site of the Ur of the Chaldees in Persia. Originally worn by Queen Shubad, the heavy gold pendant ear-rings, combined with her fabulously intricate head-dress of flowers and leaves made from beaten gold leaf, have become world famous.

In Britain the Roman-Britons and Anglo-Saxons are reputed to have worn ear-rings, but in the tenth century the fashion declined in popularity.

For five hundred years they were out of fashion, until the Renaissance brought a renewed interest in clothes and jewellery. Pearl ear-rings became the rage. Both Queen Elizabeth I and Sir Walter Raleigh wore double pear-shaped pearls. Shakespeare also wore ear-rings, as did almost all the men of fashion, courtiers, writers, composers of that time.

Up to the reign of Charles I, pearls retained their popularity, and men continued to wear ear-rings, too.

With a change in hair-style, in Charles II's reign, a demand was created for a different shape in ear-rings and a triangular design, known as the girandole, came into being, comprising both diamonds and pearls. At the French Court of Louis XIV diamonds lost their popularity and marcasites were worn by the royal ladies instead.

In the eighteenth century fashion changed again and diamond ear-rings, resembling miniature chandeliers, were back in favour. But men no longer took any interest in ear-rings to wear themselves. Now, 200 years later, simple, gold ear-rings are gradually being worn more often by the more daring intellectual-type of twentieth-century man.

In the 1790's, styles went back in time to the Ancient Greeks, for the cameo ear-ring became highly popular. When Queen Victoria came to the throne she popularised plain, simple designs. But with the advent of the Victorian mania for gaudy overdressing, everything suffered and ear-ring designs became fantastic and even ridiculous.

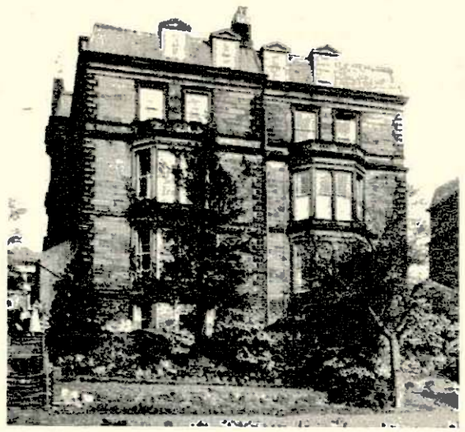
With the turn of the century, small, plain ear-rings came back into favour.

Between the two World Wars, in the 'twenties, there was a slight return to the Victorian period for styles. Tiny, live fish were worn in miniature bowls hung on gold chain. But this was a brief phase. At the end of World War II, hoop ear-rings became all the rage, hanging like over-large curtain-rings, but this design appears to be almost out of fashion, too.

Yet anything can happen and a new design may rapidly become fashionable. Who knows? Now it's the Mayflower. What next?

For Health and Pleasure

"THORPE DENE" OFFERS YOU COMFORT, CARE, CUISINE



AS soon as you step into the spacious hall of "Thorpe Dene," you feel you are among friends. The whole atmosphere of this delightful convalescent home in Westwood, Scarborough, is one of pleasant relaxation and homely comfort.

Set in an attractive garden, at the head of a valley sweeping down to the sea and a lovely beach, this well-known Home is owned by the North-Western Co-operative Convalescent Homes Association. The furnishing is bright and cheerful, the spacious bedrooms the essence of comfort. Indeed, everything is planned to make one's stay not merely a period of convalescence, but a quiet, happy holiday.

For the ladies there are lounges and a special rest room. If guests are in the mood for entertainment, the modern television lounge is at their disposal. The men may prefer to play a game of billiards or snooker, or enjoy a quiet smoke and a book in the smoke-room.

If guests desire it, a visit by coach to, say, Filey, Bridlington, or Whitby can be arranged. On a wet day, a whist drive or some other sociable pastime will be readily organised.

And—a very important feature—one can be sure of good food. A great pride is taken in catering. The Home is proud of its up-to-date and well-equipped kitchen.

The great advantage of this "home from home" is that it is open all the year round except for a few weeks in late December and early January.

The Home is open to all members of co-operative societies and members of their families over 15 years of age.

The inclusive charge to convalescents, for board and residence, is £8. 8s. od. for a fortnight, and £4. 4s. od. for each additional week.

Anyone wishing to visit the Home, as a convalescent, should enquire for a "recommend form" at his or her local co-operative society's office.

Even if one is not convalescing from an illness but would like a restful holiday in ideal surroundings, it is still possible to visit "Thorpe Dene" as a visitor if application is made direct to the Matron, Co-operative Convalescent Home, "Thorpe Dene," Westwood, Scarborough, Yorkshire. The inclusive charge for visitors is £5. 15s. 6d. per week.

Destitute children from nine nations work and play in harmony at the Children's Village at Pestalozzi

Boys at work on the land in the village at Pestalozzi. In the background, some of the houses

A VILLAGE THAT WORKED MIRACLES

By W. H. OWENS

FROM a sunny hillside above Lake Constance, in Switzerland, came the joyful sound of children at play. Typical wooden chalets with neat gardens and window-boxes suggested just another Swiss mountain village. But this was, in fact, something as yet unique in the world—a village for children from many different lands.

At a high point in the village, under the protective Swiss flag, flew the emblems of the nine nations at present represented there. Some of the recent arrivals at this haven of peace were young refugees from Hungary.

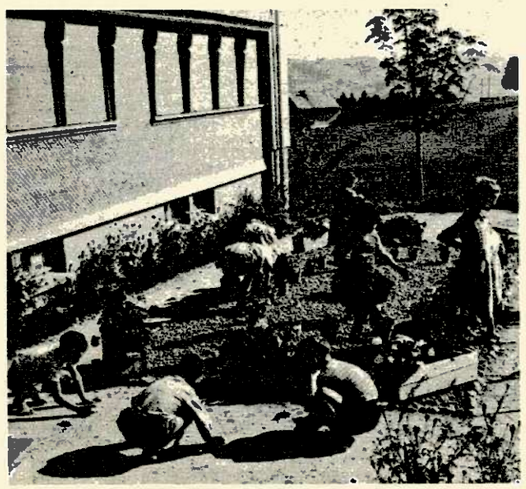
One of the tragic legacies of World War II was the large number of young children left orphaned and homeless all over Europe. Yet out of that tragedy was born the Pestalozzi Children's Village, a great and humane experiment which may perhaps contain a seed for sowing peace among nations in the years ahead.

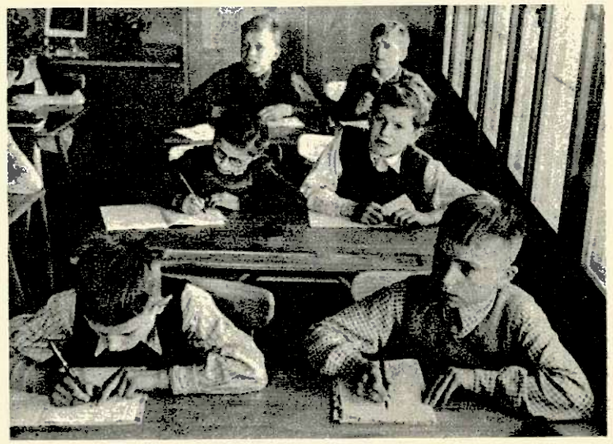
To-day more than 200 boys and girls are growing up in a happy international community amid healthy and beautiful surroundings. The terrible experiences which brought many of them together are now forgotten. Once-neglected orphans are living normal, cared-for lives, laying the foundations of good citizenship.

Each national group lives in its own house with house-parents and teachers of the same nationality. They attend daily lessons as they would in their own countries. But for handicrafts, music, painting, games, and all leisure activities, all the children of the Village mix freely together.

Founder of the Pestalozzi Children's Village was a young Swiss named Walter Corti. While recuperating from tuberculosis early in the last war, his mind dwelt uneasily on Europe's youngest victims, uprooted from their homes and deprived of parents and friends. Then, in 1944, he wrote an article in a Swiss magazine outlining his scheme for a permanent sanctuary for children in neutral Switzerland.

