

## FARMER'S BOY TO LORD MAYOR

### Bible memorial in village church

The old church of St. Leonard's, Chelsham, on the North Downs near Caterham in Surrey, has just acquired a Bible published by a man who was once a farmer's son in the parish when George III was king.

In 1786, just over 170 years ago, young Thomas Kelly tied his belongings in a bundle and set off from his father's farm at Chelsham to seek his fortune in London.

After many years he found it, setting up as a bookseller and printer in Paternoster Row, close to St. Paul's Cathedral. He prospered and eventually became Lord Mayor of London.

#### UNDER THE YEW TREE

He retired to Streatham, then a village between London and Croydon. But he never forgot the country parish where he had been brought up. He often went back to worship in the parish church, and the present vicar has told the C.N. how Thomas Kelly left directions in his will that, when the time came, he was to be buried in Chelsham churchyard under a yew tree planted by his old village schoolmaster in 1746. And so he lies there to this day.

#### KELLY BREAD

In his will he also left £16 "for ever" to be spent each year equally on the spiritual, educational, and physical needs of the villagers. To this day the "Kelly Sermon" is preached and the "Kelly Bread" distributed.

Among the books Thomas Kelly issued from his shop in Paternoster Row were twelve beautifully printed editions of the Bible. One of the copies, published in 1834, has just come into the possession of the Vicar of Warlingham and Chelsham and is to be exhibited in a glass case in the nave of St. Leonard's Church, where young Tom Kelly so often sat on a Sunday morning.

## Sporting Flashbacks

**FEB. 12, 1957**  
MARKS THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE GREAT YORKSHIRE CRICKETER **BOBBY PEEL**

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AMONG THE FIRST OF MANY CELEBRATED LEFT ARM BOWLERS WHO HAVE WORN THE WHITE ROSE, PEEL'S 1691 OVERS IN 1895 INCLUDED 714 MAIDENS.

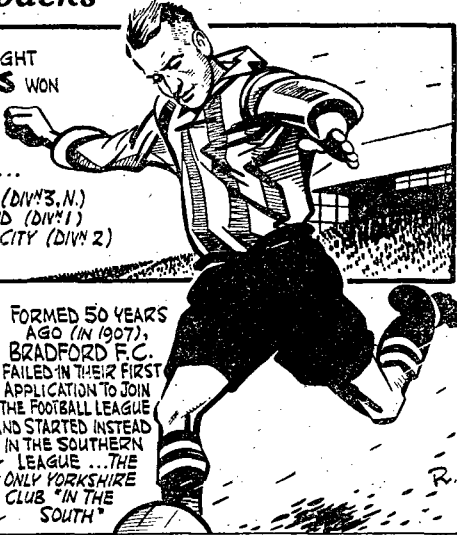
BETWEEN 1884 AND 1896 HE MADE FOUR TRIPS TO AUSTRALIA AND WAS ON DUTY AGAINST THE AUSTRALIANS IN FOUR OF THEIR VISITS TO ENGLAND.



FLYING OUTSIDE RIGHT **BERT DAVIS** WON CHAMPIONSHIP MEDALS IN 3 DIFFERENT DIVISIONS OF THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE...

1928 BRADFORD (DIV'3, N.)  
1936 SUNDERLAND (DIV'1)  
1937 LEICESTER CITY (DIV'2)

FORMED 50 YEARS AGO (IN 1907), BRADFORD F.C. FAILED IN THEIR FIRST APPLICATION TO JOIN THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE AND STARTED INSTEAD IN THE SOUTHERN LEAGUE... THE ONLY YORKSHIRE CLUB "IN THE SOUTH"



## LOOKING FOR THE OCEAN PERCH

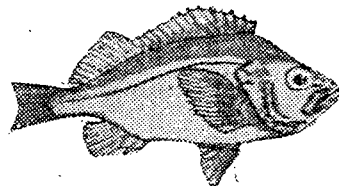
Sometimes on the fishmongers' slab, particularly in Scotland, you may see an orange-red fish, a foot or two long, with brightly-coloured spiny fins. It is a fish with many names—Norway Haddock, Ocean Perch, Rosefish, and sometimes just Red Fish.

In actual fact, it is neither a true perch nor a haddock; it is a rock-fish which lives in the North Atlantic and in winter visits the Scottish fishing grounds in big shoals.

