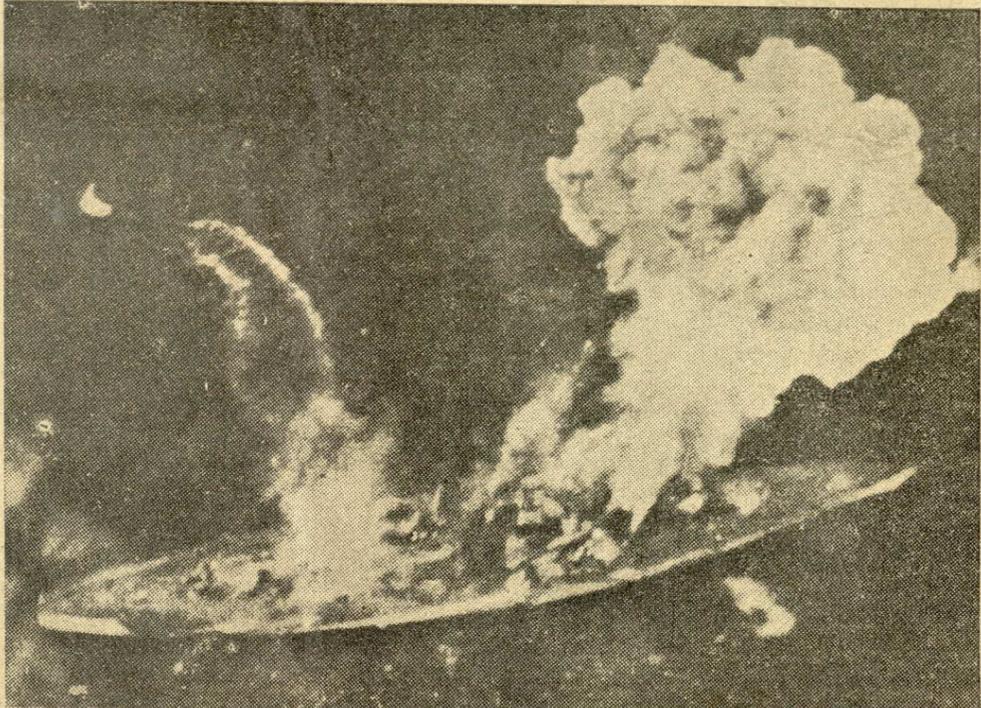


The date was April 3, 1944. The scene—a briefing room of the Fleet Air Arm. A little group of young pilots, dressed in flying clothes were poring over a plaster model of a hostile coastline. A senior officer was pointing out features of the coast, telling them of their coming mission. With a thrill they heard him say—

## “TIRPITZ IS OUR TARGET”



The German battleship was about to leave her anchorage in Alter Fjord, Norway. The briefing was soon over. The Fleet Air Arm's Hell-cats streaked off to the attack. The timing was perfect. Tirpitz was hit with heavy and medium bombs near the bridge, the after turret, amidships, forward of the bridge, and on the fore-castle. This striking picture gives you a pilot's view of the Tirpitz under attack. See the huge cloud of smoke which followed a direct hit on the battleship's vitals. And note (top left) the wake of a fast motor-boat, hurrying away from the target area. When last seen Tirpitz was on fire amidships . . .

## HOT NEWS

By Syd Foxcroft

IT was one of the few remaining habitable buildings—the former residence of the Fascist boss of Ortona. It was solidly built and luxuriously furnished.

But now it was surrounded by mines and the walls shook with the detonations of the nearby battle.

Into the building, heedless of shells and bullets, two corporals carried their typewriter. In the Fascist chief's neat study their eyes fell on a pile of Fascist-headed paper.

Typewriter keys pattered on the Fascist notepaper and a newspaper took shape—a single closely-typed sheet containing the morning's B.B.C. news, which would be in the hands of infantrymen in sniper posts and slit-trenches within an hour of its release to the world.

The two corporal editors of the "Express" ignored the Ortona news. They featured Russia and the Far East, and found a little space for news of Canadian Home affairs. They condensed the news to provide room for a couple of paragraphs in a lighter vein.

Within an hour of entering the building Corporal Bill Thomas and Corporal Bill Rome had delivered their paper—40 copies of it—under fire.

To-day, several of these Brigade and Battalion newspapers, with circulations from nine to sixty, are established and produced in and near a town still heavily shelled by German artillery. With the co-operation of ration trucks and despatch riders delivery to the front-line is achieved.

Often, rock delivery has to be employed. The daily is tied to a stone and thrown into the nearest slit trench. As the occupants of the trench complete the reading, so they pass it sheet forward by rock delivery.

For paper the editors rely largely on captured supplies. The papers are of assorted

styles and manufacture. The more ambitious, with a daily distribution of sixty or more copies, have duplicating facilities which enable maps and cartoons to be printed. All are single foolscap sheets, utilised in different ways by the editors. A few of the more recent publications are in pencil.

Such a paper is "Gunflash," whose editors, J. M. Beckett and L. V. Bourge, assisted by front-line infantrymen who during lulls in the battle compile contributions, embody world news, a daily film feature, humour columns, sport and a question column in their two-sided production.

"News Highlights," edited by Corporal C. W. Dempster and Corporal K. R. O'Boyle, has provided an infantry Brigade with a

Said the American to the British sergeant who came back after four days in Jerry-land:

# YOU SURE ARE A LUCKY GUY!

## ● A Beach-head battlepiece

A SERGEANT who lost touch with his company in an attack in the bridgehead, was trying to locate it when he found himself in a vineyard which the Germans were searching. He heard them pick up a wounded British soldier and decided that it was time to get out.

The Sergeant, R. Seabourne, who comes from Gorseinon, Nr. Swansea, regained the Allied lines four days later and told this story of his experiences to Hugh Tristram, Observer Officer.

"They were too close for comfort, so I started to crawl until I got well away from them; then I pushed forward again. By this time it was beginning to get light, so I decided to look for somewhere to 'lie up' for the day. I found one Hun 'fox-hole,' but there were two dead Germans in it.

"There was another empty one quite close and I got into it. Before settling down for the day, I popped my head up to have a last look round; it was a good job I didn't bob up too far—there were six Huns about fifteen feet away from the trench. I got down pretty quick, and lay doggo. My luck held; they went straight past the trench without seeing me.

"I lay up all day, dozing now and then. In the afternoon our Gunners opened up with a barrage for half-an-hour.

"Soon after last light, I struck out from my trench. It was a pitch black night, cloudy and starless. I kept going forward and to the right, getting my bearings by the flashes of the guns. For 300 yards, I made excellent progress and then I suddenly saw a company of German infantry fifty yards in front of me.

### A Near Thing

"I dived into a shell-crater and waited until they had gone. Then I crawled on, but had not gone far before I saw two Tiger tanks with Huns walking about round them. I lay up till they passed me and then worked my way round and away from them, going right and towards a farmhouse on top of a hill.

"Skirting the farm, I went down the hill to the left until I struck a main road with embankments on each side of it, and I followed this road to the left, keeping on top of the bank.

"I had crawled 400 yards on all fours when I saw two German sentries on a drive leading up to a farm. I think they spotted me, but I lay as one dead for what seemed hours, with hailstones pattering and slapping on my leather jerkin, making such a racket that I was certain I should be discovered.

"One sentry poked his head over the embankment. I did not move a muscle, and after hesitating a moment, they went away. There was a great deal of movement on the road; transport and marching troops with shouting N.C.O.s. The farmhouse was also the centre of a good deal of coming and going.

"I crawled away from the sentries, moving an inch at a time. After 50 yards cautious retreat, I decided to cross the road. As I was climbing over the fence, I heard more Germans. I slipped back and again feigned death till they had gone. Then I dashed across the road, up the

other bank and away across country as fast as I could go.

"By the time I had run half a mile I was just beginning to be light. I found a thick wood in which to lie up and stayed there the rest of the day—probably the wettest and coldest soldier in Italy. I put my leather jerkin round my feet to try and thaw them out. Finding a hunk of German black bread I tried to eat it, but it was too hard and stale. I breakfasted on my last cigarette.

"When it was dark, I went across the viaduct, and followed

**WHAT HAVE YOU GOT OUT OF THE WAR?**  
(See Page 7)

the line of the valley, keeping in a gully. I had no trouble at all for a few miles, until I came up to a farmhouse with a great many shouting Huns around it. Had they not been shouting, I should have walked right into them.

"I went back to the gully and lay there a few hours as there was obviously no chance of getting through until the moon set.

"Crawling back to the gully, I must have been spotted, because another Hun came along and looked in the gully. However he did not look very far, and went away shrugging shoulders. I lay there with my jerkin round my feet until moonset. Then I made good going in hilly country.

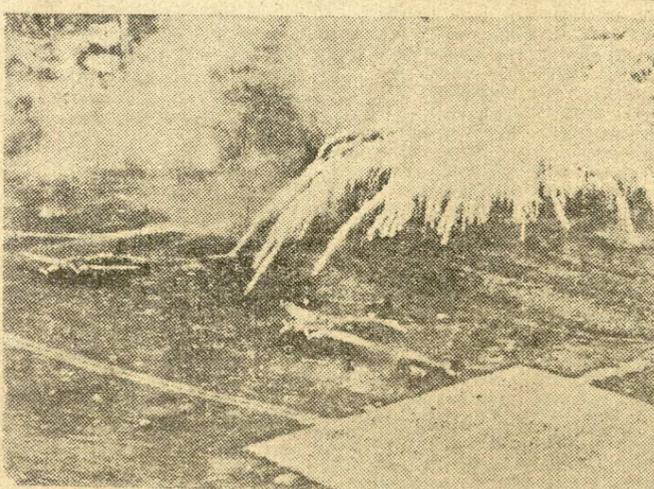
"At first light, I looked for a lying up place. There were some Hun fox-holes, but to my horror, when I felt inside the gloom of one of these, I found German equipment. I got away quickly, dodging stray Huns, and as it began to get really light, I found a thick wood on a hill-top.

"It was the first clear day since I had been out and I could see the barrage balloons over Anzio harbour. This gave me direction—and heart for my fourth night.

"When I set out again, it was a clear and brilliantly starry night, so that I was able to guide myself by the stars.

"I cut across country, carefully avoiding Boche dug-outs, and got into thick scrub. I could hear Huns shouting quite close, but I couldn't see them. I reached a river and paused to take a long draught—my first drink since I had lost touch with my Company.

"As I was trying to negotiate it, I was challenged in English. It was an American outpost. The sentry said, 'You sure are a lucky guy. You've just come straight across our minefield!'



If all these planes aren't doomed, it will be a miracle. Those white streaks come from phosphorus incendiary bombs. More aircraft are probably enveloped by the pall at the top of the picture. Whose planes are they? Well, they WERE Japanese. They were parked on the airfield at Rabaul when American aircraft attacked in force.

Voice of  
CRUSADER

We  
think

May, the Merry Month,  
is at hand.

In this war it has been  
a month of Destiny.

May, 1940, saw the final  
evaporation of our dream  
of an easy war and  
brought us face with  
reality at last.

May, 1941, found us  
fighting for our lives at  
sea and in the air. On  
land, things were very  
grim. We were flung out  
of Greece and Crete.  
Tobruk remained the only  
foothold in Libya.

In May, 1942, Rommel  
began the attack that was  
to bring him to the  
fringes of the Nile. After  
nearly three years of  
war, our peril seemed to  
be increasing.

Very different was  
May, 1943. That month  
saw the victory of North  
Africa — the end of the  
beginning.

\* \* \*

And, now another May:  
the fifth of this war.

There is every prospect  
that this will be the most  
momentous May of all.

There is tension in the  
air. But what a con-  
trast to the tension of  
that May of four years  
ago, when we waited  
helplessly for Hitler to  
strike again.

Then the German  
General Staff was per-  
fecting plans. These in-  
cluded arrangements for  
atrocities like the murder  
of Rotterdam, and the  
massacres on the refugee-  
choked roads of the Low  
Countries.

These crimes followed  
attacks made without  
warning on weak and un-  
offending neighbours.

\* \* \*

Now it is Germany that  
waits. And we who per-  
fect the plans.

Hitler has had ample  
warning of this assault.  
He awaits it with dread.

From the Channel  
coast, a German war cor-  
respondent reports: "Ad-  
vanced German observa-  
tion posts are on a round  
the clock service. Stand-  
ing orders. . . warn the  
troops to be ready for  
every possibility."

\* \* \*

Yes, Hitler, we are  
coming.

And May — once your  
own special season for  
savagery—is here.

What justice, tempered  
with irony, if this month  
should see the avenging  
forces falling upon you in  
the very lands which you  
first defiled under a May  
sun.

● SIR WALTER LAYTON deals with  
a problem vital to the future peace of the world...

## MY PLAN FOR EUROPE AFTER THE WAR

THE proposals in my  
Sidney Ball Lecture for a  
World Association which  
would include, as one of its  
constituent parts, a union  
or confederation of Europe,  
have given rise to many com-  
ments and criticisms.

One of these is that there would  
be serious disadvantages in leav-  
ing Great Britain out of a European  
organisation. The aeroplane has  
linked us to Europe more closely  
than ever before, and the critics  
suggest that without the detached  
viewpoint and leadership of Britain  
it will be difficult for Europe to  
agree on any scheme of unifica-  
tion.

Others think that both Britain  
and Russia should be included in  
any European Federation.

Britain must always be very  
closely associated with Europe.  
But, like Russia and the United  
States, she should be a sponsor,  
rather than a member, of a  
European scheme.

### Three Provisions

The plan of unification must in-  
clude provisions for:

- Internal security and the preservation of law and order;
- The maintenance of liberty by conferring certain personal rights on every individual as a European citizen;
- Certain economic agreements.

The first of these could be at-  
tained by an agreement between a  
large number of nations such as  
the Covenant of the League of  
Nations. In practice such a  
covenant throws responsibility for  
security on to the great nations.  
And, if the Powers will act to-  
gether as the world's policemen,  
peace will be kept.

But in a general assembly of  
many diverse nations it is not  
easy to go beyond this; for the  
more varied they are in size, in  
interests, in tradition, and in eco-  
nomic structure, the smaller is the  
field of common action that is pos-  
sible between them. If, as I be-  
lieve, political and economic  
agreements covering a wider field  
than in the past are the only way  
to pacify Europe and avoid the  
danger of a third world war, an  
association of a closer kind is  
needed than one to which Russia  
could be a party.

### Bill of Rights

I do not think that the second  
and third of the functions I have  
mentioned could, in present cir-  
cumstances, be carried out in a  
union including Britain, Europe  
and Russia.

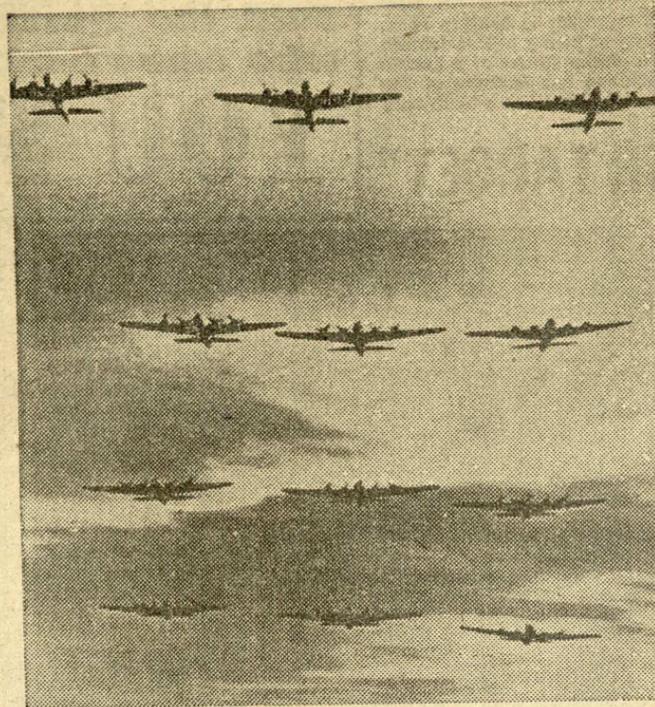
Personal liberty can be  
assured and precautions taken  
against the revival of tyranny in  
Europe by means of a Bill of  
Rights interpreted and enforced  
by a European Supreme Court. But  
I cannot conceive that the writ of  
such a Court would run from the  
Atlantic to the China Seas.

Nor can I imagine a common  
economic agreement that would  
apply equally to competitive  
trade between the European  
States themselves and to trade  
between them and Soviet Russia  
with its centralised control of  
trade. It may be that the econo-  
mic systems of Europe and Russia  
may in course of time be modified  
and approach one another. But  
that is far ahead.

Moreover, the inclusion of  
Russia would extend the bound-  
aries of the federation right  
across Asia. It would therefore  
be directly involved politically in  
Asiatic questions. In any case,  
its small nations would be over-  
weighted by the population and  
power of the Soviet Union.

### Russia's Position

If Russia is left out Great  
Britain cannot be included. A  
union of Europe with Great Britain  
as its leading member would come  
definitely within the orbit of the  
Anglo-Saxon world. Russia would  
not, and should not, be asked to  
agree to this. Many of the peoples  
of Eastern Europe have closer  
affinities with Russia than with  
Britain. We have no claim to push



"The aeroplane has linked us to Europe more closely than ever before," says Sir Walter, pleading for a confederation of Europe. Meanwhile Allied bombers are blasting Hitler's enslaved Europe night and day, paving the way for the invading armies.

forward the frontier of our sphere  
of influence to the borders of  
Russia.

The suggestion that Britain, but  
not Russia, should be a member  
of a European Federation would  
not only raise political difficulties;  
it is undesirable from the British  
point of view.

If Britain alone of the Great  
Powers entered into a confeder-  
ation of the European countries, we,  
as the leading Power, would be  
undertaking a responsibility which  
I doubt if the British people would  
be willing to shoulder and one  
which is possibly beyond our  
strength.

### World-wide Interests

Britain will always have  
world-wide interests and will  
share responsibility for law and  
order in the world as a whole. We  
live by the sea; we have our lines  
of communication to keep open;  
our commercial interests are wide-  
spread. So long as armaments  
exist at all, our chief contribu-  
tions to security will be in the air  
and on the sea. We ought not,  
also, to be the one Great Power  
which will bear the first impact  
of any disturbance that may  
occur anywhere between the North  
Sea and the Dardanelles.

Finally, if Britain alone of the  
Powers went into a Federation of  
Europe, it might well be regarded  
as an excuse by isolationists in  
America to stand aloof.

### Counter-suggestion

These objections may be coun-  
tered by suggesting that Eastern  
European countries should be left  
out of the federation, which should  
be limited to Western Europe.  
These Western countries would  
link up with Britain and the  
Dominions, while the Eastern  
countries would be affiliated more  
or less closely with Russia.

This is the least desirable solu-  
tion of all, for it means the par-  
tition of Europe. And if Germany  
is left as a buffer State in between  
sooner or later she will start the  
old game of playing off one side  
against the other.

If there is to be federation  
without Russia or Britain as mem-  
bers what role are we to play in  
a Continent that so intimately  
concerns us?

In my conception the nations of  
Europe should be as free as pos-  
sible to determine the nature of  
their own associations.

But Europe must be part of a  
future World Order. With the  
rest of the world, Great Britain  
has something to ask of Europe.  
She has also something to give.

who speak for the world as a  
whole are also entitled to ask and  
to satisfy themselves that.

- The revival of tyranny in  
Europe will be rendered im-  
possible by the Federal con-  
stitution which will entrust  
personal liberty to the keep-  
ing of a European Supreme  
Court.
- The economic terms of the  
Act of Confederation are fair  
and without discrimination  
and calculated to raise the  
standard of living.

### We Can Offer These

And these are the things that  
Britain and the Powers have to  
offer.

When the Act of Confederation  
is complete its essential clauses  
will be endorsed by the Powers—  
and ultimately by the governing  
body of whatever World Associa-  
tion comes into being—who will  
give an undertaking to support  
the Federal Authority if it is  
threatened by revolt from within  
or by dangers from without.

It follows that the essential  
clauses affecting Europe's rela-  
tions with the rest of the world  
must only be amended by agree-  
ment between Europe and the  
Great Powers—or the World  
Authority.

The Powers—and this applies  
particularly to Great Britain—will  
contribute both to their own and  
to Europe's prosperity by making  
economic and financial agreements  
of the most liberal kind with the  
States of Europe.

It is also evident that until some  
such European organisation is in  
being, and certainly so long as  
the forces of Britain, the United  
States and Russia are in occupa-  
tion of any part of Europe, repre-  
sentatives of these Powers must  
sit in session with the Council  
of a European Federation.

### Answer to Critics

Such is my answer to those,  
on the one hand, who urge that  
Europe is in such chaos that she  
cannot hope to evolve any form  
of unification without the help of  
the Great Powers, and to those,  
like my Swiss critics, on the other  
hand, who insist that while  
European unity is essential, it will  
only succeed if it is worked out  
by the European States themselves  
without outside interference.

It is a solution involving the co-  
operation—leadership, if you will—  
of Britain and other Powers; it  
avoids splitting Europe on fron-  
tiers which might easily be the  
battlegrounds of the future and  
it places the ultimate sanction for  
Europe's security and peaceful  
development on the World Powers  
and not on one of them alone.

## HOW GOES THE WAR

### ● Uncle Adolf never forgets

"Hitler awarded a decoration to General Neudorf. The General was waiting for the promised tanks and troops, but got instead the Knight's Cross by air."—Lieut.-Col. Kayenburg, Aide-de-Camp to the Commander of the Tarnopol garrison which recently surrendered to the Russians.

### ● Too much to ask!

"Great as our responsibilities are, no reasonable person could expect us to solve ALL the problems of the world while we are fighting for our lives."—Mr. Churchill, replying to a debate on Commonwealth affairs.

### ● Giant into dwarf

"The German submarine fleet has been reduced from a menace to a problem."—Admiral King, Commander-in-Chief of the United States' Fleet.

### ● Anti-Axis insects

"Foreign agricultural workers in Germany have planted beetles and other pests among the crops."—Swiss report on sabotage in Germany.

# SITTING ON THE FENCE

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS



NATHANIEL GUBBINS (it's his real name) interrogates his favourite cat whose name ought to be, if it isn't, "Sally."

WELL," said the Sweep, "ow do you think things are gittin' along now?"

"All right," I said.

"I see little old Itler as started is Ome Guard already."

"Go on?"

"Which shows you he ain't feelin' too comfortable."

"Too true," I said.

"And nor would you," said the Sweep, "with them there little old Russians after you."

"I certainly wouldn't," I said.

"Cor, stone the crows," said the Sweep, "I'd give a quart to see the German Ome Guard on parade."

"Same ere," I said.

"Especially as most of them there little old Jerries are in the army already," said the Sweep.

"What do you reckon the average age of the German Ome Guard would be?"

"No idea," I said.

"Well, as most of them are in the army up to 60," said the Sweep, "I should reckon it would probably be about 70."

"Probably."

"And a nice lookin' lot they must be, too," said the Sweep.

"They must," I said.

"Keep your eyes to the front, grandad." "What, no shave this morning, grandad?" Cor sufferin' wars."

"Cor," I said.

"Though you ain't got nothink to laugh at," said the Sweep.

"I ain't laughin'," I said.

"Four years ago next month, you joined the Ome Guard," said the Sweep, "and you didn't look so ot."

"Nor did you," I said.

"If little old Itler ad seen you 'on parade," said the Sweep, "I reckon he would have started the invasion at once."

"I reckon he would," I said.

"He would have thought it was a walk-over," said the Sweep, "and maybe it would have been."

"Maybe," I said.

"But just because little old Itler thought you was better than you was," said the Sweep, "he started on the little old Russians. Cor strike a light, it makes you think, don't it?"

"It certainly do," I said.

"I'll bet a pound to a pinch of snuff, he's sorry now," said the Sweep.

"I'll bet he is."

"To take on the little old Russians instead of you," said the Sweep, "was what you might call a major blunder."

"You might."

"Or maybe it was his intooition, said the Sweep.

"Maybe."

"Though if his intooition could have seen you in his mind's eye, we might ave lost the war."

"That's right."

"Which ought to show you not to trust your intooition," said the Sweep, "unless an intooition to ave one for the road."

"I don't mind if I do," I said.

"The skin off your nose," said the Sweep.

"The skin orf yours."

## Party Conversation

THE noise of the Russian victory guns in Moscow must be almost as bad as the barrage in London.

"Margaret's father's got in new supplies of vodka to drink the Russians into Rumania."

"Brenda's husband looks ten

years younger since he joined the Army and got away from her cooking."

"Nothing seems to have gone right in Italy since Monty left."