That article brought tremendous response. Offers of building land, subscriptions, and gifts in kind poured in. Typical of Swiss generosity was that of the Zurich hospital nurses, who went without supper





Left, Italian children gardening outside their houses. Above, a class in progress. The children live and study in national groups. In recreation, however, village life becomes truly international

once a week to send money to the Pestalozzi building fund. Swiss children collected all the money needed to build the first four houses.

Early in 1946 more than 600 young volunteers from Britain and 16 other countries arrived at Trogen (the selected site in Eastern Switzerland) to start building. They worked so well under the Zurich architect Hans Fischi, who gave his services, that in the following year the first houses were already occupied by needy children from France, Italy, Germany, and Poland. To-day there are 13 houses and a splendid Community Hall for plays, concerts, and meetings.

Sad, indeed, were many little orphans arriving at Pestalozzi in the early years. One small boy refused to unpack his belongings, saying, "What's the use? I'll only be moved on again." Some had undergone such unnerving experiences that they found it difficult to settle down. But Pestalozzi has worked miracles with such children.

National prejudices had to be overcome too. When the Polish children heard of the arrival of more Germans, they threatened to burn the house down. All was well, however, when the Poles were invited into the German handicrafts shop, where new friendships were quickly formed.

It is during the afternoons, after

Finnish children at play in the meadows surrounding the village

national schooling is over, that village life becomes really international. The joys of music, painting, and handicrafts are common to all children of whatever race. Says Herr Klug, the Swiss composer, who teaches music at Pestalozzi, "Music knows no frontiers. When the children meet for music it leads to common understanding."

For the boys there is carpentry, for the girls cookery and needlework. Most of the children enjoy gardening, and through spring and summer the different houses vie with each other for the gayest flower plots and window-boxes. There are also classes in German, the common language of the village.

Another afternoon activity is the production of the Pestalozzi magazine, *Friendship*, which, except for the printing, is undertaken entirely by the children themselves. One child of each nationality serves on the editorial committee.

Children are trained, of course, to become useful and responsible citizens when they return to their homelands. So the older boys and girls have a choice of practical courses to help them with their future careers. Girls can learn typewriting or dressmaking, for example, while boys can train as farmers or in a variety of trades under Swiss craftsmen in Trogen.

When the time comes for Bruno, John, Marianne, Karl, or Elzbieta to leave the village to take up work or continue studies, close contact is maintained with all of them. They are encouraged to correspond with the house-parents who brought them up, and to whom they can return for holidays. In this way the Pestalozzi family grows larger with the years, and its members, carrying international ideals, spread ever wider over the world.

In 11 years the Pestalozzi Children's Village has grown from a war relief scheme into a centre for international education. It is hoped to establish similar communities in other countries, and plans are already advanced for an international children's village in Britain, where needy children from Europe, the Commonwealth, and elsewhere will grow up together.

Pappy goes home

OLD Pappy trudged slowly along the little path which led across the field to the woods beyond. The autumn wind was cold, and Pappy coughed, and grumbled a little, as a fresh gust whistled and tore through his tattered clothes. His gnarled hands clutched possessively at the dirty bundle which was slung over his back, and the battered old hat pulled low over his eyes. He plodded doggedly on, looking neither to left nor right, his eyes downcast—for he knew the way well enough. Old Pappy was going home.

Home! His thoughts wandered a little, as he visualised dear old Mammy hobbling in and out of the little cottage which had been their home for so many years. Mammy, in her spotless print apron, with the frills standing stiff and starched over the shoulders. Mammy, with her silver grey hair piled in a silken cord over the top of her queenly head, nodding and knitting in the old rocking chair by the fire, where she had crooned in mother tongue over their first-born and only son. Mammy; dear, dear Mammy; with her soft grey eyes, and still softer voice, gently chiding him, in the way good wives always do.

"Now then, Pappy, don't bring your muddy boots into the parlour. Change them outside . . . Pappy, you haven't brought the logs in yet."

And—because he hated it so, and always conveniently forgot, for the well was at the bottom of the garden—she would wag her finger at him, and tell him to fetch the water. "And be quick about it, Pappy, do!"

But Mammy was at rest now, in the little old churchyard beyond the woods, and she would never chide him again. She was gone, and nobody wanted him, and it was so cold! Tears of self pity welled up in the blood-shot eyes, ran in little rivulets down the furrowed cheeks, and glistened on the unshaven bristles of moustache and beard. Pappy sniffed and wiped eyes and nose on the dirty sleeve of his jacket. It was the wind, that's what it was, making his old eyes water so.

OUR SHORT STORY

by ANNE LAWS

So, Mammy was sleeping, and Old Pappy was lost without her, and grew slower and more forgetful than before. He had to leave the cottage and go to live with his son and daughter-in-law. But the son was quite frequently away and Nellie couldn't abide his old ways. She would shout at him, and nag him, till his poor old brain was all befuddled, and he couldn't think properly. "You dirty old man, look at the mud you've brought in my kitchen . . . For goodness sake stop slopping that water all over the place when it's just been cleaned . . . You've forgotten the logs again; must I always keep reminding you? Haven't you a brain? Can't you think for yourself? Must be in your dotage, I should think."

So it went on, until Pappy could stand it no longer, and one day he had crept silently away, taking with him a few belongings, and the little money which he and Mammy had saved in the old tea caddy on the shelf.

But that had been in the summer, when the sun was warm, and the nights balmy, and a bed in the open was no great hardship. Sometimes he had been given odd jobs to do at the farms and big houses he came across in his wanderings, and with an occasional bed, and meals scrounged here and there, he had kept going. When no-one wanted him he slept in old barns, or under hay-stacks or hedges; it didn't matter much to Pappy as long as he had something to eat and a place to sleep, even though it was often under the stars.

But the nights were cold now, and he had developed a cough which racked his old frame and left him weak and trembling after each spasm. So he had decided, reluctantly, to make his way back home. It would at least be warm there, and he could rest and warm his weary old bones.

Nellie! Pappy shuffled a little, and his footsteps lagged as he thought of her. She was a real vixen, if ever there was one! Old Pappy spat venomously, and the wind carried it away, mockingly. He paused to wipe the dribble from his lips, and a spasm of coughing shook him. Exhausted, he stood there, swaying slightly, as the cruel wind whipped and soughed mournfully around him.

He couldn't go on—he couldn't face Nellie again. Nellie, with her biting tongue that was like a whip-lash, her sneers when she saw him returning, like a beaten dog, with his tail between his legs. But the thought of the glowing fire, with flames leaping up the chimney, and the comforting smell of hot broth, steaming on the hob, spurred him on, and once more he trudged along.

He had reached the shelter of the woods now, and the evening had deepened and merged into twilight. It was almost dark in the woods and the wind was not so keen, but for all that Pappy's steps grew slower and more halting. There was a singing in his ears, and his head felt curiously light, very much like the time old Farmer John had given him some potent parsnip wine to drink.

Then, all at once, he heard the music—the deep, throbbing notes of an organ, and the sweet, silvery voices of a choir; and it seemed to be coming from the very depths of the woods. Pappy had never heard such a beautiful sound before, except perhaps in church, when the choir-boys sang. But choir boys wouldn't be here in the woods. Surely it must be the angels singing! Pappy's heart began thumping loudly, and his tired old feet went a little faster; the wonderful music seemed to be drawing him like a magnet.

He came suddenly to a little clearing, and there, in front of him, was a lovely fire, glowing red against the trunk of an old tree. Yes, indeed, the good angels had directed him and led him to this little haven of warmth.

With a little cry that was almost a sob, Pappy hobbled over, and dropping his bundle, crouched beside the fire, and spread his numb hands towards the comforting blaze. How lovely it was to rest and be still, and to be beside a fire again. A warm glow pervaded his whole being, and he closed his eyes.

It seemed that Mammy was there, too, nodding at him from the rocking chair on the other side of the fire. She was smiling, and from the hob rose the beautiful smell of hot broth. Mammy was speaking in her dear, sweet voice, "Now then, Pappy dear, come along. Supper's ready, so let's say our grace."

He smiled contentedly at her, as he clasped his hands together obediently.

