

LOOK AND LEARN

No. 259, 31st DECEMBER, 1966



EVERY MONDAY, 1s. 3d.

Incorporating **RANGER** MAGAZINE



No. 10. NAPOLEON ON HIS FAVOURITE CHARGER, 'MARENGO'

Another in our set of twelve pictures of famous horses in fact and fiction, specially painted by LOOK AND LEARN artists.
(For further details see page 34.)

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You Write...

The Editor will be delighted to receive letters for possible publication. The address to write to appears at the top of this page.

City with a future

Dear Sir,

I live in Johannesburg which has just celebrated its 80th anniversary. It started in 1886 as a small gold-mining town which was called 'Randjeslaagte', and since then it has grown tremendously. I am very proud to be living in Johannesburg as it has a tremendous future ahead. Clive Ashpol, Yeoville, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Editor's Note: An article on Johannesburg, by Peter Duncan, appeared in our 19th November issue.

Christmas with an X

Dear Sir,

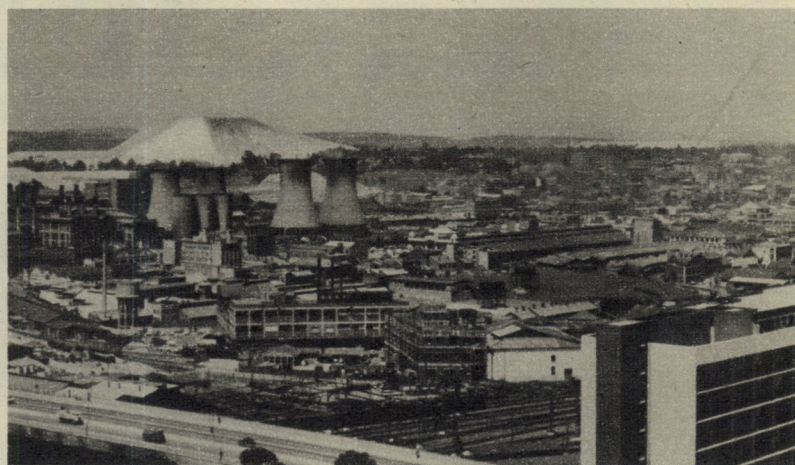
Could you please tell me why the word 'Christ' is sometimes substituted by the letter 'X' as in Xmas? John Curley, St. Helen's, Lancs.

Editor's Note: The Greek word represented by Christ in our Roman alphabet begins with a single letter which is only found in the Greek alphabet. It is written in Greek as X, and represents the hard sound of the letters 'ch' as found in 'Christ' and 'chaos'. The custom arose very early in circles where both Greek and Latin were known of using the Roman capital X to represent the Greek letter it resembles (known as 'chi' and pronounced 'kye'), especially as it could conveniently be abbreviated to represent the word 'Xristus' or 'Christ', in such words as 'Christmas'. Among students the abbreviation 'Xn' is similarly used to signify 'Christian'.

Praise Indeed!

Dear Sir,

I have been taking LOOK AND LEARN since the very first issue. I have seen the changing face of the cover and I think the new series of famous horses is the best cover yet. Roderick Akam, Somerton, Somerset.



A rooftop view of Johannesburg.

Interesting Error

Dear Sir,

I am writing to point out an error in issue No. 247, in Judith Campbell's 'Autumn Gold'.

The caption under the 14th century illustration indicates that the peasants are knocking down 'beech nuts', whereas, the illustration shows that the trees are in fact oak, with their fruit, acorns.

If you bring this error to the notice of your readers, you might like to add that the peasants enjoyed the right, as such, to feed their swine on the mast of oaks and beech, which was known as 'panage'.

In particular, the oak was of considerable value, and great endeavours were made to introduce oak from the Continent on account of the larger acorns which those trees produced. As a result of this, to some extent, the native oak was replaced by oak of European origin and today the title 'English oak' is somewhat of a misnomer.

Angus Davidson, Forest Manager, Argyll.

What is My Name?

Dear Sir,

Please could you find out whether KIDMAN is a German, Welsh or English name as there has been an argument about it in our family. William Kidman, Glamorgan, S. Wales.

Editor's Note: Kidman is sometimes an occupational name, meaning 'the man who looks after the goats', in which case it is Scandinavian in origin. Alternatively, it may be a variant of the Old English CADMAN, meaning either 'servant of Cade', or 'a maker of casks'.

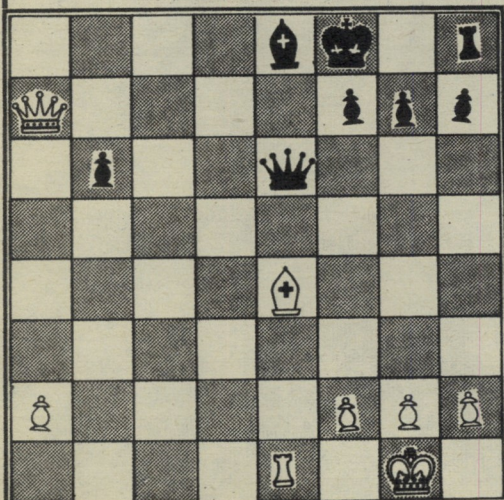
Dear Sir,

Could you please tell me anything about my surname HARGETT?

David Hargett, Leeds, Yorkshire.

Editor's Note: Hargett is a 'local' surname—from Hardgate, a hamlet in the parish of Bishop Thornton in Yorkshire.

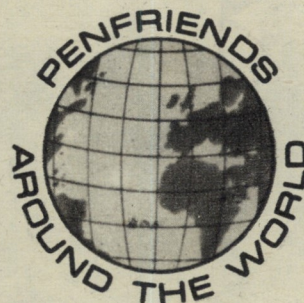
FOR CHESS PLAYERS



Can you see how white wins from this week's position?

SOLUTION:

1. Q-R3 ch K-K2
2. B-B6 Q x Q
3. R x B ch mate.
If 1. . . N-K1
2. B x P ch K x B
3. R x Q and wins.



Dear Sir,

I would like to have a penfriend from any country. My hobbies are stamp-collecting, reading and playing games. I am 17 years of age.

Nayuntasa, P.O. Box 740, Jinja, Uganda.

Dear Sir,

I would like to have a penfriend from any country. My hobbies are reading, stamp-collecting and picture collecting. My age is 18 years.

Tyotsana I. Patel, P.O. Box 306, Jinja, Uganda.

Dear Sir,

I would very much like to have penfriends from the United Kingdom, Australia, or anywhere in the world except Malaysia. My hobbies are collecting view-cards, listening to pop-songs and reading. I am 15 years old and would like penfriends (girls or boys) of 15 to 17 years of age.

Bee Liew, 13, 3rd Avenue, Fettes Park, Penang, Malaysia.

Dear Sir,

I would like an English penfriend. I am a male citizen of Ceylon and I am 16 years old and a Buddhist. I am a science student in class 10 (G.C.E. Ordinary level). My hobbies are collecting stamps, games and western music. I would like boy and girl penfriends between 16-18 years.

A. P. Gunathilaka, Gangahagedara, Gampolawela, Gampola, Ceylon.

HOW THE NEWS BROKE . . .

by E. R. Chamberlin



FROM THE LIPS OF A CHILD . . .

*No one dared tell the king,
so they sent a small boy*

THE old priest watched the great vessel move off into the twilight of a winter evening. Even from the beach where he stood, he could hear the sound of music and singing and laughter, for the *White Ship* was crowded with gay young company. Some of the older, more sober folk had thought better of travelling with her and left at the last moment, but the others merely laughed at them and settled down to pass the time merrily until England was reached.

In this December of the year 1120, the English had cause for rejoicing. King Henry I had gained a great victory over the French and now was leaving to spend Christmas at home.

Thomas Fitz-Stephen, captain of the *White Ship*, had prayed the King to honour them with his presence, but Henry had already arranged to cross on another ship. However, as a mark of his favour, he entrusted to the care of Fitz-Stephen all his children—Prince William, the heir to the throne, his younger brother Richard, and the Princess Maud. Completely confident in the arrangements, Henry ordered his own ship to leave ahead of the *White Ship*.

Prince William was not a very popular young man, but on this occasion he intended to celebrate and gave three large casks of wine to the crew. The casks were broached even before the ship set sail, and by the time they had cleared the harbour of Barfleur, the crew had had more than enough to drink.

The 50 rowers bent to their oars in a cheerful attempt to catch up the king's ship, and the noble company urged them on. The watcher on the shore saw the ship disappear into the gloom while the cheering and singing went on.

Then, suddenly, he heard a terrible cry, followed by silence.

What happened at that moment was told afterwards by the single survivor, a butcher from Rouen called Berthold. The *White Ship* had been yawing wildly under the guidance of the steersman, who was probably fuddled with wine, and even when they were among the treacherous rocks known as the Raz de Catteville, the rowers had not slackened pace.

Suddenly they had crashed on to a jagged reef. The tremendous impact opened a great hole in the bows and the ship sank almost immediately, taking most of the crew and passengers with her.

Berthold and another man were clinging to a piece of timber when Fitz-Stephen surfaced.

"What of my lord the king's son?" Fitz-Stephen asked.

The two men shook their heads—they had seen nothing of the royal family.

"Then woe is me," Fitz-Stephen said. "It were shame and wretchedness to survive." And, releasing his hold, he sank to his death.

The king's court was appalled: the entire succession to the English throne had been wiped out at one blow!

No one dared go to tell Henry in person, and at last someone thought of sending a child. The little son of Count Theobald was chosen, told what to say, and sent in to Henry.

At first the boy could hardly speak for tears, but Henry calmed him and at last the child poured out the story. The king fell in what seemed to be a faint, and his courtiers hurried to him and carried him to a private room. There they confirmed the news: the heir to the throne was dead, and with him his younger brother and sister.

They said that, after the news of that day, Henry never smiled again.

THE OLD LEADER

THE story of Kalang, leader of the gone-wild goats, is that of a feud—a feud between that hairy old buccaneer and the farmers of Brannan Bay.

For years the wrathful farmers had striven to trap and destroy the goats, but Kalang had outwitted them every time.

Kalang was growing very old, but he led the herd on one more raid on the farmlands. Then, when dawn was just at hand, the herd began the return journey. On the way they entered a field where twenty ewes were grazing—twenty ewes and Pride o' Angus, a mighty black-faced ram.

Kalang would have ignored the bellicose brute and walked past, but the black-face thirsted for blood and headed him off. So the leader of the goats accepted the challenge. Four minutes later, when the herd resumed its journey, Pride o' Angus lay stretched among his ewes with a broken neck.

When the farmers found the dead ram, they swore vengeance on Kalang and determined to annihilate the goats.

In the weeks that followed, Kalang lost the leadership of the herd to a young billy named Souila. Kalang's faithful nanny, Lamile, defied the new leader to stay with her mate.

But now the first storm of winter came to wrap the countryside in a mantle of snow, and Souila decided to lead the herd on a raid of the farmlands, for the first time since his accession to leadership. Kalang followed to the head of the glen. The old leader knew that Souila was blundering badly in running the herd beneath leafless trees on a snow-covered face. They could be seen miles away. And they *were* seen.

That night ten farmers, each with his gun and dog, and fourteen farm hands gathered together. They saw Souila leap over a wall into a turnip field, and one after another the members of the herd followed. But the men failed to notice a solitary old goat trailing down the shadowed side of a hedge 350 yards behind.

The solitary goat halted in the shadow of the hedge and viewed the dark, furtive figures creeping about on the snow round the walls of the turnip field. Kalang sniffed the wind. The evidence of his nose and eyes coincided. The men heard a warning bleat. Its effect on the herd was instantaneous. The goats raised their heads abruptly, wheeled about, and broke into a wild gallop, heading back in the way they had come.

The party hurried along the shore till they spied the herd, clear in the moonlight, ninety feet up on the face of the cliff. The ledge itself, now covered with trampled snow, was a natural terrace of varying width that slanted steeply from the shore to the top of the cliffs. Half-way up was a twenty-foot gap. To step into that gap was to step into eternity, and it was beyond the power of any goat to leap across it.

Four collies came swiftly up the ledge, while the reports of guns thundered among the rocks.

The collies arrived with a rush. Three of them slowed in uncertainty on seeing the horns that awaited them. But the fourth, Mirk, a lithe black savage, lowered his long muzzle to the snow, whites of eyes showing, uttered a vicious growl, then leapt in and seized Lamile.

Stealing quietly along the shingle behind the line of men, there came a shadowy figure with moonlight gleaming on curving horns—Kalang. He was aware that the herd was in difficulties, yet that was not his main concern. Somewhere ahead, and in danger, was a faithful old nanny who had not forsaken him in his hour of trouble.

Ten yards from the men, Kalang broke into a gallop. There was a shout as he drove through the ranks of the farmers.

Then there was a deafening volley of gunfire. Spurts of flame winked and flashed. Shot smacked and rattled against the big horns and ripped through Kalang's hide, but no pellet reached a vital spot. The old goat sped on, along the foot of the cliff and away up the ledge.

With blood dripping from her nostrils, Lamile strove desperately to shake the black collie from his hold. Then Kalang arrived like a whirlwind, lowered his mighty head, and charged with all the power in his mountain-hardened legs. The old nanny was almost swept from her feet when Kalang's horns banged into the collie and rammed him against the wall with a crackle of splintering ribs. Then, with purposeful stride, Kalang shouldered his way through the herd. Souila was stepping nervously, quickly, back and forth on the edge of the gap, seeking a way to safety.

Kalang did not hesitate. His horns swung low, he leapt into movement, and took Souila in the rear with all his weight. Souila was flung violently out from the ledge and into the gap. Down, down he went, turning over and over, then he hit the rocks where the sea was beating.

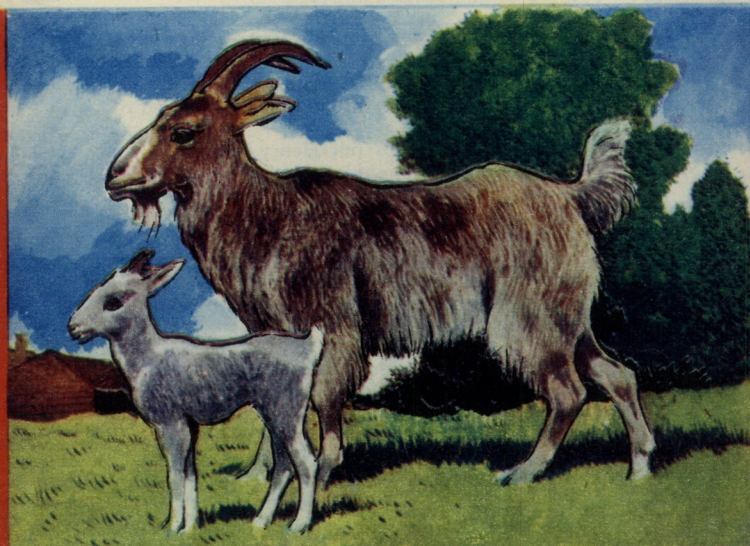
Kalang turned his attention to the gap. It was beyond his leaping powers to reach the other side at a single bound. He scanned the smooth wall that fell through the gap. His keen old eyes noticed a tiny patch of snow on it, half-way across and just above the level of the ledge. He knew that some small projection supported the snow—and a goat can stand with all four feet on a matchbox.

The eyes of the herd were on Kalang as he backed away from the gap. He halted, felt for a footing, then bounded to the edge of the gap and leapt out with ninety feet of space yawning beneath him. His forefeet struck the snowpatch, lifted, his hind feet struck, and the old goat rebounded from the wall. With half a yard to spare he landed on the other side. He had guessed correctly: there was a projection under the snowpatch, minute, but enough for a goat.

Then, one after another in rapid succession, buoyantly and with complete confidence, every member of the company cleared the gaping abyss.

Facts about the Wild Goat

THE true Wild Goat is the 'pasang' or rock-footed goat of Persia and is the ancestral stock from which the various breeds of domestic goats are derived. It is found exclusively in the eastern hemisphere. It has never been a natural inhabitant of the British Isles and the so-called wild goats of parts of Scotland are domesticated goats which have taken to living in a wild state. It is an extremely tough and active animal able to live off poor pastureland in mountainous areas.







Hare-hunting was a popular sport in the open fields which surrounded Soho.

So That's Why... SOHO is called SOHO

ALTHOUGH the district of London known as Soho is one of the shabbiest and most crowded in the city, it attracts many visitors. They come to wander through the narrow streets, look into the old shops and old buildings, perhaps eat a meal at one of the many restaurants which offer specialities from Italy, France, India and Greece.

The Soho area is a maze of streets: at night neon lights flicker and the place is crammed with people wandering about, blocking the roads through which the traffic moves haltingly.

Many Soho people are foreign or of foreign origin. Settlers who came from abroad in the past included the sorely persecuted Protestant

Huguenots, some of whom fled from France as early as 1550.

They are commemorated in a plaque at the French Protestant Church in Soho Square. Greek settlers gave their names to Greek Street, and St. Anne's Church, Soho, is the burial place of a Corsican king.

This king was a German baron named Theodore, who served in the Swedish army. He was offered the throne of Corsica in 1736, and although he is reputed to have been an able ruler, he had no money to pay for his army.

He came to England in search of a fortune, but was disappointed. After Theodore's sudden death in 1756, he was buried, at

the expense of a nearby oilman, in St. Anne's.

St. Anne's was bombed during the last war, and is due for rebuilding as Soho's parish church. Now it serves as a parking lot, packed nightly by the cars of theatre audiences.

Soho boasts the memory of numerous literary figures. The diarist John Evelyn lived there, and so did the poet Dryden and the essayist William Hazlitt. William Blake, the artist and poet, was born inside its boundaries.

Soho Square was once a very fashionable place to live; it was originally laid out by Sir Christopher Wren, who designed St. Paul's Cathedral. One of the Square's most notable inhabitants was the handsome Duke of Monmouth. He had a fine mansion built for himself on the south side of the Square.

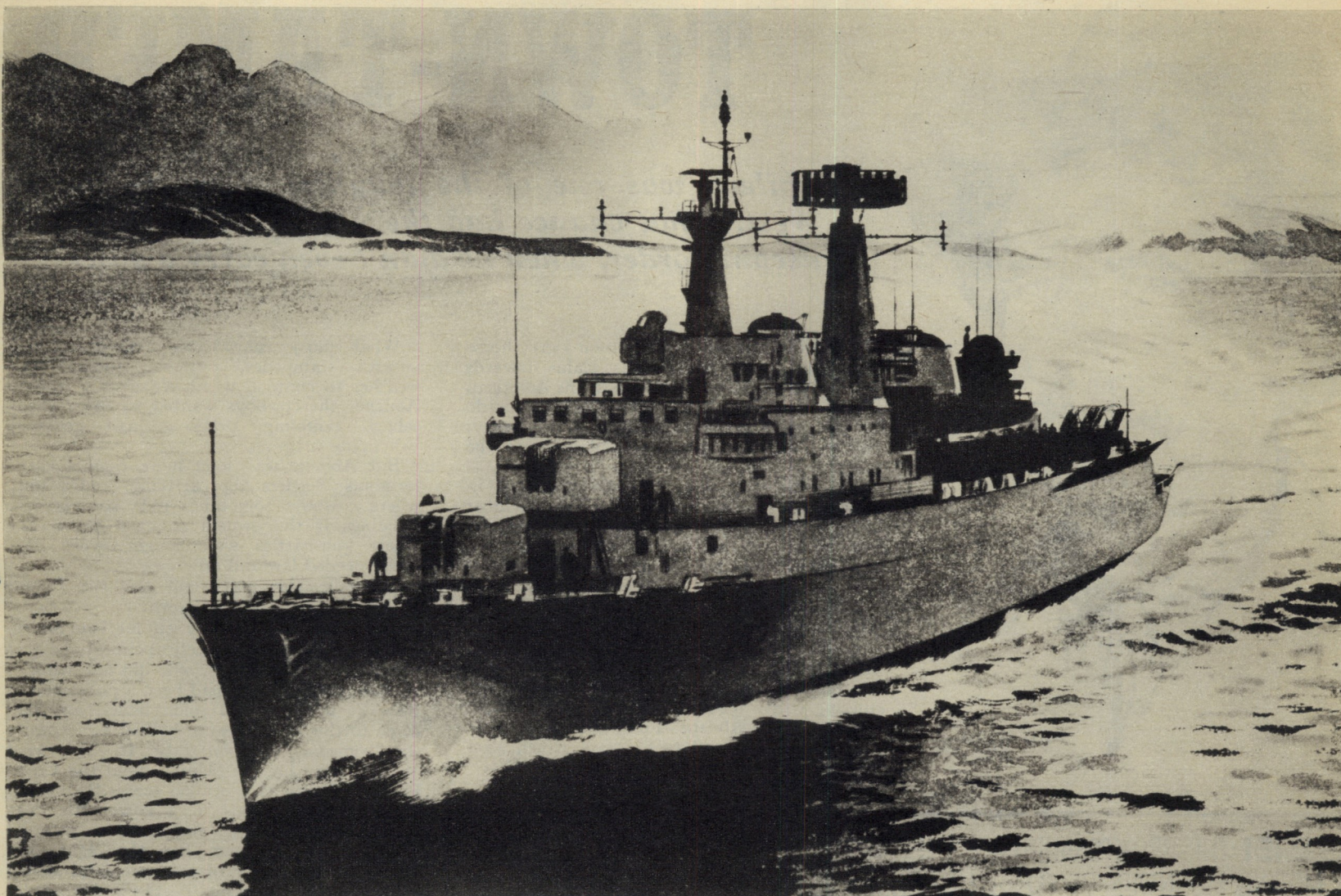
It is to the Duke of Monmouth that some people attribute the name 'Soho', which has been given to the whole district, for 'Soho' was the watchword used by his supporters at the battle of Sedgemoor, fought in 1685, in which the Duke, rebelling against his uncle, King James II, was defeated and captured. Those who accept this story say that Soho Square, known then as King's Square, was afterwards called Soho Square, in memory of the executed Duke.