"The Russian advance from Kiev alone, cost Margaret's father twelve cases of vodka and gallons of Russian stout."

"If the war ends suddenly, I shall give all my cans of salmon roll to starving Europe."

"And you might as well give them most of the British canned soups, too."

"I want to see the first pre-fabricated pub, with ye olde steel chimney corner."

"When the Russians get into Hungary, Margaret's father's going to open his last bottle of old Tokay."

"The doctor says that if Brenda's husband can remain in the Army and keep away from her cooking for another two years he'll have an entirely new stomach."

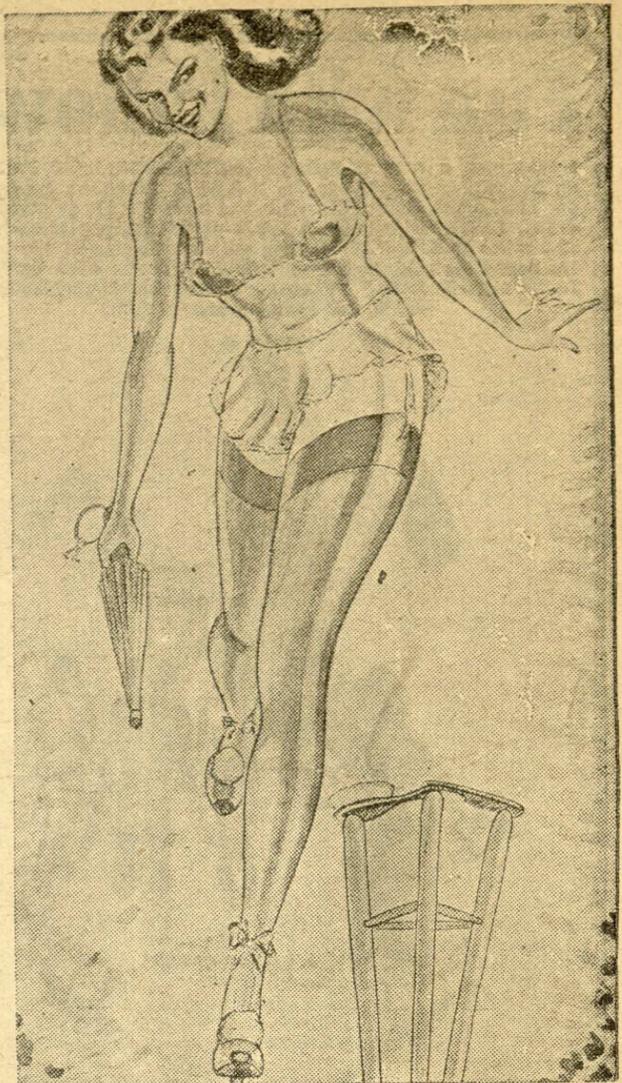
"Brenda's husband will probably be the only man who will be sorry when the war's over."

"Why can't all the Balkan people have simple names like Tito?"

"The moment it's over, I shall tear down the black-out curtains, smash the stirrup pump and shoot all the hens."

"Margaret's father now has enough vodka to see the Russians through Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and possibly Estonia, but when they get into Germany itself, he will probably have to drink something else."

CRUSADER CUTLIE



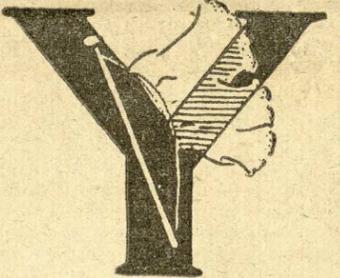
"One hundred—and s still not FOUND cu."

## THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WAR

## 1. WITH THE SWEEPERS

# Panties for Pennants!

On land, sea, or in the air, there's humour as well as drama. A laugh's as good as a feast—and a CRUSADER reporter has been collecting some laughs this week from the men who go to sea in the mine-sweepers.



YOU'LL never beat a fisherman at telling tall tales. And on those tiny mine-sweepers which plunge through the seas in all weathers, you'll find the old salts—and younger ones—facing danger with a joke on their lips and spinning yarns as long as those they used to tell to holiday-makers in peacetime.

For the R.N. Patrol Service mine-sweeper crews are largely trawlermen. Most of the mine-sweeping tales you read about are thrill stories. But the stories the crews tell aren't of risks. They have their jokes; they perpetrate crazy gags; and events provide more humour.

All of which accounts for the strange sight recently of a mine-sweeper setting out from an Italian port one morning with an unexpected pennant. It had a pair of girl's camiknicks flying from the mast!

One of the crew had placed them there the previous night, after a day ashore. And he forgot to take them down in the morning!

### SMOKED!

THE cook was deriding the modern sailor when I got aboard one of these sweepers. He was a weather-beaten old cynic with a glint of humour in his eye.

"You don't know what cough seas are," he was exclaiming. "I remember once when we heaved about so much that the stack (funnel, to you) was parallel with the water half the time. Next morning the sea was littered with smoked herrings!"

### OILED!

SAILORS, of course, are notoriously thirsty folk. Engine-man Jack Divell and Wireman George Carr told me about their

recent experiences when trying to "sweep" some beer crates.

The crates were seen floating about in the water. From that moment the crew had one idea in mind—to get them aboard. They fished around for hours with grappling hooks and everything else they could lay their hands on. But the crates were elusive.

Those crates just danced around like a lot of coy girls. Some were almost caught, but they got away at the last minute.

At last one member of the crew could stand it no longer. "Only one thing to do," he exclaimed, and dived overboard. Treading water, he manoeuvred a crate so that it could be hooked up. They got it aboard at last.

And the crate contained—oil!

### SWAMPED!

AND while we're on the subject of drink, there's the story of the sweeper sailor who found the gangway a bit too much for his unsteady legs one evening.

He tried to make it, but failed completely. The next moment he was floundering in the water, yelling for a rope to be thrown over to him.

The ship's "Q" came to his rescue with the required rope. Standing half-way up the gangway, he flung the rope over, saw that the other had grabbed the end of it, and pulled. Up came the drenched figure, foot by foot, yard by yard. He got half-way up and his hands slipped. Back he went into the water.

The sudden release of the weight made the rope fly up. The "Q" was unprepared. He lost his balance, and hit the water almost as soon as the man he had been rescuing.

A sailor on a nearby French boat had been watching the fun, and he decided that he had better do a spot of rescuing, too. So he flung a rope

over, and the two Englishmen grabbed at it thankfully. The Frenchman pulled—and joined the other two in the sea!

No-one else came to their rescue, but the three, helping one another, managed to get out safely. What the Frenchman and the "Q" said to the first sailor isn't recorded!

THEY swear that this one is true. It goes back a few months, when the crew was in home waters. The sweeper was late in returning from its operations. Getting back to port meant passing through a narrow-swept lane through minefields, and it was a dangerous job. In addition, it was reported that there was an obstruction.

The Commanding Officer decided not to risk it, but to wait until the morning. He went to bed, leaving his trawlerman second-in-command in charge. When he woke up a few hours later, he found they were already in port. The skipper created hell and demanded an explanation.

"Well, you see," said the old trawlerman, "I told the missus I'd be back to-night. And you don't know my old woman. There'd have been the devil to pay if I hadn't got back!"

### CRUSHED!

THEY swear, too, that it's true about the sailor whose broad chest was tattooed all over with names encircled in hearts. There was Mary and Jane and Louise, and a host of others.

In the centre was the biggest heart of all.

The name it bore was CECIL!

THE "enemy approaching" warning had been given. And one of the jobs the mine-sweeper had to do was to lay down a smoke-screen.

When a sweeper does this smoke is given off with a "bomb" which starts with a brilliant flare.

As the little ship started on its task, observers reported: "Enemy plane diving towards us." The skipper's first thought was the bright flare. It made them a perfect target.

"For God's sake, put that ruddy fire out!" he bellowed.

Quick as a shot, the old salt pointed towards the diving plane: "Don't worry," he exclaimed, "he'll do it for us!"

And he very nearly did!

## 100 TO DAY

THIS is the hundredth number of CRUSADER. Your paper was born in the Western Desert towards the end of April, 1942, when Tobruk and Sidi Rezegh were still in the hands of the Eighth Army.

CRUSADER and "Eighth Army News" were the pioneers of official Army newspapers in this war. Officially titled "Eighth Army's Weekly," the CRUSADER's first issue was dated May 2, 1942. It was then a full-size four-page paper, lavishly illustrated. Later it grew to eight pages with a smaller format.

The high quality of its reproduction was due to the fact that it was then printed by rotogravure—a process widely different from the present one.

It was prepared and printed in Cairo and flown up to the forward areas by plane. The "Eighth Army News" in those days was a single-sheet daily, printed in the desert on a mobile press and distributed by D.R.s.

CRUSADER has had many ups and downs. It has been produced by practically every printing process—gravure, photo-offset, flatbed and rotary.

In Cairo, Tripoli and, until recently, in Italy our technical staff were all civilians with no knowledge of English. Our nightmares can be imagined. For ten weeks in Cairo my "technical" staff consisted of two little Egyptian boys, Mahmoud, aged 12, and Hassan, the fourteen-year-old foreman.

Press night was known as mess night.

In Tripoli we ran out of the necessary chemicals for production and were saved by a lightning truck tour of the nearby hospitals and M.I. rooms.

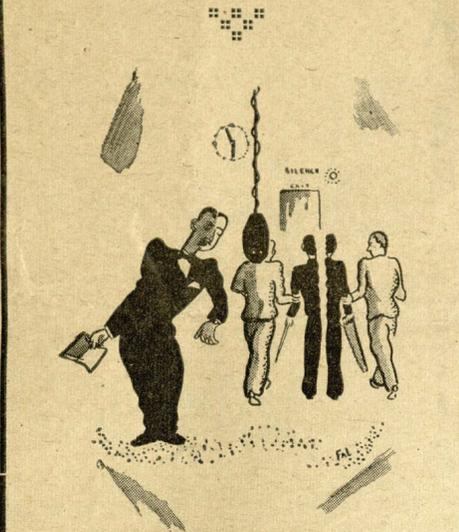
To-day CRUSADER has developed into an eight-page weekly, serving all British Forces in Italy. For the first time in its existence it has an all-British staff of skilled printers.

In two week's time CRUSADER will be two years old. We join you in the hope that our baby will have died a glorious death before it reaches its third birthday.

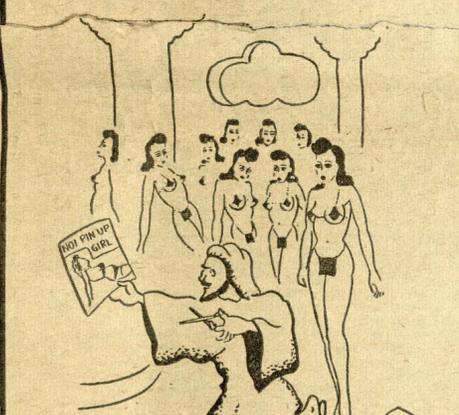
DOUGLAS MARTIN.

# Fun with Fallows

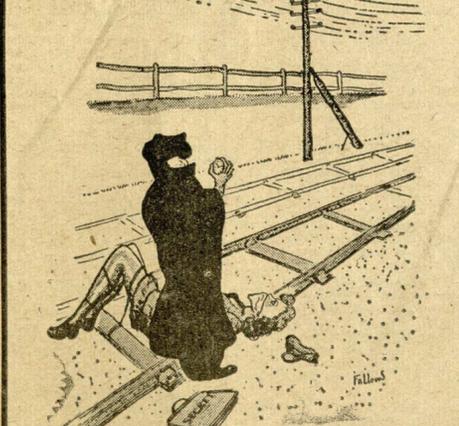
Introducing a new contributor to CRUSADER, L.A.C. Fallows, an Englishman attached to the R.A.F. When he read that our staff artist, Roland Chandler, had been killed in an aeroplane crash, Fallows obtained his C.O.'s permission and hitch-hiked 250 miles to CRUSADER office with a selection of his work. He hoped, he said, that they would "tide us over until we found another artist." Then he started his hitch-hike back. You'll be seeing more of him.



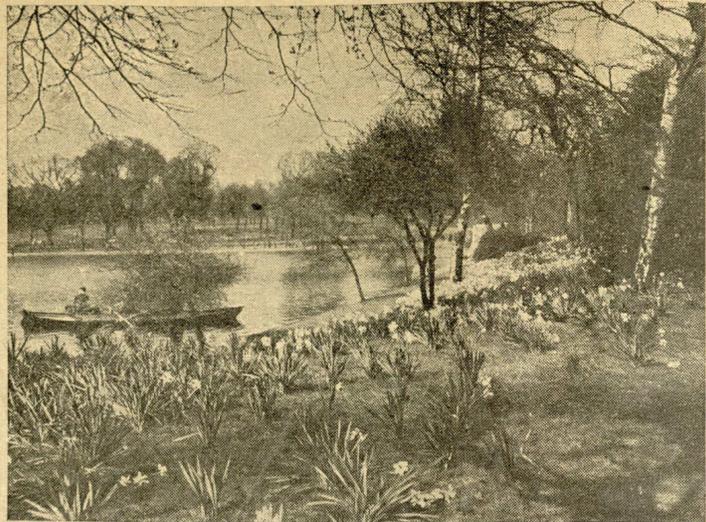
"Owing to an unforeseen accident the musical saw programme will be off the air . . ."



The local stationmaster, a Londoner who has been here for over ten years, took great pride in telling me about the town. He described how ships passing up and down the Channel used to "clock in" by signalling Lloyd's office next to Dungeness Lighthouse, which is only a few miles from the village of Lydd.



"Gadzoos. Late again."



It brings a breath of springtime to tired war workers—and a pang of longing to Londoners exiled in Italy. A lovely study of a corner of Hyde Park in April.

In this week's Listen to Britain article DAVID BERNARD gives a description of the British front-line towns and tells what it is like

## Down on Romney Marsh

A SHORT time ago I looked at part of Germany's West Wall. I lunched in a village during an air-raid warning—this village has had more than three thousand alerts. I stood in a town that had been shelled by enemy artillery, a town only twenty-three miles from the enemy. I was in the Romney Marsh area of South-East England.

I went by train from London through the fertile heart of Kent—the Garden of England. Past the hopfields, the orchards, oast-houses and red-roofed cottages, pasture and ploughland, over the broad round slopes of the Downs into the flat, haunted land of Romney.

I stopped at Lydd, a little town, population about a couple of thousand, a few miles from the sea. Its air-raid sirens blew about mid-day.

This town has had over three thousand alerts—an average of nearly two a day every day since September 3, 1939. Over four hundred bombs have dropped within two thousand yards of its church. Some parts of that church were built in the eleventh century; it claims to have the highest tower in Kent, and it was the longest church in Kent until a bomb lopped about twenty feet off one end.

The local stationmaster, a Londoner who has been here for over ten years, took great pride in telling me about the town. He described how ships passing up and down the Channel used to "clock in" by signalling Lloyd's office next to Dungeness Lighthouse, which is only a few miles from the village of Lydd.

NEW ZEALAND LAMB The inn at Lydd gave me an excellent lunch of New Zealand lamb, while outside I could see the English consists of that lamb (it's a curious thing (and a great blessing) that we should send the Romney Marsh breed of sheep to the Antipodes and have them exported to us again as mutton.

Of course, sheep farming here is not anything like the same scale as in Australia and New Zealand. A flock averages about three hundred sheep. Romney Marsh sheep have done so well in Australia and New Zealand that quite recently a few of their rams were sent to England, and I am told they will make the breed here even stronger. So we've helped each other.

I went by bus, east, to Hythe. Hythe is one of the Cinque Ports. These "five" ports—Hastings, Romney, Dover, Sandwich and Hythe—even in the days of William the Conqueror were considered to be vital for the defence of the country against invasion.

On my bus journey from Lydd to Hythe I saw plenty of evidence of the past—the Martello towers and the canal that Pitt built. The

## This week's true tale of high adventure

# I pulled my 'chute... NOTHING HAPPENED!

I HAD been out over Germany and the occupied countries eleven times, but this lot of flak was the heaviest I had ever seen. We ran into it suddenly and caught a packet. Direct hits left us without an engine, in a hopeless position.

The story of the navigator of an Allied bomber shot down over Northern France, who made his way for three months on foot across France and into Spain, picking up, by chance, his pilot on the way. When he baled out, his parachute failed to open and he had to tear it out with his hands while falling, causing injuries to his back. While recovering, he learned French well enough to deceive the Germans and pilot his companion to safety. Both men are now back on operational duty, together again.

nearest to me kept leaning right over and staring at me. No one said anything, but that fellow kept staring. It ruined my meal. But I found out that he was so short-sighted he had to push his nose almost into his plate when he was eating to see what he'd got. I found this out when I took a chance and had a good look at him. His glasses were thick as pebbles. If I'd known that from the start I should have enjoyed my bread and coffee much more.

### As told to B. L. JACOT

streaming and they were heading in a bunch straight for me. In no time I was running like a hare for that wood. I had bundled up my 'chute and harness, so as to be able to hide it, and with this under my arm, I streaked for the trees. I could hear the bulls coming up fast behind me, and it wasn't for some time that it struck me that I was using my legs—and making pretty good time, too!

One of them brushed me with his flank, so I pulled up and pasted lumps of turf at the nearest ones. The whole lot stopped, and some of them began pawing up earth and looking at me as if they meant real business. I didn't wait. I hid in the hedge about a foot, ahead of the fellow I had hit with a turf.

I sat in the bracken in that wood for some time, getting things clear in my head. I was a bit dazed with the speed things were happening. All seemed very quiet and peaceful. I thought later that those bulls may have carried the Jerries away from that field. Maybe it was the delayed drop that got me clear, with the observers watching the sky 8,000 feet above where I had got to.

Well, I knew then that it had come. The thing we all think about. Here I was and I had to make my escape. I knew practically no French. One thing in my favour was that the sun would soon be setting.

I sat tight by the bracken until dark. Then I made for the road in the darkness, and when I found it I walked south, keeping off the road on a parallel course in the fields or woods.

I walked all night, keeping going to prevent my back stiffening up. Just before dawn I found a barn that wasn't too near any farmhouse I could see, so I crawled in among the straw and slept until late in the afternoon. My back was very bad and my legs had gone numb once more, but I forced myself into the legs and my back came all right.

When it was dark I set out again. I was all right as long as I kept moving.

Goods Van Ride I stuck to the woods and by-ways until I saw a small station on the outskirts of a village. I was able to place the village from the rail tracks. I managed to climb inside a goods van. I guessed

### Our Bombers Came

While in this place I saw some of our bombers come over and knock the daylight out a certain target. That attack looked fine to me. They blew the place to pieces.

When I saw them come in on their bombing run, I wanted to stand up and cheer, but when the stuff came down, I didn't care so much about it. It's better to see the bombs going down than coming down.

One night I was standing at a bus stop when a German officer asked me something I couldn't catch. Every time a German spoke to me my heart would begin to race. He repeated his question, and still I couldn't catch what he wanted. I turned and ran like a stag down that street and round the first corner.

The nerve strain builds up and you don't realise how close you are to panic. Having started to run I knew I had to keep on, but after a couple of turns I stopped running. No one was following the slightest notice. France is a funny place these days.

It was in this town I suddenly ran into my pilot. I walked into a cinema and sat down. When the lights went up I found I was sitting next to him. We didn't speak, but I followed him out and when we had gone half round the town I caught up with him and we had a good crack.

A Tough Job It was then he told me about my delayed drop. We had plenty to talk about, and we stuck together for the rest of the trip. We then had (although we didn't know it) another 400 miles to go. We did it on foot.

There not much I can say about the journey, except that our aircraft seem to be all over France a good deal of the time, day and night.

Getting over the mountains into Spain is a tough job. The Germans patrol the area and so do the Vichy French. We had to dodge the patrols, and the night we made our break, it was raining cats and dogs.

Once we had started, we kept going, and going fast, and, let me tell you, only a fit man can do the trip through those mountains. But we managed to stick it, walking on and on, and we got through to the other side of the mountains in the end.

Where we went, I don't know. When I judged we were far enough into Spain, I spoke to someone. What he told me—in Spanish—removed my last doubts.

## BY THE BATTLEWAY

# Jerry borrowed our equipment, returned it with thanks

IT'S a strange war. Strange, indeed, when the enemy borrows Allied equipment for twenty-four hours—and returns it.

Such is the nature of fighting in and around Cassino, where only a hundred yards separate the front lines at many points, that in recent weeks protected by the internationally recognised Red Cross, both sides have called brief sector armistices to enable them to recover and evacuate wounded.

Following recent exchange of mortar shells and small arms fire on a mountainous sector held by a company of the West Keats, the German Red Cross flag shot up and a German stretcher-bearer carrying a note hurried across to the British infantry lines.

"Could you" read the message from the commander of the Germans holding the opposite positions, "lend us a stretcher for twenty-four hours? Our wounded have absorbed all our stretchers and we have others to take back."

"I shall see that the equipment is returned within twenty-four hours."

From the next compartment came the reply: "Say you broke your jaw trying to make the Russians understand they were beaten."

AND here's a East Will and Testament of Adolf Hitler, reproduced from a Canadian factory house organ which has caused a great deal of amusement in a Canadian unit over here:

I, Adolf Hitler, being of un-sound mind and misery, and considering the possibility of a fatal accident, declare this to be my last (you hope) Will and Testament.

To Russia: I leave the Russian winters, where my brave Aryan troops froze their pants off. Just when we expected to land "Deep in the Heart of Moscow," too.



American soldier sits astride the wreckage of a Nazi Ju 88 plane shot down by Allied gunners over the beachhead area.

The British company commander promptly contacted his R.A.P. and a spare stretcher was handed over to the German.

The brief armistice ended and shelling recommenced. Twenty-four hours later the German Red Cross again appeared and a stretcher-bearer stepped smartly into the British lines with a stretcher and a further communication from his commanding officer expressing thanks for essential equipment "which saved the life of a man."

INFANTRYMEN of a British company at Anzio will ever remember an "anglo" they received from the Germans facing them. In a German counter-attack several British troops were wounded and a company headquarters encircled. Among the prisoners taken was the Company Sergeant-Major.

A lull followed the action and as the British troops prepared themselves for a counter-attack, a German, hands in the air and shouting "I have a message," came forward.

The British infantrymen seeing him unarmed imagined him to be carrying a message of surrender.

As he stepped into the British trenches he handed the first N.C.O. he met a neatly written slip:

"We have taken your Sergeant-Major prisoner. Trust it causes you little inconvenience. —Fritz."

THE Germans have their lighter moments, too, judging by a story going the rounds at the moment.

Now remember," said the Nazi pep-leader to the train-

### Front Line Hospital

When one of our planes gets shot up the Jerry fighters and any troops on the ground watch it carefully. They have special observer crews to keep their glasses on any chutes that open up, and they follow with motorcycles anyone bailing out.

I hit smack in the middle of a large field of pasture. I couldn't do anything to help my landing because my legs seemed paralysed and I hit the ground so hard that the wind was knocked out of me. I thought I should be picked up in a matter of minutes by some Hun on a motor-bike. But as I lay on the grass the countryside seemed to be deserted and very quiet and peaceful.

I began to get out of my gear as quickly as I could. Suddenly I heard a whooshing sound behind me and it made me jump. A bunch of young bulls came galloping down a gully in the field by a wood. Their tails were

### Observer Crews

I walked all night, keeping going to prevent my back stiffening up. Just before dawn I found a barn that wasn't too near any farmhouse I could see, so I crawled in among the straw and slept until late in the afternoon. My back was very bad and my legs had gone numb once more, but I forced myself into the legs and my back came all right.

When it was dark I set out again. I was all right as long as I kept moving.

### Dodged Everything

For eleven days I dodged everything as much as I could. Then one evening I went into a little cafe in a tiny village for some food, which they served in a room at the back. The cafe people thought I was French.

### Goods Van Ride

I was all alone, eating as fast as I could, then suddenly in came three Jerries—privates.

### Evacuation hospital tents being "dug in" at the Anzio beachhead.

This has become necessary because of frequent bombing and shelling by the Germans, which has already caused many casualties among staff and patients of American hospitals.

To France: I leave Petain, Laval, and a lot more like them. Weren't they pigs?

To England: I leave the original manuscript of Mein Kampf, which the R.A.F. spoiled. I had written a different finish, but they changed that.

To Norway: I leave my advice for potential Quislings. To wit: "There is no social security for the wages of sin."

To Poland: I leave a 16 x 10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their schoolhouses. They can use that to scare hell out of any kid who thinks along Nazi lines.

To America: I leave Walter Winchell. He will be so busy on the day of my funeral that he won't attend. He always said, "Business before pleasure."

