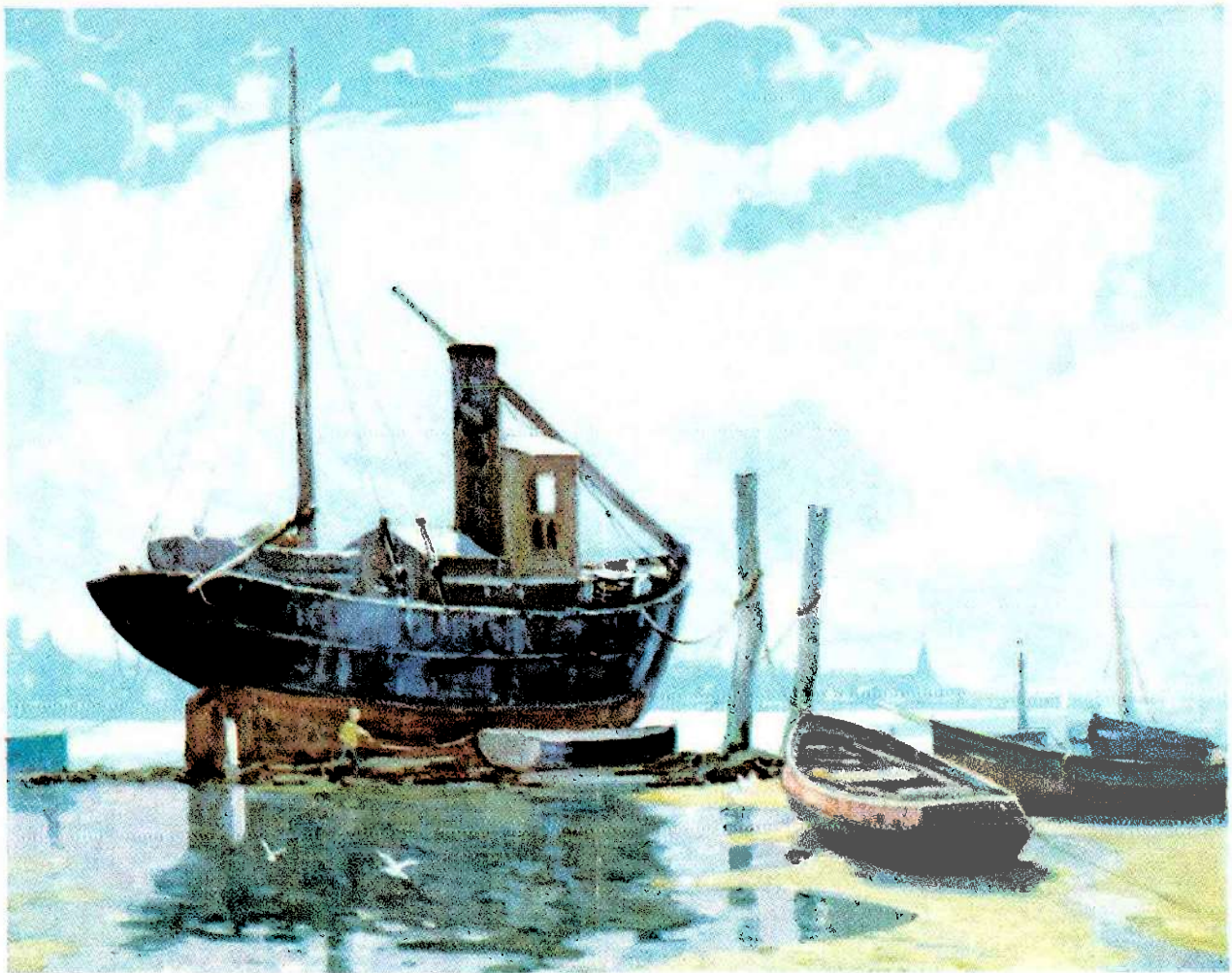


*Co-operative*  
**FAMILY AT SEA**  
New Adventure Series  
By JOHN CALDWELL

# Home

AUGUST 1958

M A G A Z I N E



**BACK-TO-SCHOOL FASHIONS :: KNITTING PATTERN**  
**MARY LANGHAM'S COOKERY PAGE**

Issued by LIVERPOOL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED



# CLEARLY



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9

FRUIT FLAVOURS

RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY

LEMON, ORANGE, CHERRY,

GREENGAGE, LIME,

PINEAPPLE, BLACKCURRANT

9½  
EACH

From Co-operative Societies  
Everywhere

## The Co-operative HOME MAGAZINE

Editorial Office: 1 Balloon St., Manchester 4

AUGUST, 1958 Vol. 63, No. 8

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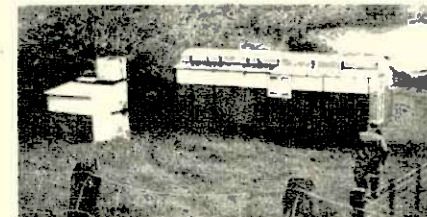
### FRONT COVER

Born (in 1887) and educated in Blackpool, John H. Blakeley received his art training at the Blackpool School of Art and in London and France. His work includes oil paintings, water colours, pastels, and etchings.

With a technique neither slavishly academic nor ultra modern, he likes to paint what he considers most people like to see in a way they can understand. His chief aim is to depict the play of light over landscape and building.

He has exhibited at the Royal Academy and at many municipal galleries and art societies. His picture *THE DRIFTER*, reproduced on our cover this month, was one of many displayed at a recent one-man show at the Grundy Art Gallery, Blackpool.

## Nature's Joys - & Lessons



THE evening sun gradually disappeared behind the hill, leaving a reflected glow upon the still waters of the Welsh lake, where rippled circles marked the presence of trout rising slowly in the gathering dusk.

Across the reeds a light beamed from the caravan window and the oars set the water gurgling as the boat took us back to shore, rods at rest over the bow and a couple of plump fish lying in the stern.

That was the idyllic side of things. Going back to nature, however, has its salutary lessons. Newspapers were delivered only on a Sunday at 4 p.m., and the neighbour's portable radio did not work because the battery needed renewing. Perhaps these things are good on the whole.

They were more than balanced by the

fresh country eggs—no lion on them!—and the hot new bread bought in a nearby town. It was no doubt good for the townsman to pump water for the toilet cistern and carry drinking supplies from the village tap. The rowing boat waiting at the lakeside twenty yards away and the plump trout sizzling for supper were ample compensation.

Talking of fishing draws me to a book lying on the desk. **Henry Williamson**, whose diary "From a Country Hilltop" is such a popular feature with readers, has just published *A Clear Water Stream*, which recalls a period of his life on Exmoor when he set out to stock and improve the trout stream at his door.

In the end the demands of the fish were taking up nearly all his time, for he was too tender-hearted to fish for them seriously, and providing food, building dams, and cutting weeds threatened to monopolise his days.

The author and his book have been featured in one of the leading serious Sunday papers and he has been interviewed on it in the Midland TV Book-



### THIS BRITAIN . . .

The grim days of Border warfare are recalled by Arnside Tower, Westmorland, a refuge built in the Middle Ages on the shore of Morecambe Bay. Scots raiders sailed down the west coast of Scotland and came up the Bay to plunder North-West England.



man feature which many readers no doubt enjoyed. Published by Faber at 15s., his book will give pleasure to all who read his journal in our pages.

AUTUMN will soon be here and this month **Doreen Browne** writes of school clothes for the next term. In September she will describe the latest creations in the new Lanfield fashion range, and in October will follow a special supplement for the not-so-slender. It will deal with coats, frocks, foundation garments, and shoes.

This month sees the first instalment of *Family at Sea* in **Home Magazine**, a true adventure that will take you across the world in your armchair and make salt spray sizzle from your saucepan. The Caldwells were as united at sea as ashore.

Once again Housewives' Club brings you shopping news. Have you sent for your copy of *Family Fare*, our wonderful recipe book, yet? The demand is great, and you can get this 1s. 6d. book for only 6d., plus 6d. postage. **The Editor.**





After a two-year struggle to earn and save enough money for the voyage, JOHN CALDWELL, with his wife and two sons, Johnny and Stevie, aged five and one, set sail from America in the good ship *Tropic Seas*. Their destination was Australia, via the romantic South Sea islands. In this first of three articles Caldwell describes a typical day in the family's seafaring life.

## FAMILY *at* SEA

**W**E awakened each morning with the first glint of grey in the ports, and with Johnny and Stevie crawling over us. You lie listening to the slosh and slurp of the watery world outside. The cabin sways in circles. There is the creaking of the industrious vessel, the unreality of dawn at sea—all made lurid by a devilish boy on your chest.

We crawl to the deck, for once the boys are up, there can be no sleep. In the brisk earliness we yawn and rub the sleep from our faces. The sun tinges, then burns overtopping cloud columns before it bursts into day. I make a round of the decks to look to all standing and running gear and to take the flying fish that have come aboard in the night.

My crew are uneasy for breakfast, and I go below to the stove. Mary makes herself ready for the day, then dresses Johnny. While the oatmeal boils I undress Stevie and place him in the head. Later I dress him and pass him up with the oatmeal. I make the boys fast to their lifelines.

We warm up with the oatmeal. Then we have canned orange juice. Meanwhile the eggs, which have been unpacked from the salt, are soft-boiling on one burner and the coffee percolates on the other. The eggs are served with biscuits—baked by me each day in our primus oven—and margarine.

Our meals are simple, maybe because I am cook and it is easier that way. Anyhow, the crew get vitamin pills daily, so they don't look to my cookery for survival.

**M**ARY and Johnny attend to the morning dishes. They are washed in the bucket and laid to drain in the small metal bathtub. Johnny is an eager dish-washer. He loves to wash the dishes over and over. But breakage is appalling, and an end has to be called after the first washing.

I go below to make the bunks, sweep out, and swab up lightly. The morning lies before us. We use it doing small items of ship's work, such as sewing a

slide to the sail, securing gear, stringing diapers on the trailing laundry; or we lounge; or we search the sea for life; or play Chinese checkers with the boys.

The mornings are unfathomably pleasant. The boat wallows easily before rearing white-crested rollers. The air grows more balmy each day as we bite into our southing. The crew are in good spirits. We whistle and hum as we go about what we are doing.

In the late forenoon it comes time for the daily bath; that is, if the weather and sea permit. Sea water is bucketed into the tub; the boys are immersed; and salt-water soap is lathered. When the boys are scrubbed and rinsed with liberal pourings from the sea, they are rubbed down and laid in a sunny spot. Mary and I bathe. Then the family of us give ourselves to sun worship.

**A**T noon I am below in my galley boiling the night's offering of flying fish, warming soup, and heating up water for tea. I make sandwiches from biscuits and a meat spread or cheese. I open a tin of pork and beans and one of fruit, and pass all through the hatchway to the waiting hands of Johnny, who rarely fails to dump the sandwiches or wash



Five-year-old Johnny is ready to pull for the shore

down the cockpit with tea as he shifts them past Stevie to Mary.

We enjoy a leisurely lunch; not the hasty stuffing of office days, but a time of indulgence, a time to taste food and realise there is more to it than the mere keeping of life within the shell. What matter if we take an hour—or two hours—for our mealtime? There is no clock to command us back to a hideous desk, to a jangling phone, to weeping women.

**W**HEN lunch is done I bed the boys below for their daily nap. A mysteriousness settles upon the boat. It is the sudden quiet. For two hours there is an end of pounding, jabbering, jumping, questioning, crying for favours.

It is the time of day I look to. I wait for it. I shall weep like a babe if a day comes and there is not this respite from two little bored monsters who spend their waking hours conspiring to sink us. For this is the time of day that I enter my other world—the world of the written page; I call it *vita contemplativa*, after Descartes.

I go happily below, pad myself among pillows into the lee bunk, and, taking pleasant books in hand, commune with the philosophers, the statesmen, the historians, and those chancy men who have written of the sea.

From time to time Mary calls down the state of sea and wind, for she prefers to keep the deck while she, too, reads. But, alas and alack! My first mate fritters her valuable hours immersed in ghastly detective thrillers! She reads of blood and gore and the vast cross-purposes of murder and skulduggery! She brought these trashy dreadfuls with her by

the score, so many of them that, as she finished each, she tossed it overboard!