But among London's records there is evidence of the area being called Soho as much as half a century before Sedgemoor. It seems more likely that Monmouth's men took their watchword from the district where their leader lived than that they named the place after his death.

Soho in those days was set in fields which stretched over a large area west of Holborn. This area was very popular as a place for hare-hunting. In 1562, we hear how the Mayor, the Alderman and other 'worshipful persons' went and hunted a hare before dinner, in this stretch of open country. Probably the district got its name from these hare-hunters, who were known for their cries of "so-ho so-ho so-ho."



Newport Court—this is a typical part of Soho today.



As this Royal Navy destroyer slips away at dawn

• Action and adventure lie ahead

Read about life on board—and the great career you'll have.

Where's she going? Sorry, that's secret. Perhaps to the Far East, the Mediterranean or the South Atlantic. But one thing is certain. The men on board are in for an adventurous time.

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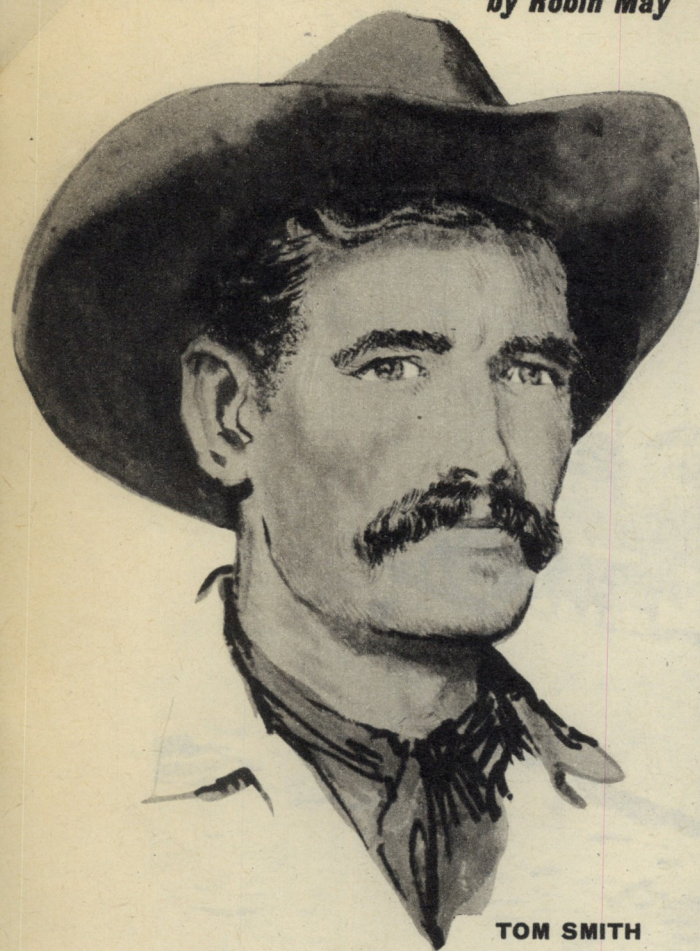
Date of birth _____

TRUE ADVENTURE

by Robin May

THE TWO-FISTED TOWN-TAMER

Abilene was one of the toughest towns in the West. What chance had the new Marshal got of keeping order, when he didn't even carry a gun?



TOM SMITH

A TALL, strongly-built man on a grey horse rode across the Kansas plains towards Abilene, the wildest town in the American West. He had been summoned from Colorado by the young mayor of Abilene, T. C. Henry, to try and bring some law and order to the town.

The newcomer wore two six-guns, but in later years old-timers could hardly remember if he carried a gun at all—because this was Tom Smith, Bear River Tom Smith, who in 1870 tamed the toughest cow-town of them all with his bare fists.

The great cattle drives out of Texas to Abilene's railway yards started soon after the Civil War ended in 1865. Cowboys from Texas, many of whom had fought for the defeated South, collected their stock, which had been running wild while they were away, and headed them north to Abilene. From there the cattle were shipped by rail to Chicago, which soon became the centre of the beef industry.

What epic journeys those cattle drives were—with stampedes, outlaws, Indians and weather to contend with! When they reached Abilene, the cowboys wanted to enjoy themselves, gambling, drinking, and generally 'whooping it up'.

But Abilene was soon more than a cattle terminus. Settlers kept arriving, and a town where cowboys sometimes rode straight into buildings if the owners annoyed them, and where gun-battles were fought every day, badly needed law and order.

Marshals came and went—and the Texans simply ran them out of town.

In despair, Mayor Henry sent for Tom Smith. Nobody ever knew much about the past of this quietly-spoken man, who did not drink or gamble. Some said he had been a policeman in New York and a champion boxer, and had come to the West because he had accidentally shot someone when on duty. In 1868, aged about thirty, he was helping build the Union Pacific Railway as it headed across the Plains.

He became famous in a gun battle near Bear River, Wyoming, and was soon in great demand as a lawman. But this fight, and perhaps the memory of the accidental killing in New York, made him decide to keep order with his fists instead of guns.

But would fists be enough for Abilene? The Mayor doubted it as he looked at Tom Smith. How long could he last, he wondered? And could he enforce the ban on fire-arms within the town limits? Whenever a poster went up about the ban, the Texans used it for target-practice!

Tom Smith told the Mayor he would look around the town.

His first encounter was with a tough bully called Big Hank, whose hobby was marshal-baiting. No one was going to take his gun!

Hank's friends stood watching as he took up a position in the middle of the street.

"You the new marshal?" he asked, as Tom Smith came up to him.

The newcomer said he was.

"You ain't thinkin' of takin' my gun, I suppose?" sneered Big Hank.

"That is my intention—may I have it?" said Tom Smith politely.

Big Hank swore at him. The Marshal asked once more. The swearing re-doubled. Then, as the watchers held their breath, Tom Smith laid out Big Hank with one tremendous punch. He took his gun, got him to his feet, and told him to leave town.

Hank left.

The next day, with all Abilene discussing the incident, the second encounter occurred. An even wilder character, Wyoming Frank, moved into town.

Tom Smith appeared at the head of Texas Street. There was Frank, his trigger fingers itching to draw his guns.

Tom walked up to Wyoming Frank, too close for the burly ruffian to reach for his weapons. Frank backed away up some steps and into a saloon, as the spectators gaped.

SEE! THE BRONTOSAURUS...
A MOVING MOUNTAIN OF FLESH AND BONE!

SEE! THE PTERODACTYL...A FLYING
REPTILE WITH GIANT TEETH!

SEE! THE FLESH EATING
ALLOSAURUS!

SEE! THE TRICERATOPS...
A HORNED DINOSAUR
IN BATTLE WITH THE
SAVAGE CERATOSAURUS!

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ROBERT BROWN · MARTINE BESWICK

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Music and Special Musical Effects Composed by **MARIO NASCIBENE**

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AT MOST

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AND OTHER
LEADING CINEMAS

NORTH LONDON DEC. 30th

SOUTH LONDON JAN. 6th



As the watchers held their breath, Tom Smith laid Big Hank out with one tremendous punch.

Tom Smith asked him twice for his guns—he always asked twice—and Wyoming Frank's hands shot down like lightning. But he was too late—two sledge-hammer blows floored him.

Five minutes later, Wyoming Frank was leaving town.

Then Tom Smith did a brilliant thing. As the barman handed him his gun, saying he wouldn't be needing one any more with a real marshal in charge, Tom Smith said he didn't want anyone's guns. All the cowboys had to do was leave them with the first hotel-keepers, bartenders or shopkeepers they called at when they reached Abilene, and collect them when they left. After all, they were their guns, weren't they?

It worked. All over Abilene the guns were handed in—those who objected found that Tom

Smith's fists had a way of making them change their minds. Even the toughest Texans had to admire him, and the word spread down the trail: "In Abilene you park your shooting irons when you hit town—or else!"

Right through the busiest summer in Abilene's history, there was law and order; not the sort that marshals like Wild Bill Hickok kept, with guns blazing and no regard for human life, but the braver law of Tom Smith, who once said: "Any officer can bring in a dead man."

But that autumn, when the cattle season was over and Tom Smith had been promoted Deputy United States Marshal over a wider area, a colleague asked him to help arrest two criminals. The colleague deserted him at

the vital moment and Tom Smith was murdered.

Abilene was stunned. On the day of his funeral, everything closed. The long procession of mourners was led by his riderless horse, with his pistols, never used on the streets of Abilene, slung over the saddlehorn.

Because of films and television, people imagine the West was full of marshals like Tom Smith. It was not. Some of them were little better than the killers they were hired to fight. But Tom Smith proved himself the most truly heroic of all those who wore the Tin Star, the badge of office of the men, good and bad, who tamed some of the toughest towns in America—or anywhere else.

What is your Name?

RELIGIOUS influence was strong in England of the Middle Ages, when most community life centred round the church, and this is reflected in a number of surviving surnames. A man called HOLIDAY or HALLIDAY was probably born on a holy day—a church festival, and HOCKDAY and HOBBDAY are variations of this. CHRISTMAS was sometimes conferred as a name upon a child born during that festival, and PASCAL was a person with a birthday at Easter (from the Old English word *Pasch*, for Easter).

Often a man spent his entire life as a PILGRIM, and a PALMER was one who had travelled to the Holy Land and brought back a palm in token of this achievement.

On the other hand, a person could be singled out for refusing to conform to the customs of the times. Certain settlers from Normandy (probably of Viking origin), who had refused to be baptised as Christians, were known as *pagans* or *payens*, and this has survived in the surnames PAYNE and PAIN.

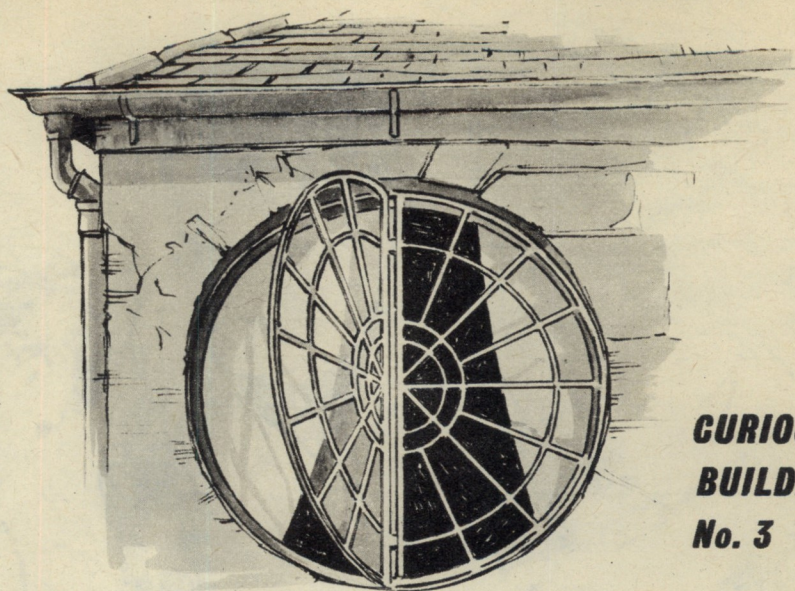
★ ★ ★

Some frequently encountered surnames are specially interesting because they are derived from the ancient inter-related Celtic languages, such as Welsh, Gaelic, Manx, Cornish and Irish, and the meaning of the words is not easily guessed. Here are a few examples, based on nicknames of character or appearance.

From the Welsh we have GOUGH, meaning red (probably referring to hair); GWYNN and WYNN, white; LLOYD, grey; VAUGHAN, little; GRIFFITH from *Gryf-fydd*—*cref*, strong, and *fydd*, faith. From Cornish we have COAD, meaning old.

The Gaelic language has given us BOYD, yellow-haired; DUFF, black; FINN, fair. Two other well-known Highland names of great renown are CAMERON, meaning crooked nose, and CAMPBELL, crooked mouth, which indicate that the founders of these clans were distinguished by these respective physical peculiarities. Also still in use are GALBRAITH, a stranger, and KENNEDY, derived from the Irish, meaning ugly head or ugly chief.

curiosity corner



CURIOUS BUILDINGS No. 3

RINGMORE COTTAGE, DEVON

THE West Country once had a bad reputation for 'wrecking'. The Devonshire coast was notoriously dangerous for sailing-ships. Wrecks piled up on the rocks every year, and were promptly plundered by the nearest villagers. In fact, in some parts they encouraged wrecks by tampering with navigational lights.

At Ringmore, one cottage has a circular window behind which a lamp was placed to guide ships on to the rocks nearby. Such cruelty is of course a thing of the past. Only windows such as this remain to remind us of it.



Have you noticed any small blue plaques on the walls of old houses and other buildings? Those in London look like the one shown in the photograph, and they mark the places where famous men or women have lived. Look for them the next time you are in town.



Influence of the Crusades on European Military Architecture, material for which he gathered in a solitary tour of England, France, and the Middle East. Later, he returned to Palestine and Egypt to work on archaeological surveys, acquiring a knowledge of Arabic and the habit of wearing Arab dress. In doing so he unwittingly laid the foundations for a legend.

Called up into the Army for the war, Lawrence was eventually appointed Liaison Officer to the Arabs, who were already in revolt. Lawrence soon discovered that desert Arabs would accept leadership only from a man who was more 'man' than they, and he accepted this as a challenge. He rode the desert with them, fought with them against the Turks, and devised the strategy whereby large enemy forces were stranded—he had simply broken their railway communications.

He encouraged the Arabs to believe that they could hold what land they could capture, and he was bitter about the European Powers' betrayal of this trust after the war. He argued weightily on the Arabs' behalf at the Paris peace conferences, and he was partly satisfied with the deal that resulted. He then retired from the public scene to write the story of his adventures, a book which later became widely known as *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

After the war, Lawrence refused offers of prestige posts, and served in the ranks in the RAF and the Tank Corps, and then in the ranks again as Aircraftman T. E. Shaw.

Lawrence retired at the age of 46, took a cottage known as *Clouds Hill* at Bovington, Dorset, and refused all attempts to get him involved in jobs of importance. Surrounded with books and many gramophone records, he planned an extensive tour of England. It was not to be. On 13th May, 1935, he was thrown from his motor-cycle when avoiding some boy cyclists, and five days later he died.



Lawrence acquired the habit of wearing Arab dress while in Palestine. A keen motor-cyclist, Lawrence served in the ranks of the RAF.

NEAR Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament is Barton Street, its fine 18th century houses secluded from the roar of London's traffic.

The attic at No. 14 provided a haven for Lawrence of Arabia when he was trying to escape publicity after the first world war. "The best and free-est place I ever lived in," he declared. "Nobody has found me."

It would be less difficult now, for a blue plaque there bears his name.

Of Anglo-Irish descent, Thomas Edward Lawrence was born in Wales. A bright boy, he could read newspapers at four years old, started Latin at six, and went to Oxford High School at eight. There he won enough scholarships to cover the cost of his further education, and went on to Jesus College at Oxford.

Very much a literary man, Lawrence also had a strong taste for the architecture of the Middle Ages. This resulted in a thesis: *The*

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

LOOK AND LEARN'S special series on careers*

By Joan Llewellyn Owens

HAVING given the old lady a cup of tea, Mrs. Brown saw Meg to her car.

"I'm worried how Mother's going to manage when I go," Mrs. Brown said. "She doesn't cook herself proper meals. Ought we to try and get her into an old people's home? We shan't have room for her with us until Terry goes to college."

"She made it pretty clear that she wants to stay here if possible, didn't she?" said Meg. "I can arrange for the WVS to provide meals-on-wheels, and for a home help to clean the cottage once a week. I'll pop around myself, too, to make sure she's all right."

Mrs. Brown gave a sigh of relief. "That would take a weight off my mind!"

Meg is one of a Local Authority team of social workers who provide welfare services for the elderly and infirm, the sick, the physically handicapped (including the blind and the deaf), and what are known as 'problem families'.

As soon as Meg got back to the office, the 'phone rang. It was a medical social worker from a big children's hospital in London, who said, "There's a boy called Bill Thomas being discharged on Monday, after spending six months with us. He's the oldest of a large family and because his mother didn't come to visit him every week, he thinks she doesn't want him at home. I've explained his mother's difficulties to him, but it would be a help if you could have a tactful word with her and suggest that she makes a fuss of him."

"Poor boy," said Meg. "I'll certainly do that."

Social work involves helping people who are under strain. Sometimes, practical help is given, such as the provision of a wheel-chair for a disabled person, or lessons in braille for the blind. But more often what is needed is some kind of sympathetic support. Social workers help people to see their problems in perspective and, if possible, to solve these themselves.

The problems are as varied as the people. A boy who has had a motor-cycle crash, which



Social Workers help people who are in difficulties because of poverty, large families, physical disabilities or old age

SOCIAL WORK

has put paid to his ambition to become an athlete, will need help in coming to terms with his changed circumstances. Parents may need assistance with a difficult child. A weak character must be encouraged not to give way to temptation.

Some people will need help for many years, either because of a physical or mental handicap, or because they cannot cope with the strain of present-day life; others will normally be capable of conducting their own affairs, but as a result of illness or accident to themselves or to a member of their family, may need skilled help to tide them over a temporary bad patch.

Social workers, both men and women, are in short supply. Candidates should have stable personalities and plenty of common sense. They should get on well with people, be anxious to understand them and capable of gaining their trust.

There are many different kinds of social worker, but their duties often overlap. A Local Authority social work team may consist of people who have been trained as medical social workers, probation officers, family caseworkers, psychiatric social workers and child care officers; those who have taken the two-year training for the Certificate in Social Work; home teachers to the blind, and welfare officers to the deaf. In many cases they may all be doing much the same kind of work, regardless of their specialist qualifications.

Medical social workers, formerly known as almoners, are also employed in hospitals. Their main aim is to help sick and disabled people by co-operating with them and their families and with the doctors and nurses, in order to ease the effect of personal problems that complicate medical care.

Probation officers supervise those who have been put on probation by the courts, do conciliation work in matrimonial and divorce courts, help with the after-care of those released from prison, and have many other duties too.

Family caseworkers help people with personal problems, and often specialise in assisting 'problem families'. These families muddle through life, getting into debt and failing to care for their children properly.

Child care is becoming a family service, too. Child care officers try to prevent families breaking up and, if these efforts fail, see that the children are properly cared for.

Specialists

Psychiatric social workers give help to the mentally sick, the mentally handicapped, and their relatives. They may also be attached to child guidance clinics, to help the parents of children with emotional problems.

There are many ways of training for social work. You may choose a two-year course leading to the Certificate in Social Work, which will qualify you for a wide variety of jobs. Candidates must be at least 19 years old, with a minimum of five GCE 'O' levels. Meg trained in this way. She joined a local authority as a welfare assistant (£475 to £725 a year), and after eighteen months was seconded on full pay to do the two-year course.

Those hoping to become specialist social workers must generally take a social science degree, diploma or certificate, followed by a year's subsequent professional training. This may either be a specialised course or a course in applied social studies at a university.

Salaries for qualified social workers usually range from about £750 (sometimes more) to £2,000 and above for those in senior positions.



Probation Officers give valuable advice and help to find people jobs and lodgings.

More information can be found in Joan Llewellyn Owens' book, *Careers in Social Work* (Bodley Head, 20s.) Particulars of the Certificate in Social Work can be obtained from the Council for Training in Social Work (Clifton House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.)

