

Gas Without Coal

A NEWSPAPER in Eire informed its local public recently that there will be no coal in that part of Ireland for the next two years, perhaps not for the next ten. The people burn peat and wood, but for those who can afford it there is gas.

Gas without coal. "Why not?" queried a friend of the C N when she heard of it, and she went on, "I have just returned from a two years' stay in Portugal, where, without coal, they have a constant supply of gas for houses, for lighting, and for industrial purposes. Gas in Portugal is all distilled from wood."

This prompted a few remarks from another friend who was present. He was an engineer who, for some years before the war, had been in charge of a copper-mine in Spain, where he used coal imported from Britain. The Spanish Civil War cut off his coal supplies, and it was expected that he would have to close down. He did not close; he sent out men and boys to collect for him a heath-like shrub, which, growing wild on the moors and far-ranging wastes of Spain, has a great woody root. To the Spaniards it is "Jara," or, as they pronounce it, "harra."

These roots the ingenious engineer baked and baked until he converted them into charcoal, and with that charcoal as fuel he continued to run his mine until the intensity of the armed strife in Spain made it necessary for him to bring his family home.

Of course, gas from wood is an old idea; but it is one of the romances of reality that there still remain European countries that have not always to bow the knee to Old King Coal.

French Choirboys



These two boys belong to the French choir known as the Little Singers of the Wooden Cross, who have been visiting this country.

TWO-LANGUAGE SERVICE

ON a recent Sunday a German prisoner-of-war pastor assisted the local minister at a communion service for both English members of the church and German prisoners-of-war.

This was part of a two-language service at Tilmanstone Methodist Church, Kent, where the local minister's sermon was translated into German. Two hymns were sung in each language, and a prisoner-of-war and an English lady were joint organists.

Services for prisoners-of-war are to be held in the church alternate Sunday afternoons, and local people are invited to attend.



The Author's Autograph

Enid Blyton, the well-known writer of stories for children, autographing copies of her books for some of her admirers.

PLANNING A JUNGLE RAILWAY

IN a remote wilderness of Western Tanganyika, in Africa, about a hundred miles from the shore of the great Lake Tanganyika, a party of surveyors are successfully plotting the route of a new railway in the face of many dangers and difficulties. They have been harassed by swarms of tsetse flies—which carry sleeping sickness—menaced by lions, and hindered by wandering hippos.

All the surveyors carry rifles constantly, in case of attack by wild animals, and they consider themselves fortunate that so far only one of their labourers has been killed by a lion and only one has contracted sleeping sickness.

The railway is to be a branch line to link the Mpanda region with the main Central railway. The Mpanda is one of the wildest parts of Tanganyika, a realm of wild beasts, but it is rich in deposits of gold, silver, and lead, and the new railway, which is to be 130 miles long, will make possible the development of these resources.

The Central Railway, to which

the new branch is to be linked, runs for 775 miles right across Tanganyika from Dar es Salaam, the capital, on the coast, to Kigoma, on the shore of Lake Tanganyika.

It was near Kigoma, at Ujiji, that the Governor of Tanganyika recently unveiled a new memorial to the famous meeting there, 75 years ago, between Livingstone and Stanley.

When the two great explorers met there, the interior of Tanganyika Territory was unknown to the outside world. Today it is still a land of remote wildernesses, for although its whole area is four times the size of Britain, it has only 16,112 white people living in it, and 5,437,100 Africans.

It was formerly German East Africa, but was taken away from Germany after the First World War and given to Britain to hold under a mandate from the League of Nations. Britain, this year, announced her intention of placing Tanganyika, together with other mandated territories, under the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations.

And Now For Whooping-Cough!

WHOOPING-COUGH begins in childhood; it is readily passed from one child to another, especially in winter. Something must be done about it beyond the remedy of taking the sufferer to the big gasworks, as is the homely East-End practice.

Something is to be done. Medical Officers of Manchester, Tottenham, and Wembley have combined to seek to enrol children, with the consent of their mothers, to serve as volunteers to submit themselves to a new vaccine as a protective measure. The infants are much too young to offer conscientious objection, though their mothers may, for the selected age of these beginners is between six and twelve months. Then the child, having been vaccinated, will be examined once a month and its condition compared with that of a child who has not received the vaccine. This examination will continue for two years.