To Goering: I leave 20 million marks (two dollars) to buy flowers with. Otherwise I am afraid he would forget.

To Franklin D. Roosevelt: I leave my apologies for interrupting his fishing. But he got even.

To Winston Churchill: I leave a box of matches, because I have never seen his cigars lit. Besides who thinks along Nazi lines?

To General Montgomery: I leave a tombstone with this epitaph: "Boney, Moneys, Meinesy, Mo. Here lies Hitler by the toe. Underneath he seems to state you can't beat Monty and the Eighth."

To the entire world: I just leave. And will the world ever be thankful. (Signed) SCHECKLEGRUBER DATE (Very Soon).

# CRUSADER WEEK-END DIGEST

## WHAT THE BRITISH PRESS IS SAYING

### PEACE PLANS

WITH Germany's record, it is certain that a peace, to be lasting must contain a large element of force, an element that may well be predominant for more than a generation. The structure of peace must not be of such a character that the man in the street fifteen or twenty years hence will not think it worth while to defend it, if necessary, in arms.

—The Times.

### BOMBING

What is terrifying from the enemy's point of view is not only the weight of bombs delivered, but the fact that no place in Axis Europe is now immune from attack.

—News Chronicle.

### HEALTH

The Secretary of State for Scotland admitted in the Commons, "We are short of doctors, of ophthalmic surgeons, of all sorts of specialist consultants and of nurses," and "we shall be short of dentists for many years to come." These shortages have been used as an argument against a public service. Actually they are the strongest argument for it. They show the need for a national minimum of medical service, and above all for the expansion of facilities with the weight of the State behind it.

—The Economist.

### WAGE RATES

The employer who looks ahead has tried to prevent earnings running away, because he knows that after the war industry will have to stand on its own feet in a competitive world. The trades in which wages have run up most are those where new firms have arisen, or have turned over from normal work in order to supply urgent war needs.

—The Scotsman.

### RECONSTRUCTION

Responsibility for delay does not rest on Lord Woolton specially; he is no doubt waiting, and waiting eagerly, for War Cabinet decisions on which policy can be based. Disappointment that these decisions have not yet been reached is widespread and permeates all parties.

—The Sunday Times.

### NEW DEMOCRACY

The New Democracy need not force men to be servants under orders. It can establish circumstances in which men can be more free and more secure than ever before. All men want work and its rewards. All men want and need the products of work. Work for all and high output are the starting point of a good life.

—The Observer.

### SOLDIER POLITICIANS

The trouble is a feeling that by long tradition soldier spokesmen of the Right stand a better chance of consideration than spokesmen of the Left. There is still a reasonable case for expecting them to keep out of organised politics while they are members of an organised army.

—Manchester Guardian.

## Rumania At War

This rapid background picture of Rumania at war, is given by the "Sphere."

IN August, 1940, Hitler made the vital decision, without considering the opinions of the involved States, of returning to Hungary more than half of Transylvania, which had been given to Rumania by the Peace Treaty of 1920. Hungary rejoiced, but was not to be satisfied with less than the whole, and Rumania, forced to yield to the power of Germany, was in despair.

Though the Rumanian Government under General Antonescu (who has held complete power since the abdication of King Carol in September, 1940), joined the Axis and sent millions of Rumanians to fight in Russia, the people have little heart in the war.

After regaining Bessarabia, which had been occupied by Russia in June 1940, the Rumanians had no desire to fight for Germany in Russia, even though great promises of land in the Ukraine were held out as bribes. They only wanted to return home and fight Hungary. Their losses have been tremendously high, 200,000 reported killed, apart from the very large number of seriously wounded.

In 1913, Rumania consisted chiefly of the two former principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, with the small district of the Dobruja, lying south of the Danube, added at the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878.

In 1939, Rumania appears in the map, almost to double her original size, by the addition of Transylvania, Bessarabia and Bukovina, ceded to her at the Peace Treaty of 1920.

By 1940, Rumania had shrunk again in size, having lost more than half of Transylvania to Hungary, the Dobruja having been returned to Bulgaria and all Bessarabia and Bukovina having been taken by Russia.

After Germany attacked Russia, the Rumanians again reoccupied Bessarabia, but already Russian troops are in Bessarabia and pouring down into Rumania proper.

### THE GOOD EARTH

Soil erosion may seem unimportant in the middle of a war, but this extract from the "Manchester Guardian Weekly" explains what a menace it is to the future of mankind.

AT a time when human life and the means of life are being destroyed on an unprecedented scale, the effect of little drops of water on little grains of sand may well be overlooked as a matter of remote and academic concern.

Yet life itself depends on the thin film of soil that is now disappearing from the earth's surface at a faster rate and over a wider area than ever before.

Soldiers from the newly-broken plains of Australia, South Africa and North Africa, who fought over the North African deserts may not be aware that they are witnessing the last stage of a man-made process more relentlessly destructive than war itself—a process easily started, and already at work in their own homelands.

The sandy wastes of Cyrenaica were once the granary of the Roman Empire, and the "endless miles of burnt-up plains" in Canada were waving wheatfields only twenty-five years ago.

The problems created by this process of soil erosion are vast and call for long-term solutions, but they are none the less urgent on that account. One expert sees the loss of China's soil as a far more serious menace to her national survival than the armies of Japan.

The causes and cure of such disasters are well-known: in the not far distant future the application of that knowledge will provide the final test of mankind's collective rationality and fitness to survive.

picture of Rumania at war,

### BEER PENNY A GALLON

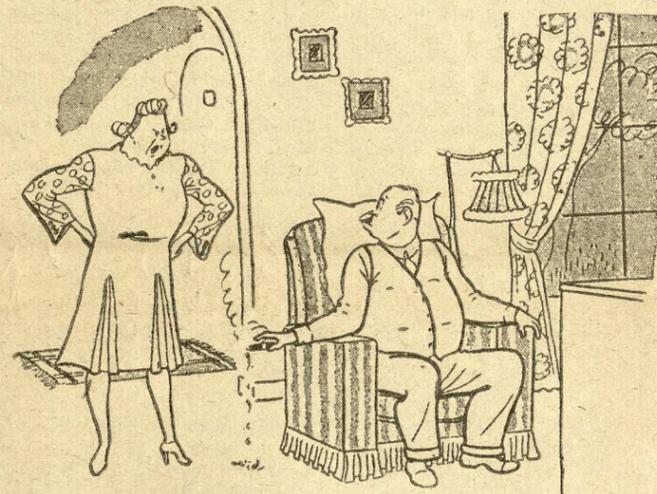
Some idea of the rise in the cost of living is given in this "Sunday Express" story of an old City banquet:

ON January 18, 1478, a hundred members of the Court of Assistants and Liverymen Worshipful Company of Wax-Chandlers held a banquet at their guildhall in Maiden-lane, Strand, London, the total cost of which, exclusive of cooking and service was 7s. 6d.

Here is the price list:

Two loins of veal and two of mutton 1s. 4d., one loin of beef 4d., one dozen of pigeons 3d., one dozen of rabbits 6d., one goose and a hundred eggs 1s. 0½d., one pig and one capon 1s., one leg of mutton 2½d., two gallons of sack 1s. 4d., 18 gallons of strong ale 1s. 6d.—Total 7s. 6d.

A much more sumptuous repast, however, must have been that of the Company of Mercers, the oldest City company, having been incorporated by Royal Charter of Richard II, in 1380.



"And I'll bet Mrs. Churchill has the same trouble . . ."

Eighteen years later, 200 liverymen of the Company sat down to a banquet in their hall, on Cheapside, for which the total bill was 37s. 9d. This included four fat sheep at 4d. each, capons at 3d. a brace, and pigeons at 4d. a dozen.

Liquid refreshment included Gascony wine at 6d. a gallon, and strong ale at 1d. a gallon.

### FIGHTERS WITH CAMERAS

Details of cameras and the methods used in aerial photography are described by the "Illustrated London News."

SECRETS of the methods and apparatus used by the Photographic Reconnaissance Units of the Royal Air Force have recently been revealed. The P.R.U. obtain proof of the damage done to the enemy by our bombing raids, and secure other vital information of use for the vital prosecution of the war.

When the Royal Flying Corps was doing pioneer in aerial photography in the early part of the war of 1914-1918, photographs were taken by hand-held cameras made of wood. These were followed by another type of camera fixed outside the aeroplane, and eighteen plates could be exposed and changed by hand manipulated mechanism.

In 1917, an all-metal automatic camera was introduced, and its plates were changed by power derived from a miniature propeller; this revolved by wind pressure created by the progress of the aeroplane.

Although sensitised plates were used throughout the war of 1914-1918, the advantage of using roll film had not been lost sight of,

and successful experiments were made in 1916 with an automatic roll-film camera.

Today, the electrically-driven automatic cameras of the R.A.F. all use roll-films, in lengths capable of taking up to 500 pictures with shutters working in close proximity to the film, and they are set, released, and re-set by mechanism which also winds the film between the exposures.

Lenses of focal length, ranging from 14in. to 36in. are used, according to the height to be flown over selected targets. At 30,000 feet, a lens of long focus is required, in order to record ground details as large as possible.

The P.R.U. employs two types of aircraft — Spitfires, which carry two cameras set in motion by the observer for vertical photography, and a fifth camera controlled by the pilot for oblique shots.

Cameras for vertical photography are set in the aeroplane to point down to the earth at a slight angle away from each other, so that two side-by-side strips of territory are photographed simultaneously during the one line of flight, thus recording a wide area of the scene below.

All the photographs are exposed automatically at regulated time intervals, to ensure that the resultant prints which overlap are mounted for stereoscopic examination, and by this means, information of the greatest importance is derived by the specialists who interpret air photographs.

### BIRTH OF A VOLCANO

This story from the "Strand Magazine" tells how a Mexican had the unfortunate experience of digging up a volcano.

ON February 20, 1943, as farmer Dionisio Pulido was scratching about on his few hectares of land outside San Juan Parangaricutiro, Mexico, his hoe suddenly broke through the soil, and a tiny puff of smoke emerged.

The small fissure quickly widened. He could see shifting and multi-coloured sands within the opening. Dull rumblings came from the ground beneath his feet.

Dionisio ran to the nearby village with this incredible news. When townsfolk arrived on the scene, angry flames were shooting up. Subterranean explosions drove them off. It was that most awesome of natural phenomena—the birth of a volcano.

Within a few hours, huge rocks were being hurled from the cavern, and the roads were jammed with fleeing hundreds, who had loaded their meagre possessions on donkeys. Their exodus was impeded by an incoming tide of tourists, anxious for ringside seats at this rare spectacle.

The opening in the earth grew by the hour, and masses of rock, earth and lava were piled in an ever-widening ring round the sulphurous pit. Within three days the cone had attained a height of almost 250 feet, and a 500-foot crater had been formed.

A hardy band of villagers decided to stick it out, passing the time by cracking open the incandescent boulders hurled from the crater. Local tradition has it

that such boulders contain pure concentrates of gold. However, the refreshment stands which sprang up with the influx of sight-seers, are said to have reaped a much more lavish harvest.

Parangaricutiro has now settled down to both plain and fancy erupting, and the once level fields of Dionisio are standing on end. The town is to be exploited as a permanent tourist attraction, the only privately-owned and—so far—non-stop volcano in captivity.

Dionisio was inclined to bemoan the loss of his fertile acres at first, but now he is beginning to think he may have something even better.

### RURAL SLUMS

In Britain, 3,432 parishes have no water supply and over 5,000 parishes have no sewage system. This is what "The Economist" says about these rural slums:

BETWEEN 1921 and 1938, the numbers employed in agriculture fell by 276,000, or about a third. At the beginning of the war, before the Essential Work Order was applied to agriculture, a further 70,000 left the land to find work in better paid and more congenial occupations. Mr. Gooch, President of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, has given a warning that the drift from the land will continue after the war, unless something radical is done to raise the standards of the agricultural worker nearer to those of the industrial worker. A great many villages, though, picturesque, are no better than slums.

Mr. Gooch quoted cases of cottages in which the rats scampering about the bedroom floors kept the children awake and in which it is part of the household routine in wet weather to put umbrellas over the beds and to evacuate the bedrooms altogether.

Not even the fringe of the housing, has yet been touched. Of the 3,000 cottages promised by last harvest, some 700 had been completed.

Rehousing, however, is not enough; the countryside needs piped water supplies, sewerage systems and electricity, and improved amenities.

In 1939, out of the 11,186 parishes in England and Wales, 3,432 were without proper water supplies and over 5,000 were entirely without sewerage systems.

Farm workers feel very strongly about the tied cottage system, which limits their freedom and security. A report in 1937, estimated that 500,000 houses were occupied by agricultural workers, and that 200,000 of these were "tied." The abolition of this feudal system was recommended by the Scott Committee.

The real fundamental need is that farming should be in a position to afford higher standards for its workers. The Scott Committee assumed that, compared with before the war, agriculture would be expanded. If it is, it will almost certainly be unable to afford more than poor conditions for farm labour.

### AMERICAN GIRL AT CASSINO

This is how SONIA TOMARA, New York "Herald Tribune" correspondent described her impressions of the Italian front to the American public.

CASSINO is all that you have heard of it and worse. The plain below is dead. The earth seems to have shrivelled under the impact of shells and war vehicles. The picturesque little villages of San Pietro, San Vittore and Cervare, through which we passed, are mere heaps of ruins.

I noticed a church where a wall was still standing and the bells, left intact, rocked gently.

The olive trees had many of their branches cut clean off and their thick stumps, amputated of their arms, looked even more like old, tortured men.

The British troops have pushed a good bridgehead into the hills and have captured three hills in front of Majo Rotanda, Tuga and Ornito. Barren, stony ridges, with only footpaths to supply them.

# LESSONS OF 56 MONTHS IN KHAKI

THIS article is not the result of a course of self-analysis. I am just going to set down a few points of human interest that have made their impressions on my mind during the 56 months which have passed since I was called up at the outbreak of war.

They will not be recorded in any order of importance. Nor will the sequence in which I set them down have any relation to the chronological march of events.

In other words, I am like a man who goes into a box-room without a light, and casts about for the trunks he wants, hoping to know them by the way they feel.

Or compare it if you like with a Colonel's sudden descent on a cook-house. On such a "raid" he expects to find the place as clean and orderly as he would if he had given the cooks a day's notice of his visit.

So the lessons of a soul-shaking experience like a modern war should—if they are worth learning at all—always be ready for inspection, near the surface of the mind, so that they do not miss the call that comes without warning.

Let us see how many of these war memories of mine are worthy of their place in the store-house. Ready? Right; the "raid" is on.

## The innate, fundamental kindness of ordinary men.

**EXAMPLES:** The unknown man who lent me a precious pair of socks at the end of a long march, during which the truck containing all the kits was destroyed by a bomb. (Scene: Out-side Seclin, France, May, 1940).

The human help that came, as from nowhere—out of the empty desert—when I lay stunned and bleeding beside a shattered truck. The aspirins produced as by a miracle. (Scene: Western Desert, December, 1942).

## The brotherhood of British men.

**EXAMPLE:** The Navy at Dunkirk. The dead ratings on the mole. They had come to help US. The calm voice of a Commander: "British right, French left." The inspiring welcome on board an old coal-burning minesweeper, that was making her seventh rescue trip.

## Even in battle, old-fashioned courtesy need not be out of place.

**EXAMPLE:** The guardsman near Mareth, who said: "Let me see if I can find a more comfortable place for your truck. That particular spot has been rather accurately registered. Yes—if you go about another 100 yards down the wadi, you should be all right. DO hope you don't mind my suggesting it."

## You can get along with most people if you try.

**EXAMPLE:** The driver who did not want the job. He was to be my sole companion on a trip that might take months. There could be no escaping each other for the truck was to be our home. It was trying at first. Then there was one big row. After that we were firm friends. Three months later, he was killed. I was very sorry. (Scene: Egypt, 1942).

## Some people say that war is the proof that there is no God. But war caused one hard-living, hard-swearing Corporal to have serious doubts as to his sincerity as an Atheist!

**EXAMPLE:** I was trying to sleep in a hole in the sand-dunes, near Malo-les-Bains, outside Dunkirk. The Corporal in a neighbouring hole, was telling his mates: "I ain't been to church since I was a nipper and I'd made up my mind religion was a lot of baloney. But, strike me, if this business don't make me wonder

## by The Editor

if I was wrong. Do you know that I caught myself muttering in that last tight spot we were in.

"And what do you think I was muttering to myself?"

"PRAYERS, that's what, BLINKING PRAYERS that I 'adn't said since I left me old mum!"

(Scene: France, 1940).

## Even the simplest of souls can have a sense of beauty.

**EXAMPLE:** A submarine sentry on our troop-ship. He was recognised as the stupidest man in the company. Yet he was moved by the vast spaces of the sky and sea to say: "It's all so fine and big. I feel so small. I'm glad I've seen it. It's comforting somehow..."

(Scene: Mid-Atlantic, 1941).

## There is no limit to improvisation.

**EXAMPLES:** An old soldier at Bagush, during a lull in 1941: "Any fool can be uncomfortable." He proceeded to fashion for himself a dug-out like an underground luxury flat. It had a real fireplace and windows made from the windscreens of an abandoned truck. It was dust-proof, water-proof, shock-proof,...

## ● PETER WILSON continues his "Black Market" investigations

# Two truck trips meant 10,000 pounds to gangster 'Mimi'

OH, yes, I could take you to one of the main meeting places of the Black Merchants of Naples. The big operators get together in this square most mornings from about 10 to 12. Then they fix the current (illegal) prices for whatever goods they happen to be dealing in at the moment.

"Outwardly, it's just a few more bunches of Italians standing around talking—and you know how they love to do that—but we know that it's some of the big boys deciding just how much they are going to swindle the public this time. It's a regular black bourse—run like a legitimate business."

## Law Catches Up

The speaker was one of the men engaged in weeding out the pests who batten on the poverty of their fellow countrymen—and women. And I knew the place he mentioned well. I had noticed that it seemed to be even more crowded than most other parts of Naples—and Naples is always as full as a double-yolk egg. But I'd never paid any particular attention to the little clusters of men who talk so excitedly, and among whom fights some times break out.

Naturally, the black merchants do as little as possible to call attention to themselves. Their attitude to publicity is that of those unpleasant creatures which scurry away from the daylight, when you overturn a large flat stone in the country.

But what the official said to me confirmed what I was told by an American, also working against the Black Market. In a recent case, for instance, when the authorities made their raid, there were 25 people in the house and on the table, 400,045 lire, which the gang had not yet divided up. And 400,045 lire is just over 1,000 pounds.

But that was not all that the police found. For, among the documents which they discovered, was a "thieves' ready-reckoner." In

The tank man, making cookies over a brush-wood fire: "We got no baking powder. But we got old George's health salts—and I'll bet you won't know the difference."

(Scene: Medinina, March, 1943).

## The human body is really very tough.

**EXAMPLE:** The tank major, who was knocked out by a 50 mm shell at Sidi Rezegh, in 1941. He was so badly wounded in the head that it was feared even, if he survived, he would never be fit again. But seven months later, he won the D.S.O. at Alamein. Then he was hit again—almost in the same place. Again it looked like the end of his career. But he recovered. And he is still fighting. . . .

## We have got some cleaning up to do at home after this war.

**EXAMPLE:** The prosperous young business man who offered us hospitality on our return from Dunkirk. It gave him the opportunity he wanted to sneer: "And when are you all going to challenge Wooderson?" Later this smug stay-at-home found himself in trouble. He was caught out on a smart bid to cheat the Government.

Others have been caught out on similar shady deals.

## ● What have YOU got out of this war?

NOBODY on our side wanted the war. But when it came we had to see it through to the end. In war the PAYMENTS side of the account always has a mass of entries. We accept this as the price of a single entry on the CREDIT side—"Victory and all it stands for." But for most of us this need not be the only gain from the war. Most of us have learned something in it—even if only to value the things we used to take for granted. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT OUT OF THE WAR? Write a short article—not more than 500 words—answering this question. It may be in any vein you like—political, philosophical, humorous, anything! Address it to: ESSAYS, CRUSADER, BRITISH ARMY NEWSPAPER UNIT, C.M.F. The Editor of CRUSADER starts the series off with an article on this page. Another article, "Poor Man's Odyssey," will appear next week.

But others haven't. They represent, thank God, a very minute fraction of the population. But they're there and we're fighting for them. It's our business to see that they don't get away with it.

## Very often it's the self-effacing, unimpressive type who comes out best in times of crisis.

**EXAMPLE:** The boy subaltern, who was so painfully shy that he hardly ever spoke a word. His tank was hit and set on fire. All the crew were able to "bale out" except one man, desperately wounded. The subaltern told the others to take cover and went himself into the blazing tank, which was still being hit by enemy shells. After a terrible struggle he hauled the wounded man out of the turret. His hands were burnt meat, but he dragged the man into a slit trench. As he reached the trench, the tank was blown to pieces by the explosion of the ammunition. The subaltern's hands are very little use to him now.

(Scene: Near Tripoli, January, 1942).

And sometimes the man who brags about the medals he's going to win, proves he's not such a hero after all when the testing time comes.

**EXAMPLE:** The man who emptied his own revolver into the back of his own truck so that he could show the people further back what a dangerous time he'd been having. He'd thought he could trust his driver not to say a word. But he hadn't been treating his driver very well. . . .

## Most of us did nothing to try to prevent this war which we didn't want.

**EXAMPLES:** Our apathy. Our blindness. Our selfishness. Our easy way of saying: "Leave that to somebody else."

This war has taught us that the simple things we used to take for granted are really among the things we treasure most of all.

**EXAMPLES:** I need not quote any. We all have our own.

It was written: "1 Bag of Flour 2,875 lire; 2 Bags of Flour, 5,750 lire; 3 Bags of Flour, 8,625 lire," and so on.

The leader of this particular gang was a man known as "Mimi"—and Mimi had made plenty of "dough" out of flour. He had two trucks operating for him and I do not think it would be an exaggeration to say that two full truck-loads would be worth around 10,000 pounds.

But when the law caught up with them, the gang had to pay as dearly as they had made their victims pay. Five of them, including "Mimi" himself, got 10 years apiece. Ten got 3 years, and two got 18 months.

It's an unbelievable world this land of shadows, stolen vehicles creeping through the night, and the blaze of gunfire in festering back alleys.

All the gangsters seem to have nicknames. "Mimi," "Vicky the Short," "Bad Giuseppe."

It was a gangster who first called a pistol "the equaliser," for with one in his hand, the gangster feels himself the equal of any man—as long as there's a chance to shoot in the back.

Some of the men mixed up in the Black Market have criminal records as long as your arm, and have been deported from America as undesirable aliens, because of their previous mobster activities.

A day or so ago, I was shown an outstanding example of this. An official handed me a cardboard cylinder. It weighed several pounds and inside was a roll of photographic film, 150 feet long, and one foot wide. It had been stolen from the U.S. Air Corps.

The black merchants had cut up one, identical with this, into rolls of film 1 foot in length and 3 inches wide. So, out of the one big roll, they had made 600 little ones. They had sealed up the rolls

with official-looking labels, which stated that it was the highest class panchromatic film. And, knowing the shortage of films and the number of Allied Servicemen who want to send back snaps of themselves to the folks at home, they had no difficulty in selling each of the 600 rolls for 200 lire—or ten bob apiece.

That meant a total profit of 300 pounds for something which had cost them precisely nothing. And they thoughtfully omitted to tell the unfortunate purchasers that THE FILMS HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN EXPOSED AND WERE UTTERLY WORTHLESS.

Another variation of the same sort of trick reaped a harvest of black gold for the racketeers. The agent contacts the "sucker"—for anyone who deals with a black merchant is a most complete, dyed-in-the-wool, 22-carat sucker—and suggests that he's got lots of cigarettes to sell. He may even ask his "customer" what sort of brand he prefers.

Then they fix a rendezvous and the agent turns up with a suitcase full of cartons of cigarettes. One will be broken open, to show the purchaser that he is getting the kind he likes, and on the strength of that, he buys the contents of the suitcase.

What he feels like when he finds that all the other cartons are filled with sawdust, can only be imagined. But the black merchant must feel pretty good.

For cigarettes are much scarcer now and the current black price for them is about 50 lire for a packet of 20. That works out at 2,500 lire for a thousand—and you can probably get about 5,000 cigarettes in a big suitcase.

Any kind of Army stores are a treasure-trove to the black merchants. Take tinned goods, for example—the black merchants take them for profit, of course.

But if they can only get hold of the empty tins they do just as well. One gang specialised in sealing up discarded, empty tins after having refilled them with earth.

## Cure is Simple

The difference in weight was unnoticeable. The difference in height was only a fraction of an inch. And the gang cleaned up—before the police cleaned THEM up.