* * *

In the grey light of morning, two young lads raced across the fields and into the woods. Young hearts were beating hard, and their minds were anxious. Had the inner woods caught alight? They had been playing round the fire, having a wonderful time, and not realising how quickly the time was passing. Then, all at once, just as Pappy had done, they had heard the sound of the organ, coming from the little church not far away on the outskirts of the woods. They had looked at each other in consternation! The choir practice!

With no further thought of the fire, they had taken to their heels and raced to the church, where a few minutes later their voices were upraised in singing—their faces grubby but angelic.

Eventually they had gone home to bed, tired out as only vigorous young lads can be, and the fire was forgotten. Until this morning, when one of the boys, waking with a start, had remembered. They just had to satisfy themselves before going to school that the fire hadn't set the woods alight.

They reached the clearing and stopped. The fire was out—just a heap of charred ashes against the old tree. But stretched out beside it lay an old man, fast asleep.

One of the boys went over to him and shook him gently. But Pappy did not move. He lay there, with his hands clasped, as if in prayer, and there was a smile of great happiness on his face.

Old Pappy had gone home at last!

New Look for 'Outlook'

FOR nearly forty years *Woman's Outlook* has been a popular fortnightly magazine in many co-operative homes. Containing articles on almost every conceivable subject of interest to the housewife—cookery, knitting, home decoration, fashion, and many other household topics—the *Outlook* has always made a special appeal to members of the Women's Co-operative Guild.

This widespread feminine interest has been further strengthened by well-informed features dealing with the constantly changing phases of co-operative development. In recent years, reports and pictures of the visits of co-operators to other countries, as well as personal interviews with leading women in many social and political fields, have been a notable attraction.

All regular readers of this ever-popular journal will be interested to learn that commencing this month (October) the *Woman's Outlook* becomes a monthly magazine. Increased in size, with many new features, and completely modernised presentation, its new streamlined appearance and attractive illustrations will make all women interested in all aspects of women's welfare, and the progress of the co-operative movement'

Place your order *at once* for a regular copy of the new *monthly Woman's Outlook*, price 6d. It is sure to be in big demand, and may soon be sold out.

MATERIALS.—5 oz. WAVECREST 3-ply wool in main colour; 2 oz. in contrasting colour; 5 in. zip.

MEASUREMENTS.—To fit a 23 to 25 in. chest; length from shoulder measured over back, 14 in.; sleeve seam with cuff, 14 in.

TENSION.—15 stitches and 30 rows to 2 in. measured over pattern.

ABBREVIATIONS.—w.p., working position; h.p., holding position; m., main colour; c., contrasting colour; in., inch.

Note.—Figures in brackets refer to larger size.

HOME MAGAZINE KNITTING PATTERN No. 25

BACK

Using m., cast on 91(95) stitches. Change to tension 3 and knit 40 rows. Drop every alternate stitch and pick up as for ribbing. Change to tension 5 and c. Knit 2 rows. Push the 4th and every following 4th needle into h.p. Change to m. and knit 4 rows. Push needles from h.p. into w.p. Last 6 rows form 1 pattern and are knitted throughout. Knitting in pattern increase 1 stitch at beginning of next and every following 11th and 12th rows 7(8) times altogether (105(111) stitches). Knit 22(28) rows (142(160) rows from beginning of ribbing).

Shape armholes. Cast off 5(6) stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, 3 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows, 2 stitches at beginning of next 2 rows and decrease 1 stitch at beginning of next 10 rows (75(79) stitches).** Knit 20(26) rows. Divide work in centre by pushing 37(39) stitches at left of needle bed into h.p. Transfer the odd stitch in centre on to the adjacent needle. Knit the right half as follows: knit 31 rows.

Shape shoulder. Push 3 needles opposite cam box end into h.p. on next and following alternate rows 7(8) times. Mark stitch 26(27) from right edge with a coloured thread. Knit 1 row. Cast off.

Knit the left half starting with the cam box at left of needle bed and reversing the shapings.

FRONT

Follow instructions for back to ** Knit 32(38) rows.

Shape neck. Divide work in centre by pushing 37(39) needles at left of needle bed into h.p. Knit the right half as follows: knit 1 row. Cast off 8(9) stitches at beginning of next row, knit 1 row. Cast off 2 stitches at beginning of next row, knit 1 row. Decrease 1 stitch at beginning of next and following alternate rows 3 times. Keeping both edges straight and knitting in pattern, knit 13(15) rows.

Shape shoulder. Push 4 needles opposite cam box end into h.p. on next and following alternate rows 5(6) times. Knit 1 row. Push all needles into w.p. Knit 1 row. Cast off.

Knit the left half, starting with cam box at left of needle bed, reversing the shapings and casting off 7(8) stitches in centre instead of 8(9).

SLEEVES

Using m., cast on 42(48) stitches. Change to tension 3 and knit 40 rows. Drop every alternate stitch and pick up as for ribbing. Change to tension 5. Start knitting in pattern as given for the back and increase 1 stitch at beginning of next 2 rows and every following 7th and 8th rows 18(19) times altogether (78(86) stitches). Knit 18(22) rows (196(208) rows from beginning of ribbing). (Knit 1 extra row for the second sleeve.)

Shape top. Push 5 needles opposite cam box end into h.p. on next row, 2 needles on next row, 3 needles on next row, 2 needles on next 3 rows, 1 needle on next 48(56) rows, 2 needles on next 2 rows and 3 needles on next 2 rows. Push needles opposite cam box end into w.p. Knit 1 row without pattern. Push all needles into w.p. Knit 1 row. Cast off.

Knit another sleeve in the same way, noting alteration in number of rows worked.

COLLAR

Using m., cast on 110(120) stitches. Change to tension 3 and knit 50 rows. Drop every alternate stitch and pick up as for ribbing. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Join the shoulder seams. Press. Set in the sleeves with the more shaped part towards the front. Press. Join the sleeve and side seams. Press. Sew collar into position. Work 2 rows of crochet round the back opening. Press. Sew in the zip. Inspect the garment and give final pressing.

CUTTY SARK comes to rest

By GRISELL WYMER

CUTTY SARK, last remaining example of the fast sailing merchantmen, is now permanently berthed in her dry dock at Greenwhich, alongside the Royal Naval College and near the National Maritime Museum, open to the public for all to see.

She has been completely overhauled and refitted from the proceeds of public appeal so that she is a perfect example of the great sailing ships of bygone days. There, both young and old, inspired by the stories of our famous sailors and their equally famous ships, can go and see for themselves exactly what these ships looked like; what materials they were made of and where their crews lived and worked.

Cutty Sark in her dry dock at Greenwich

Cutty Sark was built to the orders of Captain Willis, a London ship owner, whose ambition was to win the Tea Clipper Race home from China. The contract was placed with Scott and Linton of Dumbarton, with orders to use only the very best materials. This firm underestimated her price and went bankrupt, so she was finally completed by Denny Brothers.

The launching took place on November 23rd, 1869, and was performed by the wife of her first captain, George Moodie, a native of West Wemyss. He had been at sea since he was 18 and had gained his master's certificate at the age of 32 in 1861.

He was very proud of the *Cutty Sark* and said of her; "She was built for me. I superintended the building and fitting of her and I never sailed a finer ship. At ten or twelve knots she did not disturb the water at all. Although she was a very sharp ship, just like a yacht, her spread of canvas was enormous and with patent and hand log I have measured her up to 17½ knots. She was the fastest ship of her day, a grand ship, a ship that will last for ever."

The first years of the *Cutty Sark* were spent in the tea trade but she failed to win the blue riband through ill luck. This was in the year 1872 when, 400 miles in the lead on the way home from Shanghai, she lost her rudder in the Indian Ocean which put her out of the race. Nevertheless, under Captain Moodie she made such runs as 363 miles in a day, averaging 15 knots; 2,164 miles in six days; and 3,457 miles in eleven days. Altogether the *Cutty Sark* made eight voyages in the tea trade from 1870 to 1877; four from Shanghai and four from Woosung.

With the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 came a setback to the use of sailing ships; these were unable to use the canal whereas steamships could, thus shortening the time taken at sea by many days. Very soon the Clippers were out of the tea trade and like other sailing ships had to find other work.

Then came the Australian wool trade and in 1882 *Cutty Sark* showed her paces by making the voyage home to Deal from Newcastle, New South Wales, in 82 days; whereupon she was employed regularly carrying wool home to England.