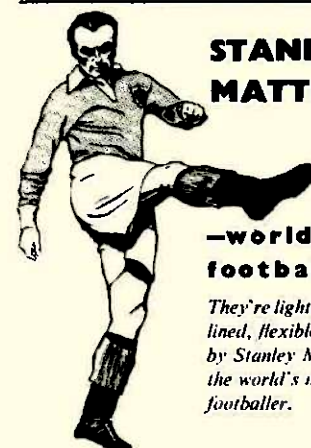
I have counted it one of the chief pursuits of my life to keep her fully warned of the dangers involved to her intellect. But she persists. There seems little I can do. My hope is that the presence of my lofty readings and her consequent exposure to them through the voyage may kindly guide her to improved literature.

As the day wears on our bounding boys tumble onto deck. The quiet is shattered. They demand goodies. If they have napped well, and if the day's destruction has been consciously held to a minimum, a party is planned. Out comes the phonograph. Up comes the box of toys. Cookies or candy or tinned fruit is brought on deck; or popcorn is popped in the galley; and partying ensues.

Gay cowboy music wafts across the near wavetops to catch the ear of a solitary soarer or to confound a shoal of flying fish who kick themselves from the sea and shoot away like jet craft. The rumbling of trucks, the toot of trains, the thunder of aircraft are interspersed with silent moments, as cookies disappear.

In the midst of this reckless energy, Mary and I sip afternoon tea: a little touch of Australia in lonely mid-ocean.

© John Caldwell, 1956



**STANLEY MATTHEWS**

—world's finest football boots!

They're lightweight, streamlined, flexible—designed by Stanley Matthews, the world's most famous footballer.



**H92**

Men's special model. Black with maroon instep bracing straps. padded tongue. cushion innersole.

**55/9**

**H21**

Black with yellow facings, top band, and instep bracing straps. red laces. Boys' model from **22/11** according to size. Men's model (H31) **39/11**



**STANLEY MATTHEWS FOOTBALL BOOTS**

From Co-operative Societies everywhere

## Back to School in Latest *Fashions*



**T**HE school bell will soon ring for the first day of the new school year, and it carries a warning note for mother, too. It's time to check through your daughter's wardrobe, and decide what new clothes she will need to see her through the year.

The modern miss is fortunate, for she goes to school dressed as smartly as her elder sister goes to the office. Gone are the days of long black stockings and baggy gym-slips; instead, she wears neat white socks and tailored tunics such as the one pictured below. It's an example of the wide range made by the C.W.S., and available in your local Co-operative Society. A Joyday model, it is in fine quality navy, green or brown serge, priced from 31s. 0d. for the 24-inch size, to 65s. 6d. for 46 inch. As well as the pleated style, Joyday make gym-slips with gored skirts, and for older girls there are waist skirts in regulation school colours.

To wear with skirts or gym-slips, there are Belmont blouses in strong cotton poplin, and Joyday cardigans, jumpers, and lumber jackets in popular colours. The blouses, long-sleeved with neat pointed collars, are available in white or tussore, sizes 30 inch to 44 inch, from 15s. 3d. white and 15s. 9d. tussore, to 19s. 0d. white and 19s. 8d. tussore.

The woollens cost from 21s. 9d., and there are blazers, single or double-breasted, with a choice of bone or chrome buttons, from 34s. 3d. (S.B. 16 inch) or 35s. 8d. (D.B. 16 inch).

For younger girls I liked the practical and pretty Joyday kilts, in various bright tartans, priced from 31s. 0d. (24 inch).

Essential for an autumn term is a raincoat, and Joyday gaberdines fill the bill admirably. In navy, brown, or green, they have a proofed shoulder-lining for extra protection, and an easily let-down hem so that they can grow with the child. A detachable hood is available; also a detachable camel lining for additional warmth.



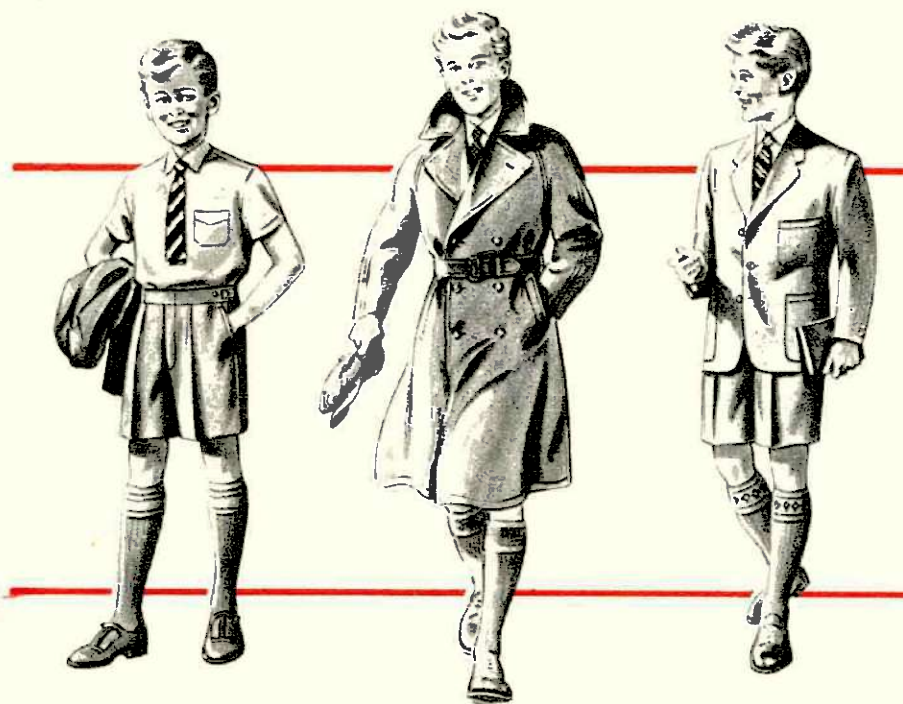
By **DOREEN BROWNE**

Sizes are from 24 inch to 48 inch length; prices, from 60s. 0d. to 106s. 3d. Hoods cost 10s. 0d. more, and linings 17s. 11d. to 21s. 6d.

So much for the girls, but the boys, too, need fitting out, though headmasters don't seem to have such fancy ideas

Above, left: a smart Joyday gaberdine which is available in all the regulation school colours. Above, right; this very junior miss loves her bright tartan kilt and cosy woollen jumper. Left: a tailored gym tunic in fine quality serge teams well with a long-sleeved blouse, available in white or tussore





Here are three examples of boys' school clothes available from your local Co-operative Society. Left to right: shirt and flannel shorts in regulation grey; a union gaberdine trench coat; a single-breasted blazer available in all school colours

as headmistresses. Bearing in mind the first essential of hard wear, I picked out grey flannel shorts with a double seat, priced from 18s. od., to fit boys from five years up. Both these and the grey flannel trousers for older boys, costing from 42s. od., have self-supporting waists.

Boys set great store by blazers, and the range I saw, costing from 45s. 6d. to 65s. 6d., showed why the C.W.S. is one of the leading makers in this country. In black, navy, royal, brown, green, or maroon, they have lined sleeves and shoulders, attractively taped seams, reinforced elbows, and inside breast pocket. The materials are hard-wearing, and the colours fast-dyed. No wonder many of the masters also buy their blazers from the Co-op.

FOR rainy days Society trench coats offer a high standard of shower proofing. In union gaberdine, they will fit boys from five to 16, and have French hems which are easy to let down. Fitted with safety belt, double-breasted, in navy, fawn, brown, green, or grey, they cost from 73s. 6d. to 120s. od.

A wide choice of colours is offered in all-wool Leeknit slippers and pullovers, priced from 12s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. respectively, to fit 24 inch to 40 inch chest. Available shades of grey, maroon, bottle green, lovat, navy, and oatmeal should cover most schools, but special school strappings can be supplied to order within 14 days. Regulation grey shirts,

in rayon or flannelette, the latter with a very useful spare collar, cost from 13s. 9d.

IF your son is hard on his stockings, try the new crepe nylon stretch. In two sizes, medium and large, they stretch to fit any foot, and are really hard wearing. They are made in grey, fawn, and lovats, and cost from 5s. 6d. Alternatively, you can buy Huthella all-wool socks, in grey or fawn, with self or fancy tops, from 4s. 6d. Huthella also make football stockings, in all the popular colours, from 5s. 3d.

Not everybody will have this problem, but boys who go to boarding schools will want dressing-gowns. I recommend Society make in a warm, fleecy material, in plain colours with check contrast collars and cuffs, or check with plain collars and cuffs. Cost is from £2.

Shoes are among a mother's biggest problems. They must be strong and hard wearing, and the fit must be correct so that they won't distort the child's foot. C.W.S. designers had these points in mind when producing their latest range of children's shoes. Made on lasts approved by the Shoe and Allied Trades Research Association, they have moulded rubber soles and heels and are guaranteed three months' wear. Both boys and girls have a good choice of styles, colours, and fittings.

Older girls will love the smart casual shoes available for them, and for the really cold weather there are some warmly-lined booties in suede or leather.

THOMAS OLSEN

LOOKS AT NEW TITLES ON

## The BOOKSHELF

McCormick has compiled *The Hell-Fire Club* (Jarrolds, 18s.), which tells the story with more detail.

He presents a strange picture of a Prime Minister and his Cabinet indulging themselves in wild living. Mr. McCormick thinks some of the legend was woven by political opponents but records enough to offer a startling book.

IT is sad to find so fine a writer as John Cowper Powys recording in *Letters of John Cowper Powys to Louis Wilkinson* (Macdonald, 30s.) "great delight" that the Royal Literary Fund has sent him £100 for a second time.

Here is the background of distinguished literary life with its twin preoccupations—writing well enough to last and making enough to live on.

IT is a welcome change to find an ambassador describing sport instead of ultimatums and *Shots Heard Around the World* by Ellis Briggs (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s.) deals with such relatively harmless occasions as a government pheasant shoot in Communist Czechoslovakia and hunting trips with Ernest Hemingway. The latter had a wild idea for turning his fishing boat into a Q-ship and hunting Nazi submarines. Mr. Briggs writes with tolerance and humour.

ONE of those grand sea books that William Blackwood publish from time to time comes in *Sea Prelude* by Geoffrey Rawson at 18s. This is a salty autobiographical book of adventure in all corners of the world, starting with three years in sail. Eventually the author entered the Royal Indian Marine, for which Nelson once applied, and found rich material for his story.

*Collins Pocket Guide to the Sea Shore* by John Barrett and C. M. Yonge (Collins, 25s.) is a truly indispensable book for the seaside with 750 first-class illustrations, many in colour, and a text that makes shore mysteries lucid and interesting.

*France, 1958* (Newman Neame, 17s. 6d.) is one of the splendid Fodor's

Modern Guides series and provides a complete *vade mecum* for this country. I strongly recommend it. Besides articles on art and gastronomy it lists hotels and describes each region and its towns with care and sympathy.

*The Rhine and Its Castles* (Putnam, 25s.) by Monk Gibbon tells the colourful Rhine story which ranges from Beethoven in Bonn to Turgenev in Baden-Baden. Each castle has its own fascinating background and Mr. Gibbon happily combines history and personalities with references to food and wine.

*Scottish Costume 1550-1850* by Stuart Maxwell and Robin Hutchison (A. and C. Black, 30s.) has fine drawings by Kathleen Mann and shows how the country's history affected its clothing.

*Henry Blogg of Cromer* by Cyril Jolly (Harrap, 15s.) tells the worth-while story of the lifeboat coxswain who three times won the lifeboat gold medal and held the George Cross. Here is a fine record of great bravery at sea and, in old age, support for modern youth.

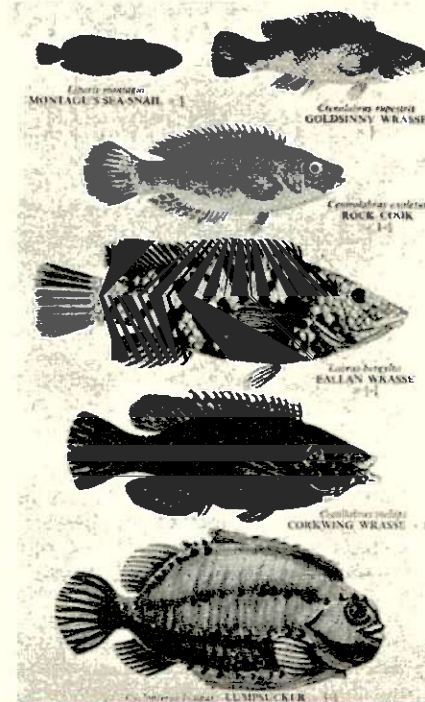


A FINE selection of great music is available among current L.P. releases. The *Grieg Piano Concerto in A* is magnificently paired with *Schumann's Concerto in A* on Columbia 33CX1531 and Claudio Arrau plays both perfectly with the Philharmonia Orchestra.

