June 3, 1944

PICTURE POST

HULTON'S NATIONAL WEEKLY

Special Issue :

OUR ALLY FRANCE

JUNE 3, 1944

Vol. 23. No. 10

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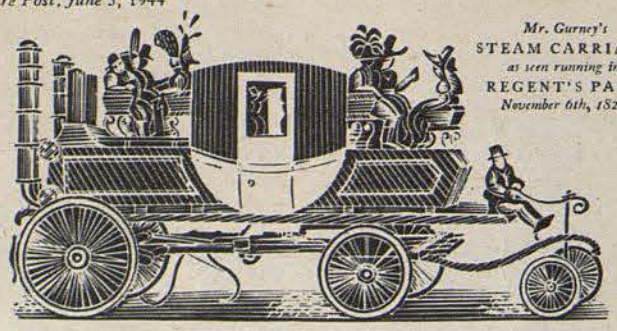

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When Mr. Gurney in 1826 invented a steam coach and a regular service was established between Gloucester and Cheltenham, he was not ahead of the times, as his subsequent failure seemed to prove. He was ahead of legislative thought, and this unhappily caused his downfall.

For despite a Select Committee's favourable report on Gurney's venture, and their recommendation for State aid, the Government of the day seemed determined to sweep mechanical transport off the roads. An Act was subsequently passed limiting speed to four miles an hour and requiring a man with a red flag to precede every mechanically-propelled vehicle; this put an effective spoke in the wheel of the new industry.

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CVS-97

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F.17

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Evan Williams

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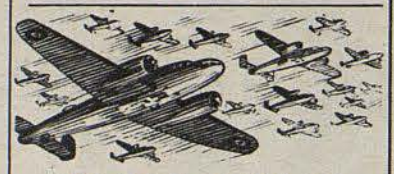

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CVS-65

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TO OUR READERS

A word about this issue

TO make a special number about France is a dream which some of us on the staff of Picture Post have cherished for a long time. We wanted to do it for two reasons : first to put into words the admiration which so many British men and women feel for the courage and determination of the French fighting spirit, the clarity and precision of the French mind, the overwhelming richness and fertility of French art, and the grace of the French way of life. Secondly, to present some reflection of this French civilisation—which is at the same time so splendid and so human, so near and yet so different from our own—to those millions of our own people who have not had the chance to make contact with this civilisation in their own lives.

Language is a bar; and war is a greater one. The ferment of ideas inside a nation which has suffered the shock of a great disaster, and is determined at all costs to rise superior to that shock, could produce a third and greater bar—of misunderstanding and mistrust.

The people of France may at any time be called upon to make a great act of faith in their Allies. They may see our troops fighting on their own soil, destroying their little towns and farms, tearing up the fields which—even through the last years—they have somehow managed to cultivate. Many would, inevitably, see those they love killed or injured in the struggle. Many more would lose their own lives in the attempt to help our men. French soldiers may be called upon for a still sterner form of courage, to fight over the land they love, without thought for that land, in the need to drive out and destroy the enemy.

For a man—a man even more than for a woman—to be separated forcibly from his country, to see his country under an enemy's control, is a form of mutilation, causing a daily suffering as painful as a disfiguring disease. It is hard for us in Britain even to imagine the passionate longing with which Frenchmen—and others of our Allies—look forward to the day of liberation. It means to them what the end of winter and the coming of spring meant to the men of the Middle Ages. It is not only that the air is warm and the birds sing, but the roads are open after the mud and frost of winter. It is possible to move, to go out into the world, to see the beloved faces. But the day of liberation, when it comes, will be dark with the private tragedies and sufferings through which it will be introduced, and with the many personal disasters—hidden for the last four years—which it will disclose inside the liberated countries.

When the moment comes, we shall ask the French people to risk everything in the common cause, and to trust to the British and American peoples to help them hereafter to make good those of their losses which can be at all made good; and to assist them, by their own efforts, to restore France to her great position in the world. The French have to make an immense act of faith in us. We have to make an act of faith in them.

We have the obligation to keep our eyes clear, and to make our principles plain, while the work of political reconstruction is carried on, inside and outside France, during the war, and after it is over. It is our duty to see clearly. It will sometimes be our duty to advise. But it is also always our duty to extend the utmost tolerance and sympathy to the French people as they find their way through their present difficulties —just as we should to a personal friend in his own troubles. We have to see, and to insist on seeing, underneath the troubles and changes through which France will hammer out her new social order, those eternal values which are her own, and can never be made good or replaced by any other nation.

In May, 1940, we were planning to produce a special number on France, our ally in the struggle against Germany. In comparison with the number we could have made then, the present one is slight, because there is so little paper available to make it.