This widespread campaign has

been set on foot, because, though the results of a former British vaccine were disappointing, a vaccine developed in America by Professor Sauer and Dr Pearl Kendrick has been extremely successful. It is with this new vaccine that the experiment will proceed, in the hope that it will have the same success as the preventive serum against diphtheria—which also was first successful in America.

ROYAL TRAIN

WHEN the King and Queen and the two Princesses visit South Africa next year they will travel round the Union in a train of cream and gold which has been built specially for the South African Government by the Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Company. The other day the royal party inspected this train at Saltley, near Birmingham, and the King thanked the company and the workers for having built the train in record time.

The Editor's Table

THE OLD FOLKS NOT AT HOME

The Cause of Youth is ever close to our hearts; but the C N is not unmindful of the older generation and here has a word to say for the less fortunate older folk—many of them grandmothers and grandfathers—who, all too often, find themselves lonely in the evening of their lives, seemingly unwanted and forsaken.

THERE are many thousands of elderly people in Britain who would like a home of their own. Some of them are living with friends or relations, many are struggling to keep large houses going with no help, and fifty thousand others are in public institutions because they have no one to look after them. Britain has done much for its children and its youth. Will it now provide some of the simple needs of life for its old people?

Children and youth need security, care, and freedom in order to get the finest out of the process of growing up. Old age also needs security, but no less does it need friendship and care and freedom. Why should so many thousands of old people in this land be compelled to live in institutions where their daily life is lived without the precious possession of privacy? We must devise new ways of securing privacy without that utter loneliness which comes to many old folks. Specially-built houses are needed, with private homes attached to common dining-rooms and sitting-rooms, so that elderly people may have not only the comradeship they crave for, but also a corner of their very own.

IN days gone by private charity provided many groups of almshouses, many of which have been real homes for the aged. But poverty and destitution were the keys of entry, and old people in Britain need a new kind of house where they can live in comfort and independence.

The nation owes a debt to those who have worked for their families and their country. The State is doing its share in providing pensions; but pensions are not enough. We have in our country ample resources to provide adequately for those growing old, and to those resources must be added a spark of imaginative interest and concern, the warming touch of kindness and interest which the best-intentioned State schemes often lack. Only in an atmosphere of friendship can old age flourish in its full dignity and grace.

HERE, then, is a new, big task calling for volunteers. Just as in the cause of child welfare and youth training there have been indomitable pioneers, so now this cause of Britain's old folk calls for pioneers in a new adventure of Service to Age.

Better School Books Wanted

ADDRESSING the Royal Empire Society recently, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, First Sea Lord, described our school history books as "parochial," and he pointed out also that little attention is paid in our school books to Empire geography.

"Cannot they be rewritten on the pattern of those of the chairman, who makes history live?" (The chairman was Mr Bryant.) "And cannot a geographical Arthur Bryant be found," he went on, "to stimulate in our youth an interest in Empire geography? We are citizens of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, but we seem to teach our youth less about it and its history, its people, and its potentialities than we do about the planet Neptune.

"Without knowledge there can be no understanding, no mutual trust and no comradeship, no common doctrine and no cohesion; and without these a scattered Empire and Commonwealth such as ours cannot endure in spite of land-power, air-power, or sea-power."

The C N would go further than Sir John Cunningham and suggest with Unesco, that the world's schoolbooks need revision to rid them of the parochial outlook and give them a broader view of the World Family as a whole.

OFFICIALESE

THE story was told the other day by the Deputy Mayor of Bath of how when the present Bishop of Bath and Wells, Dr H. W. Bradfield, first went to his Palace at Wells there was no scrap of soap in it. He applied to a Government department and received this reply:

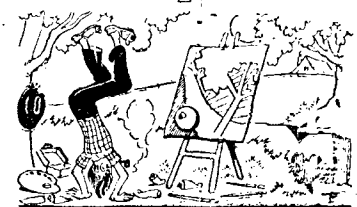
"It is much to be regretted that saponaceous material cannot be found in the Palace, but we would suggest that other detergents may be available."

Under the F

CHILDREN are none the worse for being given a tap sometime says a schoolteacher. As well as a bit of soap and flannel.

A DOCTOR says he thinks nothing of doing two hours' digging in the garden before breakfast. Lots of other people don't think of it either.

A WELL-KNOWN dancer came to London to seek a career. And took steps to become more famous.



AN artist says the correct way view a landscape is to on your head. Why some mo pictures look best upside down.