Another great pianist, Solomon, plays two contrasting Beethoven sonatas on HMV ALP1573. *Sonata No. 1 in F* is the young Beethoven and *Sonata No. 7* is the master in full confidence. Both are interpreted with genius.

A brilliant Pye recording has Sir John Barbirolli and the Halle Orchestra in two outstanding Mozart compositions. *Symphony No. 41, the Jupiter*, and *Symphony No. 29* are outstanding examples of his mastery of different approaches and both are combined on Pye CCL30106 to make a disc of lasting pleasure.

Everyone loves Brahms' Hungarian Dances and Vanguard has put all 21 dances on an L.P. that enables one to



One of the numerous excellent plates—many of them in full colour—from "Collins Pocket Guide to the Sea Shore" by John Barrett and C. M. Yonge

appreciate their rich variety. Mario Rossi and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra play them with understanding on PVL7049.

With everyone crazy about "My Fair Lady," the disc firms offer a wide choice. Decca have one of the best E.P. selections with DFE6474 which has David Whitfield, Vera Lynn, the Beverley Sisters and the Stargazers among those taking part in six of the biggest hits. Here is excellent value.

From Oriole comes a splendid range of new and old tunes in lively settings by top singers. Maxine Daniels sings *You brought a new kind of love to me*, on CB1440 and Joseph McNally is appealing with *Rooney*, on CB1437 which has *Innocent Sinners* from Ken Jones and his Music on the reverse. The Irving Fields Trio make the most of *Ragtime Rock*, on Oriole CB1436, and penny whistle jive is a novel feature of *Jika Spokes*, on CB1441. Phil Tate plays *Stay as sweet as you are*, on CB1435.

A VERY different life appears in *Champagne and Chandeliars* (Od-hams, 21s.) which is Charles Graves' amusing account of the Cafe de Paris, London, so long the centre of that city's night life. Jimmy White was a patron and the bandleader of the time made thousands from his stock-exchange tips. Another patron was an elderly gentleman from Kenya who came twice a week and rewarded his dance hostess with dinner and a cheque for £100 on each visit. This is an amusing record of a diminishing way of life.

RECENTLY Raymond Postgate wrote in HOME MAGAZINE about the goings-on at Wycombe. Now Donald

Don't miss your

## HOME MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER

★ Doreen Browne will describe the Autumn creations in the Lanfield fashion range.

★ Hand-painted Glassware will be the subject of a feature in which Fay King describes a fascinating hobby.

★ John Caldwell talks of Tahiti and the Happy Event which took place there in his second article on "Family at Sea."



# His Bride was Killed on way to Church

By ROSE TENENT

**W**EDDING bells were ringing for the young undergraduate, studying at Cambridge to enter the Church. He had fallen in love with a young and very beautiful girl, and to his delight she had agreed to marry him. All the arrangements had been made. The great day had arrived. And then tragedy struck the two young lovers. On her way to the ceremony the bride was killed in a thunderstorm.

The time was some 300 years ago, the undergraduate's name Nicholas Culpeper, and the shock of the disaster was to alter the whole of his life. He refused to return to the University because he was determined to be a doctor, and he persuaded his grandfather to apprentice him to an apothecary in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate. He was destined to become one of the most famous herbal doctors ever known.

He rose to fame at a time when medical attention was almost unavailable except for the very rich. But although his methods were unorthodox, and condemned by other doctors of the day, he cured many thousands of sufferers, charging them little or nothing, depending on their means.

**NICHOLAS** Culpeper was born at Ockley, Surrey, on October 18th, 1616. His father was a parson, who, unfortunately, died about a fortnight before the boy came into the world. Nicholas was therefore brought up by his mother and maternal grandfather.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Culpeper left Ockley for the village of Isfield, in Sussex, where her father, the Rev. William Attersole, was minister. There the young Nicholas used to wander into the fields, and there he learnt to love the wild flowers. He discovered the best time to gather the various herbs, how to dry them in the sun, how best to keep them so that they retained their fragrance and colour, and so on.

Meanwhile his grandfather was coaching him in Latin and Greek, both subjects which were to prove invaluable later on.

When he was eighteen Nicholas was sent to Cambridge. His grandfather wished him to enter the Church. Then came the events which were to alter his life.

Under the tutelage of the apothecary he made rapid progress. In fact, such aptitude did he show for the new work that, when his employer died, he was able to take over the practice and run it himself.



NICHOLAS CULPEPER

In 1640 he married Alice Field, a girl of 15, and the couple took the house in Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, where Culpeper soon established himself as a practitioner in "Astrology and Physick."

**FROM** the age of ten he had been interested in the stars, and now was of the opinion that every herb came under the influence of some celestial body. If some of his statements in this respect appear to be somewhat amusing, well, we must make allowance for the times in which he lived.

Meanwhile, he was writing books, explaining in simple language how his readers could cure themselves by means of herbs. Two of his most comprehensive works were the *Physicall Directory* (then obtainable for threepence!) and the *English Physician and Complete Herbal*, which went into numerous editions and is still in demand to-day.

In these books, and others, Culpeper listed almost every known herb, together

with the uses to which they could be put. He described each plant in detail, giving information where to find it. For example, he suggested that if the leaves of the columbine (*Aquilegia*) were used in a lotion they would cure sore mouths and throats.

Of the Marigold he wrote: "A tea made of the fresh flowers is good in fevers; it gently promotes perspiration, and throws out anything that ought to appear on the skin. Hence it has long enjoyed a high reputation amongst the wives of England as a remedy for bringing out measles in children."

**NICHOLAS** Culpeper was an ardent Puritan. He fought on Cromwell's side in the Civil War and was wounded in the Battle of Edgehill. Like all independent-minded people he was bound to make enemies. In fact, there was a period in his life when he was obliged to seek refuge in France as a result of becoming involved in a duel.

He also created much indignation among the orthodox doctors over one of his books, published in 1649. A monumental work, it was the translation into English from the Latin of the first *Pharmacopoeia* of the College of Physicians, who claimed that it infringed their monopolies. However, no legal action appears to have been taken and another edition appeared in 1654.

Whether he ruined his health from worry and overwork, or as a result of his wound, is not known. He died of tuberculosis on January 10th, 1654, at the age of 38, leaving 79 manuscripts (some of which were published posthumously) in the care of his wife, who was still only 29 years old.

Of their seven children only one daughter survived him.



The house in Red Lion Street, Spitalfields, where Culpeper lived with the 15-year-old girl he married after his first fiancée's death

## Knit this charming RAGLAN MATINEE COAT for your baby



**MATERIALS.**—3 oz. WAVECREST Baby wool. Two No. 11 and two No. 10 needles. Three buttons.

**MEASUREMENTS.**—To fit 18 inch chest. Length at Centre Back, 12 ins. Sleeve seam, 5 ins.

**ABBREVIATIONS.**—k., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; sl., slip; w.fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slip stitch over; tog., together; t.b.l., through back of loops; 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; incl., inclusive; ins., inches.

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

### BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 121 sts. k. 8 rows.

**Proceed in Pine Tree patt.** as follows: **1st row:** \*\*k.1, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.3, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., rep. from \*\* to last st., k.1. **2nd and 4th rows:** k.1, p. to last st., k.1. **3rd row:** \*\*k.2, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.1, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., k.1, rep. from \*\* to last st., k.1. **5th row:** \*\*k.3, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., k.1, w.fwd., k.2, rep. from \*\* to last st., k.1. **6th row:** as 2nd row.

Work rows 1 to 6 incl. of Pine Tree patt. 11 times more.

**Change to No. 11 needles. Next row:** k.2 tog., \*\*k.2, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from \*\* to last 4 sts., k.2, k.2 tog. (73 sts.). **Next row:** k.1, p. to last st., k.1.

**Shape raglan** as follows:—**1st row:** cast off 3 sts., k. to end. **2nd row:** cast off 3 sts., p. to end. **3rd row:** k.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog., k.1. **4th row:** k.1, p. to last st., k.1.

Rep. the last 2 rows 21 times \*\*\* (23 sts.). Cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 65 sts. k. 8 rows.

Working 5 sts. at front edge in garter stitch and remaining sts. in Pine Tree patt., proceed as follows:—**1st row:** k.5, \*\* w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.3, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., k.1, rep. from \*\* to end. **2nd and 4th rows:** k.1, p. to last 5 sts., k.5. **3rd row:** k.5, \*\*k.1, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.1, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., k.2, rep. from \*\* to end. **5th row:** k.5, \*\*k.2,

w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., k.1, w.fwd., k.3, rep. from \*\* to end. **6th row:** as 2nd row.

Work these 6 rows 11 times more.

**Change to No. 11 needles. Next row:** k.1, k.2 tog., w.fwd., k.2, k.2 tog., k.1, (sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., k.2) 10 times, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., (k.2 tog.) twice, (40 sts.).

Keeping garter stitch border correct, work 2 rows in stocking stitch.

**Shape raglan** as follows:—**1st row:** cast off 3 sts., p. to last 5 sts., k.5. **2nd row:** k.1, k.2 tog., w.fwd., k. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog., k.1. **3rd row:** k.1, p. to last 5 sts., k.5. **4th row:** k. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog., k.1. **5th row:** as 3rd row. **6th and 7th rows:** as 2nd and 3rd.

**Commence front slope** as follows:—**Next row:** k.5, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to last 3 sts., k.2 tog., k.1. **\*\*Continue in this manner, dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on every alt. row, at the same time dec. 1 st. inside 5 border stitches, on every 4th row until 7 sts. remain. Work 1 row. \*\* Next row:** k.3, (k.2 tog.) twice.

K. 21 rows on remaining 5 sts. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 65 sts. k. 8 rows.

Proceed as follows: **1st row:** \*\*k.1, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.3, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., rep. from \*\* to last 5 sts., k.5. **2nd and 4th rows:** k.5, p. to last st., k.1. **3rd row:** \*\*k.2, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.1, p.s.s.o., k.1, k.2 tog., k.1, w.fwd., k.1, rep. from \*\* to last 5 sts., k.5. **5th row:** \*\*k.3, w.fwd., k.1, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., k.1, w.fwd., k.2, rep. from \*\* to last 5 sts., k.5. **6th row:** as 2nd row.

Work these 6 rows 11 times more.

Buy **WAVECREST**  
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**Change to No. 11 needles. Next row:** (k.2 tog.) twice, sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., (sl.1, k.2 tog., p.s.s.o., k.2) 10 times, k.1, k.2 tog., k.5 (40 sts.). **Next row:** k.5, p. to last st., k.1.

**Shape raglan** as follows:—**1st row:** cast off 3 sts., k. to last 5 sts., k.5. **2nd row:** k.5, p. to last st., k.1. **3rd row:** k.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to end. **4th row:** as 2nd row. **5th to 8th rows:** rep. 3rd and 4th rows twice.

**Commence Front slope** as follows:—**Next row:** k.1, k.2 tog.t.b.l., k. to last 7 sts., k.2 tog., k.5. Work as Right Front from \*\* to \*\*. **Next row:** (k.2 tog.) twice, k.3.

K. 21 rows. Cast off.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 31 sts. K. 12 rows.

**Next row:** k.1, (inc. in next st., k.2) 10 times (41 sts.). **Next row:** k.1, p. to last st., k.1.

Continue in stocking stitch inc. 1 st. at both ends of 3rd row following and every following 4th row until there are 59 sts. Work 3 rows.

**Shape Top** by working as back from \*\*\* to \*\*\* (9 sts.). Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press lightly. Using a flat seam join tied and sleeve seams and stitch sleeves into position. Join ends of bands and stitch into position at back of neck. Attach buttons. Press seams.





## From a **COUNTRY HILLTOP**

By HENRY WILLIAMSON

Even so, Nig was rather a disappointment. So I took his 3-ply box, with ladder to bedroom, into my hut, and, removing the glass, let Nig have a free run.

Sometimes we went into the field, and Nig, after much sniffing for enemies—he was very timid—would start to race through the mice-runs in the grass.

I took him back with a bunch of dry cocks-foot grass—the big, coarse, tufted stuff—and soon he was biting up stalks and blades for a round ball, in which he slept warm at night.

He went to Ireland with us, travelling in his box, and explored some of the lonely beaches of Bantry Bay, Connemara, and Sligo, ending up in Ulster, where he lodged on the shelf of a coach-house in the courtyard of Bellarena.

Plenty of oats and rye-grass seeds to eat, a bowl of water—he would be all right, I thought. I left him for four days, in semi-darkness. When I returned, the food was half eaten, water left, and Nig was curled up in his grassy nest scarcely warm.