But the number made in 1940 would have been concerned with the France of 1940. In making our number to-day we have tried to go deeper down, to the France that persists through defeats, through great constitutional changes, through the loss of generations of her bravest men. It was to this France that Winston Churchill, in June, 1940, made his historic offer of a union of our two peoples—an attempt to turn the tide of history by a gesture of confidence in the moment of disaster. And in making this number we have tried to think of ourselves, not as journalists doing a week's work, but as the voice of our own people to that other people twenty miles away.

Britain has survived and has been transformed. France is being reborn. On the extent to which our two countries can work together and think alike in the years after the war may easily depend the fresh shining-out, or the final clouding-over, of our European civilisation, which has been the sunshine of the world for two-thousand-five-hundred years.

TOM HOPKINSON

When you were very young

The name CHILPRUFE stood and still stands for the best underwear procurable. Its Protection and Durability are qualities every Mother appreciates. Now today it is your problem and your desire to provide the same protection for your children so that they will grow healthy and happy. And so the Chilprufe tradition goes on.

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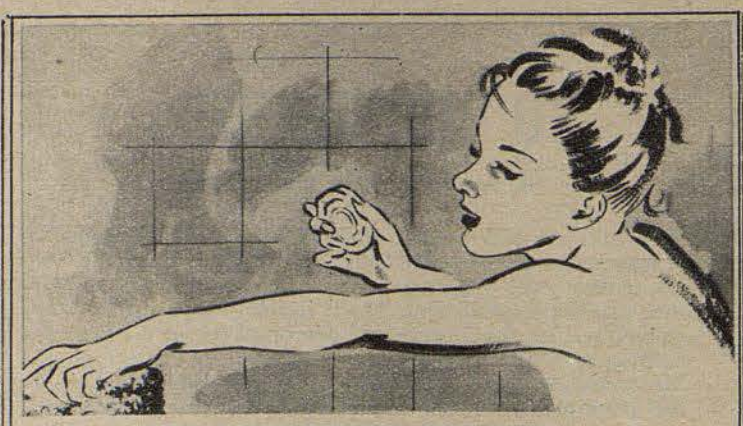

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RS.3—817

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Any land girl can tell you that while sunshine is a good thing, you can have too much of it at times. But few of us are land girls, and when our time (and overtime) is spent in a factory or office we may be sun-starved even in sweltering summer.

Nobody can bring the sun under a roof, but many enlightened employers have done the next best thing. They have fitted up Solaria where 'all hands' are free to renew their energies with invigorating sunbaths of ultra-violet rays from Hanovia lamps.

This was not just a war-time emergency measure. 'Sunbaths' in industry go back twenty years. Now that war has shown how good they are for workers (and warriors) they will be wanted more than ever when our warriors come back to their work.

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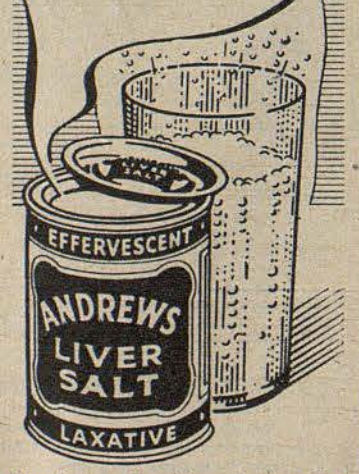

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EDITOR **TOM HOPKINSON**
FOUNDER **EDWARD HULTON**

Picture Post is Published by Hulton Press, Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Telephone: Central 7400 (22 lines).

Jugged Beef–

A useful casserole dish that can be left to cook itself

HERE'S a really excellent meat meal that can be left to look after itself. You simply prepare the meat and vegetables and pop them into a slow oven.

Use a "Pyrex" brand casserole, if you're lucky enough to possess one. Then you can carry the lovely glass dish, sizzling hot, straight from oven to table. No food is wasted by dishing up, and you have no saucepans to wash up.

Besides, food cooked in a "Pyrex" brand casserole cooks evenly all through — doesn't frizzle up or burn. It cooks in its own juices, none of the goodness is lost. You'll find that glass retains heat, so you won't need to keep your oven on so long.

The recipe given here is approved by the Ministry of Food. To make it, you need 2lbs. rolled flank of beef or short rib, a bunch of mixed herbs (thyme, sage, parsley and bayleaf); 2 small onions, each stuck with a clove; 2 or 3 carrots (chopped small); ½ teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 or 3 tablespoons piquant sauce; 4 tablespoons flour.

Mix together flour, salt, and pepper, and thickly coat the meat with it. Put into a "Pyrex" brand casserole with onions, carrots and herbs. Mix the sauce with enough water to cover the meat. Put lid on the casserole and cook in a slow oven for at least 2 hours. For long cooking, use a very low heat which consumes very little fuel.