This winter, fishermen have been watching their catches for any red fish wearing a numbered yellow

disc, or tag. For many years biologists have tagged all sorts of fish—plaice, cod, salmon, and so on—in order to learn more about their growth and migration. Yet only in 1956 was the first ocean perch tagged, by American scientists.

Ocean perch normally live from 40 to 200 fathoms deep, and when they are brought up in the trawls, are killed by the change in air



The ocean perch

pressure. So it has not been easy to obtain live specimens for marking and returning to the sea.

But a few months ago biologists discovered a haunt in the sea off the American-Canadian border. There a number of ocean perch come regularly near the surface to feed on a small shrimp; several hundreds have been caught and tagged. Unlike most fish, they produce not eggs, but thousands of larval fish, and these have been

found right across the Atlantic, from Norway to Greenland.

How quickly do they grow? How long will they live? These are among the questions which can only be answered when fishermen discover tagged fish in their trawls and return them to the American laboratory, claiming the reward which is offered for each returned specimen.

In Britain, most of these fish are landed at Aberdeen and Grimsby; but more still are taken on the Canadian-American side, where they form the fifth most important fishery.

## HIGH-DIVING PRIEST OF THE MARNE

A French priest, the Abbé Simon, dived gracefully from a platform 115 feet high into the Marne river on a recent Sunday afternoon. This was the 45th exhibition dive he had made—not to break records, but to raise money for the restoration of two churches and the building of 13 workmen's dwellings.

The Abbé estimates that he needs another £8000 and to get it, he says, he will go on diving, no matter how cold the water.

## UNDERNEATH THE UNDERGROUND

### Signalmen's model railway

Thousands of passengers use Earls Court Underground Station, London, every day, for it is an important junction on the system. But few know that beneath the platform on which they tread is another Underground—in miniature.

In a room down there members of the signal engineer's staff of London Transport meet every Monday evening to add to a wonderful model railway.

So far 150 feet of track has been laid and the railway fitted with colour-light signalling, track circuits, electric points, an illuminated diagram to show the position of the trains, and full "interlocking" to prevent the setting up of conflicting rail routes.

#### HOME WORK

Members build model Underground trains at home, and with so many keen enthusiasts available the railway is never short of rolling stock.

Chairman of the group is Mr. Colin Docwra, an engineering assistant. He says: "We are all interested in railways and signals, apart from having them as a job from nine to five. But there is an important difference so far as our hobby is concerned. We are working with our hands, and it comes as quite a break."

#### UNLIKELY TO LEAVE

Work is well advanced on both the signalling and a control system for the model railway, which will enable four trains to be operated quite independently over the same lines.

Although the model would be a great attraction to schoolboys and model railway enthusiasts, it is unlikely ever to leave the room below the station.

"It is our hobby," said Mr. Docwra, "and we want to keep it like that."

## DEERSLAYER—new picture-version of Fenimore Cooper's famous frontier yarn (10)



Deerslayer lay motionless in the bottom of the paddle-less canoe as it drifted from the bank. Two shots from the Indians pierced the sides above him, then all was silence for quite a time. Next he was conscious of the craft rubbing against the sand and, looking up, he saw Rivenoak, the Chief, beside him, pushing the canoe ashore. "Come," said the Huron quietly, "my young friend has sailed about until he is tired; he will forget how to run again unless he uses his legs."



"You've the best of it, Huron," said Deerslayer, stepping ashore. Then Hetty appeared and Rivenoak walked away—but Deerslayer knew that keen eyes were watching him from the bushes. Hetty reproached him for killing the man who threw a tomahawk at him. She said he had now slain Sumach's brother as well as her husband, and she thought he ought to marry the widow.



Indians suddenly came out of the bushes, took him to their camp, and tied him to a tree. There was a fire nearby and eager preparations were made for torturing him. Then Sumach approached with her children and made a last appeal to him to save himself by marrying her. "Good Sumach," he replied, "my colour and gifts and nature itself cry out against the idea of my taking you for a wife. Now go away and leave me to your menfolk."



The whole tribe took Deerslayer's refusal as an insult to themselves, and they began the first stage of "testing the prisoner's courage." This consisted of throwing tomahawks and knives into the tree close to his head in the hope of making him flinch. Deerslayer—to their admiration—did not move a muscle, though he hoped one of the Indians might aim badly and thus spare him the suffering to come. But they were all accurate marksmen.

Is there any hope of Deerslayer being saved from the Indians' cruelty? See next week's instalment