It was summer. Was he hibernating? I warmed him in my hands. He trembled for nearly half an hour, before sleeping. I wondered, had he grieved, feeling forsaken?

After that we visited him several times a day, took him for scampers on the lawn, and through rough grass. He came to know my warm soft palm as a refuge; his eyes closed while I stroked his ears.

**A**NOTHER year passed. He was now two years old (about 70 in our reckoning). I lent my hut to a friend. It was frosty in the early summer; and one evening the friend thought he would give

Nig a new bed. So out with the old ball (changed usually once a month) while on the brick shelf was placed a handful of new material.

**A**LAS, it was cold that night; Nig must have shivered through the darkness, for in the morning when I took in a mug of tea to my friend, recently returned from R.A.F. service in Cyprus, there was Nig hunched up in a ray of weak sunlight coming through the chimney-window.

Hearing my voice, he tottered towards me, the first time I had known him do this without my first showing him (or his nose) food.

I went to the other end of the shelf; he crept after me. He needed my warm palm. How cold he was! Holding him to my ear, I heard wheezy breathing. We made him a new nest of cotton wool at once. Later he seemed all right, but wanted no food; only the warm hollow of my hand. In the morning, when I called him, there was no movement. The cotton-wool nest was opened; I saw a pink tail, but not glossy as before. "Oh no!" cried my little son. I was surprised at myself, for feeling it so deeply. Only a mouse? Has the mite squeaked for help from a warm hand in the night—and gone into the dark alone?

**I** THOUGHT of Francis Thompson, most homeless of poets, who was born in Manchester, and became a near-derelect on the Thames Embankment fifty years ago:—

*All things linked are;  
Thou canst not tread a flower,  
But for the troubling of a star.*



**H**OW quickly the seasons pass as one grows older! I heard an explanation once which was ingenious. When you are six years old, a year is one-sixth of your life; when twenty, one-twentieth, and so on. Your life is continuous; you remain, within yourself, the same person—except that as age or wisdom of sorts comes, you tend to look back and lament the faults and idiotic behaviour of earlier days.

But the point is that one remains essentially the same person; from moment to moment, from hour, day, month, one is in spirit unchanged. And at sixty years of age, perhaps gentler or more tolerant than at twenty or thirty, the "illusion of time" accelerates, simply because one's memories are now, as it were, in a long queue, and a year is merely one-sixtieth part of that queue. So we say, "How time flies!"

A dog is supposed to age, in relation to man, seven times as quickly. Your eight-year old spaniel or terrier is nearing 60. And living more and more of its life with your life—you, its master or mistress, are the love of its life, its security, warmth, everything.

Dogs or tame animals, birds and others of the "lesser species" can die of broken hearts, if neglected. And with every old friend, as a pet becomes, one dies a little when it passes on.

**I** HAVE just lost such a friend. He lived on the brick shelf above my open hearth in this Devon hut. Nig was a mouse. He cost a shilling, and was bought two years ago for my little boy.

Alas, Nig nipped the boy's finger on arrival here, and so the long-awaited pet caused tears. It was explained that Nig had probably thought it was food; and he only pulled it into the round hole of his little hut, and didn't draw blood.

## VICHY'S FALLEN IDOL

Concluding the series on Holiday Cities with a Story told

By STANLEY BYRON

**T**HERE is a restful, get-away-from-it-all atmosphere about Vichy, the modern, attractive spa some 220 miles south of Paris, which no other French resort can quite equal. At least this is true on the surface—the pleasant, peaceful, sun-kissed surface.

For the people of Vichy—not the visitors who choose this picturesque place on the River Allier as a holiday resort, but those who live and work there—it is different. For them, Vichy is a city with a dark, indelible shadow, the one spot in all France where the sense of recent history is almost overpowering.

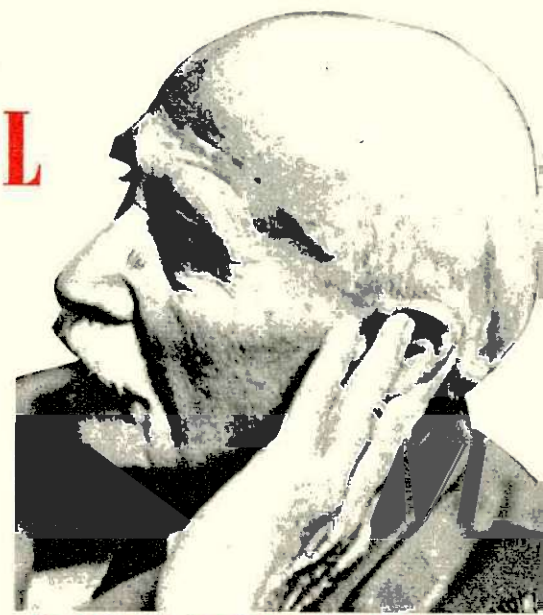
The townspeople cannot wipe out the memory of those bitter, humiliating years between 1940 and 1944, when Vichy was the seat of a puppet government that allowed the nation to commit military suicide.

To the people of Vichy, the spectre of the ageing Marshal Petain, the once-great French soldier who died a despised politician, still stalks through Vichy's colourful, flower-decked gardens, along the shady promenades, even in the cool ornamental bathing establishments renowned for their health-giving spring waters. His name and the events that went with it will never be forgotten. Together they form a sinister wartime backcloth to Vichy's past.

**I**T is a sad story, the personal tragedy of a soldier who became a politician when he was too old and too tired. The national hero of Verdun became the condemned traitor of Vichy. "I inherited a catastrophe of which I was not the author," stubbornly declared Marshal Petain at his trial on a charge of treason. "What would have been the point of liberating ruins and cemeteries?"



This is Le Grand Casino, Vichy, where Marshal Petain and his government met



Marshal Petain, then 89, strains to listen to the proceedings of his trial in 1945

It was the last despairing cry of a fallen idol.

Let us range back over the years to that fateful May of 1940. France was reeling under the German onslaught. The Nazis were sweeping towards Paris with the ease of a reaper through a corn field.

Petaín was in Madrid when the alarm bells of war rang out. He had been sent there by Premier Daladier in March of the previous year to seek some sort of understanding with the dynamic General Franco, whose backers were Hitler and Mussolini.

**N**OW, in her hour of crisis, France needed the old warrior at home. If anyone could stem the jackbooted tide it was surely the military genius who had halted the Boche at the very gates of Verdun 24 years before. President Lebrun recalled him and gave him the post of Vice-Premier.

The news galvanized the French people. "Petain is back! The hero of Verdun will snatch victory from defeat," was the general reaction. It was a forlorn hope, a pipe-dream without substance. Petain came back not to lead the nation to bloody but honourable victory. He came back to sue for peace.

Within a month of his return he had overthrown the French Cabinet. "Enough of this nonsense," he declared. "We must make an end."

On Sunday, June 17th, he solemnly

announced to the bewildered, war-scarred people, that as Head of the State he had asked Hitler for "an honourable peace." The streams of terrified women and children jamming the French roads and being mercilessly machine-gunned as they fled, heard the news in stunned but thankful silence.

A nucleus of politicians led by the old Marshal set up a new government. They were a servile coterie of yes-men, who made a farce of leadership. Their government eventually became nothing more than a platform for German propaganda.

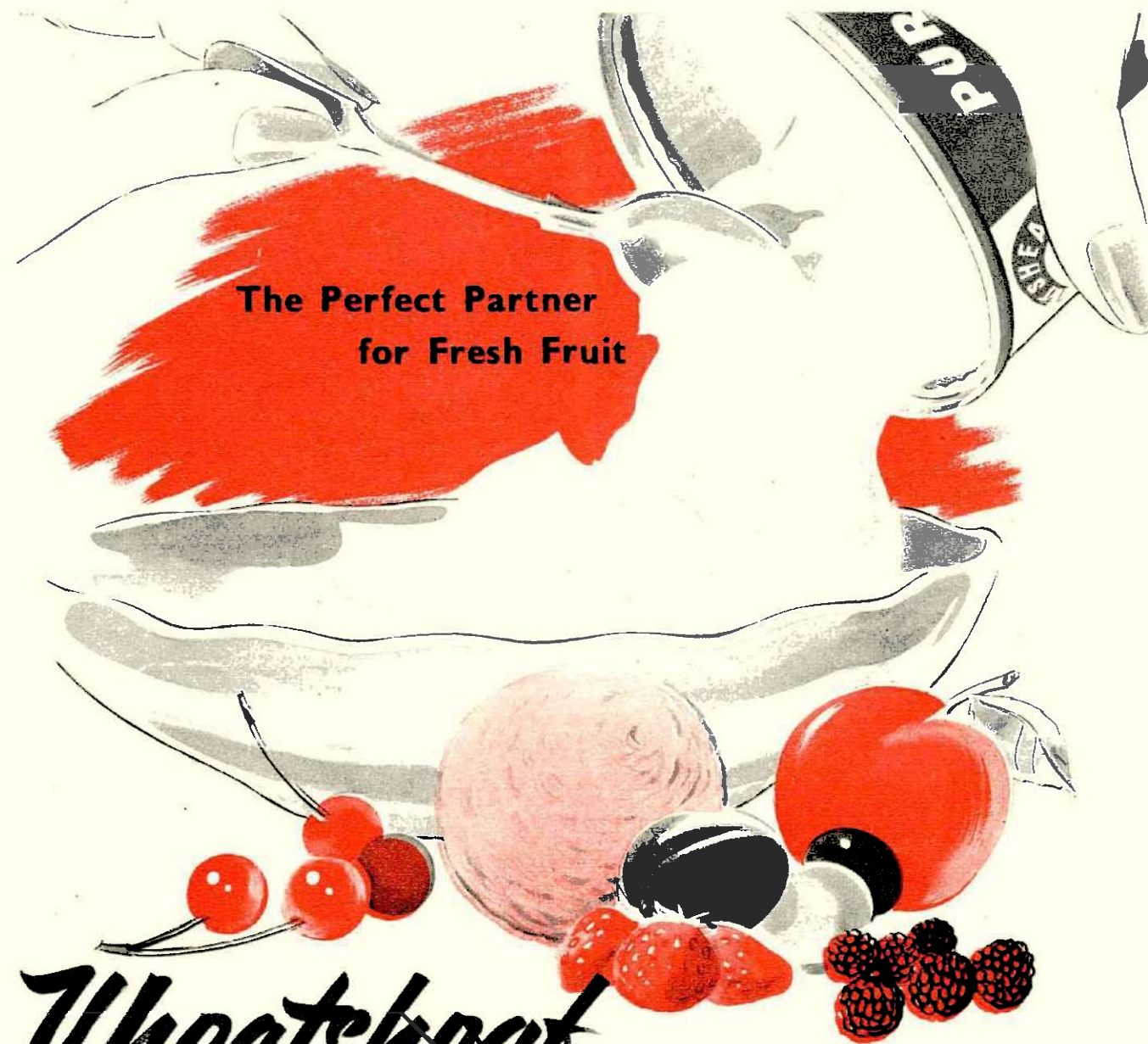
In the overcrowded spa of Vichy there was nothing in those defeatist days to command even a semblance of dignity—only a sense of frustration and nausea. It was a government born in chains, its administration directed by German control.

**B**UT the shackles were not destined to be everlasting. "France has lost a battle. She has not lost a war," valiantly cried General de Gaulle. And the Free French, aided by the Allies, fought on. By June, 1944, their forces, with the armies of Britain, Canada, and America, were fighting on French soil again along with members of the French Resistance. The Vichy government's ignominious reign was at an end.

A year later, after Germany's total defeat, Petain was tried for treason, by the Supreme Court in Paris. The jury, composed of French people, deliberated for six hours before returning their verdict of "guilty."

The sentence was death, but because of the Marshal's great age (he was 89) the firing squad never paraded. Instead, Petain was exiled and placed in solitary confinement on the Island of Yeu, off the west coast of France. There, on July 23rd, 1952, he died, an old and feeble man of 95.





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## COFFEE AND CHOCOLATE —in perfect harmony

**C**OFFEE and chocolate, as well as being favourite beverages, can also be used to give a delicious flavour to many recipes. Here is Mary Langham's selection.

### CHOCOLATE GATEAU

4 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 4 oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 3 oz. Federation or Excelda plain flour, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. baking powder, 1 oz. Co-op cocoa.

Cream the Gold Seal and sugar until soft and fluffy. Add the lightly beaten eggs gradually. Fold in the sieved flour, cocoa, and baking powder. Stir in one tablespoon warm water. Place in a greased sandwich tin and bake 30-40 minutes (Mark 5, 375°F.). When cool, split and fill with fudge icing.