Two years later she came under the command of Captain Richard Woodget, who, though her last English master, sailed her into fame. It was under him that she finally won the blue riband of the seas and held it for several years.

She had twelve glorious years in this trade until 1895 when, much to the disgust of Captain Woodget, he found on his return to London that she had been sold to the Portuguese. She was registered at Lisbon under the new name of *Ferreira*.

For the next twenty years she had many and various adventures including twice losing her rudder and finally being dismasted and reduced to a barquentine.

It was in this guise that Captain Wilfred Dowman, of Falmouth, and his wife bought her back from the Portuguese in 1922. She was brought home to

Cutty Sark's newly-carved figurehead is a replica of the original one

Falmouth where she was once more restored to the full glory of a clipper.

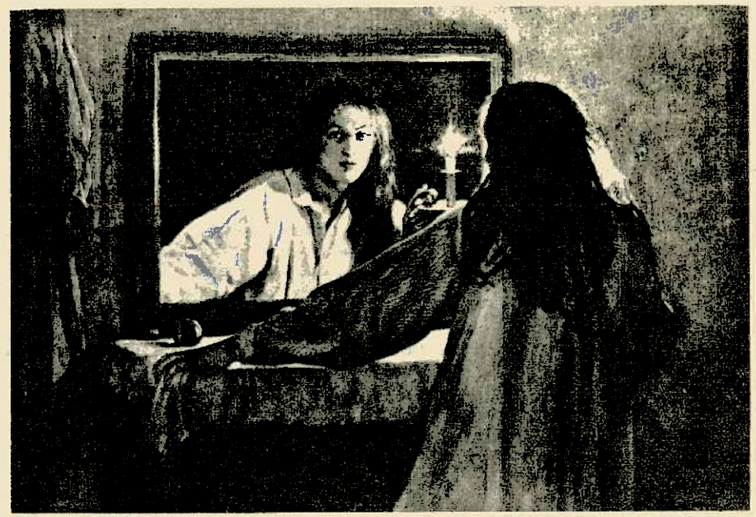
Captain Dowman died in 1936 and his widow presented *Cutty Sark* to *H.M.S. Worcester*, to be used as part of the Nautical Training College at Greenhithe on the Thames. When she was no longer useful in this capacity she was presented to the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society in 1953 to be preserved for posterity as a symbol of the old merchantmen.

Originally it was intended she should carry a crew of 28 but in the tea trade her complement was reduced to 24. These were captain, mate, second mate, boatswain, carpenter, sailmaker, eight apprentices, eight A.B's, a cook, and a steward.

It is interesting to compare the living conditions of those men with the quarters provided for the crews of to-day in our ocean-going merchantmen — cabins, electric light, heating, hot and cold water and recreations rooms!

Then it was wood, rope, and canvas to the extent of three quarters of an acre! Now it is diesel engines, wireless and radar.

Only the elements are constant. Wind and wave, reef and shoal, the hazards of the sea remain.



"Mirror, ere I go to bed, show me the man that I'm to wed," demands the maiden in Sir John Collier's picture "Hallowe'en" [Hulton Library photo

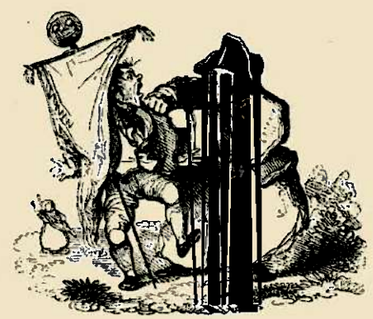
CHARMS and OMENS for NUTCRACK NIGHT

By MARY BURDETT

MYSTIC Hallowe'en! There seems to be a thrill about the very name. A century or so ago the country folk identified the date of October 31st with superstition and terror; but now Hallowe'en is a jolly good excuse for a party! We may be sure that this year will prove no exception. There will be dances and socials galore—with all the usual trimmings of witches, fairies, black cats, and turnip lanterns to add colour to the scene.

The spirits of divination are always thought to be active on Hallowe'en, and lads and lassies curious about their future mates can pose romantic queries to the Fates.

Apples and nuts have always figured prominently in these fortune-telling games—hence the old name of Nutcrack Night for Hallowe'en.



GIVING UP THE GHOST.

In Belgium it was customary to consult the future by throwing *two* nuts into the fire, and watching their behaviour very carefully. If both nuts burned steadily, the omen was an excellent one. If one nut popped and spluttered, the omen was not so good—numerous tiffs would disturb married bliss. But if both nuts misbehaved the outlook was dark indeed and the young couple concerned would be well advised to choose other partners.

In Scotland many of the ancient customs still survive.

If you are curious about your future husband you must enter a darkened room carrying only one candle. Brush your hair—or eat an apple—while peering into your looking-glass. Then, if you are possessed of the faith that can move mountains, you will see the face of the man you are destined to wed appear over your shoulder in the mirror.

Apple rites are always popular at Hallowe'en.

Sussex maidens, in olden times, were wont to fasten their apples to strings which were twirled round before a hot fire. It was fancied that she whose apple was the first to fall, was destined to become the first bride, and so on in succession. Single blessedness was the lot of she whose apple was the last to fall.

> *The auld guidwife's well hoordit nits*
> *Are round and round divided,*
> *And many lads' and lasses' fates*
> *Are there that night decided.*
>
> —Robbie Burns

In bygone days a Lancashire lassie who was curious about her future would walk around her bedroom in a circle, squeezing an apple pip 'twixt the thumb and finger of her right hand, while she recited the following Hallowe'en charm—

Pippin, pippin, Paradise,
Tell me where my true love lies,
East, west, north or south,
Pilling Brig or Cockermouth.

She would note well the direction that the pip took when it flew out, as in that direction abode her future sweetheart!

A dish of chappit taties or mashed potatoes is often prepared by the busy Scottish housewife for the Hallowe'en rites. In the potatoes are hidden many tiny charms—a ring for marriage; a heart, romance; a key, the solving of some problem; a coin, prosperity; and so on.

The room is darkened and the excited guests get busy with their spoons trying to discover what Fate has in store.

Then there is the water test with three bowls—one filled with clean water, the second with dirty, while the third is left empty.

The lads and lassies who are seeking an omen are blindfolded and led to the table, where they dip a ring finger in the bowl. Needless to say the bowls are changed round every time.

Clean water indicates that, as far as courtship and marriage are concerned, everything will be plain sailing. The dirty water, naturally enough, suggests trouble, a stormy wooing! An empty basin foretells that the inquirer is unlikely to wed—at least not before a year has elapsed.

Of course, if these charms fail to work, you can always try hemp sowing in secret, or dipping your coat in the burn where the lands of three lairds meet, as thrillingly described in the poem by Bobbie Burns.

Another notion was to take a winnowing basket to a barn and go through the action of winnowing corn three times; but you were warned to take the door off the hinges first, in case mischievous spirits locked you in!

Centuries ago, Lancashire had more than its share of superstitions. And the Malkin Tower, a ruined farmhouse in the forest of Pendle, was thought to be a favourite haunt of witches on All Hallowe'en.

The ancient Celts looked upon October 31st as the last day of the old year and the beginning of winter. And they believed that the souls of the departed returned to earth once more to visit the homes of their descendants and enjoy the warmth and good cheer provided for them.

For centuries Hallowe'en has been identified with mystic lore and legend, but it is in a more lighthearted fashion to-day that we keep up the ancient festival.

Beauty and the beast at a modern Hallowe'en party. The party was thrown last year to greet the arrival in this country of film star Barbara Bates [Hulton Library photo

OWLS are birds to be encouraged

By DAVID GUNSTON **Illustrated by ERIC HOSKING**

ALTHOUGH economically the most useful of all our wild birds, owls have for centuries been objects of superstition. Even to-day many people dislike these strange-looking creatures. Perhaps this is not surprising for the owl is normally a nocturnal creature, found in such places as old churchyards, rotten trees, ruins, and desolate spots, while its eerie hooting can certainly inspire fear. Without exception owls have a very silent flight which tends to make the birds seem sinister, while the facial appearance, the disproportionately large eyes with their surrounding discs of stiff feathers, give the owl a fierce foreboding expression.