**AROUND
THE WORLD
WITH
PETER
DUNCAN**



FRENCH NORTH



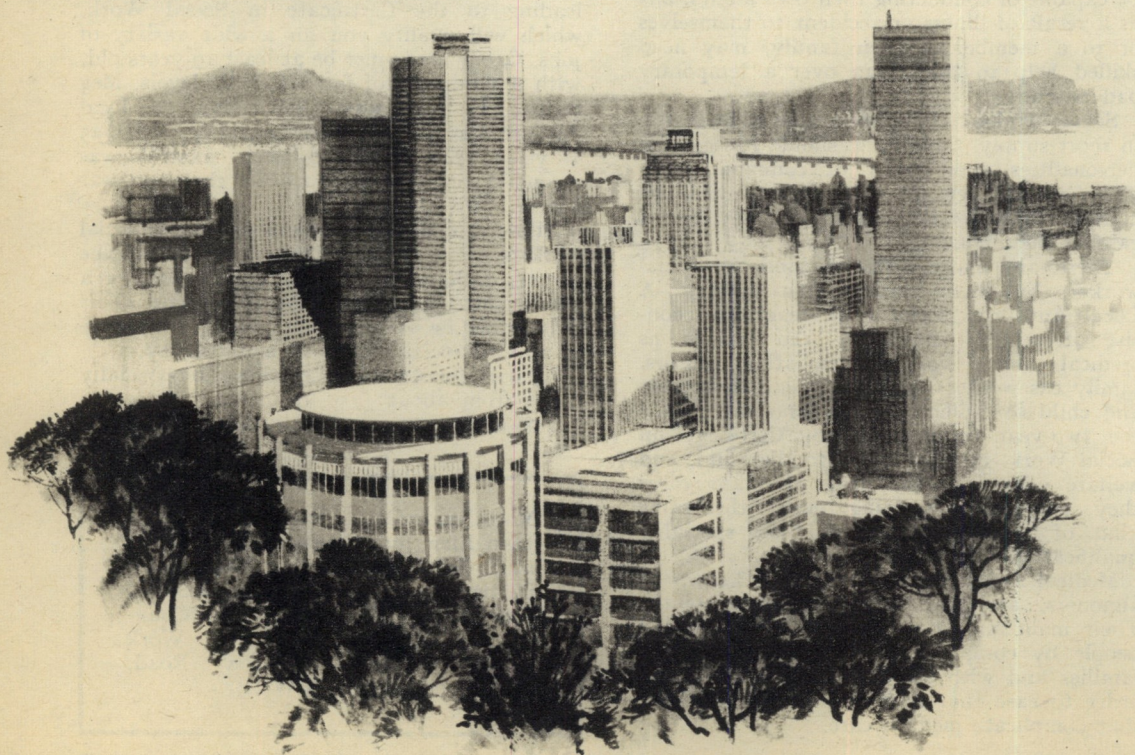
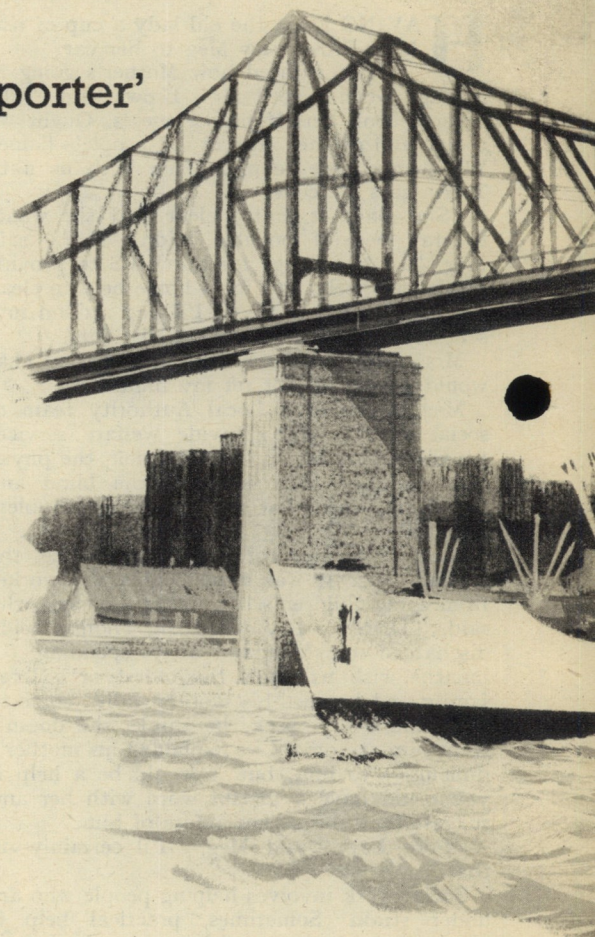
Sparkling winter sunshine, reflected on the snow, gives a healthy suntan to skiers on Canadian slopes (above). From Mount Royal (below), towering behind Montreal, there is a splendid view over the thriving city.

This week our 'roving reporter' continues his visit to the famous Canadian city of Montreal

TO me, the French Canadian city of Montreal is unique. It has managed to blend successfully the old and new. Old buildings nestle beside giant skyscrapers, and Mount Royal, a majestic wooded mountain, rises up almost in the centre of the town. Among the trees on the hillside you can see deer and squirrels, and in the autumn the vivid colours of the Canadian maples are unbelievably beautiful.

Montreal has nearly five centuries of history behind it, and today, situated midway between the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and the head of the Great Lakes, it is the biggest inland port in the world. It is a busy, bustling place, with many ocean-going liners docking right in the heart of the city.

As I drove through this great metropolis, I wondered what Jacques Cartier, the first white man to see it, would think of it now. This courageous French mariner set off from St. Malo in 1535, with a party of explorers. They



sailed across the Atlantic until they reached a river larger than any they had ever seen before. They cruised along it for 1,000 miles, until they came to a patch of turbulent water which they could not navigate. Nearby was a pleasant, green island, covered with forests of oak, elm and maple, and, as a backcloth, a mountain rising out of the middle, with a stockaded Indian village called Hochelaga at its foot. This island is the site of the city of Montreal.

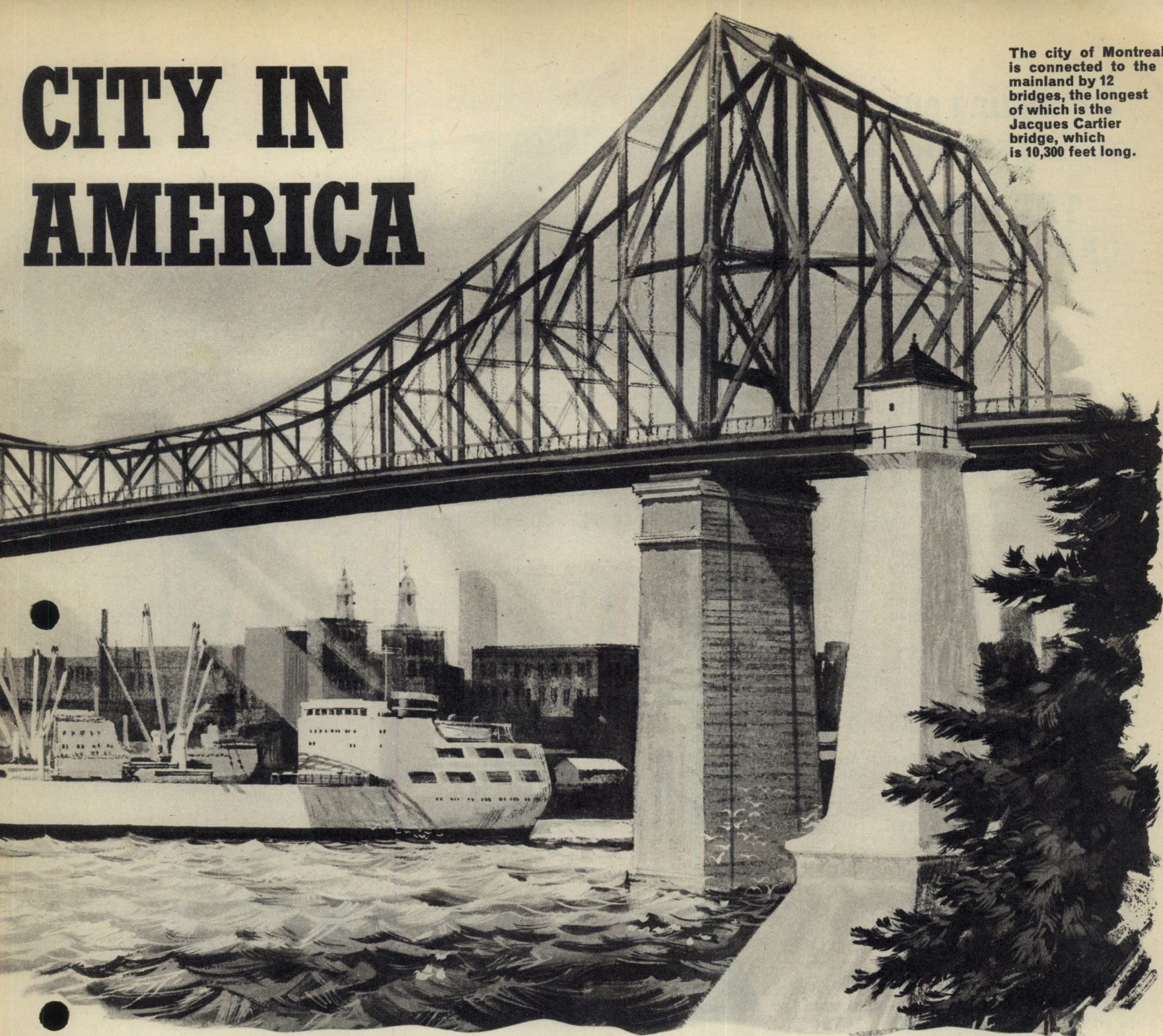
Jacques Cartier climbed the 'mountain'—which is actually only 750 feet high—and named it Mount Royal. Then, 75 years later, Samuel de Champlain travelled to the Lachine Rapids and founded a fur-trading post. He called it Place Royale, and today this is a part of Old Montreal.

In 1642, a permanent settlement called Ville Marie de Montreal was founded, later to be known as Montreal. During the seventeenth century this served as a base for explorers, traders and missionaries, who extended the French territorial possessions from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. At least 35 of the 50 American States were either discovered, explored or colonised by the early Frenchmen, and that is why there are some 4,000 French geographical names in the United States today.

For many years a state of war existed between the Indians and the colony of

CITY IN AMERICA

The city of Montreal is connected to the mainland by 12 bridges, the longest of which is the Jacques Cartier bridge, which is 10,300 feet long.



Montreal; then, in 1701, an Indian treaty was signed.

After that, the French were fighting continually with the English and the Americans. In 1760, Montreal capitulated to the English and this was the end of French rule in North America. In 1775, the Americans occupied Montreal for a year, and it was not until 1812 that the fighting between the Americans and British finally ended in victory for the British.

In 1883, Montreal was incorporated as a city, and today, with its extensive network of ocean and lake traffic through the great St. Lawrence Seaway, it is the nerve centre of Canadian commerce, industry and transportation.

Expo '67

The population of Montreal is over 2 million. It is a go-ahead, prosperous city which still maintains its French origins, and French is still the first language, though all French Canadians are bilingual. With the exception of Paris, there are more French-speaking people in Montreal than in any other city in the world; and many of the citizens can trace their ancestry back to the early settlers of the 'New France.'

Montreal has many theatres, concert halls and opera houses. *La Grande Salle* in the *Place des Arts* is, I think, one of the most beautiful modern theatres ever built. It was designed essentially for symphony concerts and seats 3,000 people.

While I was there, part of the city was being rebuilt for Expo '67, the World Exhibition at Montreal, and new roads and flyovers were being constructed to deal with the extra traffic. I remember going down a fast freeway and being confronted by a huge Canadian Pacific locomotive pulling an enormous length of goods trucks. The mainline railway runs right through the centre of the city, and this train held up my car for over half an hour because the bridge being built over it was not yet finished.

Although the skyscrapers are going up and up, Old Montreal is being kept intact. This is a 95-acre waterfront site and many of the buildings are being renovated. One of them dates back to 1685, and there are several 18th century buildings. The Notre Dame Church, which was built in 1829 and is the 'mother' church of Montreal, is a replica of Notre Dame in Paris.

Everywhere I went I found the people excited and enthusiastic about their city and

its future. Montreal is one of the most vibrant and bubbling places I have ever visited and it is certainly one of the last strongholds of gracious living in North America.

The Mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau, is a dynamic man, and Montreal owes a lot to his driving personality. He summed up the dilemma of most modern cities when he said: "If our great cities become like ant-hills, without regard for the dignity and welfare of the individual, we face the danger of catastrophe. The moment has come to establish a new urban way of life, a new humanist philosophy for the man of the Twenty-first Century."

Mayor Drapeau and his planners are pioneering an imaginative and dramatic way of life for the people of Montreal. They are creating a city unlike any other city in the world.

NEXT WEEK:
PETER DUNCAN VISITS
NIAGARA FALLS

Continuing our
exciting serial...

THE GREAT CANAL CHASE

by Ray Pope

THE STORY SO FAR:

Four teenagers—Steve, Podge and Frankie Steers and Jo Riley—read of a train robbery and, in a barge called *Nut Case*, set out to catch the thieves, who, they suspected, were attempting to make a getaway by canal on board the cruiser *Bartola*.

One morning, Jo suddenly asked to be put ashore, saying she wanted to go home. Instead, she set off by bus and arrived at a part of the canal before the *Bartola* arrived. She fell 'accidentally' from a bridge into the canal just in front of the *Bartola* and had to be rescued by the cruiser's crew.

On board the *Bartola* Jo discovered that Steve's suspicions were correct. The loot from the train robbery—all £200,000 of it—was stowed in the cruiser's cabin.

And Jo was virtually a prisoner of the thieves...

THE *Bartola* threshed on. The sun had passed behind a black cloud, and night was dragging slithers of shadow across the land. Thin, shivery wraiths of mist drifted through the trees and hedges.

Over her shoulder, through a gap in the curtains, Jo could see this picture that tied in so well with the dark and desperate thoughts in the depths of her mind. As she sat in the saloon, black despair took hold of her and then anger.

At length it was dark and she could distinguish nothing through the crack in the curtains. She sat in a darkness so complete that she felt enveloped and protected by it. If the light should be switched on, she felt she might scream at its harsh exposure.

She had got to get away, and there appeared to be nothing further to be gained from waiting. The thing would become more difficult, in fact probably impossible, if she waited until they stopped: it had to be attempted in cold blood in the darkness, or not at all.

She tied the cord of the borrowed dressing-gown more securely around her and parted the curtains. The window was stiff, and for a moment she was uncertain if she could push along the large pane. It went with a rush, causing her to break into a sweat at the faint squeak, and the thud as it found its rubber stop.

But the clean night air, chilly and penetrating, smelt of freedom. For a second Jo knew intuitively

how a convict might feel at the prospect of escape.

Suddenly there was the sound of a footfall outside the cabin door, a slight cough as the door opened, and a flash of light vividly illuminating the escape 'tableau'. Jo just had time to record the look of outraged surprise on Mrs. Smith's face. Her lips were drawn back in a grimace which combined shock with a measure of respect.

No Refuge

Jo was half out of the window as Mrs. Smith stood frozen in surprise. With a furious wriggle she struggled through and launched herself clear of the vessel. She hit the water rather awkwardly and, as her head submerged, she could feel the beat of the propeller very near. Then her fingers touched the bank, and she found that she had fallen into not more than 18 inches of water and a generous depth of mud.

The dressing-gown, sagging with oily water, scratched and clung to her shivering body like an extra, disgusting skin, as she levered herself clear of the mud and scrambled up the bank.

Despite her lack of knowledge, the escape had occurred at a particularly difficult place from the point of view of those on the cruiser. A shallow bend in the canal had led the helmsman to expect deeper water towards the outside of the bend. In fact, the canal was heavily silted and there was insufficient water anywhere except in the dead centre of the cut.

As a result, the *Bartola* was now aground some six or eight feet from the bank, with her stern on the bottom and her bow swinging across the canal. All three voices of the crew could be heard bawling at each other.

Jo fled for her life. Although the speed of her flight warmed her, she could feel the currents of air over

the wet surface of her legs sending patterns of goose-pimples on to rest of her body. Her sandals squelched and emitted an occasional sucking sound, but she was running so hard that most of the moisture seemed to have been stamped out of them.

Behind her she heard a splash as one of the men left the cruiser by the most obvious route. She could hear him floundering ashore.

The canal was depressingly straight. The tow-path was bounded by a broken wooden fence, beyond which was a large open field. A hedge joined the fence farther on, but this had been kept so thin, to avoid eating up any of the pasture, that it offered no refuge.

A voice yelled unintelligibly at Jo from well behind. She thanked heaven that the straightness of the canal made it impossible for the men to cut across any bend and outflank her.

She was down to a staggering,
continued on page 23



Jo was half out of the window when Mrs. Smith entered the cabin.

ESCAPE!

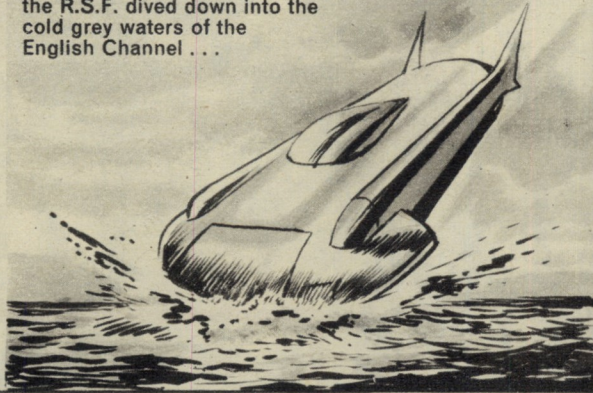
RANGER

Your favourite
entertainment features
collected together in a
special pull-out section...

JASON JANUARY - SPACE CADET

It is the year A.D. 2805. A film made by the scientist-adventurer Saul Cobb in 1944 has been found in the ruins of his ancient house. The film tells of a fabulous sunken Spanish treasure fleet. Royal Space Force Cadets Jason January, Nick Ringold and Princess Vicky volunteer for the task of recovering the treasure from the Caribbean . . .

Every day, an amphibian of the R.S.F. dived down into the cold grey waters of the English Channel . . .



At 50 fathoms deep, the three cadets left the amphibian in depth suits to recover heavy chests that had been laid there . . . in practice for recovering real chests of Spanish treasure . . .



The television news said only that an amphibian of the R.S.F. was probing the possibility of exploring the depths of the Caribbean . . .



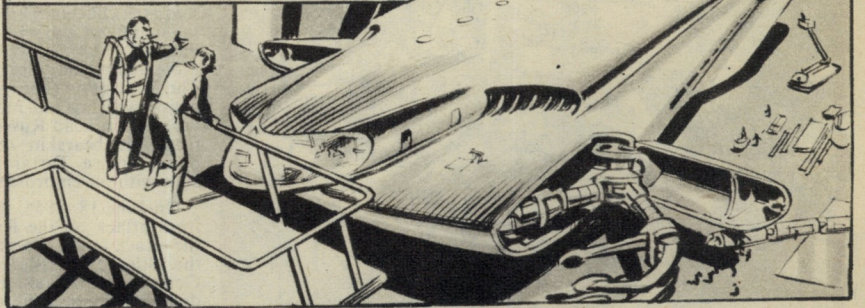
In his flat in London's Mayfair, the millionaire Elijah Hanrabal grinned sneeringly. "Exploring for Spanish gold, more like!" he rasped. "And . . . I know exactly where the treasure ships are!"



Hanrabal had the second reel of Saul Cobb's film . . . which gave the position of the sunken fleet. His visitor was an ex-R.S.F. pilot who had been dismissed from the service. "You will recover that treasure, Slashby!" he said.



That night, Hanrabal took Slashby to a secret hide-out. "This amphibian is the one you will use," he said. "It has one advantage over the R.S.F. craft . . . with this grab, it can pick up the Spanish treasure galleons intact!"



Slashby's cunning eyes narrowed. "You know, boss," he said. "I'd feel safer if that R.S.F. amphibian never left for the Caribbean . . . and I know a way that can be fixed! . . ."



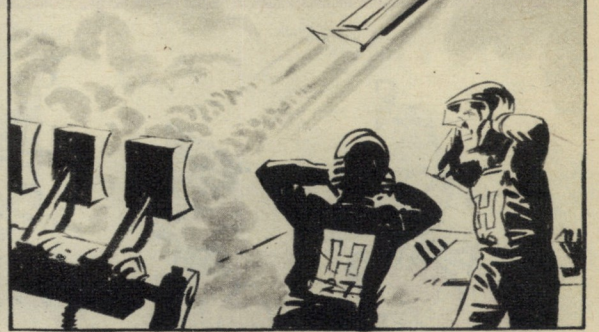
A few days later, bearing faked references, Slashby arrived at the Royal Space Force Academy in Portsmouth and obtained a job as mess-hall waiter . . .