### CHOCOLATE FUDGE ICING

4 level tablespoons Co-op cocoa, 4 oz. sieved icing sugar, 2 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 3 tablespoons water, 3½ oz. granulated sugar, 3 drops glycerine, ½ teaspoon C.W.S. vanilla essence.

Sieve together the icing sugar and cocoa. Place remaining ingredients in a saucepan and melt slowly. Gradually bring to the boil, stirring all the time. When boiling pour over sugar and cocoa. When cold beat with a wooden spoon until soft and fluffy. Spread in centre of cake and on the top.

### CHOCOLATE

#### TRUFFLES

4 oz. C.W.S. plain chocolate, 1 egg yolk, ½ oz. butter, 1 teaspoon C.W.S. evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon rum (or C.W.S. rum essence to taste), chocolate vermicelli.

Melt the chocolate in a basin over a pan of hot water. Add the egg yolk, butter, and rum. Beat until the mixture thickens and is stiff enough to form into balls. Form into balls and roll in the chocolate vermicelli. Place in small sweet papers.

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### COFFEE CRISPS

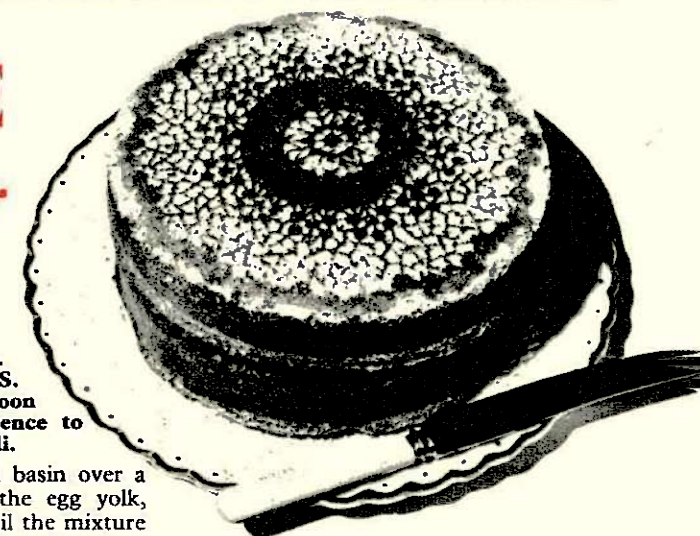
2 tablespoons very strong black coffee, 2 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 2 oz. C.W.S. chopped nuts, 1 oz. C.W.S. sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped glace cherries, 2 oz. sugar, 2 oz. C.W.S. mixed peel, 2 oz. Excelda or Federation plain flour, rice paper.

Melt the Gold Seal and sugar in a saucepan. Stir in the coffee and remaining ingredients. Place small spoonfuls on baking sheets covered with rice paper. Bake for 10-15 minutes in a cool oven, (Mark 3, 350°F.) until lightly browned. Cool on a wire tray.

### COFFEE CHIFFON PIE

1 pastry case, 1 level tablespoon powder gelatine, 1½ gills strong coffee, ½ gill water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs, pinch salt, C.W.S. vanilla essence, nuts, cherries, and cream to decorate.

Separate the eggs and put the yolks,



sugar, and vanilla essence into a basin. Place over a pan of hot water and beat until thick. Add the coffee gradually and reheat for several minutes. Soften the gelatine in the water, and add to the coffee mixture. Stir well, until gelatine has dissolved. Chill until mixture starts to thicken. Whisk the egg whites with a pinch of salt until very stiff. Fold into the coffee mixture, and pour into pastry case. Decorate with chopped nuts, cherries, and cream.

### BOSTON COFFEE CREAMS

4 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 1 oz. icing sugar, 4 oz. Excelda or Federation plain flour, ½ egg, C.W.S. Vanilla essence, Coffee butter cream.

Cream the fat and sugar together. Mix in the flour and lastly the egg and vanilla essence. Pipe the mixture onto greased baking sheets and bake 15 minutes (Mark 3, 350°F.). When cool, sandwich together with coffee butter cream.

### COFFEE BUTTER CREAM

2 oz. icing sugar, 1 oz. Gold Seal margarine, 1 teaspoon Shieldhall coffee essence.

Cream the fat and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in the essence until well blended.

### 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

## OUR ★ RECIPE

### PICNIC HONEYCOMB PIE

8 oz. shortcrust pastry.

Filling: 6 oz. cheddar cheese, 1 large egg, pepper.

Line a small pie dish with half the pastry. Grate the cheese, and mix with beaten egg and pepper. Pour into dish, and cover with remaining pastry. Bake (Mark 5, 375°F.) for half-an-hour.





## DOREEN BROWNE conducts HOUSEWIVES' CLUB

INSTEAD of touring the shops this month I have been visiting a great exhibition—and what a fascinating time I had. There were nearly 70 stands showing a tremendous range of goods—you could see some of them actually being made—with free samples and bargain packs and lots of other interesting features. The exhibition, staged by the C.W.S., is touring the country, so don't miss it if it comes your way. Exhibits will vary according to circumstances, but here are some of the things you are likely to see:—

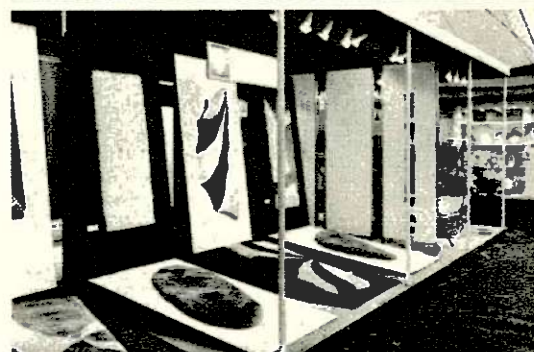
A good place to start your tour is the furnished bungalow, where you can pick up plenty of ideas for your own home. Both traditional and contemporary furniture is featured, and the kitchen is a housewife's dream. Take your husband along, too. He will be interested in the garden, and there is a stand where he can see house plants, seeds, fertilisers, and all kinds of gardeners' sundries.

A fashion parade is the highlight of any exhibition; and this one has a special attraction—you don't have to pay extra to get in! This is your chance to see how attractive the trapeze line really is, and if you haven't yet shortened your skirts, you will after seeing how smart the model girls look in their just-below-knee-length hems. Of all the clothes shown my choice was a double jersey sack dress in glowing hibiscus red, but if you don't quite see yourself in this line you can wear the belt provided with it.

It seems women are not so reluctant to wear spectacles these days—and no wonder, for the latest styles couldn't be more flattering. The stand showing these has some neat little purse-style cases in black, blue, or green with a white dot pattern.

What a difference an attractive rug makes to the appearance of a room. I saw a lovely range, in sheepskin and lambskin, available in many shapes and patterns. You can choose your own colour combinations from the patterns on the stand, and the factory where they are made offers a good cleaning service.

Women don't have it all their own way where fashion is concerned. You can see a snappy range of men's styles, from "county" type sports coats in dog-tooth check to fancy-weave jackets glittering with lurex thread. If you regard ironing as one of your most hated tasks, as many housewives do, you

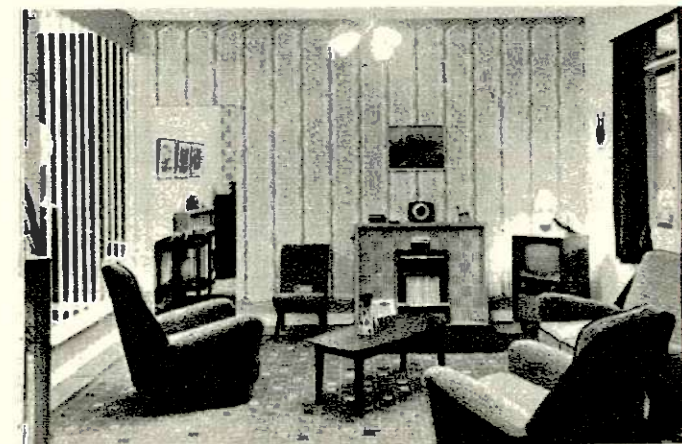


TWO OF THE STANDS: The C.W.S. Optical Department's display of spectacles includes the latest flattering styles for women. Sheepskin and lambskin rugs in many shapes and patterns are featured in another part of the exhibition

will be interested in the latest shirt they are showing. In poplin, it needs no ironing at all, and with every shirt there is a free sponge to clean the collar and cuffs.

★ The exhibition will be appearing at Langley Mill from September 6th to 13th; Rochdale, October 4th to 11th; and Cleator Moor, November 1st to 8th. Other dates are being arranged.

When the exhibition described in Housewives' Club comes your way, a good place to start your tour is the furnished bungalow shown below. Traditional and contemporary furniture are featured in the various rooms, one of which is shown on the left



If you see the parade, take a good look at the model girls' feet. They are wearing the latest styles in shoes, which you can also see on a separate stand. I was intrigued by the new materials used for many of the shoes. There is a suede that looks like tweed, in an ultra-modern T-strap style; ponyskin, which is going to be very popular this autumn; floral and corded suede; and hand-plaited leather.



MARTHA BLOUNT goes

## HERE and THERE



NO-ONE can say this spring has been dull in Fleet Street. Even to get there regularly and on time has meant every kind of hazard, as you will know. Perhaps my funniest experience was right at the beginning of the "troubles" in late May.

I was standing, as instructed by my Press Lords, in the bus queue with my hand up waiting for a lift from Hampstead to the Strand. I was also wildly turning over in my mind a dramatic new series of articles on "Character in Man." Up drove a large (somewhat flashy) car and a kind gentleman offered a lift.

He was highly talkative and highly inquisitive. Parrying his questions I did a little enquiring myself. But I just couldn't place him at all. I got his character very quickly—extrovert, active, social. His job I just couldn't place. I kept thinking "Now, if you are any good at this series, you'll have got his job before he drops you in the Strand."

I failed. In the Strand and even after a nice cup of coffee together I still couldn't place the gentleman. Then he handed me his card and said he would like to meet me again and perhaps we could do business together. The card read, "Joe . . . Turf Accountant." As a non-racing woman that was the one profession I just hadn't made acquaintance with. Would you have placed him? I wonder.

HAVE you a good memory? I have—but only for words, and only when it is connected with work. My son, now doing his Military Service, found that his memory was deteriorating so rapidly that he failed one of his recent tests. He arrived home therefore to work it all out again and I thought I'd have a shot as well.

It was indeed a memory test. There sat my son with a B.A. degree from Oxford, quite unable to give the correct instructions to his supposed gunner group because his memory failed to retain the simplest points.

And there sat I, with a splitting headache, trying to find just some word to hang on to.

One good thing; now that I know how poor the family memory is for things that bore us, I am making myself listen

to the radio, watch the TV, and take in masses of detail about the duller things (and people) just for future reference.

DID you know for instance how to remember telephone numbers? I found that out from a stockbroker friend. Simply this; divide the number into two sets of figures, e.g., 10 and 66. Don't try to remember them as "one, oh, six, six." It seems that the brain remembers best in small patterns of twos!

And in trying to remember people's names, connect the name with some unusual feature or habit—such as Johnson "redhead" or Brown "square nails."

When you are being introduced to a new acquaintance, *always* forget your own name and concentrate on theirs. Far too often we listen to see if our own name is being given correctly and so do not retain the new name.

HAVE you ever tried baked cabbage done the Scandinavian way? Wash and shred a green cabbage, removing the very thick bases of leaves and stalk. Put in a covered dish with a few ounces of water, a large knob of butter, and some salt. It will take about half an hour to bake in a moderate oven—longer if you are leaving it at the bottom while you roast meat on a top shelf.

This method of oven cooking is excellent for fruit as well. Again use very little water, add sugar and any flavouring needed. Lemon peel is excellent for flavouring pears and late rhubarb by the way. They all take a little longer than stewing of course, but the flavour is twice as delicious.

I WAS once a schoolmarm. My only success really was in exciting children into learning. Discipline over them I had none.

I was reminded of this when an entertaining and lively 4-year-old came to visit me in the country. She wanted to run down through my wood. But not walk back. Her parents were far away and I had neither the energy nor the will to carry her. So I excited her up.



It's never dull in Fleet Street, says Martha Blount, describing an experience she had during the recent bus strike

I told her a wild story of a queer woman who lived in the wood, cooked in the wood, ate in the wood, and talked to herself in the wood. As the plump little legs panted up the steep slope, the "lady of the wood" of course skipped ahead and did funnier and funnier things.

