

CRUSADER

"THE" IN

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Behind the enemy lines in Normandy

PARATROOP REPORTER No. 1 TYPES HIS DISPATCH IN BATTLE

By **LEONARD MOSLEY**
who was dropped in France before dawn on D day.

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE STORIES THAT WILL HAVE TO WRITE ITSELF BECAUSE I AM TOO EXHAUSTED EXCITED AND EXHILARATED TO HAVE ANY CONTROL OVER WHAT GOES DOWN ON THIS TYPE-WRITER.

I parachuted into Europe at two minutes past 1 a.m. this morning (D-Day), six-and-a-half hours before our seaborne forces began the full-blown invasion of Festung Europa.—And I have seen, done and experienced a lot since then.

I have seen a few thousand paratroops and glider-borne troops, whom I nominate now as the bravest, most tenacious men I have ever known, hold the bridgehead against Hitler's Armies for over sixteen hours despite overwhelming odds.

There is a saga to be written about what our airborne troops have done and I only wish I could catch up with myself enough to tell it cogently.

One of the reasons I can't is that there's a helluva battle going on here as I write, and bullets, mortar bombs, shells—not to mention a couple of snipers—are producing conditions which are hardly conducive to consecutive thinking.

And my job is not made any easier by the state of my type-writer.

I parachuted into France with it strapped to my chest under my equipment, and it got a bad bashing when I rolled over on it after a hard landing. So please accept the story as it comes.

OUR BRIDGE JOB

OUR job as an airborne force was to silence a vital coastal battery, which, if still in operation, might have blown our ships to bits as they came to the shore. We silenced it.

And our other just as vital job was to secure two important bridges over the canal and river north of Caen, to prevent them from being blown up, and to hold them against all comers until the main armies arrived.

We are still holding them. They are still intact.

So let's begin this story as I explained in "C for Charlie," a great black bomber, at 11.20 p.m. last night, and we took our place in the taxi-ing line of planes that stretched from one end to the other of one of the biggest air-fields in Britain.

There were Lancashire men, Yorkshiremen and Northumbrians mostly among the paratroopers. Preceding them by half an hour

were the gliders and planes of paratroopers who were going to make a do-or-die attempt to take vital bridges before they could be blown up.

Those gliders were going to crash themselves on the buttresses of the bridges themselves, and then, aided by paratroopers, were to capture the bridges and all surrounding land.

It was our job to bring them aid within 30 minutes of their surprise attack and to "infest" the whole area for a hundred square miles around to prevent the Nazis from counter-attacking.

"HOOK UP!"

AS our plane, the third in the formation, took the air and pointed for France, little Robson, next to me, was singing softly.

Young Rowbotham was repeatedly clipping and unclipping his Sten gun. All of us were doodling in one way or another. We doodled for an hour and then down the plane from the pilot came the signal, "Hook up your 'chutes."

It was five minutes to one when the light snapped off and a hole in the plane was opened. Under it we could see the coast of France below—and a garish sight it was. For flak from the coast defences was spouting flame everywhere.

And we scared by it—until the red light flashed before our eyes and then swiftly changed to green, and we were all madly shuffling down the hole and jumping into space.

I looked, as I twisted down, for the church I had been told to spy for a landmark, and for the wood where we were later going to rendezvous as a fighting force. But the wind had caught me and was whisking me east.

IN OUR THEATRE PERUGIA (See page six)

Faster and faster I twisted, and I had to wrestle with my straps to get myself straight. And by that time I had come down in an orchard outside a farmhouse.

HOPELESSLY LOST

AND as I stood up with my harness off and wiped the sweat off my brown-painted face, I knew I was hopelessly lost. Dare I go to the farmhouse and ask for directions? This was the question I turned over in my mind as I crawled forward through the trees.

What the answer was I shall never know, because suddenly there was a rip and tear in my flapping jumping-smock, and I flung myself to the ground as machine-guns rattled.

There was a sudden silence, and then two more smashing explosions.

Hand-grenades this time. What do you do in those circumstances, when you are not allowed to carry arms?

I could now see figures manoeuvring in the moonlight, and I decided to try to get away. I dived through a bunch of nettles and fought my way through a tangle of barbed-wire into the next field, and began to run at the crouch.

Suddenly, at the farther edge, there were two more figures, and they were coming towards me and I could see that they were carrying guns.

What might have happened is one of those "ifs" of my private history—only there was a crash of Sten gun fire instead and both men crumpled up not fifteen yards from me. Into the field stealthily came five men to challenge me—and I was with our own paratroopers again.

This is no moment, with a fierce counter-attack developing against this headquarters to write too long about what followed. All I know is that for two long, weary hours we wandered the country. We hid from German patrols in French barns. We shot up a Nazi car speeding down a lane.

GLIDERS ARRIVE

AND just after 3 a.m. we made our rendezvous.

And then, at 3.20, every Allied paratrooper behind the Atlantic Wall breathed a sigh of relief as he heard the roar of bombers. Bombers coming in slow. Bombers towing gliders towards the dropping ground.

We watched them, in the pale moonlight and glare of flak, unhooking and then diving steeply for earth. We saw one, caught by ack-ack, catch fire and fly around for three or four minutes, a ball of flame. We heard the crunch of breaking matchwood as gliders bounced on rocks and careered into semi-undestroyed poles.

But it was hard to restrain the impulse to cheer, for, out of every glider men were pouring, and jeeps, and anti-tank guns and field-guns—and we knew that even if Nazi tanks did come now we could hold them.

And now, as a faint glow began to appear in the eastern sky, eyes turned upwards and upwards. For there was a light that rapidly grew to a blinding roll that never stopped.

Here were bombers, swarming like bees to give the Nazi coast defences their last softening before our seaborne forces landed. And what a sight it was to

As dawn came I moved across country through Nazi patrol lines get nearer to the coast. When we moved there were traces of airborne invasion. Empty tainers, still burning in the orchards. Wrecked gliders on the ground, some of them tattered to matchwood. The parachutes lying everywhere.

It was hazardous going. Nazi patrols were numerous in the area, and once were within a few yards of us, but we hid in a quarry and dodged them. Eventually we reached high ground overlooking the coast and waited until our watches showed 7.15.

A few minutes before it there was an earth-shaking holocaust of noise. The invasion barges were coming in, and coming in firing. It was a terrific barrage that must have paralysed the de-

(Continued on Page 6)

—Later, on the beaches, the traffic of invasion is carefully marshalled and deployed



Here the fighting is over. The beach-heads are won. Our leading troops are well inland and the following waves can come ashore almost without interference. The barrage-balloons cover hosts of Allied craft.

The orderly confusion of the scene is the measure prevails. But only a few hours before, this field. Men died by the hundred to make t-

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THE WAR IS NOW TRULY GLOBAL

A week of mighty strides

IT has been an electrical week—a week charged thunderously with the signs and the proofs of Allied progress.

The mighty international co-ordinated war machine that has been built up by the unanimous will of free people everywhere is now absolutely committed to the task for which it was designed: the final destruction of the forces of evil wherever they may be upon this earth.

Committed it has been from the moment when the Western Invasion was begun.

That moment marked the opening of the all-out effort. What had gone before was a series of preparatory phases—each operation the test of a separate member of the master machine. Now there will be no more trial runs. Now the whole perfected dynamo has been put in motion. Up to the early hours of "D" Day in the west, the production of the energy of annihilation was localised. Now it has been globalised.

This full and final process, the dispensation of the formula for victory, is in its earliest stages. It was initiated, and it goes on, unhurriedly. The calm throb of the motors as they slowly gather momentum is fluent with the promise of vast reserves of power.

And already, in this primary stage, great things have been achieved.

* * *

The west coast of France, one of the great ports of France, whose capture is a cardinal motive of our invasion strategy, is besieged and may be in our hands by the time these lines are printed.

In Italy the Eighth Army has captured Perugia, and is pushing on towards Florence; whilst on the seaward flank the French, by taking Elba in a brilliant 54½ hours' campaign, have placed in our hands a precious base from which to develop our attacks along the north-west coast.

On the Finnish front the Russian soldier Govorov has had the satisfaction of smashing the Mannerheim Line for the second time in four years. A political crisis in Helsinki is reported. And the report may well be true.

Thus there is a great battle in each of the three principal theatres of Europe. In each battle the Allies hold the initiative. The enemy's power to strike has been limited to the counter-attack. Only in France has he used it with any effect. And the effect has only been temporary.

The great campaign in which these three battles are closely related is nowhere near its climax. Finland may collapse, but the Russo-German war will still be on from the Latvian border to the battlefields of Rumania. In France, Cherbourg may fall, but important as that may be in the immediate sense it can be no more than an incident in the campaign as a whole.

In Italy the Allied armies are still advancing, but it would be folly to expect that the enemy she intends to fall back all the way to the Brenner without making at least one determined effort

to bring us to a standstill on a prepared line.

* * *

BUT these very limitations on our success up to this point are pregnant with the possibilities of new perils for the enemy.

In Italy a further pitched battle on the Liri Valley model may well prove to be a less costly and laborious enterprise—and a speedier means of bringing the campaign to a successful end—than a prolonged series of minor engagements all the way to the Alps.

from landing in France; she failed to interrupt the flow of supplies to our armies once they had been established. It was at this point, when morale seemed seriously threatened, that she produced her new secret weapon, confident that here at last she had something that would decisively affect the progress of the battle.

But the robot plane has not so far justified the expectations of its creators. It might have been a different story if the new weapon had been used, as originally planned, several months ago to divert the im-

the initiative on the Burma front is firmly in our hands.

From the Pacific soon may come the rumblings of naval guns. A fleet action is imminent. Admiral Nimitz, the Allied Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific, has announced that the enemy fleet has moved into position east of the Philippines. Strong Japanese naval units are present. Possibly the whole Fleet is ready. An engagement may already have begun. Such an opportunity has long been planned, several months ago to divert the im-

when the war has been decided in Europe.

Millions of tragedies may be averted if this battle ends in an American victory.

Just before press-time, wonderful news reached this journal from the Pacific. In a running battle between the Mariana and the Philippine Islands, the Japanese Grand Fleet has suffered a staggering defeat.

Meanwhile, in Chungking, U.S. Vice-President, Henry A. Wallace, has uttered the hope that the coming twelve months would see the end of Japanese aggression in China, Asia and the Pacific.

* * *

SUPER-BOMBERS—B29s—have been in action over Japan.

These mammoth aircraft are the most significant material expression of the world-wide all-embracing conception of the war which will dominate all the final campaigns.

Here for the first time is an aircraft that can be operated on a global scale. Fleets of these huge American bombers, with their tremendous range, will be directed at widely scattered targets from many remote bases. Their comings and goings will be synchronised under the direction of one air chief. The advent of these aircraft is black news for the people of metropolitan Japan. It is in bombing the Japanese islands that these machines can play their most important role in this war. After the war an armada of them internationally controlled would be a formidable argument to bring to bear upon any country that threatened to break the peace of the world.

* * *

PRIME MINISTER Churchill had a global strategy as his theme in the speech—remarkable for its optimism—which he made at the Mexican Embassy in London.

In his words: "Plans agreed upon in Teheran have not yet all been put into operation, but they are being steadily unrolled," there is a glimpse of the vast machine going into operation in accordance with a very comprehensive strategy, only part of which is apparent to us at the moment.

He had confirmed this by his promise to the enemy that the longer they continued the struggle the more terrible would be their end.

The most striking passage was the one in which the Prime Minister declared that the months of summer might "by the victories of this Allied campaign bring full success to the cause of freedom."

But it is advisable to note that the Prime Minister was making no downright prophecy, but was merely stating a possibility.

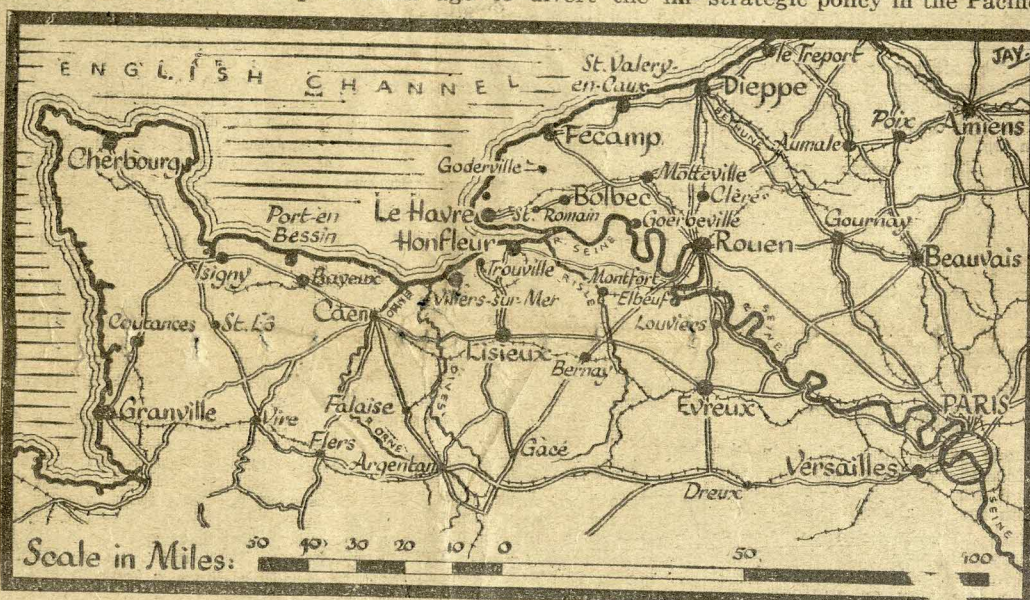
We may be disappointed if we fail to recognise that.

If we must be careful not to misinterpret the substance of the message, we can at least bathe freely in its spirit.

And it is a very cheerful message indeed.

For it means that in Mr. Churchill's view the war is going well. And even if victory should not come this summer we can be certain that he feels it is well on the way.

—J. M. MacLennan



Normandy is only one sector part of Allied Air Forces on Hitler's western front and Germany. But these plans were completely wrecked by Allied counter-measures from the air. First the airmen struck at the plants producing the machines, causing great havoc. Later they dealt with discharge points and installations all over Northern France. Now the Germans are at last able to use robots, but thanks to Allied air power the onslaught is a puny one by comparison with that originally planned. Inevitably, they have not done some damage. But now we know that they are even more of a "weapon of chance" than we originally supposed. For these robots are not radio controlled, as early reports suggested. They are operated by an automatic pilot. Once a robot has been launched the Germans have no more control over its movements. Pilot-less aircraft of this kind may cause haphazard military damage and may draw off a number of fighters which would otherwise be operating over the battlefields. But unless they are unleashed in overwhelming numbers their effectiveness ends there.

* * *

Such is the picture on the fronts of Europe. Where German fighting men are not already locked in the death struggle with the forces of retribution, they wait in hideous apprehension of the storm which may break upon them at any moment.

The success so far achieved by the Allies in the active theatres can hardly be concealed from these men who wait. The agonies of their Fatherland under the Allied air offensive cry out to them from the pages of their letters from home.

So they wait. Each succeeding night a worse ordeal than the last. Nights of unnerving alarms when strained eyes mistake rocks on the shore and bushes in the fields for men creeping to the attack; nights of wild firing all along the line and of wilder rumours and endless spells of standing to. Days of relief, quickly marred by the prospect that "To-night it may come."

Germany is far from beaten yet, but her prospects grow increasingly grim. Nothing she has been able to do has exercised any effective influence on Allied plans for long. She failed to prevent us

The calamitous shock of Pearl Harbour is a far cry. But Pearl Harbour has still to be avenged. The marvellous naval recovery in the Pacific, the positive ascendancy of Allied sea power, the powerful and painful blows already inflicted on the Japanese fleet—these are the cornerstones of the assurance with which the commanders and the crews have sought to bring the enemy to battle: These are most reasonable grounds for sober confidence in the outcome of a full-scale naval action should it develop. A decisive sea victory in the Pacific would have far-reaching consequences on the course of the war in the Far East.

But the repercussions of this battle, if indeed it does materialise, will not be confined to the Pacific. On its outcome may depend the duration of Japanese resistance in the territories she has seized. On the skill with which these great grey ships are manoeuvred and fought much more may depend than the loss of so many thousand tons of floating fortress. China is involved with all her millions, and so are Britain and America and Holland, and the numberless peoples of their territories in Japanese hands.

The security of Australia, New Zealand and India is in the keeping of the U.S. sailors as they sail into battle. And to reduce their task to terms of common humanity they may be thousands of boys not yet called up and men already fighting in the west shall or shall not have to sail for the Pacific theatre

THE war in Europe grows vaster every day, but it is not until it is considered in conjunction with the war in the Far East that the truly global character of the whole conflict can be properly appreciated.

For great things are happening out there, too.

The Japanese have been flung out of Assam. Their futile penetration of that territory cost them 10,000 men. Now

The tale of a blue paper backed book that contained a hundred pounds worth of memories

CRUSADER CUTIE

Checking up

THE elderly R.A.S.C. driver, John Edwards, stared at the shadows which wrestled ceaselessly in the corners of the bombed building

When the three-tonner had broken down for the second time, the Lance-Corporal in charge of the section had decided to stay the night on the road, and push on early the next morning.

The other men had got wind of a vino-shop which was alleged still to be functioning. They had gone out noisily, leaving Edwards alone. He was much older than the rest and had only joined them recently, having seen a good deal less overseas service.

Only the flickering light from the "brew-up" fire illuminated the cracked walls from which the plaster had flaked like icing off a wedding cake. The roof wore a lop-sided, gap-toothed grin where a shell had taken away one corner of it.

Most of the village had been reduced to broken biscuits by shelling and aerial bombardment, and the Germans, before retreating, had collected furniture, doors wrenched off their hinges, window frames pulled out piece-meal, and half burned the lot in the village square. Everything was covered with a thick layer of choking, gritty dust. Edwards was so browned-off that he was nearly curling up at the edges. They had finished all their rations, there was nothing to read—there wasn't even a cup of "char" left.

He pulled out the gas-proof wallet in which he kept his personal things. He was not married, so there wasn't the usual sheaf of photographs with which he could pass the time. The mail had been bad recently, and the few letters which he had, were so creased as to be indecipherable in the smoky glare of the petrol fire.

Rummaging through the wallet he came across a faded, blue paper-backed book. He looked at it idly. It was his 1939 cheque book which, for some forgotten reason, he had kept and put into his wallet.

He started looking through the counter-foils. In those days, he had run his own business as a furrier. Closing his eyes he could almost smell again the rich, strong odour of the furs. Nineteen-thirty-nine had been a "boom" year for him.

Women foreseeing the war, and all its restrictions, had bought recklessly. Men who could anticipate the end of an era had been willing to buy more generously than ever before.

Edwards had seen the coming of the war, too, and all through the first eight months of the fateful year he had done the things which he had put off for so long, for once spending his money on himself without looking to the future.

He looked at one of the counter-foils. It was dated January 15, 1939, and it read "Self, 35 pounds."

That had been the price of one luxurious week in St. Moritz, the millionaires' playground in Switzerland, where the snow was as costly as white gold.

He drifted out of the broken smoky room, back to the cold, clear air of the mountains. He could hear the silvery tinkle of the bells hung round the necks of the horses as they pulled carriages on runners.

He thrilled again as he remembered the helmeted riders, faces less than a foot from the packed snow and ice, the iron-framed luges screaming as the runners bit into the banked ice walls of the famous Cresta Run.

Steaming coffee and cakes in the morning . . . afternoons spent struggling with skis on the Nursery Slopes or admiring the bird-like grace of the experts on the Corviglia run . . . evenings in the great hotels where tanned men and women surrendered themselves to the joys of rhythm and the pleasure of being together . . .

* * *

WE turned over another stub in his cheque book. "July 10, 1939, Self, 50 pounds." That represented ten days in Monte Carlo. He had always promised himself a holiday there, intrigued by the stories of the Casino, which he had read in magazines.

And he had not been disappointed. There was "The Kitchen" where you could wager as little as one franc. The people there were like crouching skeletons, white and motionless save for their eyes which blazed with the mad fever of gambling, and their claw-like hands for ever fondling the little pile of chips at their side.