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THE SOLID CORE OF THE NATION: A PARISIAN, LEADING HIS DAUGHTER TO HER WEDDING, TYPIFIES FRENCH FAMILY LIFE
It is the great day of her life, the day she puts on her white gown and walks on Papa's arm to the wedding. But it is a great day in his life too. For in France, the tradition of the family—family loyalty, family affection, family pride—is still strong. The family sticks together through thick and thin, and works together for independence and security.

THE FRENCH WAY OF LIFE

by Rebecca West

They are a different people from ourselves—not only in their history but in the way they conduct their lives. Many English people who have lived there believe that in France there is a special secret of living. What is this secret?

THOSE of us who are past their youth very frequently have occasion in these days to be sorry for the young. A child who has never eaten a chocolate éclair or counted the months to the annual trek to the seaside is being fobbed off with what might be called a household infancy, a powdered childhood, a Spam youth. But I am sorrier still for the young men and women who have never been to France. It is true that the mass of young men and women in Great Britain never did go to France. But those that had money, even if they had only a very little, usually managed to make the journey, and what they brought back was of enduring value for those who stayed at home.

This was not because France was so much more beautiful than other countries. Italy was as beautiful as regards scenery and architecture, and England and Scotland can hold their own as regards scenery. It was not, either, because France had such an unrivalled collection of works of art, for the galleries of Florence and Madrid and Berlin and Vienna had as good or better. The special value of a visit to France lay not there but in the opportunity it afforded for contact with the French way of living, which was in many respects an example to the whole world.

Let it not be believed, however, that France is, as the fancy of those who have never been there often paints it, a country populated by men and women with charming manners, who turn every social occasion into a display of graciousness. The special weakness of the French is bad temper and lack of self-control, and this often makes them intolerably rude, particularly to strangers. We English are often surly. The French, however, are quite as often volcanically insulting. I have stepped off

THEIR GAIETY IS FREE OF ALL SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Outside the Church of the Sorbonne, where Richelieu is buried, the younger Parisians dance, sip their drinks and talk without fearing for their dignity. This is the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, and in every street and café a band or a single accordion plays, and there is the same atmosphere of serious enjoyment. In such an atmosphere, visitors think they have found the secret of French life.

THE FRENCH IN PUBLIC

The shopkeeper's private life is a life of struggle—struggle when her husband went to the last war, struggle when her son went to this. But most of her life is lived in public, noting what happens in the market square and commenting on it to others who are equally observant. This keeps her mentally alert.

★

RIGHT: THEY TALK AND ARGUE OUT OF DOORS

The woman taking the pig to market screams exactly what she thinks when her grand-daughter brings a message. The woman with the umbrella fearlessly intervenes. The pig in the foreground moans. Though their dress and setting are Breton, they are members of the preponderant mass of French country people—the peasants on the smallholdings, who do everything for themselves, and have no time to stand on ceremony.

the train at a small French railway-station and been immediately greeted with a stream of abuse, just because the station-master happened to be feeling annoyed. The worth of the French way of living certainly does not depend on its polish. Its merits lie far deeper.

The truth is that the French are a tough people of great physical and mental powers. They have always had these powers. Historians used to allege that they owed them to the civilising influence of the Romans, who annexed France about two thousand years ago, but some modern writers are of the opinion that before that date the native French had a remarkable civilisation of their own. There are those who say that all peoples are the same in national endowment. This is stuff and nonsense. It is certain that the mineral constituents of the soil in different countries affect the physical make-up of the people who eat the crops grown in that soil. We see the process clearly enough in the animal world. The soil of the Channel Islands, for example, produces a particular variation of the cow, small-boned, hardy, and given to yielding a comparatively small quantity of milk extremely rich in butter fat. Physical make-up affects mental make-up. Thus different people have different gifts. And the soil of France has produced a particular variation of humanity which is afflicted with an itch; an itch to make and to do; and to make and to do only what is perfect.

Their Goal: To Do Things Well

That is the French way of living: to try to do things well. This is not to say that they are, as foreigners sometimes imagine them, clever and competent. They are artists, and artists are very rarely either of these things. Do not be misled because the French have earned a reputation for supremacy in cooking, which might seem to the

RIGHT: THE MINER WHO LIVES IN A GRIMMER FRANCE
He lives in the North, in a row of monotonous houses, among slag-heaps and canals, under a smoky sky. The mines in which he works are, many of them, old-fashioned and dangerous. A history of strikes and industrial struggle is written on his face.

English an activity to be carried on by the exercise of calm good sense, applied to the production of anticipated and approved results. French cookery was not like that. It was a frenzied search for perfection.