Few birds have so many weird stories told about them. Not long ago it was commonly believed that owls regularly took part in the nightly ritual of witches. The presence of a barn or white owl near one's premises was thought to foretell a death in the family, while to kill one of these birds was to bring the worst of all luck upon oneself.

Yet the owl deserves none of this blackening of character. At the present time, when vast numbers of rats and mice form a national menace, he is doing yeoman service in destroying large numbers of these vermin.

Britain to-day has five native owls. Commonest and best-known are the beautifully-plumaged barn owl and the familiar brown or tawny owl. The former sometimes known as the screech owl, is by far the best vermin-killer of the lot, and the numbers even a single pair of birds will destroy is amazing. A naturalist who dissected 700 food pellets disgorged by a pair of nesting barn owls estimated they represented 2,513 rats and mice. Another pair were known to bring to their nest of young birds 27 mice and four rats in a single night.

Unfortunately barn owls are not as common as they might be and in some areas have almost disappeared in recent years. They are stay-at-home creatures, rarely straying from one district where they nest every April and May in close proximity to man who, as often as not, repays their service to him with slaughter. Old tree-stumps, holes in barns and ruins, and church-towers are most favoured as breeding-sites, and in the dark the round white eggs are laid, eventually to hatch into fierce, grotesque, and hungry owlets.

Contrary to the popular belief this bird does not hoot, its usual call being an unearthly shriek that can be very frightening when heard at close quarters for the first time.

The tawny owl is more widespread than the barn owl, and although not so

The beautifully-plumaged barn owl, one of our two commonest native owls, about to enter its nesting hole with a young rat

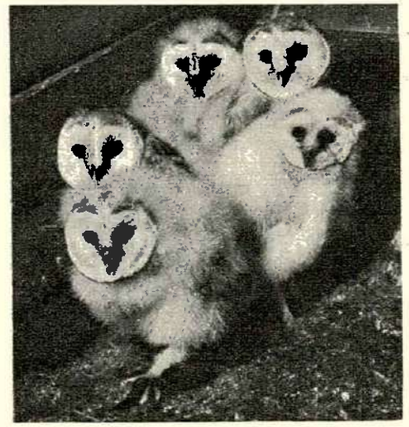
spectacular in coloration, is nevertheless handsomely marked and mottled in varying shades of chestnut and dark brown. Like most owls it is mainly nocturnal, its appearance in daylight generally being the result of an intruder straying into its usual daytime quarters. These may be in a tree or ivy-covered building, and there the bird will stand upright, dozing till dusk. Should any small birds discover the owl in this position, they treat it with angry suspicion, mobbing it with shrill cries. The persistent clicking note of a blackbird, if heard during the daytime, is usually a sign of an owl nearby.

It is this bird that has such an unmistakable note, the long-drawn quavering hoot which most folk associate with owls.

The tawny or brown owl is also an expert pest-destroyer, eating large quantities of young rats, voles, mice, young rabbits, and shrews as well as numbers of injurious insects.

When hunting at night both the barn and tawny owls fly fairly low on slow silent wings. This noiseless flight is thought to serve a twofold purpose; besides allowing the close approach of the bird over the unsuspecting victims on the ground beneath, it also enables the owl to pick out the tiny squeakings of its prey, sounds so minute that they would otherwise be drowned amid the noise of the owl's own wings. On occasion owls, the tawny variety in particular, become very fierce when nesting, attacking human beings as well as smaller creatures.

The third of our British owls is the little owl, introduced into the country in the eighties. Since then it has spread over three-quarters of Britain, but is still uncommon in Scotland and the North of England. Since its introduction by well-meaning Lord Lilford and others this noisy little day-flying owl—it is no bigger than a thrush—has been the object of much persecution, scorn, and investigation.



Because of its appetite for game chicks it has been unpopular, but apart from individual isolated cases the little owl does good by eating harmful grubs, moths, and other insects, as well as some small rats and mice.

The long-eared owl, so called from the ear-like tufts of feathers protruding over the eyes, is a secretive bird of the coniferous woodlands in chosen localities in Britain. It does eat rodents as well as small birds, but as it avoids man and is even more silent than the other owls, its usefulness is often overlooked.

The short-eared owl, a very different bird of the moors and open spaces, is chiefly a winter visitor, although some pairs nest on the ground on heaths and marshes. In times of vast plagues of voles, as in 1891-3, it appears in large numbers to clear up the land.

All owls have special features that fit them for their mode of living. Apart from their silent flight they have large light-collecting eyes, not to mention enormous microphonic ears. It is unfortunate that they should be persecuted, and we might well take a tip from the Ancient Greeks who associated owls with Minerva, goddess of wisdom, for whoever preserves and encourages our native owls is wise indeed.

Left, a nest of five young barn owls. Above, the Little Owl, a voracious hunter of insects, will also take small rats and mice, and sometimes, it must be admitted, game chicks

Gold Mine

By JAN WELZL

TUMBLING down a sheer wall of ice . . . I landed safe on a bed of solid gold. Snow broke my fall.

I couldn't believe my eyes. But the mountain ledge was veined with gold in all directions and chunks of gold had broken free. I filled my pockets. I whooped with glee in the Arctic hush. The echo batted back from the ravine slopes. Then I realised that all the gold on earth would be useless if I were *lost*.

I toiled my way back up the slope. Commanding a view, I was able to judge my direction eastward. I told myself I could return to the seam, load my sledge with gold, and return next day to stake a claim.

But I was nearing the pitch of utter exhaustion.

That's how I found a mountain of gold —a lode worth millions—in the Porcupine River territory west of Akhtvik in Northern Alaska. Yet, slipping and slithering, I judged I no longer had the strength to clamber down to the ledge again.

And that's how I lost it.

You have to play for safety in the Arctic. I had been down through the hills to the Henson Pass settlement.

It was in 1915 and the Eskimoes were in the throes of their midwinter madness, singing, dancing, and engaged in other pastimes not so innocent.

My hospitable friend, Macdonald, opened up his store of rum as we exchanged fur-trading yarns. When my dogs and I headed back for my trapping post, I went singing past the snow drifts.

Then the effect of the rum changed to intense drowsiness. Though keeping general direction by a cold head wind, I ceased to control the dogs.

Huskies are unreliable. Unless you watch, they wander from the trail and follow their own.

I came out of my torpor to find myself in unknown country in the ice-bound hills.

Unworried, I turned the dogs back along their tracks. We scrambled through gorges of narrow rock, raced up and down the slopes.

Then Fate took a hand. The sky assumed the blue haze of storm. The flakes of the blizzard soon blotted out the tracks.

Sheltering under a rocky wall, we camped through the storm. But where were we? Near at hand a distinct peak in the hills gave me hope that I could climb and discover my landmarks.

After mounting the slopes I tethered the dogs. But the inviting hill proved deceptive. Beyond the snow the sheer granite offered no foothold. The only prospect was to edge round, hoping for better luck on the other side.

Presently I began to cross the head of a ravine . . . and danger snapped. That's when I went rolling down the slope, bringing a minor avalanche in my wake.

And so I sat staring at GOLD!

Deliberately I fluttered my eyes, for one effect of cold and weariness is that you see things which do not exist. In the Arctic, as in the desert, a man can be fooled.

Yet the nuggets I pocketed were reassuringly solid. When I picked up what bearings I could and returned to the dogs, I knew that the gold was real.

I made two stone cache marks beside the trail. As the dogs hurried on, I noted as many landmarks as I could. Every mile or two I stopped, trying to memorise the scene.

Hour after hour we hurried on, steadily eastward. And at last I recognised the trail between my post and Henson Pass.

I made a cache of everything I could spare from the sledge, marking the point

where I had come out of the hills. Westward from this point my gold would be found.