Then there was the big baccarat room at the Sporting Club where each counter was worth 100,000 francs—nearly 600 pounds at the pre-war rate of exchange. The gamblers there seemed far more bored than the gnomes in "The Kitchen" who seldom raised more than sixpence at a time.

By day there was swimming in the Mediterranean, which was too blue to be true, and by night dancing on a glass floor in the Sporting Club. The roof wore the purple sky, dusted with silver stars and the fourth wall was open onto the sea.

At night they used to go water-skiing, men and women towed on water-skis behind a speedboat and carrying flaming torches in their free hand. A last triumphant swirling turn and they would douse the torches in the phosphorescent sea, and vanish in a wink of an eye. It was all part of the Monte Carlo magic.

Edwards looked at the last stub in the book. It was for fifteen pounds and it read "Belmont Hotel, Sidmouth." It was dated September 4, 1939.

A Short Story specially written for CRUSADER by PHILIP WRIGHT

He had gone down to Devon in the last peaceful week in August. On Saturday, September 2, there had been a cricket match. He had sat in front of the pavilion, watching the game and able to see the lawn tennis players over his right shoulder.

The young men playing were putting a lot of energy into their games—that same energy which was to fly Spitfires in the Battle of Britain, to drive tanks through the German lines at El Alamein and to shatter the fortress town of Cassino.

The old men who had known the previous war, were gently ambling round the croquet lawn, away to the left. Gulls were planing overhead, spitting the air with their harsh, sexless cries. There was the subdued thock of ball on bat. From time to time a subdued rattle of applause as meaningless as a smile at the end of a telephone conversation, rippled round the ground.

The sea was a clearer, colder blue than the Mediterranean—the blue of a chilled finger-nail. But it was England, placid and very pleasant.

The next day came the declaration of war. John Edwards left for London on the Monday. Within a month he had wound up his business. By the end of October, although he was nearly forty, he had managed to get into the Army. Since then he had written no cheques.

John Edwards unfolded his blankets and put them in the corner farther away from the hole in the roof. He put his cheque book away carefully. There was more than a hundred pounds worth of memories in it.

Recently his Company had been in Naples, and he had spent all his available cash sending presents home to England. He remembered that the N.A.A.F.I. supplies were on the truck and that he had no money with which to buy anything. One of the other men came in. John Edwards said:

"By the way I wonder if you could lend me a hundred lire until the next time we're paid."

The man was in a bad temper. The rumour about the vino shop had been just a rumour. One of the refugees, who always remain in every town however badly battered, had sold them some vile cognac at a ruinous price.

He said: "What d'you think I am—Lord Ruddy Nuffield? Or perhaps you can give me a cheque for it," he added sarcastically.

John Edwards said: "I wish I could," and turned his face to the wall to try and dream of his memories.

Sandy's Inn

THEY had just entered Rome and Bill had been detailed to guard any buildings the R.E.s suspected booby traps in.

"I believe there is a two-ton unexploded mine in here," said the officer. "Just keep an eye on things and blow your whistle if anything happens."

"Very good, sir," said Bill, "but do I blow it going up or coming down?"

A high German officer decided it was getting a bit hot in Paris and booked tickets for himself and his dog for Berlin. On arriving at the train the guard stopped him. "Beg pardon, sir, he said, "but only one dog allowed on each train. Even for Germans."

The Boche officer, irritated, said: "I may be German, but the dog is English."

"In that case, then, let the dog get on alone."

On a tombstone in Ireland is the following epitaph: Stop, traveller, stop, as you pass by; As you are now so once was I; As I am now, so will you be, Prepare yourself to follow me.

To which someone has since added:

To follow you I'm quite content, But I'm blowed if I know which way you went.

In the "Forum," Johannesburg, is this joke accredited to Sam (include me out) Goldwyn:

The film magnate was taking on someone for a new job, telling an assistant to take careful note how he picked his new workers. The first applicant was asked: "How much is two and two?"

"Four," said the candidate. "Good," said Goldwyn, "that's correct. Wait in the ante-room."

The second applicant came in. "What's two and two?" asked Goldwyn.

"Six," came the answer. "Wonderful," said Goldwyn, "that shows inventiveness, imagination, scope, ideas. Wait in the ante-room."

The third applicant was asked the same question.

"Thirty-nine," was the reply. "Marvellous!" said Goldwyn. "Colossal! What a breadth of vision! What a conception! Wait in the ante-room."

"And now," said Goldwyn to his assistant, "which do you think I will take?"

"The one who said thirty-nine," said the assistant.

"No," said the film genius, "the one who said six."

"But why?" said the assistant. "Because," said Goldwyn, "he is my wife's nephew."

Jack and Bill were on leave in Rome when they came across a large statue and paused to read the name under it.

"I say, Bill," asked Jack, "who wuz this bloke Nero. Wuzn't 'e always cold or something?"

"Naw," said Bill, "that was Zero, another bloke altogether."

FISHY STORY
A canny young fisher named Fisher Once fished from the edge of a fissure;
A fish with a grin Pulled the fisherman in— Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

—SANDY THE BARMAN.



"Now we've reached the days of pilotless planes. I'll have to cultivate the acquaintance of the Army."

Sitting on the Fence

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS

"TO cut a long story short," said The Man in the Local, "I was strolling down to the butcher's to nose round for a bit of offal, when who should I run into but my college chum, Arthur. I think you've met my old college chum Arthur in here?"

We said we couldn't remember having the pleasure. "Get along with you," said The Man. "Why, my old college chum Arthur was in here the day we ran out of mother's ruin. Which was on the Wednesday. Or was it on the Thursday?"

We said we had no idea. "No, I'm a liar," said The Man, "it was on the Friday, because that was the day the wife's aunt's cousin on her father's side came down for the week-end, slipped on the polished floor in the parlour and broke all her front teeth. Of course, the wife's always been a terror for polishing floors, and if you're coming home late after a bit of a bender it's proper murder. There was a time before the rubber eggs?" we asked.

"No," said The Man, "it's my daughter Vi who can't eat eggs and half, but now, thanks to the Japs, Marge who can't eat fish. One look I have to do it on me hands and at an egg and Vi's off in a fainting fit. And in that way the wife reminds me of my dear old mother, Marge is lying on the floor like who used to polish her linoleum a dead thing. And in that way she till you could see your face in it, reminds me of my dear old Uncle and she always said the King of Harry who joined the Army in 1896. England could eat his dinner off her floors, they were so clean. And I can remember, as if it was yesterday, when she gave a birthday party in her drawing-room, which was covered with little rugs, which are pretty dangerous on a polished floor, and the guests was soon sliding about and doing the splits as if they was on a skating rink. And that was the day my dear old Uncle George stepped on a rug while he was proposing the health of the ladies, took a backward somersault into the fireplace and

dropped off the hooks a week later with concussion of the brain. Or was it a fortnight later?"

We told The Man we didn't know. "No, I'm a liar," said The Man, "it was three weeks later to the day, because I was engaged to the wife at the time and I remember we had to put the wedding off for six months after the funeral because my dear old mother said that if a wedding took place less than six months after the funeral in the same family it wasn't decent. So we was married the following July, on the hottest day of the year, as it turned out, and, of course, what had a priper slap-up do and what with the heat and the champagne, the wife was looking more like a boiled lobster than a bride by the time we got in the train. Then somebody chucked an old shoe through the window for luck, but it hit the wife on the back of the neck and knocked her out for half an hour and she had a sick headache from the first day of the honeymoon to the last. A year after that my daughter Marge was born. "Is that the one who can't eat eggs?" we asked.

"No, I'm a liar," said The Man, "it wasn't the Navy, either. It was the Marines."

"What are you going to have?" we asked.

"Seeing that it's you, I don't mind if I have a pint," said The Man. "Well, to cut somersault into the fireplace and short

THE CRACKS THEY MADE ABOUT INVASION

"If wet, it will be in the Albert Hall!"

SOME of these stories were told with a grin back home. Others were purveyed with an air of almost comical seriousness, but all reflected the mood of the people, dealt with the one pervading topic of national conversation. Samples:

WEEK - END

"I'm told the Second Front is opening on Friday afternoon. If wet, it will take place in the Albert Hall."

REPORTING IN LONDON IS HIDE - AND - SEEK

CHARLES DICKEN'S Circulation Office had nothing on Whitehall in wartime. Claiming that reporting in London nowadays is "just hide-and-seek," Staff Correspondent J. S. E. of the Christian Science Monitor (Boston, U.S.A.) wrote in an issue which reached Britain last week:

"The inquirer sallies forth hopefully, believing that all he wants from the 'War-time Department' is a simple answer to a simple question"

He makes an appointment believing that all will be over in a few minutes. Not so:

The official lifts one out of his battery of telephones and asks for Extension 439.

"Is Colonel So-and-so there? Can you tell me who is the right man to answer a question regarding"

The Colonel is not the right man. He suggests Major Thomas, Extension 3492. But the Major replies that he is not doing that work now. In turn he suggests Extension 738, and ask for Captain Dixon.

Naturally enough, it turns out that the Captain is away for a week, but his helpful secretary suggests trying Extension 359, and asking for Colonel Harris.

Unfortunately, there has been a new order since the Colonel took over, so he suggests Mr. Dash of Extension 110, R.S.V. Department.

Mr. Dash is tracked to earth, and actually believes he can put the correspondent on the right track. Accordingly, an appointment is made for next week.

But Mr. Dash's first words are: "This is something I don't really deal with, but I will call up Colonel Blank at Extension 478."

The Colonel suggests Captain East of Extension 990. But at this point the inquirer feels he is the only one who is going to lose this marvellous game.

"No Department has attempted an answer to the inquiry. Perhaps, after all, it does not really matter whether he knows the answer or not. Anyway, it is now about lunchtime."

"Exaggerated?" harassed, J. S. E. asked in his article. "I assure you, it's not."

Quad - Problem

FIVE SETS of quadruplets have been born in England in the last 12 months.

The second set within a fortnight, three girls and a boy, were born to Mrs. Edith Knee-Robinson, 32-years-old wife of a leading aircraftman, of Baring Road, Lee, S.E., in Lewisham Hospital, on Saturday.

Medical statistics collected over the last 100 years place the incidence of quads at one in every 375,000 births. Births in 1943, in England and Wales totalled 682,000, so that the incidence of quads has more than doubled.

Doctors are seeking an explanation of the marked increase in multiple births. Normally, triplets are born once in every 8,000 confinements, yet this rate has been greatly exceeded in the last two years.

Twins are now so common as to be regarded as a commonplace occurrence in maternity hospitals

* * *

"There won't be a Second Front until the Autumn. After all, with half Europe starving, we're not fools enough to do anything until the harvest has been gathered in."

* * *

"There's not going to be a Second Front at all. It's all bluff. Hitler's dead; died of cancer several months ago. We're only waiting for the German people to find out about it. When they do, Germany will collapse."

* * *

A German soldier, standing all alone on the beach near Calais, was asked what he was waiting for.

"Why, I'm waiting for the Second Front," he said.

"But aren't you fed up?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "It's a permanent job, and there's a pension to it."

* * *

"Eisenhower is waiting for a long spell of good, dry weather, but not too hot . . ."

* * *

"Eisenhower is waiting for a spell of wet weather, but not too cold . . ."

Troops took ten bob

NO British soldier in the invasion forces has been allowed to take with him more than 10s. This low maximum has been fixed to prevent a "run" on commodities in France as territory is liberated.

One question which General de Gaulle has come to London to discuss is that of the rate of exchange to be established between the pound and the franc for the period of the liberation operations.

At one time it was suggested that the rate should be 300 francs to the pound, but it was realised that this would be almost ruinous for the French.

At General de Gaulle's headquarters in London, it was stated: "In North Africa the rate is 200 francs to the pound. It is possible the same rate may operate in liberated French territory."

Whole communities will live in prefabricated houses, yet monotony will be avoided. Additions of various design to the porch and garage need not interfere with the standardisation of panel sections.

DIGEST

Prefabricated houses What's wrong with them?

LONDON'S first prefabricated house, promoted by Lord Portal and erected last April on a site near the Tate Gallery, has had a good Press during the first few weeks of its existence. But last week some big guns were trained on the Works Minister's project.

Estate agent W. H. Slater-Eiggert of Finchley Road, N.W., condemned the planning of the rooms. The living-room must be entered through the kitchen, which means that not only the family "but all visitors must pass through the kitchen at all times of the day when the housewife is busy cooking and cleaning and wants it to herself."

To reach the lavatory from the bedrooms, occupants must pass through the living-room and kitchen, a very undesirable thing.

A still more scathing criticism came from another Times reader. Sardonically remarking that the geraniums blooming outside the "Portal house" do not compensate for the extremely bad planning of the interior, she endorsed every word of Slater-Eiggert's criticism.

These kicks were too much for architect Alfred Charles Bossom (63), Conservative M.P. for Maidstone, who last year spent three months in the United States with the Building Mission appointed by Lord Portal.

DIRECT ENTRANCE

Counter-claimed he: There is to be direct entrance from hall to living-room, so that visitors do not pass through the kitchen.

There is to be a separate shed for bicycles, etc., allowing for a square hall approximately 8 ft. by 6 ft., large enough to take a pram comfortably.

These and other improvements are to be incorporated in another prototype.

Writing in America's Technology Review, engineer William W. Rausch meanwhile predicted that prefabrication will never become "another Detroit" (big centre of the American motor-car industry), because the bulk and weight of the average house is 12 tons as compared with the ton and half of the average car.

Consequently, prefabrication will be regionalised in the United States. Factories will be strategically situated, with a maximum delivery radius of 250 miles, trailer trucks hauling all the sections of each house in one load.

Whole communities will live in prefabricated houses, yet monotony will be avoided. Additions of various design to the porch and garage need not interfere with the standardisation of panel sections.

Heat at Dover Snow in London!

BRITONS went around in their lightest summer clothes, drank public-houses dry, dreamed of peacetime's ice-cream sundaes, flocked to swimming pools.

The reason: a heatwave in the Straits of Dover. From a million news clues and official announcements, from innocuous photographs passed for publication by M o I censors, the wideawake Nazis knew last week that Britain was sweltering.

Obstinate as ever, the Air Ministry stuck to its ten-day ban on weather reports, said it was "still necessary for security reasons."

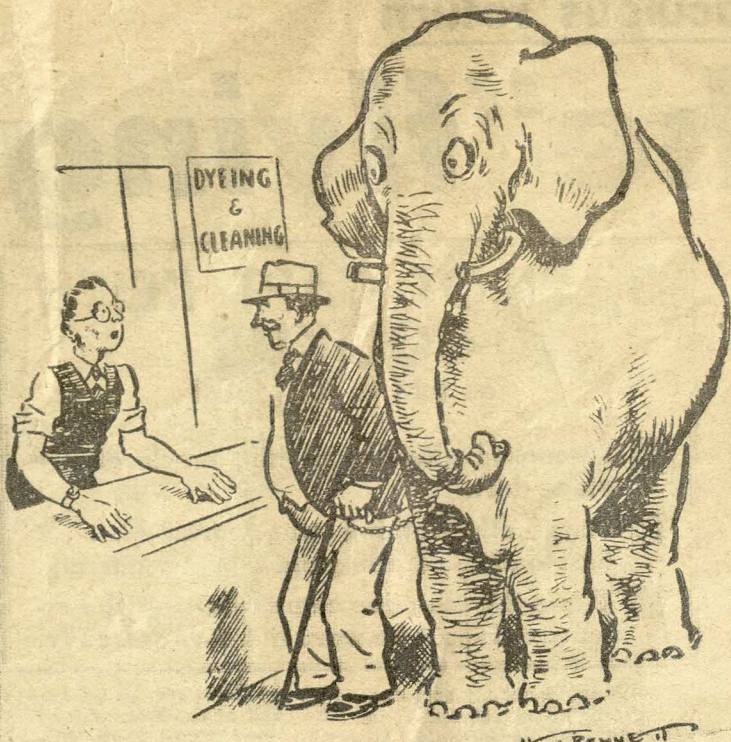
Neatly, pungently, Daily Mail cartoonist "Neb" summed up the longstanding weather censorship farce, showed a newspaper

Art Editor telling one of his minions: "That picture of a man frying an egg on a London pavement should be O.K. if we omit the egg, and don't say what's frying it."

Imposed at a time when the United Kingdom was under constant threat of daylight bombing, the weather gag is quite unnecessary, in the opinion of meteorological experts. If it's warm and sunny in the Straits, there is a little chance of snow in London.

If fruit farmers had been officially warned about last month's frosts, hundreds of acres of fruit countless boxes of tomato plants could have been saved.

At week's end Service chiefs were said to be reconsidering the whole matter.



"Got any pink dye? I want to play a joke on a character!"

In liberated Perugia

I meet a Boer war veteran

By SYD FOXCROFT

WHEN THREE JEEP LOADS OF GRENADE GUARDS ENTERED AND OCCUPIED THE IMPORTANT ROAD AND RAIL JUNCTION OF PERUGIA, THEY WERE GREETED BY A FLOWER-THROWING CROWD OF PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONS OF EUROPE, INCLUDING MANY WHO, IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF GERMAN OCCUPATION, HAD ESCAPED OR BEEN RELEASED FROM PRISON CAMPS.

Confetti and flowers rained down from balconies draped with the Italian national colours; women leapt into the slow-moving Jeeps to embrace the liberating troops. Only a solitary German remained to be made prisoner.

Little damage was apparent as I drove up to the main hotel in the town, headquarters of the Town Major, Major Freeman, who with Driver F. J. Kyte, of Senghenydd, was among the first troops to enter the town. The Grande Albergo Brufani, where only two days previously, the German troops had staged, entertainments now resounded to the piano-accompanied singing of British Tommies.

An elderly colonel, his age betrayed by the South African ribbon on his breast, greeted me at the entrance. His face beamed as he extended a welcoming hand.

"I am certainly glad to see you," he told me. "I have awaited this day impatiently for four years, since the day the Fascists placed me under armed guard."

This was Colonel Cyril Rocks, who was Military Attaché in Rome for three years. He commanded a Battalion in which General Alexander served as second in command in France in the last war. He had been in various Fascist prison and hospital camps up to the time of his escape on the 12th of June.

"I was in hospital at the time, having evaded transfer to Germany by feigning illness, but on Monday my wife and myself were to be sent to a Nazi prison camp."

"We determined to escape and carried out our plan last Monday. In dark glasses, simple clothes and with bandages round my head, I made my way with my wife guided by the hotel housemaid to her mother's house on the outskirts of the town. Here we remained until we learned that the Germans were preparing to evacuate the town."

"We made our way, in disguise back to the hotel, where we established ourselves in the cellar."

"Eventually, news came of the Germans' withdrawal and I climbed on the balcony of my room to watch the battle."

"This morning I saw trucks approaching and hurriedly dressed in my uniform, which I'd managed to secret in the hotel. Then I wandered down the road to greet the troops. First man I met was Captain Aubrey Punsenby, son of a great Service friend of mine."

Swiss, French, Dutch, Russian, Yugoslav and women of other nationalities were released by the

fanatical local Fascist chief a few days before the arrival of the British troops. Many, however, were carried off to Germany.

Spurred by a crowd of admiring fellow-countrymen in the town square were the bunch of Italian partisans who, prior to and during the battle for the town, had worked night and day destroying communications and assisting with the dislocation of the retreat.

Unshaven and tired after two sleepless nights—they had anticipated the British force the previous evening—they told me how, after equipping themselves with rifles and ammunition taken by force from Fascist headquarters they had killed at least nine Germans.

PARATROOP REPORTER

(Continued from Front Page) fences. We shook each other's hands in the knowledge that the invasion at long last had begun.

JUST IN TIME

SINCE that time we have heard little of how that invasion has been going, for ours has largely, continued as a private war. It was a morning of tense excitement for us, for the immediate reply of the Nazis to our arrival was an infiltration into our positions by armoured cars, mobile guns and hordes of snipers.

By 10 a.m. the area of ground where we had established headquarters was getting a roasting from shells and mortar bombs.

I went into the village to drink a glass of cider with the mayor.

"Thank God you've come now, monsieur," he said. "You were just in time. Next week all the men in the area were to be conscripted to drape barbed-wire across the poles in the area where you dropped."

