

LOOK LEARN

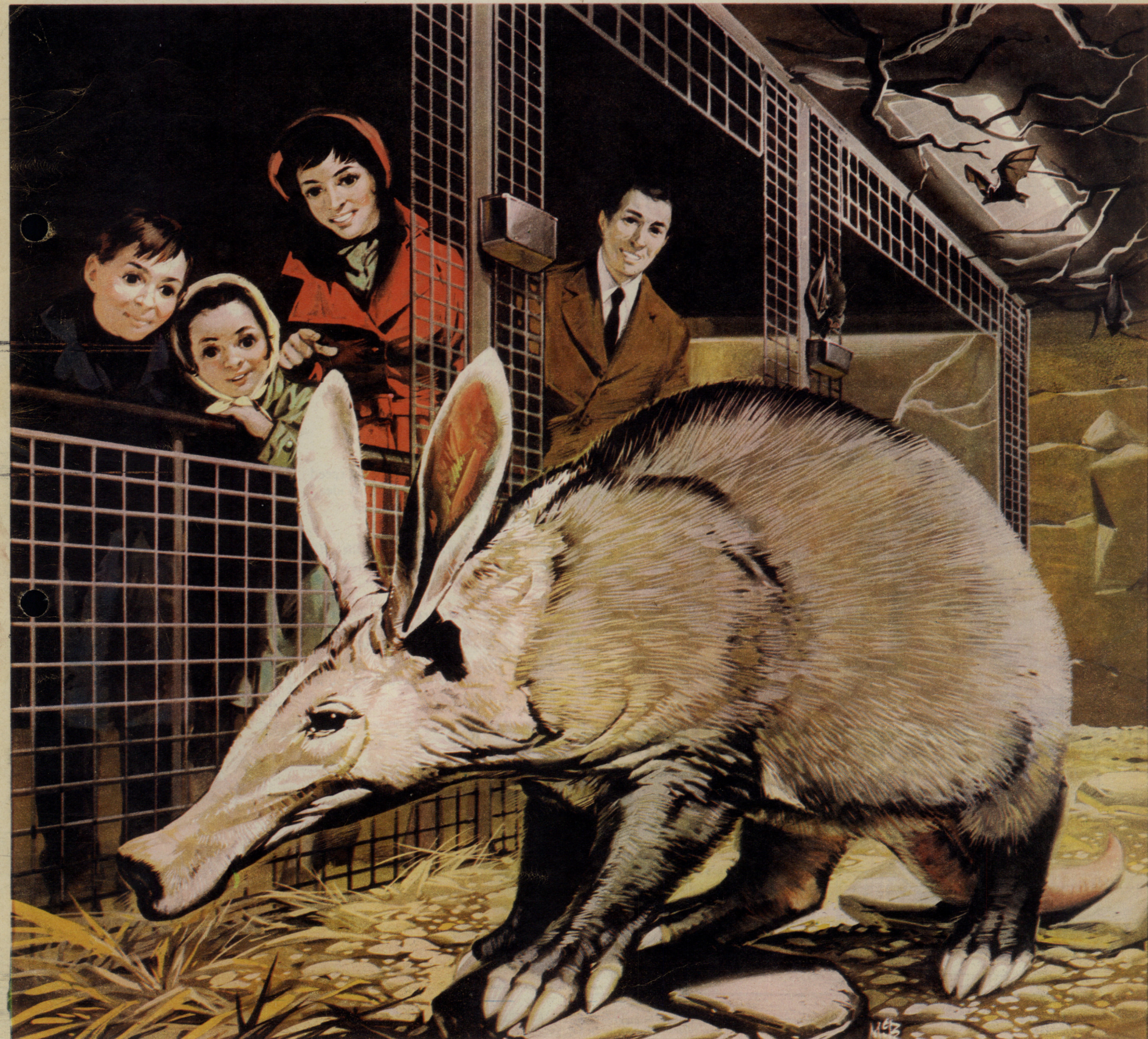
No. 357, 16th NOVEMBER, 1968

EVERY MONDAY, 1s. 3d.

Incorporating **RANGER** MAGAZINE

WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO

This is the last in a set of twelve pictures



No. 12 'A' IS FOR...?

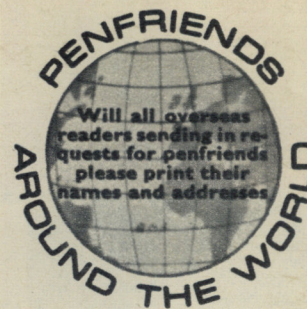
PAINTED BY ANGUS McBRIDE

For the answer, and the story of this animal, one of the London Zoo's strangest and rarest creatures, turn to page 3.

LOOK AND LEARN

No. 357. 16th NOVEMBER, 1968
FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON
STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.
Telephone: 01-236 8080

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Dear Friends,
I live in Split. It is a town on the Adriatic coast. I want to correspond with some English people. I am a boy of 16 years. I am interested in sport and astronomy and collect stamps and postcards.
Stanic Boris, Drvarska 11, Split, Yugoslavia.

Dear Sir,
I would like to correspond with someone, either a boy or a girl, aged 13 years or older from any country in the world. My hobbies are stamp-collecting, corresponding, pop music and others.
Frederick Teo, 201 Kampong China, Kuala Trengganu, Trengganu, W. Malaysia.

Dear Sir,
I am ten years old and I would like a penfriend from any country except from South Africa. My hobbies are stamp collecting, reading, horse riding and photography.
Hilary Brumberg, 18 Greenbank Road, Rondebosch, Cape, South Africa.

Dear Sir,
I am 15 years old and I would like to correspond with girls and boys from any country in the world. My hobbies are stamp collecting, coin collecting and sport.
Graeme Mortensen, 14 Holyrood Street, Taradale, Napier, Hawkes Bay, North Island, New Zealand.

YOU WRITE...

Fu Manchu!

Dear Sir,
Could you please tell me a little about Sax Rohmer who wrote the Fu Manchu books?
Ian Duerden, nr. Louth, Lincs.

EDITOR. Sax Rohmer was the pen name of the English writer, Arthur Sarsfield Ward. He was born in Birmingham on 15th February, 1886, and died on 1st June, 1959. As a young man, he was very interested in Egyptian things. He worked for a while as a journalist and then began writing mystery stories. Many of his stories are about a strange oriental villain, Fu Manchu. Among his novels are *The Yellow Claw*, *The Golden Scorpion* and *Yellow Shadows*.

The Earliest

Dear Sir,
Which was the first sport to be performed in public?
Jonathan Opperman, Surrey.

EDITOR. No one really knows the answer to this question. But the earliest date known for any sport is about 3,000 B.C. This was wrestling. The oldest ball game is probably polo. This was played in Persia around 525 B.C.

Take-Off Speed

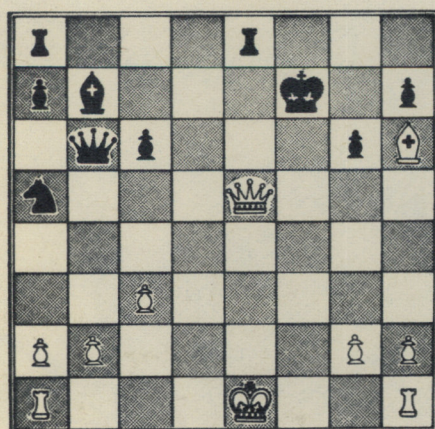
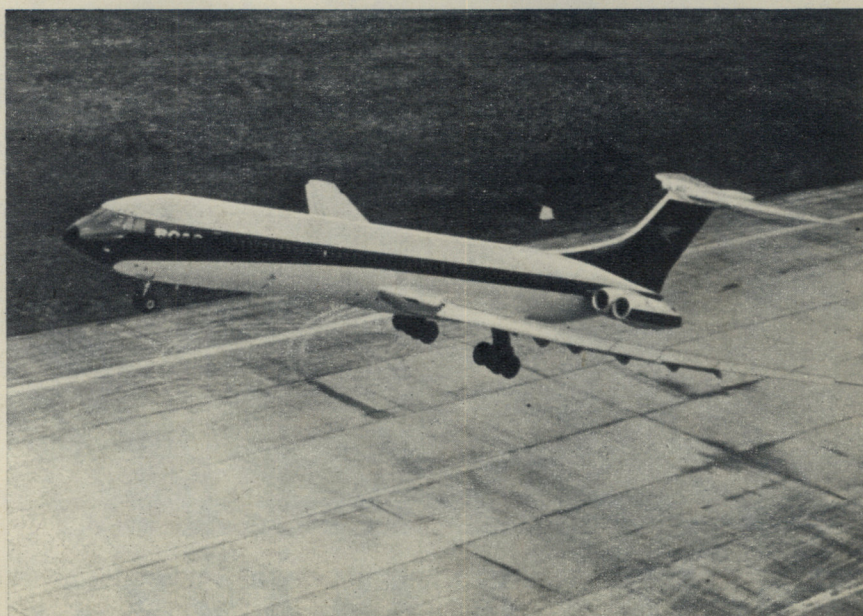
Dear Sir,
I have often wondered at what speed a VC-10 takes off. Have you any idea?
James Lutomski, Renfrewshire, Scotland.

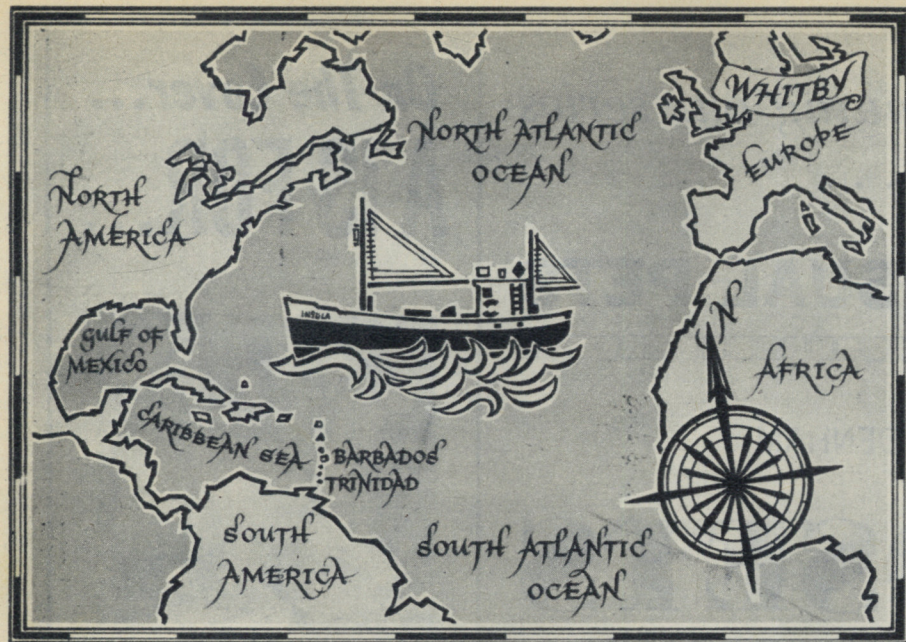
EDITOR. The take-off or "lift-off" speed of modern aircraft varies considerably according to their type and size. It also depends, of course, on whether they are fully loaded or not. A Super VC-10, fully loaded (see picture below), will lift off at about 185 m.p.h., while a fully loaded Trident will leave the ground at about 165 m.p.h.

For Chess Players

White ten pieces. Black ten pieces. Although White's Queen is pinned he still finds a way of checkmating Black in three moves. Can you see how?

Solution on page 35.





Part one of an unusual adventure

Voyage to the Spanish Main

by Hugh Graham and G. Trevor Vine-Lott, F.R.G.S.

ON 12th May, 1966, our small ship sailed from Falmouth in Cornwall on a voyage of discovery, hardship and danger which may alter the lives of thousands of people. We were bound for the legendary Spanish Main, where British privateers once plundered Spanish galleons laden with rich cargoes of gold, silver and precious stones.

We left our families behind and sailed nearly 12,000 miles across the Atlantic and the Caribbean. In one year we were nearly drowned in raging hurricanes and involved in under-water duels with man-eating barracuda. Finally we were shipwrecked on the Great Mayaguana coral reef 400 miles from Nassau, in the Bahamas.

The name of our ship was *Insula*. Aboard her was the field team of the Commonwealth Islands Expedition, one of the objects of which was to help improve the lives of the people of the Caribbean. The team knew that these people were poor, and that they lived almost entirely on fish

life for the administrators difficult. The officials have such a large area to cover that they may not be able to visit the smaller islands more than once or twice a year.

The officials do their best, but they cannot spend a great deal of time or money on those of the islands which are very sparsely populated. As a result, these small islands have become homes for the "Forgotten Men." They have not really been forgotten, of course, but they have become discouraged by the apparent



Robin Harvey.

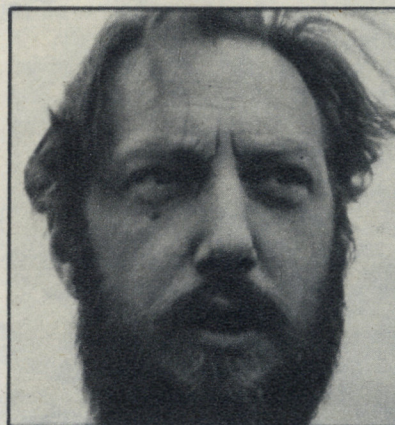
lack of official interest in their way of life.

Nowadays, the islanders produce only enough food to feed their families, so there is never any left over to sell at the island markets to raise money to buy the other things they need, such as rice, cooking oil and flour.

It was not always like this. Within living memory, the islands



Hugh Graham.



Trevor Vine-Lott.

were highly productive. Cotton, sugar cane, coconuts and other products were grown in large quantities. This was when the islands were owned by men of great wealth who could afford money on equipment and wages and on good seed and fertilisers.

These men farmed the islands to produce cotton for the world's markets as well as sugar for Great Britain and the U.S.A. All was well until two world wars and other factors changed the demand for these products. As a result, the owners lost a great deal of money and with it their interest in island farming.

When the employers went away, the islands were given over to the people who had worked on them, under a series of special arrangements. At first, they were happy with their new land, but they did not know how to farm it properly. Nor did they know how, or where, to sell the crops they grew. They reasoned that there was no point in growing crops they could not sell and so, little by little, the land they farmed dwindled until now it is rare to find more than ten per cent of any island cultivated. This is a great waste.

There is no reason why the Caribbean Islands should not produce much more. The world needs spices, sugar, fruit, copra and fish, all of which can readily be produced on the islands, providing the islanders are taught how, and shown where, to sell their products to get the best

prices.

The great fishing banks of the Caribbean have hardly been touched by the local fishermen, so it is possible that the islands could gain a leading position here.

Our first task was to study the Caribbean problem at first hand. To do this work, we took with us four specialists. They were Trevor Vine-Lott, leader and geographer, whose job is studying how people live, what work they do, how much they earn, and what they spend it on; Anthony



Dr. Alex Anderson.

Seaton, an expert on soil, crops and farming methods; Dr. Alex Anderson, a specialist in diet and tropical medicine; and Robin Harvey, a physical anthropologist, interested in the past, present, and future histories of these peoples.

The expedition team had been chosen the previous year when it was immediately decided that we should travel by sea and use our ship as a floating home and research laboratory. The trouble was that the cost of the expedition, including the price of the ship, food, fuel, instruments and many other items, totalled nearly £35,000, and this was a great deal of money. But we raised it. Some of it we got from the Government. Some came from large companies who help scientists in this type of work. The rest was contributed by schools and people who wanted to help.



Anthony Seaton.

and vegetables, with meat three or four times a year, if they were lucky.

Although they are poor, the Caribbean islanders are a happy people. Subjects of the Commonwealth, they are proud of the Queen. They are equally proud of their small island homes.

Many of the Caribbean islands are only a mile or so long. There are hundreds of them, some with fewer than ten inhabitants. This makes

Next week: How we got our ship, and why we called her 'Insula'

series . . .

"The name of our ship was 'Insula'. Aboard her was the field team of the Commonwealth Islands Expedition, one of the objects of which was to help improve the lives of the people of the Caribbean."



The World of Stamps

SOME of the most attractive stamps are those which depict butterflies and moths. It is possible by modern printing techniques to produce stamps on which these beautiful creatures are shown so accurately in their natural colours that a display of them carefully arranged in an album can be useful to students of insect life as well as interesting to stamp-collectors.

Although the large tropical butterflies have been most popular with stamp-designers, there are many stamps which show butterflies and moths familiar in Britain. The Peacock butterfly, whose name is derived from the lower-wing markings which resemble those of a peacock's tail feathers, is to be found on stamps from at least seven European countries, among them San Marino, Yugoslavia and Switzerland. It is also shown on the Czechoslovak 60-heller stamp of 1961 pictured here.

The same Czechoslovak series includes another stamp showing the Red Admiral butterfly, while the common Cabbage White butterflies whose caterpillars cause the gardener so much trouble are depicted on stamps from Romania, Switzerland and Turkey.

A particularly attractive series comes from Hungary. Issued in 1959 but still obtainable quite cheaply, it comprises seven large stamps showing butterflies and moths in natural colour against backgrounds of different pastel shades. Pictured here are the 20-filler and 30-filler stamps showing the swallow-tail butterfly and the tiger moth.