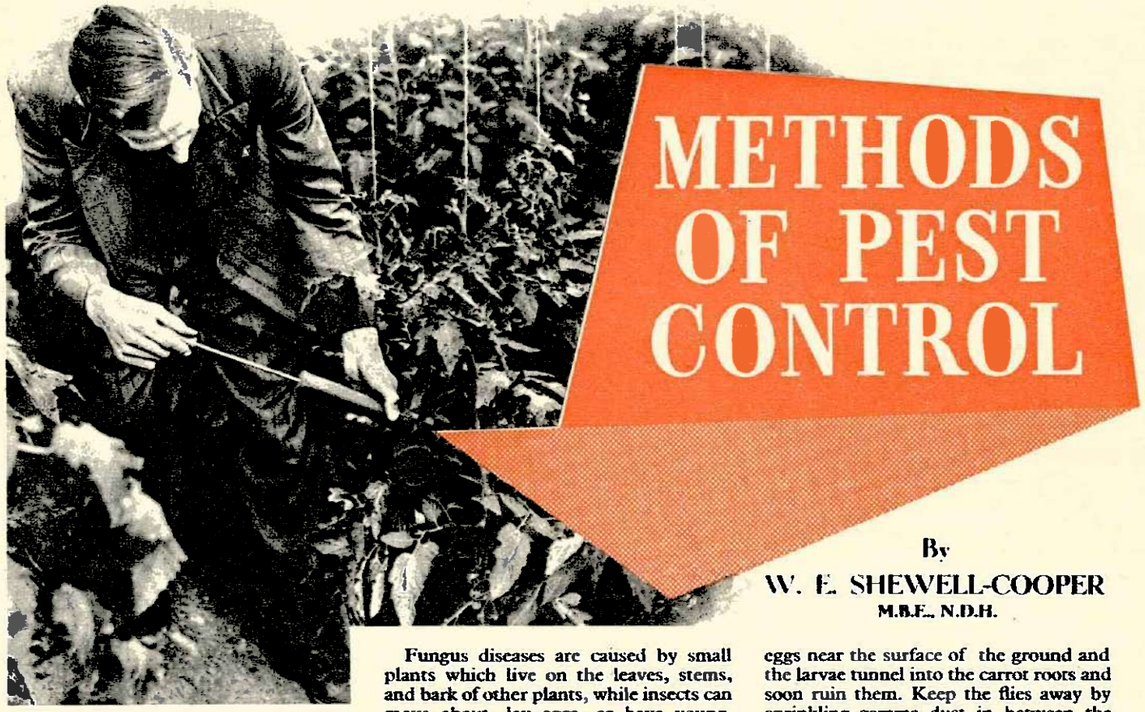
But it wasn't!

I reached my post safely, made a meal and slept. From the cache on the trail I set out afresh. But once again a snowfall had hidden my tracks.

Muskeg and hills . . . all looked different. I strained to recognise landmarks—and couldn't be sure. I spent weeks, clambering up and down, searching for the lost ravine.

The gold in my pockets assayed well. It was a small fortune in itself. And I enlisted Eskimo aid, combing the terrain systematically. I searched for three years before I called off the hunt.

In the silence, in the snows, the gold still waits—a lucky strike to reward some other young man.



METHODS OF PEST CONTROL

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

MY work as a horticultural adviser has convinced me that in far too many cases growers take the fatalistic attitude that nothing can be done to eradicate pests and diseases.

In the first place, it must be made perfectly clear that the problem starts with the soil. If the earth is properly and regularly fed with organic matter, and if the humus content of the soil is really high, then plants have every chance of growing healthily and are not likely to be so easily or readily attacked by either diseases or pests. Therefore, the first job of the gardener is to feed the ground and to be wary of using artificial fertilisers, or chemical manures as they are so often called, other than as a tonic.

Half the battle against disease or pests is being able to diagnose the trouble correctly. Insects that suck, for instance, must be killed by spraying with such liquids as nicotine or Derris, which paralyses their nerve centres, while those that actually eat the leaves can be destroyed with a poison. It is important to avoid the mistakes of the gardener who classifies all troubles as blight, the man whose one "medicine" is a mixture of soot and lime, or perhaps he thinks that D.D.T. is the answer to everything! You must learn to diagnose the different troubles.

Let us discuss one or two diseases and pests that may be met with in all parts of the country.

Fungus diseases are caused by small plants which live on the leaves, stems, and bark of other plants, while insects can move about, lay eggs, or have young. There are the aphides, many species of them, which will distort the foliage, ruin flowers, suck the sap, check growth, and will transmit many virus diseases like yellow edge and crinkle in strawberries, and mosaic in lilies. They generally deposit on the stems and leaves of plants an excretion known as honey dew, which is loved by ants.

In the case of fruit trees and bushes, the eggs may be killed in the winter by dissolving one pint of an efficient tar oil wash in 10 gallons of water and spraying the plants. With other plants, it is usual to use nicotine and a spreader, or liquid derris. The latter is popular because it is not poisonous except to fish, but it is not quite as effective as nicotine.

Slugs and snails can be controlled by metaldehyde. You can buy little pellets of this chemical, which are thrown on to the soil where slugs abound. You can get these from the C.W.S. Horticultural Department, Osmaston Park Road, Derby, and obtain your co-operative dividend on your purchase in the usual way.

Wireworms can be got rid of by means of Gammexane, a powder sold as gamma dust which is applied at the rate of about half an ounce to the square yard. It is possible to buy a fairly taintless type and enquiries should be made from your Co-operative Society.

The carrot fly, a small dark insect of a deep shiny bottle green colour, is another destructive insect. The females lay their eggs near the surface of the ground and the larvae tunnel into the carrot roots and soon ruin them. Keep the flies away by sprinkling gamma dust in between the rows at one ounce per yard run just before thinning, and again 10 days later. The thinned carrots should not be left lying about to attract the pest, but should be put on the compost heap for rotting down. The onion fly produces similar maggots, and can be controlled in the same way.

There are two species of maggots which ruin apples. One is the larva of the codling moth, which is usually not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. A first spray must be applied by the end of the second week of June, the formula being 1 lb. of lead arsenate paste to 25 gallons of water. The spray is directed on to the developing fruitlets. A second spray is usually given about three weeks later. The sawfly is the other pest, and the baby caterpillar bores into the side of the young fruits leaving a sticky mess where it enters. It can be differentiated from the larva of the codling because it has a very objectionable odour. Control by spraying the trees with nicotine and a spreader immediately after 80 per cent of the petals have fallen. One ounce of nicotine to 12 gallons of water is sufficient.

Enough has been said to show there is an answer to almost every trouble. The great thing is to tackle each problem in its early stages. Be observant and attack the enemy the moment it appears.

You can always obtain free advice by writing to the author of this article c/o Co-operative Home Magazine.

For the JUNIORS

DEAR JUNIORS,—Rainy weather and dark nights mean its time to turn to indoor pastimes and hobbies again. There are so many activities to choose from—stamp collecting, woodwork, marquetry, lino cuts, knitting, embroidery, weaving—I could go on for ever. But I expect each of you already has a favourite hobby, and if you enter for this month's competition, it can even win a prize for you. Send in your entry right away. Your friend, BILL.

THIS MONTH'S COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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

MY FAVOURITE HOBBY

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

Remember these rules:

(a) The essay must be your own work and in your own handwriting.

(b) Give your full names, age, and address.

(c) Post your essay as soon as possible to The Editor, "Co-operative HOME Magazine," C.W.S. Ltd., 1 Balloon Street, Manchester. (Put 2½d. stamp on the envelope.)

August Competition Winners

Vivienne Williams,
24 Pennsylvania Road, Exeter, Devon

Mollie Smith,
109 County Road, Swindon, Wilts.

IN DAYS GONE BY

Lit by a flickering candle and operated by turning a handle, this early movie machine entertained its audiences with revolving strips of illustrated figures. It was invented 'way back in 1877.

THIS MONTH'S PUZZLES

Pied Places

A well-known English town is jumbled in each of these phrases. Can you unravel them all?

DEAR GIN
SWEET CLAN
FORT WAD
CHEER ST

Two Trees

Put two trees in place of the rows of X's so that you have five five-letter words reading down.

P M T S C
X X X X X
E I A R I
X X X X X
T S E E P

Missing Town

Can you think of an Italian town whose letters can be used to complete this word-square?

– H A S E
H A – E –
A V O – D
S – I Z E
E N D – D

Happy Breed

The words below can be rearranged so that reading diagonally from top left to bottom right you have the name of a breed of dog. What is the breed?