I have seen bottles of whiskey for which I would have paid good folding money. As a matter of fact, a number of people had paid up to 35 shillings a bottle for it. And I must say that, from the outside, it was indistinguishable from one of the better known proprietary brands of Scotch. It was only when you got inside—and it got inside you—that the trouble started.

The gentleman who worked this one, had been employed with a distillery for some time and he decided to branch out on his own. He had some empty bottles of "the proper stuff" complete with labels, and the kind of tin foil they use. First of all he went to a printer and got a number of the labels run off for him. Then he started manufacturing his own hell-brew.

You couldn't blame anyone for being deceived by the bottles—as counterfeits, they were just about perfect. The only thing you could blame the purchasers for, was their stupidity in paying through the nose for something which was obviously either stolen from Army stores, or was obviously "phony"—considering who was selling it.

And that, of course, is the basic fact about the Black Market. It only exists because people are stupid or greedy enough to patronise it. Cut off the demand and the supply will wither away.

(Another article next week)

# Glamour Hotel

LET me introduce you to Glamour Hotel.

Its real name is Ensa Hostel. "Glamour Hotel" is more fitting. For it's here that the Ensa artistes stay when they arrive in Italy. It is the meeting place of the shows just starting new tours and these which are waiting to go elsewhere. You meet all the troupers here.

And now Glamour Hotel is getting so crowded that it has got to move to a larger place—sure proof that entertainment over here is on the increase.

A visit to Glamour Hotel is a disturbing experience for the mere male. There are men in the hostel as well, but the atmosphere is feminine. There's the smell of perfume. There's the sight of pretty clothes. There's girlish laughter.

## TRUNKS AND LOVELIES EVERYWHERE

You'll find lovelies sun-bathing on the flat roof. You'll probably hear someone playing the violin, someone else singing. You'll find another girl industriously cutting out a new frock.

Trunks everywhere. There's always a new company arriving, or an old one going. Look into any of the rooms, and you will see delectable undies and intimate knick-knacks spread all over the place as the girls sort out their belongings.

Camp beds are provided, but otherwise furniture is sparse. The rooms are not overcrowded, but

there is no space wasted; and there are rooms set aside for married couples.

The food is exactly the same as you and I get. But it has to be served up at all odd hours of the day and night to meet the needs of the show people. Laundering is done free for the artistes when they arrive. There are billiards, baths—and parties. As you can imagine, there's plenty of gaiety and music.

This relative comfort provides a great contrast to the life these artistes often have to lead when they're touring. It's an entertainment in itself to hear them telling of their experiences, re-

by  
**JOHN K. NEWNHAM**

lating how they've been cut off in the snows, how they've been stranded without clothes, torpedoed on their way over, shelled in front-line areas.

MOST interesting new film to arrive in Italy isn't a feature at all. It's a two-reel short called "Mask of Nippon." If you get an opportunity to see it, do so. It will open your eyes about Japan.

You might call it propaganda; but it certainly shows you Japan in quite a different light. We've heard so much about Japan being a land of "paper" buildings and primitive beasts. This picture is realistic. It shows Japan's mighty skyscrapers, modern streets, progressive industries, up-to-date educational facilities. It shows, too, how the Japanese have been toughened and prepared for this war.

And it will give you an entirely new slant on the war that is being fought in the Far East. It deserves a wide showing.

## FORCES' FILM FANFARE

"WINTERTIME."—Skating and slapstick, starring Sonja Henie, with Jack Oakie and Cesar Romero. Story follows rather too closely on formula of Sonja's skating coming to the rescue of bankrupt hotel. But you won't worry about the story in this mixture of melody and mirth, with some beautiful skating scenes by Sonja, Jack Oakie's wisecracking, and one of the screen's longest and craziest slapstick scenes showing Cesar Romero rushing about the hotel in his underclothes.

"STORMY WEATHER."—If you're a jitterbug—sorry, Jive!—fan, you'll enjoy this all-Negro musical. Plenty of swing, and it goes with a swing, with some particularly entertaining dancing by the Nicholas Brothers and dusky glamour in the shapely form of Lena Horne.

"STAGE DOOR CANTEN."—Skillful blending of fact and fiction, with stars appearing as themselves. Specially good entertainment for those who like to see a lot of stars at one go—and a good musical in addition.

"TUTTLES OF TAHITI."—Charles Laughton in another of his familiar "lovable reprobate" roles, this time as head of a huge Tahitian family, always borrowing and getting into trouble. Slow-moving and mainly for Laughton fans.

Story that has nothing to do with the war

## THE FIRST WEMBLEY

ONE fine Saturday lunch-time in 1923, people homeward bound from work found themselves without tickets sitting in the two-guinea seats at Wembley Stadium for the Cup Final.

They had been swept in on an irresistible tide of football enthusiasts.

Some were too battered to feel much. Some were angry. Some weren't even interested in football. They wanted to be let out.

Outside the Stadium furious people waving two-guinea tickets demanded to be let in. Both were unlucky. The finer types just set their jaws and took their pleasure like men.

### TO HOLD 125,000

That first Cup Final at Wembley was held on April 28, 1923. It was a tremendous sporting occasion. Hitherto Cup Finals had been held at Crystal Palace and Stamford Bridge, neither of which would hold enough people.

But with the planning of the Wembley Exhibition the British sporting world said: "Here's our chance to build a really fine arena, one in which all supreme events can be held, one to which we can invite the world's champions, one which will hold all the people who want to get in."

Unfortunately for the authorities the final was between Bolton Wanderers and West Ham, and not only were West Ham a London team, but there was romance in their appearance in the final. West Ham had never been among the Soccer nobility; they had never won the First Division Championship, never been in a Cup Final.

East London was roused. And most of East London went to Wembley. Naturally most of Bolton went to Wembley, and a few trainloads from each of the towns whose teams had been knocked out by Bolton and West Ham. Most of football-loving London went to Wembley.

The game was due to start at 3 p.m. At 2 p.m. the ground was packed, and tens of thousands of people were still having a comfortable drink in town before going for the bus or train to Wembley.

### CLIMBED BARRIER

Great blocks of people swayed downwards till the crowd was like

a billowing sea, and the human wreckage left by each billow was rescued by the faithful St. John men and police. Injured farther back were lifted up and roiled on the heads of the crowd down at the front.

Weary, suffocated people at the front at last climbed over the barrier on to the wide cinder track, a few dozen, then hundreds, then thousands. They spread on to the half-moons of grass around the football pitch; they pushed over the new white lines on to the pitch. Police were swamped.

Mounted police came then.

There were nearly a quarter of a million people inside the ground, uncounted thousands outside. The mounted police knew this; yet

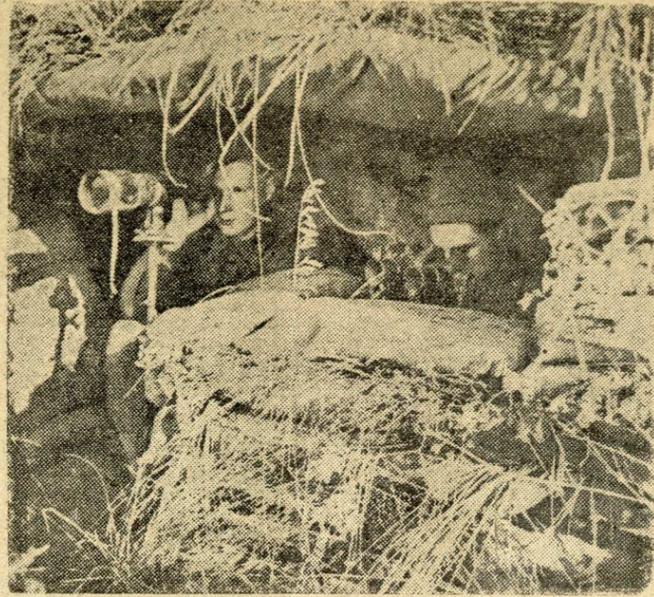
with infinite patience and gentleness they set to work to edge the crowd off the pitch. They would ease them back a foot or two here, and there would be a budge there.

By 3.40 the pitch was clear. The King, who had been waiting, came in to "God save the King," and was cheered. The players came out, white and blue Bolton, claret and blue West Ham.

At half-time they changed ends without going off for fersa that if they did they would never get back. West Ham, new-born baby of the Cup Final family, lost by only two nil against one of the finest forward lines there has ever been in League football. Remember it? Butler, David Jack, J. R. Smith, Joe Smith, Ted Vizard.



Lovely Loretta Young smiles a back page greeting.



Mountain O.P. on Eighth Army's front.

## You Saying Something

### Post-war Germany

SGT. W. H. DRAKE, of a L.A.A. Regt.—I have been thinking about our post-war treatment of Germany and have arrived at the following conclusions.

If we still lay claim to being a Christian and civilised race, and if we are sincere about the Atlantic Charter, we must be determined that its provisions are applied to the German people.

We must avoid a harsh peace that would bring about a repetition of conditions that gave birth to Nazism. However bitter we may feel about German atrocities and the inherent militarism of the race we must look to the future world which our children will inherit.

Why not hammer home to the German people now, with all the means at our disposal, that the terms of the Atlantic Charter apply to them if only they rid themselves of their Nazi taskmasters. We would be offering them a glimmer of hope, and I believe they would choose to finish with fighting, and come forward to cooperate.

Our insistence on "unconditional surrender" is prolonging the war. Why continue to sacrifice men, women and children, for the sake of a high sounding phrase?

### Fighting Malaria

GNR. H. R. KEATS, R. A.—Your articles on malaria are among the best I've seen printed. Being a malaria-precautions man. I have been on this work ever since my unit landed in North Africa, and we've been in some pretty bad spots. My labours in trying to make the unit 100 per cent malaria-conscious were not in vain, for we did not have one case. Reasons: The whole unit, from the C.O. downwards, was malaria-minded, and we had efficient and enthusiastic anti-malaria squad. If we want to beat Jerry, we've got to do our share in beating malaria.

### Ack-Ack

L/BDR. R. WOOLARD, 99th L.A.A. Regt., R.A.—In your issue dated Sunday, 16th April, Colin Morris writes that "The 18th L.A.A. Regt. . . received a tribute from an unexpected service when a German pilot put in a report to the effect that the barrage over Augusta (Sicily), which the 18th L.A.A. Regt. was protecting, was the worst he had ever experienced."

At that time the port of Augusta was being protected by the 99th L.A.A. Regt.

The 99th was at Augusta from July 19th until Sept. 18th. I believe another regiment was also there part of the time, and it may have been the 18th, but the 99th was there first. The barrage was a thing to be remembered and was greatly augmented by ships of the Royal Navy in the harbour. I have no desire to detract from the merits of the 18th L.A.A. Regt. Their fame has gone before them.

### Food and Finance

CFN. PULLAN, att. to a Field Regt., R.A.—Why have we forgotten President Roosevelt's advice at the start of the war, when he said that "financial nonsense" must be cut out?

All our official organs of propaganda have remained silent about John Hargate's War Emergency Proposals to utilise coupon system to distribute food to the people, irrespective of financial considerations.

If we are to lead the world into an age of plenty, we must first see that wealth of the land is made available to the people without having to fight and slave for the currency to obtain it.

### Double Rations

PTE. ERIC EARLE, R.A.S.C.—I enclose a cutting from a Lincolnshire paper which states that Lincolnshire people have protested about the decision of the Government, which entitles double meat rations to be issued to Italian prisoners who "live in" at farmhouses. The report says that this is causing much discontent among landworkers who contend that they have as much right to 2s. 4d. worth of meat a week, as the Italians who are working side-by-side with them.

I think this is grossly unfair. After all, there IS a war on—and about the British prisoners. Do they get a double ration after a day's hard work, probably down a salt mine? I'm sure they don't.

### Cutie Controversy

CPL. D. BOAST, D.A.F.—Upon reading the CRUSADER dated 16th April, 1944, I was amazed at the letter by F/O. M. E. Birtwell, condemning the CRUSADER "Cutie." (Please note there is no suggestiveness in my inverted commas). It does occur to ME that the majority of readers are youths and young men who are looking forward to shaping this so called Better Britain, but must our minds dwell continually on such matters? Can one remain mentally, physically, spiritually or morally fit without a little relaxation of a kind?

With reference to "Cutie" being placed next to "Educational Notes," I suggest to F/O. Birtwell that when digesting the articles in the CRUSADER, he reads one column at a time. What difference does it make if an article is on the back page or the front page. It appears that F/O. Birtwell, although condemning "Cutie" digested her very well as shown by the rewording like to point out that we marks of "suggestiveness." I do not all think alike.

The letter from F/Sgt. J. N. Stevens, is, I think, the answer you would receive from all the YOUTH and YOUNG MEN serving in the Forces.

Address all correspondence to Editor, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, C.M.F. Printed by British Military Printing Press, Printing and Stationery Services, C.M.F.

● The story of Pte V. KENNARD, of Wood Green, London

## I WAS IN A CASSINO "LULL"

### It meant 15,000 shells in nine days to the Infantry of the Line!

**CASSINO HAS MISSED THE HEADLINES RECENTLY. THERE HAS BEEN A "LULL." BUT THE SHATTERED RUIN OF CASSINO IS STILL IN THE SAME PLACE AND THERE ARE SOLDIERS IN IT. LIFE IS NO LULL FOR THEM.**

Private Kennard spent nine days in the town with his unit. Nine days of waiting. Nine days under continuous shellfire, nine nights of furtive prowling in No Man's Land. Such is the routine in Cassino to-day. On being relieved, Kennard gave the following vivid day-by-day account.

**FIRST DAY:** My home is a hole in the ground a few feet square. It was dug and reinforced with stakes by the New Zealanders we relieved last night—a pit roofed with steel girders and an assortment of wooden beams. It houses a couple of pals and myself. Company is a boon in what promises to be a really hot spot. We arrived here last night, picking our way in the dark across the rubble of former houses, seeking cover as an occasional mortar fell near, straining our eyes for moving forms among the stunted buildings. I expected to be met by heavy mortaring and machine-gun fire, but all was comparatively quiet.

**SECOND DAY:** I slept little last night. I was waiting for something which failed to materialise. The artillery and

changing cigarettes and attempting to conduct conversations.

I was talking with one of our stretcher-bearers. He wanders about the buildings with his Red Cross displayed collecting the wounded and is undisturbed by Jerry.

To-day has been the worst day's shelling I've ever experienced and I'm thankful indeed when dusk falls and the shelling subsides somewhat. After an hour or two of comparative quiet the artillery recommences and among the casualties is Private A. Green, whose back wound is the fifth he has experienced since joining the battalion.

**THIRD DAY:** I still cannot acclimatise myself. I have been in action several times before, but have never felt so helpless. Mortars and shells again. Several fall near to our dug-out, covering us with dust which clings to our already grimy faces.

Nearby a complete section is buried, and while shells are round him Lieutenant Symmonds clears away beams and masonry and dirt to extract all six unhurt.

Occupants of a dug-out only ten yards away are less fortunate. Twelve of them, signalmen, clerks and stretcher-bearers occupy the single dug-out. A direct hit by a heavy shell killed two and wounded five of them.

**FOURTH DAY:** I feel increasingly tired. The slightest movement sees me on my guard. I imagine danger at every corner, but in light-hearted chatter we attempt to keep up our spirits. The periods of shelling are nightmares. We wait for hours it seems as the crumps around us indicate the proximity of the hits.

Wandering across for a hot evening meal my attention was drawn to Castle Hill. Bursts of small arms fire pricked the darkness and the explosion of both enemy and British mortars could be seen from our positions. The exchange of fire appeared south of us and such consideration made our position appear increasingly precarious.

Supplies are coming through exceedingly. Jeeps transport the food, water and ammunition to within half a mile of our positions. We then assume responsibility, covering the remaining stretch on foot under cover of darkness.

**FIFTH DAY:** The 1,600 shells which the enemy is estimated to be dropping in our area daily don't appear as terrible as when first we arrived. Men are, however, still killed and wounded and the stretcher-bearers and Jeep ambulance drivers are extremely busy. One driver, Driver Padgett, has been busy day and night taking back the wounded to forward dressing-stations and hospitals.

Throughout my stay I have been awaiting the order to attack. I felt that we had to do so, and I prepared myself for bitter street-fighting.

**SIXTH DAY:** Enemy mortar and artillery shells compel us to lie low. Our signalmen are having a hell of a time, attempting to maintain line communications. Almost as quickly as telephone lines are established insulation is torn to shreds by shells. We have abandoned line communications to-day and depend now on wireless.

At times we count the shells as they fall round us—dozens at a time. Hardly a square yard of earth is undisturbed by shells or shrapnel. Stumps of building are reduced to the ground—only cellars remain intact.

The seventh and eighth days passed uneventfully.

On the ninth day news of our intended relief filtered through and, frankly, we were glad. In nine days it was estimated that the enemy had rained fifteen thousand shells into the area we occupied, and we were ready for a rest.

We withdrew under cover of darkness. As the moon came up over surrounding hills we were able to discern the skeleton outlines of the buildings and the potholed roads. It made me wonder how we had been able to live nine days in such a hell on earth.



Pte. J. Hearn, of Boulder City, Western Australia, climbs on the shoulders of Corporal W. W. Williamson, of Maryland, Western Australia, to pull down a Japanese flag from a tree near a Japanese H.Q. in New Guinea.

### THEY PREFER THE FRONT

THEY could hold well-paid Home Front administrative jobs, relax at New York's entertainment centres, forget the war and curse the taxes. But they preferred to stand by the side of Eighth Army men at Tobruk, Alamein and Mareth, and to follow the Army to Italy.

To-day two companies of volunteers of the American Field Service work with the Eighth and Fifth Armies, evacuating hundreds of wounded monthly from the battlefields to hospitals.

Founded during the opening stages of the First World War by a group of Americans living in Paris, the organisation was consolidated in the American Army when the United States entered the war.

#### STARTED IN FRANCE

Sections commenced work in France in 1940, doing outstanding work during the hurried evacuation of refugees to Southern France. Many of the volunteers were interned—others escaped to join a unit of approximately one hundred men who, a month after America entered the war, left the States to join Wavell's Western Desert Force.

They have been in Italy since the opening of the campaign, and are now well known to front-line troops from Anzio to the Adriatic.

They come from all walks of life—actors, artists, writers, cab drivers, students, business men, engineers—youths of 18 and men of 55, all of whom volunteered for this front-line service. Many are disabled—two have wooden legs and many only one eye. All are considered medically unfit.

Equipping themselves initially in America, they live hard over here on pay which amounts alone to a monthly canteen allowance.

Four volunteers have been killed in Italy alone. They were members of the company which has accompanied the Eighth Army through the desert.

As told to CRUSADER  
staff reporter  
—SYD FOXCROFT—

mortar shells appear to be falling thicker to-day. I learned this evening that over 1,900 shells fell in our area to-day. Many of the cellars have received direct hits, some as many as ten in a morning. There are casualties and stretcher-bearers are busy outside. Across the road an M.D.S. is serving both German and British wounded, and stretcher-bearers of both sides are ex-



A Scout-car served as the "royal coach" when the King, Queen and Princess Elizabeth inspected Britain's invasion forces somewhere in the Home Counties.

## Voice of CRUSADER

# We think

**MARSHAL STALIN'S** May Day declaration was the outstanding event of the week.

There is a note of assurance that is both spacious and inspiring in the Marshal's choice of words and moods.

Hitler, he announces, has lost the war.

And the sober conviction of the phrase recalls other statements made by Stalin, at times when optimistic forecasts seemed almost rash.

Now we know that when he foretold that Moscow would be saved, that Stalingrad would survive and that the invaders would be flung right back, the Russian leader was not really prophesying at all.

He was announcing future events which he knew to be as mathematically certain of maturing as the phases of the moon. His foreknowledge was simply a logical conclusion, based on calculations of the Russian military strength and the will of the Russian people to wage war.

But even in his mood of triumph, Stalin realises that Germany — "the wounded beast forced to crawl to its lair" — can still be dangerous. In uttering this warning to his Armies and committing them to the task of destroying the Nazis in their own land, he has given to the world his final answer to the whippers suggesting that Russia might negotiate a separate peace with Germany.

The Marshal's acknowledgment of the part played by Britain and America; and his recognition of the part which they and Russia must play, in concert, when they attack the tasks ahead — these are wise and statesman-like gestures and they are made with a sense of timing that shows a master's appreciation of the historic significance of the hour.

Marshal Stalin has chosen the right moment to say the right thing. He has given expression to the mood which must animate the peoples of the United Nations on the eve of the final assault.

The mood was there all the time. It only remained for someone to strike the tune.

The Marshal has done that.

So when we march forward we shall all be in step.

● "In war the Empire acts as one. This spirit must be carried forward to the problems of peace..."

# THE FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

THE Dominion Prime Ministers are in London for the first Imperial Conference of the war. They will be discussing Foreign Affairs, the Invasion of Europe, the Pacific, the future of aviation, post-war emigration, trade and currency.

Marshal Smuts, Mr. Mackenzie King, and Mr. Fraser have been here before. But we shall be welcoming for the first time Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, who will, no doubt, act as pace-maker on the discussions concerning the machinery for consultation, under the Statute of Westminster.

Having initiated the recent area talks between Australia and New Zealand, he is known to favour a consultative body or Empire Council on Foreign Affairs.

Is this proposal likely to be accepted?

In many ways responsibility has mellowed John Curtin. Self-educated, starting life at the age of 12 as a printer's devil, secretary of the Timber Workers' Union, editor of the "Western Australian Journal," M.P. for Fremantle in 1929, leader of the Opposition and, like Herbert Morrison, the son of a policeman, he has risen through the hardest political school in the world — Australian labour politics — to the position that William Hughes held in the last war.

### Curtin's Role

Hughes was a force at the Peace Conference at Versailles. Will Curtin play a similar role?

With Dr. Evatt, his Foreign Secretary and right-hand man, he succeeded in unifying the Australian war effort when the Japs were at the gates. He has since won a general election, and now feels able to bring to London his views of Democratic Commonwealth consultation with Winston Churchill, who he admires as Britain's war leader.

Under the Statute of Westminster each member of the Commonwealth of British Nations is theoretically free to follow its own foreign policy and does, in fact, submit to the Crown recommendations for Governors-General.

In war, the Prime Minister at Westminster largely supersedes the Dominions Office. His contacts are direct with the Dominion Prime Ministers, but even this means delay in taking decisions.

Mr. Curtin wants to see set up an Empire Council with each Government represented to discuss and speed up policy decisions.

Mr. Mackenzie King is afraid that this is a "boomerang Imperialism," reducing the authority of Ottawa and Canberra. Meanwhile, Marshal Smuts favours Empire Regionalism as between Dominions and areas of Colonies for economic purposes.

Mr. Fraser's New Zealand view is half-way between Smuts' and Curtin's, with whom he has concluded a regional agreement. This is the set-up.

What is not known is the attitude of Mr. Churchill, who will preside at what will be Supreme War Councils.

Russia has provided an interesting sidelight by her announcement that the individual States comprising the Soviet Union now enjoy semi-independence in Foreign Affairs. This is looked upon by some as likely to increase her concerted power at the Peace Conference.

Here is, quite frankly, the point Smuts has emphasised.

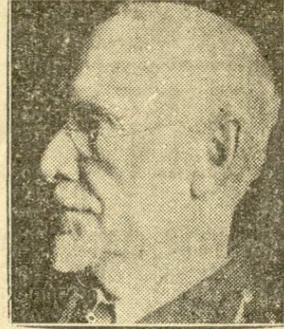
Is Britain to speak as an Island Power in the North Sea with its string of colonies or as a great world Commonwealth of Nations?

If the latter, then the Dominions will expect full consultation in council upon momentous decisions affecting the Atlantic Charter, defence, security and economic organisation.

It is just this machinery the Statute of Westminster did not provide, which the coming conference may have to determine.



"... What is not known, is the attitude of Mr. Churchill."



"... Marshal Smuts favours Empire Regionalism."

● In London the British and Dominions Prime Ministers are meeting at a momentous conference. They will have to make major decisions which will affect the lives of countless millions of people all over the world. The part to be played by the British Empire — and how it is to be played — will have a high priority on the agenda. In this article, EDGAR GRANVILLE, M.P. for Eye, Suffolk, sums up the Imperial questions the conference will have to face.

If the Empire is to play its full part in world trade and the rehabilitation of Europe, then raw materials, primary products, exports and trade agreements must be developed fully within our own Commonwealth, upon a planned basis, and not left merely to a system of Imperial preference.

If India, China and Africa are to raise their standard of living, then improved credit and shipping facilities will become an essential factor.

On numerous occasions in both Houses of Parliament we have pressed that a Commonwealth plan for civil aviation should be on the agenda.