He arranged to give us a regular supply of milk and eggs from his farm and would not take payment.

There were children playing in the streets, unmindful of the war only a few yards away.

We could not expect substantial help from seaborne forces that day, but relief from the sky.

They didn't let us down. It was just on nine p.m. when the sky was suddenly filled with twisting and turning fighter planes. And under them a great fleet of bombers and gliders sailed slowly over our heads.

We could see splinters flying off them as Nazi machine-gun bullets flayed them as they dived. But smoothly, with only a low whine of wind, down they came. It was a glorious sight.

ROME CAN'T BE "DONE" IN A DAY—

GEORGE and I are a couple of ordinary fellows. So let me say right now that this article about Rome is not a guide to the Eternal City. It's not a treatise on all its wonders. It's just a story of two Limeys visiting Rome for the first time.

We've all heard so much about Rome. Now, on a brief visit to the Eternal City—on a day pass only for most troops—the great question is: "Well, what do we do now we're here?"

For you can't explore all of Rome's beauties and attractions in a day or a week or even a month, perhaps not even in a lifetime.

It's no good buying guide books, except as souvenirs and for reference purposes. They are simply confusing, listing so many pages of historically rich spots, all of which cry out for a visit, but only a small percentage of which you can hope to cover.

There are several ways of seeing Rome.

It can be seen on an organised basis. The A.E.C. have worked out a scheme, in co-operation with Cook's, for conducted tours, with planned itineraries, guides and all entrance fees and gratuities covered. These tours will be conducted under unit arrangement at a cost of 3s. 6d. per head for a half-day tour.

Which is a very sound way of seeing Rome.

Another way is to select your spots beforehand. You can do this with the aid of guide books. Pick out the places that interest you most, then go straight to them. This article, I hope, will help you if you want to choose this method.

Dips in the Bag

Actually, George and I followed this plan only partially. I had spent a long time beforehand making enquiries to give me a background for a tour. But our main plan was to dip into that bag of riches which is Rome and chance to luck what we pulled out. You're bound to get some prizes this way, and you see Rome not as a vast museum, but as a live, colourful, human city. You see its people as well as its palaces, its heart as well as its alluring surface.

Let me warn you from the outset that you want to put on your best bib and tucker. Prestige apart, you want to look as smart as possible for your own sake. The Romani are so well dressed, particularly the women, the shops so smart, the atmosphere so sophisticated, that if you have any feelings at all you'll find yourself suffering from an inferiority complex if you've wandered into Rome with your uniform dirty and untidy. It would be like going into the Ritz in your gardening clothes.

Imagine the embarrassment of three British women canteen workers who arrived in Rome the other day. They had been travelling on trucks for three days. Being sensible, they were wearing slacks. Before they had been in Rome more than a few hours, an English-speaking nun came up to them and denounced their attire. It was most unfeminine and entirely unsuitable for Rome.

"Have you no skirts with which to make yourselves decent?" she asked.

They told her that they were packed up.

"I wish I could lend you some of mine!" she exclaimed, tartly. "But please, my dears, do remember that you're in Rome."

Rather an extreme case that, but the fact does remain that Rome is incredibly well clothed.

Another warning. The Americans are in control here. They've snapped it with their service clubs and theatres. We are only just in the process of organising and overcoming tremendous difficulties. Naafi has just opened, with a tearoom in the Piazza Esedra, near the station. And by the time this appears in print, there should be two more canteens—Y.M.C.A. in the Corso Umberto and Church of Scotland in the Piazza Venezia.

* * *

A GARRISON THEATRE has now been opened. The trouble has been to get a suitable theatre

A DAY—

But George and I made the most of it says a CRUSADER reporter

"When in Rome, do as the Romans do," the old saying tells us.

And what do the Romans do? Or, what is more important, what is there for the Allied soldier to do when he gets the chance to visit Rome?

This article, by a CRUSADER staff reporter, takes you round the Eternal City. It will help you to get the best out of your brief leave.

The films are here, shows are waiting to come in. There are, also, plenty of Italian Cinemas, many of them showing American-speaking pictures.

But it is a poor person who comes to Rome in search of mechanical entertainment. Rome has so much history and beauty to offer.

"Let's just take a general shufti at the city," suggested George, and off we set, along wide streets of magnificent buildings, ancient and modern, great squares, small turnings leading to intriguing courtyards and alleys. Up-to-date shops, their windows filled to a staggering degree with luxury goods... great modern blocks of offices and municipal buildings... ancient palaces... historic ruins... wonderful churches...

And the girls, with their eloquent eyes, superb figures, lovely clothes, perfume. "Mirages," said George, brokenly. "They're not real." He collided with a lamp-

the city's beauty spots, and overlooking the square itself is the most imposing monument in the world, the white marble monument to Vittorio Emanuele II. George and I stared up at it literally in awe, speechless for a moment at its size, its carved figures, its sheer magnificence. Incorporated in this memorial to a great king is a memorial to the Unknown Warrior, a reminder that it was Fascism which for the first time dragged Italy into war with Great Britain.

* * *

Statue to the Sun

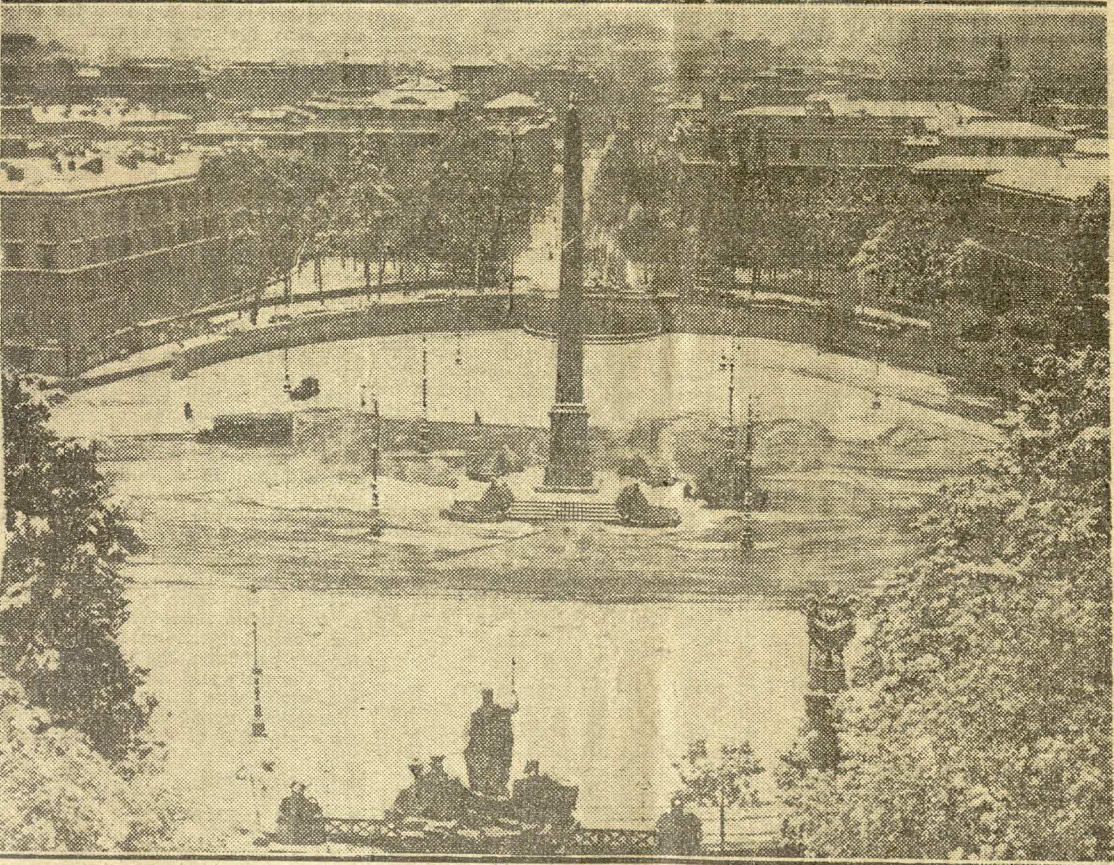
GOING round this great monument, George and I made for the Colosseum, walking slowly up the wide avenue, and as we did so glancing to our right to see the remains of the Tempio di Venere e Roma, fascinating not because of what it is, but because of what it was. Because it was to this spot centuries ago that 24 ele-

materials from the great amphitheatre.

"Let's go up to the Gods," suggested George, and we scrambled up to the top tier. It's a bit of a climb these days. Those magnificent wide staircases have crumbled to pieces. But it's worth it when you get there. Only from the top can you realise the full size of the place.

To-day, there is something of an incongruous atmosphere about the Colosseum. A loudspeaker blares forth dance music. Hundreds of vendors peddle their cheap-jack wares. Photographers ask you to pose against the ancient background. The tourist trade has come back to Rome. But you simply must see it.

We went back to the Palazzo Venezia. I was staring up at some great plaques in the form of maps showing the varying sizes of the



One of Rome's most famous beauty spots. The Piazza de Popoli. There are four churches in the Piazza. The obelisk is Egyptian.

post. "Like a stage show, isn't it?" he asked.

I told him, firmly, that we were looking round Rome, and that there were plenty of girls in other parts of the world. "But not like these and not so many," he muttered, and rather unwillingly allowed me to point out that we were now in the Piazza Venezia.

There, on our right, was one of the most photographed and talked of buildings in modern newspaper and newsreel history, the Palazzo Venezia—famous because of a pompous, puffed-up, strutting bullfrog which croaked from a first floor balcony. Yes, the balcony from which Mussolini shouted and gesticulated to his doped minions packed in the square below him.

"Nothing like I'd expected," said George. Truth to tell, this publicised balcony is something of a disappointment. It's not nearly so imposing as one might imagine. Nor is the square itself anything like the size photographs have made it appear.

The Palazzo itself is historically interesting, built in the middle of fifteenth century and for years the residence of the ambassadors of Venezia.

The Piazza Venezia is a good place to start a quick tour of Rome. Radiating from the square are some of the most interesting of

phant's laboriously carried a colossal statue to the sun, with seven great golden rays around its head.

And so to the Colosseum. It is one of those places which you have to visit in Rome. You can't go back without saying you have been there. This great amphitheatre is the showpiece of the city, built in the year 72, completed eight years later.

In these days a cinema which holds 3,000 people is a super affair of the biggest order. The Colosseum held 50,000 spectators.

I asked George how long he thought it would take to empty the arena of all its 50,000 people. He said half an hour. He wouldn't believe me when I told him that the place was designed so that it could be cleared completely in less than a minute. Study that design of vast passages and huge staircases, and you will realise how that was possible.

The Colosseum was built for public entertainments, and here the huge audiences shouted and cheered as gladiators hunted and fought with wild beasts. You can still see the cells in which the beasts were imprisoned. There were special engines which used to lift them to the arena.

The Colosseum was partially wrecked in an earthquake during the middle of the fourteenth century, and many of the buildings in Rome, including the Palazzo Venezia, were erected with the

Italian Empire throughout the centuries when George grabbed me by the arm.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "Just look!"

I came from the past to the present with a jolt. Yes, you can roam around Rome without studying the buildings at all, and see plenty of beauty. The girls are much more attractive here than farther south!

From the Palazzo Venezia we wandered up the Corso Umberto, the street of palaces, and the principal street of Rome since 1600. It is one series of great palaces, beginning on the corner of the Piazza Venezia itself with the Palazzo Misciatelli (formerly Palazzo Bonaparte), where Napoleon's mother lived for twenty years.

Dove of Peace

And so, on both sides of this remarkable street, there are these palaces, all of historic interest. Look out in particular for the Palazzo Doria, on the left-hand side. In the forefront you will see the figure of a dove with an olive branch in its beak. There are lilies carved on the great columns.

* * *

GEORGE and I then plunged into a maze of side streets, all of them fascinating and pic-

turesque, and eventually found ourselves wandering along the tree-lined embankment of the winding, sandy-coloured River Tiber, deep down below us. The bridges crossing the river are well worth studying if you have the time.

We returned towards the centre of the city instead, cutting across the Corso Umberto again at a spot where you will find most of Rome's cinemas, though there are numerous others dotted all over the place. Strangely enough, this city of huge buildings tucks its cinemas away discreetly. The entrances are small and anything but sumptuous. But the interiors are clean and well designed!

We reached the Piazza del Popolo, junction of several roads, including the Corso Umberto, at the foot of the Pincio Park. This great square is dominated by an enormous arch, with unusual frescoes by Pinturicchio.

We rested here, then later crossed the river and made for Castel St. Angelo, background for the tragedy of Tosca, who, when her lover was condemned to death by the Governor of Rome, secured his freedom in exchange for her promise to become the Governor's mistress. Finding that she had been betrayed and that her lover was executed after all she jumped from a bastion of the castle into the Tiber.

Eighth Army is already organised in Rome. In the centre of car park in the Cirio Massimo, is a tent in which men from the Eighth will see Capt. Alec Jackson. Alec will tell you how to see the most of the Eternal City in the shortest possible time.

THERE are nearly a hundred churches and cathedrals in Rome which are considered to have points of interest which call for a visit. You can take your choice. But dominating all, of course, is St. Peter's, the largest Christian church in the world, twice the size of St. Paul's, covering an area of 212,312 square feet, with a dome 434 feet high and an unbelievably lovely piazza in the foreground. The beautiful interior contains art treasures beyond compare. You'll need a pass if you wish to get in, but just to see it from the outside is quite an unforgettable experience.

In just the same way, it's nice to say that you have had a look at Vatican City. You won't be allowed in, however.

"Black" Velvet-Buckshee!

After tea George and I had a spot of argument. George was all for strolling around and getting a George Black show for nothing. So we compromised and decided to walk up to the great parks, the Borghese and Pincio.

Turning off the Corso Umberto you go straight along the Via del Tritone (which is by way of being Rome's Fleet Street as well as an excellent shopping centre), up the winding, steep Via Vittorio Veneto, and into the parkland, with its hills, woods and slopes, green lawns, miniature lakes.

The two parks are linked together. From the terrace at the top of Villa Pincio you get what is undoubtedly the loveliest view of Rome. You can see the Vatican, the tall cypresses of Monsignore, St. Peter's standing out vividly in all its glory. The city of Rome, with its multitudes of varied buildings stretches out below you. Flowering trees skirt the winding roads leading down again to the city.

Couples stroll about arm in arm, arm about waist. Now and then you see them unashamedly stopping for a kiss. Along roads which wind through parks you find cyclists pedalling slowly along, girl-friend bar in front. A to pastime this.

It was as much as I could do to control George. I went to see the National Museum. We were tired by the time we stayed in the parks, drowsing as we once had seen more sights the more.

So I took a taxi to the sea, where I saw the black as you see it is exp... that is in of car... NEWSPAPER

PETER WILSON'S SPORTS DIARY

Maid of the monsters relaxes



Lovely Evelyn Ankers, who in turn has been chased by Frankenstein's monster and the Wolf Man in Universal's horror epics forgets about the attentions of her macabre admirers in a Palm Beach setting.

These "19th holes" will last for ever

The customers always write . . .

The customers are in a pugilistic mood this week for all the queries deal with the manly method of modified murder, so quaintly named "The Noble Art" and once described by a famous referee as "This beautiful game." That description qualifies as a funny "peculiar" remark rather than a funny "Ha-ha" one. . . .
First seeker after knowledge is L.A.C. J. Rose, of the Desert Air Force, who wants to know if Freddie Mills and Jack London have ever fought. And the answer is—Yes. It was at the Albert Hall at the tail-end of 1941 and Mills won on points over 10 rounds.
I saw the bout and I thought that a draw would have been a better decision. The two met again on July 8 at the Spurs football ground, for the vacant heavy-weight title.
* * *
L. Cpl. A. E. Thornhill, a Canadian Sapper, wants to know the correct date of the fight in which Gene Tunney took the heavy-weight championship of the world from Jack Dempsey. I've been moving around a bit lately, and my record books have not yet caught up with me, so I can't give him the day of the month. But it was September, 1926, in the Sesqui-centennial Stadium, Philadelphia, and a blinding rainstorm that Gene left-handed Jack until his ears nearly flew off and thus relieved him of the supreme title.

WHEN the referee's whistle knives finally through the misty air, or the umpire pockets the balls, or the leather-lunged announcer bawls "The winner and the new champen," the game, or match or fight is all over save for a few lines of type in a record book.

That is unless you're a dyed-in-the-wool, hook-line-and-sinker just-one-for-the-road fan. And, in that case, the fun has only just begun.

For sport thrives on controversy. Could Bradman have done what Grace did on the same sort of wickets? How does Stan Matthews stack up against Alan Morton? Would Joe Louis have screwed Jack Dempsey's arms off and beaten his brains out with them? Could Tilden have made Don "Budge"?

LAST TRY DISPUTE

Time does not stale these arguments nor custom weary their infinite variety. Go back nearly forty years—and what do you find? A rip-snorting argument.

It was the time the first All-Blacks' Rugby team came to Britain. They carried everything—and everyone—before them. Until they went to Wales. And then they lost by the one try scored.

Or did they? Did Dr. Teddy Morgan score legitimately? Or did he cut round the outside of the flag, carrying it with him, before he touched down? And what about that story of the New Zealander who crossed the line and was then yanked back so that the ball was on the near-side of it by the time the referee got up to it?

I guarantee you could go into any pub in Cardiff—what about the Camden Arms—for a start—and begin a knock-down-drag-'em-out row on that 40-year-old dispute even to-day. Don't I just wish I could try it!

* * *

Switch to the fight game. Scene: Soldier's Field, Chicago. Date: 1927. Characters, in order of their disappearance: Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

It was a fight of superlatives. Never had so many people attended a boxing match—paid admission was about 110,000—and some fans were so far from the ring that they actually brought radio sets with them so that they could hear the blow-by-blow description while they tried to focus the two pigmy figures through their field glasses.

TUNNEY TROUBLE

The purses were larger than ever before—or since. Tunney dragged down 200,000 pounds—not dollars—for the half-hour's facial massage which he gave Dempsey. And Jack wasn't in there for coffee and cakes. He netted a cool 100,000 pounds.

No heavy-weight champion ever came nearer to regaining his title than did Dempsey, who had lost it the year before to Tunney. And no fight ever caused more controversy.

Here's what happened. By the end of the sixth round it looked as though Tunney were going to repeat his previous success.

And then, fairly early in the seventh Dempsey seemed to slough off the years. He went into his real fighting "burn." Tunney backed nervously until the ropes at his back halted him.

Dempsey crashed half-a-dozen thunderous lefts and rights to the jaw and Tunney went cod-eyed. He slid down the ropes and landed, in a sitting position, one arm draped along the lowest strand, one leg tucked under him.

Before the fight Dave Barry, the referee, had explained the rules clearly to each man. In the event of a knock-down, the man who

was still on his feet must retire to the furthest neutral corner. It had all been agreed to by both men in advance—but that was before the fight.

The timekeeper started counting Tunney out, but stopped when he saw that the referee had not taken up the count. Instead Barry was tugging at Dempsey's arm, trying to get him to a neutral corner instead of standing glowering over his fallen rival.

Finally, Jack moved a few paces away, but it was not until he had paced across the ring to a far corner that the referee would start counting. Tunney took the full count of "nine" and estimates varied as to how long he had actually been on the deck.

He was certainly down for 14 seconds—and some people said 17. When he got up he "bicycled" away to win on points.

And to this day, people who saw—and people who didn't—swear blind that the Manassa Mauler was robbed of the title he had rightfully regained.

* * *

ONE of the most violent sports arguments of recent years took place just before the war—almost exactly five years ago, to the week.

It was the famous "bumping" race when Sydney Wooderson finished last in a field which included Chuck Fenske, Glen Cunningham, Archie San Romani and the Rideout twins.

It was on the Princeton track in New Jersey, where they have a "Mile of the Century" every year or so. At the time Wooderson was the holder of the outdoor records for the half-mile, the three-quarter and the mile and the thousands of spectators, who included your correspondent, confidently expected to see some nifty cinder-shifting from him.