WINGED BEAUTIES

by C. W. Hill

Because of their size and vivid markings, many varieties of the swallow-tail butterflies have been chosen for stamp designs. One of them is shown on a 6d. stamp from Jamaica and others are depicted in the series of twelve stamps issued in 1966 in the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. The 1-cent, pictured here, features the magnificent Blue Emperor, which has a wing span of

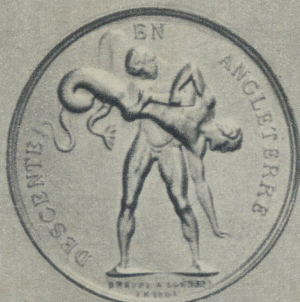
five inches. In contrast are the sombre brown colours of the Dead-leaf butterfly on the 40-centimes stamp from the Malagasy Republic.

Some of the rarer tropical butterflies and moths have no English names but fortunately almost every stamp includes the Latin name of the variety depicted on it. This is a great help in identifying and classifying the various types.

Among countries which have issued long series devoted to butterflies and moths are Mozambique (20 stamps in 1953), China (19 stamps in 1963), the Mali Republic (14 postage due stamps in 1964) and Fujeira (27 stamps in 1967). One of the Chinese series, the 4-fen showing a Jungle Queen butterfly is pictured here.

Although there are now several hundred stamps showing butterflies and moths, and new issues are appearing frequently, most of them have a modest face value. The collector who chooses this as his theme will certainly be kept busy "catching" specimens for his album!

COIN CORNER



JUMPING THE GUN

During 1804 and 1805, the Emperor Napoleon was encamped with a large French army at Boulogne. He was planning to cross the English Channel, land in England and defeat the obstinate islanders who had continually thwarted his schemes for world conquest.

All that Napoleon needed to achieve his purpose was to clear the Channel of British warships for a day or two so that his army could cross in safety. He planned that the French and Spanish fleets should entice Admiral Lord Nelson to the West Indies. Then he would seize his chance. So confident was Napoleon of success that he ordered the French Mint to strike medallions commemorating his anticipated victory. One side showed his portrait wearing a victor's laurel wreath. The other, pictured here, showed the legendary strong man, Hercules, representing France, throwing to the ground Neptune, half man, half fish, representing Britain. The inscription, in French, reads "Invasion of England" and "Struck in London, 1804." This was wishful thinking! Even before Nelson sank the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar in October, 1805, Napoleon had been forced to abandon his invasion scheme.

The original medallions were never issued, but the Paris Mint has recently made replicas in bronze and silver for sale to collectors.

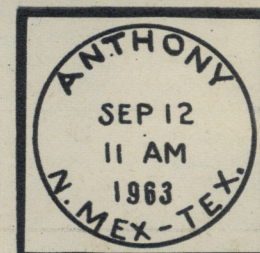
ARE YOU ON THE MAP? Postmarks with personal names

As its postmark shows, the township of ANTHONY is something of a "borderline case."

It lies 20 miles north of El Paso, in the heart of the cotton-growing area of the Mesilla Valley. Half the town is in New Mexico, while the other half has spilt over the border into Texas.

The story behind Anthony's name is that, in the pioneer days, a Catholic priest journeyed through the mountain pass to establish a church here. On the journey, he found that the outline of a face on the mountain was known as St. Anthony's Nose. It was from this that the settlement took its name.

A post office was opened at Anthony in 1884.



STAMP QUIZ

DO YOU KNOW :-

1. What country puts C.C.C.P. on its stamps?
2. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
3. Name any country which has issued TRI-ANGULAR stamps?
4. What country issues special CHRISTMAS stamps?

PRIZES: We will send you a special prize packet of 25 choice stamps free for each question you answer correctly. 150 stamps free (cat. over 35/-) plus the famous 100-years-old British PENNY RED stamp for 4 correct answers. We will also send you our wonderful New Approvals. Please inform your parents.

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THE CHURCH'S YEAR

THOSE of you who have read our earlier stories of the great people involved in the spread of Christianity in Britain will know that this faith reached our shores in two different ways.

From the Celtic Church of Ireland, missionaries came to Scotland and northern England in the middle of the 6th century A.D. Towards the end of the same century, other missionaries arrived from Rome and established Christianity in southern England, notably in what was then the Kingdom of Kent.

On the essential teachings of the Christian faith both the Celtic and the Roman missionaries were agreed. But there were various lesser matters on which they differed. For instance, the greatest of all the Christian festivals, that of Easter, was kept on different dates by the followers of the two separate traditions. They also disagreed as to the form which a monk's "tonsure" (the fringe of hair on his shaven head) should take.

At first, these things did not matter, but as the Celtic form of Christianity spread southwards, and the Roman form moved northwards, there was confusion and misunderstanding among newly converted Christians, arising from the opposing customs and varying dates.

Leaders of the two Churches were persuaded to meet and hold discussions in order to sort out the various points of difference and come to a common mind about matters over which they had differed for so long. This meeting, which became known as the Synod of Whitby, took place in A.D. 664 on the Yorkshire coast, and became a landmark in the history of the Church. Among those who spoke for the Celtic Church were Aidan, the famous missionary from



A YORKSHIRE SAINT

by the
Rev. James
M. Roe

By tact and diplomacy, Hilda, Abbess of the Convent of Whitby, managed to help the rivals to reach agreement.

the Northumbrian island of Lindisfarne, Chad, one of Aidan's most famous pupils, and Oswy, King of Northumbria. The leading speaker on behalf of the Roman Church was Wilfrid, Bishop of York. Wilfrid had been brought up in the Celtic tradition, but, after making a pilgrimage to Rome, he had parted company with his friends in Lindisfarne and had been persuaded to adopt the customs of the Roman Church.

At Whitby, the discussions between the leaders of the two Churches went on for a long time. Sometimes, it seemed impossible for the differences to be settled. There was, however, one person

who by tact and diplomacy managed to help the rivals to reach agreement. This was Hilda, Abbess of the Convent of Whitby, where the Synod met. Hilda was greatly respected by the speakers of both Churches for she was of royal descent. She also knew well the Roman and the Celtic traditions, having been baptized into the Roman Church, and having also worked under the direction of Aidan as head of a large convent near Lindisfarne. Now she had the task of trying to reconcile those who were all her friends, even though they were opposed to one another.

At first, Hilda supported the Celtic

representatives, but, with King Oswy, she was eventually won over to the Roman point of view. These two then persuaded the other Celtic churchmen to accept the Roman teaching. This they did reluctantly. However, from that time, the English Church was not only united in itself, but it was also drawn more closely into contact with the Church on the continent of Europe. That this happened was due not least to the influence of this remarkable woman, Hilda of Whitby, who was later named as a saint, and who is remembered yearly by the Church on 17th November.

THE LAUREL CROWN A Series about Britain's Poets Laureate by Jean Stroud...

SEVENTY-ONE years ago (1897) Queen Victoria celebrated her Diamond Jubilee. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, was not going to let the occasion go by unsung:

With glowing hearts and proud glad tears

The children of her Island Realm today Recall her 60 venerable years Of virtuous sway.

Austin's verses were in the newspapers, but he had a special copy printed for the Queen, "which I took down to Windsor, together with some roses from my garden," he tells us in his autobiography.

"Shortly, she appeared, just back from a drive, and received my proffered gift with that mixture of graciousness and dignity observed by all who approached her."

When Alfred, Lord Tennyson, died, there were plenty of eligible candidates for the Laureateship. Kipling's was the name on most people's lips, but were there not also Swinburne, William Morris, George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, Alfred Austin and Robert Buchanan? Queen Victoria declared, "I am told that Mr. Swinburne is the best poet in my Dominions."

But when Mr. Gladstone went out of office as Prime Minister 18 months later, he had still made no appointment. Nor did the new Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, make one.

At last, four years after Tennyson's death, Lord Salisbury appointed Alfred Austin as Poet Laureate. As a prominent Conservative journalist—he was leader-writer for a well-known London evening paper, and Editor of *The National Review*—Austin could be relied on to support the Government!

When Austin died, in June, 1913, Mr. Asquith made Robert Bridges (then in his 70th year) Poet Laureate.

Robert Seymour Bridges was born at Walmer, Kent. He studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, but ill-health ended his medical career.

Bridges became known as "The Silent Laureate" because he refused to write to order. Questions were asked in the House of Commons by Mr. Horatio Bottomley about the "indolence" of the Poet Laureate.

But these long periods of silence resulted in poems of rare quality. From Bridges' pen came 13 major war poems, from *Wake Up, England* in August, 1914, to *Britannia Victrix* in November, 1918.

His chief war contribution was his anthology in prose and verse, *The Spirit Of Man*. This appeared in 1916.

In 1928, Robert Bridges was awarded the Order of Merit—the first Laureate to be so honoured. On his 85th birthday, he published *The Testament Of Beauty*, his last and most ambitious poem. It distils the reflections and experience of a lifetime and expresses Bridges' philosophy that Beauty is a well-spring behind all life's good. It was the crowning achievement of a master poet who devoted a long life to his art.

NEXT WEEK: A SAILOR AND A SLEUTH

A GOLDEN SILENCE

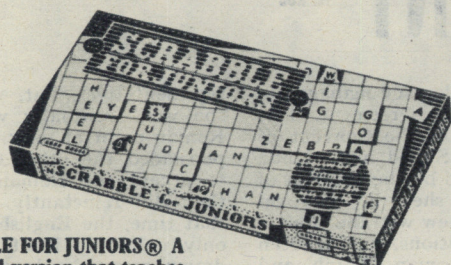


Robert Bridges would not write to order, but the First World War inspired him to write some magnificent poems—worthy of a Poet Laureate.

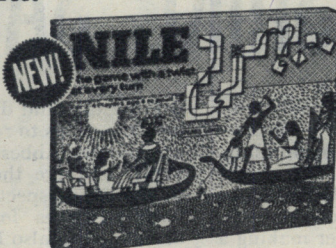


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LL1

SAVED

They had nothing left to eat, and it seemed that, if the cold did not kill them, starvation would

DR. ISAAC STRINGER, who was the Bishop of Selkirk, the Yukon diocese in Canada's frozen north, was no ordinary bishop. Apart from his university qualifications, he had other qualities. His wrestler's build gave him a bull-like strength which made him the equal of any of the tough, brawling and often murderous inhabitants of his 200,000-square-mile diocese.

In fact the two-fisted prelate of Selkirk proved himself even tougher than the sinewy, hard-bitten children of the ice, the Eskimos themselves. On a journey from Fort McPherson to Dawson City, when others would have laid down and died, he proved himself a match for the merciless country itself—even though he had to eat his boots to do it!

The bishop and a missionary companion, C. F. Johnston, left Fort McPherson by canoe with four Indians. Their destination was Dawson City, and they had to get there before the winter ice-up. They knew that, once the snow fell and the waterfalls froze solid, it would be almost certain death for anyone who tried to make that 300-mile journey.

Within a few days of starting, one of the four Indians paddling the canoe south was taken seriously ill, and precious time was wasted in a detour to the nearest settlement. This delay was to prove nearly fatal. The party was planning to canoe down a tributary of the big Mackenzie River, carry the boat over the mountains, then continue down the fast-flowing Porcupine River to a point where they would be able to make for home in reasonable comfort. But when they set off once more, there were ominous signs of an early freeze-up on their small tributary.

The signs foretold the truth. Travelling became so difficult that they took three weeks to reach the portage of Dougall's Pass, just eighty miles from McPherson. Their paddlers helped carry the canoe down to an off-shoot of the Porcupine, and then, trusting to the fact that fast-flowing water takes longer to freeze, the two white men sent their Indians back and took to the river.

They soon found they had been over-optimistic about the stream not freezing.

Four days later, still well short of the Porcupine's main stream, they had to abandon their

BY THEIR BOOTS!

A Tale of True Adventure

canoe. Ice barred their way south. There was no help for it but to return to McPherson, collect supplies, and wait for a break in the weather. Experienced as both men were, they would not risk the journey through the wilderness without a compass, and with only four days' rations.

Fortunately, they had a gun, and the bishop's young companion managed to shoot several birds, which eked out their supplies. The bishop, meanwhile, had turned his hand to making snow boots.

Having made what preparations they could, they started back the way they had come. As a precaution, they put themselves on half rations. They could not count on finding anything to shoot for the pot.

For a week they laboured through the snow. There were few signs of animal life. The two men were the only moving things in a frozen, white tableau of icy rock and snow-laden trees.

Strange meal

Their food supply dwindled. And then, two weeks after leaving their canoe, they had more than the country and the cold to deal with. They became enveloped in thick fog.

Floundering through the snow, they now had no clear idea in which direction lay any of the landmarks they had been using to guide them. And, to make matters still worse, the fog concealed deep crevasses made treacherous by loose and drifting snow.

Weakly they staggered on, until one day the fog thinned and revealed the looming slopes of a mountain.

This was both the last and the worst obstacle they had to surmount to reach the shelter of a village on the other side. Doggedly, they started up the mountainside. Above the tree-line, they were exposed to the rushing Arctic wind and its deadly penetrating cold. It dashed snow and glass-hard slivers of ice into their inflamed eyes, making it impossible for them to look up to locate the easiest route. At night, there was no longer enough wood to burn for mere warmth, and they could only burrow like animals into the snow.

Eight days later, they were still on the mountain, and at that stage they nearly gave up. Their faltering feet had brought them round in a circle and they had returned to the point they had

reached over a week before! But, indomitably, they started off once again.

They had nothing left to eat now and it seemed that, if the cold didn't kill them, starvation would.

Crouched under the lee of an ice-crust rock, they took their last sticks of fuel, removed the seal-skin snow-boots the Bishop had made—and boiled them in snow-water. The bishop's diary records that he found the soles better tasting than the rest!

The two men were certainly saved by their boots, because they had nothing else to eat for the rest of their epic journey. When they finally reeled into the village they had been making for, they had literally become brothers-in-arms—they were so weak they had to hold each other up.

Within three weeks, both men were up and about again. For the bishop the adventure went to add to an already formidable reputation. For his missionary companion, it served as a rugged introduction to Arctic life.

Above the tree-line, they were exposed to the rushing Arctic wind and its deadly, penetrating cold.

REMARKABLE INSECTS

A series about the
wonderful world of Nature



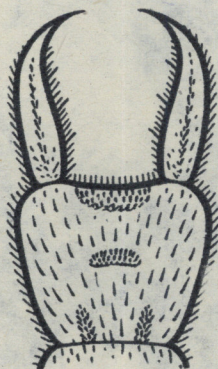
The ANT-LION

BY Dr. C. L. DUDDINGTON

THE ant-lion-flies live in deserts. In spite of their name, they are neither ants nor flies, but belong to the Neuroptera, an order that includes the alder flies and the lacewings. An adult ant-lion, on the wing, looks not unlike a small dragonfly.

Ant-lions and their larvae are carnivorous, and the larva adopts a highly original method of catching its prey. It digs a circular, conical pit in the sandy soil, at the bottom of which, partly buried in the sand, it lies waiting for insects or other small creatures to fall in.

Any unfortunate creature that does so is seized by the powerful jaws of the ant-lion larva, and its juices are sucked out of it by means of tubes formed by the mandibles and maxillae. The mandibles—the main part of the jaw—have hollows along their inner edges, into which the maxillae fit, forming a tubular structure. If a potential victim hesitates on the edge of the pit, the ant-lion larva will sometimes throw sand at it, causing it to lose its balance and fall helplessly to its destruction.



Above: Jaws of the ant-lion larva, magnified, showing the powerful mandibles. The maxillae (not visible) fit into grooves along the inner surfaces of the mandibles, forming a pair of sucking tubes. Left: The ant-lion larva digs a circular pit in the sand, and waits for other insects to fall in.

Small insect falling into the trap

Ant-lion larva, half buried in the sand

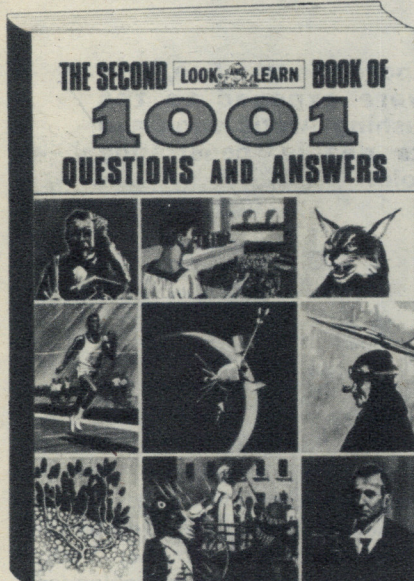
WHO was the first V.C.?

WHY is sea-water salt?

WHEN did the potato come to England?

WHAT is the Davis Cup?

WHERE can I find the answers?



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Another fascinating
article in our series
about great
philanthropists
by Dennis Bardens

**THEY GAVE
MILLIONS
AWAY**

SAILING up and down the River Thames is a sturdy, streamlined vessel called the *John Ashley*, a floating church and mission run by the Missions to Seamen. There the tired boilerman or stoker, skipper or docker, can look in for a simple church service, or Communion, or meditation—or simply for a snack, to borrow a book or listen to a record.

