

CLUBS FOR PIGS

This is not the face that launched a thousand ships, but handsome is as handsome does, and pigs are helping to beat Germany. More than four hundred pig clubs are now raising pork. To become part owner of one of the youngsters you subscribe to a club. In due course the animals leave the sty and arrive on the table - your table.

London Zoo, what with one thing and another, is having a quiet time lately; so, lacking visitors, the keepers have joined the movement and set up a pig-club among themselves. Cleanliness is the rule here, because the much-libelled porker is never dirty if he's given half a chance. Quite a few clubs have been formed by bobbies. The song says a policeman's is not a happy one. If he's hungry it's - awful.

A.F.S. men too. A day with a pig's a nice change after a night with incendiaries.

Girls have cottoned on, also. The clubs want to make the whole country pig-conscious, so that there's pork for everybody, even in wartime sausages.

The Pig Club Council's card, saying what a pig can't eat, and what it can, hangs in the kitchen of hundreds of members, whose wives put the pig food on one side, away from the tea-leaves, etc. It's all boiled before the animals eat it.

(CU) To supplement supplies from the kitchen, and the ration of meal, some pig owners keep on the right side of the baker, and come in for scraps of buns and bread and dough, known as baker's waste.

Fishmonger's waste too is good for young pigs, if not for older ones.

Tottenham dustmen, independently of the club movement, have gone in for pig raising and keep the animals going on food scraps which in peacetime are thrown away.

Many clubs have been formed by allotment holders. Often one man looks after the feeding, in return for a free share in the club. The pigs doubly earn their keep on allotments, by providing first class manure and saving the cost of fertiliser.

Many people keep pigs in their own gardens. Bye-laws prohibiting this are suspended for the duration, provided the animals are kept clean There's going to be a separation in this particular family. No four-footed member of the Pig Club movement lives to a ripe old age. My poor brother, your time's come.

Curing at a bacon factory follows the kill. Salt and saltpetre are the chief agents in the dry-curing process. After being left to mature the bacon and other parts come to the Pig Club for the share-out. The amount each member gets depends on the share he holds. Clubs are allowed to kill one pig per member every three months.

(continued on back)

months./

(STV HANDING OVER) The full advantage of being in a club is obvious in these days of meat shortage. Opening his parcel father displays a gammon, obtained without the aid of Lord Woolton.

That's the end of our tale for the time being. I may be a pig, but the fellow I'm out to beat's a real swine.