WOODERSON—ALSO RAN"

As a matter of fact, the track-side betting was 3 to 1 on Wooderson, with odds of 7 to 4 laid that he would beat his own record of 4min. 6.4sec. which he had put up in 1937 at Mottspur Park.

Wooderson had scarcely had a fortnight to acclimatise himself

and he had been doing too much all-out competitive running for a man who should have been tuning up for a supreme effort.

Wooderson had taken the lead from the pistol—bad tactics for there is a very long home straight on the Princeton track, down which the wind blows with some considerable force, and every time the little black-clad figure turned into the straight you could see that his stride was checked and it appeared as though he lost a yard or so.

Then, just as they were approaching the home stretch for the last time things started to happen. Fenske put on an enormous burst of speed and moved ahead. Wooderson tried to meet the challenge, but his legs were stringy and Joe Binks (the old mile champion) and I turned to each other and said with one accord "Syd's had it," or whatever was the 1939 equivalent of that phrase.

As the field began to elastic away from Wooderson, one of the Rideouts tried to pass him. But, in doing so, he cut his passing too close and Wooderson was bumped. And that caused all the trouble and strife. People who never saw the race swore that Syd had been jockeyed out of it.

I thought—as I still think—that he had already lost the race by the time he was bumped, but there's no doubt that he pulled up completely after that and the final order was Fenske, Cunningham, San Romani, Rideout and Wooderson.

The time was 4min. 11sec., but the repercussions have lasted over five years.

* * *

AND so it goes on—in every sport. The 1932 Newcastle v. Arsenal Cup Final. Was the ball over the touch-line on the right wing before it was centred—a move which led to the scoring of a vital goal.

I was badly placed to see it at Wembley, but unlike so many sports controversies which are only intensified by the movie camera it certainly seemed from the film of the incident as though the ball had gone out of play.

Then there was the first Women's Singles final at Wimbledon after the last war. The champion of the pre-war era, Mrs. Lambert-Chambers, was meeting the brilliant new French star, Suzanne Lenglen.

All the odds were in favour of the French girl, but plugging away from the base-line, Mrs. Lambert-Chambers actually reached match point. There was a tight rally and then Suzanne over-drove.

Mrs. Lambert-Chambers was standing well outside the court as the ball sailed over the base-line, but unfortunately the ball touched her dress before it bounced. And the rule reads that if a ball hits a player's racket or any part of them it shall count as being in court.

So la Lenglen lived again—and went on to win. But there was a lot of discussion as to what had really happened.

And so the controversies go on—but sport flourishes in spite of them, or even because of them. Remember that the next time you tell the referee to take a further course of instruction at St. Dunstan's.

By the way have you got any that you're still arguing about?

Address all correspondence to Editor, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, C.M.F. Printed in Italy for Welfare Services.

NEWHAM ON FILMS

THE current favourite joke in England is: "The war must be almost over now. Two showkeepers were polite to me to-day."

Paraphrasing that, we might say that there are similar indications here. More and more new films are reaching Italy even before their general release in England.

Two films which have had their London showing this month are already here: "Tawny Pipit" and "This Happy Breed." And the newest bunch includes several pictures which have been shown in London during the past couple of months and which have yet to be seen by the average English filmgoer. Among them are "Buffalo Bill," "The Song of Bernadette" and "Tropicano."

They've all come direct from England. "Tawny Pipit" and "This Happy Breed" are both British films. They're both about Britain and British life. Both have caused a lot of discussion.

"Tawny Pipit" is described as "a country comedy." General summing up is that you'll either love it or hate it. You'll feel strongly about it, anyway. A lot depends on whether you like country life. Briefly, it's a fanciful story about rare South African birds which migrate to an English field and lay some eggs. These eggs become the care of the parish and then of the nation. They dominate the news, hold up army manoeuvres, ruin ploughing schedules.

And for those who sigh nostalgically for home, there are beautiful scenes of English country and England's quiet villages.

"This Happy Breed" is a Noel Coward story in technicolour, and very much in a contrasting mood. This time, you're taken to Suburbia, to 17 Sycamore Road, Clapham. It's a story of the average man, and it covers the life of his family from the end of the last century to the beginning of this one—tragedies, loves, marriages, deaths, sickness, pleasures, joys rich in atmosphere and by a life, well photographed with excellent acting.

"Buffalo Bill," John Mills, colour and Celia Johnson, good film is another technical masterpiece. And a rattling and western.

Of course, to be pretty good, you've got to be pretty good. This sort of role played by Joe. It's based on the story of William Tell, the hero of the Swiss.

The legend of the young boy whose faith could shoot an arrow through the eye of a

The things they say

TEDDY BROWN. — "My hunch is that the war will finish on July 26 this year. I've arranged for a series of one-night Victory shows to be given in different parts of England starting on that date. I've also got an idea to fly an all-Allied cast of artistes to Berlin to give a performance at the Winter Garden Theatre there on July 26."

(Note. With wartime expansion of air travel, rotund Teddy Brown should be able to fly back to his native America for a visit after the war. He went over to England by sea for a short visit some years ago, was so sea-sick that he has never been able to face the return journey over the water.)

MARGARETTA SCOTT, discussing her recent visit to Italy: "Sometimes we had a bed and no mattress and sometimes it was a mattress and no bed."

UNKNOWN ADMIRER OF FRANK SINATRA ("Swonatra," latest radio and film rave): "When I hear Frankie sing, I have to let go. Mother's terribly worried and wants me to see a psychiatrist."

troyed, and whose vision was later confirmed by a miracle. She was canonised just over ten years ago.

Boldly, the picture is preceded by a prologue: "To those who believe in God, no explanation is necessary; to those who do not, no explanation is possible.

It's too long—2 hours, 45 minutes—but very sincere, very moving, technically brilliant, thought-provoking, and something to argue about. I'll be interested to see how it goes down with the troops.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour is telling the story of a fan letter she has just received from a Czechoslovakian soldier.

SOUNDS LIKE

ITALY letter, much to the point:

"Dear Miss Lamour. I love you very much. I dream about you every night. Please send me a carton of American cigarettes."

This week's bouquet goes to Ensa's Sergeant Robert Teichtel. He's started a news service at the Garrison Theatre of which he is manager.

NEWS SENSE

Listening to every news broadcast over the radio, he repeats the highlights to the theatre audiences over the loudspeaker at regular intervals.

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Bomb Trial in Berlin

Reveals Plot to get

"HITLER-DEAD OR ALIVE"

SENSATIONAL FACTS ABOUT THE TWO-DAY BERLIN TRIAL WHICH ENDED IN THE HANGING OF EIGHT WEHRMACHT OFFICERS LAST TUESDAY, HAVE JUST BEEN REVEALED.

Behind the official Nazi report of the Peoples' Court proceedings lies the story of an 18-month intrigue to assassinate Hitler and Himmler, culminating in the *putsch*, of July 20. It was revealed that:

The attempt on Hitler's life had been twice postponed, because Himmler was not present;

In the initial stages of the conspiracy it was proposed to capture the Fuehrer alive, thus making him "more useful" to the conspirators;

Believing none could survive the bomb-assault, the revolutionaries formed a new German government on July 20, with General Beck at its head.

The scene for the trial was laid in the hall of the building of the High Prussian Court. Three great swastika flags draped the walls, flanked by a bust of Hitler and another of Frederick the Great. Across the breadth of the hall was a long table, from which grim, scarlet-robed Roland Freisler, the Court President, directed proceedings.

On two benches down the length of the room sat the eight defendants, each separated from his neighbour by a green-uniformed policeman. They wore civilian clothes and were without either ties or braces.

According to the German News Agency, these eight men—Erwin von Witzleben, Erich Hoepfner, Helmuth Stieff, Albrecht von Hagen, Paul von Hase, Robert Bernarde, Friedrich Karl Klausung and Count von Wahlenburg—were executed by hanging within two hours of the trial's end.

Plans Postponed

The official account of the proceedings states that there was "evidence" of preparations for the plot as far back as the beginning of 1943, when Marshal von Witzleben discussed it with ex-chief of the General Staff, Ludwig Beck.

Later, in the summer, General Stieff visited Colonel von Tresckow, who stated that Hitler must be killed by dynamite at the daily military conference.

Over a course of months, plans were prepared, postponed and changed, because Himmler had not been present with the Fuehrer at the critical times. In the initial stages of the conspiracy, continues the report, there was also the intention to capture Hitler alive. Von Witzleben is quoted as saying:

"First and foremost, we wanted to capture the Fuehrer without a death assault. We were of the opinion that the living Fuehrer would have been more useful to us than a dead one."

Cross-examination of von Stieff revealed that in one proposed plan explosives were to be placed in the kit of a soldier who was to demonstrate new equipment to the Fuehrer. Unknown to the wearer, a time-bomb was to be planted to explode during the demonstration.

Toast to Death

Why this plan was not carried out is not known, but the report states that after it had been dropped explosives were smuggled, in an attache-case, into Hitler's conference room by Count Stauffenberg. On both July 6 and 11 Stauffenberg had been present with the explosives in his possession.

Asked by the Court President why the assault had not been carried out, von Stieff replied: "Because Reich Fuehrer SS Himmler was not present. For he was to perish, too."

When the day of the *putsch* finally dawned, at one o'clock on July 20, the conspirators opened a bottle of wine, raised their glasses and drank a toast to the Fuehrer's death.

At 3.50 came Count von der Schulenburg's report that Hitler had been killed. Arriving at Rangsdorf aerodrome, near Berlin, he stated that nobody could have escaped in the explosion. The plans for the *putsch* were thereupon put into operation. Von Beck placed himself at the head of the new government. Dr. Karl Goerdeler, former mayor of Leipzig, was to become German Chancellor.

CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE



DANGER STILL LURKS in the streets of Florence, for only a part of the city is at present in Allied hands. British MPs are seen above putting up a "Beware of Enemy Snipers" sign on the base of the Porta Romaua, the main southern entrance to Florence.

These men aided the Partisans

FOR some weeks men and aircraft of the RAF have been operating from inside Yugoslavia. Four of them are seen below. From left to right they are: LAC J. Carter, 9, Pollard Street, Bethnal Green; Cpl. C. Gazey, 45, Cotterills Lane, Birmingham; LAC R. Griffiths, 3, Harvey Street, Maesteg, South Wales; and LAC J. Knowles, 164, Easterly Road, Leeds.

* * *

Carter, Griffiths and Knowles were in the first plane to land recently in one Yugoslav area. They touched down at night, by the light of a line of wooden bonfires lit by Partisans.

Within twenty-four hours they had established a "goose neck" flarepath, using lamps which resembled teapots with paraffin wicks in the spouts.

* * *

Cpl. Gazey, with others, joined them soon after their first landing.

The duty of these fitters and wireless operators was to operate whatever landing strip was available. Nightly they marshalled transport aircraft coming in, organising the removal of supplies to ox carts and sleds, putting the wounded aboard and then seeing the planes off again.

Secret of Flying Tank-buster

AS rocket-firing Typhoons continue their daily pulverising of German armour on the French front the story behind these devastating projectiles has just been disclosed in London.

The rocket began its service career in Britain as an AA weapon in the dark days of the great raids, when, in 1940, it was developed to fill gaps in our barrage defence.

The "Back-room boy" responsible for its present development is Group Captain John Darcy Baker-Carr who began his experiments in 1942.

A 38-year-old ex-fighter pilot, he was placed in charge of a new branch specialising in research work on the rocket-firing planes. In one of his first demonstrations he hit a locomotive with three out of four shots.

But operational men were not convinced that the plane would be equally effective against fast-moving targets. Even when the turret was knocked off a Covenanter tank which was used as a

target they believed it to be something of a fluke.

"All right," said Baker-Carr and his "backroom" assistants. "Give us a Churchill and we'll show you what we can do."

When the turret of the Churchill went the same way as that of the Covenanter the experts were convinced.

The final proof came two weeks after D-day. A flight of rocket-firing Typhoons was sent out on armed reconnaissance over German-occupied territory in France.

On the way home they sighted three Tiger tanks on a road below. Diving, they knocked out all three, leaving them overturned on their sides, with two of them burning furiously.

Said Group Captain Baker-Carr this week-end: "We knew we had something good right from the start."





MORE and more people back home are beginning to realise that the post-war housing problem doesn't simply consist of building the houses that will be needed.

Admittedly, the provision of the numbers required will be an immense task, and if the Government are able to produce the \$900,000 to 4,000,000 suggested for the first ten years they will confound many critics.

But that is only one side of the question.

The other, and it is just as important, is how much will the houses cost?

Before the war most local authorities adopted, and put up with the minimum of taste and imagination, a three-bedroomed house that cost about 35 pounds. Something better than that is

Important Things

wanted and is, in fact, recommended by the Government committee that has examined the subject, but even the pre-war house would, on recently current costs, come out at about 675 pounds—or more than double.

Can you visualise people being able to pay after the war twice before the war?

I certainly can't.

The Government have said they recognise the problem, and the question of subsidising building is under consideration.

I, and everyone else concerned, will await definite proposals with great interest. When you have the Government, local authorities and private enterprise all setting out on the same task, the battle drill may become a little involved.

I wish some means could be devised of lowering rents all round, and thus giving people generally better houses and a pleasanter background.

That is the cue for someone to say: "But they don't want them. Too interested in dog-racing."

Any such argument can be supported by the Ministry of Labour's average weekly income figure for 1937. These showed that the

wage-earner in the average household brought home four pounds six shillings and threepence every week.

Of this 35s. went in food, 10s. 6d. in rent, 8s. 6d. in clothing, 7s. in fuel and light, and 25s. 3d. in other items, including household equipment, holidays, newspapers, travelling, and what have you. And, of course, savings.

The amount spent in rent does seem small but if people tend not to pay as much as they could, for fear of that "rainy day" or because they like the cinema and holidays, I don't blame them.

And, anyway, who is this average householder, this secure norm with his representative budget? Who is the perfect mean in a land of extremes?

Answer: He is an arithmetical result of the following facts.

In the year 1941-42 10,500,000 people were liable for income tax. Of these 600,000 had incomes of 125 pounds a year, 5,700,000 of 125 to 250, and 3,200,000 had 250 to 500 a year.

That leaves 1,000,000, of whom 685,000 were taxed on between 500 pounds and 1,000 pounds, and 210,000 between 1,000 and 2,000.

Higher up the scale there were a thousand people with taxable incomes of between 25,000 and 50,000 a year, three hundred with 50,000 to 100,000 a year, and one hundred with 100,000 a year and over.

Which shows how difficult it is to arrive at the "average householder," and how much he can afford to pay for his three-bedroomed house.



By William Philpin.

"France has lost a battle—but not the war"—De Gaulle, 1940

Sitting on the Fence

FOR those who shun the truth and believe only what they want to believe, your Uncle Nat has nothing but pity.

Which means that his big, motherly heart has pity for almost everybody, from the great dumb masses, who still believe in the four freedoms, to the dreamy, whimsy folk who believe in fairies.

His pity, and maybe his contempt, also extends to those who refuse to believe that his name is Gubbins.

Why won't they believe it? Because they don't want to. They want to believe that it is a made-up name, specially invented to sign a funny column by somebody with an excruciating sense of humour. And they will probably go on believing it despite all proofs to the contrary.

But, in the faint hope that a few may be persuaded to believe the truth and end, once and for all, a ridiculous controversy.

("What's your real name? What? Oh, go on with you. You can't fool me."), your Uncle will print this week a few extracts from Chambers's Encyclopaedia which refer to the people who were evidently his ancestors:

GUBBINS, a half savage race in Devon, are mentioned by the pastoral poet, William Browne, in his poem on Lydford law. He says: *This town's enclosed with desert moors, But where no bears nor lion roars,*

And nought can live but hogs. For all o'erturned by Noah's Flood

Of fourscore miles scarce one foot's good And hills are wholly bogs. And near hereto's the Gubbins' cave:

A people that no knowledge have Of law, of God, or men: Whom Caesar never yet subdued, Who've lawless lived, of manners rude,

All savage in their den. "Old Fuller," whoever he may be, gives further details of these charming people.

He says, "Gubbins Land is a Scythia within England, and they pure heathens therein. Their language is the dross and dregs of the vulgar Devonian . . . They hold together like burrs; offend one and all will avenge his quarrel. They are finely built, muscular and strong, and are continually in trouble with the police, one of whom was felled to the earth with a blow of the fist of one of the girls."

Although your Uncle cannot prove that this big tom-boy was his great, great, great aunt (his own Gubbins tribe still flourishes

in Northamptonshire), he thinks it is quite likely.

It would be nothing for a girl of that type to walk across the counties socking policemen on the way, to rear her savage brood in distant parts.

And he also thinks he has something akin to the patriarch of the family, "who died at Whitstone, having spent the decline of his days in an old cider cask."

Anyway, if any reader still doubts that your Uncle's name is Gubbins, he can either inspect

his identity card, go climb a tree, or take a running jump into the river.

Safe Hotel

"**HURRY** up, Muriel, run." "Run? What for?"

"To get those deck chairs in the shade. Come along, Muriel. Swallow that rice pudding or you'll be too late."

"I suppose I'd better leave it." "There's no occasion to make a martyr of yourself, Muriel. I'm only asking you to be a little quicker instead of toying with your food like a sulky child."

"Where are the deck chairs?" "Muriel, there are times when I think I must be talking to an idiot. If you care to use your eyes and look along the verandah you will see that there are only two deck chairs in the shade."

"But there are two women walking towards them now." "All the more reason why you should run and get there first, instead of sitting there dithering and fumbling in your bag. What is it you want?"

"Oh, nothing, really." "Then shut that silly bag and get a move on."

"But I can't run in front of them as if it were a race." "No, of course you can't. I forgot you had your dignity to consider. And, in any case, it's too late now. They're sitting in the chairs and will be snoring there till teatime."

"I'm sorry." "Being sorry won't help, Muriel. We're all sorry for the things we have neglected to do. And where do you suppose I am going to spend the afternoon now?"

"Most afternoons you sleep on your bed."

"Most afternoons I do, but this

happens to be a hot, sunny afternoon, and I thought I might have the small luxury of sleeping in the fresh air. Apparently, I was mistaken."

"We could sleep under the trees, with rugs."

"Don't talk nonsense, Muriel. You know perfectly well I can't sleep on hard ground, with creepy-crawly things dropping down my neck. What's on the news? Have we got Florence yet?"

"Nearly, not quite. I expect it's very hot fighting in Italy."

bed except one sheet. And order tea at 4.30 precisely with lettuce sandwiches."

Conversation

"**M**Y husband says that when the war ends members of the extreme Right Wing of the British Government will be the only active Fascists left in the world."

"One way to achieve world happiness is to abolish marriage. Then women can keep their illusions about men and men their illusions about women."

"Margaret's father has found new supplies of Scotch in the black market and has already established a bridgehead with an open cheque."

"My husband says that a British Conservative Government would never have gone to war with Hitler about anything if he had been a gentleman instead of a 'guttersnipe'."

"When you come to think of it, the only people who have ever gone to war deliberately were gentlemen and the propertied classes. The common people never had any quarrel with each other."

"Darling. If you're not careful you'll be arrested by the British Gestapo."

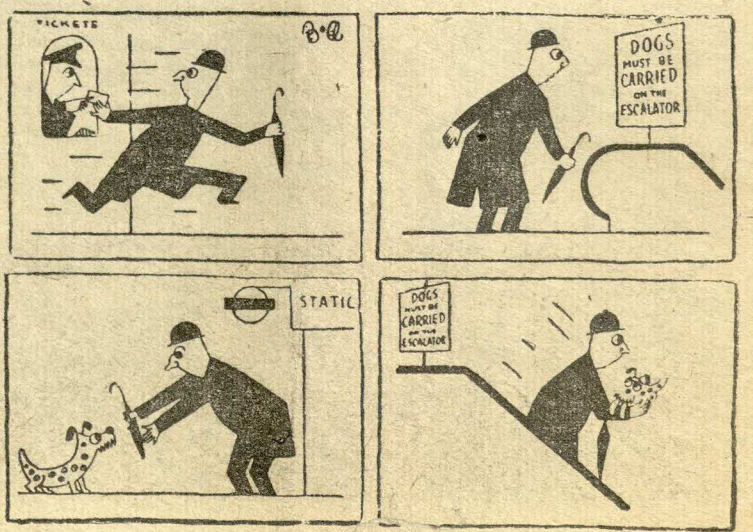
"When Margaret's father has established his whisky bridgehead he will start to consolidate with his heavy equipment of 50 cases of the best."

