

to show — the kind of thing that is worth more than all the words and all the constitutional arrangements because it shows actual kinship and both work and self-sacrifice in a common cause. It is these deeper things which should really count in presenting a common front to the evil in the world today . . . My grandmother used to say that it is the following-up of a belief or cause which counts, not only the proclaiming.

"Incidentally, you may be interested to know that as sea-faring is so much at the heart of the matter there is much to connect Castleford, Yorkshire, with tradition. We still have a Sea Cadet Corps flourishing in the town. The Sea Cadet Corps was one of the Service's auxiliaries formed during or after the war. It is run on naval lines and backed by the Navy.

"Schooners made by Cliffe's of Castleford were operated by seafaring families last century in trade with the continent and Spain and, I believe, the Baltic ports, but probably, chiefly, in coasting trade. I remember reading in old records that some time late in the last century 1000 Sunday School children in Castleford watched the Whitsuntide launching of the schooner "Miranda" from the Cliffe yards. Mr. Cliffe lent me records which showed how the boats were bought from him and how the families operated them, dividing the trading profits into shares, one of which always went to the maintenance and payment of the ship itself.

"Knottingley, my birthplace, six miles downstream on the Aire and on the Aire-Calder canal, was even a more of a seafaring place. Before I came to Castleford, my Knottingley house, Spring Gardens, a Dickensian-looking three-storey cottage, and built in 1820, was the former home of a sea captain. I have heard how the Knottingley Ropewalk Wesleyan Chapel, a big place, would be full to the doors on stormy nights with the

families of sailormen from Knottingley. Another man who formerly had my Knottingley house actually ran for many years a ropery at the lower end of the town. When I was a boy I dimly remember seeing the sets of rails and a sort of four-wheeled little tram that sat down them twisting the lengths of rope in some way I cannot now remember.

"My grandfather, William Hargrave, was a Knottingley Master-Mariner lost at sea with all hands in his billy-boy schooner "The Elizabeth" of Knottingley. He went down on the Northumberland coast not far from where an uncle (another Hargrave) was Harbour-Master at Seaham Harbour. My great-uncle, Emmanuel Thompson, on my mother's side, also was a blue-water sailor before the mast in the days of sail and he, too, lost his life at sea. So I am not without my interest in sailors."

Mr. Hargrave is Assistant Editor of the Pontefract and Castleford "Express" and we know for a fact that his interests spread far beyond his home-town. At congested roadways, he assumes a stern frown and gives lessons in safety to cyclists in town and two-times was honored for work he had done so it said in the paper — Man of the Year! It annoys him to think people live in fear. And where will you find him, holidays and weekends? Cycling in the countryside? Well, it depends with his own or the "Loiterers" it's up the hills! And forget about newspapers, traffic and bills. The hills with those queer, unpronounceable names, once in those passes, you're not playing games! Into Scotland, they do like to take a long peek and by hook or by crook scale the highest high peak. But this day, with his family, things went wrong. When John with his tandem and "Bairn" peeked too long the trail they were following, suddenly, was gone.