

By midweek the nation had settled down to staggered working hours and a greater section of the public found time to relax. At Wembley, seventy thousand of them packed in for Speedway's "Cup Final" between Wembley Lions and Manchester's Belle Vue. The home team set a cracking pace with Skipper Bill Kitchen and Split Waterman riding wheel to wheel to keep out Speedway champion Jack Parker.

Spectators roared with excitement as, with the Lions in the lead, the last heats came up.

Belle Vue have won the Cup six times before. Wembley are the League champions. It's a tussle between Speedway's top teams.

Final result - a two-point Wembley win. Speedway's National Cup Final was the highlight of the sporting week. But it was news of scientific development that captured the public's imagination.

At St. Eval in Cornwall, British scientists launch a vital offensive in air speed research. A twin-engined Mosquito is fitted with a piletless rocket plane. This is released by the plane at thirty six thousand feet. Believed to have travelled faster than sound, at a speed of eight hundred and eighty miles an hour, the Robot pierced the Sonic barrier and gave valuable data to scientists.

Meanwhile, at Bristol, we get a first glimpse of the Brabazon transport plane. The hundred and twenty six ton air-liner is transferred for completion to a newly built hangar. More than four million pounds' worth of material has gone into giving Britain the world's biggest aircraft. The hundred and forty three foot long passenger compartment can seat a hundred people, who will fly the Atlantic in twelve hours. The Lord Mayor of Bristol was there to see Air Marshal Coryton name the Brabazon. The giant plane is due to fly from London to New York in nine months time. It will be a triumph for British aviation.

Yet despite the world lead established by British scientists, the Nation's difficulties still centred on the people themselves. In Wigan (heart of Lancashire's cotton industry) that simple truth is realised. An

example of the spirit needed to aid Britain's recovery is typified by an ordinary housewife, Mrs. Nellie Smith. Thirty years old, she lives with her husband and two children at 14, Ashcroft Avenue. Few outside her street have ever heard of Mrs. Smith. But of Britain's women she is typical. Five nights a week, Mrs. Smith and three hundred and ninety nine other Wigan housewives, work at Eekersley's No. 3 Western Mill. There, from six till ten, the four hundred work the Wigan Leisure Shift. To the nation, their efforts put the equivalent of forty five miles of cotton cloth on the world's shop counters every week. Yet Mrs. Smith's day is that of any other housewife. After her shopping, she gets the meals for her husband, a Cabinet-maker. She has the same worries as millions of other women. How to stretch the rations a little further. Whether she can patch the children's clothes still more. The Nellie Smith's of Britain don't go back to the mills merely because Stafford Cripps says they should. If you ask her, she'll tell you that the weekly pay packet helps her domestic budget quite a lot.

Nellie Smith worked in the Mills once before. She was then fourteen. After seven years she got married. And that has happened to thousands once employed in the cotton industry. In 1937, three hundred and seventy thousand men and women earned their living in the mills. Today there are two hundred and forty five thousand. Working here, these women are facing the challenge as they did in war. In such a spirit lies Britain's economic salvation.