

CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE.

Lucky Scarborough hit the political headlines again. The presence of Dr. Hill showed that this time it was the Conservatives going into conference, and on Top of the World. The smile of Duncan Sandys expressed the satisfaction of all who were congregating in the Spa Hall. Everything in the political garden was lovely. Housing Minister Henry Brooke was hundreds of miles away from St. Pancras, and thousands of miles separated troubled Africa from Mr. McLeod.

Rab Butler was unperturbed, as always; Harold Watkinson didn't seem worried about cheap Atom Bombs. Immaculate as ever was Education Minister, Sir David Eccles.

Lady Dorothy Macmillan graced the conference with her presence. Selwyn Lloyd, with John Hare, Minister of Labour. Popular Broadcaster, Ted Leather.

Ernest Marples has the weight of road problems on his shoulders, though not those of outer space. This intrusion on the otherwise placid scene was made by the small shopkeepers, who apparently think they're getting a raw deal nowadays.

Nobody in the Spa Hall could foresee anything likely to disturb party or government for the next few years. The Opposition is at sixes and sevens; any disagreements here were trivial. The Conservatives hadn't one real worry.