At the top we sat down to rest. The little girl had walked up on her own and was laughing with pleasure. I was flat out with intellectual exhaustion, but I hadn't carried her a step.

Was this a success or not? I, as a mother, think it was, because I believe telling stories and exciting children into enterprise and exertion is good for them. It happens also to be quite good for me as I have often sold the stories in the past for publication!

TO see so many young people at a rally at the Albert Hall on "The Christian Challenge in a Changing World" on Ascension Day was a surprise.

I believe that if there is to be a Christian revival in the West it is going to come from the young and not from the middle-aged or old.

There seem to be two strong streams of youth in the country at the moment: the mad skiffle and bebop groups and the serious, but constructive rebels who want to find a better life.

I find, for instance, my son's generation far more seriously minded than I was twenty years ago, and I also find that young men will discuss religion quite openly and fearlessly to-day.

It would be a good idea to encourage them. For the bravest heart among us needs a sheet anchor when times are hard, and second-hand religion isn't of much use in a real emergency, is it?





# In search of SUMMER PASTURE

By  
MAURICE  
MOYAL

**F**OR Jean Chemin, French sheep farmer, summer ushers in a trek that takes his flock of 2,300 sheep and goats from sea-level grazings to lush pastures 8,500 feet up in the French Alps, bordering on Italy.

Toward the end of spring, his sheep get leaner and leaner. Their flat, scissor-like jaws scrape the lowland pastures bare, upturning every pebble in their search for the last blades of grass.

Despite his eagerness to start, Chemin has to wait for the thaw to set in on the Alps. At such high altitudes spring replaces winter almost overnight. When the sheep reach journey's end, a rich carpet of herbs awaits them.

The sheepman uses the last days before the trek to complete meticulous preparations for his expedition and the four months he and his three shepherds will spend far away from centres of population. Into a covered wagon he heaps everything needed by people remote from civilisation, from sugar, coffee, and brandy to sheep-medicines, extra clothing, and thread and needles.

Because the animals must be acclimatised slowly to the freezing cold of the mountain nights, they cannot be ferried there by railway. A sudden change in temperature would endanger their health. So the drive is made in thirteen marches, each of about fifteen miles. To evade the heat of the day and the dense traffic on the roads, the flock travels mainly after sundown.

**A**T 7 p.m. the trek begins, and on the first day of summer we set out from St. Martin de Crau, 38 miles north-west of Marseilles. Bastien, 67-year-old chief shepherd, sets the animals on their long trek with "Now move along, *mes enfants*!"

Accompanied by his dog Lamir, half wolf and half sheep-dog, he is to lead the whole way, keeping the pace at a

steady one-and-a-half miles per hour.

Soon the whole bleating flock, enveloped in clouds of golden dust, goes tramping forward to the merry accompaniment of their bells.

We march all that night. At dawn shepherd Francois kindles a fire between two stones and coffee is soon boiling. While we drink it and devour rashers of bacon with some bread, *polenta* is cooked for the dogs. They throw themselves upon the thick, yellowish mush, disposing of it in five seconds.

**N**OW the Durance plain, crossed by the silver thread of a river, unrolls before us, and then we forsake the Durance valley for that of the Verdon, then that of the Blanche Torrents.

As the road steadily climbs, the heat loses its prickliness. Before tackling the first high mountain passes, we rest for a whole day at Oraison. Already, I can pick out ahead ranges far more formidable than the lesser chain already negotiated. Lit by the rising sun, the eternal snows on the Lure Mountain appear a dazzling pink and white, as the mountains tower abruptly over the mauve Mallefougasse and Ganagobie Plateau.

Many sheep are already limping. Their hooves have become chinked, and the tips worn to the quick by rocks. Chemin arranges for trucks to transport these for all but the last stretch.

The dogs are also getting very weary. We are obliged to do their job for them, running hither and thither, and waving their bells at the ever-stampeding sheep. Quickly the strays go back into line for, in their simple minds, the tinkling of dog-bells is associated with bare fangs.

Despite the steeper and steeper slopes and the fatigue of the animals, Chemin insists that the trek continues to be a bed of roses.

For the sheepmaster, the "real"

mountains are on hand only when he sees our charges start licking every flat stone en route. Gradually, as we trudge deeper and deeper into the Alps, the dew has become less salty. The animals start crying for the body-builders it no longer provides, and salt has to be spread over flat stones at the halts for them, to give them nourishment.

Before tackling the final climb, rising steeply from 5,500 to 10,000 feet, we rest for 24 hours at the foot of the Restefond Pass. As we have now to leave the asphalt road and travel by goat track, the wagon is left behind. Its cargo is transferred to pack-saddles on the mare and asses. For the last stretch, these are to lead the way.

Half way up our climb an ominous belt of leaden clouds appears, gaining rapidly over the whole dome of the sky. As the sultry air becomes surcharged with electricity, the animals begin showing signs of restlessness. Clouds and thick fog are already settling over the top of the pass when the sheep reach the relative safety of the broad, strategic road cutting across it. Egg-size hailstones begin lashing painfully at their muzzles.

**W**ITH a blinding crash, lightning strikes the top of the pass a few feet above our heads, darting a blue tongue of flame along the wake of warm air created by the close formation of the sheep. Scared out of their lives, they scatter like chaff in the wind.

Despite pounding hearts and bursting lungs, we run like mad to round up the terror-stricken animals, at the risk of falling over a yawning precipice concealed by the fog. Luckily, we have caught only the tail of a freak storm. The gale soon stops and the fog clears.

Down a mule track, turned by the storm into a muddy torrent, we climb to the Camp des Fourches pastures, where cupped in the mountainside lie the three small cabins and the pens which are to be home for men and animals for several months. Sheep and goats can now begin to grow plump on succulent herbs, until autumn returns to drive them back to La Crau.



IN YOUR NEW GARDEN

## A ROSE-COVERED Pergola

**T**HE term pergola means a covered walk, though the walk is never completely covered, but consists of upright posts driven into the soil to feet apart, and about the same height, with crossbars of wood or rope. It's best to use chestnut posts, properly "pickled" in Cuprinol. This substance, obtainable from the C.W.S. Horticultural Department at Derby, protects the posts from the spores of the various wood rots.

If you like to use rope instead of wooden bars across the top, it's nice to have these in convenient loops stretched from post to post along either side of the walk, to give further support along which the trailing roses may be trained. Chains have been used instead of ropes, and these, of course, last longer.

See that the soil in which the roses are to be planted is well-prepared. Take out a trench about two feet wide, and if the soil is very heavy bury bricks and clinkers in the bottom to give efficient drainage. Over this place well-rotted vegetable refuse, at the rate of one good barrow load to a four yard stretch. You may be lucky enough to get really old dung for this purpose. Alternatively you can use C.W.S. sedge peat.

Into the top three or four inches fork fish fertiliser (10 per cent potash content) at 4 oz. to the yard run.

**S**PACE the posts evenly down the walk on either side and then put in an interesting collection of climbing and rambler roses. Down one side you could have Emily Gray, Excelsa, Easlea's Golden Rambler, François Juranville, Léontine Gervais, Crimson Glow, Climbing Paul Crampel, Climbing Madame Abel Chate-nay, Climbing Etoile de Holland and Climbing Madame Butterfly, while for the other side you might try Albéric Barbier, Minnehaha, Crimson Conquest, Thelma, Blush Rambler, Dr. Van Fleet, Lady Gay, Paul's Scarlet Climber, Mme.

Grégoire Staechelin and Paul's Lemon Pillar. These will give you a grand show from early June until late in October.

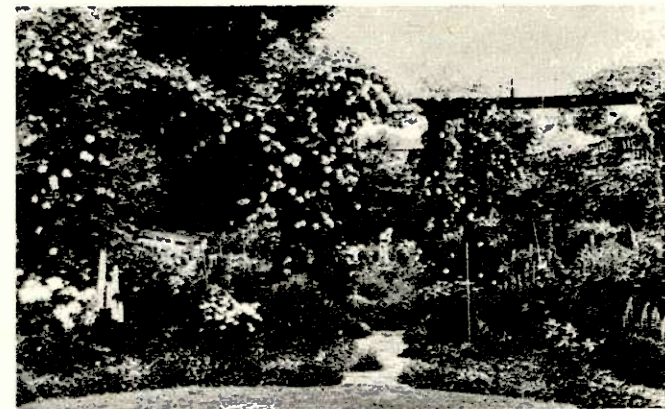
Of course, you need not stick to roses; there are many other climbing plants to choose from. There are the Dutch Honeysuckles, early and late, for instance, and that lovely old-fashioned sweet-scented variety of *Wistaria* known as *Sinensis*, while the C.W.S. offer pot-grown clematis at 10s. od. each which are a very good buy: there's Gypsy Queen, a rich velvety purple; Crimson King, a bright red, shading off paler down the centre of each sepal; Marcel Moser, a large pale violet with a distinct pale bar; and Daniel Durondo, a purple with a lighter bar.

**I**F you are going to grow clematis, the thing to remember is to keep the roots cool, and also to plant something dwarf round about, like one of the dwarf Michaelmas daisies, some of the Sun roses, or the dwarf veronicas.

While you are planning and planting, don't forget the lawn. If you did the sowing correctly the grass should be growing quite well, and it must be kept cut.

Set the blades of the mower fairly high for the first two or three cuttings, and see the blades are really sharp. Rolling is good to cause the grasses to tiller out, but far too many people use the roller in wet weather. On the contrary, it must be dry.

Don't attempt to use hormone weed-killers on a new lawn growing from seed. If you laid turves early in spring, they should have knit by now, and be growing well. Such a lawn could be treated with Verdene, which the C.W.S. Horticultural Department can supply. Be careful



when watering the lawn not to allow the liquid to drift on to other plants round about.

**A**MONG the vegetables growing in the garden, learn to use the Dutch hoe intelligently. The blade must be sharp; use a file to keep it so. Walk backwards and cut through the top half-inch of soil and no more, using the hoe with a slight jabbing action. Do the hoeing before there are any visible weeds, and of course there never will be any weeds. The old-fashioned gardener always says "Never let the weeds see a Sunday," and that's a very good idea. Be careful, however, when you are hoeing, not to injure the stems of your plants, for the slightest injury may make them go to seed.

Those growing potatoes must beware of potato blight. It starts doing its damage in the south-west, and gradually spreads right north. Maincrop potatoes therefore should be sprayed with Bordeaux mixture. Soak the under-surfaces of the leaves, as well as the upper surfaces, to prevent the disease getting a hold. This blight will spread to tomatoes growing out-of-doors, so these ought to be sprayed also.

If the runner beans are growing well, they will appreciate being syringed over in the evening. It keeps the pods nice and fresh, and helps the flowers to set. If the weather is dry, syringe over with clean water, in addition to whatever root watering you are able to carry out.

This month W. E. SHEWELL-COOPER tells you how to lengthen your garden with a flower-covered walk that will give it distinction and beauty to charm your visitors



# For boys and girls

## In Days Gone By



Long ago our ancestors used this mustard bowl. Mustard seeds were put inside it, and a little milk was added. The mustard seeds were then ground by a small cannon-ball rolled round and round inside.

## COMPETITION

### FOR THE OVER-NINES

This month A BOOK PRIZE will be awarded to the boy or girl who, in the opinion of the Editor, sends in the best poem on the subject of SUMMER.

Write your poem on a postcard, and add your full name, age and address. Your poem must be your own work—please remember that.

### FOR THE UNDER-NINES

A CUT-OUT MODEL is the prize offered to you this month. All you have to do is draw a Summer scene, then get out your paints or crayons and colour it. Write your full name, age, and address on the back.



All competitors should post their entries by September 5th to:—The Editor, Co-operative Home Magazine, 1 Balloon Street, Manchester 4.

## SCHOOLBOYS MEET REG HARRIS

THE Summer Road Safety Campaign, a joint effort between the Road Safety Committee and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, was launched in June at St. Paul's School, Hammersmith, London. The photograph on the right shows the famous racing cyclist REG HARRIS chatting with some of the boys, and showing them the parts of a cycle which should be checked regularly to maintain top reliability and safety.

I hope you keep YOUR cycle in roadworthy condition, as many accidents are caused through faulty brakes, loose wheels, rusty chains, etc. You should check your cycle regularly to ensure its safety, thus safeguarding your life and the lives of others. You will take care, won't you?

Your friend, BILL



## THIS MONTH'S PUZZLE PIE

### COLOUR QUIZ

Colours feature in the names of all the following. We want you to tell us to what or to whom the names refer.