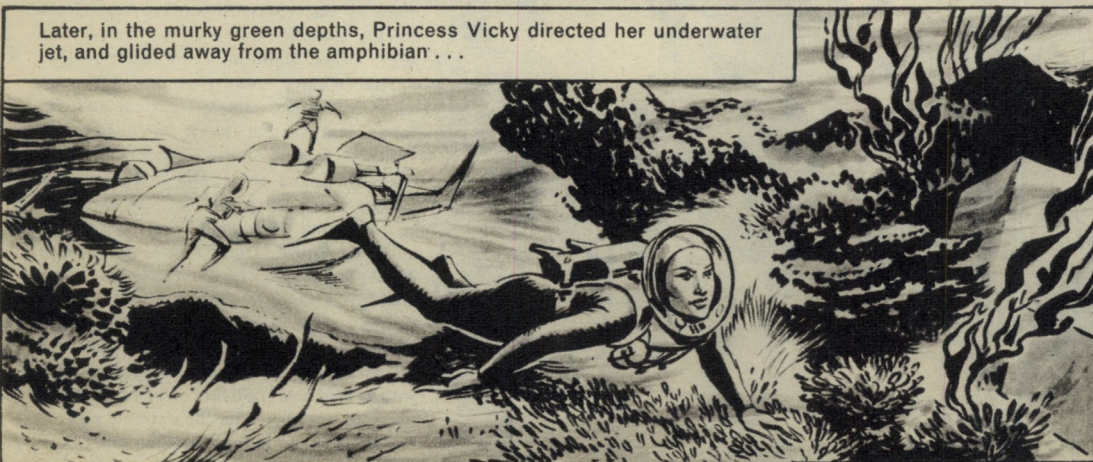
Breakfasting next morning, Jason, Nick and Princess Vicky failed to notice the new waiter who served them . . .



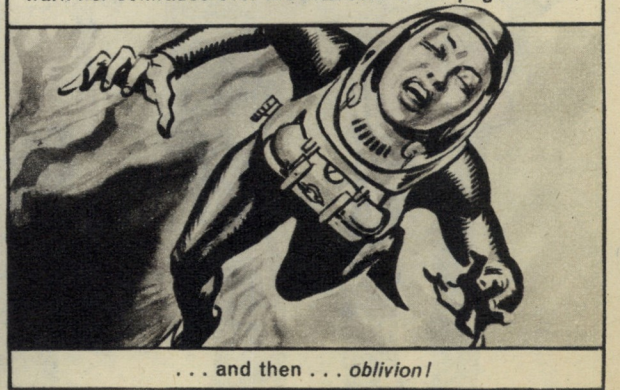
An hour later, the amphibian blasted-off from the Academy's launching ground . . .



Later, in the murky green depths, Princess Vicky directed her underwater jet, and glided away from the amphibian . . .



Suddenly . . . horribly . . . she felt her senses leaving her! Desperately, she struggled to frame the words that would warn her comrades over the intercom of her plight . . .



. . . and then . . . oblivion!

Next Week: Danger in the Depths!

WINTER IN THE TRENCHES

The British troops in the trenches at Sevastopol earned great renown for their indomitable courage in facing the horrors of the winter of 1854. The tenacity with which they held on to the siegeworks despite great hardship, prolonged for months through sickness, starvation and exposure, must command universal admiration.



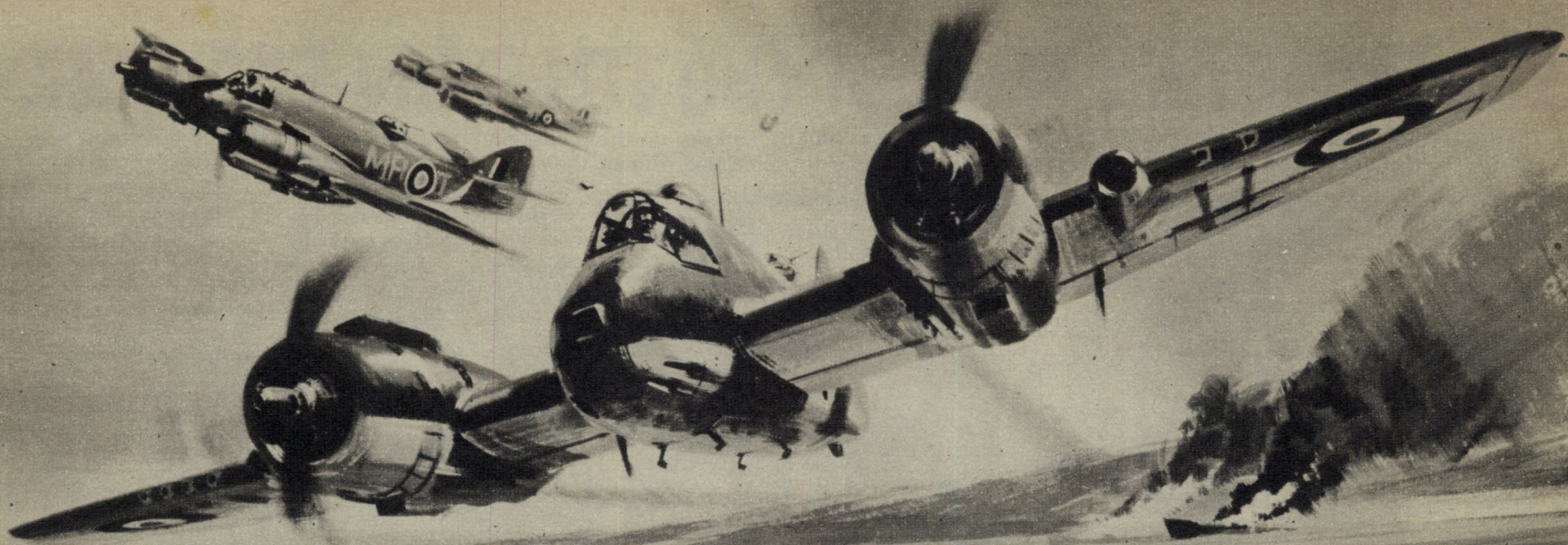
THE troops' clothing—in which they had landed months before—was in rags. They lost all the outer semblance of soldiers. Officers were nearly as dirty: in the depths of the winter, a General Order directed them to wear their swords "as there was nothing else to distinguish them." The illustration (above) depicts an infantry major wearing red morocco long-boots—loot from a dead Russian—a fur cap made from the bearskin cover of his holster pipes, and a Tartar peasant's sheepskin coat with an embroidered back.

On June 18, 1855, the Allies launched a fresh attack on the Russian defences, but the attack failed except at one point, where the 18th Royal Irish Regiment (left), under General Sir William Eyre, penetrated the defences, entered the town and seized the Russian works in the cemetery near the dockyard. Not being properly supported, the lodgement was relinquished.

What was to be the final assault on Sevastopol began on 5th September and continued for three days. On 8th September, the town and fortress of Sevastopol—its principal part in flames and ruins—fell to the Allied forces of French and English (right).



After the Crimea, the feelings aroused at home by the reports of war correspondents quickly brought reforms in the various war departments. Uniforms came under review. The infantry tunic (extreme left) was made looser and double-breasted, and the collar and leather stock were lowered. Officers' uniforms (third from left) were changed in like fashion. The shell jacket and cap worn for drills and fatigues is shown second from left. Highland regiments' uniforms (third from right), were also double-breasted with tassels on their doublets. These are still incorporated today in their full dress uniforms. The Light Dragoons (second from right) and the Hussars had a long tunic, frogged in front with yellow braid. Shakos were tapered and lowered. The figure on the extreme right is an infantry man in full marching order.



INTO THE BLUE...

The BEAUFIGHTER

ONE of the few aircraft to serve with the Royal Air Force almost throughout World War II, was the famous Bristol Beaufighter.

The first of four prototypes flew in July, 1939, and the first operational machines reached the squadrons in September, 1940.

The Beaufighter was a formidable strike aircraft and reached the R.A.F. when it was hard-pressed fighting a lone battle against the German Air

Force. Its high speed—320 m.p.h. at 10,000 feet—and firepower from its four cannons and six machine-guns made it a welcome new arrival.

Several 'Marks' of Beaufighter were built, including a rocket-firing version known as a 'Flak-beau' and a torpedo-carrying version called 'Torbeau'.

The Mark VI Beaufighter took part in the war against the Japanese, who nicknamed it 'The Whispering Death' because of its engine noise characteristics which made it almost inaudible as it approached.

One vitally important role this fine machine played was as a night fighter. Many of the earlier 'Marks' were fitted with AI (Air Interception)

Radar which, in conjunction with ground-controlled radar units, enabled them to find and destroy enemy bombers even when they were not visible to the pilot.

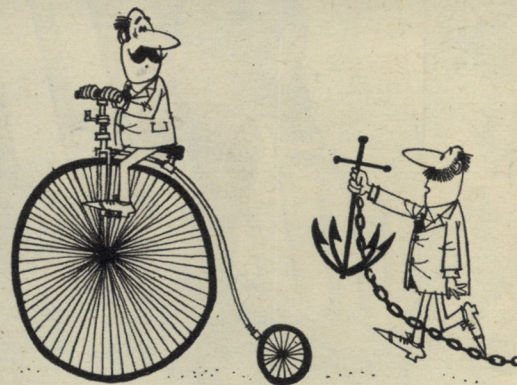
The last major version of the Beaufighter was the Mark X, of which 2,231 were built. Unlike the earlier models which had Rolls-Royce Merlin engines, the Mark X had two 1,770 h.p. Bristol Hercules radial engines. It had a range of 1,500 miles, a crew of two, and could be used either as a torpedo strike aircraft carrying one torpedo, or as a fighter-bomber with 250 lb. or 500 lb. bombs.

Nearly 6,000 of these great aircraft were built, and some remained in service with the R.A.F. on target-towing duties until 1959.

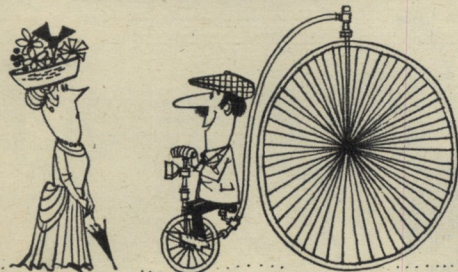


FIDDY and the Penny-Farthing

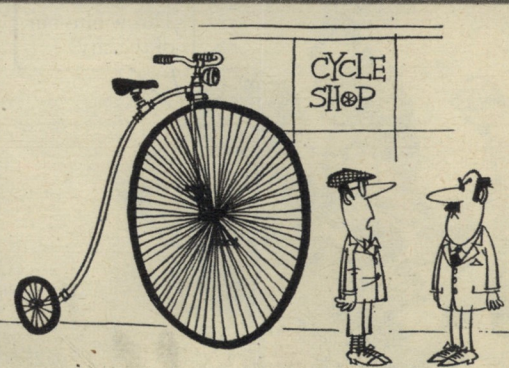
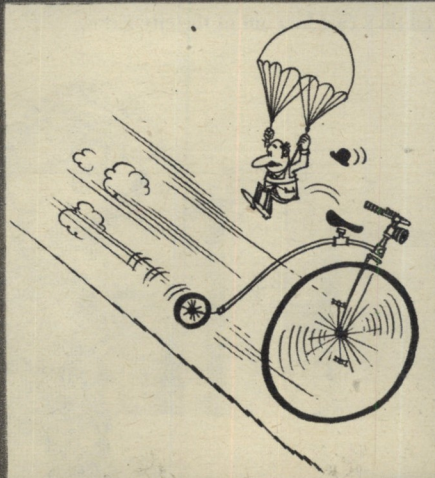
(Cartoonist Roland Fiddy draws for the Ranger Supplement every week)



"Wait a minute—you've forgotten the brakes!"



"It's a specially adapted model for people with short legs!"



"Five pounds? I thought you said it was a penny-farthing!"

The RISE and FALL of the TRIGAN EMPIRE

Thanks to the scheming of a rascally Trigan named Yenni, war has broken out on the planet Elekton between the Trigan Empire and the country of Hericon. Now, Yenni has let a mob into the Palace to seize the wife of their ruler, Trigo, because she is a Hericon . . .



From the top of the staircase, the Lady Ursa heard . . .



Furious, they fell upon the rascally Yenni and dragged him from the palace.



And they cast him out of the city gates.



Meanwhile, Trigo was racing through the echoing corridors of the palace, calling his wife's name . . .

Ursa! . . . Ursa, where are you? . . . Answer me!



But—shrouded in a concealing cloak—Ursa was already making her way out of one of the side gates of Trigan.



She made her way across the boulder strewn plain beyond. And then—suddenly—she saw a dark form rising ahead of her!

Who . . . who is that?

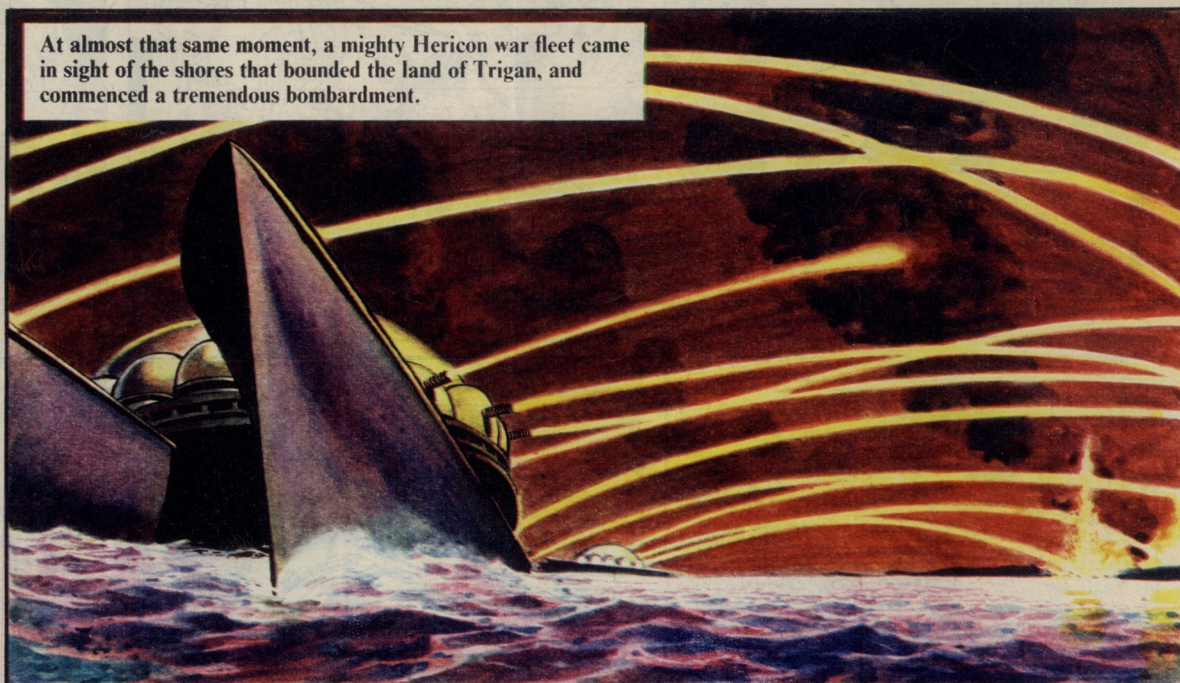


And then . . . she recognised the man who crept menacingly towards her!



No! Don't come near me! . . . No!

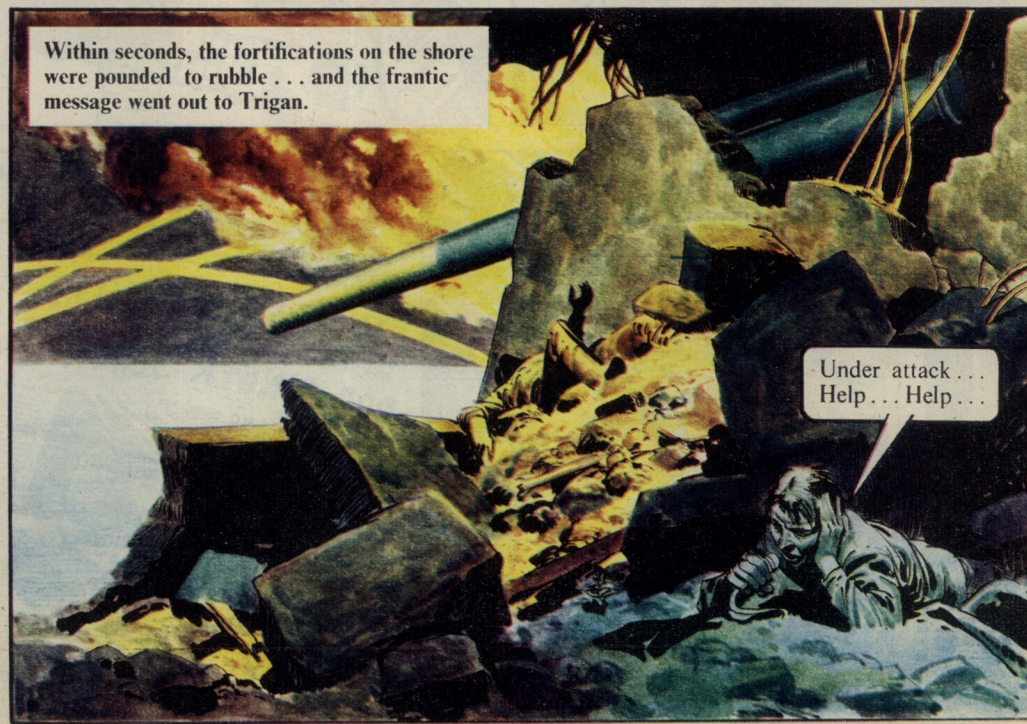
At almost that same moment, a mighty Hericon war fleet came in sight of the shores that bounded the land of Trigan, and commenced a tremendous bombardment.



And then the night was riven with lurid flame!



Within seconds, the fortifications on the shore were pounded to rubble . . . and the frantic message went out to Trigan.



Under attack . . . Help . . . Help . . .

ROB RILEY

Rob tells in his own words of his friendship with Sonny Blackett the famous boy pop singer, who has just joined Westhaven Comprehensive School. Rob accompanies Sonny and his agent to London to make a record ... and Sonny behaves very strangely to a crowd of his fans ...

In the horrified silence that followed, Sonny elbowed his way towards the waiting car ... and Mr. Spragg and I followed him ...



Stand aside, you gaping idiots!

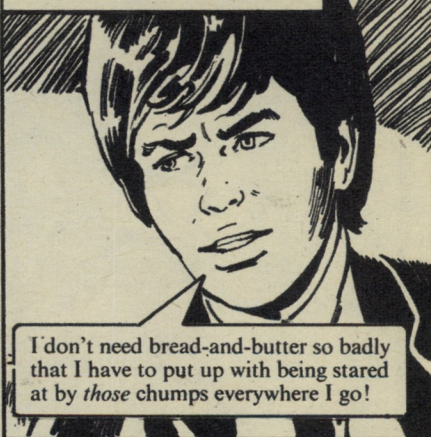
When we drove away, Mr. Spragg managed to find his voice.



Sonny-Boy ... Have you taken leave of your senses? ... Those kids back there ... They're your fans ... Your bread-and-butter!

Humph!

Sonny answered contemptuously.



I don't need bread-and-butter so badly that I have to put up with being stared at by those chumps everywhere I go!

I couldn't believe my ears ...



But he's a pop singer! He must know that the fans won't buy his records if he treats them like that!

It was the same when we reached the recording studio. He brushed his way through a crowd of fans who had been waiting there for hours.

Give me your autograph, Sonny ... Please!



Get lost!

Say something to me, Sonny ... Anything!

Mr. Spragg and I watched from the control room as they began the complicated business of making yet another Sonny Blackett hit record ...



One ... Two ... Three ... Go!

Sonny got about three words out, and then ...



Wrong key, Sonny ... Start again!

Everybody sings Yeah ...

... He exploded!



This is the end! ... If you don't like the way I sing this number, you can sing it yourself!

But, Sonny ... I only said ...

... and marched out of the studio!



Sonny ... The disc!

You can forget it! I'm never setting foot in this studio again!

We drove back to the hotel in silence. There were no fans waiting for him this time, and he went straight to the bedroom and locked himself in!



And see to it I'm not disturbed!

But ... But ...

The first edition of the evening papers had the story on the front page.



INSULTS FANS AND WALKS OUT OF STUDIO IS THIS THE END OF SONNY BLACKETT?

And then, I remembered the incident of the previous night, when the three toughs came to see Sonny ...

