



ALL ABOARD FOR TAHITI

THE weather doesn't seem to bother the three "Hula" girls paddling around in a Tahitian canoe in West London.

The girls added to the fun at a preview yesterday of the International Boat Show at Earl's Court. It opens to the public today.

A boat is the new status symbol, writes Patrick Menem.

Thousands more every year want to get afloat. And at the show there is something for everyone—from a small dinghy to a £40,000 ocean cruiser.

More than 600 exhibitors have stands at the show, which is sponsored by the Daily Express. Twenty boats are anchored in two man-made lagoons.

Submarine

Most unusual exhibit is a "bubble car submarine." It can carry up to three people in its egg shaped transparent body and will dive, climb or bank as required. It costs about £800.

Smallest sailing dinghy on show is 7ft. long.

Cheapest boat is a sea-going dinghy built for under £10—from an old wardrobe.

Weather delays 'flying doctor'

BAD weather last night postponed the first stage of a mercy flight by Dr. Richard Boggon to remote St. Helena island in the South Atlantic.

Ten people there have been seriously injured in a road crash and Dr. Boggon, 27, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, has been called in to help the island's one doctor. He is expected to leave London today.

Viewpoint

IF the Government wish to effect economies in the Health Service costs why penalise such a worthy cause as the kidney-graft research team?

A far more popular measure would be to restrict our free health service to those visiting foreign nationals whose governments offer reciprocal facilities.

I would bet my NHS dentures that the saving here would be far in excess of the £10,000 being withdrawn from this research work.—E. Hancock, South Harrow, Middlesex.

Slow Down

A CANADIAN reader complains of the poor service given to customers in British shops and hotels.

As a visitor to Britain I find no apathy or slowness. In fact, just the opposite. I'll go so far as to say that everybody rushes around so fast over here that they are shortening their lives by so doing.—D. H. Jordan, Surrey.

Salesmen

WHEN will some door-to-door salesmen stop their ridiculous high pressure methods? Even more

important, when will they stop being rude to people when they don't get an order?

As a door-to-door salesman I know that the majority of us work on a commission basis and therefore our survival depends on obtaining orders.

The type of salesman I have mentioned make life difficult for the rest of us.—Salesman, Portsmouth, Hants.

Justice ?

A DRUNK is fined £10 for throwing his baby in the road. (Friday's Mirror.)

In Saturday's edition it is reported a man is fined £15 for ill-treating a kitten. I like animals as much as the next man but the scales of justice seem strangely unbalanced to me.—C. Raymond, London, S.W.17.

I am still boiling with rage—long after reading that a man was only

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for throwing a kitten on to a concrete path, kicking it over a fence and leaving it for dead.—(Mrs.) E. Chariton, Birmingham.

Steep

SINCE I, and the rest of the British public, have owned the railways I have had to charge myself such discouragingly high fares that I seldom use them.—H. Martin, Cambridge

Foxes

A READER says that it is necessary to kill foxes because they are savage and cruel beasts.

Perhaps he can explain why it is considered essential to dress up and make a social sport of the business.—Civillised, London, S.W.16.

Nasser

PRESIDENT NASSER of Egypt heaps scorn on Britain. He calls us a third-rate Power and pities us. That's rich, coming from the leader of a tenth-rate Power.—J. P. Erdington, Birmingham.

CASSANDRA

Withdrawn and Reserved

WE have been described as a people who take our pleasures sadly. I contest this.

Most foreigners, thinking of the British as a race who, when they are having a good time, sit in a corner with a wan and melancholy smile on their downcast features, should take note of what happened in Trafalgar-square on New Year's Eve.

There the undemonstrative Britons, with characteristic reserve, were having their shy fun by dancing The Twist in the icy waters of the fountains at midnight.

★ ★ ★

Postscript to above proving that Authority still knows how to scowl:

Alan Smith, of Fulham, was fined 10s. for "Wantonly throwing a missile to the danger of persons."

The nature of the missile?

A snowball.



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Sir Cap-and-Bells

I WOULD say that the value of the currency of honours and awards has declined sharply under the patronage and dispensation of Mr. Harold Macmillan.

Consequently the recipients of the latest list of gongs on the New Year's list may well look sideways at the advice that the Prime Minister has tendered to the Queen.

Be that as it may, the knighthoods awarded to Bill Carron, the president of the AEU, and to Gerald Nabarro, the Conservative MP for Kidderminster, are well earned.

Bill Carron has fought the good fight in trades unionism. And has been foremost in trying to keep the movement out of the disrepute, the decay and the dissent that the Communists have tried so hard to sow among the unions.

As for Mr. Gerald Nabarro, he has long been in my book.

He wears the political Cap-and-Bells as he wears his moustachios (admittedly under my Hirsute Practices Act) with gusto and zest.

Then when his opponents—I think there may be more of them within the Tory Party than possibly within the Labour Party—are roaring their heads off with derision he hits them smartly over their craniums with his bladder of lard.

Within the bladder there is usually a good-sized rock of common sense.

The fact that Mr. Macmillan may have sought to put the quietus on Mr. Nabarro, who is his chief tormentor, by pinning him down with a knighthood will not have

escaped Sir Gerald, as he will soon be.

The value of the Kidderminster Jester is that he protests and that his uproarious indignation has force as well as fun.

Snowy Mountain News

From Our Own Special Correspondent, The Igloo, Mount Chiltern, South Bucks.

THIS is the season of black ice, black eyes, skids, drifts, shovels, sacks, ashes—and free lifts.

For those who are slightly mobile in their cars right now, may I draw on my long Arctic experience to give them some good advice. It is a period of happy co-operation between driver and liftee. But I always urge you to pick up the hefty avoirdupois characters rather than the slim featherweights. Sit the beefy boys and gals down in the back seat where they help to prevent rear-wheel spin.

In the 1947 coolt I got so expert at this mental weighing up of potential passengers, that I was reminded of a ghoulish practice the public executioner performs before he hangs a prisoner.

When the doomed man is not looking the hangman takes a professional glance at his client from behind a curtain that overlooks the Exercise Yard. Then, practised as he is in these matters, he estimates the man's weight and is thus able to calculate the correct drop.

So when a thaw comes to the Chilterns and the fat, nearly bald man driving a car offers you a lift and gives you a queer glittering look as he works you out in terms of stones and pounds, it may well be your Special Correspondent from Snowy Mountain.