Lord Beaverbrook was understood to be in charge of this. Will he present a great scheme for linking up the Commonwealth with a chain of trans-oceanic air routes? Or will the initiative be left to the Dominions? Mr. Curtin is calling in at Washington. Is he likely to commence unilateral air talks?

### A Broader Outlook

One of the lessons of Malaya is the necessity for a certain amount of decentralisation of a nucleus of the industrial war potential in the interests of security against any future aggressor.

If there is to be a Commonwealth civil aviation, then production of aircraft, engines, spares and servicing, together with the organisation of airfields, routes and radiolocation, must be spread throughout the Empire. This island cannot contain the ideas, technical development and invention of a whole Commonwealth.

This means that an Empire Air Board should be formed now to give to our young men the chance to express a practical vision on world air communications. Have we the leaders at Westminster to join hands with the young men of the Dominions to build a new conception of Empire, using science, education, credit, and economic planning?

I would like to see endowed in the capitals of the Commonwealth academies of science and air technology; a chair of Commonwealth economics, of geological and metallurgical research.

one hears from some of them that the leadership from us is behind the times or non-existent.

### New Capital

Very well, let them be given the chance. Let them challenge our sluggishness and make Canberra or Ottawa the new capital of the Commonwealth.

If we are to justify the existence of a Dominions and Colonial Office in London, they must in effect be the centre of a five-years plan for Empire development, co-operating with Russia and the United States.

Parliament here is to devote two days to debating Dominion policy before the Conference. Will Lord Cranborne, one of the younger of our Ministers, justify the confidence in him and appeal for a democratic renaissance in the Empire? We have the men, the brains, the full resources; have we got the initiative?

True, our leaders are engrossed with coming military events. When we launch our offensive Mr. Churchill, may have the additional support of the presence of war veterans such as Mackenzie King and Marshal Smuts in an Empire appeal for a full effort to defeat the enemy.

Can they give the time to lay the foundations of a new order? The creation of a Supreme War Council or Empire consultative body would enable others to take some of the load from off their shoulders. Its decisions would be subject to confirmation by each Dominion Government, as no Prime Minister can be spared to serve on a Supreme War Cabinet as in the last war.

These are the questions the Conference will have to face. In war the Empire acts as one. This spirit must be carried forward to the problems of peace. It can be done, for in no other group of communities does such an abundance of good-will and tradition exist as in the family of British nations.

## SLANTS ON THE NEWS

### ● Utopia

"All human beings of any race, creed or sex, have the right to pursue both their material well-being and their spiritual development in conditions of freedom and dignity and equal opportunity." — Extract from "the Philadelphia Charter," which gives the aims and purposes of the I.L.O.

### ● The Will of Russia

"I flew very low over Stalingrad. . . It was a ruined city. There was not a house which . . . had a roof on it. Nevertheless . . . I could see thousands of people hurrying to and from their work." — The Archbishop of York (Dr. Garbutt), on German devastation in Russia.

### ● Headache For Himmler

"The Gestapo lost their card index when their Berlin headquarters received a direct hit . . . duplicates in the provinces are not up-to-date. This explains the ease with which people 'die' in Berlin, and 'come to life' in Bavaria." — Swedish citizen who left Germany recently.

### ● Naval Anomaly

"Vice-Admiral Sir Bertram H. Ramsay . . . has been re-instated on the active list and promoted to Admiral." — Reuter message from London. (Admiral Ramsay was the man who organised shipping for the Dunkirk evacuation, and for the invasions of North Africa and Sicily. He became Allied naval chief under General Eisenhower, last December. Yet all the time he was technically on the "retired" list!)

### ● Strength through pain

"German occupation . . . is responsible for the decline in the French living standards."  
"Among the French sent back from Germany for health reasons 40 per cent. have pulmonary tuberculosis."  
". . . the attitude of the Germans towards the population is definitely hostile. Women and youths have been tortured . . ."  
"THE ENTIRE FRENCH PEOPLE IS NOW SOLIDLY UNITED AGAINST THE INVADER." — Emmanuel Dastier, French Commissioner for the Interior.

# Sitting on the Fence

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS

## Sally the Cat Statement

IN an interview with the Press, Sally the Cat said: "Readers could scarcely have failed to notice during the past few weeks a persistent propaganda drive aimed at increasing my kitten production to assist the war effort."

"Odious comparisons have been drawn between my production and that of the Russian cat, Heroine of the Soviet Union, Katinka Pusskin, and fantastic figures have been published, which have little or no relationship to the facts."

"Needless to say, this propaganda drive has been organised by Mr. Gubbins, not from patriotic motives, but from a love of vulgar sensationalism."

"In view of an event which is due in the course of the next few weeks, I should like to make it clear that any increase in my family will not be the result of pressure brought upon me by the newspapers. Nor will it be inspired by motives of patriotism."

"Although I am fully aware that there is a grave shortage of kittens at a time when the destruction of vermin is almost as important as the destruction of U-boats, in our struggle to maintain food supplies, and although I am determined to spare no effort to bring about final victory, I have always refused to be a party to Mr. Gubbins' cynical exploitation of motherhood and shall maintain that attitude to the end."

"Without wishing in any way to discredit the achievements of our great Russian ally, and particularly those of Heroine of the Soviet Union Katinka Pusskin, I would like to say further that the deliberate mass production of kittens, even for so great a cause, has never appealed to me. All countries have their own customs and traditions, and I would be the last to offer any criticism of what after all is a purely domestic affair."

"But I believe that I shall have the British public with me when I say that to regard mothers as small factories maintaining a regular output of children for the benefit of the State is a conception of motherhood, which is entirely foreign to British thought and sentiment."

"Regular readers of this column will know what I have suffered through publicity. I have become accustomed to having my smallest actions noted and reported, and my private affairs published in detail to satisfy the morbid appetites of the masses."

"But when it is suggested that I have formed promiscuous associations in order to increase the cat population of Great Britain and thus dragged the sacred name of motherhood in the dust, I think the time has come to issue the strongest possible denial."

"I should like to add that those who have ordered their kittens in advance, will be satisfied in strict rotation according to the date of the order."

\* \* \*

## Party Conversation

"BUSYBODIES who are always getting you to buy tickets for something or other, are responsible for more war strain than half-a-dozen air raids."

"My husband says the longer the war goes on the more German we get—bullying people into doing things they don't want to do."

"And asking impertinent questions about private affairs."

"In Margaret's father's book, 'The Bottle of Britain,' he says: 'If everybody in the country were a teetotaler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be obliged to put another 2s. 6d. on income tax, to pay for the war.'"

"The Government could save even more money by turning the unpaid Home Guard into policemen."

"All the troubles of the world come of making money out of money, instead of using it for the proper purpose—as a convenient form of exchange."

"My husband says the chief causes of war are greed and the

survival of the tribal instinct. He says the Germans are what they are because they are a savage tribe believing themselves better than all other tribes."

"Another passage in Margaret's father's book, 'The Bottle of Britain,' is, 'When victory comes, teetotalers will have neither won it nor paid for it.'"

"The only way we can lose the war now is by old-fashioned diplomacy."

"While the Russians are kicking the Germans out of Russia, and the whole world awaits the greatest battle in history, the British War Office has nothing better to do than stop A.T.S. smoking in the streets."

"In their spare time they think up something to annoy the Home Guard."

"Margaret's father's book, 'The Bottle of Britain,' is dedicated to 'all those who love the friendship of the tavern and to all those who drink confusion to long-nosed, prying fussy breeches, who interfere with the people's liberties.'"

"The natural optimism of the British people has been so crushed by Government gloom propaganda, that nothing but the end of the war and a new Government will cheer them up again."

"The only way they can think of cheering up the Home Guard is to suggest that they still have a chance to be attacked by desperate German paratroops in the middle of the night."

"My husband says the chief enthusiasts in the Home Guard now are the paid administrators."

"What's happened to Timoshenko?"

"He's probably fire-watching in Moscow."

"If we have a typical English summer this year we shall all freeze to death without coal."

## Letter from another Mule

DEAR SIR, With regard to your interesting letter from A. Mule recently, pointing out the military virtues of

mules, may I intrude further on your valuable space, to describe a personal experience when I was serving with the British Army in India?

I was one of a convoy of more than 2,000 mules carrying guns and stores on the North-West Frontier. We had reached a shallow, ice-covered ravine, and none of the white officers could make up their minds whether we mules could negotiate the ravine or whether the column would be obliged to march another five miles round it.

The brigadier sent for the chief muleteer, a Brahmin, and put the question to him. To the astonishment of the brigadier, who was, after all, only one of those clever white men, the muleteer answered: "I don't know but I'll ask my head mule."

The muleteer then called to his head mule, pointed to the ravine and said: "Do you think you can make it?" or words to that effect. The head mule looked carefully round the ravine, weighing up the chances, while the brigadier, nervously watching the pantomime, swore he would never have another chota peg before tiffin, as long as he lived.

At last the head mule made up his mind. He nodded his head three times, sat on his tail, slid down the ravine and clambered up the other side. Then he neighed to all the other mules who followed like sheep.

I don't suppose many of your intelligent readers will believe this story and more than they will believe that I have written this letter. But as you publish a fairly regular correspondence from animals, I feel sure you are simple enough to believe the truth, a virtue rarely accorded to white men, but common enough among the natives of India.

Apologising once more for the intrusion, and hoping your wife and family are well,

I remain, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
ANOTHER MULE.

CRUSADER CUTIE



"When the Major complained about 'inadequate cover,' he must have meant these five inches of water baths!"

Lighter side of the war

No. 2

## Trench Humour

REMEMBER when they said this was a war of movement, and the old soldiers told us, "Well, you won't have to live in those ruddy trenches, anyway?"

We haven't got away from trenches, all the same. The slit-trench has become a feature in

our battle life. And some of the best lighter side of war stories this week concerns them.

Said Gnr. George Eden of an R.A. battery up on the Eighth Army front: "We call 'em the Smithy Specials now. It happened when we moved to a new place recently. We were ordered to dig slit-trenches, and 'Smithy,' with a burst of energy, went back to the job as soon as he'd finished dinner."

"I was in the cookhouse, and I saw him disappear into the trench. It was already pretty deep. Clods of earth came flying out as he dug farther down."

"Then came a sudden whine, and an explosion nearby. Jerry was shelling us. I've never seen anything move so quickly as 'Smithy' did. He shot out of the slit-trench almost as though he'd been catapulted, hurled himself down a 10-foot embankment, and dashed into the house for shelter!"

"Dumbest guy I've met," comments Gnr. Harry Biggs, "was a fellow who came up to me and asked where this 'B' Echelon place was. I told him it was just round the corner. 'Blimey,' he exclaimed, 'I thought it was the name of a town!'"

FROM Pte. Jack Earp, of the Pioneers, comes another slit-trench story, this time with an Anzio setting.

Jack, having dived into a trench which turned out to be half-full of water, took more care the next time he had to make a jump for safety. A lot of the other boys liked this trench, too. There was just enough room for Jack, and they were packed like sardines.

Jerry's guns were banging away, with shells falling far too close for their liking. Then something hit them, landing with a terrific crash on the packed, crouching bodies.

"They've got us!" someone yelled. Then the alarm turned to laughter.

The "shell" was a sergeant, diving for safety and not knowing that the trench was full. And, to add insult to injury, he picked himself up, and ran with his heavy-studded boots over the rest of the bodies, and then on to another trench.

## On films and football

### Forward Film Shows

CAPT. J. M. STEWART, O.C. of a Kinema Section attached to Eighth Army.—John K. Newham raises the question of war films. Whilst agreeing strongly with the view that forward troops do not want war films, I would point out the following facts.

(1)—The Kinema Section under my Command is the only one showing at the moment to forward troops, and of the 27 films at present being shown, one deals with war in the Desert, two with the Merchant Navy at war, one with Occupied Europe, one with the Submarine Service, and four have an unobtrusive war background. The remaining 18 contain no mention of war whatever.

(2)—19 of these films have been released within the past eighteen months—including Me and My Gal—in contrast to Marx Bros. Go West, which your correspondent praises and which is over five years old!

(3)—About 60% of all films being produced, deal with war subjects, or have a war background, and of the 40% remaining, a small proportion are of sufficiently good entertainment quality to send overseas.

(4)—The problem resolves itself to this. Are we to accept films with a war background, to the exclusion of old films, or old films to the exclusion of war films, or to endeavour to strike a medium between them? The third way is the one which they are endeavouring to do at home, at present.

### Popeye is Popular

PTE. H. F. SPARKS, PTE. P. JOHNSON.—We heartily agree with the headlines in the issue of CRUSADER dated April 16,—"ARMY CINEMAS ARE NOT MUSEUMS."

As A.K.S. projectionists, we wonder if Mr. Newham's article refers to the shows given by E.N.S.A. in base towns, or to the shows given by A.K.S. in the forward areas. If the latter, we wish to point out the inaccuracy of his statements.

(1)—On arrival at a location, the inevitable question is: "Will you be showing Popeye?" This is far and away the most popular feature in our library, and we cannot possibly obtain enough copies to meet the demand.

(2)—Regarding newsreels, we must inform you that we are regularly receiving copies of Gaumont British, Movietone, Paramount, and Pathe Gazette, the majority of which are received within 7-10 days of issue,

## YOU Saying Something

which we think even Mr. Newham will agree is reasonable, considering that so much accommodation is required for goods vital to our war effort.

### What About Bradford?

GNR. W. H. BURGESS, of an H.A.A. Regt. R.A.—I was very interested in the article by Sgt.-Inst. Albert Geldard in your issue of April 16. I saw the match he wrote about and I have followed his progress from the days when he played for his school (Whitley Lane School, Bradford).

I was very disappointed in your heading: "By Sgt.-Inst. A. Geldard, Everton, Bolton, England." Surely this should have read: Bradford, Everton, Bolton, England, these being all his clubs.

I am fully aware that Bradford Park Avenue are not a so-called "fashionable" club, but Bradford was not only a local Bradford boy, for even before he left school, he was getting valuable training and experience at Park Avenue and on leaving school, he was "nursed" in every way by that club.

For some time, he was understudy to Davis (who also played in this match) and became first choice after Davis had been transferred to Sunderland.

Both Davis and Geldard are Bradford fellows and were given

their chance by the Park Avenue club.

I often think sport would be more interesting if the writers gave more credit (when due) to the clubs who have to carry on by transferring many of their best players and in my opinion, do more towards keeping the game going, than many of the more "fashionable" clubs.

### Common Wealth

GNR. BAKER, J. S., R.A.—It was with great interest that I read your leading article in CRUSADER of April 9 issue, but I took note that you put *Commonwealth* as one word, and I am sure that I am right in saying that Sir Richard Acland's Party is known as COMMON WEALTH—two distinct words.

### Base Ingratitude!

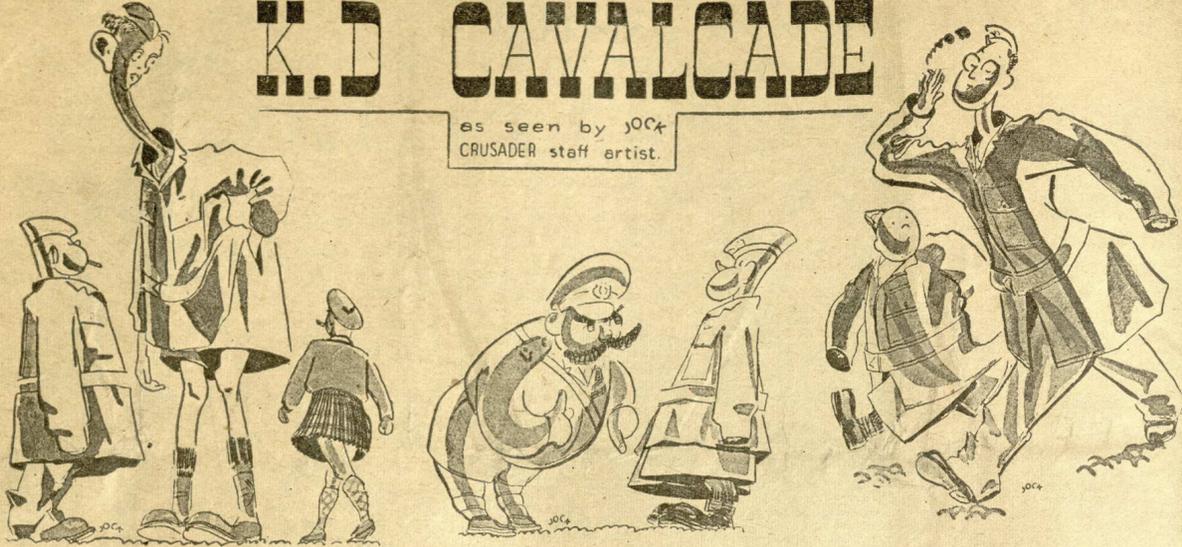
WRITER K. JOHNSTONE, R.N.—With reference to Spr. R. E. Hampton's letter on the so-called "office wallah." I don't think the gentleman realizes how essential the office is to him and his friends in the front line. For example, he likes his army paper or else he would not write his little letter. He wishes to be paid and those at home to get their allowances, and receive his mail. Who cyphers and codes operational instructions, and ensures they are kept from the enemy, for his safety? Why, it's those office wallahs at base. Yes, they do deserve the medal, provided they have done the service.

### How Ashamed He Is!

L.A.C. BETHELL, R.A.F.—I am fully in agreement with F/O. Birtwell about the annoyance caused by the type of "cutie" and pin-up photographs which you print. Your paper is about the only original journal which I can send to a girl friend at home from here, and yet I am often ashamed to do so, knowing her religious turn of mind. Perhaps I had better tell her to learn Italian and then send her the Italian paper.

# K.D. CAVALCADE

as seen by JOCK  
CRUSADER staff artist.



"Smart guy; trying to be different!"

"On your honour, have you cleaned your boots?"

"The Yanks are zealous. They think they're zealous!"

## THE PROFESSOR AND THE PICANNINY



Professor Julian Huxley is now in West Africa as a member of the Elliot Commission on Higher Education. Schools for natives have been built from the funds of the Native Treasury. Here Julian Huxley inspects the work of Young Africa—which writes as well as speaks.

"There are great things to be done, history to be made, an ogre to be finally trodden underfoot. But we are all fighting fit, straining at the leash on top of the world..."

# It's the Spring!

In Britain practically all of us talk about the weather whatever the time of day and to whomsoever it may be; this is because the weather is nearly always uppermost in our mind.

Even now, after nearly five years of war, we still feel lost at hearing news on the radio without a weather forecast. The fact that it was nearly always wrong doesn't matter.

You see, the weather makes just the whole difference to us. When our poet sang:

*In the spring a young man's fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of love*

he wasn't just being fanciful; he was making a grotesque understatement. It isn't just the young. And it isn't just the love.

by  
**S. P. B. MAIS,**  
author and lover of the countryside

of boy and girl. It's everyone of us whatever his age, and it's more a sort of drunkenness, an ecstasy, than love.

We are all just drunk with the spring. At the coming of spring I, for one, sing and shout and whistle and caper about like a March hare or a young lamb. We cast off winter sloth and become quite irresponsible. It's pretty easy to see why.

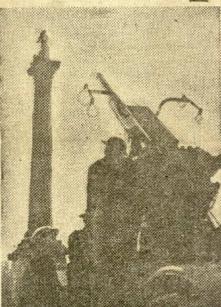
War-time blackout is bad enough, but nature's blackout is far worse. In the autumn we dread the drawing in of the days; in the winter all colour goes out of the landscape and the whole earth looks arid and dead.

Many of you are ruder than you were back home. Your language is considerably worse, and you've got into such a habit of swearing, that you don't even realise you're doing so.

**You're Generous**  
Here's your biggest bouquet. If a girl goes even to the smallest extra trouble to help you, you're far more appreciative than you ever were back in Blighty. You're more helpful. You'll give a hand without being asked to do so.

**You're Tongue-Tied**  
The most difficult thing, they find, is to get you to talk. Their conversation is often quite funny when they do get talking. They've got into the habit of using what they hope are Italian phrases when they have spoken to Italian women. And, we've all noticed, again and again, that when men are speaking to us, they fall into this broken English.

**You and Other Services**  
A bouquet, too, for the spirit of friendship which exists between the three Services. "We've noticed that they mix far more here than in England," they commented. "Back there, you hear a lot of wisecracks hurled by one Service against another. You don't get that here."



**TOWN**—London's spring song has been drowned by the crescendo of the greatest Ack-Ack barrage in the world. A striking picture of a 3.7 silhouetted against the Nelson Column—

or eat our breakfast by artificial light. We even set out for work without lamps on our bicycles. The sun not only shines out of a clear sky; it's rays are warm enough to make us shed a waistcoat, sometimes even an overcoat.

The dark boughs of the shrubs all along the road are sprouting green buds. There is pink blossom on the almond trees—a lovely sight—and soon whole valleys of apple and cherry and plum orchards will be a sea of billowy pink and white.

The hedges are already beginning to show yellow patches of primroses and purple patches of violets, and every flower garden is golden or mauve with crocuses. Colour has come back to the earth and to the sky, and our faces take the contagion. We are pink-cheeked, our eyes are sparkling again.

You see old men sunning themselves out of the wind in the cottage porch; cats and dogs lie stretched out in the pathway in the sun. Spring is here!

When work is over, and on Sundays, you will see groups of boys and girls on bicycles—or fathers and mothers for that matter—all setting out for the woods to bring back pussy willow and catkins, palm, wild daffodils; or just setting off to bring back precious memories of spring smells of fresh earth, or spring sights of blue world or green down.

"Good morning," we say, "it's good to be alive," and you agree. No longer do we have to shove

**—AND COUNTRY**

you know, right through the centuries, we in Britain, have had this same urge in springtime to go on a pilgrimage. We don't like the dark, we don't like being indoors. We are all lovers of the open air and of the open country, and in spring the doors again open, and we leap out singing. You will see old women leaning over their cottage gates; men digging in the garden; and boys taking a gun out into the fields at dusk to get a rabbit for the pot. You will see boy meet girl in the twilight, and go arm-in-arm down lovers' lanes.

But it's the opening of spring that I find exciting. Recently I was in the North of England—Yorkshire to be exact—opening a number of "Dig for Victory" exhibitions. They were all exceedingly encouraging—sticks of rhubarb about as long as a horse's legs, leeks about as thick as the trunk of an oak tree, turnips as big as cannon balls; all grown through that hard dark winter on allotments and in tiny cottage gardens; a labour of love if ever

In contrast is the peace of the English countryside. Remote from war is this lovely study of a shepherd with his sheep and lambs, eternal symbols of spring.

## BY THE BATTLEWAY On Castle Hill

SINCE the Allied occupation of Castle Hill, one of the most keenly contested positions in Cassino, only a single German has entered the now ruined castle.

A typical German paratrooper, topping the six foot mark, grenades strung round his neck and dangling from his revolver belt, a Schmeisser under his arm and a grenade ready in his right hand, leaped into the castle courtyard, at the head of the only German-attacking force which has threatened the position in recent weeks.

He moved only a few steps before being riddled by bullets from four machine-guns manned by Men of a company holding the position.

Cpl. A. Sergeant, of Dagenham, directing mortars which were largely responsible for breaking up the attack, told how the enemy timed his strong attack to coincide with a changeover of British occupation troops.

"We had just got into position," he said. "We had discovered ready-built sappers and cellars among the ruins, and while the majority took shelter here, a standing patrol occupied positions only only seventy or eighty yards from the enemy.

"For weeks the hill positions had remained unchanged. Both sides appeared content to exchange artillery and mortar shells. Fighting patrols on the hill were impossible.

### Armed to Teeth

WE HAD been in a few positions only a few hours when the scraping of feet on the rocks on the other side of the hill were heard. The sentries sought cover behind the partly demolished walls of the castle courtyard, and waited.

"The footfalls drew nearer and in the dimmed light, a single figure leaped over the low courtyard wall. Armed to the teeth, he cut a fine figure in the moonlight. As he landed, he cast a hurried glance around. Our guards lay silent awaiting his reactions. He decided to rouse the opposition with the grenade in his right hand.

As he pulled the pin, four Bren gun out the darkness with streams of bullets, and he fell dead.

"Meanwhile, the sentries noted other figures approaching the castle ruins, and opened up. Our machine-guns swept the area and occasional screams were heard, followed by scampering feet.

"While infantrymen followed over the crest of the hill, we laid down a heavy mortar barrage, which added further to the enemy's confusion. The attacking force split up, some seeking cover in their own sangers; others making for the foot of the hill.

"Those in the sangers attempted to oppose our men, but the majority were taken prisoners and several killed and wounded. We had a few casualties.