Recently, the world-famous Bodleian Library at Oxford University, founded in 1598, was crumbling into ruins; now somebody has paid for its urgently-needed restoration. Durham University needed a worthy home for its collection of Oriental Art and Archaeology, and has been given a fine museum for this purpose.

Cambridge University has a magnificent new college: Churchill College; its architecture is strikingly new and in odd contrast to the more ancient buildings of the University, but is admirably suited to its purpose. Again, a charitable gift helped to make it possible.

The Scottish Opera Company, the Dartington String Quartet, Bristol's Symphony Orchestra, and Birmingham's art centre for young people have all received welcome money from the same source. A wonderful collection of old masters, including works by Rembrandt and Rubens, gave delight for years to visitors to the National Gallery in London—again, by the generosity of the same man.

Generous gifts

All this, and a great deal more in the fields of human welfare, art, education and medicine, is due to the generosity of a man who was not born in Britain and spent most of his life outside of it, and who has been described, both during his lifetime and after his death, as mean, petty and greedy. This same man left £70 million for charitable works and his gifts to this country alone in the period between 1963 to 1965 amounted to more than £1,300,000.

His name was Calouste Gulbenkian. He died in 1955, and he was one of the richest men in the world.

Everywhere in Portugal, where he lived for so many years and where he

died, his name is spoken of with respect and gratitude. There is the Calouste Gulbenkian Park, with his statue, which was unveiled by the President of Portugal in the presence of the entire Diplomatic Corps. There is the Gulbenkian Planetarium, which represents the physical universe and demonstrates its laws. There is the home for the disabled, built for the Portuguese Red Cross; the fine new houses replacing the old squalid slums; a beautiful new organ for Lisbon Cathedral; and campaigns against such scourges as polio. There is the fine new municipal theatre in Oporto.

It was just Mr. Gulbenkian's way of saying "thank you" to a people who treated him hospitably ever since he went there from France, when that country was occupied by the Germans, in 1942.

Haven of peace

All over the world it is the same story. A study centre in Wisconsin University, U.S.A.; a Gulbenkian Municipal Library in Mozambique; a student hostel in Angola; a medical post in Portuguese Guinea; a cultural centre in Paris; a tremendous sports stadium in Baghdad; a college of arts in Jordan; a girls' orphanage in Syria. . . .

And, nearest perhaps to his heart, there has been the superb reconstruction of the long-neglected cathedral at Echmiadzin, a shrine for Armenians throughout the world, as Mecca is to the Moslems. Founded in A.D. 302 by St. Gregory near Armenia's ancient capital, the cathedral has ancient Gospels and illuminated manuscripts, and an order of monks who wear black gowns and high conical hoods.

The shrine has been a haven of peace in a troubled country which has known Roman conquerors, the hordes of Jenghis Khan and fearful massacres of the Armenian people when Gulbenkian, himself an Armenian, was a boy. The country was then part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire, but after the First World War it became part of the Russian Empire, and the Bolsheviks, being anti-religious, let the cathedral fall into decay.

It was Gulbenkian's lifelong wish that it might be restored to its former

MR. FIVE PER-CENT

He left so much money to charity that it takes 800 people all their time just to give it away!

glory as a memorial to his parents. After much discussion with the Soviet authorities, and at a cost of over £100,000, this has been done.

The Gulbenkian Foundation, centred in Portugal and formed in accordance with the provisions of his will, is international in its activities, and employs over 800 people who are all concerned with giving money away or seeing that it is used wisely. The Foundation sends out over 80,000 letters a year.

Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian was born in Scutari, Turkey, on 24th March, 1869, into a family of prosperous Armenian merchants. Although they had interests in oil, he wanted to become a professor, and came to London to study at King's College, where he graduated with distinction from the Department of Engineering and Applied Sciences in 1887.

In response to pressure from his parents, however, he began to take an interest in the oil business, and at their request he visited the oil fields at Baku, the capital of Azerbaidjan, in the U.S.S.R.

Gradually Gulbenkian became more and more informed about oil which, he knew, was the liquid gold of the future, the fuel on which the whole of modern industry depended.

In 1895, he arrived in London to represent Russian oil interests, and came to know how to do business with leading figures in the oil industry. He became a British subject in 1902 and by the outbreak of the First World War was acknowledged to be one of the world's greatest experts on oil and oil production.

When, at the end of that war, the

old Ottoman Empire was broken up, and the oil-producing countries of the Middle East became independent, Gulbenkian secured bigger and bigger holdings and concessions in Middle East oil. By clever manipulation, he became head of a complicated network of oil interests, and so important that he was treated as an equal by the heads of governments everywhere. Jealous rivals called him "Mr. Five Per Cent." because he charged that percentage on oil output, but he didn't mind; after all, it made him £2,000 a day! In 1951, he actually made a profit of £500,000 in *five minutes* when some shares he owned increased their value by 10s. each.

Gulbenkian had mansions in Paris and elsewhere. He paid 60 gardeners to maintain 150 acres of gardens

which he scarcely saw for more than a few hours a year. He accumulated collections of priceless porcelain, antiquities, and jewellery—some once owned by Catherine the Great of Russia. And he could be ungenerous. He strictly controlled the accounts of his household and wanted to know the cost of everything.

Wish granted

But it wasn't a question of hoarding his money and then leaving it to charity because he couldn't take it with him to the grave. Despite his economies, he gave money secretly to good causes. When storm damage wrecked the livelihood of fishermen on the little island of Houat, off the coast of Brittany, he was the first to come to their rescue. He helped

the dependants of seamen lost in the *Thetis* and *Affray* submarine disasters, and built a charming church for Armenians in South Kensington, London. As long ago as 1930 (25 years before he died) he built and endowed the Gulbenkian Library in Jerusalem.

When he died in Lisbon, on 20th July, 1955, Calouste Gulbenkian was worth £300 million and earning £1 million a year. In his will, he left generous legacies to his wife, son and daughter and the remainder for the creation of the Gulbenkian Foundation.

Gulbenkian was an odd mixture of a man. He was shy, but he wanted to be remembered. And he has had his wish, for his benefactions all over the world have made sure of that.



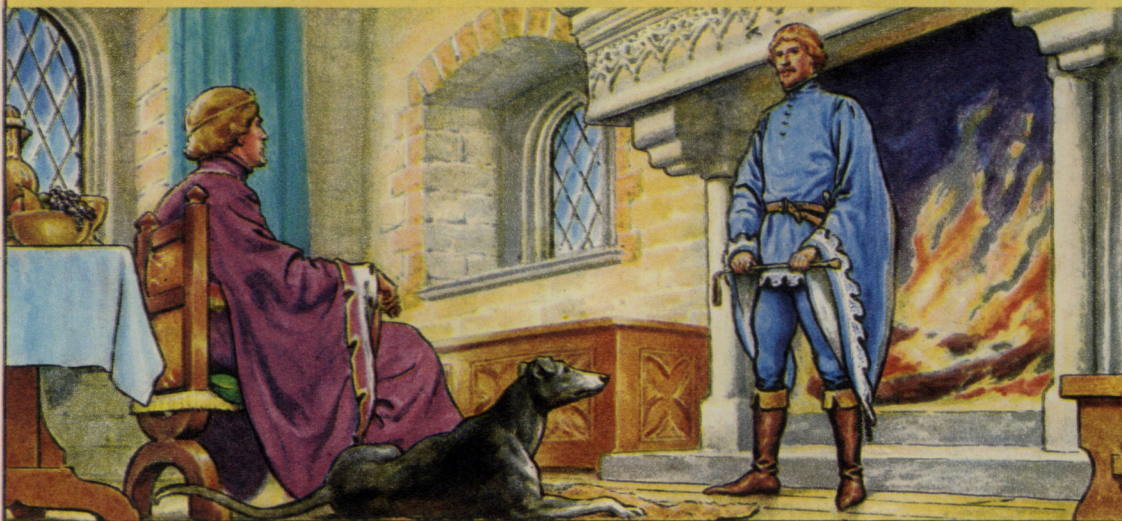
Gulbenkian began to take an interest in oil—the liquid gold of the future.

Continuing A MAN FOR THE THRONE—the true story of Henry Bolingbroke

TALK OF TREASON

Of the five lords who had rebelled against Richard II, there remained only Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, and Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Neither liked the other, and Bolingbroke only awaited his chance to discredit Mowbray.

Bolingbroke had just ridden with Mowbray from Brentford to London, and during the journey Mowbray had talked treason. It was the opportunity Bolingbroke needed. Going straight to his cousin, the King, he told him that Mowbray was spreading hatred and distrust and urged him to beware.

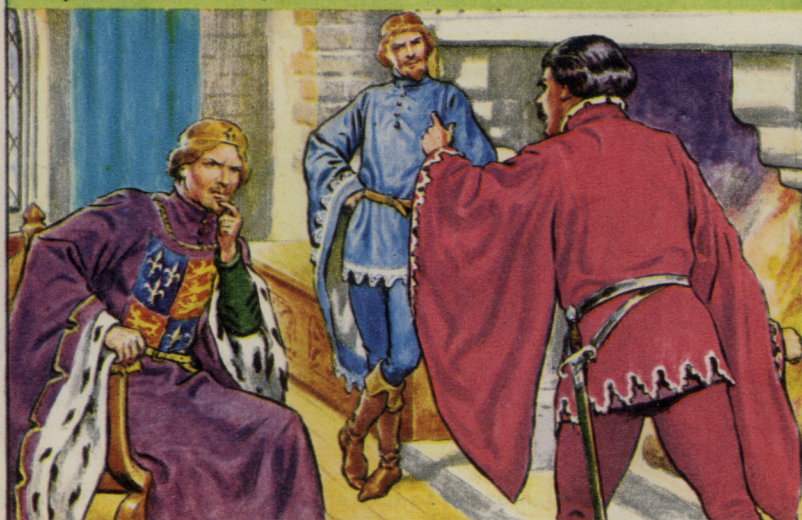


Richard seemed to find the situation more amusing than threatening. Knowing that Bolingbroke and Mowbray had once been allies against him, he realised he had everything to gain from their present quarrel.



A sinister, scheming look came into the King's eyes as he summoned Mowbray to his presence.

Confronted by the accusation, Mowbray's rage knew no bounds. Swearing that Bolingbroke was lying, he declared his loyalty to Richard. Had he not been made the Duke of Norfolk and Marshal of England by Richard? Why should he be disloyal?



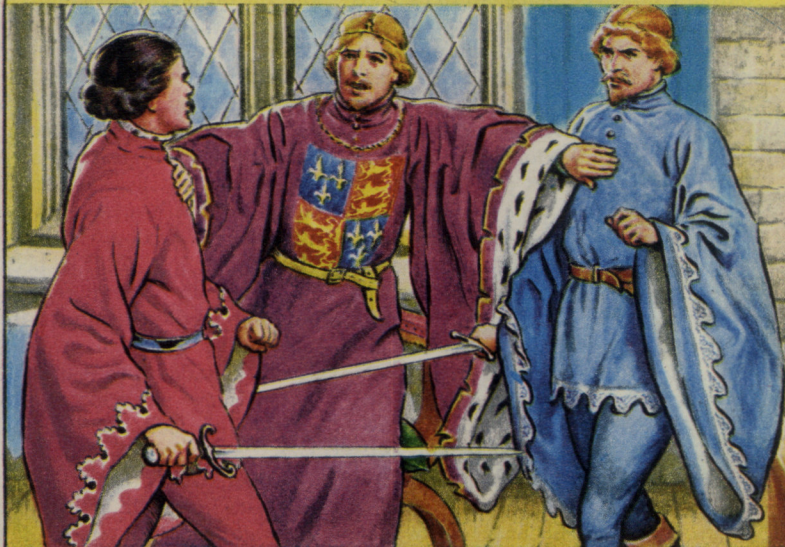
Richard played the two men against each other shrewdly. Granting honours did not buy loyalty, he said.



When the King then asked why his own cousin should lie to him and Mowbray accused Bolingbroke of always having been treacherous, swords were drawn angrily. The two men had played right into Richard's hands.



But it was not part of his plan to have the two men fight there and then. He ordered them to sheathe their swords and return to their estates until they heard from him again.





The horsemen came to a halt only 20 yards from where Red Fox and his friends were hiding.

ALTHOUGH 11-year-old Red Fox was born a full-blooded Sioux, he could speak English almost as well as any white boy of his own age. Because of his smartness and intelligence he had been educated at a "proper" school at Pine Ridge, Wyoming. There he learned how to think "in the strange, cloudy manner of the white brother".

Red Fox's progress had greatly pleased his uncle, High Bear, who was the head of the Sioux warriors, but only because he hoped Red Fox would use his knowledge to help defeat the hated palefaces. Red Fox, however, had no intention of betraying his new friends. He had come to love and respect the white people.

He dreaded having to reveal this to his uncle, but the day came when a confrontation with High Bear was unavoidable. It happened when the Sioux tribe was driven from its traditional home in Wyoming by the Pony Soldiers of the United States Third Cavalry.

The Indians fled north-east through Nebraska towards Canada. It was then that they came across the lonely cow-farm belonging to a widow named Amy Lohburg.

Mrs. Lohburg's husband had only recently been killed, leaving her with four young children to take care of. She first learned of the danger which threatened her home and family when a Cavalry sergeant rode up from Fort Farewell, in Nebraska. The sergeant arrived at the ranch-house and told her that a party of Sioux was only a few miles away.

"They're after cattle, guns, ammunition, any supplies you people have," he said urgently. "Also, they're after you. . . . They'll be here, ma'am, certain as sunrise. Gather up your things and your kids. And if you're a good pray-er, start praying."

Missing boy

When she heard this, Mrs. Lohburg immediately called together her three young daughters. It was then she discovered that Billy, her yellow-haired son, was missing. Although she did not know it, he was already a prisoner of the Sioux. He had been captured while riding in the hills near the farm.

As the sergeant left the ranch house, he was watched from a vantage point by High Bear and several of his braves. The Sioux warriors had already decided not to kill the Lohburg children, but

THE FRIENDSHIP OF RED FOX

BY
ANGUS HALL

some of them were reluctant to let Mrs. Lohburg live.

So High Bear ordered Red Fox to return Billy to his mother and instruct her to put all three of the girls on one pony, and to ride away herself on another. Red Fox dutifully led Billy's pony down to the ranch house. As he did so, he was already forming in his mind a daring plan by which Mrs. Lohburg might escape with her life.

Exciting story

The story of Red Fox's courage is one of the 11 true adventures in Will Henry's exciting book, *Sons Of The Western Frontier* (published by Herbert Jenkins at 25s.) The author concentrates on the bravery of youngsters, and writes that, "In all the many books about the Old West, too little is said of the young people whose courage and devotion deserve remembering."

On reaching the ranch house, Red Fox helped to release Billy from his bonds. He told Mrs. Lohburg that five of the Indians had sworn to kill her, and said that the best thing she could do would

be to ride to a nearby cottonwood grove and hide there until he had had time to scout out the land.

Mrs. Lohburg took her children into the grove and half an hour later Red Fox joined them there. He looked worried and told her that the Sioux had looted the farm and slaughtered all the cows. There was now only one thing to do. He would try and lead the Lohburg family to Fort Farewell, 33 miles away.

Headed by Red Fox on his pony, the refugees left the grove and began a desperate race against death. By the time it was dark, they had crossed a rocky stream and reached a prairie covered with scrub, willow, and tall grass. There they lay low, in the hope that the pursuing Indians would lose their trail.

A short while later, when the Lohburgs were asleep, Red Fox heard the five braves cantering through the stream. By then the wet footprints of the ponies had dried and disappeared on the sandstone of the bank, and there was nothing to show which way the Lohburgs had fled.

Even so, the Sioux horsemen came to

a halt only 20 yards from where Red Fox and his friends were hiding. Red Fox could hear the warriors discussing which route they should take, and heaved a sigh of relief as they headed off upstream. But he knew that the danger was only temporarily over. The Indians were planning to go far enough upstream to get above the Lohburgs. Then they would split up and return, searching the scrub on each side of the stream.

Blood-curdling cries

There was no time to lose. Red Fox woke up the tired children and told them to remount. To make sure that the little girls did not fall off through exhaustion, he tied their feet together beneath their pony's stomach. Then they set off again for Fort Farewell.

For some miles they continued through the silent darkness. Then, suddenly, just as they were beginning to feel safe, the night was split by a series of blood-curdling cries. Red Fox knew this meant that the Sioux warriors had picked up a "warm" trail. He threw caution aside and told the Lohburgs to ride as fast as they could in the direction of the fort.

"Not far, not far!" he shouted encouragingly. "We will get there. We will win the race. See, now, the ponies are running stronger than ever. Hang on! Ride hard, everybody!"

In fact, Red Fox had no idea how far away the fort was. He sensed that they still had a long way to go, and he knew that the gallant ponies were capable of lasting only another two or three miles at their present pace.

Then, as the howling Sioux grew closer and closer, the Lohburgs' luck at last turned. A few minutes later they rode slap up to a camp-fire around which slumbered the sergeant who had earlier visited the ranch house, and some of his men.

The five pursuing Redskins pulled up short, and after a brief exchange of fire with the Cavalrymen, they rode away angry and frustrated.

Red Fox was the hero of the hour. The story of how he saved the Lohburgs has become part of the colourful history of the Old West of America.