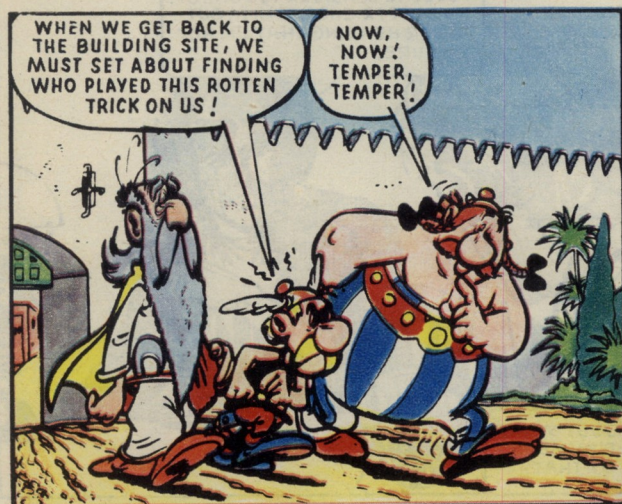
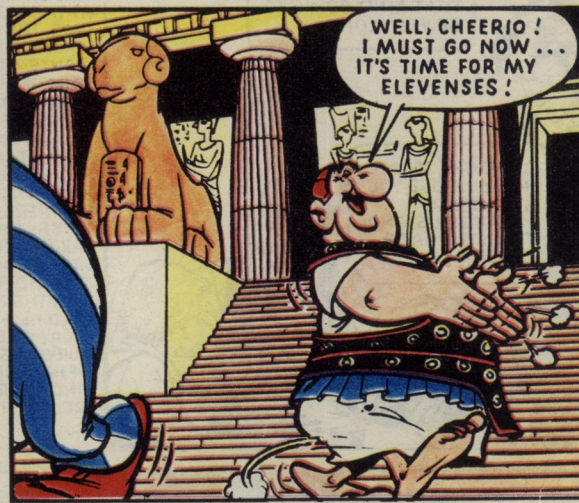
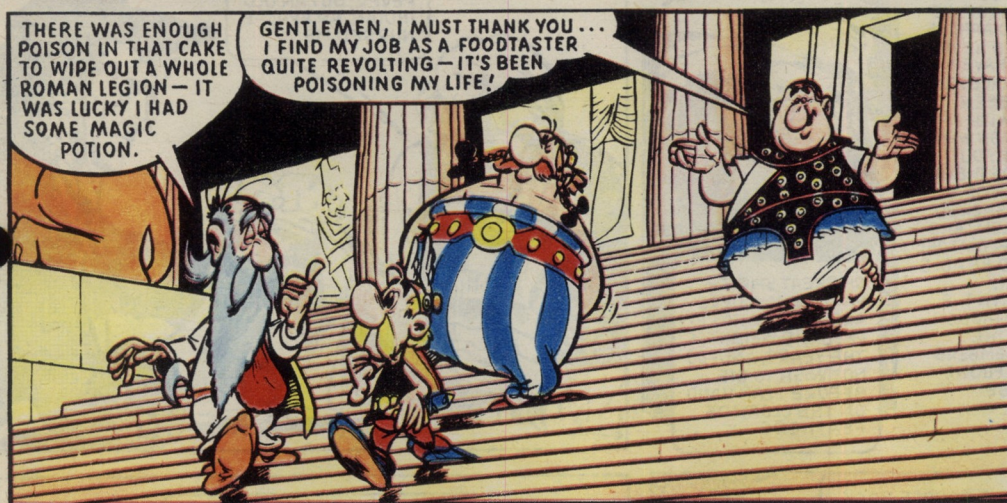
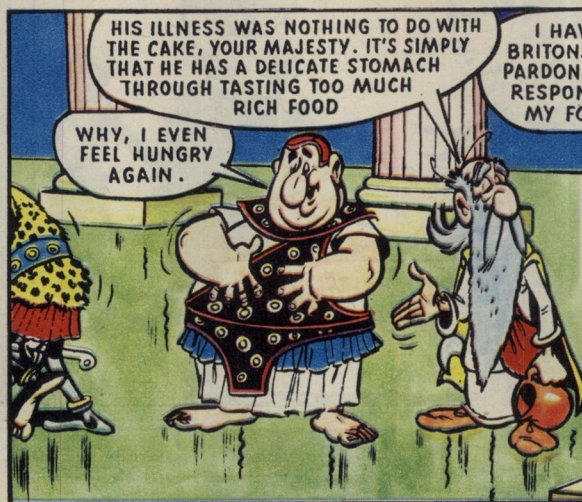
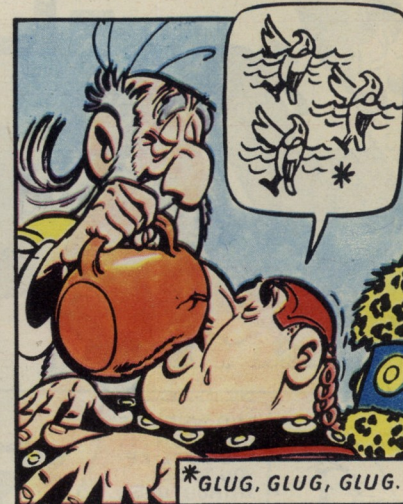
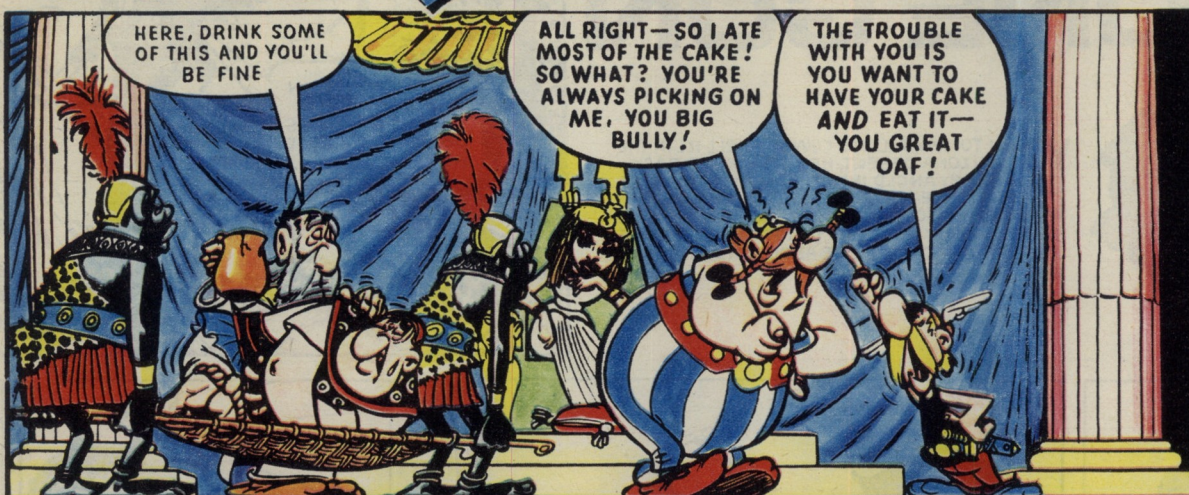


It's the end of him, all right. We won't be able to give his discs away now!

Mr. Spragg! ... that's just what those men threatened would happen!

In the days of GOOD QUEEN CLEO

Doric, Son of Boadicea and Beric are helping Rummitum, an Egyptian architect, to build a palace for Queen Cleopatra. Itchytoes, a rival architect, is trying to stop them and sends a poisoned cake to Cleopatra saying it is a gift from the Britons. Cleopatra makes them eat it. Doric's magic potion saves them and he promises to cure her sick food-taster...

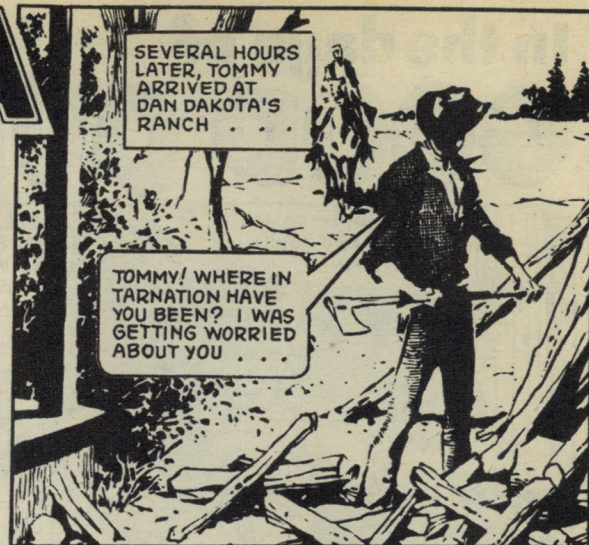


DAN DAKOTA

-LONE GUN



WHEN TOMMY, A LONE COWBOY, FELL ILL IN THE ARIZONA DESERT, HE WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH BY AN OLD INDIAN NAMED TAKOMA. AS TOMMY WAS LEAVING THE INDIAN'S CAVE IN THE HILLS, HE NOTICED A HOARD OF GOLD IN THE BACK OF IT. TOMMY RODE OFF DETERMINED TO COME BACK AND FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE INDIAN'S RICHES



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, TOMMY ARRIVED AT DAN DAKOTA'S RANCH

TOMMY! WHERE IN TARNATION HAVE YOU BEEN? I WAS GETTING WORRIED ABOUT YOU



AND WHERE'S YOUR GUN... IT'S NOT LIKE YOU TO BE WITHOUT ONE...

RELAX, DAN—I'M OKAY!



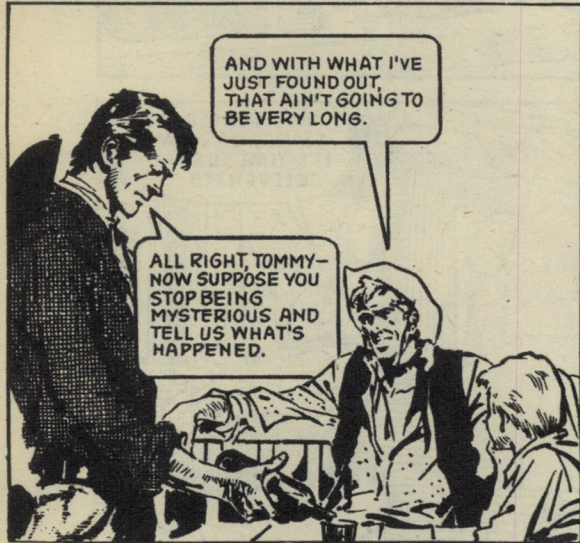
BUT BEFORE I TELL YOU MY NEWS, I MUST HAVE A DRINK—I'M AS PARCHED AS THE DESERT ITSELF.

HIYA, CHUCK!



YOU GOING TO STAY WITH US AWHILE, TOMMY?

UNTIL MY FEET START ITCHING AGAIN, CHUCK.



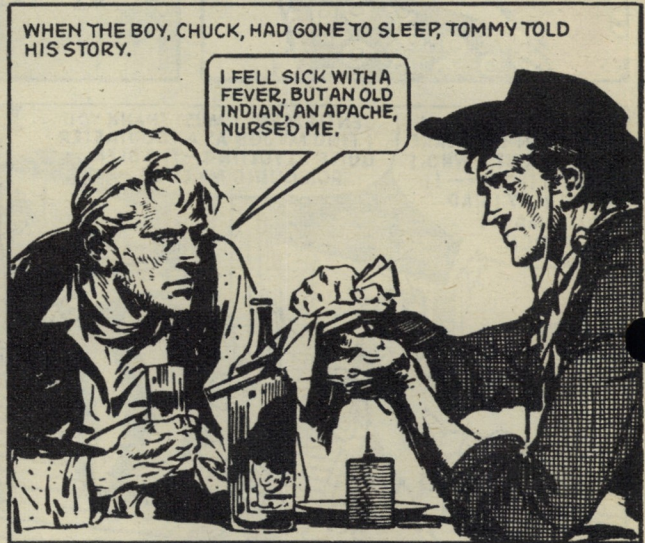
AND WITH WHAT I'VE JUST FOUND OUT, THAT AIN'T GOING TO BE VERY LONG.

ALL RIGHT, TOMMY—NOW SUPPOSE YOU STOP BEING MYSTERIOUS AND TELL US WHAT'S HAPPENED.

MEANWHILE, TAKOMA WAS SITTING QUIETLY AT THE MOUTH OF HIS CAVE. THE OLD APACHE WARRIOR HAD NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE THE LAND OF HIS ANCESTORS, BUT HE HAD BEEN ENTRUSTED WITH A SECRET MISSION WHICH HE MUST CARRY OUT ALONE. INSIDE THE CAVE HUNG A CLOAK OF FEATHERS, A SACRED TRIBAL EMBLEM, AND TAKOMA KNEW THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD BE ABLE TO HAND IT ON, TOGETHER WITH THE GOLD HE HAD HIDDEN—A DAY WHEN THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF HIS TRIBE MIGHT ONCE MORE BE REUNITED

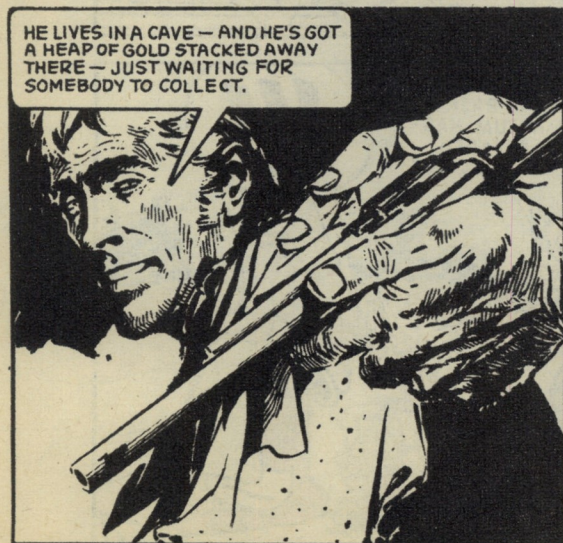


OH GREAT SPIRIT—MY OLD SHOULDERS ARE BEGINNING TO FEEL THE WEIGHT OF THE YEARS, AND I DO NOT WISH TO DIE BEFORE I CAN HAND ON THE CLOAK OF FEATHERS

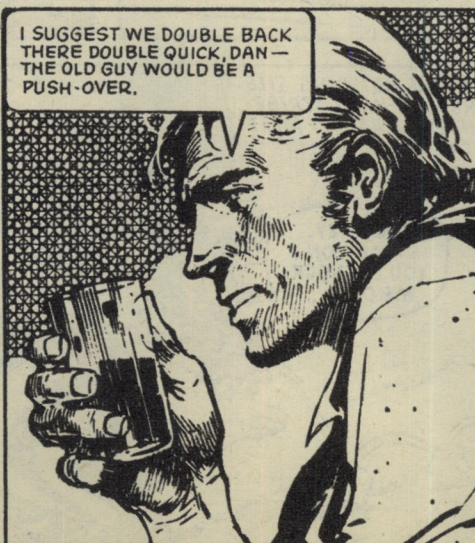


WHEN THE BOY, CHUCK, HAD GONE TO SLEEP, TOMMY TOLD HIS STORY.

I FELL SICK WITH A FEVER, BUT AN OLD INDIAN, AN APACHE, NURSED ME.



HE LIVES IN A CAVE—AND HE'S GOT A HEAP OF GOLD STACKED AWAY THERE—JUST WAITING FOR SOMEBODY TO COLLECT.



I SUGGEST WE DOUBLE BACK THERE DOUBLE QUICK, DAN—THE OLD GUY WOULD BE A PUSH-OVER.



I USED TO CONSIDER YOU ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS, TOMMY, BUT AFTER HEARING THAT, I'M NOT SO SURE!

JUST WHAT D'YA MEAN BY THAT?

THE GREAT CANAL CHASE

continued from page 14

sobbing shamble when she came to a wood. It was only about 50 yards wide, and she decided that it was too obvious to duck straight into it. She ran on with renewed strength out of the wood, where another field offered no immediate cover. Beyond the wood she stumbled obtrusively and made sufficient noise to draw the hunt on through the patch of cover. Then she ducked through the fence, padded silently across the dewy grass and flung herself down some 20 or 30 yards from the fence.

Making enough noise for a Wild West posse, the two men came thundering down the tow-path. She heard one say, "She'll never keep this up. We'll catch her! The little hell-cat!"

Jo's heart thudded violently as she tried not even to breathe. As the sound of the men's running faded, she ducked across the grass and found the shelter of the wood.

She was so certain of the success of her manoeuvre that she made a slight noise in negotiating the wire between the field and the copse. It would have been insufficient to attract the attention of the two men, but she had overlooked the third member of the party.

Bed of Nettles

Mrs. Smith, more cautious than the men, was following very quietly in their wake.

Hearing the steely twang of the fence, the woman screamed loudly "She's here, you fools. You've let a slip of a girl outwit you!"

But, despite the piercing quality of her scream, she failed to attract the attention of the men and plunged into the undergrowth herself.

Again some instinct came to Jo's rescue, and she carefully slipped back through the fence and into the field while her adversary plunged recklessly into the thicket. Not more than 20 yards from the wood and a similar distance from the tow-path, she was forced to throw herself to the ground as the two men returned to join in searching the wood.

She might have got clean away if she had not, in her preoccupation with quietness and caution, almost crawled into a sleepy cow quietly enjoying its cud. The startled beast scrambled to its feet with a disjointed bellow and bustled across the field, disturbing several of its comrades.

The chaos of hurrying hooves forced Jo to get to her feet. She had no intention of being clouted by a cow or stamped on by a steer.

The long beam of a very powerful torch captured her flying figure and a great shout heralded the discovery. There came a shout of, "There she is!" from Mr. Smith and a thin, feline scream from the woman.

Behind Jo, the hunt broke out



The crew of the Nut Case—Frankie, Jo, Steve and Podge.

of the wood and pounded lustily where she had crawled. She almost wept at the thought of so much painful effort being cancelled with a few careless strides. Then she was through the next fence, catching the dressing-gown on barbed wire as she negotiated it.

There was some sort of building in the far corner of the field, and she made for it hopefully. Behind her the light in the hands of her rushing pursuers had lost her and was being used to illuminate the fence as they struggled through it.

Taking advantage of this brief moment of respite, Jo broke back diagonally across the field for ten or 15 yards and flung herself into a stretch of cover.

Not until she was down did she realise that this oh-so-comforting cover consisted of nettles. Her legs were on fire, but with supreme control she remained there while the hunt pounded past to surround and search the shed. Then, with infinite caution, she crawled back the way she had come.

This stratagem was completely successful. It seemed to be the one thing that the trio failed to consider. They searched the building. They beat across the next field, and searched the tow-path.

Jo hunched against a post of the fence and wondered how they could possibly fail to find her. Surprisingly, they never looked. They had passed that way and, to their way of thinking, she could not possibly be in that area.

Eventually she could hear them down on the tow-path, in heated discussion.

Jo could not hear half they said, but she noticed one remark made decisively during a lull in the conversational storm.

"There'll have to be a change of plan," Mr. Smith said dogmatically.

Then they left — straggling off along the tow-path, still arguing bitterly.

Next week:

CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

Condensed from the book NUT CASE by Ray Pope (Methuen & Co., Ltd., 15s. 0d.)

LOOK! Money to be won!

TEN SHILLINGS—to save or spend! This useful cash sum will be awarded to the 20 winners of this week's crossword competition. To enter, fill in the solution in ink (pen or ball-point), add your full name, age and address, then cut out the whole panel, paste it on a plain postcard, and post to:

LOOK and LEARN Prize Crossword No. 28,
1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

Entries must be received by Tuesday, 3rd January, and the prizes will be awarded for the first 20 correct attempts examined on that date. The solution to the puzzle, with winners' names, will be published as soon as possible. The Editor's decision is final!

(Readers who do not wish to cut their copies of LOOK and LEARN may copy the completed square and address panel on to a postcard.)

ACROSS

- The capital of China (6)
- Fish which leaps waterfalls to get up-river to spawn (6)
- Catherine of — married Henry VIII (6)
- Great fear — name given to the French Revolution when thousands went to the guillotine (6)
- Hard and durable wood, unaffected by water (4)
- Male voice between bass and tenor (8)
- A cluster of stars—for example, the Great Bear (13)
- These mountains are the highest in the world, containing Everest (8)
- Temperate—neither too hot nor too cold (4)
- Vinegar is a form of this acid (6)
- The capital of this European country is Warsaw (6)
- Making more comfortable (6)
- energy comes from a nuclear power station (6)

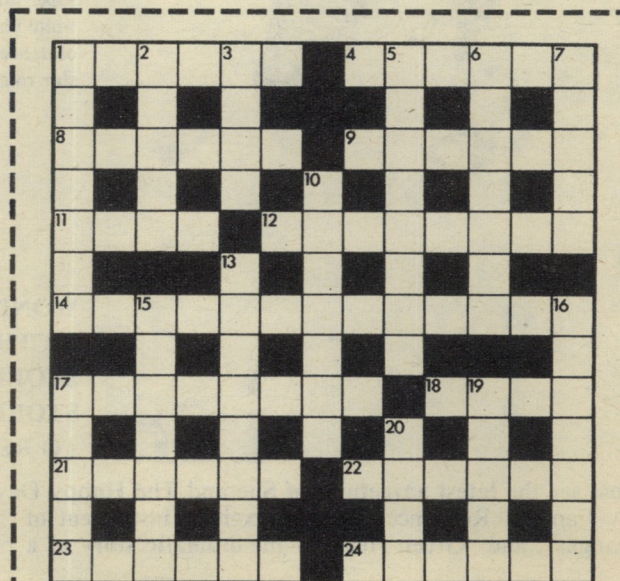
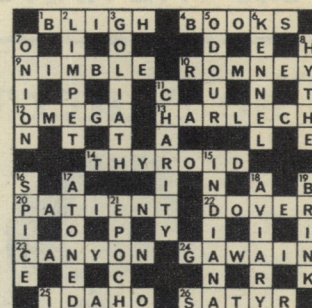
DOWN

- Mouldable substance with many household uses (7)
- This "bear" is an attractive Australian tree-dweller (5)
- Time of day when the sun reaches its highest point (4)
- Lyndon B. Johnson is the — president (8)
- In 1902 he sent radio messages across the Atlantic (7)
- Florence Nightingale was a famous one (5)
- This comet is due to reappear in 1985 (6'1)
- Male horse used for breeding (8)
- The fourth book of the Old Testament (7)

- Wandering, like certain tribes who move with their flocks (7)
- Encouraging cry to a tug-of-war team (5)
- Warning given when fire breaks out (5)
- America's gold is stored in — Knox (4)

LOOK AND LEARN PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 19

Giant Jig-Saw Puzzles were awarded to:— Ann Briffa, Wembley; Andrew Bunyard, Surbiton; Michael Campbell, Cardiff; Valerie Hunt, Dereham; Clive Lomas, Stockport; John Maddison, Alford; Catharine Millar, Epping; Judith Reynolds, Truro; John Sharp, Evington; Vivien Spencer, Gt. Malvern; Alan Whitaker, Bradford; Mary White, Liskeard.