"Unarmed, a single infantryman, Pte. D. Mason, brought back six of the Germans. He discovered them covering in a single sanger. They were strongly armed, but Mason, after stumbling across them, ordered them to drop their arms and leave the cover.

"Six badly paratroopers promptly obeyed and were marched back to the castle to swell the bag.

"It was the only counter-attack the enemy has staged since our first troops occupied the hill, and I imagine it will be his last."

(Continued on Page 7)

# ● This British soldier's saga reads like pure Hollywood. A true war story with a love interest! AN ESCAPE FROM CRETE

OUR first warning of the calamity ahead came by radio — General Wavell's final message to British soldiers in Crete: "I hope you will be able to get away. This is the last night the Navy can come, but every effort will be made to save those who have to be left."

A few days later I was a prisoner of war. I escaped. A week later I was captured again. Twenty-five of us were led into an enclosure five yards square surrounded by barbed wire. There was nothing to sit on and not enough room for all to lie down; a pitiless sun was a calculated feature of this 14-day torture.

We began to plan another escape. We decided to make our attempt at midnight. To form only small targets, we split into groups of two. Slowly I slithered on my belly under the barbed wire and inch by inch dragged myself through to the other side. Then I jumped to my feet and we raced forward. Not knowing there was a second fence surrounding the camp, we went slap into it.

I threw myself flat, boring under the wire as before. I was pulling myself clear when machine-guns opened up. They moved the area up and down, I pressed my face to the earth as bullets whizzed by. Then as the fire moved on, I jumped up and dived into the darkness.

A German shouted "Halt!" I ran. The German fired, and I felt a sudden pain in my cheek. Then all was still again. My mate had disappeared.

There was only one place for me to go—a house where I had found refuge after my first escape. It was 2 a.m. when I reached the house. The elderly man who opened the door looked at me as if I were a ghost, but let me enter.

The family gave me food then, and I asked whether I could stay there for the rest of the night. Father looked awkwardly at mother. She hesitated, then shook her head. I would be no harm by staying and decided to make for the neighbouring village. I got there, but the people were all scared and asked me to leave. So I kept going, up rough paths among the desolate rocks.

When I found a cave, I rested. Weeks of wandering in the snowy hills followed, living by day in caves where, by night, shepherds kept their sheep.

The situation grew steadily worse until finally I decided to try my luck again in one of the villages.

It was pouring with rain when I reached the first house. I opened the door and walked in. The family sat around the fire. Their speech broke off sharply and they looked at me without moving. They were openly hostile because they thought I was a spy. I didn't know what to do.

Rain-soaked, I entered another house. After another chilly reception, I said I was an Englishman, but I overheard one say to another that he did not believe me. I was certainly a German spy. All they could offer me was snails and dandelions.

Again I was out in the rain, tattered and despairing. Then I had an idea. If the Germans posed as English, why should not I pose as a German? For the first time I made use of the pistol I carried.

We had to risk it. That 200 yards seemed like a mile. Tank after tank passed us. I restrained a mad desire to run. Once a lorry driver shouted at us in German to get out of his way.

Then suddenly we were at the bus stop, unnoticed, and mercifully the bus was on time. It drew up, shelding us from the hot rays. The passengers instantly realised the truth. They stirred uneasily, then settled down again as the bus moved off.

We relaxed as we drove past the prison camp and up into the mountains, north 40 miles from Crete, we alighted.

Leading us through the orange groves, our young Greek took us to a village of six houses. They welcomed us warmly. We were distributed among the houses in twos. Happiness and welcome shone from the faces of these dark-haired, dark-eyed people. They said what a disaster it was that the British had had to leave.

given to me by the girl in Crete months before. With the pistol in my hand I entered. "Don't be frightened," I said to the shocked family sitting around the fire, and imitating the German accent. "I am only searching for Englishmen."

"We don't even know what they look like," said the eldest. "We never had any here."

"I want a bed for the night," I added, and after exchanging frightened looks, they gave me some milk and bread, but no one spoke to me.

One day in the course of my wanderings I met the young son of "Pap." Before we parted he told me of a girl—a widow—in a village some ten miles away. "When you are absolutely up against it go and see her," he said. "She will help you. She helps all Englishmen."

Soon I realised I must find this young widow. Hunger is a frightful companion. At last I found the village where the widow lived.

She was a mere girl, but at once she inspired confidence. Her first name was Eleftheria—from Eleftheria, which means "freedom" in Greek. Mentioning Pap was good enough.

"I have two Australians here—both sick, poor fellows, and six others are hiding in the barn, but you are welcome, too," were her first words.

Soon other villagers came in. I was the first to arrive in this village and they were eager to welcome me. I settled down in the barn with the others.

Eleftheria, although only 21, was a widow with a little boy of three. She kept herself and her son by painting other people's houses, helping to do their laundry, or by knitting. She could offer us only a little food, but neighbours helped. Life became normal again. We started working in the vineyards and earned enough to help her, too.

Our relationship with the village was very good then, but we knew soon these people, too, would grow frightened. One day word came from the Greek police that the Germans were coming to collect all young men for forced labour.

We had left the village for this critical period, and when I was back I found the village in flames.

Next day the Germans came, and at the last moment Eleftheria hustled us off to a cave some five miles away. Every morning Eleftheria came to us with food until it seemed safe again, but I alone returned, and when the news spread that I was back, anger arose among the villagers, and the mayor

had to be persuaded to leave. But at last we reached Cairo. And that is as much as I can safely tell at present.



... my two Australian friends at the door with pistols. The old priest mumbled hastily through the service."

returned I had malaria. My Australian pals brought me food, a doctor from a neighbouring village brought medicines.

Eleftheria nursed me day and night, and I know it was her kindness and desire to see me well again that really cured me. I began to realise the truth. Love is always wonderful, but

The attitude of the villagers became menacing—not towards me, but towards her. They accused her of endangering the whole village. The mayor prophesied a surprise attack by the Germans and the doom of all if I didn't go.

Early in 1943, 50 British soldiers suddenly marched into the village in civilian clothes. They revived the old rumours that British intelligence officers were on the island preparing our escape. They stayed overnight and left next day. An hour later three truckloads of Germans raided the district.

Eleftheria once more rushed us through olive groves behind her houses to a cave in the mountains. She saved us from the Germans, but the mayor found out that we were still in the neighbourhood.

The village rose in uproar against Eleftheria and threatened to burn her house down to protect us. But the situation was impossible, and next evening we decided we must go. To Eleftheria this was the worst blow of all. Tears brimmed in her dark eyes. "I don't mind the risk," she said. "I can protect you."

Suddenly, as I looked into her face, I realised that I could not leave her. The solution, though not simple, was obvious. I would marry her and she would come with me. She agreed, and I was very proud, for I knew I was marrying one of the bravest women in the world.

Then we went to Eleftheria's parents and told them. Father gave his consent and took us to the next village, where he roused the priest and persuaded him to perform the ceremony.

I suppose there have been other strange marriage ceremonies in this war, but I doubt if any other stripped my own. It took place at three in the morning in the wavering light of candles, my two Australian friends standing at the door with pistols in case of interruption and the old priest darting fearful glances at them as he mumbled hastily through the service.

We still had to get the papers stamped by the mayor, so all of us hurried on to his house. Again pistols were at the ready, this time pointing straight at the mayor. And then, after farewells to our friends, and Eleftheria's long good-bye to her father and the little son she had to leave behind, my bride and I started on our wedding trip.

It was a strange honeymoon—four weeks of dodging dangers. But at last we reached Cairo. And that is as much as I can safely tell at present.

by  
**L/Bdr SYDNEY ROBINSON**



A Goumier machine-gunner holds a position in the ruins of a house on the Cassino front.

# CRUSADER WEEK-END DIGEST

## WHAT THE BRITISH PRESS IS SAYING

### CIVIL AVIATION

SOME people would like to see civil aviation brought under the control of a single international authority of world-wide scope. That may be a sound ideal; but the nations are not yet ready for it. It clashes radically with the accepted doctrine that every nation has absolute sovereignty of its own air.

—Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury.

### OCCUPATION

One of the Allies' first steps will be to "liquidate" the Nazi organisations such as the German Labour Front, of which all workers are compulsorily members and remove their notorious officials. This is not something to be done by a stroke of a commander's pen.

—Manchester Guardian.

### AGRICULTURE

Farmers and farm workers are justified in asking that food production should be carried on under post-war conditions, on a basis which affords a decent living to those who are engaged in it.

—News Chronicle.

### ATLANTIC

### CHARTER

It has become increasingly clear in recent months that Russia, Great Britain and the United States are not agreed in their interpretation of the Atlantic Charter. Mr. Churchill said recently that it does not apply to Germany and other enemy States. Moscow will not quarrel with that interpretation. For Moscow has already proposed that Poland should seek compensation for the loss of her Eastern provinces to Russia in the acquisition of German territory. But does Washington accept that reading?

—The Scotsman.

### INDUSTRIAL

### HEALTH

There is such a thing as working a willing horse until it drops. If there was some excuse for it three or four years ago there is none now. Indeed, the less fatigue the greater the production, and the sooner will the war be over.

—Daily Mail.

### OPENING BARS

The air war is already invasion. It is something besides. It is a battle to the death between air forces to ensure that one side will fight "blind" in every future battle. It is the Battle of Britain in reverse.

—Daily Express.

### DOMESTICITY

Every human being should be a self-reliant person, and the less he or she has to depend on others, the better for society as a whole. It is only tradition and custom which makes domestic work exclusively the province of the female sex. In a state of complete sex equality it would seem no more odd for a man to look after himself at home, than for a woman to look after herself.

—Daily Mirror.

## Welsh Wails!

The Welsh Reconstruction Advisory Council have recently published their first interim report. Here are comments on the findings taken from the "Economist."

THE Welsh Reconstruction Advisory Council is a Government-appointed body. Set up in June, 1942, it was instructed to proceed "in conformity with the general examination of reconstruction problems" by the Government.

The slow pace of the Government has, from the start, cramped the council's style; it has also been hampered by reticence on the part of South Wales' major industries.

But in spite of these limitations, the council's first interim report contains many useful suggestions.

The report has a familiar ring. Wales has been surveyed and re-surveyed time and again in the past ten years, and the problems of a formerly depressed area in the transition from war to peace are now widely recognised. What is needed—and the council stresses this point—is an indication that the Government is prepared to weigh the problems in a national balance.

The assumptions are made that economic policy will be directed to the maintenance of employment; that there will be a measure of control over industry and labour, including the location of

acquire the industrial balance it has always lacked.

The council deals also with agriculture, education, and tourist trade and youth services.

This is very much an interim report, but it serves a very useful purpose in bringing the problems before the public and suggesting lines on which they can be tackled.

### BUYING PEOPLE'S LIVES

The purchase of other people's life interests is a strange feature of the City's Financial Activities. This extract from "The Sphere" describes how the process works at a London Auction Mart.

ONE of the most peculiar tributes to the late Sir Kingsley Wood and his financial handling of the war is regularly paid at the London Auction Mart in Queen Victoria Street.

Every month now the sales of reversions, annuities and insurance policies show remarkably high prices; whereas in the last war, the business was quiescent, to say the least of it.

This purchasing of other people's lives—or rather other people's life interests—is a cold-blooded, complicated but fascinating business. It is also vital to the complex civilisation in which we live.

### Highest Bidder

Instead of going to a money-lender, anyone, from a profligate youth to a middle-aged business man, can save himself from financial embarrassment, or possibly bankruptcy by putting up his reversionary interest in an estate to the highest bidder.

The purchasers are usually insurance companies, trust companies or reversionary companies, and there is no danger of a ring of speculators being formed, thus "rigging the market."

Which brings one to an interesting discovery—that if, for example, you offer your life insurance policy for sale to the highest bidder, nobody who bids for it has any idea of your identity; nor has he any idea of your state of health. There is no medical examination and your name is divulged only to the purchaser, after he has bought your insurance policy. The reason for this is that companies who make these offers work on the law of averages, which over a period of 100 years must work out satisfactorily.

Sometimes proceedings are enhanced in the auction room by relatives who have inside knowledge (almost literally), who will bid up beyond the figure that the longevity statistics suggest is reasonable. Normally, however, the official "Expectation of Life Annuity Tables" published just after the last war are regarded as an adequate basis on which to work out this aspect of the purchase price.

### "THEY LACK HUMANITY"

Taken from "London Calling," this extract from a Dutchman's story explains what Nazi occupation has meant to his country.

IF you had asked a Dutchman before the war what he thought of the Germans, he would have said something very much like what you have said, and unfortunately still say here to-day—that the Germans he had met had seemed to be quite decent fellows, rather given to ordering each other about, but wasn't that their own affair?

Some people on the other side of the Channel, of course, said very nasty things about the Germans, but for himself he supposed

that at bottom we were all pretty much the same, neither very good nor very bad. A lot had always to be written down to propaganda . . . and so on!

And now let me tell you something. When I either read or hear a story of German cruelty I don't even feel the slightest inclination to doubt it. And why not? Because I've seen for myself now how the Germans behave. It is hard experience. Ask any Dutchman you like what he thinks of the Germans now.

We no longer feel that by calling the Germans barbarians we are merely throwing a contemptuous word in the enemy's face; we believe that they actually are barbarians.

### Culture In Reverse

They talk about "herrenvolk" and "kultur," but it's precisely in human culture that Germany has stood still, or gone backwards, for a hundred years. No one denies them, of course, their first-class achievements in music, philosophy and science.

What the Germans lack so terribly is humanity. They lack what the rest of the world calls culture.

In some moods as most of us know, the Germans are sentimental; in others, they are incredibly arrogant; but in all moods they are absolutely incapable of understanding other people's rights and traditions.

And that is why every country they go into resists them, even after military defeat. We have to resist as civilians, with a stubbornness of character which is, I think, a natural Dutch characteristic.

It isn't the first time that the Dutch have had to wear out an invader. We wore out Spain, once, in a life-and-death struggle which lasted eighty years. Thank God this isn't going to take so long!

### AN ACROBATIC WARWICK

Transport aircraft are not publicised to the same extent as the other planes of the R.A.F. But they have their moments as this dispatch shows.

PRACTICALLY every-thing except disaster happened to a R.A.F. "Warwick" transport aircraft over the Mediterranean one pitch-black night recently. The pilot, F/O J. D. Kelly, a Canadian, found that he would be unable to reach his destination when over the tip of Northern Sardinia, and had to turn back to North Africa.

The crew and three ground crew passengers settled down for several more hours in the air. Then the generator failed and the aircraft was plunged into darkness.

A hundred-and-twenty miles from the North African coastline the port engine failed. The "Warwick" was then at only 5,000 feet, and the most the pilot could hope for was to struggle as near land as possible and then ditch the aircraft.

### Everything Over

Groping with torches, everyone helped to sling overboard all the kit stored in the bomb bays. As the entire electrical system had failed, it was impossible to release the load automatically.

The aircraft cleared the coast with its starboard engine likely to cut out at any moment and came in to land at a coastal airfield. Although they had been firing "reds" as they approached, the ground staff failed to realise they were in danger and as they glided down they found immediately ahead of them a Wellington about to take off. Kelly swung the "Warwick" to one side and came in flush with the runway. Halfway along the sandy track he found a wrecked bomber completely blocking his course, so he pulled his aircraft over the wreckage and landed with a bump on the other side.

Before the "Warwick" could be halted, Kelly had to make a violent 90 degrees turn away from the runway to avoid a group of fighters. He had no time to retract his undercarriage and in a second his aircraft was careering

past the dim outlines of messes and tents.

At last the plane came to a standstill. When Kelly saw the camp in daylight next morning, he could scarcely understand how he had missed hitting the closely packed tents. At places guy-ropes had been pulled to the ground.

TAILPIECE—When it was decided to ditch the "Warwick," the three ground crew passengers were told to brace themselves and prepare for the shock as the aircraft hit the sea.

They were already wearing their Mae Wests and as there was no intercom, the wireless operator arranged to tap one of the men on the shoulders as soon as the aircraft was ditched.

In the excitement of landing on the airfield, the wireless operator forgot the arrangement and as soon as the plane came to a standstill, gave one of the men a hearty pat on the back. At once the three men threw off their boots and prepared to jump into the sea.

### GRASS — NOT SPINACH

In the Portuguese bull-rings it is illegal to kill a bull. But the "Sunday Express" explains that, because of the shortage, they will have to fight more than once this season.

THE new bull-fighting season promises a nasty surprise for everybody, including the bull. First, prices are going up. This is because the drought shrivelled the salty grass of Alentejo, from which the bulls are authoritatively said to draw their courage.

Scores of these black, glossy dynamic beasts had to be slaughtered because of the lack of pasturage, and this season the eight bulls which comprise the afternoon's programme, will cost 500 pounds.

The scarcity of bulls is the reason why it is now being proposed that each bull should fight more than once.

Since 1933 it has been illegal to kill a bull in any Portuguese ring. They have darts stuck in them and they are even wrestled with, but only the butcher is allowed to slaughter them and that happens, perhaps, one or two days later, despite representations that this is more cruel than the Spanish kill-on-the-spot method.

### First Fights

Spanish matadors have a clause in their contracts which states that they shall never have to fight a bull that has previously fought.

Most bulls take fifteen minutes they run straight. In Spain they are probably dead by that time and in Portugal they are exhausted and ready to be shepherded out among the herd of tame cattle with bells round their necks.

But if they fight again they are real man-killers. It will be tough for the forcados—teams of seven usually headed by an amateur sportsman—who wait until the darts have made the bull flaming mad and then go in and tackle him with bare hands. The bull charges like an express train and they take it in the stomach with arms twined around the horns and ride him to a standstill, then let go and run for their lives.



"Is this the War Office Most, Most Secret Inventions Department?"

The places I have seen in my wartime travels

POOR MAN'S ODYSSEY

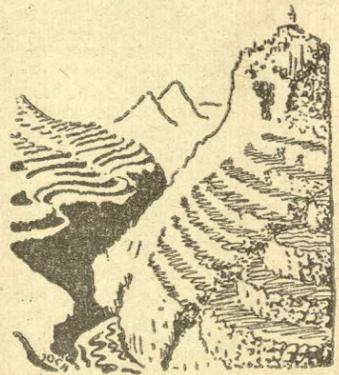
BY THE EDITOR OF CRUSADER

KINGLAKE, in the opening lines of his "Eothen," recommends that young men should travel abroad before they attempt to grapple seriously with life.

An excursion abroad—and a leisurely and capacious one at that—was, in his judgment, an indispensable preliminary to a successful career.

And he valued his own travels in his early manhood as highly as any of the benefits of an elaborate education.

Kinglake was a privileged young man. He could afford to travel—and to take his own time about it. His eulogy of travel, written after his own meanderings through the coun-



tries of the Near East and the Middle East must have tantalised many young men who, like him, felt the wanderlust, but were unable to appease it.

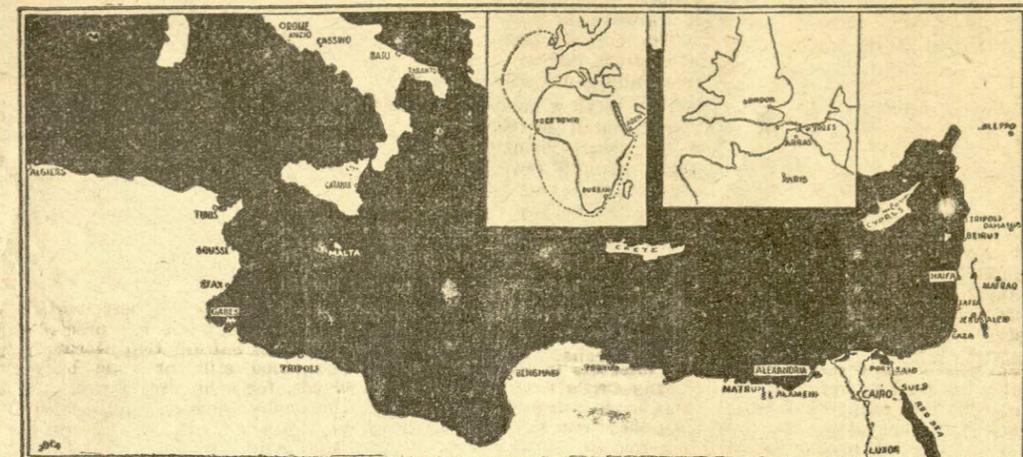
I was so tantalised. And Kinglake's transparent glimpses of places to me inaccessible only aggravated the insistence of an urge which I could not satisfy.

When the war came I had outgrown that youthful restiveness.

But the war forced travel upon me. It sent me first to France and then to Belgium. It recalled me to my homeland and showed me many parts of it, which were as little-known to me as the Carpathian peaks, or the jungles of the Antipodes.

And then it sent me—still half-intoxicated by the newly discovered delights of Hardy's Wessex and Somerset cider—on a fantastic voyage which took me half-way round the world.

Within two months I had been sickened by the opulent greenery



of steaming West African forests; lulled by the civilising influences of a modern South African city into a passing disbelief in the reality of the war; and appalled by the flagrant positive sterility of the sands of Aden!

Then, in swift, bewildering succession, came a visit to the Western Desert of Egypt, an unexpected holiday in Cyprus, lightning tours of Palestine, Syria and the Lebanon, more hectic sojourns in the Desert and, finally, an exhilarating progress westwards across Egypt and Libya to Tunis.

At last I crossed the Mediterranean and set foot in Europe again.

I have not the slightest doubt that innumerable readers of CRUSADER can easily eclipse this odyssey of mine.

But I still think it's no mean perambulation and it is quite certain that it takes in a lot of places which I would never otherwise have seen.

OF course this kind of travel "at the expense of the Government" shows up to a disadvantage in more ways than one when it is compared with the Kinglake method of seeing how the rest of the world lives.

The traveller himself has no voice in the selection of the countries to be visited. In my case—as in most—journeys have usually been begun in total ignorance as to the route, destination and purpose of the visit.

No-one would pretend that this is an ideal way in which to travel. And yet there is something to be said for these "blind tours."

They have an element of mystery that many find enchanting. And the secrecy that enwraps them has a quality of mercy when

What have YOU got out of this war?

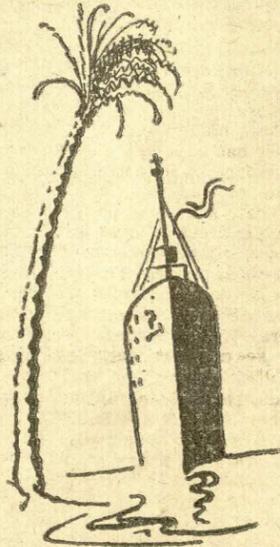
Write an article—not more than 500 words—answering this question. It may be in any vein you like. Send it to ESSAYS, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, C.M.F. We will print the best efforts.

the destination is particularly vile. You can at least enjoy the early stages of the trip. You are not usually "told the worst" until you are nearly there!

There are other draw-backs. The mode of travel—the hold of a ship, the floor of a cattle truck or the back of a three-tonner—is seldom the ideal medium for sightseeing.

The excursion is usually prolonged far beyond the normal safety limit of nostalgia for home.

And then, of course, one cannot linger where one pleases. Halts



are usually made in the most uninviting places—and often when scenes of compelling interest are tormentingly near.

On the historic route from Palestine to Egypt, for instance, you stage at Asluj, a nightmare town of tents on the howling borders of the Sinai Desert. And Jerusalem is but an hour's journey away!

Most official routes have these maddening anomalies. But then, one has got to remember that the Government never gave any undertaking that we would be shown any of the sights.

Any sights seen, any experiences encountered—other than the common experiences of war—are purely ACCIDENTAL.

I congratulate myself on the number of these singularly agreeable mishaps that have befallen me.

They have all the kindness and the warmth of "brew-up" fires, burning bravely all over the sordid wilderness of the war.

They are experiences which will be of value long after the dull and necessary knowledge of the war itself has safely been forgotten.

They are assets which I can take out of the war without reproaching myself, for I have not stolen them, they have merely happened to come my way.

For my enjoyment of them I stand in debt to no man, and no Government, for they are "extras" caught by accident, like casual mackerel netted with a school of herring.

But herring-fishers throw such interlopers overboard.

I am keeping my mackerel and when the time comes I will reject the herrings!

I was a noted thinker of our time who wrote:

To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist, that is all.

One has only to consider the misery and squalor which the great majority of human beings took for granted before the war to realise the profound truth of this thought.

In war—the very antithesis of life—the tragedy of it becomes more sombre still.

And yet, by an incredible paradox, many of us might never have known what it was to live even for a transient fragment of time, but for this war!