"And years and years of no more silk stockings."

"Last night I dreamed of pork pies and the night before of oxtails."

"I once dreamt of Goering roasted whole."

—From the "Sunday Express."



NIGHTMARE TRIP THROUGH NAZI FRANCE

AFTER a nightmare journey across France, during which they travelled under appalling conditions, were machine-gunned from the air, and "lost" for a week, 450 British internees are now safe.

Their journey took a fortnight instead of the normal three or four days. They had a narrow escape from being wrecked and were attacked by American planes because the German authorities had failed to identify their train with Red Cross markings.

Now they are on their way back to England, after reaching Portugal. They are amongst the latest batch of internees to be exchanged, but more are following.

The machine-gunning, they said, was an "excusable mistake." To the right of the train was a German troop train, to the left a petrol dump. The American planes which made the attack were aiming for the petrol—and they got it.

Some nuns were trapped in one compartment, and the rest of the passengers crouched in a ditch beside the track, while mothers shielded their babies with their own bodies as incendiaries set fire to the dry grass around them.

Their Zig-Zag Route

Sister Marthe, a nun whose family live at Stoke Newington, was caught with six other nuns in a carriage.

"When the alarm sounded," she said, "we hadn't time to leave the train because all of us had legs and feet swollen as a result of the conditions in which we travelled."

All along, the train followed a zig-zag route, and the Britons saw evidence of the work of the RAF and Maquis, who not only did their own sabotage, but indicated to the RAF which targets should be bombed.

Miss Olive Turner, of Morecambe, Lancs, told of their escape from being wrecked.

"The Maquis learned at the last minute it was our train, not a German troop train, that would have to pass over the section of the line at Malun-sur-Yievre they had sabotaged, and they put fog signals on the track to warn our driver.

"When we reached the spot, travelling at a snail's pace, we found a 15-ft. deep crater."

Used as Shield

The Germans themselves seemed to recognise the excellence of this intelligence service, and the repatriates complained to the train officials that almost every station or siding that they halted at was flanked by a camouflaged troop or munition train.

There were no beds on the train. Often there was no washing water, and they would take turns washing themselves and their clothes at village wells or station pumps en route.

Sometimes French villagers brought water and fruit from their cottages.

They would point to the twisted railway lines, the wrecks of sabotaged German trains, and tell of bridges and power stations along the route blown up by the Maquis and say, "You see, we are doing our bit, too."

ZOO Sends Help in Dock "Battle"

AN SOS was last week sent out from a British port to a neighbouring zoo, asking for help in a strange battle which threatened to delay vital shipping.

For two days the navy, assisted by dock gangs, had been fighting a losing struggle in a large cargo vessel which had been invaded by thousands of bees.

Eventually a beekeeper arrived and, donning protective clothing, he opened an offensive against the bees' stronghold. In a short while he had taken the queen captive and rounded up most of her escort.

Bomb-Happy

THE Germans now have a Song of the Flying Bomb.

It was first sung at a "people's concert" given in the German Home Service. The noise of a bomb was reproduced as an accompaniment. The chorus goes:

Yes, they're roaring off to London, Without pilots or petrol, That's the answer, that's the answer

From our Hamburg, Cologne, and Munich and Berlin.

VOICE of the ENEMY

A CALL for "fanatical lone fighters" has been broadcast by the German radio.

"Shock troopers of the land, sea and air are now coming to the fore. Still more are needed.

"In the ranks are the Panzer Grenadiers in Normandy, who are called 'Hitler's Crazy Kids'; in the air are the one-man torpedo pilots and the suicide fighters."

* * *

"THERE is no longer any doubt," says the German Press, "that the last steps are now being taken to make the army in every respect embody the Nazi outlook."

The first practical effort in this direction is reported to be the abolition of the military salute.

Great attention was attracted in Berlin as "Army officers were seen saluting guards outside the Chancellery with raised arms."

* * *

GERMAN troops have been told on their forces radio that:—

"Himmler has a sharp eye for deficiency in personal conduct and correctness in the fulfilment of duty. His piercing gaze overlooks no one who inwardly or outwardly dissents, or would wish to dissent."

HOUSES FOR EUROPE

PREFABRICATED houses may be rushed to Europe to shelter some of its 30,000,000 homeless people under plans being considered by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—UNRRA for short.

Mr. Ernest Brown, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is president of the European council, which will make proposals to the general council in Montreal on September 15. This will fix the quantities of goods to be supplied to restart Europe's economic life.



Laval Prepares his Hide-out

THE NO. 1 QUISLING OF FRANCE, PIERRE LAVAL, HAS PREPARED HIS POST-WAR HIDE-OUT IN A PORTUGUESE VILLAGE.

To-day, as the Allies advance in Normandy, peasants of the wine-growing colony of Colares nod knowingly. "He'll soon be here," they say.

Laval's hide-out, which if French patriots catch him in time he will never see, is a lonely farm-house at Colares, 30 miles from Lisbon.

Standing high on wine-clad slopes, surrounded by tall, stone walls, it was bought last year by Count Rene de Chambrun, husband of Laval's daughter, as a future refuge for his father-in-law.

Peering through the locked iron gates, a London correspondent has viewed the house. Two storeys high, it is built of local grey-green stone. The large tree-shaded garden is a riot of disorder, and the house unpainted. At present only the caretaker lives there, with two fierce, muzzled watchdogs for company.

Colares has the reputation of being a wild and pagan place.

The people of Colares still climb the wooded hills of Cintra to touch the magic Fertility Stone when they want larger families or better crops. When they have an enemy they make an image of him in wax and stick pins in it.

If Laval arrives, they may find it brings bad luck to the vintage. But the image which they will then stab with pins could hardly be more hideous than the "Toad" himself.

DAY BOMBERS' NEW AID

THE Pathfinder technique of target marking, developed originally to aid our night bomber squadrons, has been applied to daylight operations.

The application of this technique around the clock means that the Allied heavy and medium day and night bombers are independent of weather conditions over the target area.

Thus they are able to attack given targets accurately by night or day.

This Pathfinder technique, first used in 1942, depends upon secret navigational aids, which enable specially-trained crews to locate the target without delay, and coloured and incendiary bombs and flares.

Madame Cheesecake

ACTRESS Paulette Goddard is married again, this time to actor Captain Burgess Meredith.

Paulette has just returned from a 38,000-mile tour of the Far East, where soldiers named her "Madame Cheesecake."

250 Editors Defy Hun in Norway

NORWAY to-day, in spite of all the efforts of the Gestapo, has 250 underground newspapers regularly produced and distributed.

Some of them are on show at an exhibition of underground papers from ten occupied countries, opened by Mr. George Isaacs, M.P., president of the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, in London recently.

A Norwegian printer—unnamed for obvious reasons—has revealed how these small sheets, sometimes typewritten and even handwritten, have pierced the mental blackout imposed by the Germans, kept up the people's morale, and maintained unity.

"We don't call them underground papers," he said. "They are not usually produced in cellars. Ordinary offices are much safer—and sometimes an office next door to Gestapo headquarters is the best place."

Hundreds of Norwegians, he went on, had suffered death, torture or imprisonment for taking part in the work, but there had never been a lack of volunteers.

MEDAL FOR WIDOW

MRS. Elizabeth Anne Everitt, 38-year-old farmer's widow who died trying to rescue the crew of a burning American plane near Saffron Walden, Essex, last May, has been posthumously awarded the Albert Medal.

The Albert Medal, awarded for gallantry in saving life, entitles the holders to use the letters AM after their names.

Mrs. Everitt was pulling one of the crew clear of the plane when there was an explosion, and she was killed.

The Government have granted her four-year-old son Anthony a pension of 13s. 6d. a week.

It is hoped to extend and modernise the local hospital, where she was once a nurse, as a memorial to Mrs. Everitt.

Film of Rome

THE horrors of the German occupation of Rome and the work of patriot resistance groups opposing the Nazi-Fascists will be shown in a film on which work will shortly begin.

Many of the participants in the underground fight against the oppressors will enact their own real-life roles.

TANKS IN

THE Hun will reap a surprise harvest from this French cornfield. In it are British tanks, scurrying forward in their new advance.

Soldiers moving up through the same field were almost invisible, though they stood erect.

Special means of marking the target and the cloud base if it covers the target have been devised.

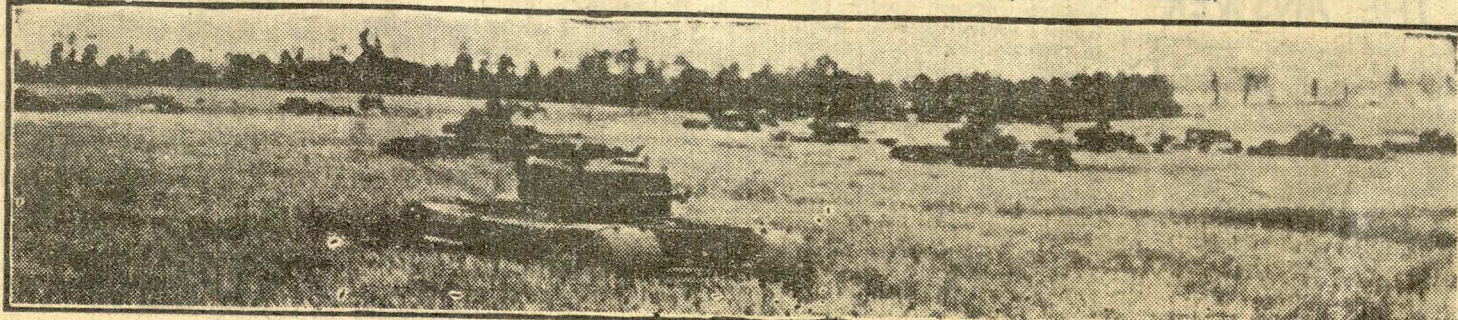
TANKS IN

THE Hun will reap a surprise harvest from this French cornfield.

In it are British tanks, scurrying forward in their new advance.

Soldiers moving up through the same field were almost invisible, though they stood erect.

THE CORN



British Forces' Weekly

Founded by Eighth Army

No. 115. Sunday, August 13, 1944

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Voice of Crusader

IT cheers us no end to publish the story of the "Rockphoo" this week. Because while Hitler is sending over his flying bombs in a vain effort to worry our folk at home we in Normandy are liquidating his tank armies with devastating accuracy.

A few days ago the Germans threw in at least four panzer divisions in the biggest counter-attack since D-day . . . And they suffered one of the most crushing blows ever inflicted on armoured formations in a single day.

The attack was met by rocket-firing Typhoons, which by nightfall had knocked out 135 TANKS AND 200 OTHER FIGHTING VEHICLES.

That is the way to win the war!

So that if your next air letter card should tell you that your house now has no windows or that Aunt Ethel has had to move out because there is no roof over her head, remember our own "Rockphoo." There's no hit or miss about the weapons of the Allies.

Hitler may be blasting our property, but we are blasting the Wehrmacht—and probably it won't be long now before the blasted Nazis are rocketed out of history.

Two Britons

CRUSADER salutes the heroism of Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Everitt, 38-year-old farmer's widow, who died trying to rescue the crew of a burning American plane in Essex last May. She has just been posthumously awarded the Albert Medal, and her four-year-old son has been granted a pension by the Government. The Nazis used to bleat that Britain was degenerate. They have since learned, to their cost, that Britain is tough—our men and our women.

FOR Mr. William J. Stewart, Conservative MP for South Belfast, we have nothing but contempt. This gentleman has just been fined 10,000 pounds for conspiring to cheat the War Department of discounts on contracts carried out by his firm. Since the war began his firm has done 7,000,000 pounds' worth of business for the Government. And while soldiers are fighting for the cause Mr. Stewart tries to cheat! We find he is aged 74. What a pity!

THE AMERICAN STATE DEPARTMENT never favoured the construction of the independent Republics of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania. This is a demonstrable fact.

And it is being dangerously bypassed, or forgotten, in the emotional arguments over the Soviets'

by

NEGLEY FARSON

intention to reincorporate them within the USSR—without consulting either Britain or the United States.

The Governments of Russia's Allies know the facts. The public doesn't. Here they are:

All three States declared their independence from old Mother Russia in 1918, when Russia, as such, was little more than a handful of determined Communists, hated and feared by the outside world, trying to make 180,000,000 people (most of them illiterate peasants) come into line.

HYSTERIA

NEVER had such a small body of men aroused such a hysterical anger. The Red Scare beginning to sweep the United States was rising to such a fury that soon 249 American "Reds," as they were labelled, were to be put aboard the American transport Bulford and shipped back to where they came from!

Yet most of those in this "Soviet Ark," as it was called, had never heard of either Lenin or Trotsky, except in the American newspapers. Nor did they know what a Communist was.

"SOS' is my motto!" declared one American unofficial spokesman. "Ship or Shoot! I believe we should put them in a ship of stone, with sails of lead, and their first stopping-place should be Hell!"

Yet the US State Department, at that time one of the most passionately anti-Bolshevist Foreign Offices in the world, refused to "recognise" the newly-created States of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia.

Washington waited four years—after Britain and France had re-

STALIN AND THE LITTLE STATES

cognised them. Then it gave one of the most grudging *de jure* recognitions ever placed on record.

Mr. Evan E. Young, at that time American High Commissioner in Riga, on April 6, 1922, wrote to the American Secretary of State, Charles Evan Hughes:

"... It is entirely possible, or even probable, that some time in the indefinite future these so-called States (my italics) may once again become an integral part of Russia. ... Admitting that, from our viewpoint, a strong Russia is greatly to be desired, it is still difficult for an observer here to suggest any course of action other than immediate recognition of these States.

"... Later, it is not improbable that through the operation of fundamental economic laws these countries will become a part of a federated Russia or will retain autonomous powers, but will be linked with the Russian Government through close economic and political treaties and agreements. ..."

This is a remarkable statement, for a diplomat, about Russia. The Federation of the USSR had not even been formed then. That was to come in 1923.

THE ANSWER

AND that phrase, "autonomous powers... linked with" is precisely along the line of the further autonomy just given to the 16 Constituent (or Federated) Soviet Socialist Republics of the USSR, voted only a few months ago by the Supreme Soviet at Moscow.

In giving his grudging and belated recognition on July 25, 1922, that distinguished jurist, Evan Hughes, ex-head of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared:

conditions of Russian affairs may not be made the occasion for the alienation of Russian territory. ..."

But why was the United States, a country where the word Communist was anathema, so set on preserving intact the entire territory of Russia—even when it was under the rule of the hated Bolsheviks?

The answer is that since 1778 it has been both automatic and axiomatic for Russia and the United States—the only two Great Powers who have never had a war with each other—not to support any political move which would decrease the other's territory.

NO CHANGE

IN 1904, at the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, President Theodore Roosevelt was passionately pro-Japanese—and said so.

Yet in 1905 he used every persuasion to make the Japanese accept the Peace of Portsmouth (New Hampshire, USA)—where he was the mediator—so that the Japs could not continue the war and take a part of the Russian Siberian mainland.

In the summer of 1918, after stubbornly refusing to participate in the Allied vendettas of intervention in Russia, President Woodrow Wilson finally sent US troops to Vladivostok. But it was to restrain the Japs.

And it is incontestably true that at the Washington Naval Conference, 1921, Charles Evan Hughes forced the Japs to postpone their dream of expansion on the Asiatic mainland—and withdraw all their troops from Siberia. Which they did in 1922, being the last Allied Interventionists to leave.

These are the facts. And a remarkable forecast. And nothing has changed the American attitude—nor that of the US State Department.

I SUPPOSE no man can guess what he shall remember about a place and a time when the time for remembering is at hand—the time of peace, that is—but I am pretty sure that I shall never be able to forget a Saturday night in London during the latter part of the month of May, 1944.

At nine that night I began a slow walk with my cousin, Sgt. Ross Bagdasarian, of the US Army, through the Strand towards Waterloo Station.

* * *

The reason I know I shall never forget the London of that evening is that even as I walked and looked upon the city I felt very strongly that everything I was beholding had once before

been known to me, and inasmuch as I had never before been in that area of London I wondered how that could possibly be.

And then I knew. I was walking through a dream of my childhood—I had been to London in my sleep, and now that I was awake—now that I was actually there—London was all that I had dreamed it to be.

It was all the wonder of a great city, and something so much more besides, that for a good two or three minutes I was not sure that I was not still dreaming.

* * *

Over the city was a sky as old as England—an ancientness of sky that moved all things below deeply backward into the fable of a great people—a people terrible and mad with the greatness of infinite patience, infinite courage, endless good humour, and fierce and gentle nobility: a people of odd and lovable folk-ways, slow in emotion but swift in courtesy—slow to condemn but swift to leap beside the right—a fussy people, tirelessly busy with small things—details—trying like kindergarten children to get every last little object of a game in perfect order, and never crying if they failed, if the blocks all tumbled down just when they were almost perfectly piled into a pyramid—a people slow to allow the smile upon the face, but swift to roar with laughter inwardly—laughter most often at themselves—a people grave and simple, and yet giddy and charming with the business of being alive.

* * *

Lear was somewhere under the sky of that May evening, and with Lear was Oliver Twist and all the immortals of his strange world.

The little streets, though empty, seemed to contain the scampering figures of all the immortal characters of the literature of England. As I walked I felt a most profound

affection for London, and for all of its people—gone along, or still in the streets, or somewhere in the world.

I felt that if we know the language and literature and song of England—whoever we are, from wherever we may have come—England—the incredible England—the England of the world—would for ever be to us a precious place, whether to remember or some day reach.

The word England would always stand in the seas of the heart's geography as a place of morning-time, receiving the chant of bird in meadow, sounding the

● He is William SAROYAN, famous for his short stories.

And he says . . .

note of simple exultation of all time gone and all time to come.

And the word London would toll in the mind like the tolling of a great cathedral bell summoning forth the best in all men,

England, bloody England, we might sometimes feel because of the amazement we get from some strange behaviour of some of England's sons, somewhere in the world—but soon—no, that will not do.

* * *

You must be patient with England—you must give the English time. They like time, and they stay. They are on hand when so few others are.

You cannot think of English ways as lightning ways—they are the ways of rock. London itself is a great rock.

I think the majesty of England lies in the fact that in the end she is irresistible—endlessly mysterious, for ever capable of strange caprice, odd contradiction—and yet, for all that, impossible not to be grateful for, or to love.

And my guess is that those who love her most are those who expect the most of her, and are bitterest when she has disappointed them, for they are the first to cheer her when she has cut through all her inconsistencies to the truth and the right, however difficult or seemingly impossible the achievement of these virtues may be, and in the growl of a Churchill proclaims to all the

peoples of the world that she is ready (with them) to stand by the right, no matter how devilish or difficult the future may be as a consequence.

The Englishman need not imagine that the American does not know him, for, in so far as the American knows himself, he also knows the Englishman.

As I walked through the London of that unforgotten, unforgettable May evening I knew I had at last reached England. I knew I was at last in London. And I knew that, at last, I had come to know the English: and, knowing them, I knew I loved them. And, loving them, I knew I would always expect the best from them and be angry if it turned out to be anything much less.