D E F E N D E R
L E A P F R O G
F A B U L O U S
C H I N A M A N
S E L E C T O R
P A R A G O N S
P E A R D R O P
P R O V I D E D

How many friends

Tom had 121 marbles which he shared out equally among himself and his friends. How many friends had he?

WHO WROTE . . .?

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

And what was the name of the book? Answer in column 4.

WHAT IS IT?

Here's a very easy puzzle picture for you this month. Some of you see it almost from this angle when you're riding to school on your cycle. Answer in column 4

Howlers

A metaphor is a thing you shout through.
A magnet is a collective noun.
Where there's a will, there's a dead person.
The difference between 106 and 54 is that oné is more than the other.
Joan of Arc was the daughter of a poor pheasant.
A metaphor is a shooting star.
When flying, it is safer to wear a parasite.
The feminine of manager is menagerie.

Riddles

WHAT craftsman uses his last first? *A shoemaker.*
WHAT is a good thing to keep, yet part with? *A comb.*
WHAT stays hot in cold weather? *Pepper.*

Puzzle Solutions

Pied Places: Reading, Newcastle, Watford, Chester.
Two Trees: Larch, Alder.
Missing Town: Venice.
Happy Breed: Labrador.
How many friends? Ten.
What is it? A cycle lamp.
Who wrote . . .? Lewis Carroll in **Alice in Wonderland.**

LITTLE OLIVER

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"Now! L.O." says Jane. "Every sniff of that awful bad egg smell is to be hosed off the ship!"

"Oh dear! The Captain's certainly very thorough once he does get started on a job."

Just a spot too thorough perhaps.

L.O. has always wanted to tell Jane where she got off. Now he's wondering if he hasn't overdone it! Where is Jane? And it's cold for bathing.

TAMWORTH INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LTD.

5, COLEHILL, TAMWORTH

Mannequin Parades

AS you will see from the advertisement, the drapery department is holding mannequin parades in the Youth Centre, Albert Road, Tamworth, on October 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

These parades have been so popular that they are now one of the events of the year in Tamworth, and are eagerly looked forward to by young and the not so young, for the styles and fashions for all ages will be shown.

The models are displayed by local girls and women under the supervision of Mr. Yates, drapery manager, and you will find the parades well worth a visit. They will prove that if it is style, fashion, quality, and value for your money that you want, your own society can provide it.

Make a note of the dates.

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. F. Deakin, 10, Fairfields Hill, Polesworth, September 4th.

Tree Lore

Two Swedish scientists have invented an instrument which will determine the age of trees and gauge their relative growth each year. Details of the invention were given at the annual meeting of the Academy of Agricultural Sciences in Stockholm.

A core is taken from the trunk of a tree and fed into the machine, which is a combination of electric computor and microscope. The machine counts the concentric rings in the wood and also measures the width between, representing yearly growth. From this information, forestry experts can assess the results of programmes for thinning out given forest areas, and are thus able to plan and forecast forest resources more accurately.

In the past, such statistics were only obtained after long and painstaking research.

Pushing Back the Sea

Years of experience in wresting land from the sea have given the Dutch nation a particular claim to "know-how" in hydraulic engineering. This knowledge is to be made available to engineers from other countries during a one-year course starting in October at the Technological University of Delft.

Instruction will be given in English, and a choice of three branches of study is offered: tidal and coastal engineering, including harbours; rivers and navigation works; and reclamation, including groundwater recovery. Lectures, individual instruction, and group discussions will alternate with excursions and practical work on the hydraulic construction project. A diploma in hydraulic engineering will be awarded to participants who reach a required standard during their studies.

Members' Half-yearly Meeting

The meeting was held at the Assembly Hall on Wednesday, September 4th. Mr. E. Collins was in the chair, and all members of the board were present except Mr. Mugleston, who was on holiday, and Mr. J. Wrench, who was indisposed.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed on the proposal of Mr. C. Brown, seconded by Mr. A. E. Langtry. The chairman referred to the absence of Mr. Wrench, and the members present resolved that a suitable letter be sent to him.

The attention of members is called to the poor attendance at this meeting. Only 32 attended out of 17,521.

We only hold two meetings per year, so surely it is not asking too much that you should make an effort to spare the two hours or so necessary to attend a members' meeting.

The society is yours—why leave your responsibilities to the "other fellow"?

The committee will carry on doing their best for you whether you come or not, but it would be more encouraging to them if you showed a little more interest.

Mr. Collings then referred to the death of Mr. A. E. Young, and said of him that one of our old servants, and a very trusted servant, had passed away. Those of us who had been associated with the society for many years knew the worth of Mr. Young. The members then stood for a moment in silence as a mark of respect.

Chairman's Report

The chairman, in presenting the report, said it was one of the best which had been presented to a members' meeting. Sales had increased by about 11 per cent, which was about 3 per cent more than the general level of increase throughout the country, and the board were most grateful to all who had contributed to that success.

The chairman continued, "I feel that the time has arrived when we must move forward with the least possible delay and give to our members the best possible opportunity of doing all their shopping in their own co-operative shops. We are about to embark on a very large building scheme. We have opened a shop at Kingsbury and we have been trying to do this for many years. In addition we have acquired and opened business premises, known as the Gothic Stores, at Bolehall, purchased from Mr. Hubble. Our members in that area should have no complaints, but if they have, and will let us know, we will deal with them."

Mr. Collins went on to say that the society had negotiated for the purchase of valuable premises at Mile Oak and hoped to commence business about the end of the month. That would afford members a service which he felt they would look forward to with pride. Some alterations would have to be made to the premises, of course, and he hoped members would bear with them during the period of alteration. They would then have their own shop and would have goods of the highest quality.

Mr. Collins continued: "How much further we can go with branch shops I cannot say. We have by now covered most of the large areas. Mile Oak will be the 10th branch shop which has been opened since the commencement of the last war. I feel convinced that these premises will be well patronised by our members and fulfil a long-felt need.

"We shall be developing the College Lane site in the near future, and your committee has given long and careful thought to this matter. We have engaged the C.W.S. architect after considering competitive plans by a London architect. There may be some alterations when the plans are submitted to the local authority, but a start will be made as soon as possible, and someone will have to work quickly. The new premises will be of great value to our members, who should, of course, have the very best premises in which to shop under the most hygienic conditions."

The chairman assured members that the committee had gone to a lot of trouble and thought in connection with that great venture, and when it was done he hoped members would realise the amount of thought which had been put into it for their convenience, and that the average purchases per member would go up to £2. He saw no reason why it should not if the goods were presented in such a way as to appeal. Some societies, possibly, went forward with very commodious premises on borrowed capital. If they had such premises there was a possibility of lower dividend.

"We are trying to avoid that," said Mr. Collins, "and I believe we can avoid it if the future management of this society will follow up as we have done and have the money before we spend it. There is no reason why the dividend should have to go at the expense of luxurious shops.

"The first stage will be at the corner of College Lane and other stages will follow. We want the premises as soon as it is humanly possible to get them. The committee have bought the cattle sale

yard to meet a pressing need. The grocery warehouse in Aldergate is so congested that there is difficulty in doing the work. Plans are being prepared which will be submitted to the local authority for a new grocery warehouse on the cattle sale yard, and we hope to have a place worthy of the society and a good place in which to work."

Mr. Langtry seconded the report. He thought progress was solid and would continue. Mr. C. Brown commented on the average purchases per member and said they were really good, having regard to the fact that there were many old members who could not spend so much.

The chairman said that when the new premises were completed members' purchases could go up to an average of £2 per week.

The report was carried.

The chairman then introduced Mr. Bond, the new assistant grocery manager, and Mr. McLoughlin, who is to be manager of Kingsbury branch.

Questions and Answers

Mr. A. E. Langtry asked whether there was a refrigerator at Kingsbury, to which the chairman replied, "not yet." Further questions by Mr. C. Brown on the balance sheet accounts were answered by the secretary.

Mr. Langtry asked for details of the pensions charge in the surplus and deficiency account, and the secretary gave the information.

The balance sheet, providing for a dividend of 1s. 5d., was moved by Mr. F. Wood, seconded by Mr. B. Brookes, and carried.