QUICK LOOKS AT BOOKS

LUCKY LES.

by E. W. Hildick (*Blond*, 15s.)

Les is a black cat for whom nothing goes wrong. It "rained milk" on the day he was born, and his luck carries him around the world and in and out of the clutches of cannibals and pirate chiefs. An amusing fantasy for anyone tired of "realistic" animal stories.

JUNGLE RESCUE.

by A. R. Channel (*Dobson*, 15s.)

A touching story about Chandra, a young Indian orphan, who mortgages his family land to buy Kunthi, a cow. Chandra then hires himself and his cow out to a road-construction company, in the hope of earning enough money to pay off the mortgage. The jungle setting is convincingly portrayed, and the action includes an escape from drowning and an attack by a man-eating tiger.

MASTER MARINER.

by Norah Smaridge (*The World's Work* 18s.)

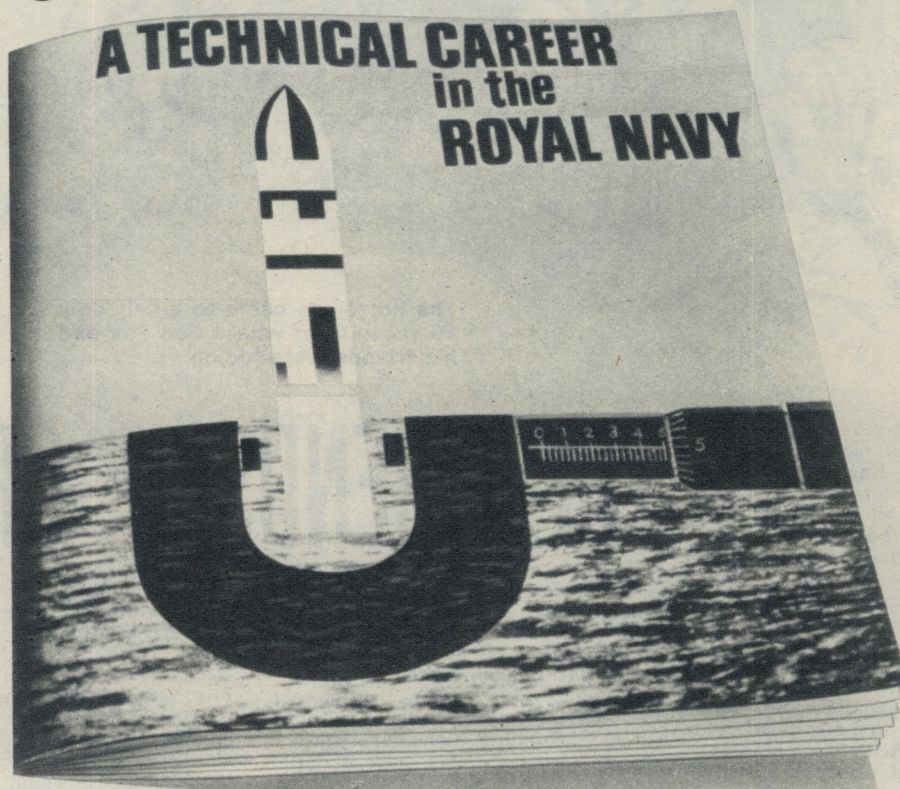
"When I grow up, I shall go there," boasted the 11-year-old Joseph Conrad, pointing to a spot in the middle of the uncharted heart of Africa. And years later, after travelling the world as a seaman, he made good his boast.

This book tells of the adventures of Conrad—adventures which were to be retold by him and make him famous as a writer.

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equipment you could work, including submarines, missiles, helicopters.

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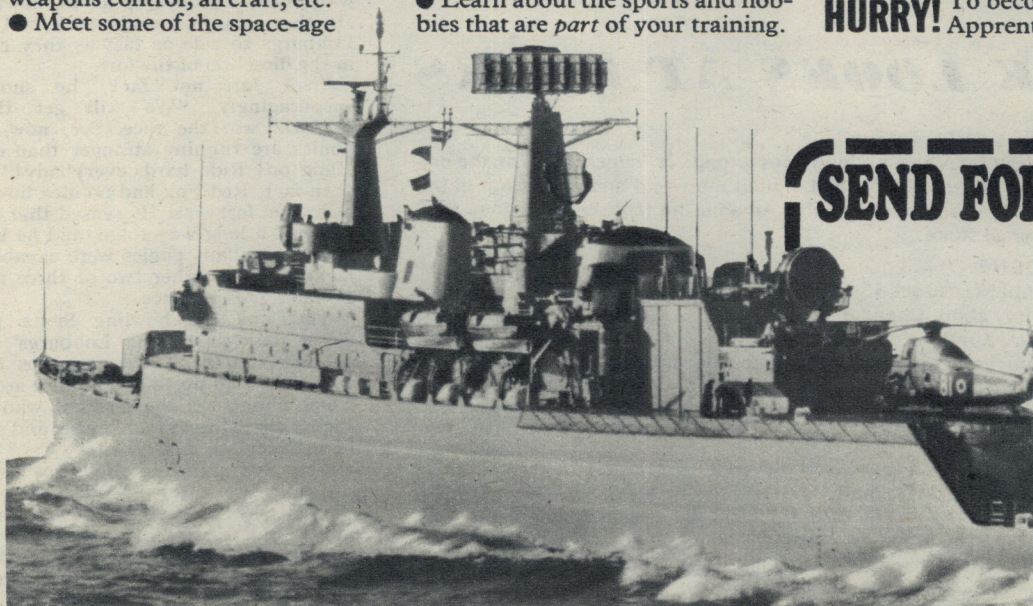
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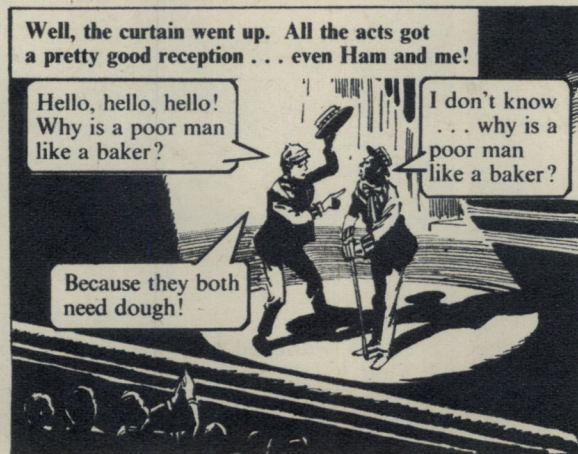
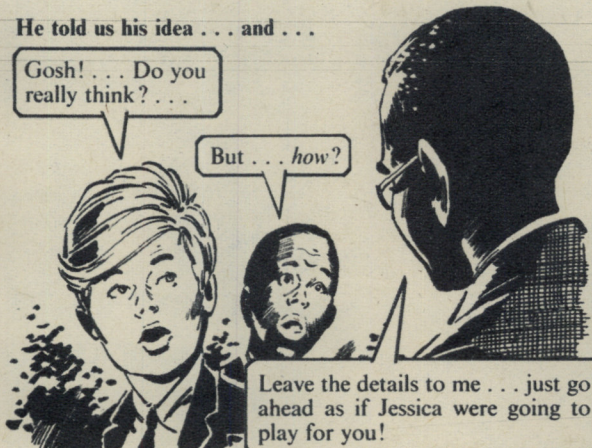
Date of birth _____

Royal Navy

RANGER ENTERTAINMENT SECTION

Rob tells in his own words of his life and adventures at Westhaven-on-Sea Comprehensive School. When Jessica Ryder is rushed off to hospital for an emergency operation, Rob and Ham realise that this means the end of the concert they have been planning. But Ham's father—Doctor Thompson—has other ideas . . .

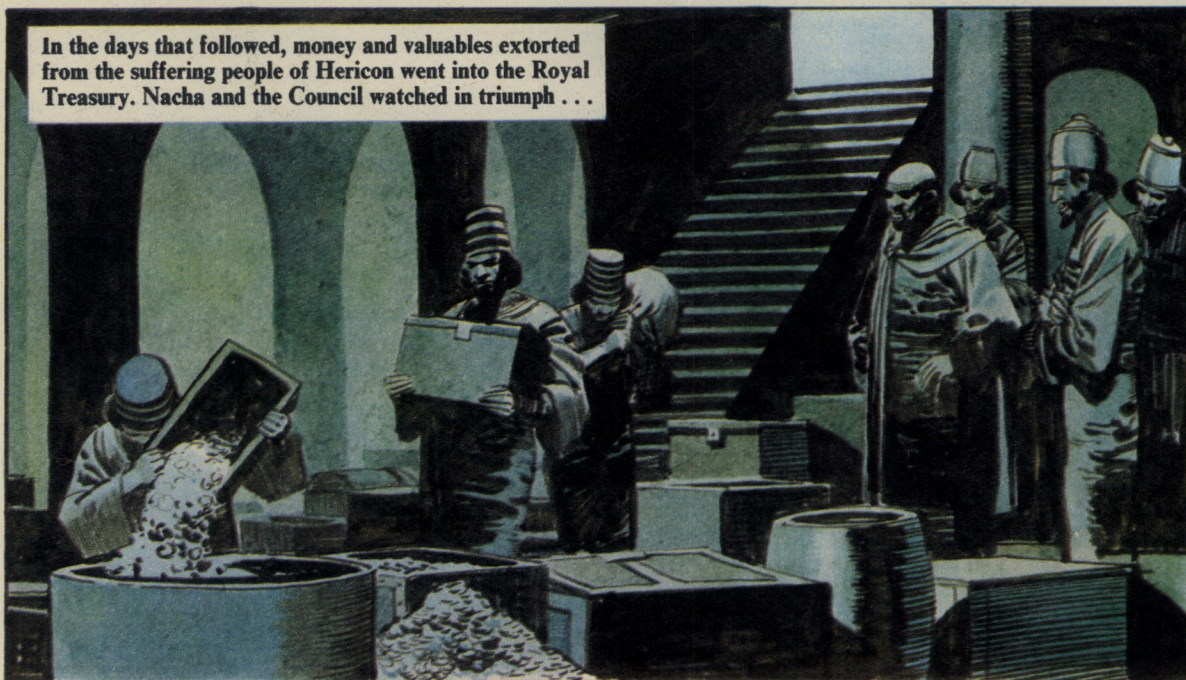
Rob Riley



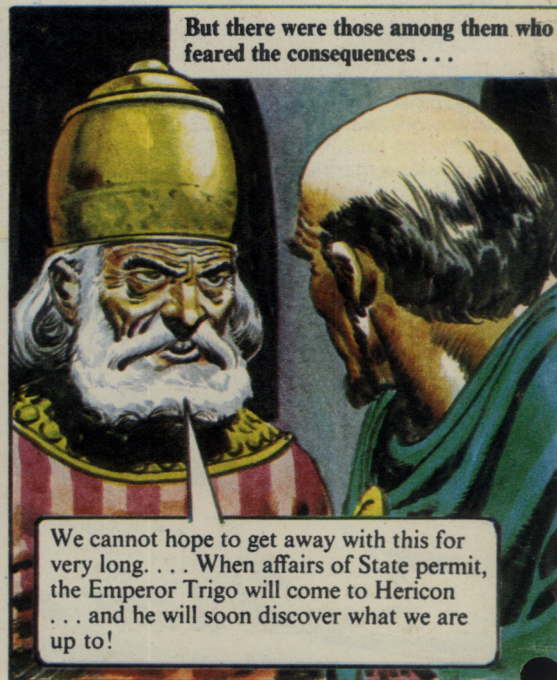
THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

Prince Nikko of Trigan has been crowned King of Hericon, but he is turned into a doddering old man, at the orders of the evil Nacha and the Council of Regents. Now Nacha and his cronies are free to rule Hericon as they like . . .

In the days that followed, money and valuables extorted from the suffering people of Hericon went into the Royal Treasury. Nacha and the Council watched in triumph . . .



But there were those among them who feared the consequences . . .



We cannot hope to get away with this for very long. . . . When affairs of State permit, the Emperor Trigo will come to Hericon . . . and he will soon discover what we are up to!

Not so Nacha . . . intoxicated with greed and power, he feared no man, not even the Trigan Emperor!



Let him come! What we did to the son, we can also do to the father.

One morning, Janno, Keren and Roffa called to see their stricken friend Nikko.



No admittance!

But . . . we are the King's Personal Aides!



From now on, no one enters His Majesty's apartments without a written order from Lord Nacha!

Inside, the pathetic figure of the King of Hericon was hunched short-sightedly over State Papers.



I find this . . . all very tiring . . .

Never mind, Your Majesty. Soon you will be able to go back to sleep again

What's he signing now, Nacha?



A proclamation appointing me in command of the Hericon Air Fleet. I intend to disband the Fleet, sell the craft and pocket the money!

Janno and his comrades left the palace with uneasy thoughts teeming in their minds.

So ! Nikko is now practically a prisoner of Nacha and the Council!

And they're the Masters of Hericon!

The people are being robbed and ill-treated unmercifully!



Janno knew what had to be done.



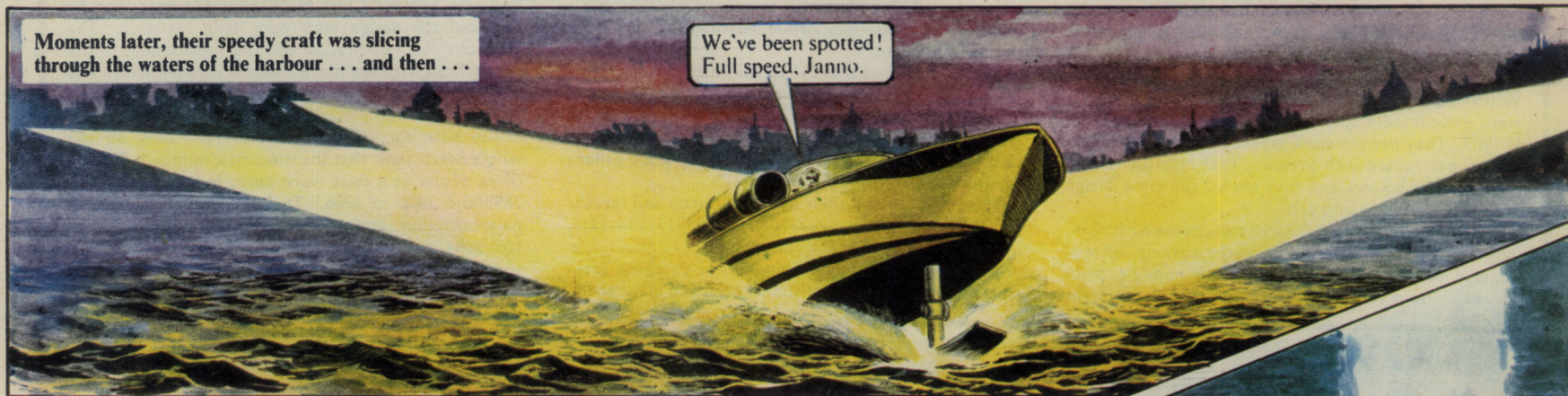
We must return to Trigan and tell the Emperor what's happening here!

Yes, but we'd better leave stealthily . . . Nacha will prevent us if he can!



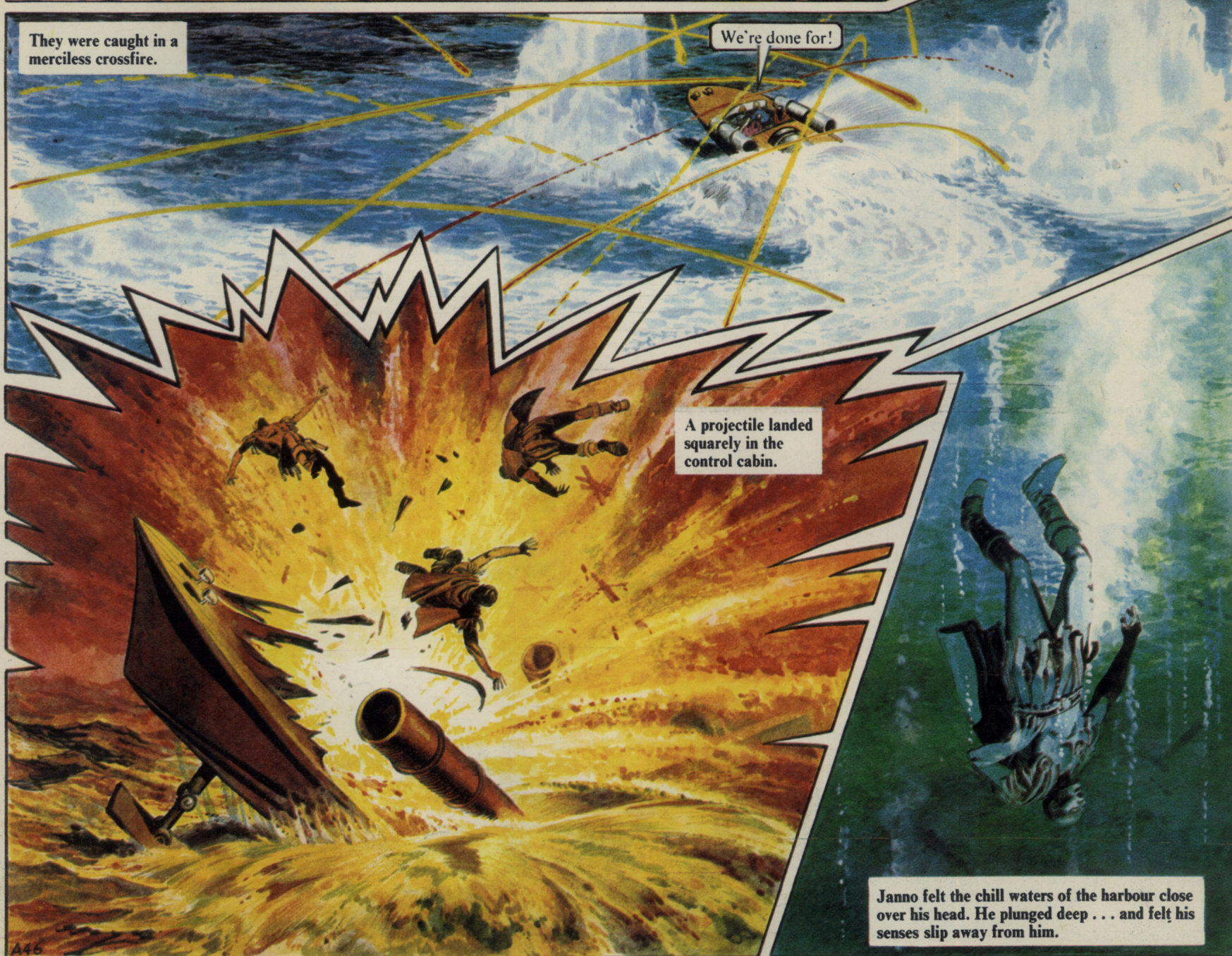
At dawn the next day, the four Trigans stole down to the waterfront, where their craft still lay.