Full name
(In block letters).....

Age
(years).....

Address.....

Look & Learn No. 28

Cut round the dotted line

NEXT WEEK'S LOOK and LEARN

Three great new features begin in next week's issue:—

THE COUNTRYSIDE IN JANUARY

A nature series with a difference

MAN OF THE WEEK and WOMAN OF THE WEEK

A fascinating series about unusual men and women of the past and present

WHAT'S ON?

A specially devised Calendar of events you might like to see next month

**PLUS ALL YOUR OTHER
LOOK AND LEARN FAVOURITES
—and THE RANGER SUPPLEMENT!**

The Nutcracker Ballet!



This week, **PRINCESS** magazine tells you the story of this enchanting ballet in beautiful colour pictures as well as super black and white photographs of dancers in the star roles.

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STORIES
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You must see the latest adventures of Sue and The Happy Days family also: A Famous Romance, the first exciting instalment of "Dancing into Danger", and "Green Heart"—the dramatic story of a racehorse.



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A Fleetway Publication

CONCLUDING OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SERIES

by the Rev. J. M. Roe

CLEOPATRA'S OTHER NEEDLE

THE Stone that Sailed the Sea was the title of an article in our issue of 15th October which had a special interest for me. It was about the voyage to England nearly 90 years ago of the granite monument which we call 'Cleopatra's Needle'. Those who see it on the Thames Embankment may not realise that a similar column stands in Central Park, New York, and that in Egypt yet another still stands on the site from which all three came, the City of the Sun, as its Greek name, *Heliopolis*, means, a few miles from Cairo.

Ten years ago, Heliopolis was my postal address, and I lived within walking distance of this last remaining monument. When visitors came, I often took them to see this column, which is in a far better state of preservation than the one on the Thames Embankment. Some of my Egyptian friends could even read and translate the hieroglyphic characters cut in the stone at Heliopolis, whereas those on the London monument have been partly eaten away by the polluted atmosphere.

Biblical Link

For me, the most interesting thing about it was the fact that this column had cast its shadow across the path of many generations of people whose names are well known to us from the Bible. Long before Cleopatra's name was linked with its companion column, Moses often saw it, for he passed this way many times. Joseph came here to find a wife (Genesis 41 verse 45). As an old man Jacob saw it when he came to escape the famine in Canaan, and it was one of the last landmarks which the Israelites would notice as they fled from captivity in Egypt and headed for the Sinai Desert.

It was still there when Jesus was brought to Egypt as a small child by Joseph and Mary. By that time, the temple was falling into



The obelisk at Heliopolis is in a far better state of preservation than the one on the Thames Embankment.

ruin. The pillar we know as 'Cleopatra's Needle' had been carted away to Alexandria in 12 BC. In his poem, 'Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity', John Milton imagines the idols in pagan temples falling from their places as the Christ-child was born, and there is an older legend that, as the Holy Family passed the Temple of the Sun on their flight into Egypt, it collapsed into final ruin, leaving only this solitary column standing.

A few hundred yards from the column is a village called Matariya in which a very old tree marks the place where the Holy Family are said to have rested. There is a spring of fresh water at the place. It is said that originally the water was bitter, like that of most desert springs, but that after the Christ-child was bathed in it, the spring ran with sweet water, and has done so ever since.

This is a charming legend, and like that of the ruined temple, and some of the Bible stories of the childhood of Christ, it is beautifully depicted in a series of paintings on the wall of a church which today stands in the village through which the Holy Family passed so soon after the first Christmas.

FLASHBACK

Events that gave this week a place in history

CHRISTMAS DAY, 800

*"To Charles, most pious Augustus,
crowned by God, life and victory!"*

**The cry of the people at
Charlemagne's coronation.**

THE Roman Empire was already in a state of decline when it was overrun by barbarian tribes. They settled first as allies within the scope of the Empire, but then turned to arms and took parts of it for their own. The Vandals captured the North African limits of the Empire, the Visigoths settled in Spain, the Ostrogoths in Italy, and the Franks west of the Danube, in Gaul.

The Franks first became prominent under their King, Clovis, when they accepted the Christian faith about the year A.D. 500. Clovis was the only notable member of the Merovingian dynasty, which petered out in murderous struggles between his descendants.

Control of the kingdom then came into the hands of a family known as the Carolingians, whose first King, Pepin, obtained papal sanction for his usurpation of the throne.

One of the principal reasons for the success of the Carolingian dynasty is found in their good relations with the Church. Pepin went to Italy himself to protect the Pope from the King of the Lombards.

Pepin was succeeded by a son so renowned that he is always known as Charlemagne, or Charles the Great. Charlemagne's armies extended the frontiers of the Frankish kingdom in every direction. He overthrew the Lombard King of Italy and took his crown; pushed the Moors back over the Pyrenees; conquered the Germanic tribes in Bavaria; and conquered and converted those in Saxony.

Charlemagne saw himself as a Christian King



ruling a Christian people. But if the Scriptures were to be read, the spread of learning must be encouraged. Charlemagne invited scholars to his court, the most famous of them being an Englishman named Alcuin.

Charlemagne instructed all monasteries to teach reading and writing in their schools, and as a result a new style of writing remarkable for its clarity appeared at this time. This is known as the Carolingian 'miniscule'.

In the year A.D. 800, Charlemagne went to Italy to defend the Pope from Lombard aggressors, and while he was in Rome, on Christmas Day, he was crowned Emperor by the Pope.

Charlemagne thought of himself as carrying on the traditions of the ancient empire of Rome, but a new empire had been founded in the West which owed little to the traditions of classical Rome. This was the Holy Roman Empire, which survived in some form until 1806.

29th DECEMBER, 1775

SARAH KEMBLE was born in 1755 into a family of travelling actors. Her father, John Kemble, was manager of the company, and from childhood Sarah was often on the stage.

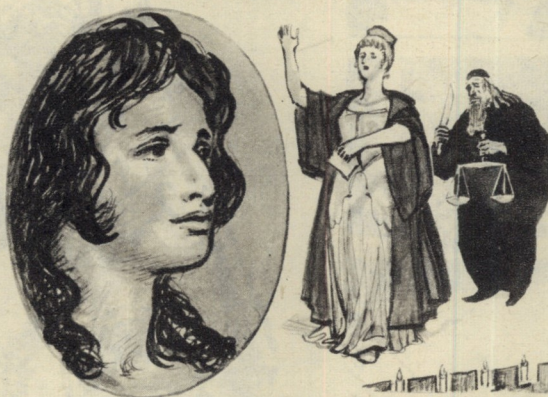
As she grew older, it was obvious that she possessed unusual natural talents. She could sing as well as act, and her taste in literature was of the highest. Besides all this, she was beautiful. She had large, expressive eyes and dark hair; she was tall and altogether very striking in appearance.

When she was 18, Sarah married William Siddons, a member of her father's company, and it is as Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress, that she is remembered.

Sarah Siddons and her husband continued their round of the provincial theatres, at which Sarah's ability made its mark. She created a sensation at Cheltenham in 1774, and the great actor David Garrick heard of her and sent an observer of his own to assess her merits.

Garrick was impressed by what he heard, but a year passed before his need of new blood at the Drury Lane Theatre revived his interest in Sarah, and he sent another observer to search her out. She was found acting the part of Rosalind in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and again she made a great impression. Arrangements were made for her and her husband to be engaged at Drury Lane for the joint wage of £5 a week.

Sarah was to make her first appearance on the illustrious stage at Drury Lane as Portia in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. On 29th December,



1775, she made her debut before an audience who, it was hoped, would be good-humoured from the Christmas festivities.

Poor Sarah Siddons! She was beset by nerves; she trembled on to the stage; her voice stuck in her throat so that it could scarcely be heard; and although she recovered a little before the end of the play, the critics, reviewing her efforts in the Press next day, poured scorn on her performance.

Sarah's confidence was shaken, and she also fell prey to the jealousies of the three principal actresses at Drury Lane, for Garrick apparently singled her out for particular attention. In spite of her initial failure, she was still given important roles, which she continued to play in an undistinguished manner. She played opposite Garrick himself in *The Suspicious Husband*, and was Lady Anne to his Richard III, all without recognition.

When Garrick retired as leading actor and mana-

ger at Drury Lane he was succeeded by a management of three, the most famous of these being Richard Sheridan. Mrs. Siddons was not re-engaged by the new management.

Sarah returned to the provincial theatres and once more began to shine. At Cheltenham, Liverpool, York, Manchester, Birmingham, and finally at Bath, she came into her own.

In those days Bath was second only to London in its theatrical reputation. In 1778, Sarah Siddons was engaged to play for a season there. She attracted notice quickly and praise for her performances mounted.

Audiences flocked to see her play in tragedy, and many were moved to tears. She played an astonishing range of characters with equal success, both tragic and comic.

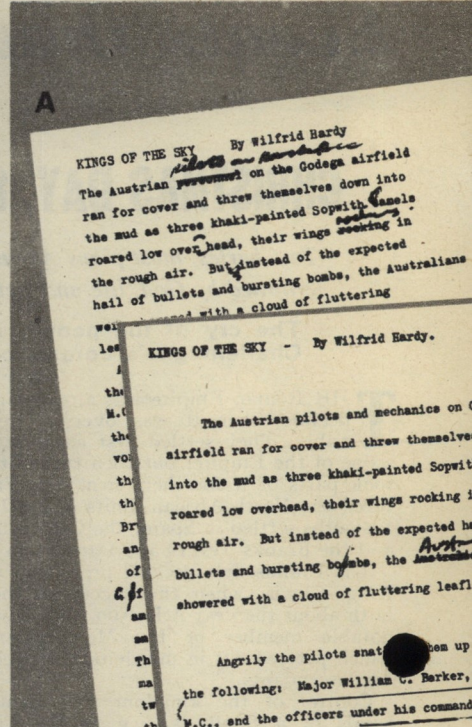
She studied each character she had to play in great detail, shutting herself away for long hours until she had created an original interpretation. Her ability to act was entirely natural, and her sensitive and moving characterisations, combined with her beauty and poise, were continually effective.

She stayed at Bath for four seasons in which her confidence and reputation were re-established. Secure at Bath, she was not easily lured to London again, and it was not until October, 1782, that she appeared there again, in *The Fatal Marriage*.

This time she survived the panic of rehearsals, fears that she would repeat her previous failure in London, and a near loss of voice, and took Drury Lane by storm. Tears and hysterics accompanied her performance, along with wild acclamation. Notices in the Press the next day completed her triumph and established her for the next 30 years as the queen of tragedy.

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES ABOUT
INDUSTRIES IN BRITAIN

MAKING



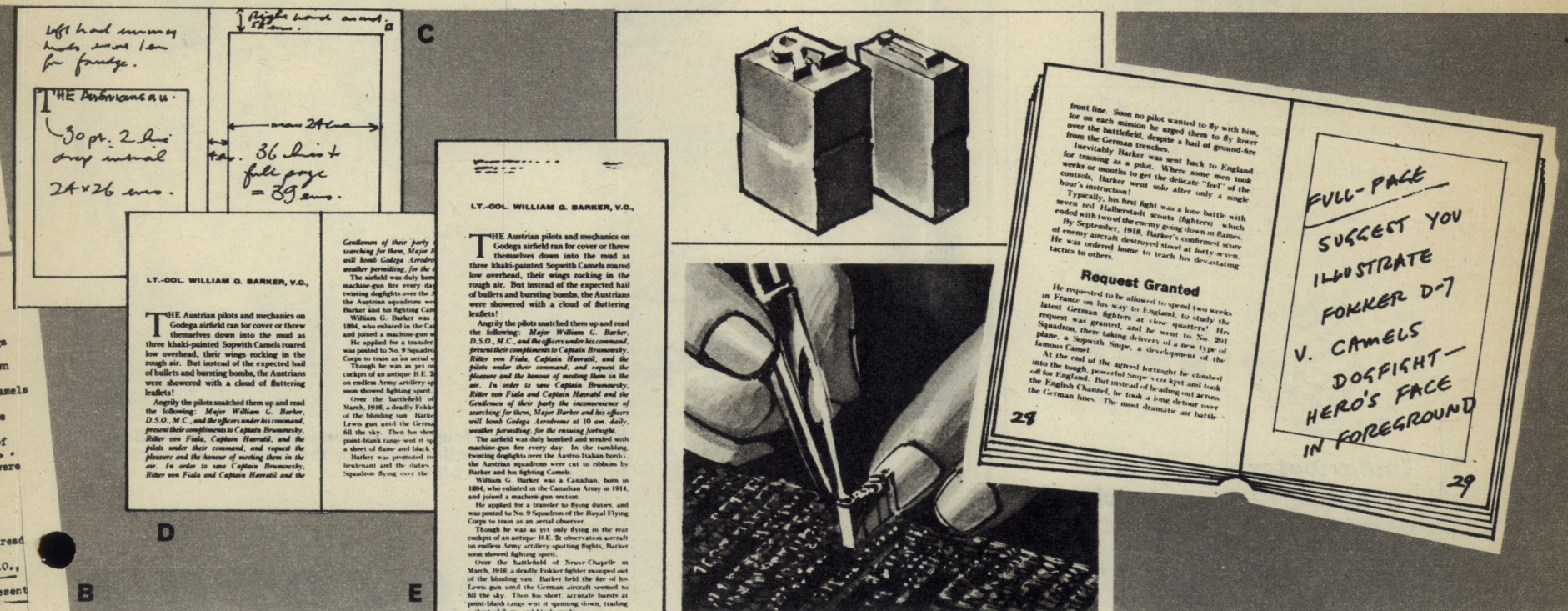
The story of how a book is made really begins with the man who has the original idea for it—usually either the publisher or author. In the case of fiction it is always the author who originates and writes the first typescript (A) which he submits to the editor. After approval, it is prepared for press by a sub-editor, who marks it with instructions (B) for the printer.



With the 'paste-up' of the book beside him, the artist sets to work on the drawings. He usually works to twice the actual size at which the illustrations will appear in their final form. They will be reduced to the correct size by a photographic

method when they arrive at the printers. The title on the dust jacket will be drawn by a lettering artist. When all the 'artwork' is ready it goes to the block-makers where it is first photographed with a special 'process' camera.

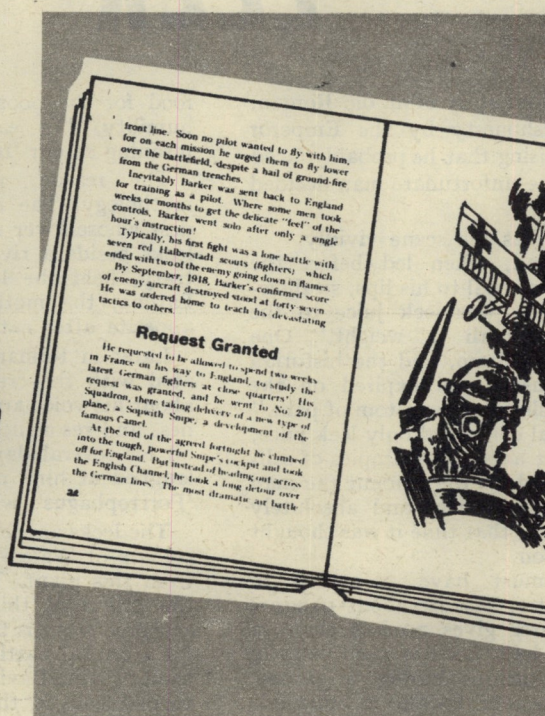
A BOOK



The size and shape or 'format' of the book is now decided, and also the price to be charged and the number of copies to be printed. A design artist now prepares a layout to be sent to the printer which will determine the appearance of the finished book, and also the kind of type to be used (C). The printer prepares a specimen (D) and if this is acceptable to the publisher, the next stage is for the manuscript to be set in type and proofed in long 'galley' (E). During the early stages of preparing a book, a decision is also taken on choosing an artist to draw any illustrations which may be required for inside pages, and also for the loose cover (or dust jacket). Paper and binding materials must also be chosen.

Proofs are to enable the editor to see that the manuscript has been 'set' correctly, and although corrections and alterations can be made at this stage, it is a highly skilled job and therefore expensive. The upper illustration shows two pieces of Monotype, in which the type is cast in single pieces of metal—one for each letter. Type sizes are measured in 'points' according to the height from top to bottom of the body on which it is cast. Type which is upright in appearance is called Roman. Slanting type is *Italic*.

Once all the type has been set, a paste-up or 'mock-up' of the book is prepared, with spaces left where illustrations are to be used. The proofs are pasted in so that the illustrations can be positioned correctly, facing the text which refers to them. This also helps the artist with his ideas. The 'folios' (page numbers) can be checked at this stage.



Block-making, which means reproducing drawings in a metal form, is a complicated business. Once the flat metal plate (above) is made, it is mounted on a piece of wood and proofs are taken from it and pasted in the 'mock-up'.

The final proof which is now in the form of a book is submitted to the publisher for final checking and last-stage correction. Any error which escapes notice at this point is irretrievable, so great care has to be taken in the final reading of the pages. Printers also employ skilled "readers" who correct typographical and literal errors.

When all the pages have been 'passed' by the publisher's editor, final adjustments are made to the press, which is of the 'flatbed' type, as distinct from the rotary type of press on which many magazines are printed. Once printing is complete, the pages are taken into the bindery for the covers and dust jackets to be added.

DAILY MAIL SCHOOLBOYS AND GIRLS EXHIBITION

December 27 – January 10

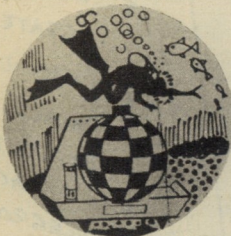
December 27 only: Noon – 6.30 p.m.

All other days: 9.30 a.m. – 6.30 p.m. (Closed Sunday).

Empire Hall, Olympia, London, W.14.

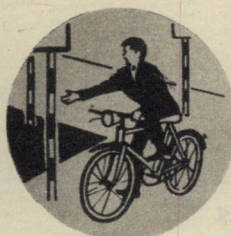
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Experience the thrilling impression of living 10 fathoms deep on the ocean-bed—see the astonishing things experts predict for the future under the sea.



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How good a cyclist are you? Find out on this specially designed track devised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. Cycling prizes to be won!

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This is where you will get really expert advice on a wide variety of careers and professions. There is a theatre too, showing films on careers.



Daily Mail Arena

Watch the experts to improve your skill at Cricket, Judo, Tennis, Fencing, Table Tennis, Athletics, Gymnastics, Archery. Fashion Shows.



Norfolk Wildlife Park

presents a close-up view of wild animals.

Chess challenge

The Chess Education Society invite you to play against champions in the continuous, simultaneous displays and matches.

Navy R.A.F Police

see the magnificent exhibits presented by these three services.

Electronics - at work & play

A fascinating display of electronic gadgets, some to work yourself, some to pit your wits against, some to see – and hear.

Outer Space

a presentation organised by "Space" magazine. Models and full-scale exhibits including the promise of a special display from Russia.

Children!
Don't miss your
very own exhibition!



When the Welsh fought an important battle with the Saxons, they wore leeks both to frighten the enemy and enable them to recognise each other.



PEOPLE AND PLANTS

NERO GOT HIS NICKNAME FROM THE LEEK

The
Emperor
Nero



THERE is a curious story of an old Roman, accused of dishonesty by the Emperor Tiberius. Realising that he probably faced death by torture, the unfortunate man decided to commit suicide.