An American Looks at Our Dear Old

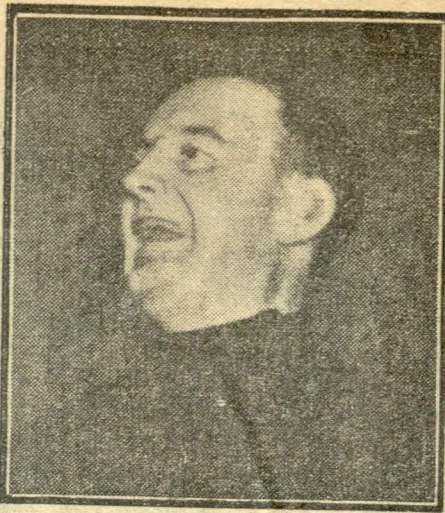
LONDON



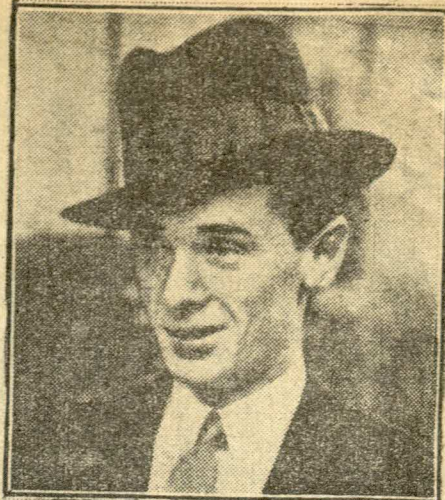
... The city is all I dreamed it to be



COLONEL CYRIL ROCHE: An Englishman who fell for Mussolini. By repeated broadcasts reviling democracy and extolling Fascism, Colonel Roche joined the untouchables who turned against their native lands. He is now in Allied hands.



WILLIAM JOYCE, alias William Froelich, alias Lord Haw-Haw: The most notorious traitor of them all. This one-time associate of Mosley found British Fascism too weak for his tastes. Dr. Goebbels was delighted to welcome him.



JOHN AMERY: A playboy cheat who was enjoying himself on the French Riviera when France fell in 1940. Amery usually specialises in wild anti-Semitism. His jeering comments on the Dieppe raid will neither be forgotten nor forgiven.



N. BAILLIE STEWART: Notorious as the "Officer in the Tower." On his release from penal servitude he at once went to Germany. His ineffectiveness as a broadcaster has not lessened his guilt as a traitor.

WHAT SHALL BE THEIR FATE?

JUST before the war broke out a middle-aged man wrote a shrill and angry letter to a London newspaper. He denounced the British Government, accused the House of Commons of deliberate war-mongering, praised the German way of life, and ended up with the statement that had he not been "the victim of economic serfdom" he would have gone to Germany long ago.

It was assumed from this that he hadn't the price of a ticket from London to the German frontier. The newspaper replied that if he had a passport and meant what he said, they would pay his fare and in addition would give him fifty pounds to start life afresh in the Nazi New World. Moreover, they would be happy to record the event and promised to present him with a photograph of himself leaving his native shores. He immediately accepted and the reporters and cameramen went to Liverpool Street Station to see the fond farewell.

The fifty pounds changed hands. The ticket was purchased and he walked towards the barrier. Then he stopped, turned round and shame-facedly handed the ticket and the money back. He said he had changed his mind.

The railway lost a customer.

The paper lost a story.

The Fuehrer lost a recruit.

And maybe Britain saved an erring son.

But there were others who didn't turn back—more determined men (and women) who had watched the rise of German militarism and had made up their minds to be in on what promised to be an extremely good thing.

William Joyce, Baillie-Stewart and John Amery from Britain.

Robert Best, Ezra Pound, Douglas Chandler and Kaltenbach from America.

Amy Gillet from Australia.

Paul Ferdonnet and Andre Obrecht from France. A little band of disreputable disciples of Adolf Hitler not hampered by qualms of loyalty or scruples of principle.

The time is now approaching when some of these people will fall into the hands of the Allies. Already Colonel Cyril Roche has been seized. The Colonel has been in Italy for a long time and has consistently attacked the democracies and has championed the Fascist cause. His future is not yet clear.

And what of P. G. Wodehouse? He has lent his name and his mind to Dr Goebbels. The line he took was dangerous—the approach that the German wasn't such a fierce fellow after all: in fact, a decent,

misunderstood chap whom one ought to know and who was only pursuing his rights.

In the very early days of the war, in a BBC broadcast, I had the temerity to point out the danger of Wodehouse's transmissions to America (not then in the war). I suggested that they strengthened the cause of the isolationists. I was roundly denounced and was surprised to see the enthusiasm of those who were prepared to defend Mr. Wodehouse in his equivocal role.

The case of William Joyce, William Froelich or Lord Haw-haw (the same firm) is clearer. But it is doubtful whether even this infamous blackguard can be tried as a traitor under English Law, for it is probable that he could claim Eireann citizenship, should he ever

An article by WILLIAM CONNOR

be caught alive. William Joyce, however, is a man of some violence and can probably be depended on to defend himself with a Luger or a Spandau rather than a brief in a court of law.

The case of John Amery is in a different class. He is merely the play-boy cheat gone rotten on an international scale. The son of a public man, he has not hesitated to bring disgrace on an honourable name.

To-day, he harangues his radio audience with wild anti-Jewish and anti-democratic spleen that can have little effect other than giving his Nazi masters considerable pleasure at the spectacle of an Englishman so industriously degrading himself. Prosecuting counsel would have little difficulty in nailing him.

The strange brood is made more bizarre by the presence of queer creatures like Ezra Pound—an eccentric dilettante with a dubious record as a poet and litterateur, but a much more secure reputation as a coming Judas. He was last seen walking north of Rapallo with an umbrella and an expression of well-merited anxiety at the approach of the Eighth Army. Pound has been so long an exile from America that he

may have forgotten that old-fashioned ideas of loyalty are still held by surprisingly large numbers of people in the United States.

The French quislings—Paul Ferdonnet, the Traitor of Stuttgart, and Andre Obrecht—were known long before 1939 and had already been sentenced to death by the Daladier Government. They had been carefully rehearsed in their parts before the war broke out and they went to the microphone with alacrity—sure in themselves that they could undermine French morale.

They were not without success.

Ferdonnet's sneers and jibes about the Maginot Line were heard with uneasiness and the carefully exploited phoney war rotted away the morale of men who were not too sure of their cause.

Baillie-Stewart was of the same murky brood. He was first a spy in his own land and served five years imprisonment for the information that he sold to the German Intelligence Service. Dr Goebbels welcomed him on his release from gaol, but he was soon removed from his job with Berlin Radio, where even his fellow stool-pigeons, who were not over-particular about standards of human behaviour, protested against his society.

What will be the attitude of the Allied Governments towards these people?

Unilateral treatment is likely.

Each state will no doubt prefer to deal with these servants of Goebbels in its own particular way. The British Government has already stated that "these individuals will not be included in the category of war criminals." Presumably the Treachery Act of 1940 is considered adequate, for it proscribes the death penalty for guilty persons.

The virulence and eloquence of these seditious has been directly proportionate to the success of the German war-machine.

In 1940, the choir of taunts rose to majestic crescendo of malevolence. William Joyce's greasy voice seemed to grow in power as Goebbels harnessed it to bad news and the most effective network of radio stations in Europe. But as Stalingrad, Alamein, and the growing might of America rolled back the hopes of German domination, the song of triumph began to sag and the gloating pride sounded slightly flat.

To-day, Goebbels has been forced to turn the propaganda machine inwards. His own people are uneasy, and the recent news that the Fuehrer was nearly dynamited through his own windows, needs more immediate explanation than the decadence of corrupt plutocracies. The William Joyces in the Reich should now begin to think of a little whitewash on their own behalf. As propagandists they will need all their skill, for they are facing the toughest job in their lives.

Their words, from the safety of the Reich have killed their countrymen. Whether their eloquence can now save their own skins is questionable.

The price has increased from thirty pieces of silver. Wodehouse was rewarded with a luxury suite in the best hotel in Berlin and freedom to travel where he liked in Germany. Ezra Pound was flattered and welcomed into the highest Fascist circles. Ferdonnet made more money in Stuttgart than he ever did as a third-rate author.

But the reward is the same—dishonour, shame and the contempt and loathing of all mankind.

From Life: by ROBB

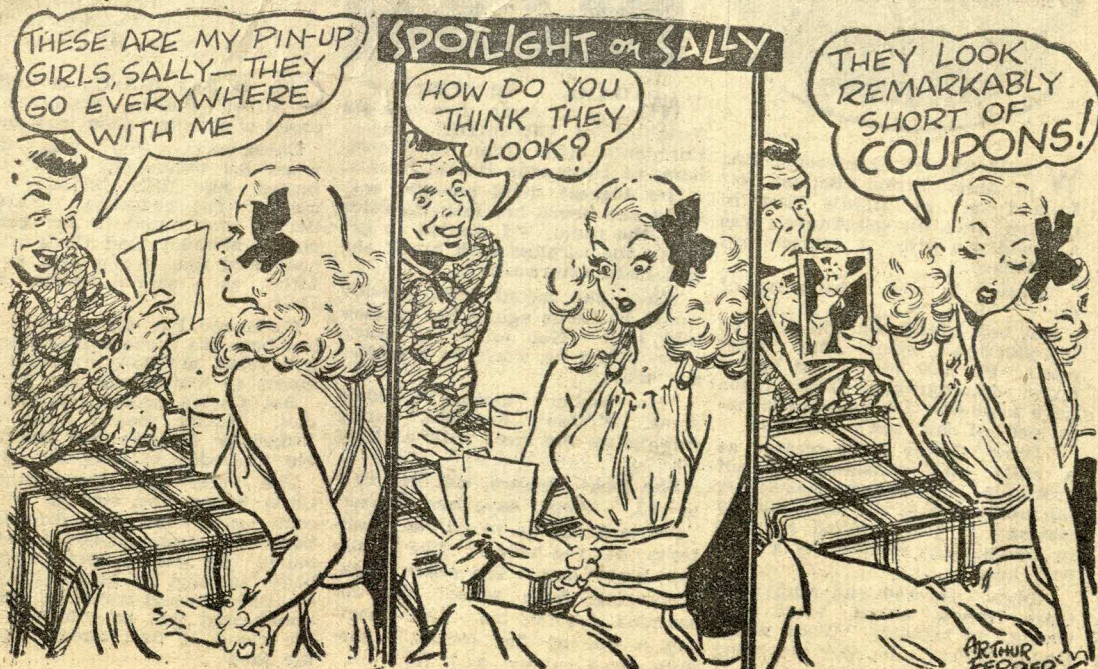
To-day, on Page Eight, we begin a new series of Drawings From Life.

These drawings are the work of Andrew Robb, and they are specially drawn for CRUSADER.

Robb—now serving in the Army in this theatre—is one of the best-known of the younger British artists; his work regularly appeared in the "Daily Express" and in "Nash's."

Apart from his portrait work, Robb became known particularly for his drawings of lovely women. Week by week we shall reproduce in CRUSADER a page from his sketch-book.

Turn to Page Eight . . .



Introducing a New Crusader Feature

HOME PAGE

YOU remember the Home Page back in Civvy Street in the good old days? Not much in your line; mostly for the "trouble and strife." How to make the most of scanty panties . . . New ways with old potatoes . . . Tell Auntie Mabel all about it . . .

To-day we launch a Home Page; but a Home Page that is different—a SOLDIERS' Home Page.

Deep down we are practically all lovers of home life—children; the wife's latest rig-out; the garden; those pleasant Sunday evenings with Bill Smith and his Missus; the stroll down to the "local" for a pint and a gossip before supper . . .

The simple things of life, the little things of life—those are what we really treasure. Therein lies our strength in battle: we know what we are fighting for — and it is not for words that end in -ism or -ology.

TELL US YOUR STORY

And so this page is dedicated to the little things. The photos we carry in our AB 64s or AB 439s; the stories we get from home in our air letter cards or airgraphs.

Here, for instance, is a grand picture on the right. Young Peter is taking his glass of milk. He is not too sure whether he likes it, and his eyes are watching Mummy pretty closely. But it is good for us to know that our kiddies are getting this most valuable of foods and that they are growing sturdy and strong in our absence.

Send your pictures and your stories to: The Editor, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, CMF — with your full home address.

THE EDITOR WILL SEND A COPY OF "CRUSADER" TO THE WIFE OR PARENTS OF EVERY SOLDIER WHOSE NAME APPEARS IN HOME PAGE.



They Write from Home

WE took Alan (aged six) to a show at the local theatre. We were grumbling about the poor quality of the show. Then on came a group of chorus girls, dressed in next-to-nothing.

"Alan turned to your brother. 'That shook you, didn't it?' he asked. It certainly caused a stir of amusement in our quarter of the theatre!"—Mrs. Gladys Morgan, 8, Cefyn Walk, High Cross, port, Mon., relating the latest sayings of their son to Cpl. T. L. Morgan, RAOC.

"Bill says he doesn't know whether to have a haircut or a drink when he goes to the local now. Because there are no barbers left in the village, one comes from a few miles away every evening and sets up his shop in the middle of a bar parlour. The land-

lord now asks, 'Beer or haircut, sir?' The answer is usually 'Both!'—Mrs. Beryl Clynton, of Chancery Lane, London, WC2, now staying near Bath, to her husband, Pte. Lionel Clynton, RASC.

"My son is now so enormous that I daren't go into the chemist's to have him weighed. So you can guess that England's wartime diet is suiting him, anyway!"—Mrs. Audrey Reed, of Eastbourne, Sussex, to Cpl. A. Bailey.

"You'll be glad to hear that Tony is in Japanese hands."—Mrs. Marion Kenrick, of 9, Dublin Street, Edinburgh, to her husband, Bdr. Tom Kenrick, RA (who adds that his wife always does say the wrong things most beautifully!)

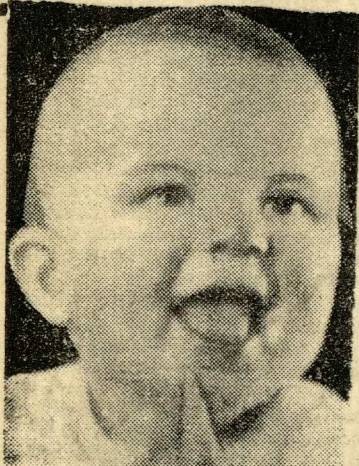
"I have just heard from Tom, who is in France. He's very tickled with the German efforts at propaganda leaflets. One, he says, shows a picture of a girl answering the telephone, with a caption which obviously should have read:

'You will never hear her sweet voice again.' But the word 'sweet' was spelt 'sweat.' 'On the other hand, of course, it might have been a testimonial to the amount of work English girls are doing!'—Miss Lana Greene, of West Bridgford, Nottingham, to S/Sgt. Robert Leigh.

"The boys in Italy are doing grand work. I heard the pipes from Rome this evening over the wireless. It was one of my biggest thrills for a long time."—Mrs. W. E. Riley, of 532, East Prescott Road, Liverpool, to L/Cpl. D. Carabine, RE.

"So you're a cook now. That's fine. I'm enjoying being out at work every day, so when we get back you can do the cooking and housework and I'll carry on working. I'm glad the Army has taught you something useful!"—Mrs. H. Gale, of 5, Northover Road, Copnor, Portsmouth, to her husband, Pte. H. Gale.

Young Rogues' Gallery



ROBIN, seen above, is the 18-month-old son of Sjt Fraser, RAOC. Both he and his brother Malcolm are war babies and very fit, thank you.

Mrs Fraser, who lives at 66, Coldharbour Road, Bristol, finds wartime care of babies greatly aided by local clinics, which, she says, "are always helpful, efficient and very much of a godsend in providing otherwise unobtainable babies' foods and vitamin juices."

Her main worry is kiddies' clothes, which she thinks are "rather dear and often of poor quality, especially shoes."

Malcolm, aged three and a half, has a passion for trains. Can scribble his name very shakily and has recently become extremely interested in overhead aircraft.

Last month he rushed into the house with the exciting news that there was a "dead plane in the sky."

Investigating, Mrs. Fraser found that the extinct aircraft was in fact a glider in tow which was circling over the house.



THE Scottish iam-o'-shanter worn by Ian McClymont gives some indication of his nationality, but he should be wearing a Welsh leek as well. His father, Cfn. William McClymont, of REME, now in Italy, is a Scotsman.

Ian himself, however, was born in Wales, and lives at 59, Westley Street, Cymbran, nr. Newport, Mon. (and you can argue between yourselves as to whether that's Wales or not!).

He seems to be very proud of the tammy sent to him by his grandfather, anyway.

Ian is now nearly six years old. He was born on September 3, 1938—and September 3 is a date which more people than Ian and his family will remember!

Dad has been overseas for two years, and Ian is his most regular correspondent. "And," he says, proudly, "he is showing himself to be a real boy. His one desire is for me to get home again so that we can do men's things together."



WHEN Gnr P. Dunwoody, RA, of Abbot Street, Belfast, left Ireland for the Middle East in October, 1939, his son Andrew was a toddler with a three-word vocabulary.

"Drew" is now a lusty lad of six.

But father and son will need no introduction when they meet again. For 500 letters and half a dozen photographs from home have kept Gnr Dunwoody well informed of his son's progress.

"Drew" hates to be treated as a child and considers himself grown-up. Recently he was seeing his mother off at the local railway station. A porter lifted him up to the carriage window for a farewell kiss.

"Drew" flushed and burst into tears. When asked what was wrong, he replied: "What would Daddy think if he saw me being lifted up to kiss you?"



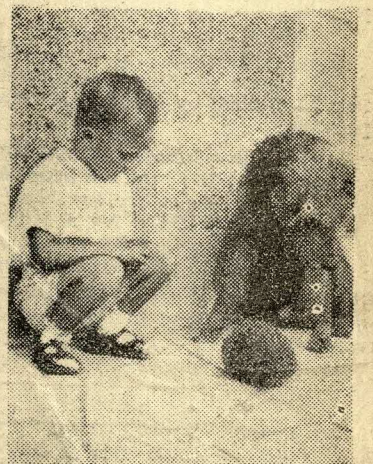
"MADAME BUTTERFLY" above is Anne, five-year-old daughter of CRUSADER entertainments critic John K. Newham, of Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Her biggest thrill recently was when she heard her father's voice over the radio. "I wanted to get inside the wireless with him!" she exclaimed afterwards.

When she asked when Daddy would be home again, her mother told her: "Not until the war's over. Then he won't be a soldier any more."

"No soldier's clothes?" asked Anne. "Won't he look funny coming up the road with nothing on!"

She looks demure. But her hair is red. "And," says her mother, "she is living up to all the traditions of red-heads!" She made her first "date" the other week. Returning from school, she demanded a quick tea. "I'm meeting a boy at five o'clock!" she announced calmly—and did.



CPL. O. JAY (RASC), of Cheney Street, Pinner, Middlesex, is proud of this new snap from home.

Christopher, who was three when his father left home, celebrated his fifth birthday last month. The hedgehog, christened Hector, was found in the garden on his birthday, and Chris is still convinced that it was sent by his father as a special present from Italy.

Chris and Pat, the airedale who has been his nursery playmate for five years, are now inventing new games so that Hector can join in.

But Chris's problem is Hector's diet. Mother doesn't know what hedgehogs feed on and has written to Daddy in Italy for advice!

The letter adds that, although Chris enjoys the cinema, he recently gave a practical demonstration of his strong dislike of Russian ballet. He was so bored with the ballerinas that he turned his back on the stage and began beating his upholstered seat so violently that the cloud of dust almost stopped the show.

GOVERNMENT PLANS FAMILY ALLOWANCES

Getting the Lowdown

WHEN there's a parade to be seen and you're just about knee-high to a guardsman this is one way of getting a worm's-eye view. And, boy, she thinks those soldiers are grand.



Doodle-bug Play is Local Hit

A SMALL blackboard outside an East London cottage last week proclaimed: "Open now—Doodle-bug Show. Admission 1d. and 1/2d."

Into the house and out to the small backyard went 43 women and children from neighbouring houses, to howl and cheer with delight at the opening performance of "Murder in the Red Barn."

As the audience took their places on three wooden benches, George Cooper, author, director, stage manager and leading man, darted here and there, putting the finishing touches to the leading lady's make-up, ordering the dog out of the way, shouting directions.

"Murder in the Red Barn" is frankly a thriller. It tells the story of two ladies of the manor, stabbed in their beds by the villain who wishes to acquire their ancestral home.

But here, as in other thrillers with a moral, crime doesn't pay, and the murderer, tracked down by a detective, and identified by a carelessly dropped handkerchief, is stabbed by the faithful servant.

George Cooper played this role with enthusiasm, keeping a watchful eye on the rest of the cast, the oldest of whom was 14; the youngest 5.

All are children of working men and women, some of whom are serving in the Forces.