No guards in sight . . . we can slip away unseen.



Moments later, their speedy craft was slicing through the waters of the harbour . . . and then . . .

We've been spotted! Full speed, Janno.



They were caught in a merciless crossfire.

We're done for!

A projectile landed squarely in the control cabin.

Janno felt the chill waters of the harbour close over his head. He plunged deep . . . and felt his senses slip away from him.

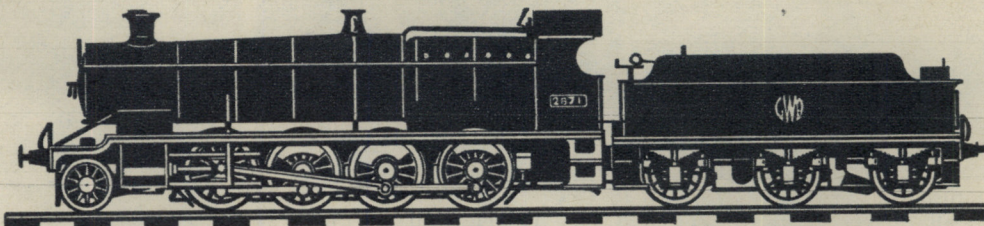
THESE 2-8-0 locomotives were designed by George Churchward for heavy, long-distance freight services. His prototype, No. 97, appeared in 1903, shortly after he succeeded William Dean as Locomotive Superintendent of the Great Western Railway. It was the first locomotive of its type in Britain, and was very advanced for that time. It was put through strenuous service trials for two years before the first batch of twenty was ordered.

By this time, No. 97 had relinquished the works number, and had been allocated its service number 2800, which identified the class from then on.

The design was completely Great Western in character, and bore a strong family resemblance to the 4-6-0s which were just in service when it appeared, and subsequently became the "Saint" Class.

The first of these, No. 100, had appeared under William Dean, but the next two, Nos. 98 and 171, were undoubtedly Churchward's work, and appeared in 1903. They had the same tapered boiler, working at 225 lb. per square inch pressure (not No. 100, which had a parallel boiler), and they shared the same design of G.W.R. chimney and cab.

The 2800s weighed 75 tons 10 cwt., were 63 ft. 2 in. long and had 4 ft. 7½ in. diameter driving wheels. Because of this small diameter, the running plate curved up from the buffer beam, and then ran straight



along just below the tops of the wheels, and under the cab sides to form the footplate. Only the tiniest splashers were set over the wheels, but even with these the running plate was comparatively low, and a wide band of space was visible between the boiler and the running plate.

The drive was connected to the third set of driving wheels, an unusual arrangement which made for rather long connecting rods. To enable these engines to make long runs, they were fitted with tenders, similar to the express passenger 4-6-0s, carrying 3,500 gallons of water and six tons of coal.

The 2800s fulfilled their duties perfectly and further batches were ordered in 1907, 1911, 1913 and 1919, until altogether 84 had been built.

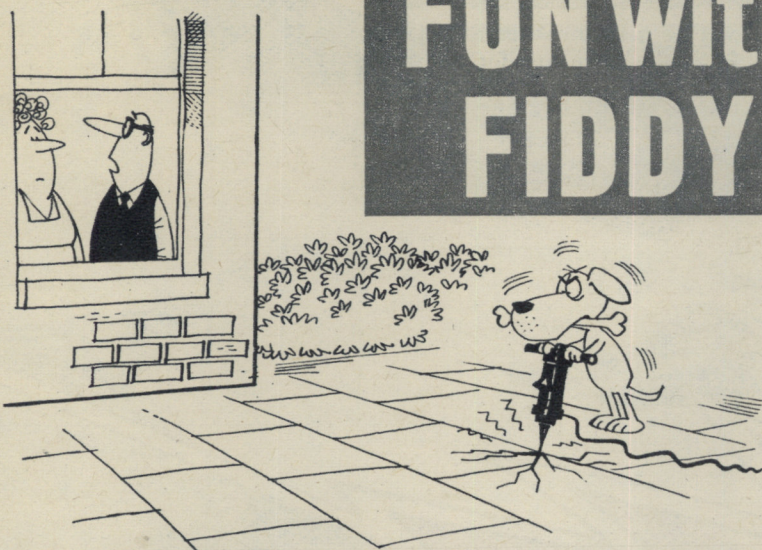
The only major modification made to these locomotives was the fitting of superheaters to all of them.

By 1938, the freight traffic on the G.W.R. had increased to such an extent that more heavy, long-distance goods engines were required. C. B. Collett had now become Chief Mechanical Engineer, but he repeated the design with very little variation. The main obvious modification was the replacement of the original cab with the more modern version, which had a window like those fitted to the "Castle" and "King" Class locos.

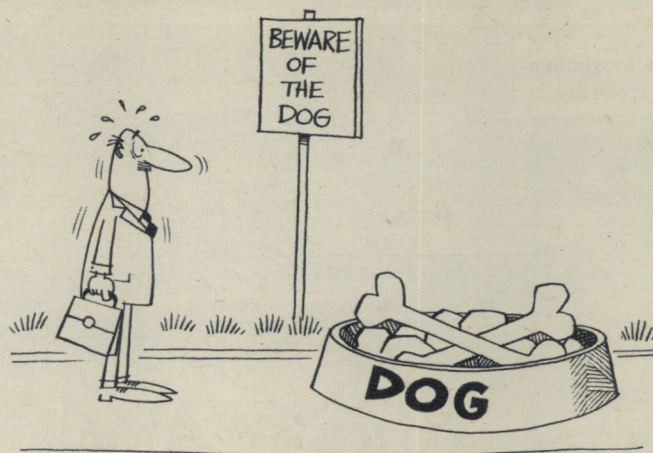
The new version started with No. 2884, so the whole batch took that identification number. Eighty-three of the new ones were built, numbered 2884 to 2899 and 3800 to 3866. They were all in service at nationalisation, and the first to be withdrawn was No. 2884 in 1958.

Another 2-8-0 class with a similar outline was introduced in 1919.

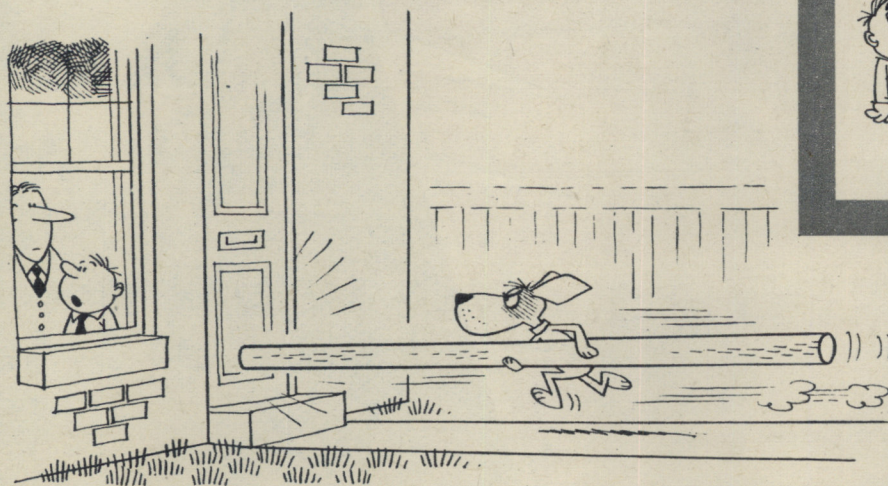
FUN with FIDDY



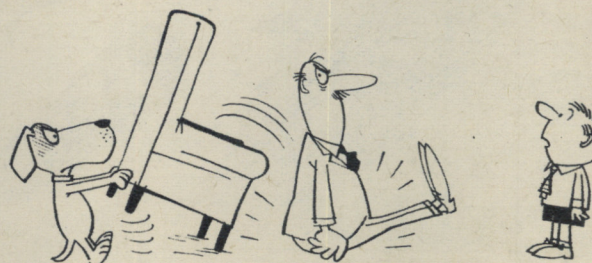
"When we had the garden paved over, I thought it would stop him burying his bones!"



"He doesn't bite—but watch out for his tail!"



"I think the dog wants to come in."



"You were sitting on his chair, Mr. Smith!"

WILDCAT WAYNE



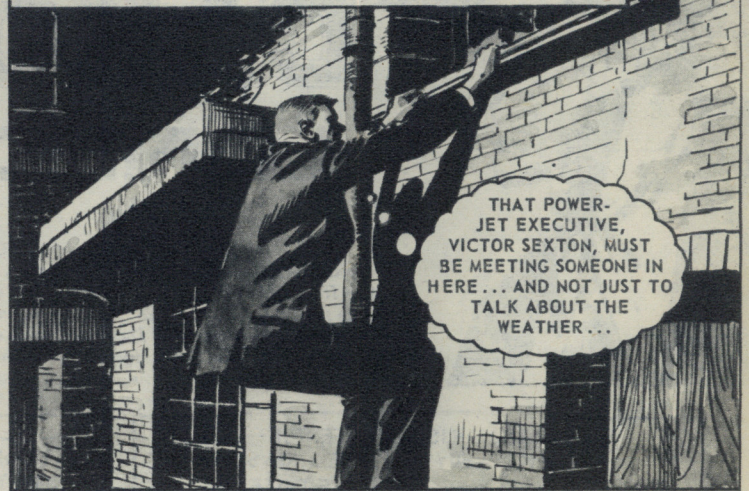
THEO WAYNE, ROVING TROUBLESHOOTER FOR THE SPUR PETROLEUM COMPANY, HAD BEEN ASKED TO REPORT ON THE MARKET POTENTIAL OF AN EXPERIMENTAL HOVERCRAFT DEVELOPED BY INVENTOR DES GLADWELL. WAYNE SUSPECTED THAT A POWERFUL RIVAL FIRM WAS INVOLVED IN SABOTAGE ATTEMPTS ON THE SHOESTRING HOVERCRAFT PROJECT, AND WITH GLADWELL'S DAUGHTER, LIZ, HE SHADOWED AN EXECUTIVE OF THE FIRM TO A DERELICT RIVERSIDE WAREHOUSE.

LIZ GLADWELL WAITED IMPATIENTLY WHILE WAYNE ENTERED THE WAREHOUSE.



ISN'T THAT TYPICAL OF A MAN... LEAVING ME OUT HERE, WHILE HE HOGS ALL THE EXCITEMENT...

MEANWHILE, WAYNE SEARCHED FOR A WAY INTO THE BUILDING...



THAT POWER-JET EXECUTIVE, VICTOR SEXTON, MUST BE MEETING SOMEONE IN HERE... AND NOT JUST TO TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER...

AND JUST AS HE GOT INSIDE...



UHUH... I WAS RIGHT...

SO GLADWELL'S BOATYARD IS A WRITE-OFF, MACKIE... BUT I PAID YOU TO DESTROY THE HOVERCRAFT, AND APPARENTLY IT'S UNDAMAGED...



QUIT BEEFING, MISTER SEXTON... WE'LL GO BACK THERE AND FINISH THE JOB... NO EXTRA CHARGE, IF THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU...

WHAT BOTHERS ME IS YOUR CLUMSINESS... POWER-JET WILL THROW ME OUT ON MY EAR IF THEY DISCOVER I'M MIXED UP IN THIS...

WAYNE'S ATTENTION WAS CONCENTRATED ON THE TWO MEN IN FRONT OF HIM...



SO SEXTON'S TRYING TO WRECK GLADWELL'S HOVERCRAFT PROJECT OFF HIS OWN BAT, IS HE? I COULDN'T BELIEVE A REPUTABLE FIRM LIKE POWER-JET WOULD STOOP TO SABOTAGE...

... THE BLOW FROM THE LEATHER COSH CAUGHT HIM COMPLETELY UNAWARES...

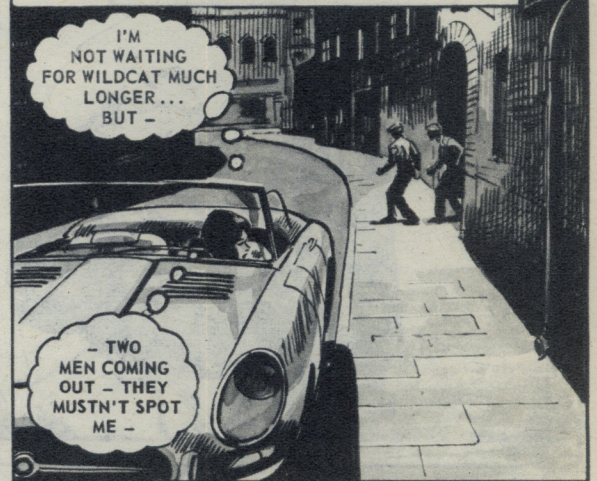


UUUUUUUH...

HE MUST BE THE SPUR TROUBLESHOOTER THAT FOXLEY WAS TELLING ME ABOUT AT LUNCH. WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE OUR PLANS, MAC... TO TAKE CARE OF HIM...



OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE, THREE MINUTES LATER...



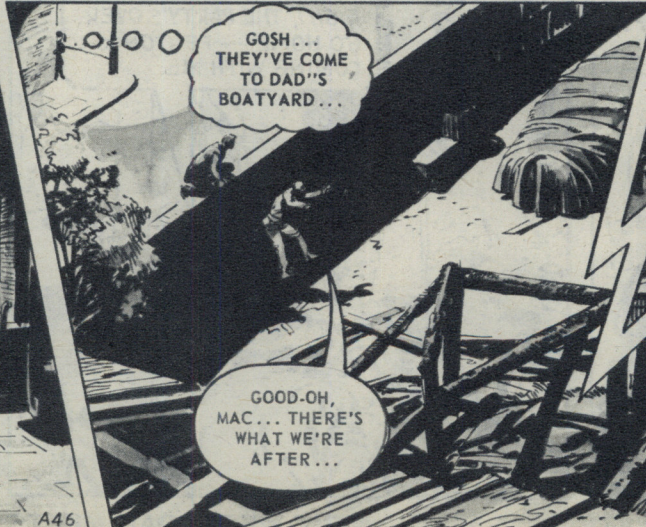
I'M NOT WAITING FOR WILDCAT MUCH LONGER... BUT -

- TWO MEN COMING OUT - THEY MUSTN'T SPOT ME -

LIZ GLADWELL HAD INTELLIGENCE... AND NERVE...



MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR WILDCAT... BUT I THINK HE'D WANT ME TO FOLLOW THESE TWO AND FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO...



GOSH... THEY'VE COME TO DAD'S BOATYARD...

GOOD-OH, MAC... THERE'S WHAT WE'RE AFTER...

THE SABOTEURS' PLAN WAS A DEADLY ONE...



HE'S A CRAFTY TYPE, THAT SEXTON...

YEAH KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, HE SAID... SCUTTLE THE HOVERCRAFT IN THE RIVER, AFTER PUTTING THAT SPUR SNOOPER INSIDE IT TO DROWN...

NEXT WEEK: LIZ GLADWELL TRIES A RESCUE!



DAN DAKOTA -LONE GUN

In response to an urgent telegraph message, Dan Dakota heads for Yellow River. On the way he finds a wounded linesman, and a boy who says his father's ranch has been raided by a gang. The boy, whose name is Joe Fenton, accompanies Dan until they are fired at by a hidden rifleman. Leaving him, Dan rides on alone and stumbles on a lynching party on the outskirts of Yellow River. . . .

DAN SLIPPED THE ROPE FROM AROUND THE MAN'S NECK AND THEN DREW HIS GUN . . .