1. The Blue Peter
2. Green Fingers
3. A Brown Study
4. The White Sahara
5. The Red Duster
6. The White Queen
7. The Blue Boy
8. The Golden Arrow
9. The Blue Riband
10. A Purple Emperor

### WHO WAS IT?

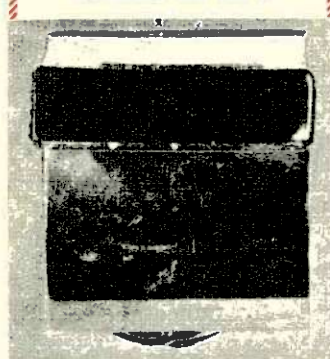
Do you know who it was who . . .

1. had a parrot and only one leg?
2. stole a "nice new rattle"?
3. would not grow up?
4. went on an expedition to the North Pole?
5. was the Outlaw of Sherwood?
6. had the sword Excalibur?
7. got lost in the Wild Wood?
8. just grewed?
9. had adventures down a rabbit hole?
10. went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat?

### ENDS FIRST

Below are five definitions. The answer to (b) begins with the last three letters of (a); the answer to (c) starts with the last three letters of (b); and so on. With the right answers, you'll find that (a) commences with the last three letters of (e). (a) A Country (d) Keen (b) Patron Saint (c) Whole (c) Prize

### What is it?



Look in column 4 if you can't guess what this familiar object is.

## The World's Tea

IN a recent survey it was discovered that Asia accounts for more than 95 per cent of the world's tea output. The rest is grown in Africa and the U.S.S.R.

China produces more tea than any other country—about half of all in the world—but consumes most of its crop, exporting only some finer varieties.

## Not Much Land!

IT has been estimated that land occupies only approximately 29 per cent of the total surface of the earth. Water occupies the other 71 per cent.

### Puzzle Solutions

What is it? A whistle.

Colour Quiz: 1. The flag flown when a ship is about to sail. 2. The name given to successful gardeners. 3. A day-dream. 4. The Antarctic. 5. The Red Ensign flown by the Merchant Navy. 6. A character in Alice through the Looking-glass. 7. A famous picture by Gainsborough. 8. A luxury train that runs to the Riviera. 9. The award given to the ship making the fastest crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. 10. A butterfly.

Who Was It? Long John Silver. 2. Tweedledee. 3. Peter Pan. 4. Christopher Robin, Pooh, Piglet and all Rabbit's friends and relations. 5. Robin Hood. 6. King Arthur. 7. Mole. 8. Topsy. 9. Alice in Wonderland. 10. The Owl and the Pussy-cat.

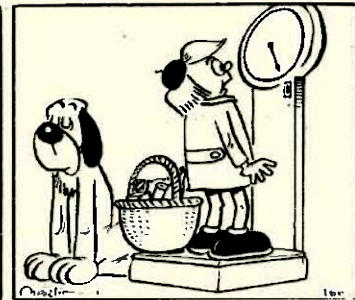
Ends First: Ireland, Andrew, reward, ardent, entire.

### JUNE COMPETITION WINNERS

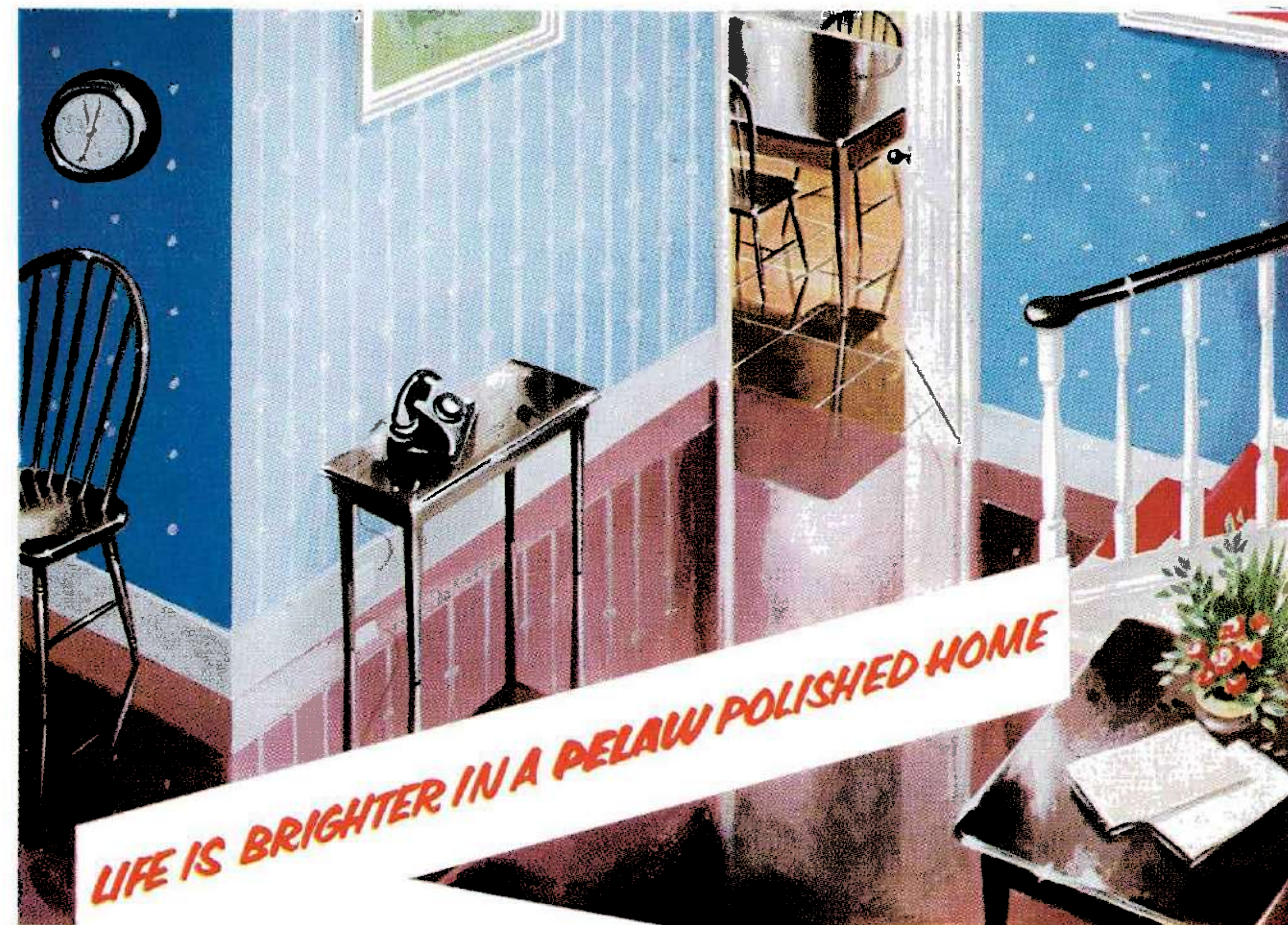
Sheila Delliston, 2 Stapleton Road, Boreham Wood, Herts.

Mary Smith, Manton Post Office, Marlborough, Wilts.

## PENNY and BOB



## By GEORGE MARTIN



LIFE IS BRIGHTER IN A PELAW POLISHED HOME

- ★ Water resistant
- ★ Guards against scratching
- ★ Quick deep shine
- ★ Economical
- ★ Cleans as it shines

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FLOOR & FURNITURE POLISH

PELAW THE BRIGHTEST NAME FOR POLISH

FROM CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES EVERYWHERE



# Liverpool Co-operative Society Limited

## EVERYONE HAD A JOLLY GOOD TIME ON CO-OPERATIVE DAY



*Fancy Dress Ball. Some of the Prize Winners.*



*Friends from Ghana and Malaya.*

INTERNATIONAL Co-operative Day was celebrated with a children's fancy dress ball, children's colouring competition, employees' children's party, and an "At Home," and all functions passed off very successfully.

Our pictures convey, to some extent, the pleasure and enjoyment which permeated throughout. Thanks are due to all who helped to make our celebrations worth-while.



*Waiting for the Spot Prizes at the Fancy Dress Ball.*



*Colouring Competition Prize Winners.*



# Co-operative for Trade Unionists

ALTHOUGH the largest section of the British Co-operative Movement is the consumers' societies the movement contains producer Co-operatives. The Co-operative Party advocates the extension of Co-operative methods in the production and distribution of goods and services.

Sometimes workers apply Co-operative methods without realising that they are Co-operative methods. When a group of Trade Unions and (or) Socialists join together to form a club in order to supply themselves with drinks, cigarettes and entertainment and register the club under the Industrial and Provident Societies Acts, they in fact create a Co-operative Club. In such clubs the Co-operative principle of one member one vote applies, and so does the principle of the use of the trading surplus for the benefit of the members, apply.

## THEIR OWN BREWERY

IN some parts of the country, notably in South Wales and Durham, clubs combine to set up their own brewery. This is a Co-operative form of production wherein the boards are democratically elected by the clubs and the trading surplus distributed in the form of dividend.

In Israel the Trade Unions and Co-operative combine to build houses, shops, schools, &c. Building workers in this country combine to do the same. In the same fashion many other workers producing a variety of goods and services could work together with consumer Co-operatives to produce their goods and services. The control of such

Co-operatives could be shared between the consumer and producer.

## A BETTER METHOD

IT may be argued that this would result in competition between existing Co-operative methods and Municipal forms of production. Competition amongst Socialist forms of production is far better than exploitation by capitalist monopolies or strangulation by bureaucratic state monopolies.)

Any economic system which is to be democratic must be responsive to the desire of consumers. We are all consumers of food, but we are not all producers of food.

Any neglect of the just claims of the producer harms the consumer too; any disregard of the consumer, however, means that the essential purpose of production has been ignored. For, both as Co-operators and trade unionists, we accept it that production should be for use, not for profit.

## CLOSE ALLIANCE

HISTORICALLY there has been a close alliance between the Trade Unions and the Co-operative Movement. They were brought up together in the hard school of poverty and insecurity. When the Co-operative Movement grew strong enough it was a source of added power to trade unions who were resisting cuts in wages or who were trying to improve their conditions of work. Local societies often advanced credit to make it possible

for the Trade Unions to pay their members strike pay.

This common bond had much to do with the decision of almost every Co-operative society that all their employees must be members of their appropriate Trade Union.

Just as the good Co-operator should pay his union dues and be a staunch trade unionist, so should the loyal trade unionist and his wife be good co-operators, thus ensuring that the people who make and sell him his goods are themselves trade unionists. Let us face our future together.

## College Successes

MR. E. CROOK has completed two years at the Co-operative College, and it is pleasing to report his successes:

Departmental Organisation, first-class pass; Economics of Co-operation, first-class pass; Business Statistics, first-class pass; Book-keeping, Stage III, first-class pass; Economics of Business Organisation, first-class pass; Industrial Law, Distinction.

In addition, Mr. Crook passed the City and Guilds Examination in teaching, which was an extra-mural subject at Loughborough College, and will be assisting with the tuition of Liverpool Society's staff during the coming winter session.

The scholarship for 1958-59 has been awarded to Mr. E. J. Rowe, of the grocery department, and we feel sure that he will maintain the high standard set by previous scholarship holders.

Have you purchased your  
**MILK TOKENS** to-day?  
available at Grocery and Dairy Branches)

## DRINK CO-OPERATIVE MILK

THE FINEST AND SAFEST OBTAINABLE. YOUR DIVIDEND  
SAVING (AT ITS PRESENT RATE) WOULD EQUAL  
A SUPPLY OF MILK FREE FOR ONE WEEK OUT  
OF EVERY 24

Yes it pays to drink—

## CO-OPERATIVE MILK

ENQUIRE FOR SERVICE AT YOUR NEAREST DAIRY BRANCH,  
GROCERY BRANCH OR WRITE OR TELEPHONE—

LIVERPOOL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED  
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WHEN IN THE CITY . . .  
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- QUICK SERVICE • GOOD FOOD
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MORNING COFFEE

FULL COURSE HOT AND COLD LUNCHEONS

AFTERNOON TEAS

## CLASSES FOR OUR MEMBERS

The tastes of our members vary, and in order to cater for as many as possible a variety of classes has been arranged for the 1958-59 session. Peruse this list carefully, and enrol in that group which has your interest. Every class will be under expert tuition, and will provide an opportunity for good fellowship and easy instruction.

### FOR THE WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

"Training for Public Activities," Thursdays, 2.30 p.m. in the Co-operative Meeting Room, Burton Chambers (second floor), Church Alley, Church Street, Liverpool, commencing September 18th.