After the performance George said to me: "We haven't been to school since it was bombed by the doodle-bug."

"So Charles and I started our show. Sometimes we give 'Little Red Riding Hood,' sometimes a Funch and Judy."

Exams Wanted for Nursery Nurses

QUALIFIED nursery nurses with a standard salary and annual increments have been recommended by the LCC Social Welfare Committee.

Lady Nathan said women who wanted to make child nursing a career would have to complete a course at an approved training college. Salary would be 85 pounds a year, rising to 110 pounds, with emoluments valued at 90 pounds.

STIFFER TESTS FOR DRIVERS

DRIVING tests after the war are to be more searching; the whole system is to be overhauled.

Lord Leathers, Minister of War Transport, disclosed this in the House of Lords when replying to a debate in which peer after peer called for stronger measures for the prevention of road accidents.

He also said that he intended to call in scientists to examine such factors as traffic movement in relation to road design, road surfaces, traffic signs, lighting, vehicle designs and control.

Lord Maugham, a former Lord Chancellor, said that excessive speed was very largely the cause of many accidents.

"Speaking as a lawyer I admit that the law as regards motor-driven traffic is defective and should be amended."

A SPIRIT with SIDE-WHISKERS

REMARKABLE scenes of "spirit manifestations" concerning living people, or people who are non-existent, were described at West Ham Police Court, when Jane Rebecca Yorke, 72-year-old widow, of Romford Road, Forest Gate, was further remanded on four charges of contravening the Witchcraft Act of 1735.

She was accused of "pretending to exercise or use a kind of conjuration with spirits of deceased persons appearing to be present and in communication with live persons."

Mrs. Alice Rosetta Chapman (53), of Idmiston Road, Stratford, charged with being concerned with Mrs. Yorke in contravening the Witchcraft Act, has already been discharged.

Evidence was given that at one of Mrs. Yorke's meetings Sub-Div Inspector Watt was told by Mrs. Yorke that his father was killed in the last war, and that his mother, also dead, had a message for him.

Actually Inspector Watt's father died a year ago and his mother was still alive.

On another occasion, it was stated, Sgt. Ernest Holliwel was put into touch with "Brother Joseph," who, through Mrs. Yorke, said that he was with "father and mother and sister, and also Uncle Charley, who still had his mutton-chop whiskers and was very proud of them."

Sgt. Holliwel said he had no brother Joseph and no Uncle Charley with mutton-chop whiskers. His father and mother were very much alive.

He Had His Plane TAPED

WITH one engine out of action, twelve square feet missing from its starboard wing, and its hydraulics damaged, a Mosquito recently came 400 miles home on one engine, with the navigator's "Mae West" tapes keeping it under control.



Pilot-officer Kelsey

The pilot was Flying-officer Barry Kneath, of Heely Bank road, Sheffield, ex-steel-worker.

His navigator—pictured here—was Pilot-officer George Douglas Kelsey, of Quarndon, Derbyshire, peace-time analytical chemist, who has received his DFC for "skill, keenness and determination in many sorties."

The pilot said: "I thought we should have to make a forced landing, but Kelsey cut the tapes off his 'Mae West,' tied them to the rudder bar like reins, and hung on with all his strength. He helped me keep the aeroplane straight against the pull of the good engine and the drag of the damaged wing."

LIGHT IN BLACKOUT?

LONDON boroughs have been anticipating a modification of the black-out rules and are prepared to turn on their lamps at short notice.

Mr. Morrison, Minister of Home Security, has been conferring with the chiefs of the Services on the subject. Double Summer Time ends at home to-day.

Provincial towns and cities are also prepared for a possible change. Some time ago the Institution of Gas Engineers sent a letter to every gas undertaking in the country advising it to overhaul street lighting fittings.

"If permission came to-day we could have all our lamps on at black-out time to-night," said Mr. J. A. Gough, borough engineer of Chelsea.

Holborn, another gas-lit borough, could put on some of the lights in 24 hours and most of them in 48.

It has been officially stated in London that there is no truth in the rumour, put out by Axis radio, that Major-General Sir E. Spears, British Minister in Beirut, has been shot.

THE MAN UNDER THE HAT GIVES HIS HOME AWAY

THE strange-looking head-gear on the right is really quite a common object—a miner's helmet. It is the wearer who makes it look unusual.

* * *

No prizes for identifying him as George Bernard Shaw. He is now entering his 89th year, chopping wood (the helmet is to keep the chips at bay), still writing and planning new books.

"Sophocles wrote a play when he was 99, so I don't see why I should stop at 88," he says.

* * *

Shaw works these days at his three-acre country home at Ayot St. Lawrence. "Just the right size," he declares. "I have made a present of it to the National Trust. It will be kept as 'The Birthplace,' though, of course, it isn't."

"The real one is in Ireland, but I have been here since 1908."

ALLOWANCES

FAMILY allowances of 5s. a week for each child after the first, irrespective of parents' income, old-age pensions of one pound a week and bigger pensions for middle-aged widows are believed to be the main features of the Government's social security plan to be published soon.

It is understood that the Government favours the introduction of the flat-rate old-age pension immediately the scheme comes into force rather than the proposal put forward by Sir William Beveridge that the pension should be on a rising scale.

Payment of family allowances would almost certainly lead to a modification of Income Tax allowances in respect of children.

One Department?

The final draft of the Government scheme will shortly be examined by the Cabinet and it will then be decided whether all branches of social security shall be handled by one department.

At the moment the appointment of a Minister of Social Insurance is favoured. He would take over various functions now performed by the Home Office, the Ministry of Health, and the Ministry of Labour.

Hundred Pound Drink

SYD. SLINGSBY the assistant manager at "The Two Brewers," Buckingham Gate, London, has been left 100 pounds by one of his women customers.

She hopes that with the money "he will have a jolly good drink."

Syd's benefactor was Mrs. G. O. S. Beadon, of Catherine-place, SW1, who died on February 7.

"Mrs. Beadon was a very nice old lady," said Syd.

"I had many a drink with her. She was a quiet, independent woman, and had been a customer here for many years."

Home from Home

LATEST idea is an evacuee hostel for children already evacuated.

It is being run with great success at Penwortham, near Preston, Lancs., to give women who take in the evacuees the chance of a holiday.

If the foster-mothers want to go away for a week-end or even a fortnight—or are expecting relatives for a short stay, they place their evacuees in the hostel.

The hostel is a big house standing in its own grounds in beautiful country, with its own kitchen garden and orchard.

ALL-IN-ONE SCHOOLS

A NEW type of school—serving the purposes, under one roof, of grammar, technical and modern (or senior) schools—is proposed for London after the war.

The school would give 2,000 children at once, on a basis of equality of opportunity, the widest possible secondary education, combined with all the social and other benefits of a common school life.

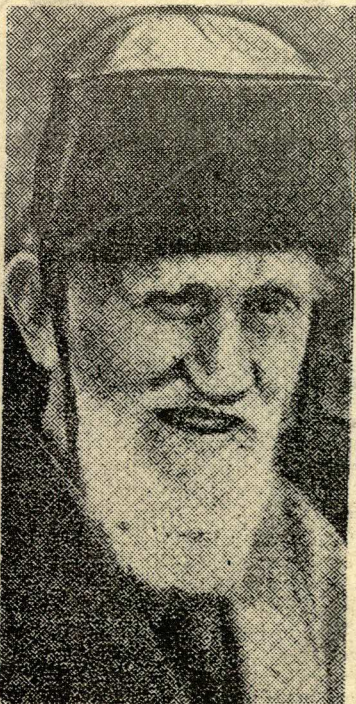
Easy Transfer

London County Council Education Committee will be asked to approve a sub-committee's proposals for "a system of comprehensive high schools throughout the county."

The problem of misfits would be solved more easily by the new type of secondary school, it is pointed out.

If a child was discovered to be taking the wrong kind of education for his proper development, under the high school system a transfer from one section to another could be made painlessly and smoothly.

The report says that 90 of these large schools would be needed for the whole county, and each would require eight to nine acres.



He has just finished "Everybody's Political What's What," and is now waiting for the binders to get to work on it.

I'll Never be the Same AGAIN

"WHAT have YOU got out of the war?" A question with a million different answers from each different soldier. One of those answers is supplied by Reader Edwards:

After four-and-a-half years in the army, I look back and compare my present opinions with those held by the vague and shadowy person who used to be me. The result is surprising.

Imagine, for example, the shock it was to find out that far from being the rough and ready person I had pictured, the average Anzac and Kiwi is a far better educated man than I.

The South African, I have dis-

covered, is not a grim, bearded figure, but a well-balanced patriot, who was not afraid to criticise Britain and, at the same time, acknowledge the mistakes committed by that lusty, though rapidly - growing infant, South Africa.

It is amazing too, to find that Americans think us quite humourless. Why hasn't somebody inaugurated a magazine embodying as its main principle a "Get Together Policy?"

The war has given me a slight opportunity to make the acquaintance of the Americans, just an occasional glimpse. A lift in a jeep - a chance conversation across a marble-topped table. I find them more natural than we are, and ready to give you their last Camel.

A hundred such swift impressions come back to my mind as I reflect. Will all that I have seen, the men I have met, the knowledge I have gained of their beliefs and ways of life, will all this help me to become a better citizen than I was before the war?

I say "Yes." I am positive that it will.



WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY

GIVING his views on post-war Germany, a South African, E. P. B. (name and unit supplied), says:-

An essential pre-requisite of any permanent long-term solution is the elimination of the "revenge spirit," NOT because of any pity for the Germans, but because unless we deal with this vital problem in an objective, judicial manner it will be virtually impossible to avoid a third World War.

Based on this essential, with the assistance of the many millions of democratic Germans

which, I say, do still exist, we could gradually build up a truly democratic Germany. But the power of the Junkers, the Prussian militarists and the industrialists must first be broken.

I ask, therefore, that the heavy industries and large combines of Germany be taken over by an international public-utility corporation.

I ask that the confiscated estates of the Junkers be farmed collectively by the German and Polish peasants.

I ask that Germany be allowed no standing army, but that there be a six-monthly period of adult education on the broadest lines possible, to break down all Nazi creeds and doctrines.

- OR THIS?

WRITING on the same topic, Dvr. F. Dorling, RASC, advocates:-

Execution of the Nazi leaders and war criminals.

Total disarmament of the German nation.

The running of all industries under the supervision of the Allied powers.

A government set up by the German people, but operating under Allied supervision.

Sapper R. E., strictly a swing fan, has suddenly changed his mind. He says...

In my thirty-five years I thought I had my major likes and dislikes pretty well sorted out. But I must confess that recently I discovered one glaring exception. I find, to my astonishment, that I actually like "good" music.

Blame it on a day's leave which I have just had in Rome. I somehow bought a seat for a symphony concert.

I went into the theatre. I sat down and, tongue in cheek, I listened. They started with Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." In spite of myself I was impressed.

Then came "Fountains of Rome," what they called a tone poem. I began to feel the depth of the music. I closed my eyes, relaxed, and then, during the next quarter of an hour, I discovered a beauty of sound and harmony I never believed existed.

Technically, I know nothing of the make-up of music. And, I say, leave that to the experts. But let us, through our schools and in our homes, make the thrill of beautiful music more widely known.

Address all letters to Editor, CRUSADE, British Army Newspaper Unit, CMP.

LITTLE MAN'S BIG WORRY

AS the owner of a small business before the war, A. F. G. REME, writes:-

What is more symbolic of an enterprising and free democracy than the small trader? Yet to-day this valuable pioneer of individual initiative and enterprise seems virtually threatened with extinction.

The demands of total war have inevitably reacted on the private shop-owner with far greater harshness and handicap than on the great combines and co-operative organisations.

With a wider range and larger reserves to fall back on, the big firms are able to survive where the little man has been forced to close down.

The call of national service, too, has had its effect in producing the closed doors and shuttered windows of so many thousands of small businesses throughout the country.

I myself am one of those unfortunates and have therefore a personal axe to grind when I plead for a sympathetic review of the 'little traders' delicate and doubtful future.

Over the City's Roar

C. W. CONNELLY has a vision... London, the city of wonders, is its usual busy, bustling self. Buses, cabs, cars and vans are ploughing unceasingly through the maze of traffic which congests one of its most famous thoroughfares. Pedestrians jostle, newsvendors cry raucously.

Only the blind man outside the department store has a look of serene calmness.

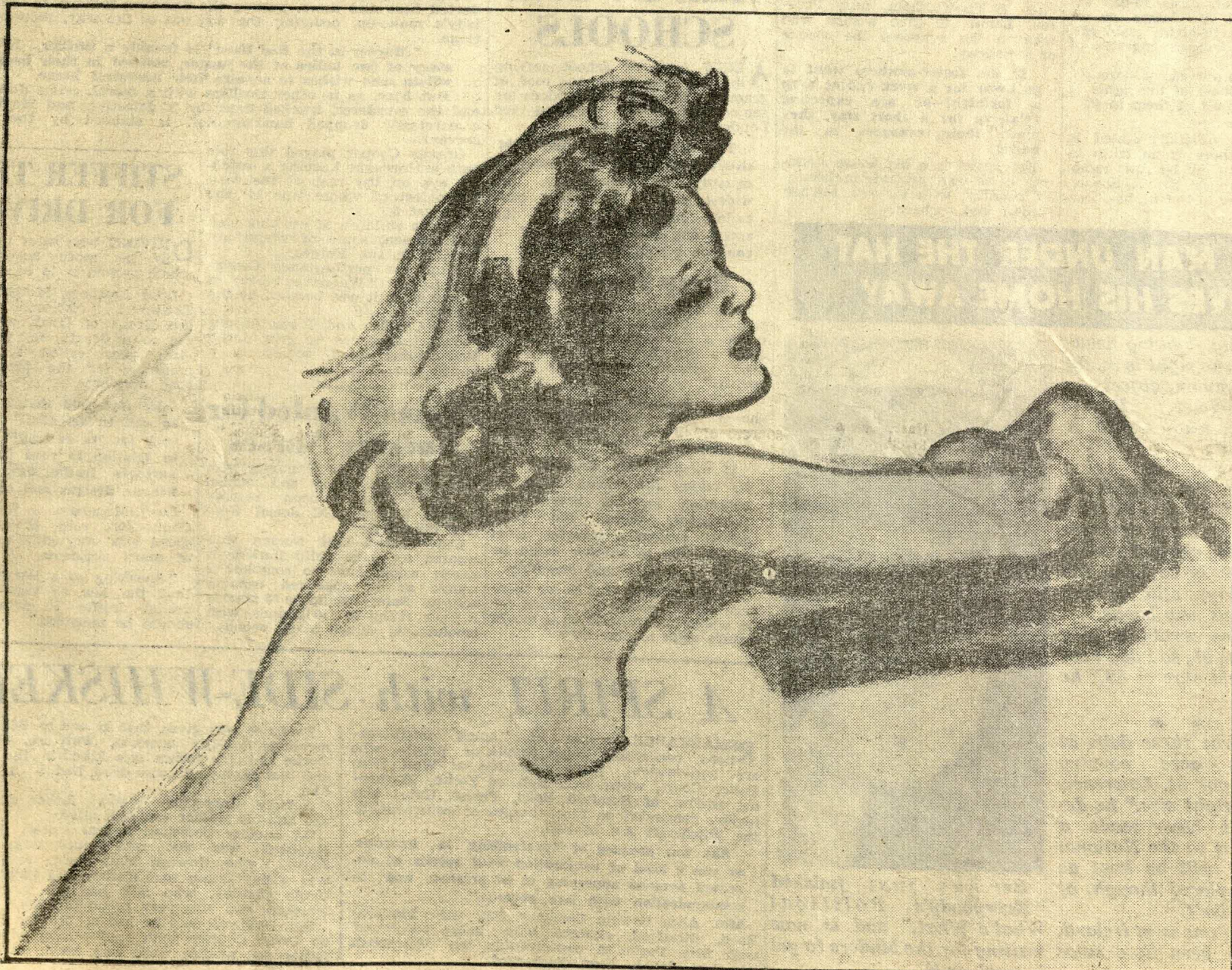
Suddenly the ugly wail of the siren rises above the city's roar. The traffic seems to slow down; pedestrians hesitate; the cries of the newsvendors die away. Even the blind match-seller has half risen from his wooden box, his face growing tense.

But wait! The traffic is resuming its steady hum. The pedestrians are hurrying again, chuckling, shaking hands, patting each other on the back. The newsvendors are shouting with renewed gusto. The errand-boy's whistle is shriller than ever before. The blind man has resumed his seat, the tenseness on his face is replaced by placid tranquillity.

Battle-scarred, heroic, proud and dignified, London has just heard its LAST ALL CLEAR.

From Life

By ROBB



They Turned Out The GASLIGHT in THORNTON SQUARE

A SIROCCO is blowing in the rather unhappy relationship existing between the Hollywood and British film industries.

The cause of the trouble is a picture called "The Murder in Thornton Square."

As I mentioned last week, this is a Hollywood version of the British film, "Gaslight," with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman in the parts originally played by Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard.

The showing of the new picture has called forth a bitter protest from Sidney Cole, editor of the original picture. He objects to Hollywood's attitude towards the British film industry.

by
JOHN K. NEWNHAM

British filmgoers are unstinting in their support of American pictures. US distributors will tell you that they are always willing to show good British films, but facts belie their statements.

"Next of Kin," praised as one of the best British films ever, went over there a couple of years ago. It has yet to be shown.

The same can be said of many other British films. The distributors take them and either put them on the shelf or push them around very halfheartedly.

I am not going to delve into the deep and complicated economic and political set-ups of the screen worlds. But it does seem to me to be vitally important that in these days, and the days to come, British films should get a better showing in America. Some of them will do so, no doubt.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for instance, are sponsoring Alexander Korda's huge new British production company, and they will make sure that the American public help to pay for the pictures. But what of the films that are made without American backing?

I am not going to say that no British pictures receive an American release. A few of them do, and the fact that they are well received is evidence that there should be a huge market for the English product.

CLOSE LINK

But the Hollywood studios control the American cinemas. And the Hollywood studios, of course, are mainly interested in showing their own films.

There has never, at any time, been such a vital urgency than there is now for close understanding between Britain and the United States. The war has helped towards that understanding, but perhaps the whole course of the world in the days of peace to come will rely on the furtherance of that understanding.

The cinema can help vitally here. Films have a terrific mass influence—for good or evil. In some ways Hollywood has let America down in the past by showing far too much of the worst aspects of American life.

At the same time, there is no doubt that the average Englishman knows far more about



America, through the cinema, than the average American knows about our country.

Hollywood itself has made some good pictures about Britain. But we can do it better.

I saw "This Happy Breed" in Rome this week—a film which really does help you to understand the ordinary London suburban family. There are many others as good. "Gaslight" was as good.

The Government is by no means disinterested in the British film industry. There is a quota system in Britain which regulates the number of American films which can be shown and ensures a fair showing for British pictures.

What is needed is an agreement with America that British pictures will get a fair showing there.

RANK'S BID

I hope, too, that the film industries of both countries will remember the importance of the part they can play in the reconstruction of the world.

Meanwhile, Arthur Rank has already turned his mind towards the problem of getting British films shown overseas and has formed a company especially for this purpose. Perhaps the film industry can achieve harmony on its own; but if not, this is one of the cases which should go further

than privately-made commercial agreements.

Meanwhile the British industry is pushing ahead, despite its manpower problems, its million-and-one troubles and flying bombs. And there seems to be a very welcome trend to make pictures which are really about England and the English countryside.

OUR WAYS

"They Were Sisters" has just gone into production at Islington. It is based on Dorothy Whipple's novel of three girls who marry, set up homes in different parts of the country, but still remain deeply attached to each other.

There is a family note about the cast, too. Phyllis Calvert, as the sister whose steady influence keeps the family together, is cast with her real-life husband, Peter Murray-Hill, as her screen husband.

And both James Mason and Pamela Kellino are in the picture, though not as husband and wife, which they are off the screen.

Then there are films like "The Canterbury Tale," now in Italy, having some of the most beautiful parts of Southern England; and "Tawny Pipit," that charming piece of Cotswold village whimsy.

