

2-812501

48/90

MR. FAWKES COMES TO TOWN

London's East End mirrors the world mood on Guy Fawkes Day. Rearmament programmes proceed behind an Iron Curtain of secrecy. With cannons, rocket projectiles and explosives of all kinds at inflated prices, even when obtainable, it's left to the backyard scientists to ensure the biggest bang of the year.

Private enterprise triumphs where a dollar-deficiency restricts buying in the open market. The kids from Down East in Poplar (not on having some kind of Break's Benefit) stage their own version of the chamber of horrible guys.

If you haven't got a penny - a ha'penny gets you in to see the big show.

.....here's a couple of unlamented dictators, and the guy who started it all. A prize goes to the best-looking candidate for the hot seat.

He's burned up already, but Guy Fawkes Day, for most kids, threatens to be a fizz-out. 75-percent of supplies are for export, doubtless to countries favouring Guy Fawkes' method of getting a change of Government. As usual, Black Market operators have the pick of things.

Here's one time the Kremlin can really complain of aggressive action behind its back.

On the big night the skies over Britain are ablaze. All this, because centuries ago, a man didn't like politicians. Maybe Guy Fawkes had the right idea after all!!!