LYNCHING A MAN IS NOT MY IDEA OF JUSTICE — SO STAND AWAY, ALL OF YOU!

WELL, IT'S OUR IDEA OF JUSTICE, AND WE'RE GOING AHEAD WITH IT!

THIS MAN IS JAMES FENTON — AND EVERY MAN HERE KNOWS HE IS NO-GOOD CATTLE THIEF.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT — HE MUST'VE STOLEN A HUNDRED HEAD OF MY BEST STEERS — HE SHOULD HANG FOR THAT.

NOBODY'S GOING TO DO ANY HANGING WHILE I'M AROUND — SO COOL OFF — AND THAT GOES FOR YOU IN PARTICULAR, WES SLADE.

SO YOU KNOW ME, EH, SHERIFF! IN THAT CASE YOU SHOULD KNOW I DON'T MAKE IDLE THREATS.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR THREATS, SLADE, BUT YOU'RE CERTAINLY IDLE — AND A TROUBLE-MAKER.

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR SOME, SHERIFF?

NO — BUT YOU CAN HAVE SOME IF YOU WANT IT. NOW, BEAT IT, BEFORE I CHARGE YOU WITH INCITING A RIOT.

146

... AND JUST TO SHOW YOU THAT I DON'T MAKE IDLE THREATS!

OUFF!

RIGHT, THE PARTY'S OVER. GO HOME — FENTON IS COMING WITH ME.

THE LYNCHING PARTY BEGAN TO DRIFT AWAY — EXCEPT FOR SLADE . . .

AND SUPPOSE I DON'T **FEEL** LIKE GOING HOME, SHERIFF!

IN THAT CASE, SLADE, I MIGHT GIVE YOU A LITTLE **HELP** . . .

INTO THE BLUE...

THE DEFIANT

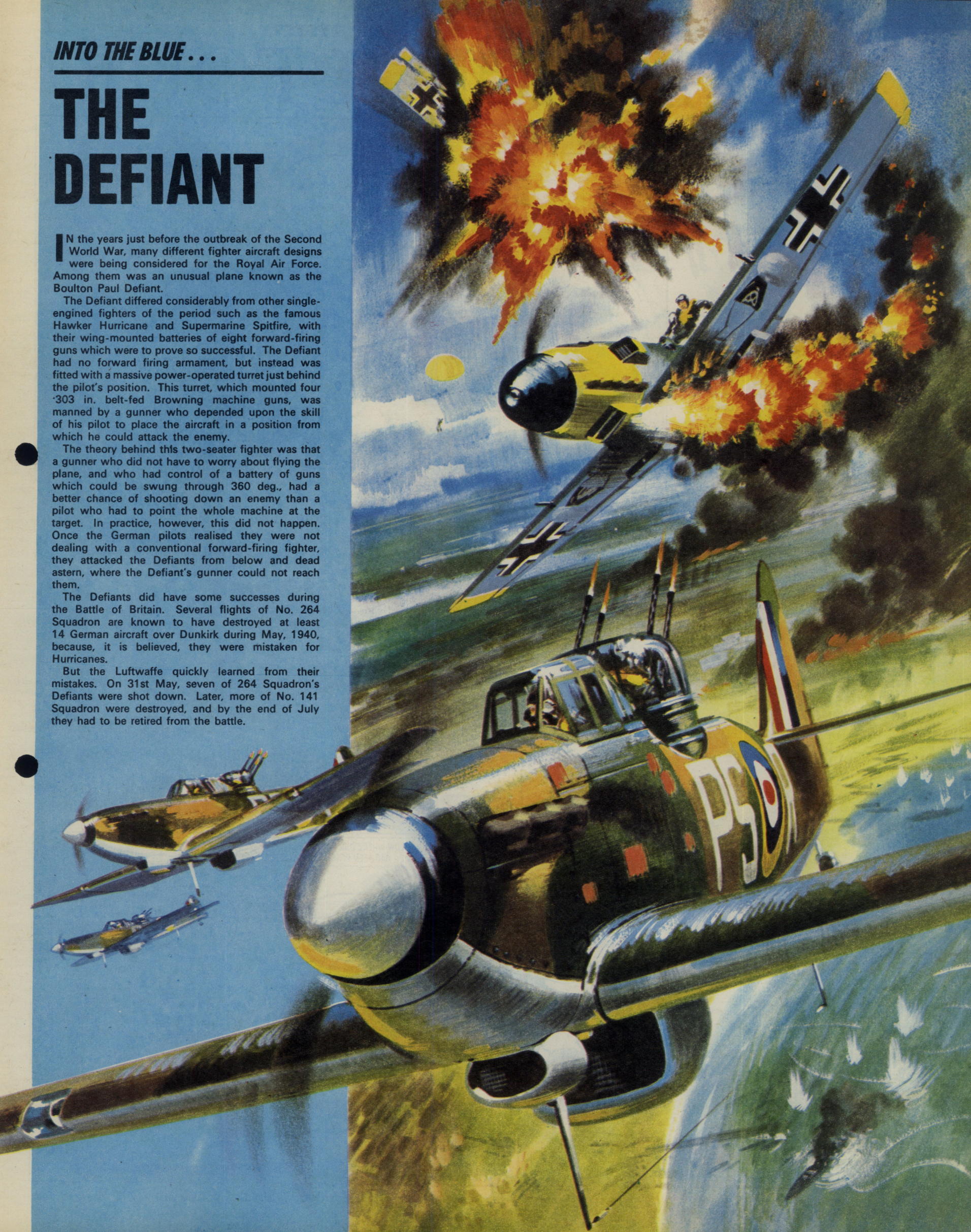
IN the years just before the outbreak of the Second World War, many different fighter aircraft designs were being considered for the Royal Air Force. Among them was an unusual plane known as the Boulton Paul Defiant.

The Defiant differed considerably from other single-engined fighters of the period such as the famous Hawker Hurricane and Supermarine Spitfire, with their wing-mounted batteries of eight forward-firing guns which were to prove so successful. The Defiant had no forward firing armament, but instead was fitted with a massive power-operated turret just behind the pilot's position. This turret, which mounted four .303 in. belt-fed Browning machine guns, was manned by a gunner who depended upon the skill of his pilot to place the aircraft in a position from which he could attack the enemy.

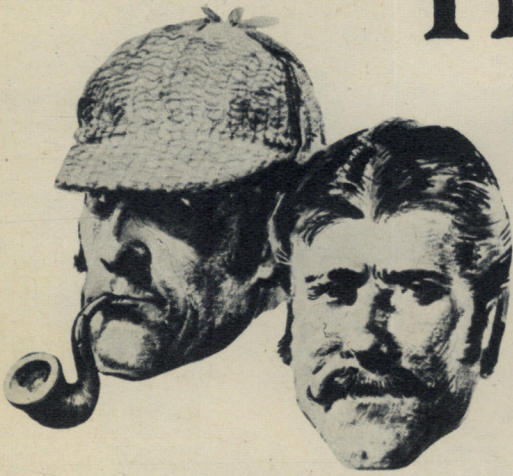
The theory behind this two-seater fighter was that a gunner who did not have to worry about flying the plane, and who had control of a battery of guns which could be swung through 360 deg., had a better chance of shooting down an enemy than a pilot who had to point the whole machine at the target. In practice, however, this did not happen. Once the German pilots realised they were not dealing with a conventional forward-firing fighter, they attacked the Defiants from below and dead astern, where the Defiant's gunner could not reach them.

The Defiants did have some successes during the Battle of Britain. Several flights of No. 264 Squadron are known to have destroyed at least 14 German aircraft over Dunkirk during May, 1940, because, it is believed, they were mistaken for Hurricanes.

But the Luftwaffe quickly learned from their mistakes. On 31st May, seven of 264 Squadron's Defiants were shot down. Later, more of No. 141 Squadron were destroyed, and by the end of July they had to be retired from the battle.



The SIGN of FOUR



Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson (who is telling the story) have tracked down two murderers. One of them, a native pygmy, has been killed during a boat chase down the River Thames. The other, a sailor with a wooden leg, now stands at bay, trapped in the slimy mud of the river bank...





IT WAS THAT LITTLE HELL-HOUND, TONGAA, WHO KILLED MR. SHOLTO WITH ONE OF HIS POISONED DARTS.



WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THE FULL STORY OF THIS — BUT IN MORE COMFORTABLE CIRCUMSTANCES YOU MAY, HOWEVER, TELL US WHAT IS IN THE CHEST.

THE GREAT AGRAA TREASURE! IT IS WORTH AT LEAST £40,000!



HOLMES LEFT HIM AND WENT TO SEEK OUT INSPECTOR ATHELNEY JONES OF SCOTLAND YARD, WHO HAD ACCOMPANIED US ON THIS PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

AS YOU KNOW, THE TREASURE WE HAVE FOUND RIGHTLY BELONGS TO MISS MORSTAN AND THADDEUS SHOLTO. I PROPOSE THAT WATSON IS PUT OFF AT VAUXHALL BRIDGE, SO THAT HE MAY PLACE IT IN THE CUSTODY OF MISS MORSTAN.

I HAVE NO OBJECTION SO LONG AS ONE OF MY MEN ACCOMPANIES HIM.



SO, IN DUE COURSE, I ARRIVED AT MISS MORSTAN'S HOUSE WITH THE CHEST. BRIEFLY, I TOLD HER WHAT HAD HAPPENED ...

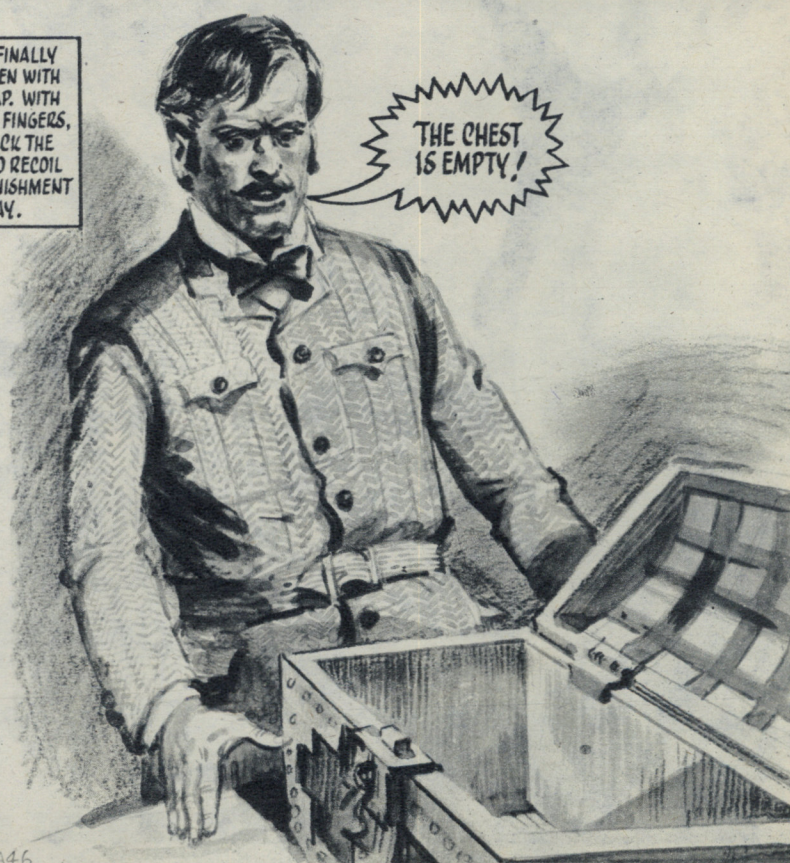
... SO YOU ARE NOW A RICH WOMAN, MISS MORSTAN, THANKS TO MY FRIEND, SHERLOCK HOLMES!



WE HAD LEARNED FROM JONATHAN SMALL THAT HE HAD LOST THE KEY, SO WE WERE FORCED TO PRISE THE CHEST OPEN.

CAREFUL NOW, MY GOOD MAN! WE MUST BE CAREFUL NOT TO DAMAGE ANY OF THE CONTENTS OF THAT CHEST...

THE HASP FINALLY SPRANG OPEN WITH A LOUD SNAP. WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, I FLUNG BACK THE LID, ONLY TO RECOIL WITH ASTONISHMENT AND DISMAY.



THE CHEST IS EMPTY!

Continuing our
exciting series ...

ADVENTURES IN ARCHAEOLOGY

WHEN the villagers of Montespan learnt of the young man's intention to explore the underground cavern in the neighbouring mountain, they shook their heads gloomily.

"You may get into it all right," they said, "but you'll never come out again alive. There's a river that rises to meet the roof. You'll be foolish if you try to go beyond that."

But Norbert Casteret refused to listen. He was an expert swimmer and a keen spelaeologist. To him, the cavern in the French Pyrenees was a challenge which he could not ignore.

And so, in August, 1922, he set out to inspect the supposedly impenetrable cavern from the outside.

He found a crack at the base of the mountain from which water was running out. Above that was a hole the size of a man's body. Norbert undressed and slipped through the hole into a horizontal gallery about

THE CAVE OF THE

12 ft. wide and 10 ft. high. He waded through the water until the gallery turned sharp right, and a sudden dip in the ceiling forced him to bend low.

After another 20 yards of difficult going, the water deepened, and the roof touched the surface. Norbert knew this must be the place the villagers had told him of.

Common sense told him that he should return to the mouth of the gallery. He knew the risks he might be taking. But in those early days of pot-holing, Norbert sometimes allowed his enthusiasm to get the

better of him. He decided to press on.

So he placed his one candle on a jutting rock, and inhaled enough air to enable him to remain underwater for two minutes. He then submerged his head in the river and plunged forward with one hand touching the ceiling. He carefully followed the contours of the rock above him, remembering all the time that he had to return by the same route.

"I was blind," he said, "with finger-tips for eyes."

Then his head suddenly emerged from the water, and he was able to

Norbert Casteret and Henri Godin knew enough about archaeology to realise that the statue must have been fashioned by cave-dwellers some 20,000 years previously.



Paul Reiner

HEADLESS BEAR

breathe again. He was in total darkness and had no idea where he was. Experience told him that he had forced a siphon—a tunnel with a submerged ceiling.

He knew that if he pressed on in the dark, he might lose his sense of direction, so he returned as quickly as he could. He reached his candle safely, and made his way back to the open air.

The next day, reinforced by "a rubber bathing-cap full of matches and spare candles," he returned to the grotto. He followed the same course as before and, when he had passed through the siphon, his candles showed him that he was in a hall which was "adorned with beautiful stalagmite cascades."

He crossed the hall, and began wading again. He was now feeling isolated and apprehensive. He knew that the most ordinary accident, such as losing or wetting his matches, could cost him his life.

Norbert then passed through another deadly-looking siphon, and a series of galleries, halls and caverns. Eventually, after what seemed like hours of endless wading, he reached the end of the last cave.

He had no alternative but to return as he had come, and on his way back he came across a tooth

which proved to be that of a bison. Bison were killed by prehistoric cavemen for food and the young explorer realised that he was on the verge of making a discovery of major importance.

But when the water in the cave-system began to rise, he was forced to abandon his explorations.

Twelve months later, in August, 1923, Norbert Casteret and a friend, Henri Godin, came to Montespan to explore the caverns further. This time Norbert found a new passage leading to a new cave, which, from the engravings of bears and horses on the walls, seemed to be a kind of picture gallery.

Then the pot-holer literally stumbled over a strange formation of clay which was to become world-famous. He stooped to examine it, and saw that it was a statue of a headless bear. He knew enough about archaeology to realise that the statue must have been fashioned by cave-dwellers some 20,000 years previously!

The bear was three feet high and four feet long, and it crouched with a forepaw outstretched. From the spear wounds on its body, it was obvious that it had been used as an effigy by the hunters of the time, who "killed" it to bring them good



luck in their quest for bears and bison.

For a while the two men could not understand why the statue had no head, but then they realised that the head of a *real* bear had once rested on the clay shoulders.

The next day, the story of the Cave of the Headless Bear was on the front pages of newspapers throughout the world. Within 24 hours, archaeologists, geologists, journalists and photographers arrived in Montespan demanding to see the statue which Norbert and his friend had discovered.

But not one of them was prepared to brave the siphon and the walk under-water. Norbert did not blame them for that. He knew that such explorations should only be undertaken by experts like himself, and so he led the villagers in the digging of a drainage channel at the entrance to the caverns.

Three days later, the channel had lowered the water level until there was a space of 16 inches between the river and the ceiling. Only then were the scientists and newspapermen willing to go through into the main cave, where the art and cultural remains of a lost age awaited their inspection.