Americans will understand us far better if they will only take a look at the pictures which really reflect our way of living.

The Customers Always Write

By PETER WILSON

PTE. J. Lynch, of a famous infantry regiment, is first in the queue to-day.

He and some of the lads have been having a bit of an argument about the score in the 1939 Portsmouth vs Wolves Cup Final. And as a barrel of vino depends on it, it must have been quite an argument. The answer is that Portsmouth won 4-1.

PTE. J. Green, also an infantryman, has several questions about the cash returns current in the manly mode of modified murder. He wants to know: "What was the highest purse Dempsey took for a fight; did Dempsey ever make a million pounds during his career, and who took the most money for a fight?"

Dempsey's highest was 100,000 pounds for his second fight with Tunney. Tunney, in that fight, made 200,000 pounds, which is the highest purse any fighter has made in one fight. Dempsey was concerned in some half-dozen million dollar fights, but I doubt whether he made more than half-a-million pounds out of his ring-battles. Green also wants to know when the last 20-round title fights took place in Britain. As far as I remember, it was 1929, when there was a triple title card at Olympia.

G. W. Burst, who is in Ack-Ack, is a cycling fan and puts the following wheel "wonders":

"The highest mileage ever reached in a day by a pedal cyclist. The highest speed (track pacing). The name of the rider who rode the long-distance record for 'Hercules.' His average mileage per day. The tandem long distance record and average mileage?"

The highest mileage I have been able to find is held by J. E. Holdsworth, who, paced at Herne Hill, on 12-13 July, 1929, covered 534 miles, 1,500 yards. The highest speed is the 76 miles, 504 yards put up in an hour by Leon Vanderstuyft, motor-paced at Monthery. I don't know the answers to the "Hercules" question can anyone oblige? The tandem record was put up by F. R. Goodwin and J. P. K. Clark, at Wood Green, on September 14, 1895, when they covered 241 miles, 260 yards in 12 hours.

THIS week I am reversing our usual roles. Usually I am the coconut at whom you fire the questions. Just for a change I am going to put you on the spot with a quiz.

And, in case you are a betting man, you had better mind your P's and Q's when it comes to the LSD on this ABC of sport.

There are 20 questions covering twelve sports and—here goes:

- Question 1.—When did the F.A. Cup first go out of England—and where did it go?
- Q. 2.—On how many occasions has extra time been played in the Cup Final and what coincidence was there about the teams involved?
- Q. 3.—What is the largest transfer fee ever paid for any player?
- Q. 4.—What Rugby record did Wales put up in the seasons 1923-4-5?
- Q. 5.—A great left-hand bowler was killed in action during the last war. An equally great one perished after the Sicily campaign. Who were they?
- Q. 6.—Which English county tied

Peter Wilson's Quiz

- with Australia in between the last war and this one?
- Q. 7.—Who is the only boxer ever to hold three world championships at the same time?
- Q. 8.—Which boxers were known as "Ruby Robert," "Gentleman Jim" and "The Manassa Mauler"?
- Q. 9.—In what sport did Mrs. Roarke become world famous?
- Q. 10.—Which horse came nearest to winning the five Classics?
- Q. 11.—Which horse won the Derby two years running?
- Q. 12.—Who is alleged to have offered the biggest price on record for a horse?
- Q. 13.—What is the longest drive ever made at golf? 400, 415, 430, 445 or 460 yards?
- Q. 14.—What is the world's record for the 100 yards?
- Q. 15.—Who holds the world's record for the pole vault?
- Q. 16.—What is the record time for the Channel swim and who put it up?
- Q. 17.—Who is the billiards champion of the world?
- Q. 18.—Who is the only English-

- man ever to win the world's table-tennis championship?
- Q. 19.—The mile has recently been run in 4mins. 1.6secs. How does the world's cycling record for the same time compare with it?
- Q. 20.—How do you imagine the cycling record for 10 miles compares with the motor-cycling record for the same distance?

Were You Right?

- Answer 1.—In 1927 Cardiff City beat Arsenal 1-0 at Wembley.
- A. 2.—Twice. In 1919-20 Aston Villa beat Huddersfield 1-0. In 1937-38 Preston North End beat Huddersfield by the same score.
- A. 3.—14,000 pounds paid by Arsenal to Wolverhampton for Bryn Jones.
- A. 4.—Wales won the "Wooden Spoon"—i.e., failed to win a single International—during those years.
- A. 5.—Colin Blythe and Hedley Verity.
- A. 6.—Gloucestershire in 1930.
- A. 7.—Henry Armstrong—the feather, light and welter-weight.
- A. 8.—Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Corbett and Jack Dempsey.
- A. 9.—In lawn tennis. Fans knew her as Mrs. Helen Williams-Moody.

- A. 10.—Sceptre. She won the 1,000 and 2,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger.
 - A. 11.—How long did you have to think? It's restricted to three-year-olds.
 - A. 12.—King Richard III who, according to Shakespeare, said: "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"
 - A. 13.—445 yards by E. C. Bliss at Herne Bay in August, 1913.
 - A. 14.—9.2secs. put up by Jesse Owens on May 25, 1935.
 - A. 15.—C. Warmerdam. He has cleared over 15 feet about 15 times.
 - A. 16.—11hrs. 5mins. Georges Michel, of France.
 - A. 17.—Walter Lindrum.
 - A. 18.—Fred Perry—afterwards lawn tennis champion for three years.
 - A. 19.—Almost exactly two minutes less. Unpaced and with a standing start E. V. Mills did it in 2mins. 1.2secs.
 - A. 20.—Cycling (motor-paced) 14mins. 28.4secs. Motor-cycling 4mins. 30.9secs.
- And if any of you have got 100 per cent. on that lot I'll willingly buy you a noggin of vino any time you like to drop in.

POPEYE



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Roundabout

THE Royal Corps of Signals and the RAF have discovered how to make carrier pigeons deliver messages of war more quickly. The male bird is always eager to return to his mate. But to make him return quicker, the urgencies of the eternal triangle are introduced. Just before he is carried off he is shown the disturbing spectacle of his mate billowing with a rival. His return on the wings of jealousy is found to be 25 per cent. faster.

It's the same with the female. The fastest recorded speed of a RAF pigeon — 68.7 miles per hour — was made by a jealous hen.

Michael Eldersmith, ("Britain").

* * *

TO reverse the controversy: What do the Germans hope to do with the British when we have won the war?

Point is raised by a pamphlet which the Germans issued to all British prisoners of war before they left for Britain in 1919. One of the few remaining copies of this pamphlet has just reached me. It begins like this:

"A PARTING WORD!"

"Gentlemen, the war is over!" and it continues with many persuasive passages.

For example: "You have suffered in your confinement—as who would not? Your situation has been a difficult one. Our own has been desperate. Our country blockaded. There have been wrongs and evils on both sides. We hope that you will always think of that and be just."

"We are sorry that you saw so little of what we were proud of in the former Germany—our arts and sciences, our schools and industries, the beauties of our scenery, and the real soul of our people. But these things will remain in the new Germany."

Remain they did. And we can reasonably expect a similar psychological rearward action this time if the Germans get the opportunity to stage it.

William Hickey ("Daily Express").

* * *

IT seems that those serving in the Tactical Air Force in Normandy have come to the conclusion that few things can be more useful than a clothes brush. Without its aid Air Force blue resembles the colour of the German uniform because of the all-pervading dust. Here is a story sent me by George Fyfe.

A group captain was visiting an American camp for prisoners of war when to his astonishment, he discovered a RAF corporal among the captives. The corporal said he had been there for two and a half days.

"But why did you not reveal your identity?"

"Well, sir, I kept on trying to

tell them, but it had no effect. Every time I attempted to say anything a guard would threaten me with his revolver so violently that in the end I gave up."

Peterborough ("Daily Telegraph").

* * *

IN a restaurant at Cambridge a refugee professor, speaking English with that acquired precision which so often shames the native-born, ordered "figs and cream." The waitress brought a dish of figs covered with cream. "I ordered figs and cream," the professor protested. "There they are," she retorted. "But this is figs with cream," he persisted. "But I don't see..." she began, bewildered. "Madam," said the professor icily, "would you say a woman and child were the same as a woman with child?"

("English Digest")

* * *

SHORTLY after arriving in his new evacuation billets a little Cockney boy of nine said to his



"He got the one the fighters missed. Of course, he gave it both barrels."

—By Neb.

hostess, "What time do the sirens go here?"

"We don't have any sirens here," was the reply.

"Well, what time do you go off into the shelters?" he persisted.

"We don't go into the shelters in Lancaster."

"What a b—y hole!" was his perplexed and disgusted retort.

Miscellany ("Manchester Guardian").

* * *

WHERE are the singing sailors? In the old days a sailor without his song was unthinkable. Now if I want to hear a sea shanty or sea ballad I must turn to the landlubbers in the glee unions and male voice choirs. It is a sad reflection.



"You and I have nothing to fear from the British, Herr General. We're huntin' men, we never really liked Hitler, and we've always been kind to animals."

"Daily Express"

The very songs of the sailor of old have been lost. Where are "Time for us to go," "Jack Crosstree," and "Nancy ho," all of which Dana mentions in his tale of life before the mast? They have gone with the salt wind.

Then equally neglected are the sea ballads, telling of the exploits of the Navy, the life and loves of the sailors. In the old days nearly every celebrated sea commander was celebrated in song and every famous battle had its ballad. But the sailors after the last war never sang about the Falklands, Jutland or Zeebrugge. The sailor to-day does not sing of Dunkirk.

He turns on the Forces' programme—or takes his oboe to the symphony rehearsal

Northerner II ("Yorkshire Post").

* * *

THIS week brings the birth centenary of Dr W. A. Spooner, for fifty years Warden of New College, Oxford, and the putative father of the "spoonerism." Few seriously believed that the learned Warden was really guilty of converting "the health of our dear Queen" into "the health of our queer Dean," or "we deal at the stores" into "we steal at the doors," but undergraduate wits attached his name to such tongue-tanglers and the label stuck.

Perhaps the most preposterous of the many "spoonerisms" of which he was accused, was said to have fallen from him when, addressing an assembly of ladies who showed signs of fatigue, he broke off with "But I see I am speaking to beery wenches." On another occasion, given choice by his hostess of pears or figs as dessert, he was alleged to have responded: "Pigs, fleas."

("Scotsman").

quently cause severe mental depression.

With some types particular care should be taken, as a period of well-being is followed by more severe effects.

It should be remembered that some form of protective clothing especially civilian clothing, is the best possible safeguard.

Nevertheless, no position can be considered secure, and often a whole-scale evacuation may become immediately necessary.

The chief purpose of the NCO is to harass. So remember, keep calm, keep together, and don't panic.

C. M. Pinney.

THANK YOU, SCROUNGER, FOR MAKING THE WAR LAST LONGER

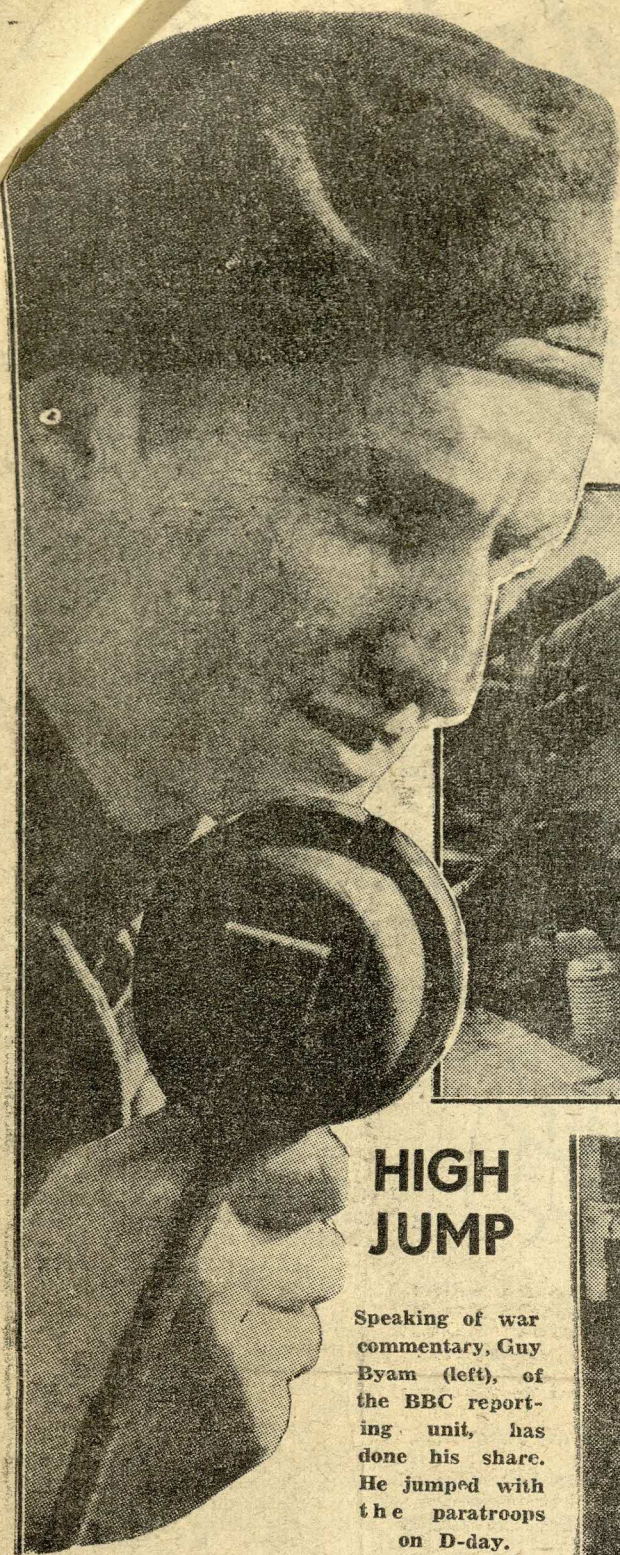
FOUR FRONTS

1 From the tiny island which, in four years of defiance, has broken Hitler's heart—**BRITAIN.**

3 From the country of incredible victory against the Hun and hills—**ITALY.**

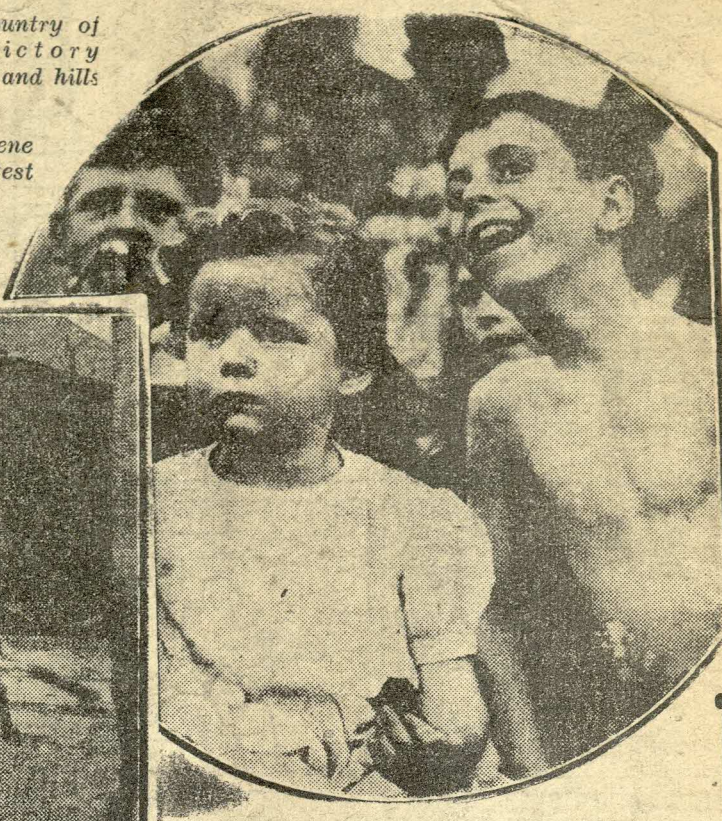
2 From the front where the Allies have stunned and are now crushing the enemy—**FRANCE.**

4 From the scene of the greatest military debacle in German, or any, history—**RUSSIA.**



HIGH JUMP

Speaking of war commentary, Guy Byam (left), of the BBC reporting unit, has done his share. He jumped with the paratroops on D-day.

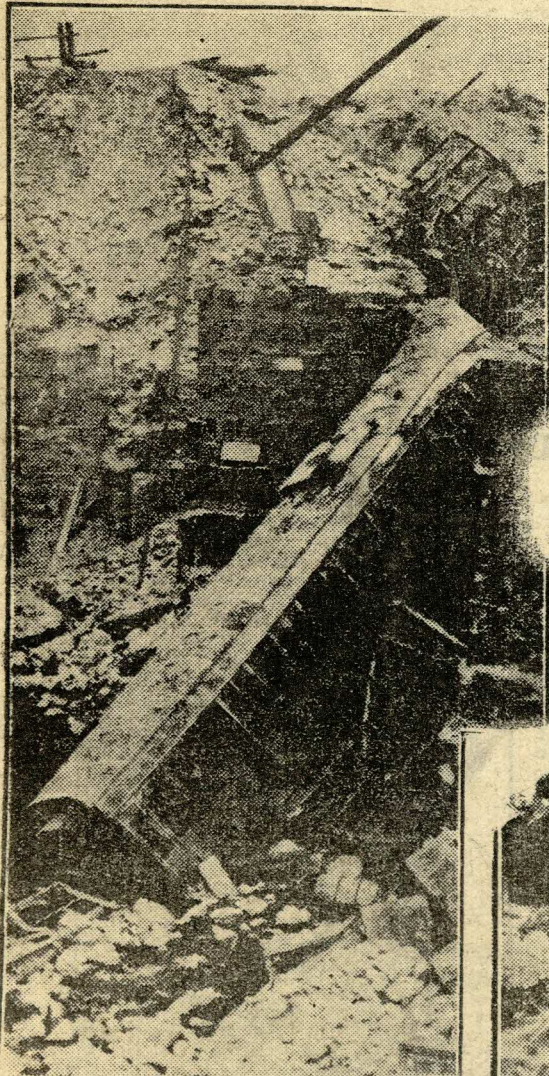
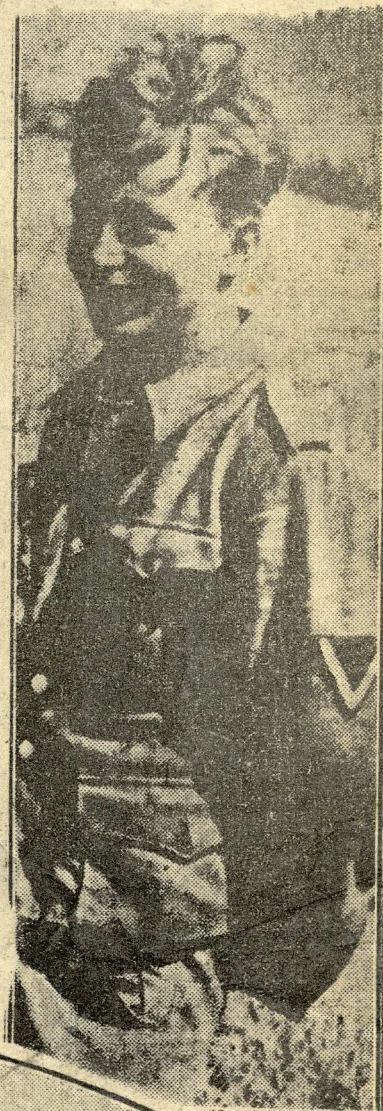


HOME FRONT

Last Monday was Bank Holiday. Did the youngsters enjoy themselves in the traditional style? These pictures give the answer.



FRANCE:— Troops wrote their own commentary on this "Hindenburg Bastion" captured on the West Front. Look at the German on the right, a mere boy, though an NCO. He seems glad to be an Allied prisoner.



ITALY:— Once upon a time in the north near Arezzo an enemy train, carrying petrol, oil and troops up to the front, was crossing a bridge. Suddenly along came an Allied bomber . . .



RUSSIA:— The Red Army rolls on—East Prussia is invaded. Warsaw outflanked. These are Russian guards in action.