Few of us who serve abroad have not tasted at least once that rare nectar of real living, the quintessence of earthly experience that is the heritage of all men, yet is denied to most by barriers which men themselves have built.

When I wrote of herrings and mackerel I was considering only the material benefits of war-time travel.

But material gains rarely bestow, of their own accord, the gift of life. "Intense, full, perfect," for which all men strive whether they know it or not. I mean, of course, the state of affairs in which every man's life will be his own to devote to his own ends, towards producing the best results out of HIMSELF for the benefit of all mankind.

I think it is safe to predict that not for a very long time will man enjoy that consummate form of life.

But I will take the mackerel analogy a step farther and assert that the war, by enabling us to travel, has offered us profits on a higher level than the material.

All rational human beings are agreed that the war is a monstrous outrage, a hideous stain on the chronicle of civilisation.

As I look back along my own tracks across this dreary vista I am heartened by the few sublime memories that flash in the gloom like stars of promise.

These memories mark moments in which I really lived.

The minutes, hours, days, years were just existence and had no lasting meaning.

But the moments are eternal. Their meaning has enriched my life.

YES, and I have the war to thank for it.

It was because the shadow of war was spreading southwards towards Africa and south-eastwards towards the Balkans that we set sail from the Bristol Channel.

It was because war had sealed the Middle Sea, once the life-source of the Old World, that we sailed far into the south, circumnavigating Africa.

And it was in these Southern seas that I first saw the albatross. I was able to enjoy to the full its mystical, effortless flight—a thing of immaculate beauty—ALL BECAUSE OF THE WAR!

Then there was Cyprus, that shrine of the mythical past, from whose graceful peaks I gazed across at the purple mystery of Turkey—"Black Cyprus," over which the gods seem to brood to-day and where the favoured presence of Aphrodite lingers still.

If the war had not gone to Crete, if clouds of German parachutists had not descended like loathsome insects on that other legendary isle, there would never have been a major threat to Cyprus and I would not have seen it.

Again, it was the war that sent me convalescing to Luxor, where I was transported into ancient Egypt and marvelled at the fabulous Libyan Hills (that are quite dead and very terrible) and knew the Nile for the queen she is—majestic, matchlessly beautiful, a goddess among rivers.

Syria and the Lebanon, too—it was the spectre of war that drew us to these lands whose story goes back to the remote frontiers of recorded time. In Aleppo I stood in the Citadel and looked Eastwards across the plains that roll to the limits of vision and I seemed to be in contact with the far, old China, whose influence the ancient caravans once brought across those very horizons.

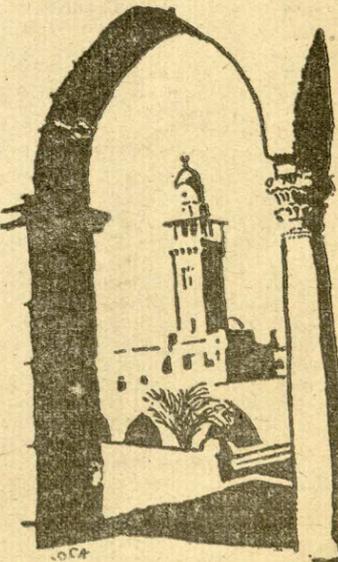
I have skirted the luminous Levantine Sea, past Tyr and Sidon, where the Phoenicians flourished and fell, and on these time-drugged coasts have known something of the haunting spell that moved Flecker to sing of "old ships" and the other ghosts that are there.

All this and more the war has shown me.

It is too early to begin to balance up. The war has yet to run its course. No one knows what lies ahead. I do not know whether I have had my full portion of transient joys or not.

This much I do know: that I will eagerly grasp any more that come my way. For I believe that these moments contain the very elixir of life and can be the means of guiding human beings out of the narrow channels in which they now struggle into a fuller way of living.

I may be wrong. But I think I am right, and that is why I make so much of the stray delights that have come my way as accidents of war.



It's the Spring!

(From page 4)

there was one, and one of determination too—a grand example of man's conquest over Nature.

Farther up the dales I joined a bus. Two young giants got in, dressed in dark-blue ski-ing suits, with hob-nailed boots and rucksacks on their backs. Their faces were flushed, the girl's hair gloriously tousled; they were obviously brother and sister, and they weren't too pleased, from their faces, to be rejoining us—the world of men. But they talked easily; they had been away from us all for three immortal days. He, I gathered, was in the R.A.F., and she was in the Wrens.

A day or two ago I took time off and obeyed the call of the warm sun to explore. It was the first time I have ridden my bicycle into the countryside since last summer. I got a lot of surprises. For one thing, I have seldom seen the land in better heart or so neatly cleaned up. Almost every hedge has been newly and well laid. The next surprise lay in the number of perfectly camouflaged airfields abutting on great farms, newly-

born lambs quite unconcernedly taking their mothers' milk as enormous bombers noisily swung up into the air just above their heads, and farm lads whistling as they turned their tractors almost into the noses of other bombers coming in.

The country has taken pretty kindly to its defenders. I saw the rooks building their new nests in the tall trees that stood sentinel over an R.A.F. officers' mess. I watched an elderly thatcher hard at work newly thatching a medieval barn, completely oblivious of the swarm of fighters that were screaming past him on their way to their afternoon rendezvous. There is so much spring activity on the ground, that few notice the greatly increased activity in the sky.

The best of our soldier-poets, Julian Grenfell, reminded us how much the fighting man owes to the spring.

There are great things to be done, history to be made, an ogre to be finally trodden underfoot. But we are all fighting fit, straining at the leash on top of the world—it's the spring!

● **PETER WILSON, Ace Sports writer opens his diary for you and endorses a comment he made five years ago:**

# Galento went out like a cavalier

I'VE been sport-tracking now for close on 15 years and, fortunately, I've always kept a sports diary. Nowadays, with most "big" sport in moth-balls for the duration, I can always get priority one on the flying carpet of memory by flipping over the pages of that diary.

To-day I'd like to take the readers of CRUSADER as passengers on the carpet—which is not the same thing as being on the mat—and we'll zip back nearly five years to the Yankee Stadium, New York City.

The date is June 28, 1939.

The ring is a pale island in the sea of surrounding darkness. The two main actors have just climbed through the ropes and into the pit of punishment. One of them is café-au-lait coloured, the other looks like a tub of butter.

Their names—**JOE LOUIS and TONY GALENTO.**

They're in the centre of the ring now, while referee Arthur Donovan is explaining the rules for the mainly method of modified murder.

But what's this? The gong hasn't sounded, but already Galento has got his hands on Joe. He's ruffling his hair and, from my ring-side pew I can hear him complaining that Louis has greased his face and that the fight won't go on until he's cleaned up.

That final incident was typical of a fight that was staged throughout in a Marx Brothers' atmosphere. No challenger was ever decried so roundly as Galento was—before the fight.

He was christened "The Beer Barrel Palooka," "The Punching Pumpkin," "Top-heavy Tony," and various other natty nicknames which suggested that the only head he could knock off was the head on a glass of beer—and that only in his own saloon.

Incidentally, that pub of Tony's was like Mother's knee—or other low joints! There was a large list of the leading contenders for the world's heavy-weight title—with Louis' name at the top—and underneath Tony had written (yes, he could write) "I'll moider da bums."

One of Tony's more cultured friends—someone must have given him a book for Christmas—named all the leading fighters, past and present, from John L. Sullivan to Jack Dempsey, asking Galento how he would have fared with them.

To each of them, Galento the Gabby made answer: "I'd have moidered dat bum." Finally his friend, perhaps hoping to introduce a note of originality into the conversation, enquired:

"What d'you think of Shakespeare, Tony?"

And pat came the answer: "Shakespeare? Shakespeare? Who's he—one of dem foreign heavies? Dey're all bums. I'd have moidered him for sure."

Then there was the first time I laid eyes on Tony, at Madame Bey's training camp, out at Summit in the state of New Jersey. It was just a few minutes before the picture on this page was taken. And Tony was lying on the rubbing table with someone smoothing the creases out of his stomach with a large flat-iron!

But although there were so many cracks made at Tony's expense I had a theory—which is only a hunch with a college education—that he might be able to crack back... with his fists.

And so to the ring-side report that I wrote on that sultry June night at the Yankee Stadium. The gong—and a sensation. For, after a second or so of preliminary sparring and weaving, Galento let go with a thunderbolt of a left hook.

WHEN that great arm with the black leather knob on the end of it thudded home, Louis staggered back into a neutral corner as though Nelson's Column had bounced off his chin. For the rest of the round he had no defence against the left hooks which Tony kept pitching into him.

Galento did everything wrong—he led with his right and a

centipede couldn't have got more mixed up with his feet.

"But Louis, his right cheekbone flaming red and his eye half closed in a kind of monstrous wink, had no answer!

"Then, in the last few seconds of the round, Louis fired back and a great left-hook sliced Tony's upper lip so that the blood oozed and bubbled until it dripped over his hairy, heaving chest.

"When the brazen note of the bell dragged them apart, a great throaty roar went up. It may have been because so many of the crowd had won bets that Tony would not last a round, but I think it was the spontaneous appreciation of a sporting mob for the underdog, who was showing his teeth.

"But, in the second round, I thought I had called it right, when I had predicted that the fight would end then. Galento

● Galento... led with his right and a centipede couldn't have got more mixed up with his feet...

● It looked certain that a blood vessel had been severed...

● The end was as inevitable as death...

fought in the only way he knows. Paunchy and ponderous, he swung his arms from "way back like a man swinging a lead weight on the end of a cord. This time Louis was ready for him, however.

"A left here, a right there. Galento's right eyebrow opened and gaped like another mouth—a mouth of blood.

"Duck and weave as he would, Tony could not avoid the leather bombs that ripped and tore at his skin.

"His whole face changed. As he bent double, glowering and mouthing up at the expressionless murderer in front of him, he looked like a great ape tormented beyond all bearing. Anything could happen!

"It DID happen—to Galento. A right and a left-hook smashed blood from the loose-lipped mouth and then a left sent him rolling and floundering over the canvas, goggle-eyed and gaping.

"The count could not have passed three when Tony scrambled. And now he had changed again. By some trick of the lights his sparse, stringy hair looked grey and his face seemed to have fallen away so that he appeared an old man.

"As Louis battered away at him, it was like hitting your own father. It was a trifle horrible. And then the bell went.

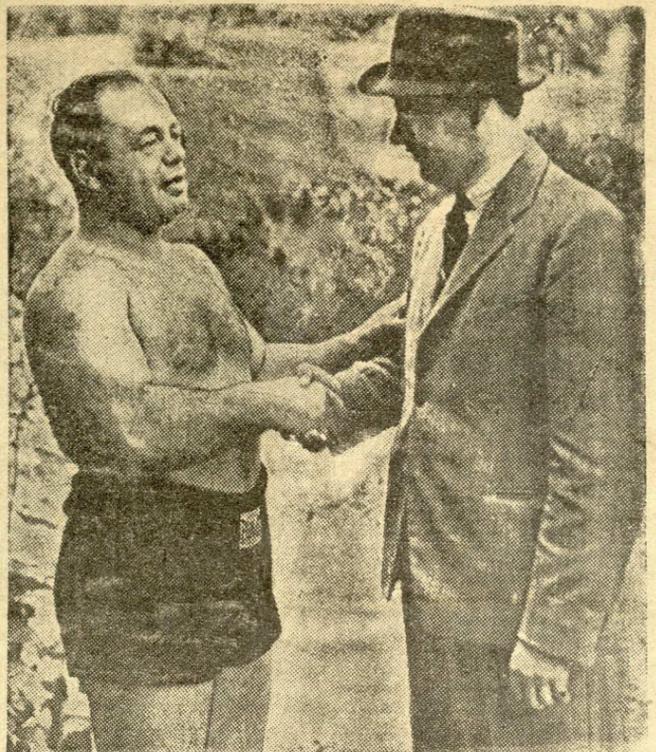
"I don't think anyone was ready for the third round. It began quietly enough, Louis jabbing with the emotionless precision of a scientist dissecting a specimen in his laboratory.

"Galento got in close and tried to rough it. He butted Louis a couple of times, but they were the kind of butts you get in any fight. Tony was fighting a clean battle.

"SUDDENLY he landed another of those left hooks. And Joe started to back away. Galento was right on top of him, and cracked home another left hook. Louis bent over, and as he was falling, Galento crossed him with a light right.

"Louis was up without a count. His pride may have been hurt—but I bet his jaw was too!

"His eyes were like the double one in a set of dominoes—two little, white specks in a big ex-



At his training camp, Galento greets Peter Wilson. "A few minutes before this picture was taken, Tony was lying on the rubbing table with someone smoothing the creases out of his stomach with a flat iron..."

pense of black. It was Tony's big chance, but he just didn't know enough to take it.

"Both of them were wide open, but Galento was missing and Louis was countering, and at the end of the round, there was less wind left in boxing's Blimp.

"You could see the difference in the fourth round. Tony was pawing, not punching and, with a sudden frightening rush, Louis went into his fighting burn.

"A left-hook ripped Tony's lacerated mouth wider open. In the dark a woman screamed. As Tony foamed crimson it looked certain that a blood vessel had been severed.

"Tony did try one more left hook before Louis came at him crouching. You couldn't count the punches as they thudded home on Galento's bloody mask. You'd have needed a seismograph to register the shock as Tony's fleshy frame quivered."

\* \* \*

(Looking back that twenty-second attack stands out like a snore in a sermon. Galento absorbed punishment like a stick of chewing-gum. When Louis hit his white face it was like someone kicking a pale, fleshy melon to pieces. Both Galento's eyebrows had been cut and they had plastered up the wounds with daubs of colloid. Under Louis savage battery first one piece of colloid and then the other flew off. Many people thought that Galento's eyebrows had been ripped clean off his face by those flailing fists.)

This is how I recorded the finish:

"Galento may not be great but, by gosh, he's gallant! Each time he reeled back, he dug his toes into the canvas and waited for the next one. There was something inspiring about the way the little, fat man waited for the end.

"When it came, it was as inevitable as death. Tony crumpled slowly—no particular punch did it—and sagged into the ropes on his knees, his back half-turned, like a man flogged into unconsciousness.

"Referee Donovan looked at Galento's corner and, as he did so, Tony, with a last flicker of energy, tried to tug himself upright by swarming up the referee's legs.

"And as they dragged him away, I heard him mumbling through those bleeding lips:

"Who stopped the fight? They shouldn't oughta have done that. Who stopped the fight?"

"Galento may not be a champion. But he went out like a cavalier."

That last comment still stands—in indelible ink. Galento never did get to be a champion. As a matter of fact, he scarcely won a good fight after that night. But that's a common place with men who have been on the receiving end of one of Joe Louis' spring cleanings.

But the pudgy man won a niche in Pugilistica's hall of fame by the way he battled so gallantly, though unavailingly, against the greatest heavy-weight champion of modern times.

## The customers always write...

PTE. J. HOLLANDS, of an Infantry Regiment kicks off to-day. He writes: "Could you answer a few sports queries through which the Red Cross stands to gain a pound or two?"

And here they are—How many times did Tommy Farr fight Red Burman, Max Baer, James J. Braddock and Lou Nova. Results, dates and places are needed please.

Here are the answers. Farr fought Burman twice. The first time Burman won on points over 10 rounds, in New York, on January 13, 1939. Exactly three months later, on April 13, Farr got his revenge over 12 rounds at the Harringay Arena, London.

Farr also fought Baer twice. The first time he left-handed the ex-champion until Maxie's ears nearly popped off and got a run-away 12 round decision, at Harringay, on April 15, 1937. But the second time, in New York, on March 11, 1938, Baer made it even-steven by outpointing Farr over 15 rounds.

James J. Braddock received a hotly disputed points decision over Farr on January 21, 1938, in New York—and Jim never entered the ring again except to referee.

Lou Nova also outpointed Farr over 15 rounds in New York, on December 16, 1938.

\* \* \*

"CURIOUS" writes: "Could you please let the boys know the result of the England-Italy football match played in Milan during the summer of 1938?"

And the answer is: It was a 2-2 draw. Lawton and Willie Hall scoring for England and Biavati and Piola for Italy. The exact date was May 13, 1939—not 1938.

Address all correspondence to Editor, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, C.M.F. Printed by British Military Printing Press, Printing and Stationery Services, C.M.F.

## Why films look dim

A FILM crisis is looming up in Italy. Two small black sticks of carbon are responsible.

There is a grave shortage of carbons—two are needed for each film projector—in this country. Black Market profiteers have grabbed the stocks that were already available. The average life of a pair of carbons is six hours, which means about three performances.

Carbons are pooled and rationed at home. The Ensa organisation was allocated its quota without taking into consideration the extension of Garrison theatres overseas. And the increased number of theatres here are still having to make do with the carbon ration allowed when there were only relatively few of them.

Another of the reasons for this impending crisis is lack of spare parts. I paid a visit the other day to an Ensa workshop, and found the chief technician, S./Sgt. Dick Briggs, trying desperately to improvise parts to repair three urgently needed machines.

"Mobile units often have to be taken off the road, cancelling arranged shows, because of this spare part situation," he told me.

Yet the material is obtainable in England.

And there you have the answer to the oft-heard crit-

cism that films are frequently badly projected. A London film trade paper recently had a virulent attack, written by a former film employee now in the Army, on the quality of the projection out here, which often ruins excellent pictures. It's not the operator's fault.

England sends us the film. Why not the means to show them properly?

### SHOW PIECES

THE work of the mobile cinema operators is appreciated by most of the units they visit. One operator now has a super-luxurious "caravan" to travel about in. An appreciative R.E.M.E. audience recently thanked him an unusual manner. They took his 30cwt. wagon and built a brand new wooden body on to it.

Note from Tommy Trinder says he's gone all Victorian. He is appearing in a new film with a "Naughty Nineties" music-hall setting. Title: "Champagne Charlie." Says Tommy: "We get everything in cans these days, but give me the Can-Can every time!"

And producer Michael Balcon says of the picture: "One thing I am convinced about, it is most certainly the stuff to give the troops." Let's hope we see it out here!

—JOHN K. NEWNHAM.



BRITISH FORCES' WEEKLY

No. 106, Vol. 10 Two Lire  
Sunday, June 11, 1944

FOUNDED BY EIGHTH ARMY

**In one historic week**

# ROME FELL



**- AND THE GREAT  
INVASION BEGAN**

IMPORTANT THINGS - By C. F. BROWN

Voice of  
CRUSADER  
First blow  
succeeds...

**B**LOW upon blow is being struck at Hitler's European Fortress. The first blow was struck by our Armies in Italy on the night of May 11. The crash of the guns thundering out before the German fortress of Cassino was the signal for the Great Assault of the Allied forces.

In his Order of the Day, the Commander-in-Chief, General Alexander, said: "To us in Italy has been given the honour to strike the first blow."  
That blow was successful. In just over three weeks we have smashed through three of the strongest defence lines ever constructed. And on the night of June 4-5 we took Rome—the first European capital to be liberated by Allied forces. The news had barely been flashed across the headlines of the world's Press when the next blow fell.

... And invasion begins

**D**URING the night and early hours of the morning of June 6—just 24 hours after the fall of Rome and four years after Dunkirk—General Dwight Eisenhower launched his invasion forces across the Channel. This was described by Mr. Churchill, speaking the same day in the House of Commons, as "the first of a series of landings in force on European Continent."

**I**N the four preceding days it is estimated that 13,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the French coast alone by thousands of aircraft to soften up the defences.

Then the armada swept in to land the troops—4,000 ships, with several thousand smaller craft. A mass landing of paratroops was successfully made. An air umbrella was sustained by a flot of about 11,000 first-line aircraft.

Such was the scale of this first landing. The bridgehead was established.

But great forces, overwhelming superiority in the air, huge naval forces and massed equipment are not enough. As at the Gustav Line, the Adolf Hitler Line and the Valmontone Line, it is the guts and determination to go through that will decide the issue.

**B**UT once they had landed, the point of landing was no longer a surprise. And Rundstedt has at his disposal, large forces of experienced troops with which to counter-attack.

This may well prove the bloodiest episode of the war. Two forces—two worlds, in fact—are locked in a deadly struggle. The enemy is desperate. He has been fed with bricks-to-the-wall propaganda for months. He has been threatened by Goebbels with slavery in Siberia if he is defeated. He will fight with the same desperation as he has fought in Italy.

May he have no better success. And in this great hour of history, we who have fought the enemy from Alamein to Rome and who are pressing resolutely after him as he retreats to the north, wish those who are now entering the battle on the Continent of Europe success and victory.

BRITAIN



"SO FAR WE ARE NOT—"

**A**FTER the last war the men who were supposed to be the best peace-builders met around a large pile of materials.

They then put up a structure that looked quite nice from a distance and had every side facing south, and was called the League of Nations.

The foundations consisted mostly of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, but unfortunately the American Congress took them away in 1920.

The building tottered, but stayed upright, with each builder supporting his particular part.

As time went on Germany, Japan and Italy left and large cracks appeared. The building was then a useless shell with a very large staff.

After this war, new peace-builders will meet around a new pile of materials.

Why should they succeed, where their predecessors failed?

In the first place if we can't learn from experience we are retrogressing, and might as well start looking for a nice dry cave.

In the second, we seem to be going about things the right way.

The last effort might have succeeded with the support of America. President Wilson had a lot of good ideas and people assumed he was speaking for his country. Unfortunately, the Senate, which can throw out any treaty with a third vote, made a nonsense of the whole thing and America retired into isolation.

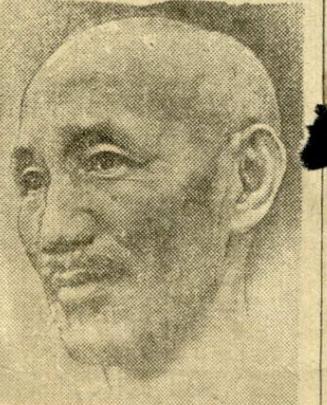
Mr. Cordell Hull is going about things a different way. He has seen the British, Soviet and Chinese Ambassadors and is now ready to open preliminary talks on a peace organisation.

What may be more important, he has had discussions with the Senate and so there is every prospect of his receiving full backing in everything he says.

Don't get me wrong. I know there is a busy isolationist movement in America. I know that a future election can throw out everything that has been done. I know there will be major setbacks.

America, Britain, Russia and China are bound to have chasmic differences that it will seem

CHINA



—COMPARED TO—

League was a  
useless shell with  
a large staff

almost impossible to bridge. There will also be people eager to distort other points of view for political ends—the wreckers, the axe-grinders.

But so far we are not doing too badly—compared with last time.

WHEN is Fascism none of your business?  
Answer: Before it hits you.

The following is part of the recent Foreign Policy debate in the House of Commons:

**DR. HADEN - GUEST:** "Is not a Fascist government anywhere a preparation for an attack?"

**THE PRIME MINISTER:** "I presume we do not include in our programme of world renovation any forcible action against

NOW that the Government have issued their White Paper on full employment it will be interesting to see how it compares with Sir William Beveridge's latest plan, devised with a similar aim.

Sir William's runs into 160,000 words and is now with the printers.

Although he was denied any official help, his plan is likely to be very comprehensive and it may be a little more detailed than Lord Woolton's White Paper.

**MR. W. SANDFORD POOLE** is chairman of the Industrial and General Trust, Ltd.

This trust, like most others, invests money all over the world, draws in dividends, and pays them out to its shareholders.

WILL THE PEACE-BUILDERS  
SUCCEED THIS TIME?

any government whose internal form of administration does not come up to our own ideas, and any remarks I have made on that subject, referred only to enemy powers and their satellites who will have been struck down by force of arms. They are the ones who have ventured into the open, and they are the ones whom we shall not allow to become, again, the expression of those peculiar doctrines associated with Fascism and Nazism which have undoubtedly brought about the terrible struggle in which we are engaged.

"Surely anyone could see the difference between the one and the other? There is all the difference in the world between a man who knocks you down and a man who leaves you alone."

People buy shares in such concerns because it amounts to putting your egg in many baskets. The Industrial and General Trust has holdings shown in the balance sheet at over 8,000,000 pounds. It pays a dividend of 12 per cent.

Now Mr. W. Sandford Poole, like many others in a similar position, is an important man with decided views.

And people who ignore what is said by important men with decided views shouldn't be surprised when things fail to pan out the way they expected.

Mr. Sandford Poole has just addressed his shareholders in London, giving them 8,000,000 pounds' worth of opinion. Here are some extracts from his speech as advertised:

You Saying Something

"And So To Bed"

S/SGTS. A. R. COBB and W. R. COATES, of a Biological Research Section, R.A.M.C.—We have not seen the survey upon which the article "And so to Bed" you reported recently, is based, so our comments apply to the article.