A historian describes the scene vividly:

"The accused man, when led before the Emperor, raised a tiny vial to his lips, swallowing its contents. This was leek juice to the amount of three denarii in weight." One denarius is about our dram, and the historian adds that the accused man expired on the spot, "without the slightest symptom of pain."

If, indeed, the vial contained only leek juice, it is one of the most amazing examples of self-delusion ever recorded, as the amount the man drank was quite infinitesimal and absolutely harmless—although at that time it was thought to be a deadly poison.

The vegetable must have succeeded in vindicating itself later, because about 50 years later a Roman writer gives no less than 71 remedies in which leek juice is used, among them such absurdities as curing a chronic cough; ringing in the ears. He also recommends it as a dye for grey hair.

The leek is a blood relative of the onion, and about the same age—over 4,000 years. It has been cultivated since the earliest times and has been known in Europe since the Middle Ages.

While the leek was often used in secret ceremonies in temples in Egypt, the Egyptians never raised it to godhood, as they did the onion. Being very cheap and hence a common

food for the poor, it became associated with humility. 'To eat the leek' has a similar meaning as our 'to eat humble pie'.

The reason, perhaps, lies in Egyptian mythology. The Egyptians had a Moon Goddess whose lover was drowned while gathering leeks beside a river. The Greeks, on the contrary, held the leek in high esteem because Latona, the mother of Apollo, regained her appetite after eating them.

Later in Roman times, the leek was associated with the cruel Nero. He was very vain about his voice and, to obtain additional clearness and resonance of tone, ate only leeks and oil for several days each month. His subjects laughed at him, and gave him the nickname, 'Porrophagus', which means 'leek eater'.

The leeks are the badge of the Welsh and the colours of Wales—white and green—are taken from this plant. There are several versions of the origin of this, but the most commonly accepted story is that the Welsh were preparing for a crucial battle with the Saxons, and their leader, Saint David, ordered the Welsh soldiers to put leeks in their caps. The bad odour, he said, would frighten the enemy, while one Welshman would easily be able to distinguish another and so they would not kill their own men. The Welsh won the victory and adopted the leek as their national emblem.

In Poland, they say that the leek was the 'mock sceptre', borne by Christ, which is described in the Bible as 'a reed', and on Holy Days, the Poles adorn His statue with leeks.

WE are often told that the bower bird of Australia builds a remarkable bower and decorates it with coloured odds and ends, such as feathers, shells and small bones. This story is often told as if there were only one bower bird and only one way of building the bower. In fact, there are many different kinds of bower birds not only in Australia but also in New Guinea, and those in New Guinea build even more elaborate bowers.

The ordinary bower that we read about is built by the cock bower bird in the following manner. He collects together a large number of twigs and arranges them in a platform on the ground several feet long by about two feet wide. He then collects other twigs and the end of each of these is pushed into the platform so that there is finally a double row of vertical sticks with an avenue in between.

The bower birds that build in this way have been called avenue-builders. When the bower has been completed, the bird then collects all kinds of odds and ends and lays them around the bower especially at the entrance to the avenue. After this he leads the hen over to his bower and, while she stands outside, he runs up and down the avenue displaying his beautiful feathers to her. The bower is in no sense a nest. The female, who is much

BOWER BIRDS

*Despite all their efforts, they do
not even use them as nests*

more sombrely coloured than the male, builds her nest in a tree away from the bower.

The bower birds that build a more elaborate bower are known as maypole-builders. In this case, the male selects a small sapling in a clearing in a forest and collects a few twigs and lays them around the base of the sapling. He collects more twigs and lays these on top of the first twigs, until the sapling is clothed in a criss-cross of twigs to a height of two feet or more. At this stage the sapling now looks something like a maypole when the ribbons are criss-crossed round it. This, however, is only the start. More twigs are collected and these are now added in such a way that they form a

kind of sloping roof coming down from the twigs around the sapling, and when this part is finished it looks like a tent composed of twigs. Perhaps it would be more correct to say it looks like half a tent with the tent-pole decorated with twigs.

We could even say that it looks like a kind of rough summer-house, and this resemblance is heightened by the further work carried out by the bower bird on each side of the half-tent, where the twigs rest on the ground. Here the bird builds a wall of twigs forming a half-circle in front of the tent. By this time the bower begins to look like a house made of twigs with a lawn in front of it surrounded by a hedge of twigs.



MIND YOUR BIKE!

by John Mills . . . No. 2.

THIS week I want to give you some tips about buying a bicycle. Everyone would like to have a bike all gleaming with fresh paint from the shop; but don't worry if it is not possible for you to have a brand-new machine. A good second-hand model is just as much fun.

Choosing the type of machine most suitable for your own purposes is not difficult, because modern design has produced a range of machines capable of a variety of duties.

A rough classification of the types of bicycle available is (1) the heavy-duty roadster (suitable for years of riding over poor roads and perhaps carrying heavy loads); (2) the touring machine, which is now a light, lively model very similar to the older sports model, but still as robust as the old, heavy tourer; (3) the pure sports machine, which is a close relation of the racing cycle; and (4) the new, revolutionary small-wheel machines. These are perfect all-round machines for working and pleasure and, although not sports machines in the full sense of the word, they can whip along at an astonishing pace in the hands of a good rider.

Sports Cycle

Before settling for a sports machine, be quite certain in your own mind that you are really going to use it for the purpose for which the bike was designed. The sports cycle is a specialist machine intended for the rider who covers fair distances at a fair speed. It is not altogether suitable for short runs, shopping trips or crowded town streets. It will do these jobs, certainly, but it will not do them as well as a lightweight tourer or a small-wheel type such as the Moulton.

With the tremendous variety of frame and wheel sizes now available, you will have no trouble in finding a machine which is the right size for you now—and which will still be the right size in three or four years' time. There is no need at all to buy a bicycle that is dangerously oversize to 'grow into'. The cycle dealer will be able to show you a selection of

BUYING A BIKE

machines, one of which will be tailor-made for you.

Accessories—such as variable gears and dynamo lighting—are best bought already fitted to the cycle because it costs less in this way than fitting the extras later on. This is not always possible, or course, because the price of a fully-equipped bicycle can zip up to £30 in no time at all.

If you want a super-bike, but cannot afford all the extras immediately, mention the idea to the dealer so that you are sure that the extras can be fitted at a later date. For example, if you hope to have a 5-speed derailleur gear on a sports machine, check with the dealer that the bike you are buying can have the gears fitted later on. It sometimes happens that the rear fork on a single-speed bike will not accommodate the wide variable gear.

This problem does not arise with the Sturmey-Archer gearbox, because it is enclosed within the width of the normal hub; (and remember the Sturmey-Archer Dynohub system that combines a dynamo with the hub). If you anticipate fitting a Sturmey-Archer gear a year after buying the machine, keep the Dynohub unit well in mind as it is so much neater than the separate dynamo clipped to a fork leg.

All these problems can be worked out from catalogues and chatting with dealers—and there is no more pleasant way of spending a few hours!

Next week I will start telling you how to look after your bike so that you will always get the maximum enjoyment from it—and, above all, maximum safety!



Small-wheel bicycles, like the Triang pictured here, can be adjusted to fit boys or girls between the ages of about six and ten.



The Sports-tourer bicycle is probably the most popular machine on the roads today. This one is a New Hudson with 3-speed hub gears and battery lighting.



This Hopper 'Invincible' sports cycle has a 5-speed Benelux derailleur-type gear which is a great help for cyclists who frequently travel long distances.



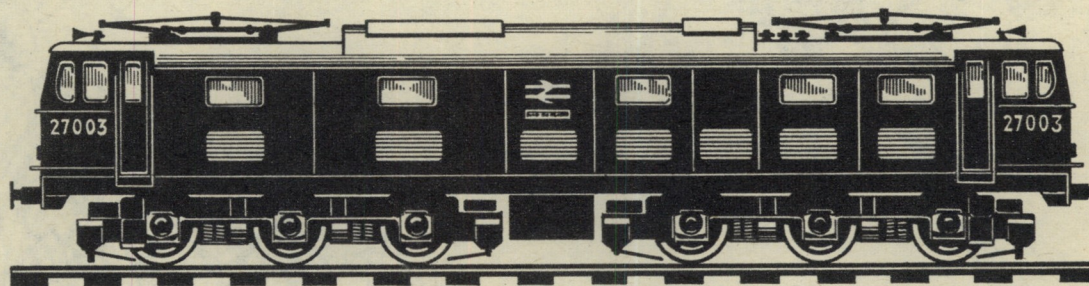
Here is a B.S.A. sports-tourer for girls. It has a Sturmey-Archer gearbox and Dynohub lighting. The gears have a flick-control on the handlebars.



A good example of a second-hand bike which will give good service for many years. This one has had new mudguards fitted and has been carefully overhauled.

LOOK AND LEARN ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES

No. 27



BRITISH RAILWAYS ELECTRIC CLASS E.M.2 Co-Co

ALTHOUGH it could be said that the Manchester-Sheffield line of British Railways is mainly a freight line, nevertheless heavy passenger trains with sharp schedules are a feature, and it was considered that the traffic justified a more powerful type of locomotive.

The E.M.2 Class was designed for this purpose and might be regarded as a Co-Co version of the well-known 'Gresleys'. They are heavier (102 tons) and, in fact, more powerful, and their six Metropolitan Vickers traction motors give them a total horsepower of 2,490.

They have the distinction of having been designed primarily as passenger locomotives, whereas most modern locos are mixed traffic haulers. All of them are fitted with steam heating equipment to keep the

passenger coaches warm and they are reported to have a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h., though B.R. are quick to point out that this route is unsuitable for such high speeds.

Externally the Class E.M.2s are very similar in appearance to the Gresleys and their most easily recognisable features are their two six-wheeled bogies. A closer inspection does reveal other differences.

In 1959 it was decided to name them all—there are only seven in the class. No. 27000 is named Electra. The rest of the names perpetuate those previously carried by steam locomotives of the old Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway—27001 Ariadne, 27002 Aurora, 27003 Diana, 27004 Juno, 27005 Minerva and 27006 Archimedes.

IN the summer of 1625, a young coloured boy set out to travel from Seville in Southern Spain to Madrid, the capital.

The boy, Juan de Pareja, was worried and uncertain about the future. He was a slave whose mistress had recently died, and he had been 'inherited' by her nephew, a famous painter called Velazquez.

In those days it was the custom for rich Spaniards to have their own personal slaves. Some of the slaves were treated cruelly, but others were often pampered and spoilt by their owners.

The latter had been the case with Juan. His mistress had been a prominent member of Seville society, and it had pleased her to dress him up as if he were a 'pet monkey'.

Juan, who had been 'born into slavery', realised how lucky he was *not* to be ill-treated. Even so, he resented being dressed in a suit of brilliant blue silk, with an orange-and-silver turban on his head, and one of his mother's ear-rings dangling from his right ear.

He also felt that his duties were 'unmanly', and not at all suitable for a sturdy twelve-year-old.

But there was one thing for which Juan was always grateful to his Mistress—she taught him his alphabet, so that he could write a 'fair hand' and copy out her letters for her.

The story of Juan, the coloured slave who became a successful and well-known painter, is told by Elizabeth Borton de Trevino in her prize-winning book, *I, Juan de Pareja*, (Gollancz, 16s.).

When his mistress died in a plague which struck Seville, Juan was told by a magistrate that he must go to Madrid, together with the rest of his mistress's belongings. He was now owned by the painter, Don Diego Velazquez, whose portraits of King Philip IV and his family were soon to win him world prestige.

Juan travelled to the capital with a mule-team, and met his new master in the kitchen of Velazquez's house, in the centre of Madrid.

Palace studio

Juan was surprised by the man who greeted him and saw that he was given a bowl of chopped meat and onions after his long journey. Velazquez was a young man, only about twelve years older than Juan himself, with a short, slender body and a bush of black hair. He said that Juan would have his own room off the kitchen, that he would eat with the cook, and that he would never for any reason be beaten.

The next day Juan began the first of his new duties, and was relieved to find that he was no longer expected to dress in a turban and silk suit. He was made responsible for keeping Velazquez's studio clean and tidy, and he also had to help the painter in his work. It was Juan's task to grind the colours, wash the



"I beg mercy, Sire," the trembling slave pleaded, prostrating himself before the King.

The Slave Painter by Angus Hall

brushes, stretch the canvases, and arrange the different mounds of colours on the palette.

From the start Juan took a pride and interest in his work. It was interesting just to watch his master preparing to paint. He noted how Velazquez nailed the canvas to the stretchers, how the cloth had to be specially treated to take the paint, and how a picture 'grew' from its first rapid charcoal sketch.

Juan became so knowledgeable and enthusiastic that he offered to write a notebook on the art of painting! But Velazquez asked him not to.

"These are professional secrets," he said. "Keep them in your head."

Another thing which intrigued Juan was the way his master would sit silently staring at an object. Such conduct seemed pointless to Juan, and he summoned the courage to ask the painter what his reveries were about.

"I am working, Juan" replied Velazquez. "Working, by looking... When I sit and look at something, I am feeling its shape, so that I shall have it in my fingers when I start to draw the outline. I am analysing the colours, too."

As soon as Juan had proved himself efficient in the studio, he was allowed to help Velazquez in his portrait work. The boy adjusted the windows so that the light remained constant; he arranged the furniture on the sitter's dais; he burnt olive branches over a fire until they were sufficiently charred to make charcoal sketching sticks.

And all the time he was observing his master, learning how to use light and shade, studying composition and colour. For Juan had decided to become a painter himself!

Then came the day when Velazquez was commissioned to paint a portrait of King Philip. He was to have his own studio in the Royal Palace, and Juan was to accompany him there each morning.

Before long, the painter and his assistant were familiar and popular

figures at the Palace. The guards saluted them when they entered, and the courtiers predicted that Velazquez would soon be acclaimed as the greatest painter of the day.

After a formal first sitting, at which his arrival was announced by two pages blowing trumpets, the King gradually relaxed. He told Velazquez and Juan that they need only bow once to him, on meeting.

The King insisted on posing with his favourite hunting hound lying at his feet. Velazquez painted many such portraits of the monarch and his dog, and Philip was pleased with all of them.

Freedom

Then, in 1629, King Philip commanded Velazquez to visit Italy, to make copies of the master-works of Michelangelo, Raffaello, and Tintoretto.

By this time, the painter was greatly dependent on Juan in his work, and he took the boy with him.

Once in Rome, Juan seized the opportunity to start painting on his own. He sold his mother's ear-ring, and bought with the money a brush, colours and a canvas. He restricted himself to simple objects—a vase and a tiled floor—but became discouraged when he saw how clumsy and inexperienced he was. His gloom even affected Velazquez, who threatened to send him back to Spain if he did not cheer up.

When, two years later, they did return to Madrid, Juan's painting technique had greatly improved. But he realised that he had none of the genius of his master, and was frightened to show his work to the older man.

Indeed, Velazquez might never have discovered how ambitious (and secretive) his assistant was if it had not been for the curiosity of King Philip.

One day, when the painter was absent, the King walked round the studio examining the works-in-

progress. Suddenly he noticed a canvas which was facing the wall. He turned it towards him and was amazed to see a splendid picture of three of his hounds lying in a forest glade. He knew it had not been painted by Velazquez.

The puzzle was solved when Juan, fearing some terrible punishment, threw himself on his knees before the King.

"I beg mercy, Sire," he pleaded. "The painting is mine. I have been working secretly all these years, with bits of canvas and colour, copying the works of the Master, to learn from them, and trying some original subjects by myself."

"I know very well that this is against the law, but my Master has never even suspected, and has had nothing to do with my treachery. I am willing to endure whatever punishment you mete out to me."

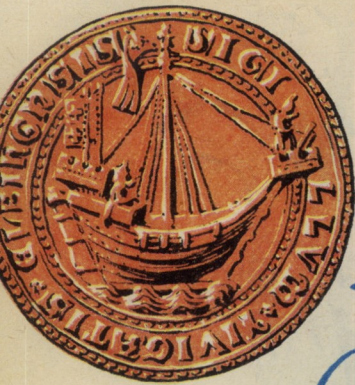
The King was nonplussed. Legally speaking, Juan was still a slave, even though Velazquez had unofficially raised his status to that of assistant. Then the painter himself entered the studio. He listened with a grave face to Juan's tearful confession. When it was over, he asked the King for permission to write a letter.

A few minutes later, Velazquez returned to the still-kneeling Juan, and told him to get up. He handed the slave the letter he had written, and asked him to read it.

Juan did so, and was overjoyed when he saw what the letter said. It was headed, *To Whom It May Concern*, and declared:

"I have this day given freedom to my slave Juan de Pareja, who shall have all the rights and honours of a free man; and further, I hereby name him my Assistant, with the duties and salary thereto pertaining. Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velazquez."

The way was now open for Juan to paint, and he never forgot the kindness of his master. He sewed Velazquez's letter in a silk envelope and kept it always on his person.



Sir Nigel

When news was brought to Sir John Chandos that the French spy Peter the Red Ferret had made off with the secret plans of the English expedition to Calais, his fury was terrible to behold. Calling to Nigel Loring to follow him, the great knight raced to the end of the sea wall. Away in the distance could be seen the sail of a small ship which was running out to sea before a sharp southerly breeze. "There goes the Red Ferret!" cried Sir John.



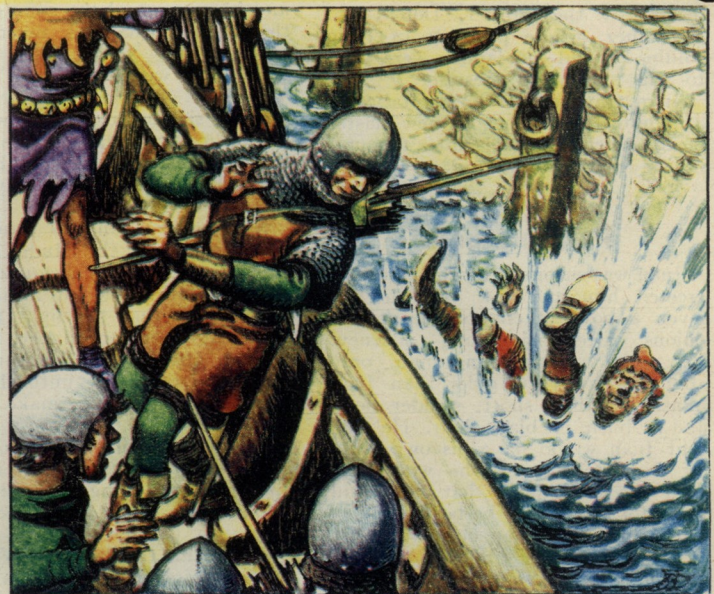
A few minutes later, Sir John had gathered his men-at-arms and archers and was galloping at breakneck speed across the sedgy plain to the outer harbour. And Nigel rode at his elbow.



In the outer harbour a dozen vessels lay alongside the wall. As Sir John dismounted, a bull-necked fellow elbowed his way through a throng of sailors and gruffly informed the knight to have patience because he had no intention of taking his party to Calais till the next tide. But his attitude changed when Sir John pointed to the fast-receding ship and explained the emergency. "By thunder," declared the bull-necked ship's captain, whose name was Cock Badding, "my lovely Marie Rose will speedily overtake yonder hulk."



At a sharp order from Badding, the sailors leaped aboard his craft and commenced to hoist sail for the pursuit. Badding then called for volunteers to fight. Nigel Loring was the first to respond, and many of Sir John's men-at-arms followed, so that the little ship was soon filled to overflowing. Cock Badding barred the way for Samkin Aylward: "No more," cried the captain. Samkin was furious: "Where my young master goes, I go!" he bellowed. "Stand aside, varlet!"



Cock Badding drew back his massive fist to push the big archer back on to the dock, but Nigel Loring's faithful follower moved faster. Seizing Badding around the waist, he hurled the ship's captain into the murky waters of Winchelsea dock!