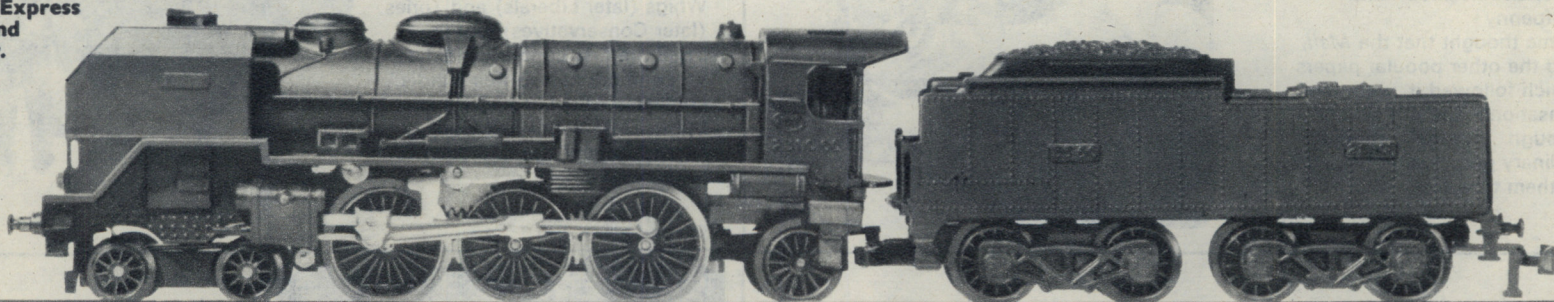
Norbert Casteret was in his twenties when he explored the Montespan grotto. His only equipment was a small pick and some candles, but he never went on so rash an expedition again. From then on he used and pioneered the most modern of mountaineering gear—from special breathing apparatus to waterproof torches and strengthened clothing.

**NEXT WEEK:
SECRET OF THE
DRIFTING SANDS**

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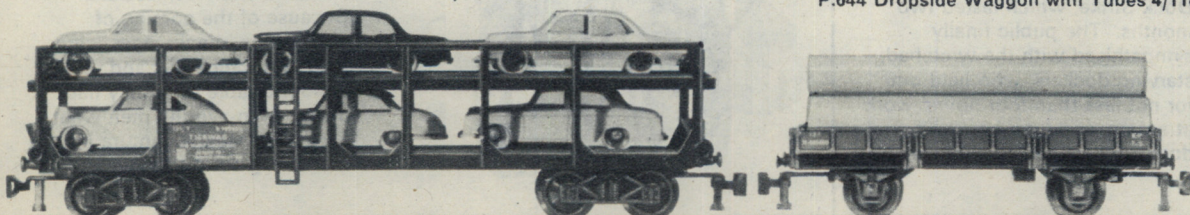


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and cheaply with the terrific range of rolling stock, track and accessories. Ask Dad for Playcraft HO International this Christmas—and show him the super new catalogue —only 1/- at your favourite toyshop. That'll convince him.

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EVERYDAY LIFE IN BRITAIN

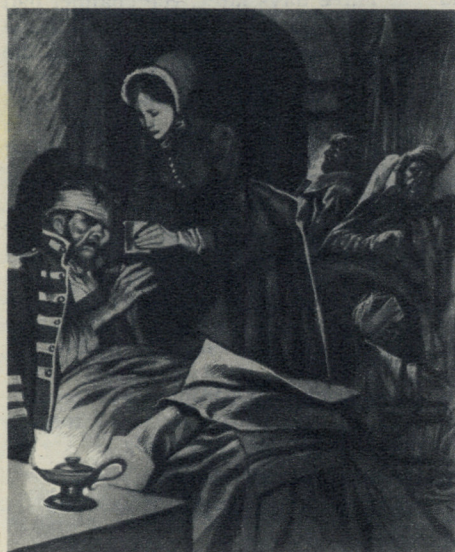
From earliest times to the present day . . .

An illustrated social history of the people of Britain

THIS WEEK: **DAWN OF A NEW AGE**

DAWN OF A NEW AGE

Windsor Castle, January 1856, *Dear Miss Nightingale . . . I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the privilege of alleviating in so merciful a manner . . .* Victoria R.

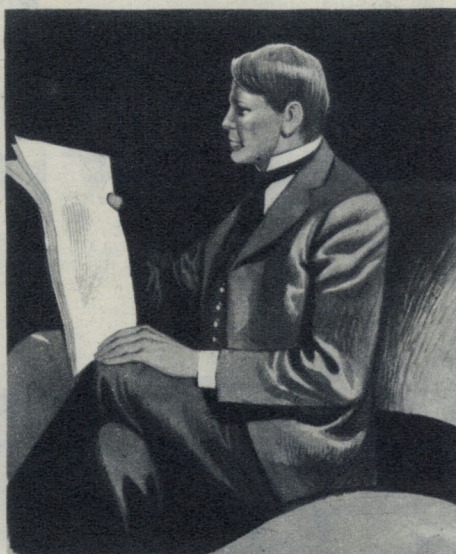


The Crimean War (1854-6) was a badly managed, unnecessary war, but one good thing came out of it—the beginning of modern nursing. In the 1840s, doctors had little faith in their nurses, and there were many private nurses like the appalling Mrs. Gamp in Charles Dickens' novel *Martin Chuzzlewit*. It was Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the Crimea, and her small band of devoted nurses, who changed all this, after many fights with the backward military authorities. As a result, nursing became a profession for trained, devoted women.



Another outcome of the Crimean War was an increase in the power of the Press. The first great war correspondent, William Howard Russell of *The Times*, informed Britons of their soldiers' suffering in the Crimea in the winter of 1854-5, and of the incompetence of those in command. This led to a successful public outcry. The Army was not fully reformed until the 1870s, when it became no longer possible for officers to buy commissions and promotion, whether they were competent or not. Also all officers were now expected to see to the welfare of their men.

After 1870, when education became available to all, more and more people learnt to read. In 1896, an adventurous journalist, Alfred Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe) started the first widely popular newspaper, *The Daily Mail*, to cater for this ever-growing public, who enjoyed its bright mixture of entertainment and fact; and its price—one halfpenny! Some thought that the *Mail*, and the other popular papers which followed it, were too sensational and not serious enough. But they informed ordinary people, and helped fit them to vote.



A great 19th-century issue was Parliamentary reform. Gradually, the right to vote was extended, and in 1884 practically all the male population became entitled to vote at elections (although it took many years for women to get the vote as well). For most of the century, the population was divided into Whigs (later Liberals) and Tories (later Conservatives), but in 1888 the first Labour candidate, an ex-miner named Keir Hardie, contested Mid-Lanark. He lost, but in 1892 won West Ham South. A new age had dawned.



Trades Unions, which had become legal in 1825, struggled during Victoria's reign to protect workers' rights. The first great national union was the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, founded in 1851 with 12,000 members. Union leaders had a hard time. There were bitter strikes, some of which were put down with bloodshed. The turning point was the 1889 Dock Strike, which lasted two months. The public finally sympathised with the wretched, starving dockers, who held out for not less than four hours' work at a time, at 6d. an hour. The dock-owners had to give way.



The change these times brought for the average countryman was for the worse. At home, agriculture did not prosper, and foreign competition grew. Many country people preferred risking working in over-crowded, insanitary towns and factories, where there was more and better-paid employment. Millions of Britons emigrated to Canada, the United States, Australia and New Zealand. Because of the coming of steamships, the voyages were now less dangerous and uncomfortable than they had been. Many young men went abroad to seek adventure in the ever-growing Empire.

WRONG-WAY CORRIGAN

BY ANGUS HALL

The fog obscured his view, and he could not see that below him was the bleak, choppy and rain-lashed Atlantic.

DOUGLAS CORRIGAN was 20 when he helped to prepare and service the *Spirit of St. Louis*, the plane in which Charles Lindbergh became the first man to fly solo across the Atlantic. Douglas's admiration for Lindbergh knew no bounds, and he vowed that one day he would follow the famous aviator's example and fly solo to Europe.

But, as the years passed, it became more and more difficult to get permission for such a flight. Many of the long-distance attempts made after Lindbergh's flight had ended in disaster.

Finally, in a desperate bid to make some flying history, Corrigan undertook a non-stop solo flight across America, from Los Angeles to New York. He did this in 1938, eleven years after Lindbergh's epoch-making feat. Flying a dilapidated, single-engined monoplane, he accomplished the west-east flight without mishap.

Shortly before dawn on 16th July, when he was about to start the return trip, a blanket of fog settled over the airfield. Undeterred by this, he took off and, at a height of 500 feet, took a compass reading. Assured that he was travelling in the right direction, he climbed higher and set a course for the Pacific coast.

It seems, however, that what Corrigan did not realize was that he had read his compass incorrectly; that he had made the novice's mistake of looking at the wrong end of the magnet needle. Instead of heading towards Los Angeles, he was actually flying out towards the Atlantic!

To make matters even worse, he had neglected to mend a leak in his petrol tank, and he was totally unequipped to make such a hazardous flight anyway. He had no radio, no maps, no water, and no passport. The only food he had on board was a few fig bars and some chocolate.

He said later that, had he been

aware of his error, he would at once have turned back, but that, as it was, he flew on in blissful ignorance.

Due to the dense fog, it was two hours before he caught a glimpse of the ground. From 3,000 feet up, he saw a city which he took to be Baltimore, but which in fact was Boston, Massachusetts. Sandwiched between two thick layers of cloud, he next spotted the northern tip of Newfoundland. Again the fog obscured his view, and he could not see that below him now was the bleak, choppy and rain-lashed Atlantic.

As he left Newfoundland behind, Corrigan said later, he fondly imagined that he was passing over the plains of Texas.

Meanwhile, the plane's fuel tank had been leaking steadily, and this now started to cause trouble. The gasoline which had seeped out covered the cockpit's wooden floor. The liquid was an inch deep and threatened to drip through to the exhaust pipe, the heat of which might ignite it.

In an attempt to prevent this, Corrigan took a screwdriver, and made a hole through the cockpit floor. The gasoline drained safely away. But the plane had lost 20 gallons or more of the precious stuff. Corrigan knew that he might be forced to crash-land.

Unable to see anything below him, he was forced to climb to 8,000 feet to try to avoid some tall storm-clouds. The clouds still towered over his

machine, and for the next few hours he flew through them in rain and driving sleet. It became much colder and there was the danger that the plane might ice up.

Dawn finally came, the sleet stopped, and Corrigan dropped down to 3,500 feet. He expected to find himself over the mountains of Texas, but to his amazement he saw water beneath him.

When he got over his surprise, he at first supposed that he had overshot California, and was somewhere out over the Pacific.

Cheering sight

But then he sensed that something had gone radically wrong. Carefully he re-read his instruments, and the truth hit him like a blow. Unwittingly, he had undertaken his greatest ambition.

He was flying across the Atlantic—but in circumstances that only a fool would contemplate!

Realizing that he had long since passed the point of no return, he had no alternative but to keep on flying.

For a while, his brain was numb from the shock; then, some time later, he saw a cheering sight—a small fishing boat, which suggested that land could not be far away.

Another hour ticked by. Then the greyness of the sea and sky was relieved by a distant touch of green. The plane was nearing the western coast of Ireland.

For the first time in many hours, solid land appeared below. Farmhouses and cottages gradually gave way to villages and towns, until at last the city of Dublin was spread comfortably out ahead.

Using the dregs of his fuel, Corrigan circled, examined Baldonnel airfield, and executed a faultless landing. Exhausted but triumphant, he hauled himself from his cockpit to speak to a waiting official.

"My name's Corrigan," he said coolly. "I've just come from New York."

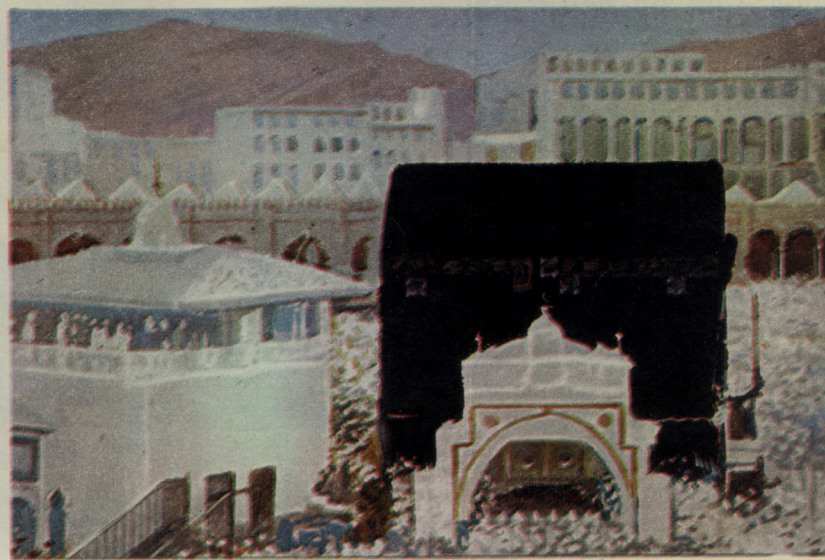
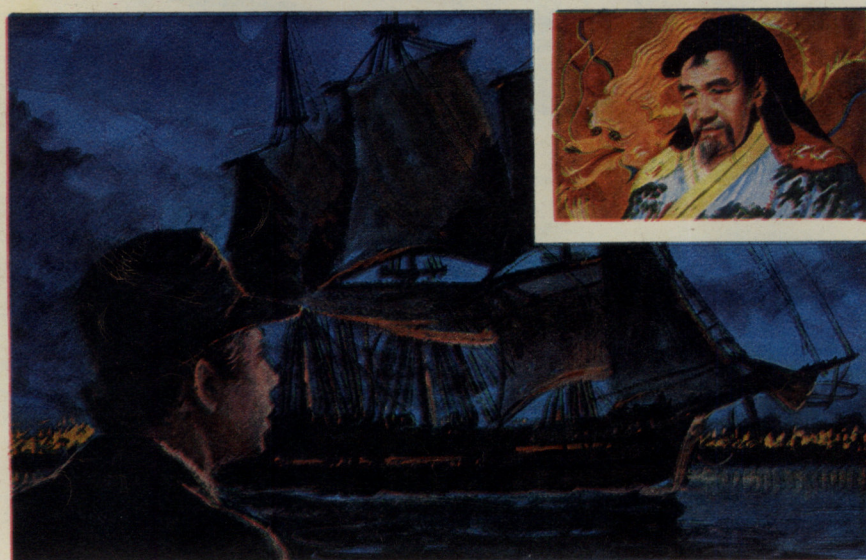
But the news of Corrigan's wrong-way flight had gone ahead of him. The authorities in New York had warned Dublin that the flier was on his way, although they could not say whether it was by accident or by design. Some people, including the American ambassador in Dublin, thought that Corrigan had known what he was doing all along.

The aviator, however, strenuously denied this. Even when he met the Prime Minister of Eire, Mr. De Valera, he stuck to his story.

"Wrong-way Corrigan", as he soon came to be known, explained to technical experts that he had not seen the sun once during his extraordinary flight. He had flown "blind", and had emulated Lindbergh purely by chance.

He repeated this in a radio broadcast to America, during which he said apologetically, "It sure does show what a fool navigator a guy can be."





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AB12

NAME

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WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

Read the clues and find the geographical names—that's the object in this week's quiz.
(Answers are on page 35.)



- 1 What material are these cavemen using to make weapons? It has the same name as a Welsh county.
- 2 Which Scottish cape could be renamed Anger Point?
- 3 A Lincolnshire town that boasts a "Stump" (a famous church tower) but not a "Tea Party."
- 4 Which city on the Humber sounds like the shell of a ship?
- 5 A university city whose name could mean a cattle-crossing.
- 6 What you often find in the neck of a bottle is also the name of which Irish seaport?
- 7 Which city in north-eastern England sounds like a modern fortress?
- 8 Which Welsh town and county has the same name as a knitted woollen jacket?
- 9 This Scottish island sounds very high up!
- 10 "Please discard if found necessary," hides the name of which Welsh city?
- 11 Doctor Foster stood in a puddle when he visited ...?
- 12 People avoid you when, it is said, you are sent to which city?
- 13 Complete this saying: "shipshape and ... fashion."
- 14 Which Scottish river nearly comes between third and fifth?
- 15 Name the Irish town and county after which five-line nonsense verses were named.
- 16 Which Staffordshire town could be an emblem of Wales?
- 17 A man was going to which Cornish resort when he met another with seven wives?
- 18 Which Yorkshire city ought to be first in the field?
- 19 State the Cheshire railway centre whose name sounds like a ship's company.
- 20 Who is this archer? After what East Anglian city is his "green" named?



CASES IN CODE

Mosey Manning was a pawnbroker-receiver who died just as the police began to investigate his activities.

"I know nothing of his business," said Mrs. Manning to Detective Inspector Bassett, "except that Mosey used to say the index letters showed which articles were on the level."

Bassett ran his eye down the page of a ledger. "From what you say, six of these items are stolen property," he said.

Which six were they?

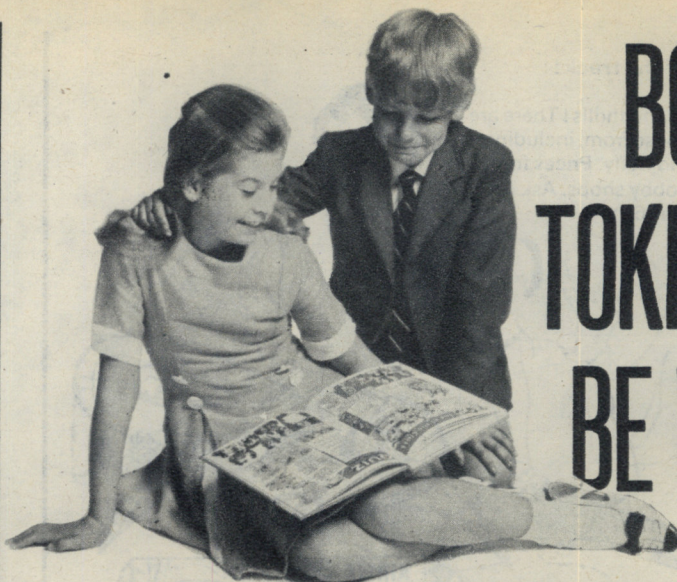
Oy1201
Sh1202
Al1203
Tm1204
Oh1205
Rp1206

Hj1207
Hk1208
Mo1209
Le1210
Te1211
Ap1212

Bo1213
Oh1214
Ip1215
Ht1216
Pp1217
Sm1218

Answer on page 35

BOOK TOKENS TO BE WON!



