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COAL BOARD TRAIN D.FS

Bringing no dollars (but nonetheless most welcome visitors) some guests of ours reach Cambridgeshire. Bill here, from Jugoslavia, is one of them. With thirty thousand other volunteers from various parts of Europe, he's come to help us get the coal. Tired (through travelling on our railway - standing as WE do, in the corridor) - we'll let them dump their bags while we look round. The village seems a peaceful spot - and the camp is not too bad. Most of us have seen far worse. But the languages one hears are legion - and that's the reason for the camp. All can do a job of work, but none can name the motions in our language. This is where they learn. Here's Bill!... heading a queue (he's learning English habits fast). He's in the right one, too - and to make things easier the menu's printed in seven languages. Not that it means a lot to some of his companions... for reading was not taught in concentration camps.

But there's encouragement in this new atmosphere. A basic ration is the soundest lead to the mysteries of Basic English...and to the Coal Board's brave idea of teaching English in the mass, we introduce our guest.