You report percentages of men and women saying they sleep in this or that attitude, and that 21 per cent. of the men did not trouble to sit down when putting on their shoes. This conveys that part of the survey was frivolous and inquisitive, and lends support to a popular impression that those who conduct social enquiries are "snoopers." You say also, that one per cent. of the women wear shorts in bed; since the survey extended over 131 families, this must mean one woman (or at most some 3 or 4), a matter of small interest.

When on the other hand you say that most women complain that their bedrooms are too small; and that 42 per cent. of the wives say they would prefer to sleep in single beds, you touch upon a matter of importance, bearing on the design of millions of dwellings soon to be erected in various countries, and reveal what may have been a main purpose of the survey.

The technicians of social enquiry is slowly emerging, and one of the obstacles it has to contend with is the very natural resentment of people in general against "snooping." But social survey work is not usually snooping as the following examples show. Booth's survey, "The Life and Labour of the People in London" helped to give meaning to the

vague term "poverty," and supplied the data which inspired much of the early legislation of social security; the Ministry of Food of today enquires systematically from the housewife what goods she spends her pounds on (with what degree of satisfaction) in order that food policy may be related to the consumer's needs; and complaints of local shortages of many commodities are investigated by another Ministry with a view to distinguishing those which are most serious and widespread, and remedying the most urgent where possible.

Statesmen and Army Commanders, to say nothing of architects and business men, devise their plans on a basis of such facts as they can assemble, supplemented by experienced guess-work. Social enquiry helps to replace action based on guesswork by action based on evidence.

Popular prejudice against and confusion with respect to social enquiry of all kinds, is increased by articles of the type you have reprinted.

"The Midnight Sun"

MAJOR R. A. EALES, R.A.S.C.—Reference Dvr. Kidson's letter in your issue of 21 May. He may be interested to know that during its short sojourn in North Norway—April to June, 1940—the North Western Expeditionary Force had its own weekly news paper.

This was called "The Midnight Sun"—the most appropriate title seeing that the sun did in fact cease to set during the latter part of the period.

AMERICA



—DOING SO BADLY—

"There will be a general desire for relaxation of those controls—some of them anomalous—which wartime conditions have imposed for an easing of food rationing and for an amelioration of the heavy burden of taxation.

"We shall have to rely on the energy and resource of our commercial community with such Government aid as will provide scope for private enterprise.

"May we hope that in the interests of the whole community we shall avoid in peace those sectional differences which, during the war, have been largely subordinated to general needs?"

"... I would ask Trade Union leaders and industrial workers to bear in mind that if, by high wages, the cost of manufactures are rendered too high in comparison with those offered in other countries, we will not be able to sell the goods... I therefore beg all to take heed in time lest by forcing up wages they kill the proverbial goose and lose the golden eggs."

Mr. Poole said it was to be hoped that the saving habit acquired during the war would endure. I presume he was referring to War Savings Certificates.

He also said it was uneconomic for the Trust to buy British Government Securities, owing to the small return, "but we thought it our duty to make our contribution to the financing of the war effort."

The holding of British Government Securities is only about 5 per cent. of the Trust's total investments.

I think Mr. Poole could have done better than talk about wages as "golden eggs." I think that to ask people not to indulge in "sectional differences" after putting so plainly a sectional view is a little absurd.

But I may be wrong, and I am quite certain a lot of influential and knowledgeable people will agree with everything he says.

IRELAND was a republic from 930 to 1264. She came under Danish rule in 1380. Independence was declared in 1918, but a Bond of Union between the two countries remained in being.

A plebiscite has just been held as a result of which the Bond of Union will probably be broken.

So now there will be yet another wholly independent State to help in the fight for international operation.

RUSSIA



—THE LAST TIME—

# I have fought on both sides

Conscripted as war-worker in Germany, E-boat sailor, parachutist under Rommel—Bombed, torpedoed, shell-wounded by the British, and now with our Navy

By **FELIX CIESZYNSKI**

I AM now serving in a Polish warship attached to a British naval base. Before I escaped to the Eighth Army lines in North Africa, I had been successively, if involuntarily, a conscripted war worker in Germany, an E-boat sailor, and a parachutist in Rommel's army.

I have been bombed by the Royal Air Force, torpedoed by a British submarine, and wounded by British shell-splinters. At last I am fighting with the British.

I am 25 years old and I was born at Gniw, on the Polish-German frontier. Before the war I worked in a Polish naval shipyard and later went to sea as a merchant seaman.

I was in my native town in September, 1939, when the Germans invaded Poland. They overran our defences before we knew what was happening.

I managed to get away, but was caught later and deported with a large number of other Poles to East Prussia where we were put to forced labour.

A year later I was taken under escort to Warsaw. There my head was completely shaved and my clothes disinfected with acid, which rotted the material. Then a large letter "P" was sewn on to my coat and I was sent with many other Poles to Tilsit in East Prussia.

## In Cattle Trucks

About 1,800 people deported with me had been seized in a street round-up in Warsaw. They were between 16 and 28 years old and half of them were girls, also with their heads shaved. We travelled two days and nights in locked cattle trucks with no food at all.

When we reached Tilsit we were assembled in the market-hall and German farmers bought us for 20 marks apiece. It was just like a scene out of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which every Polish child knows by heart. The German farmers examined us as if we were cattle, feeling our muscles, opening our mouths and looking at our teeth, and ordering us to lift heavy weights and run with them.

I and a Polish girl of 17, a complete stranger to me, were bought by a farmer. He gave us a tiny attic to sleep in and a single straw palliase between us. When we protested the German told us: "Poles are not human beings."

We were treated by this farmer so badly that my only thought was to get away. My only fear was that I would be caught while trying to escape.

One day in the barn the farmer struck me in the face. Unable to control myself, I knocked him down. The German still stood on the ground, drew his revolver. I rushed out of the barn and hid. The German searched for me for some time, then went away, shouting that when he found me he would shoot me like a dog. I knew then that I must escape.

I walked back to my native town. There I was out to work on a new motor road from Gniw to Grudzadz. Among the other men working on the road were many British war prisoners from neighbouring camps. The Germans then discovered that I had previously been a shipyard worker, and they sent me to Gdynia.

We worked 12-hour shifts without a break. If anyone was caught idling, he was fined on the first two occasions; on the third he was sent to a concentration camp.

There were Italians and British working with us in the shipyards. The Italians were volunteer workers and were given fairly good conditions.

The British were prisoners of

war from the Langfuhr camp. They worked eight-hour shifts. Their clothes were in rags and they wore wooden clogs (this was in the winter of 1940-41). I made friends with some of the British workers, and I helped them to get bread in exchange for cigarettes.

## Forced Into Navy

In March, 1941, I was ordered to report to the Labour Exchange at Gdynia, and there I found four other Poles with the big letter "P" on their backs. A German official told us to sit down, gave us vodka and told us that before long Germany would be victorious. He gave us registration cards and sent us to Marienburg. We travelled under

escort, very uneasy as to our future, and when we got there we were quartered in a Polish camp.

A month later I knew my fate. I was, although not a Volkdeutscher (German by race), to be drafted to the German Navy. I was sent back to Gdynia for a three weeks' training course. Then I was transferred to the German naval base at Kiel and forced to take the oath of obedience to Hitler. It was administered by a German Catholic priest.

As soon as I put on German uniform I was made to feel the difference between a Pole and a German. They reviled me as a member of an inferior race.

I was posted to a German destroyer engaged in transporting troops to Norway towards the end of 1941 the convoy we were in was bombed by about 30 R.A.F. Wellingtons off Narvik. Our destroyer was badly damaged and we were ordered to abandon her. The ship sank very quickly and 30 Germans were drowned.



"One day in the barn the farmer struck me in the face . . . I knocked him down."

I was given leave after this, and went back to my native town, where I found that my father had been sent to a concentration camp for giving bread to British prisoners-of-war. When I returned to Kiel I was given a course in E-boat training.

On December 23, under pretext of giving us Christmas festivities, all Poles at the Kiel naval base were assembled together, packed into sealed trains and sent off to another unknown destination. This time it proved to be Italy. We were let out of the train at Naples and put aboard Italian warships. I found myself on the Antonio Danielli, which was escorting a convoy with supplies for Rommel.

On the night of March 13, 1943, when we were about 30 miles off Catania, we were torpedoed by a British submarine and sunk. Thirty-one men were drowned. The rest, including

myself, were picked up by the Germans and taken to Bizerta. There I spent some weeks in hospital.

## Made His Escape

When I was convalescent, I was trained as a parachutist and sent to the front. I was wounded in the head by a shell-splinter and again sent to hospital. By this time I had had enough of fighting for the Germans. I determined to take the first chance of escaping to the British lines. On April 16, 1943, I got out of the hospital without being observed and wandered about for four days trying to locate a British patrol. Once I was stopped by a German officer

My wound had reopened, and I said I had been wounded and was looking for my parachute unit. The German told me there had been a battalion of parachutists in that neighbourhood, but it had just been withdrawn. Then I knew that the British were not far off.

Soon afterwards I was challenged by an Eighth Army patrol. I told them that I was a Pole and I gave them all the information I had about the withdrawal of German units and the positions of the artillery covering Rommel's retreat.

I learned afterwards that my information had proved of great value, and that thanks to it one German battery was captured and its crew taken prisoners without firing a shot.

The British treated me very well. I was not sent to the prisoner-of-war camp with the German prisoners, but taken instead to Constantine where I was interrogated by British and United States intelligence officers. Later with twelve other Polish "deserters" like myself, I was sent to England where I volunteered for the Polish Navy.

## German Breakdown

The morale of the German Navy, when I last served in it, was still very good. The majority of German sailors are volunteers from the Hitler Youth movement. They went to war in the highest of spirits and they regarded the Fuehrer as a god.

They knew that the losses of the Germans both on land and at sea, had been very great, but they were not discouraged, because they believed implicitly in the great magnified accounts of British losses published by Goebbels.

But when I served with the land troops in North Africa I noticed an extraordinary difference. Here military collapse led quickly to moral breakdown. As the intensity of British artillery fire increased, more and more Germans could be heard hoping that they would get off with a light wound or be taken prisoner.

In some places detachments of the Hermann Goering Regiment were ordered to fire on German troops if they retreated.

Until they fought against the Eighth Army the Germans had always underestimated the fighting capacity of the British soldier. When they found out that their propaganda service had lied to them all along, their morale broke down, and for the first time they began to realise that they had lost the war.

# ◆ NEWNHAM ON FILMS ◆

NEWSREEL men are up at the front, of course. Their films of the new battles are already in England, and we should be getting them back here again soon. If there is one aspect of the motion picture industry in this war which deserves unqualified praise, it's that of the Army Film and Photographic Unit.

They have been right in the thick of most of the battles since the war began. A lot has been written about them from time to time. They have had their full quota of thrills and tragedies.

Some of the newsreels are those taken by the British cameramen, some by American. This week I have been talking to some of the boys of one of the American Combat Film Detachments. Their work has a long term interest for filmgoers, for the scenes they are filming now will undoubtedly be used in Hollywood pictures for years to come.

At the moment they are used primarily for newsreels, documentaries and for strategic and other military purposes.

The detachment concerned is an Air Force one. The cameramen are former newspaper photographers and film men. They do their work with a six-inch lens machine. Telenote lenses are out of the question when filming from the air under their circumstances.

They go out with the bombers. The pilots like them. They're lucky guys. A pilot who has one with him reckons that he's accompanied by a lucky mascot. So far, in theatres of war which range from the United Kingdom to the South Pacific, India and China, only ten of these cameramen have been lost.

One lost his life in an extraordinary manner. He went clean through the bomb bay during a heavy raid on Germany and crashed with the exploding bombs.

Another cameraman was in

a bomber which pranged in German occupied territory. He was uninjured, and his camera was intact. He's still there, still filming. How he gets his film stock is a secret, but he gets it all right, and one of these days he'll be coming back with one of the most interesting movies ever taken.

Film men go without honours as a rule, but there's one of these cameramen who now sports the D.F.C. and got promotion on the spot (they all enter the army with commissioned rank). He was operating his camera when the plane got hit and the gunner was killed.

The cameraman promptly left his camera and took over the guns. They were in a tight corner, with a bunch of Messerschmitts on their tail. He had shot down two of these fighters before returning safely to base.

And they have their narrow escapes. Enthusiasm for his job saved one man's life. He was bending down over his camera the whole time during an aerial duel. A stream of bullets penetrated the fuselage and passed within a few inches of his head. It would have been his lot if he had ven straightened his back for a moment.

Another man is a prisoner of war. He landed in the sea when the crew had to bale out.

Some machines have camera wells in them. Others have to be adapted. A door is taken off and a special'y constructed one put in. All films taken are flown to a central pool and there sorted out for their various purposes, some military and some for filmgoers.

I HAVE heard some mutterings about "Journey for Margaret," which has now reached the Garrison Theatres in Italy. Cracks like, "Is this journey really necessary?"

For here is another picture which one may question as to its suitability for showing to the forces. It's

## UNNECESSARY JOURNEY

a story of the London blitz, with the emphasis on orphaned children. "I have felt so depressed

since I came overseas," an A.T.S. girl told me. I refrain from repeating some of the stronger comments made by the more outspoken male audiences.

If you want to get away from war when you're going to the cinema keep away from this. Yet it's too good a film to be ignored. It bears the hallmark of sincerity, is excellently directed and beautifully acted, with Robert Young and Laraine Day as the adult leads. But the acting honours go to six-year-old Margaret O'Brien.

The picture has catapulted Margaret to film fame. She certainly gives a wonderful performance. Prior to this she had played only one small part in "Babes on Broadway." Since then, she has scored an even greater success in "Lost Angel," playing an extraordinary difficult part as an infant prodigy who is trained by scientists who almost drain her of human qualities. Leading roles in "Madame Curie" and "Jane Eyre" have followed. She is Hollywood's greatest child discovery.

\* \* \*

I WROTE last week about the latest Ensa film arrivals. I've now received a list of the most recent selection of

## FILM A.K.S. pictures for mobile showing. They're not very up to date but there is variety at any rate. They include "A wave in My Heart," "Footlight Parade," "The Iron Road," "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," and "Presenting Lily Mars"

If you want some really up-to-date pictures, look out for some of the American Special Service theatres or mobiles. Hollywood runs off extra prints and sends them out at once. They're often months ahead of their English release. You'll find "Adventures of Mark Twain Four," "His Butler's Sister," "Jack London," "The Lodger," "I Dood It," "Lost Angel," "Jane Eyre," and "Madame Curie" among the current Italian programmes.

PETER WILSON'S SPORTS DIARY

Voice of

# Behind the scenes with boxing's big boys

IT'S nearly sixteen years, now, since Gene Tunney performed a neat and handy piece of face-lifting on game Tom Heeney, the Hard Kock from Down Under, and then blew a sweet fare-thee-well to the pit of punishment and the fight game in general.

Since that time six brawny gents have held the top-spot in swatting — Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Max Baer, Jim Braddock and, since June, 1937, Joe Louis.

Some of them have been better than others and some of them have had most of their muscular development between the ears. But I've seen all of them in action—save Sharkey, whom I met recently in Algiers—and I thought you might like some "behind the scenes" dope on the boys. And believe me there were some "scenes" with some of them.

**TAKE** Max Schmeling first. I saw Schmeling three times—twice in Hamburg where he outpointed Ben Ford and blasted an American second rater, Steve Dudas, out of the picture in a handful of rounds.

The third was in New York when Schmeling himself had the seats put under him by Joe Louis in 2 minutes, 4 seconds flat.

But the most remarkable result in Schmeling's record as a one-round K.O. which he stopped quite early in his career, Gipsy Daniels being "the executioner."

## Girl Killed In Crash

I always wondered what had caused that one—for Schmeling was no novice at the time—and later I heard a story which makes it much more explicable.

Apparently, the German was driving to the fight with a girl of whom he was very fond. On the way they had an accident—partly due to Schmeling's drinking, and although he was unhurt, the girl was killed.

It would have been understandable had he called off the dog. But it was an important one for him and he insisted go on with it. However, he must have exaggerated his own mental toughness for he didn't go on with the bout for long, the Gippo having no difficulty in stowing him away.

Schmeling was always very reticent about this fight, but that story gives a certain clue to his personality. He was built up by the Nazi propagandists into a "blood and iron" man, but he was inclined to crack when the going became really tough.

Jack Sharkey, who relieved Schmeling of the title, is a very different person. I never saw him in the ring, but when I met him in Algiers, he pulled some good wisecracks against himself.

For instance, he described his fight with Joe Louis—in which he was knocked kicking in 3 rounds—as follows:

"The crowd was right behind me. I was sparring around and then—bingo! I'm on the floor. There's a guy with a very loud voice in the crowd and, as the referee's counting, I can hear this guy yelling, 'Take you time, Jack. We're all with you.'"

"And I thought—that's a hell of a place to be right now."

Then there was the time Sharkey lost his title by a 6 round K.O. to Primo Carnera. He said: "I was bobbing and weaving and then someone picked me up and told me I wasn't the champ, any more."

Sharkey was as in-and-out a performer as a trombone player, but I thought it was a bit unkind of Lefty Gomez, the famous baseball pitcher who accompanied Sharkey on his troops-entertaining tour, to introduce the ex-champ, as:

"Jack Sharkey, who used to fight one consecutive round or less and doesn't need to buy any towels because so many were thrown into the ring for him during his career."

## Sharkey's Best Performance

Probably Sharkey's best performance was when he stopped that beautiful boxer Tommy Loughran very early in the fight. Sharkey landed a right to the temple and Loughran walked over to the referee and said: "Let's go for a walk."

The referee thought that was a good idea, too—and walked Loughran right out of the ring. It took him quite a long time to come round.

**PRIMO CARNERA**—what a raft of stories there are about him. Everyone was out to get their "cut" from the colossal and, big as he was, there just wasn't enough to go round for everyone. So Primo himself was left out in the cold.

While he was still champion, he made a film called "The Prize-Fighter and the Lady," the climax of which was a fight between Primo and Max Baer. Now, in real life these two were shortly going to meet for the heavy-weight title and there was obviously a psychological advantage to be gained by the man who could "put it over" the other one before the real battle.

## Primo And Psychology

If anyone had mentioned psychology to Primo he would probably have thought it meant something to do with a 6-day bike race—and madcap Maxie had it over him like a tent from the word go.

When they were sparring in front of the cameras, Max went into a clinch with the giant and started raking the hairs out of his chest, remarking: "He loves me... he loves me not."

He got the big man bewitched, infuriated and thoroughly upset. And it was the same when they met in the real ring. In an early round Baer spilled Carnera on the canvas and then tripped over him, so that they were both down together.

As they floundered on the floor Baer tapped Carnera on the shoulder and yelled: "Come on, Primo—last one up is a sissy."

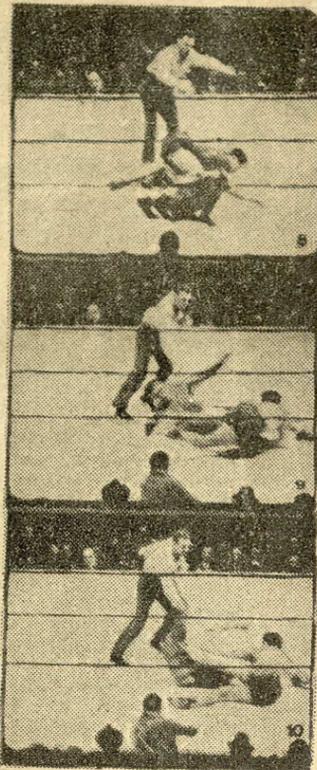
When Carnera finally retired in the eleventh round with a damaged ankle, ringsiders said that showed how hard Baer could hit for he landed on Primo's jaw and the giant turned it in with a sprained ankle and that was some six feet away from his jaw! But Primo had been beaten before he started.

Actually Carnera was never cut out for a ring career—it was obvious he didn't like the fight game. And he had no reason to. All he ever got out of it was a series of bad beatings.

But judging by the report which a reader of CRUSADER sent to me Primo had the right stuff in him. For, after the armistice with Italy he joined the Maquis and there are conflicting rumors that he has been captured by the Germans while others say he has actually been shot. I hope that's not true for the battered behemoth deserved some good breaks.

**MAX BAER**—now there's a one-man riot for you. He was once described as the "Clown Prince of the Ring," and Baer himself once said: "God made me a beautiful building, but," tapping his head, "he put on an awfully weak roof."

There was a more serious side to him though. He once killed a man in the ring and, in subsequent fights, he was always afraid of doing the same thing. As a matter of fact the terrific beating he administered to Ernie Schaaf probably caused the injury from which he died following his fight with Carnera.



Baer got very "jittery" before his fight with Louis and one fight writer said that when the owls, out at Maxie's training camp, started to go "Who-hoo, who-hoo" in the evenings, Baer would rush out and yell: "Not me, you blasted birds, not me."

Baer took a terrific beating from Louis and was counted out on his hands and knees in the fourth. Subsequently he said he had damaged his hands, to which Jack Dempsey, who was seconding him, cracked acidly:

"If Max's hands were damaged it must have been through the referee treading on them."

**JIM BRADDOCK** had one of the most romantic "off stage" stories of all the modern champions. Only a year or so before he managed to outpoint Baer for the title he had been so down and out that he had to go on "relief"—the American equivalent of the Dole.

## The Cinderella Man

They called him "The Cinderella Man" and when I last saw him he had a sumptuous restaurant in New York. The bar was in the form of a boxing-ring and when you gave one of the barmen a tip you always knew if it was big enough because then a bell, like the one for the start of a round, would be rung.

Stories of **JOE LOUIS** are numerous enough, but the nicest one I've heard was told me recently by my old friend Burriss Jenkins, America's stand-out cartoonist, now a war co-respondent in this theatre.

Joe, shortly after joining the U.S. Army, was called upon to make a speech. There was a large gathering and he had been preceded by experienced speakers. Everyone wondered how he would get on. He got on better than all right.

He made quite a short speech and ended up: "We are bound to win because we are on God's side." Plenty of people have claimed that God is on their side—it took a simple coloured boy to put it the right way.

**P. S.**—A few weeks ago I wrote an article about Tony Galento. Since then I've seen a picture of him taken when he joined the army. Two G.I.s were admiringly feeling the mighty tummy of the man who combined punch with paunch.

Incidentally, when he was at the height of his fame Tony took the part of Romeo in a broadcast of the famous balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

The Juliet was, I think, Nancy Carroll, the film star. Evidently she had heard of Tony's bawdiness about "moldering da bones" for when he started to "molder" Shakespeare, by getting his lines all mixed up, she waited for her revenge.

And when the famous line "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?" came along the delighted listeners heard her say: "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo—thou bum?"

## The Customers Always Write

**CUSTOMER** No. 1 this week is Pilot-Officer Cameron, who writes to say that when he was in Tunis last February he met a Frenchman who said that Walter Neusel had been captured in North Africa.

Neusel, according to P/O Cameron's informant, had been in the Afrika Korps and was captured at the end of the battle. He described him as "tall, strongly-built and very fair" which would certainly fit in with Neusel and he said that he spoke English well.

That would be a correct description of Neusel, but I think the news would have got out before. It sounds rather like the man who claimed to be Schmeling, on Crete, but who was, in fact, someone quite different.

Driver H. Cornwell writes: Can you kindly settle an argument, thereby regaining for us the peaceful atmosphere of our "bros-ups"? Did Battling Siki ever meet Jack Dempsey in a professional contest?

And the answer is—Never. Siki was light-heavyweight champion of the world and, in my opinion, he wouldn't have "lived" with Dempsey.

Sapper C. Snow writes to me to give me the information I enquired about welter-weight Norman Snow—and he should know, for he's Norman's brother. He says: "Norman Snow will be 33 this September. Weight 10st. 7lbs. Has been fighting about 16 years and is at present serving in the R.A.F. His last fight was against Eric Eoon to whom he lost on a K.O. in the fifth round. This fight took place late in 1943."

Thanks for the griff, Sapper Snow.

Private F. J. Paul takes issue with me over a recent criticism I made of Sydney Wooderson's track technique. Private Paul writes:

"This athlete happens to belong to the same club as myself and I have on one or two occasions been privileged to compete against him."

He continues: "... to say 'hat Wooderson, whose knowledge of track technique is superior to that of any athlete I know, ran like a schoolboy, is just plain nonsense."

Sorry, Private Paul, but I don't agree. Wooderson is a magnificent natural runner, but his best performances have been when the other runners have been there as pace-makers and out to HELP him, not compete against him.

## Be-WITCH-ing!

This year's witch rides a gun barrel instead of a broom, and in the photo is green-eyed Ann Savage, of Columbia Pictures, currently appearing in "Two Senoritas."



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