### FOR MEN AND WOMEN WHO WANT TO LEARN HOW TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC

Elementary Public Speaking, Fridays, 7.45 p.m. in the Co-operative Meeting Room, Burton Chambers (Second Floor), Church Alley, Church Street, Liverpool, commencing September 19th.

Public Speaking (a slightly more advanced course) in the University, Brownlow Hill (Clock Tower entrance), Thursdays, 7.45 p.m.

### A STUDY OF THE RUSSIAN LANGUAGE

A new venture on Tuesdays, 7.45 p.m. in the Co-operative Meeting Room, Burton Chambers, as above, from September 23rd.

### DRESSMAKING, MAKE DO AND MEND, HOME RENOVATIONS AND SOFT FURNISHING

Dressmaking and Make do and Mend (commencing week beginning September 22nd):

300, Park Road, Dingle, Mondays, 2.30 p.m.

83, Seaforth Road, Seaforth, Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m.

205, Rice Lane, Walton, Wednesdays, 2.30 p.m.

93, Kensington, Wednesdays, 2.30 p.m.

Co-operative Hall, Hornspit Lane, West Derby, Wednesdays, 2.30 p.m.

137 Oakfield Road, Tuesdays, 2.30 p.m.

### Soft Furnishing:

Holyoake Hall, 338 Smithdown Road, Wednesdays, 2.30 p.m.

2 Fitzgerald Road, Old Swan, Wednesdays, 2.30 p.m.

### Home Renovation:

Harmony Hall, Cinder Lane, Orrell, Mondays, 7.45 p.m.

People's Hall, Aigburth, Thursdays, 7.45 p.m.

Co-operative Hall, Northway, Maghull, Wednesdays, 7.45 p.m.

34, Bridge Road, Blundellsands, Fridays, 7.45 p.m.

Fee—7/6 for the full session.

These classes may be increased to meet special demands, and interested members should communicate with the Education Secretary, 162 Walton Road, Liverpool, 4.

**THE CO-OPERATIVE CHILDREN'S DANCING CLASSES HAVE BEEN IN EXISTENCE SINCE 1922, and many former members have gained stage fame or have become teachers of dancing themselves.**

ALL have benefited from the excellent tuition, and have expressed appreciation of the facilities offered.

**SEVEN CLASSES ARE NOW AVAILABLE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN OF MEMBERS**

Fee 1/- per occasion.

### TUESDAYS, 6 p.m.

Co-operative Hall, Parthenon Drive, Norris Green.

### FRIDAYS

Co-operative Hall, 300 Park Road, Dingle.

### WEDNESDAYS, 6 p.m.

St. Giles' Church Hall, Aintree Lane, Aintree.

Co-operative Hall, Northway, Maghull.

### SATURDAYS

Blair Hall, 162, Walton Road, Liverpool, 4. 10 a.m.

Progress Hall, Liverpool Road, Huyton. 2 p.m.

### THURSDAYS

Savoy Hall, Bath Street, Waterloo.

Numbers are limited, and early application for membership is essential.  
CLASSES OPEN IN THE WEEK COMMENCING SEPTEMBER 1st, 1958

### NEXT SEASON'S PROGRAMME

The Education Committee have pleasure in announcing their programme for the 1958-59 season. Many new classes have been arranged and we trust that these will have the support of members and their families.

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (age 11 to 15) FROM CO-OPERATIVE FAMILIES, THE PATHFINDER GROUP IS A JOLLY GOOD GROUP TO BELONG TO**

Meetings are held weekly (subscription 1d.) from 6 to 7.30 p.m. and members are admitted on learning the Pathfinder Pledge and proving they are able to carry out the various promises. Meetings are interesting and enjoyable with games, simple craft work and pen friendships. The Pathfinders' own magazine, "Our Circle," is issued free each month to every member.

GROUPS COMMENCE MEETING IN THE WEEK BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 1st, 1958

### Mondays

137, Oakfield Road, Anfield.  
Progress Hall, Liverpool Road, Huyton.  
Gray Street Primary School, Bootle.  
2 Fitzgerald Road, Old Swan.  
Guildroom, Hornspit Lane, West Derby.

### Thursdays

98, Haile Road, Walton.  
83 Seaforth Road, Seaforth.  
92 Lodge Lane, Princes Park.  
Co-operative Hall, Northway, Maghull.  
66, Stanley Road, Bootle.  
578, Longmoor Lane, Fazakerley.

### Tuesdays

34, Bridge Road, Blundellsands.

### Wednesdays

95, Kensington.  
300 Park Road, Dingle.  
Netherton Moss County Primary School, Netherton.  
Harmony Hall, Cinder Lane, Orrell.

### Fridays

205, Rice Lane.  
Co-operative Hall, Parthenon Drive, Norris Green.

ENROL ON THE OPENING NIGHT—MEMBERSHIP STRICTLY LIMITED



**LIVERPOOL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY LIMITED**  
Education Committee

## *An Introduction to the Boardroom*

A series of six talks for those interested in the work of a Co-operative Society Management Committee:—  
for prospective candidates, members of auxiliaries, or the society member who is desirous of understanding how a Co-operative Society is managed and controlled.

Meetings will be held in the Co-operative city meeting room: **Room 34, Second Floor, BURTON'S CHAMBERS, Church Alley off Church Street, Liverpool, on six consecutive Wednesday evenings from 7.30.**

ENROLMENT FREE

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10th**

Mr. J. A. BANKS, Senior Research Worker, Department of Social Science, University of Liverpool.

"Nature of Retail Societies. An explanation of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act."

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17th**

Mr. N. NIELD, General Secretary, Southport Co-operative Society Limited.  
"Capital." Nature of Co-operative Capital. Difference between Revenue and Capital Expenditure. Deciding Policy for Development. Avoiding over-Capitalisation. Conserving Capital. Other Sources of Capital.

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th**

Mr. R. BARLOW, Managing Secretary, St. Helens Co-operative Society Limited.  
"In the Boardroom." Minutes of Main and Sub-Committees. Consideration of Weekly Statements. Correspondence, Reports and Delegations. Committee Fees and Members' Complaints.

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1st**

Mr. N. NIELD, General Secretary, Southport Co-operative Society Limited.  
"Comparison with other Co-operatives and Private Enterprise." Business Statistics. A few pitfalls. Cash and Quantity Sales.

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8th**

Mr. R. BARLOW, Managing Secretary, St. Helens Co-operative Society Limited.  
"Balance Sheet." Its preparation and presentation. Dividend Policy.

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th**

Mr. J. A. BANKS, Senior Research Worker, Department of Social Science, University of Liverpool.

"Serving and Maintaining Co-operative Democracy." Relationship with other Committees, Officials, Departmental Managers, Employees, &c.  
Opportunity will be given after each talk for questions and discussion.

**TWO SPECIAL**

## **SATURDAY AFTERNOON CONFERENCES FOR CO-OPERATORS!**

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th**

(in conjunction with the W.E.A.)  
BLAIR HALL, 162 Walton Road, Liverpool, 4  
3 p.m.

Dr. ROBIN PEDLEY, Ph.D.  
Lecturer in Education, University of Leicester  
"EDUCATIONAL PROVISIONS"

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th**

BLAIR HALL, 162 Walton Road, Liverpool, 4  
3 p.m.

Mr. A. E. JUPP, C.S.D., Sec.  
Co-operative Productive Federation Limited  
"THE INDEPENDENT COMMISSION REPORT"

Admission Free All Welcome

Tea will be provided at 4/- per head for those  
who notify in advance

## **Music We Remember**

played in the SERIES OF

## **PALM COURT AFTERNOONS**

1958-59

September 28th, 1958 opens the  
series of Palm Court Concerts  
organised by the Education  
Committee and presented by

MANSELL JONES (at the piano) with his  
GROSVENOR PALM COURT ORCHESTRA  
(Leader: Alan Wilson)

The popular orchestra of the North-West

Guest Artist WILLIAM COOMBES, Baritone  
direct from his summer season successes  
at the Floral Hall, Southport

A programme of music from the  
Ballet, Opera, Films, and Musical  
Shows (past and present)  
including the melodies from the  
latest Show "My Fair Lady," at

HOLYOAKE HALL

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1958

## **CO-OPERATIVE JUNIOR CHOIRS**

The Co-operative Junior Choirs are open to boys and girls from co-operative households, and provide excellent training in choral singing and opportunity for concert work and participation in contests.

**NO FEES ARE CHARGED**, but those who enrol are required to continue regular attendance.

**CROSBY**

34 Bridge Road, Blundellsands (entrance Riverslea Road). MONDAYS, 6 p.m.

**MAGHULL**

Co-operative Hall, Northway, MONDAYS, 6 p.m.

**WALTON**

205 Rice Lane, Walton (entrance Yew Tree Road), MONDAYS, 6 p.m.

**WEST DERBY**

St. James' Church Hall, Moscow Drive, Stoneycroft, FRIDAYS, 6 p.m.

This is an excellent opportunity for those who wish to develop a talent for singing.

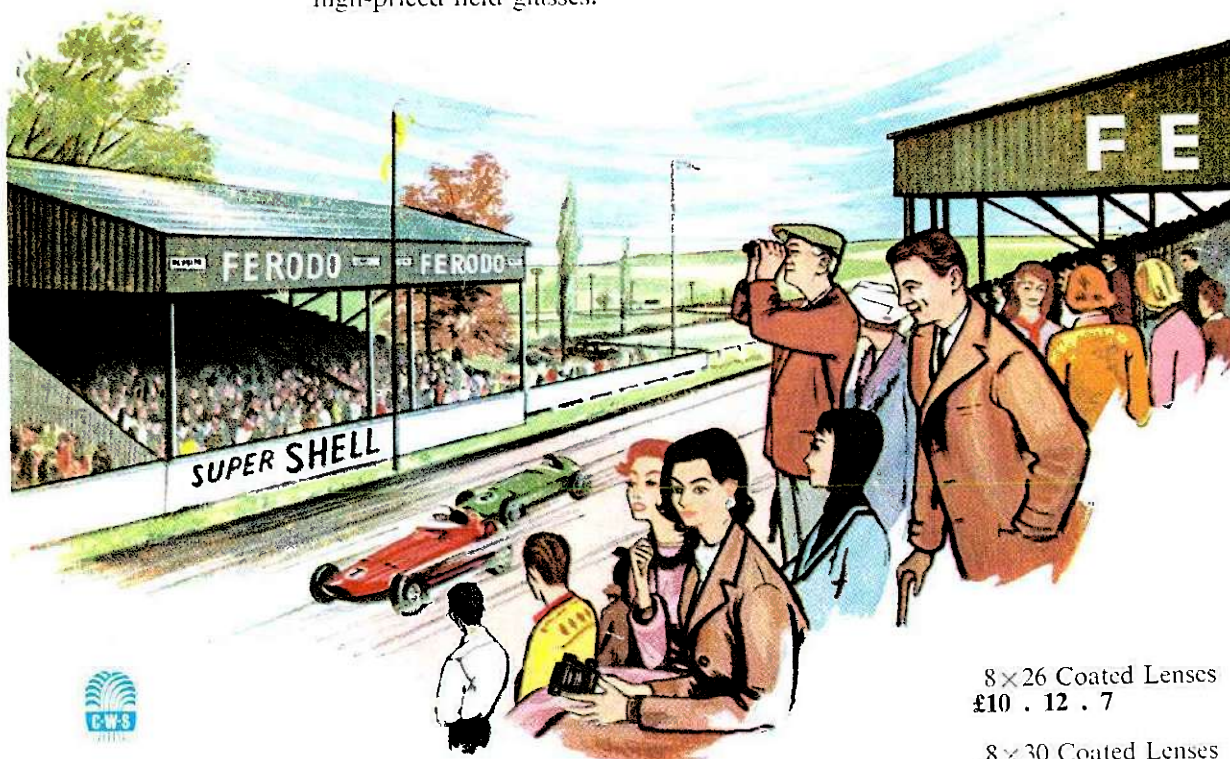
GROUPS re-open in the week commencing September 1st, and new members should enrol on the opening night.



INVINCIBLE Binoculars are handsome precision instruments at remarkably low prices. They will appeal particularly to followers of all kinds of sports,

***Bringing greater pleasure into view!***

and seaside holiday-makers, who have longed for but could not afford high-priced field glasses.



## **POPULAR INVINCIBLE BINOCULARS**



8×26 Coated Lenses  
£10 . 12 . 7

8×30 Coated Lenses  
£11 . 18 . 7

8×32 Coated Lenses  
£13 . 3 . 7

12×40 Coated Lenses  
£19 . 0 . 7

12×40 Wide Angle  
£22 . 1 . 5

*Including Case and P.T.*

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