THE DANGER
DOCTORS URGE GOVERNMENT "ACT AGAINST SMOKING"

It's been a long, long wait

BY CHARLES DOUGLAS-HOME

Nine doctors released their report, "Smoking and Health," yesterday—a shock summary of all the evidence linking smoking and lung cancer.

The 70-page report by the team from the Royal College of Physicians took nearly three years to compile.

Two members, Atherton heavy smokers, gave up smoking as the evidence mounted.

The committee was headed by the college president, Dr. Robert Byng, and included 22 other doctors, medical officers of health, and principal school medical officers around the country since 1966.

NINE-MAN INQUIRY

Three of the nine men who advise giving up smoking

Dr. Robert Platt, aged 62, smoked 20 cigarettes a day when medical research began.

Dr. Aubrey Lewis, aged 62, professor of parasitology, University of London.

Dr. John Scadding, aged 64, director of studies at the Institute of Dermatology, London.

Dr. Neville Goswell, aged 61, consultant physician, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London.

Dr. Ronald Dott, aged 54, Harley-street, and physician to the Queen since 1962.

Dr. Charles Fletcher, aged 60, physician to the London Hospital.

Dr. Jeremy Morris, aged 61, director of the Medical Research Council's social medicine unit.

Dr. John Dott, aged 58, medical officer of health and principal school medical officer London County Council since 1966.

THE MAGIC OF COLORIZER

Over 1,000 colours

any colour
The ship that never was

BY PETER CHAMBERS

SOME ships go down fighting. Some ships die of old age. But the story of H.M.S. Leviathan is unique in the annals of the Royal Navy—she is the ship that never was.

I walked the whole empty, echoing length of her in Portsmouth's naval dockyard yesterday.

Oh, yes, the aircraft carrier Leviathan exists in one sense—there is a solid 15,700 tons of her. And she lies, grey as a gull's back, alongside the north-west wall of Britain's biggest Navy dockyard.

But to the Royal Navy the Leviathan is a ghost ship. And in May she makes her final voyage—to the breakers' yard.

What happened to this decaying giant? I paced her vacant gangways, ducked through watertight doors still with rust, and recalled the story of the ship that never was.

EMPTY...

The Leviathan was laid down on Tyneside in 1942. The Duchess of Kent launched her three years later. Carried, a ragged cheer broke out. But even as she slid into the drab waters of Tyneside the Leviathan was moving towards her empty destiny.

The war had ended. Who needed an aircraft carrier? A year later work stopped on the Leviathan, and she began the single shaming voyage of her career—to the land all the way to Portsmouth and her present resting-place.

Rest? "The Leviathan has never done anything else," said a Navy officer. He eyed the grey hulk with some distaste. "But when you have spent nearly £20,000,000 of public money, what can you do?"

All her sister ships found a home. Canada, Australia, India. And the Leviathan waited and waited...

THIS COMMON MARKET DOUBLE-TALK

by Lord Balfour of Inchrye

speaking in London last n