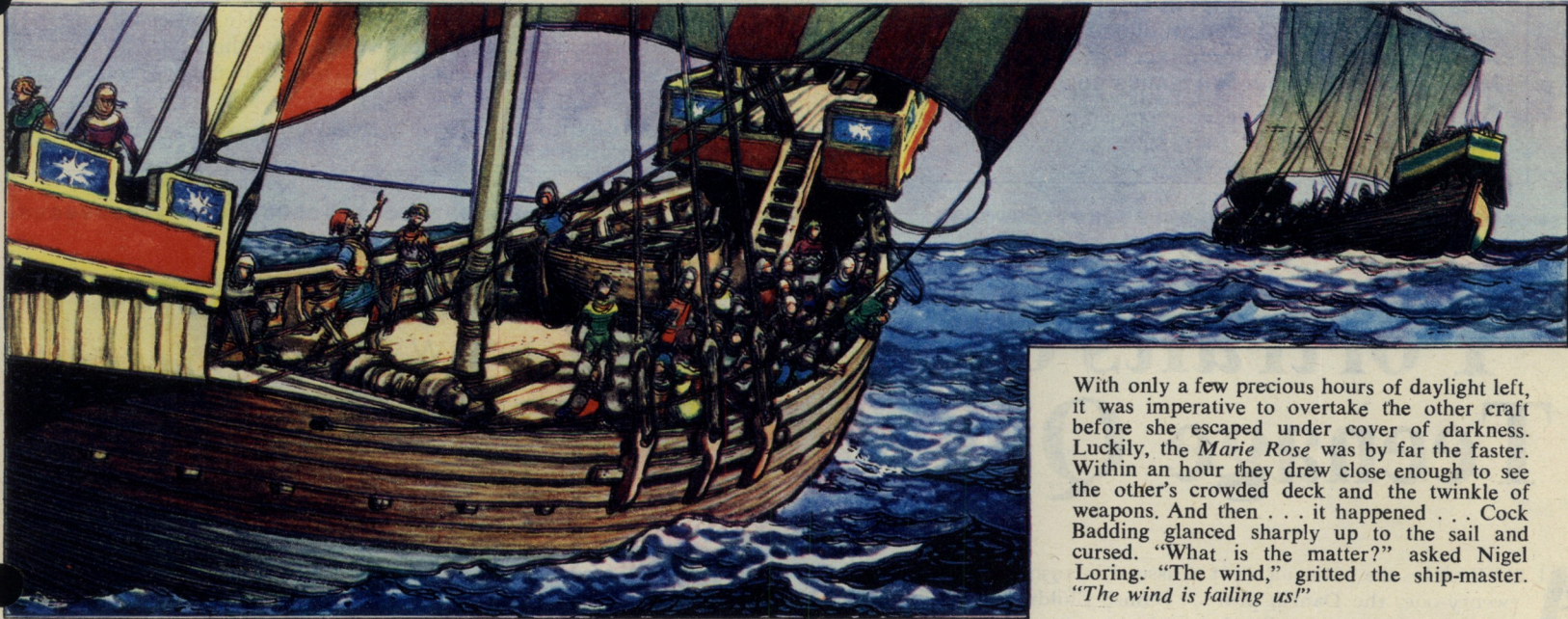
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG ENGLISH KNIGHT



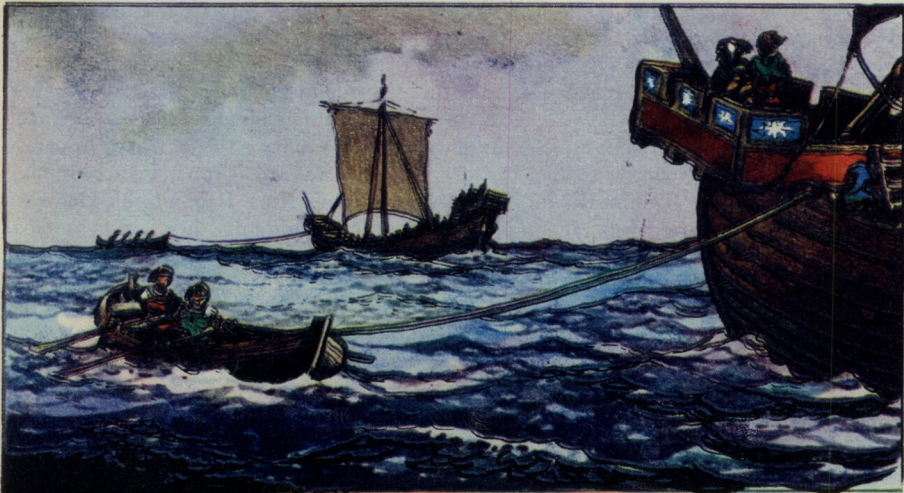
As Cock Badding dragged himself, dripping, to the deck the sailors looked at each other in awe. The captain of the *Marie Rose* was famed as the greatest fighter in all the Cinque Ports, and had never been bested. It would go hard with the impetuous archer. But when Badding reached the deck, he laughed loudly and held out his hand to Samkin. "You have won your place fairly, archer," he cried. "It will be an honour to fight by your side . . . and now . . . to sea, lads!"



The sail had been raised, and a hundred willing hands poled the little ship from the wharf. The wind caught her, heeling her over. Like an unleashed hound she flew through the harbour opening in pursuit of the *Red Ferret* and the precious plans of the English expedition . . .



With only a few precious hours of daylight left, it was imperative to overtake the other craft before she escaped under cover of darkness. Luckily, the *Marie Rose* was by far the faster. Within an hour they drew close enough to see the other's crowded deck and the twinkle of weapons. And then . . . it happened . . . Cock Badding glanced sharply up to the sail and cursed. "What is the matter?" asked Nigel Loring. "The wind," gritted the ship-master. "The wind is failing us!"



Cock Badding's seamanship was equal to the problem of dealing with the sudden calm. He ordered the small skiff to be lowered, and two of his brawniest oarsmen were soon pulling the *Marie Rose* slowly over the oily rollers. But the other vessel possessed a larger skiff, and with four men at the oars, they were soon moving two yards to the Englishmen's one. The gap between the two vessels widened steadily . . .



Night was falling fast. The wind was dead. All seemed hopeless. And then Nigel Loring came into his own. With blazing eyes he pointed to the small skiff. "Captain," cried the young squire, "there is only one thing to be done. A handful of us must venture forth and overtake the *Red Ferret* in yonder skiff. Now . . . who will come with me?" Cock Badding's eyes opened wide in awe. "By Saint Leonard of Winchelsea," he breathed. "Are you so anxious to die, young sir? That skiff can only carry five at a pinch . . . you would be speedily overwhelmed!"

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ON THE COVER...

No. 10 in our 'horses' series:



This picture is the TENTH in a series of twelve specially painted for and published by LOOK AND LEARN for you to collect.

Make quite sure you don't miss any of them!

Next week's picture: THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

NAPOLEON'S FAVOURITE CHARGER

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE owned many horses during his meteoric career—'Intendant', 'Wagram', 'Kurden', 'Vizir' and 'Coco', to name only a few. But his favourite charger was the handsome white or light grey African barb, 'Marengo'.

Standing only 14 hands* 1 inch in height, Marengo was considered by good judges to be a faultless animal. Napoleon obtained him after the Battle of Aboukir in Egypt in 1799. The following year, after the brilliant French victory over the Russians at Marengo, The First Consul named the barb after the battle. Marengo was with him at the later battles of Austerlitz in 1805 and Jena in 1806, and during the disastrous Russian campaign of 1812.

On that fateful day in June, 1815, when Wellington finally defeated the French at Waterloo, Napoleon was riding Marengo. After the battle, Lord Petrie obtained the horse and brought him back to England, where he sold him to Lieutenant-General Angerstein, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, who bred from him at his paddocks at New Barnes, near Ely.

In his old age, Marengo was well cared for and petted. When death finally overtook the old warrior, his skeleton was preserved at the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. From there it was moved in 1963 to the National Army Museum at Camberley, in Surrey, where it can be seen today.

Unfortunately it has only two hooves left—the other two were made into snuff boxes at the order of General Angerstein. He presented one to the Brigade of Guards, and its resting place became the Guard Room at St. James's Palace. The second went to the General's home at Weeting, in Norfolk.

From the sands of Egypt to a glass case in Surrey is a long way; but Marengo was always a great traveller.

*1 hand = 4 inches

Portraits of a Teenage Queen

ALTHOUGH she is not yet twenty-one, the Danish princess Anne-Marie has already been a Queen for more than two years. It was in September, 1964, that she married the young King Constantine of the Hellenes and left her own country to go to live in Greece.

The Greek Royal Family is itself of Danish descent, for in 1863 a son of King Christian IX of Denmark was invited by the Greeks to become their king, taking the title of King George I of the Hellenes.

Born in Copenhagen on 30th August, 1946, Princess Anne-Marie was at school in Denmark until she was fourteen, and then spent a year learning English at the Chateaufort School, a British school in Switzerland. After this she studied French at another Swiss school, Le Mesnil.

While she was still very young, a portrait of the Princess appeared on a Danish stamp. Pictured here, it is a 25 plus 5-ore charity stamp

issued in 1950 to raise funds for the Danish Children's Welfare Society, which cares for invalid and orphaned children.

Like her father, King Frederick of Denmark, Princess Anne-Marie has a great love for music, and one of her favourite pastimes is listening to classical records, of which she has a fine collection. As a girl



Queen Anne-Marie of the Hellenes

THE WORLD OF STAMPS

by C. W. Hill



she also enjoyed outdoor sports, particularly skiing. She has now taken up sailing, a sport at which King Constantine excels and for which he was awarded a gold medal in the Olympic Games at Rome in 1960.

Life in Denmark for Princess Anne-Marie was happy and informal, for the Danes are used to seeing members of their Royal Family walking in the streets of Copenhagen, shopping or chatting to their friends. Princess Anne-Marie has two elder sisters, and the three Princesses, Margrethe, Benedikte and Anne-Marie were portrayed (in that order, from left to right) on two stamps issued by the Danish Post Office in 1964. Each stamp carried a small premium above its face value for postage, the extra money being donated to the Danish Red Cross. The 35 plus 10-ore value is pictured here.

Princess Anne-Marie first met her future husband when she was thirteen and he was passing through Denmark with his parents. Their engagement was announced in January, 1963, when Constantine was still Crown Prince, but his father, King Paul of the Hellenes, died suddenly just over a year later, and when the wedding took place, in Athens on 18th September, 1964, the young Danish princess became a Queen.

To mark the occasion the Greek Post Office issued a series of three stamps portraying King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie. The 1.50-drachma stamp is pictured here.

Now Queen Anne-Marie is having to learn another language—Greek. She has already made two short speeches in Greek, but confesses that, compared with English and French, she finds it very difficult.

SENSATIONS IN SPORT



Liddell collided with another runner and was knocked flying. Instead of giving up he leaped to his feet and tore after the field.

The Man Who Proved Them Wrong

by
ROBERT
BATEMAN

EDINBURGH'S Eric Liddell goes down in sporting history as the man who proved the experts wrong. When officials and other runners first saw him, they roared with laughter as he flailed his way along with his head flung back and his arms racing to and fro as if he were training with a punchball in readiness for a big boxing match. What brought him success was his amazing strength. He won his races in spite of his style.

Liddell also broke all the rules of running by the manner in which he decided to specialise in the quarter-mile. He began as a sprinter, winning the Edinburgh University 100 yards in 1921, then taking the sprint double of the 100 and 220 in 1922, '23, '24 and '25, as well as the Scottish Championships double in several of those years.

One of his earliest 440 yard races was in 1923, when he collided with another runner just after the start and was knocked flying. Instead of being resigned to losing the race, as many others would have been in the circumstances, he leaped to his feet, far behind the field, and tore after them so fast that he went sailing through to find himself

the winner, much to everybody's surprise!

Liddell then set up a British record for the 100 yards, and so naturally he was regarded as the country's Number One sprinter for the Olympic Games of 1924. But now came the decision which turned him quite unexpectedly into a quarter miler.

He learned that the heats for the 100 metres were to be run on a Sunday. Eric, whose future career was to be that of a missionary in China, had strong religious views against Sunday sport. So he decided that instead of the 100 metres, he'd go in for the metric version of the 440—the 400 metres.

American coaches who watched him during the heats were convinced, because of his unorthodox style, that he'd be no serious danger to their runners. "You *can't* run 400 metres that way!" they said. "Nobody's ever done it."

There has to be a first in everything.

When the final came, Liddell, in the sixth and outer lane, set off at a stupendous pace, and was four yards ahead of his nearest rivals at the halfway mark.

This, said the experts hurriedly, was ridicu-

lous. The man couldn't possibly hope to win.

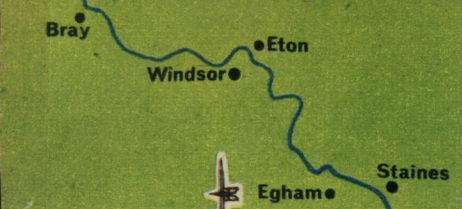
They were proved wrong about 25 seconds later. In spite of a tremendous spurt by one of the Americans, Liddell held on.

He came through the tape with a lead of three yards to set up a new Olympic record of 47.6 seconds.

Eric retired soon afterwards, and went to carry out his work in China, where he died while interned by the Japanese during the Second World War. His memory is preserved in the 'Eric Liddell Memorial Trophy', which is awarded every year for the best performance in the Scottish Schools Championships. It's a pity there isn't room to engrave on the base of that Trophy the brief fragment of conversation, straight after he'd won the Olympic 400 metres, which summed up Liddell's methods of running far better than any description can do:

"How did you do it?" the officials asked in astonishment. "Where did you get the reserve for your final spurt?"

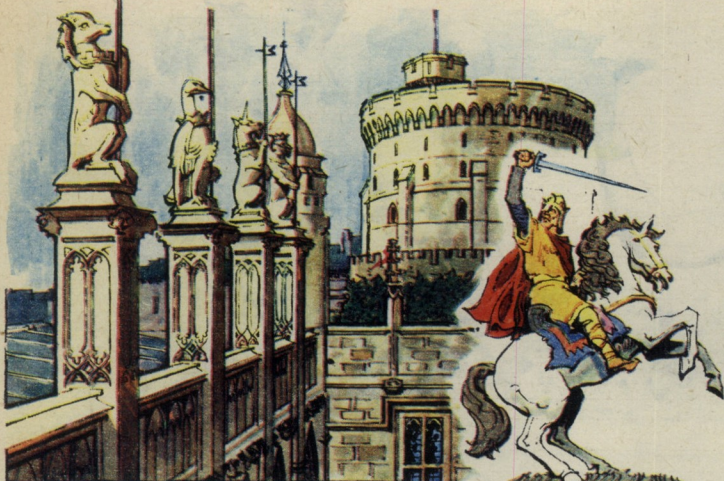
"Goodness knows!" panted Liddell modestly. "I suppose I must have started my spurt when the pistol went!"



Continuing — PAGEANT OF THE THAMES

ROYAL WINDSOR

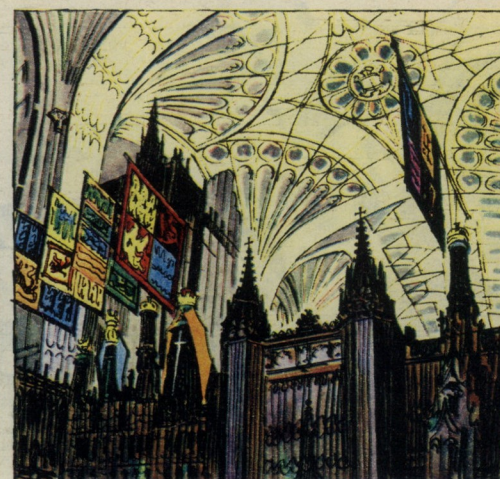
BELOW Bray the Thames winds past the track of Windsor racecourse down to Windsor Castle, the historic home of England's kings and queens for centuries. Above the river and the broad green meadows of Berkshire and Buckinghamshire looms the massive Round Tower of the castle, from which the standard flies when a sovereign is in residence and from which 12 British counties can be seen . . .



Windsor Castle was built as a defensive fort by William I of England, the Norman Conqueror. For the site he chose a rocky cliff above the Thames, overlooking the surrounding countryside. Windsor was only one of a chain of castles he built along the Thames, but it became the home of reigning English monarchs from the 11th century onwards. It was largely rebuilt and added to by Edward III, George III and IV, and Victoria.



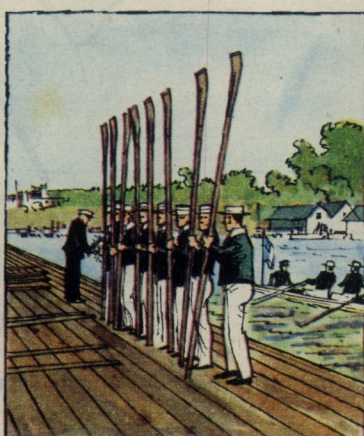
The Royal Family still spend part of every year there, living in their own apartments. The castle is like a small town within the town of Windsor. Its 20 towers and gates enclose the homes of retainers, 18 State apartments, the royal apartments, and a chapel. A Great Park surrounds the castle, in which fallow deer have browsed since Restoration times.



In the Chapel of St. George are buried at least seven of Britain's monarchs, from Henry VIII to George V. The chapel, a wonderful example of perpendicular Gothic style, was begun in Edward IV's reign and finished by Henry VIII. The stalls and insignia of the Knights of the Garter are here.



The bell which rings out from Windsor on the death of a sovereign weighs nearly a ton. It was captured by British soldiers at Sebastopol during the Crimean War in Queen Victoria's reign. It hangs in the Curfew Tower.

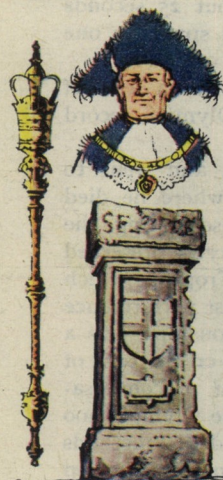


Across the river from the castle is Eton college in Buckinghamshire founded by Henry VI in 1440. One of the most famous traditions of this public school is the fourth of June procession, when speech day (George III's birthday) is celebrated by a procession of boys rowing along the Thames.

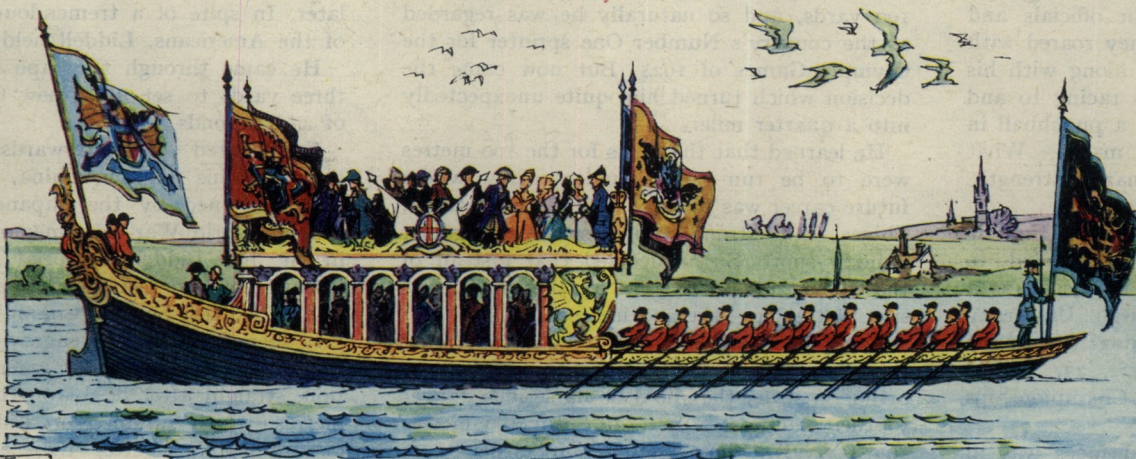


From Eton the river flows on to the green fields of Runnymede at Egham in Surrey, where on a small island in the middle of the waters King John signed Magna Carta before the barons of England in 1215. According to the old story King John spent the previous night at Windsor Castle, then encamped on one side of the river, while the barons awaited him on the other. They met on the island for the

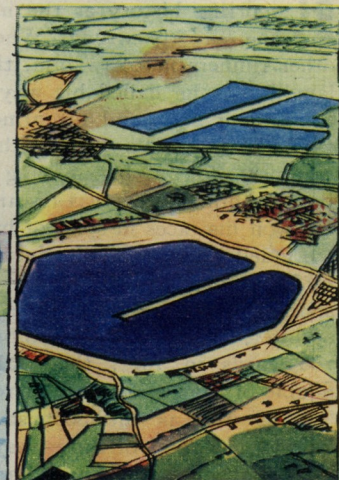
signing of England's first democratic charter. It was not a revolutionary document—it merely affirmed what the barons thought were the basic principles for the government of the country, and it bound monarch and barons alike to maintain them. Its most important issues were that no man should be punished without fair trial and that the old customs and liberties should be honoured.



At Staines, in Middlesex, the London stone marks not only the Buckinghamshire boundary with Middlesex, but the end of the former authority of the City of London over the upper reaches of the Thames. Until 1197 the river had been a royal waterway, the responsibility of the king, but in that year Richard I vested its care in the Mayor and City of London, selling his authority in order to recoup his losses for the Crusades. The stone was set up in 1285 to mark the rights of the city.



It was the custom of the Lord Mayor of London to journey up the Thames in his State barge with eight watermen in full livery to Staines. There he landed and drank a toast to the City of London. In 1857 the Thames Conservancy Board was formed to take over the river from Staines to the Nore. In 1866 they took over the whole river until 1909, when the Port of London was formed to take over from the Nore to Teddington, the Thames Conservancy dealing with the waters above.



Today giant reservoirs at Staines conserve millions of gallons of water in two immense, land-locked lakes for purification and distribution to surrounding Thameside towns.

Next Week: To The Tideway