Mr. F. Wood moved the education committee's accounts and these were duly adopted. Mr. Morgan moved, and Mr. F. Wood seconded, the recommendation of the committee that the following donations be made: £2. 2s. to the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Tamworth division, and £2. 2s. to the St. John Ambulance Brigade, Wilnecote division. This was carried.

Mr. F. Day moved "that confirmation be given to the following subscriptions: British Optical Association, £5. 5s.; Midland Co-operative Convalescent Fund, £70. 15s. 2d.; Stafford Federation Co-operative Party, £2; International Co-operative Alliance, £24; Co-operative Union Limited (Co-operative Party), £54; Friends of St. Matthew's Hospital, Burntwood, £5. 5s.; C.W.S. Midland Sectional Representation Committee, £2. 2s.; Midland Co-operative Ladies Association—Representation Committee, 10s.; Necessitous Members, &c., £85. 18s. 5d.

This was seconded by Mr. C. Brown and carried.

Elections

Mr. F. Wood was elected delegate to C.W.S. divisional meetings on the proposition of Mr. F. Egan, seconded by Mr. Tomson. Mr. T. Lee was elected delegate to the annual Co-operative Congress on the proposal of Mr. C. T. Hinds, seconded by Mr. Langtry.

The chairman explained that one of the four candidates nominated for the education committee, Mr. H. Upton, had left the society, so that an election by ballot was not now necessary. He therefore declared Messrs. J. Hinds, F. Wood, and Mrs. Sheriff duly elected to serve for 18 months.

The arbitrators were re-elected on the proposal of Mr. C. Brown.

The auditor, Mr. Barlow, was re-elected on the proposal of Mr. A. E. Langtry, seconded Mr. C. Brown.

The scrutineer, Mr. A. E. Langtry, was re-elected on the proposal of Mr. B. rookes, seconded by Mr. F. Wood.

Nominations

The following nominations were received for the education committee:—

Mr. R. J. Longden, proposer Mr. C. W. Deakin, seconder Mr. A. E. Langtry.

Mrs. O. Warne, proposer Mrs. Egan, seconder Mr. F. Day.

Mr. C. Brown, proposer Mr. F. Wood, seconder Mr. Tomson.

The society has received an anonymous letter in reference to the prices of goods. The committee is interested in the subject matter of this letter, and, if the writer will let us have his or her name, address, and share number, they will be pleased to investigate the points raised.

Reports

Mr. F. Wood gave a report on the C.W.S. divisional meeting at Nottingham, and this was duly accepted on the proposal of Mr. A. E. Langtry, seconded Mr. C. Brown.

Mr. R. J. Longden reported on the Brighton Congress, and his report was accepted on the proposal of Mr. C. Brown, seconded by Mr. F. Morgan.

Other Business

Mr. F. Morgan commented on the appeal made at Congress in connection with *Reynolds News*, when a delegate from Nottingham had said a campaign there had produced 2,000 readers. Mr. Morgan appealed to members to take the paper. "Co-operative Press Limited are not asking for charity—they want readers," he said.

The secretary commented on that part of the Congress report which concerned tax-free investment of capital, and pointed out that those societies which wanted it were short of money. The weakness was that the society would be paying tax on some members' money when they were not liable for tax at all. It would be a retrograde step.

The Congress delegate, Mr. Longden, said societies asking for taxed investments were those which had suffered damage in air-raids and needed money

The chairman declared Messrs. L. Harper, F. Morgan, and J. W. Stafford duly elected to serve on the committee of management for two years.

Mr. C. Brown said he saw very little news of Tamworth in the *Co-operative News*.

Mr. Langtry commented on the poor attendance of members at the meeting and asked for mention of the matter in "Home Magazine." "Let us see if we can get more members to come," he said. He appreciated that the meeting clashed with the crowning of the local carnival queen, but said he was disappointed that there was so little enthusiasm.

Have you seen the glamorous Crysella nylons offered by the C.W.S. Soap Works, Irlam, Nr. Manchester? These nylons are worth 9s. 6d. but are offered to you for only 5s. and the wrappers from four small or two large size tablets of Green Olive or White Olive toilet soaps. Get your bargain now. The offer closes on December 31st.

OBITUARY

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

Arthur Victor Muffet, Tamworth, August 16th.
Lottie Violet M. Robinson, Tamworth, August 17th.
Catherine E. Cullock, Hopwas, August 11th.
Charles W. Pickering, Hurley, August 9th.
Joseph E. Leake, Drayton Bassett, August 15th.
James Cockram, Drayton Bassett, August 19th.
Arthur H. Leafe, Dordon, August 20th.
Norman Thirkettle, Glascote, August 22nd.
Alfred W. Sherriff, Hockley, August 23rd.
Mary A. Twigg, Tamworth, August 23rd.
Miriam M. M. Atkins, Amington, August 19th.
Joseph W. Villiers, Dosthill, August 30th.
James W. Harding, Polesworth, August 31st.
Richard Walton, Dordon, August 26th.
Ethel Jones, Wilnecote, September 1st.
John W. Allsopp, Wilnecote, September 1st.
Mary Dolman, Tamworth, September 4th.
Hannah Hicks, Belgrave, September 6th.

A most comprehensive showing of the season's Loveliest Fashions for women and teenagers will take place again, in conjunction with the Tamworth Club, at the

YOUTH CENTRE,
ALBERT ROAD,
TAMWORTH

on

Wednesday, October 23rd

Thursday, October 24th

Friday, October 25th

An event for those with a Passion for Fashion . .

Make a note of the dates

Times of Shows will be announced in the local press

LADIES' FASHION DEPARTMENT

IF IT SHOULD HAPPEN . . .

. . . will your dependants be adequately provided for? The NEW C.I.S. Family Protection Plan enables a man of *moderate means* to provide *a regular tax-free income* plus a cash sum if he should die or a substantial nest egg for retirement if he survives.

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SEND THIS CARD. POSTAGE IS PAID.

Please send me, free of charge and entirely without obligation, copy of the C.I.S. Family Protection Plan leaflet.

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109 CORPORATION STREET,

MANCHESTER 4

Your bank...

HOW OFTEN has it been said "I did not even know the C.W.S had a Bank," and yet since 1872 the C.W.S Bank has been providing a full range of Banking facilities for every class of customer, from the individual and small mutual organisation to the large Trade Union, Club, or Public Authority. Whatever the size of the account the same care and attention are given to ensure that the customer's banking needs are met to the full.

SAFE CUSTODY facilities, payments under standing order for regularly recurring items of expenditure, the provision of travellers' cheques and foreign currencies, stock exchange transactions, and country-wide encashment facilities are just some of the services available—and at very small cost.

IN ADDITION, there is the undoubted and safe advantage of being able to pay your bills by cheque, and you will discover that a banking account makes it much easier for you to keep a watch on your income and expenditure.

IF THERE is not a Branch of the Bank in your town then your own co-operative society will transact local business as agents of the Bank.

COUPLED with these current account facilities there are a variety of savings accounts, so that all in all you will find it well worth while to enquire for particulars.

Just complete and forward the coupon below.

C.W.S BANK

P.O. BOX 101

MANCHESTER 4

London office
99 Leman St., E.1

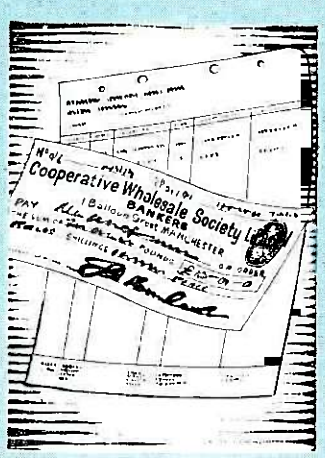
PLEASE SEND ME YOUR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER WITH TERMS OF ACCOUNTS, ETC

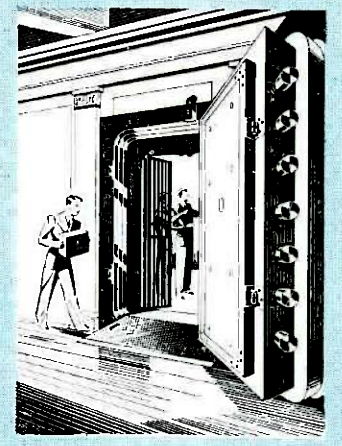
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

(H.M.6) .....





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