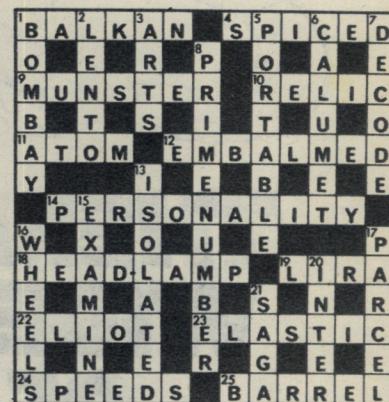
Win one of our prize Book Tokens and you can go to your bookseller and choose any book you wish, to the value of fifteen shillings.

HOW 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. 125, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Entries must be received by Tuesday, 19th November, 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.)



PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 116

Kodak "Instamatic" Cameras, complete with cases, have been awarded to: Torquil Beatty, Kirkby-in-Ashfield; Peter Crane, Erith; Valerie Piper, Harrow; Katrina Robb, Carshalton; Martin Schofield, Oldham.

ACROSS

1. Roman Emperor (6)
4. Capricorn or Cancer (6)
9. Place for food storage on the farm (7)
10. Officer who makes public announcements (5)
11. List of duties (4)
12. Could be for cooling or heating (12)
14. Most people have a drawer full of them! (4, 3, 4)
18. Interwoven or wreathed (8)
19. Prophet (4)
22. A famous opera by Puccini (5)
23. Caught or betrayed (7)
24. A help in cleaning the house (6)
25. Underground room (6)

DOWN

1. Division of the Roman Army (6)
2. Land of the Sphinx (5)
3. There are several rivers of this name in Britain (4)
5. Took delivery of something (8)
6. Covered with colour perhaps (7)
7. Poison used by some South American Indians for tipping arrows (6)
8. Accomplishments (11)
13. The sound of "H" (8)
15. Dislikes intensely (7)
16. Tried out (6)
17. Someone engaged in commerce (6)
20. A headmaster has the power to do this (5)
21. Extreme anger (4)



Full Name (in block letters)

Age (years)

Address

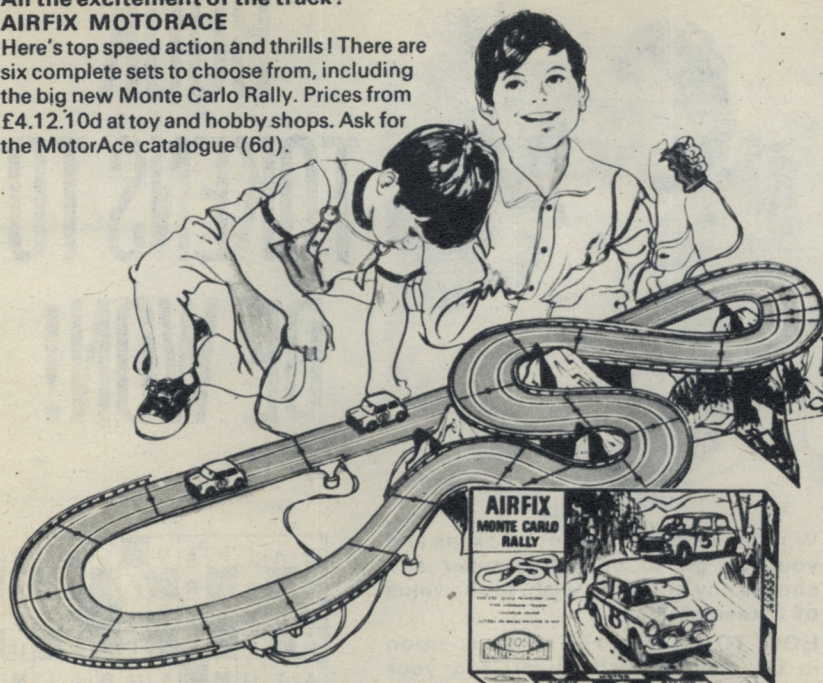
Look & Learn No. 125

Cut round the dotted line

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Here's top speed action and thrills! There are six complete sets to choose from, including the big new Monte Carlo Rally. Prices from £4.12.10d at toy and hobby shops. Ask for the MotorAce catalogue (6d).



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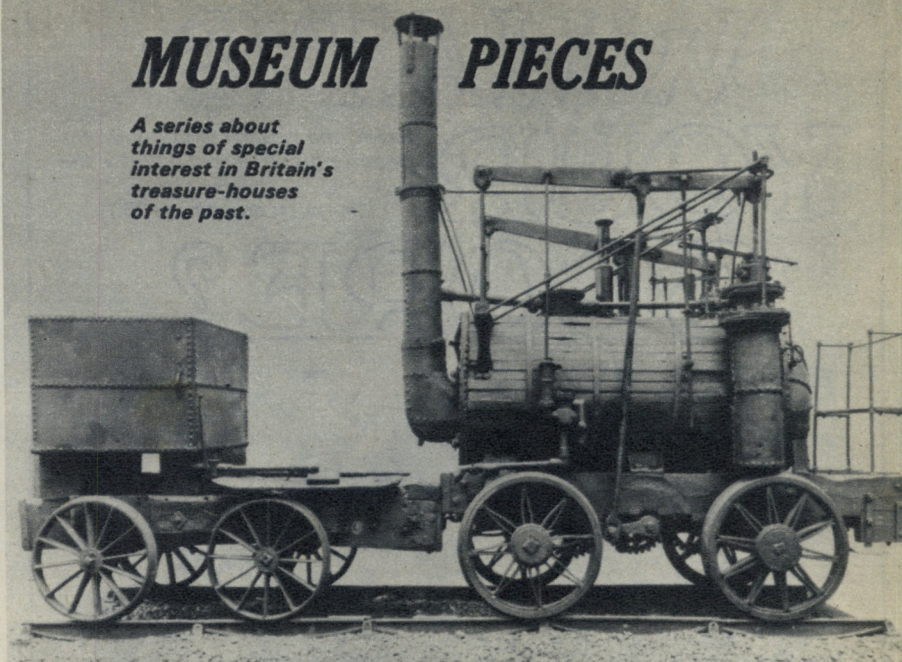
AIRFIX CRAGSTAN TOYS

Prices start at only 5/- for these delightfully zany toys. From good toy shops and stores.

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MUSEUM PIECES

A series about things of special interest in Britain's treasure-houses of the past.



The ancient locomotive "Puffing Billy" is more than 150 years old. It was the first locomotive to run on smooth rails.

MACHINES AND MARVELS

by JOHN LUCAS

London's Science Museum is a vast showcase of man's ingenuity, of knowledge acquired over thousands of years put to work in the service of discovery, travel, industry and pleasure.

Here is the ancient locomotive "Puffing Billy", more than 150 years old; there, the mighty prototype of the modern "Deltic" electric loco. Here is Arkwright's Spinning Machine, two centuries old; there, an impulse generator which can produce—and does, twice a day for the interest of visitors—a thundering one-million-volt electric spark.

Whatever one says about the Science Museum can only hint at the infinite stock of fascinating exhibits. You can see, and work, scale models of locomotives, illuminate a model stage with lights of your own choice, gaze at vintage cars, walk through a reconstructed coal-mine, look round a London underground carriage (a real one, not a replica), work a railway signal, and see the aircraft which made the first English jet flight in 1941.

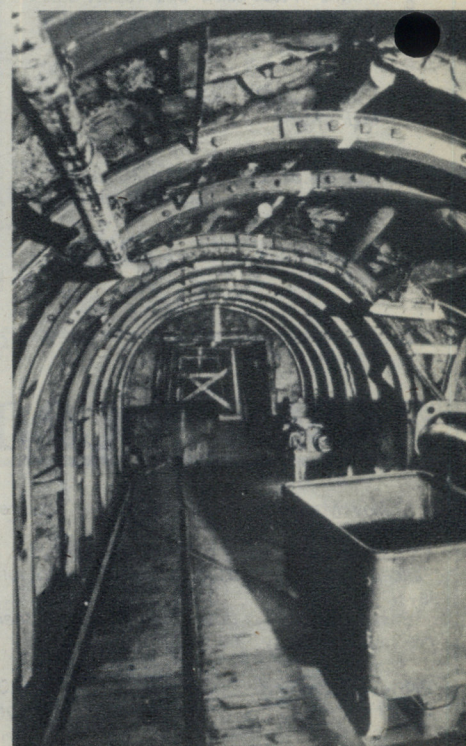
There is enough on show to keep you busy looking for several visits. The Children's Gallery, which though closed at present for renovations, reopens early in the New Year, will occupy you for one visit at least. Here you can learn, from a series of dioramas, how man has improved ways of transporting himself through the ages; other exhibits show how he has given himself better lighting in street and home; the methods he has used to tell the time; how he has conveyed messages, from the age of the beacon to the age of radio.

How does a magnetic tape recorder "memorise" your voice? How, by looking at a picture through plain transparent glass, do the

colours change before your very eyes? Why does that golden ball suddenly vanish when you snatch at it? Are you colour-blind?

The Science Museum does not simply tell you the answers—it shows you.

Hours of opening: Monday-Saturday, 10-6. Sundays, 2.30-6. Closed Christmas Day and Good Friday. Admission free.



Also on display in the Science Museum is this reconstruction of the main haulage road in a coal-mine.

THE LAST CHANGE

Another article in our series about famous
sporting personalities.

Dixie Dean's Great Day

THEY take their football seriously on Merseyside. Being a football fan in Liverpool is almost a full-time profession, so keenly is the game followed!

The only trouble is that the city boasts two excellent clubs—and this makes for intense rivalry.

Should you ever find yourself near Anfield, the home of Liverpool Football Club, you may very likely hear that England could never have won the World Cup without Roger Hunt, the Liverpool inside forward. He is one of their current idols, and there are only ten other men in the world who could possibly rival his popularity—his ten team-mates in the Liverpool side! At least that is what any Liverpool supporter will tell you.

However, not far away is Goodison Park, the home of Everton Football Club—and Everton supporters will quickly put right the wild claims of Liverpool fans. With wild claims of their own, they will prove hotly and indisputably that England could never have won the World Cup without Alan Ball of Everton, and that Everton has the eleven best footballers on Merseyside. Woe betide anybody who suggests otherwise!

The disputes are waged interminably—and each club and its heroes are defended with fanatical intensity.

But every now and again the name of Dixie Dean, the old Everton centre-forward, will be mentioned, and for a while the rivalry is forgotten. Even the most partisan Liverpool supporter will concede reluctantly that Dixie was probably the greatest of them all. He was the one man, who became the footballing son of Merseyside as a whole.

Born in Birkenhead, only a ferry ride away from Liverpool, William Ralph Dean apparently had no overwhelming ambition to play football. He really wanted to be an engine-driver. Nevertheless, in a career with Everton which won him all the game's major honours, he became the king of all English centre-forwards.

Nicknamed "Dixie" by the fans, he rapidly became Merseyside's favourite, went on to win his first international cap in 1927, by 1936 had beaten Bloomer's total of 353 goals in League games, and finally retired in 1939 to a sad lament from football followers everywhere.

But it was in the May of 1928 that Dixie put the finishing touches to one of the most glorious chapters of football history. Only the year before, George Camsell of Middlesbrough had set up a new League scoring record of 59 goals, a fantastic achievement that nobody considered could be bettered.

As the 1927-28 season neared its end, the record looked intact. With three matches of their fixture list left to play, Everton were virtually assured of the Championship, helped in no small measure by Dixie Dean, whose tally of goals stood at 50, an impressive total by any standards. But it was still nine short of Camsell's record.

Dean, however, was in sensational form. In



Dixie Dean raced into the penalty area and soared above Arsenal defenders to meet the inswinging ball.

the next game he scored four times! And in the game after that he scored three more!

Suddenly, his season's total stood at 57, and he was actually in sight of a new record. Three goals to get—but only one game in which to get them! Could it possibly be done?

Sixty thousand fans strained Goodison Park to the seams that sunny May afternoon, and with Everton already the League Champions, all that mattered to them was that Dixie should bring that record to Merseyside.

Thunderous cheering greeted Everton and Arsenal as they ran out on to the pitch—and within two minutes of the kick-off it swelled still more! Dixie Dean had scored!

From that point on, the excitement became almost unbearable. The game turned into a fast end-to-end duel, and before long Arsenal had grabbed an equaliser. It only served to make Everton try all the harder.

Within minutes, they had taken the lead again. But the goal was nowhere near as important as

the scorer. It was Dixie Dean again! The crowd went into raptures. Dixie had equalled the record!

Half-time came and there had been no more goals. As the teams went into the dressing-rooms, Dixie Dean knew that only 45 minutes remained in which to take his last chance. And he must have known that it was at moments like this, under such strain, that most men crack.

As play was resumed, Everton launched attack after attack on an Arsenal defence which now seemed as firm as a mountain. Every Everton player who received the ball was urged by the fans to give it to Dixie—and his wingers and inside men sprayed one pass after another in his direction. What did the result of the game matter now? It was a near-impossible record that was wanted.

Time started to run out, and still the vital goal eluded the Everton idol, who was by now looking very weary. Only ten minutes were left, and it looked as if he would have to be content with equalling the record.

But then—an Everton attack from the left wing! Suddenly Dixie Dean was racing into the penalty area and soaring above the pack of players to meet the inswinging ball. His was the first head to reach it—and the ball rocketed into the back of the net!

Goodison Park must have been very nearly shattered by the mightiest roar ever heard on Merseyside. Hardened dockers hugged each other in delight; the terraces danced; the stands swayed with a chant of triumph. In that electric moment, Dixie Dean had set up a record—and created a legend.

Thirty years later, that proud record of 60 goals still stands. Nobody since has even come anywhere near approaching it.

ANSWERS TO

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. Flint.
2. Cape Wrath.
3. Boston.
4. Hull.
5. Oxford.
6. Cork.
7. Newcastle.
8. Cardigan.
9. Skye.
10. Cardiff.
11. Gloucester.
12. Coventry.
13. Bristol.
14. (Firth of) Forth.
15. Limerick.
16. Leek.
17. St. Ives.
18. Leeds.
19. Crewe.
20. Robin Hood, Lincoln.

CASES IN CODE

It didn't take Detective Basset more than a quick glance to see that, while letters like A H e k m were on the level, letters such as j p y weren't on the level because their tails went below the level.

Therefore the six stolen articles were marked in Mosey Manning's register thus:—

Oy1201	Hj1207	lp1215
Rp1206	Ap1212	Pp1217

CHESS SOLUTION

1. R—B1 ch K—N1

2. R—B8 ch R×R

3. Q—N7 mate

SCRAPBOOK OF THE BRITISH SAILOR

Illustrated by
Eric R. Parker

TWO SINGLE-SHIP ENCOUNTERS

AMONG the more important incidents involving single ships of the Royal Navy, two that deserve mention were the cutting out of the *Hermione* from a Spanish port by H.M.S. *Surprise*, and the encounter between the French line-of-battleship *Guillaume Tell* and H.M.S. *Foudroyant*.

The *Hermione* was a 30-gun frigate, stationed in the West Indies. On 21st September, 1797, while cruising off the island of Porto Rico, the crew retaliated against the stupidly unjust punishment of some of their comrades by killing the captain and eight of the officers. They then took the *Hermione* to La Guayra, a port of the Spanish Main, where the governor had her fitted out as a Spanish frigate.

For two years the *Hermione* baffled all attempts of the British to capture her. At length, Captain Edward Hamilton of the 28-gun frigate, H.M.S. *Surprise*, discovered her in the harbour of Puerto Cavallo, where she lay strongly moored between two powerful batteries mounting 200 guns. On the evening of 24th October, 1799, 100 volunteers were told off into boats. Fifty of these boarded the *Hermione*, and, after a severe conflict (centre illustration), carried her. The other 50 men succeeded in cutting the *Hermione's* cables, and, while the struggle on deck was still going on, towed her out of the harbour (left).



In 1800, the French surrendered the Mediterranean island of Malta to British, Maltese and Neapolitan forces which had been blockading it. The great event connected with this blockade was the escape of the French ship, *Guillaume Tell*, and her subsequent encounter with H.M.S. *Foudroyant*. The captain of the *Foudroyant* demanded instant surrender when he came up with the *Guillaume Tell*, but the French admiral dramatically brandished his sword in defiance (right) and ordered his men to prepare to fight. The ships were at close quarters, and the men on both of them fought like demons. But when other British ships came up to succour the *Foudroyant*, the *Guillaume Tell* struck her colours.