There used to be a restaurant in Lyons, where one ate a dinner as good as any that was served anywhere on earth. But it was always the same dinner and the main dish was always the same ; a boiled chicken stuffed with truffles. (Chicken in half-mourning, it was called: the truffles were black, the chicken white and shining, an Annunciation Lily among birds.) The cook had cooked it so often that not the kitchen staff in Heaven could have suggested an improvement, and all his assistants had cooked it so often under his direction that it would have been hard to detect the lack of the master's hand.

Had the cook, therefore, sat back and regarded his preparation of the dish as a final achievement, which called for no further effort? No. He had pushed his effort a stage further back. He was engaged in extensive researches into what would constitute the perfect chicken for this particular treatment : what breed it should be, what age it should be, how it should have been fed, how it should be killed, how long it should be hung. I have no doubt that that fanatical man resents this war very largely as an interruption of these researches.

But this was an expensive restaurant, the enemies of France will sneer. Yes, it was. The labourer is worthy of his hire. But what of it? Well, merely

Continued overleaf

LEFT: FOR THE WORKERS THE "BISTRO" IS A CLUB
Here they play, argue, display their wits. Their political consciousness is high. Their conversation shows a mixture of good humour, cynicism, and derision. Many of them are skilled craftsmen—the French have a passion for doing practical things well.

THE FRENCH WAY OF LIFE—*Continued*

that the French are materialists, pandering to the tourist and the spendthrift. But they are not. Those that pandered to the tourist and the spendthrift did their task so much better than their equivalents in other countries, kindling so much real beauty out of ephemeral entertainment, that they excited more remark. But this French itch for excellence exerts itself chiefly in fields which could not be more pleasing to the idealist. I have not spent so much of my life in France; ten summers, and perhaps another twenty visits. But I can recall innumerable examples of French men and women who sacrificed themselves, for no personal interest, to what was to them the paramount necessity of doing their jobs well.

The Artist in the Frenchman

I can call to mind, for instance, a French jobbing gardener at a seaside resort, who looked after the garden of a villa I rented. He never saw his permanent employer, who lived in Paris and was an invalid; her agents never inspected the place; he would never see me again after I left and I did not pay him his wages. But he rose from his bed in the middle of the night and bicycled three miles along a coastal road in pitch darkness to protect some flowers from a sudden frost. He was not going to sell those flowers. They had no claim on him except that he thought they were going to look beautiful.

An American scientist once told me a story of the same sort of grace. As a young man he had worked in a bacteriological institute in Paris, and he had a French laboratory assistant. The man was without scientific training; there was no prospect of advancement before him, he was doomed to be a bottle washer for ever. He was paid a miserable pittance, and my friend was too poor to tip him. But, while the scientist was working on an experiment that needed continuous observation, he stayed up all night to help him, working thirty-six hours on end.

The artist in the Frenchman makes him achieve countless triumphs. The truffles are dark, the chicken as white as snow and almost as insubstantial; the flowers bloom and are beautiful; the virus is found. But the Frenchman who is not an artist, who lacks this itch for excellence, lacks nearly everything. A Frenchman who does not work rather harder and better than the inhabitants of other countries works hardly at all and vilely. Lazy, bungling, grasping, insolent, he exasperates the foreigner; and he exasperates other Frenchmen too. (Never blame another country for its civil wars. It may know its own business best.)

This artistic preoccupation shapes French social customs in unexpected ways. If a man is an artist, spending himself without stint on his work, he needs support. The steadiest support an individual can receive comes, when all is said and done, from his family. Therefore the French cultivate the idea of the family with reverence hard for us to understand. The pretence of the early twentieth-century English intellectuals that people do not like their relatives now seems very old-fashioned. Probably the vast majority of the British people, if they could have one wish granted to-day, would choose to see an absent relative. Even so, the intensity of French family ties is probably still beyond English experience.

To give a practical example, a French servant I once employed, who was not, I think, a notably unselfish person, saved all her wages over a considerable period in order to buy a second cousin of hers, who was a poor widow, a set of false teeth. A committee of relatives called on her one Sunday afternoon, and pointed out that, as they were paying for the apprenticeships of the widow's children, she was the right person to shoulder this obligation; and she cheerfully complied. This helpfulness within the family group explains a great many restrictions on the individual which seem to us tyrannous. A French man or woman is subjected by custom, and to some extent by the law, to a degree of interference by his family with his marital affairs and his disposal of his means which an English man or woman would greatly resent; but this is not unfair when it is understood that the family would consider themselves bound to relieve any misfortune he might suffer to a degree not usual in England. It is worth noting that a great many French writers and painters, who contributed to the glorious record of their country in the nineteenth century, were supported for years by relatives who had gone into commerce or industry.

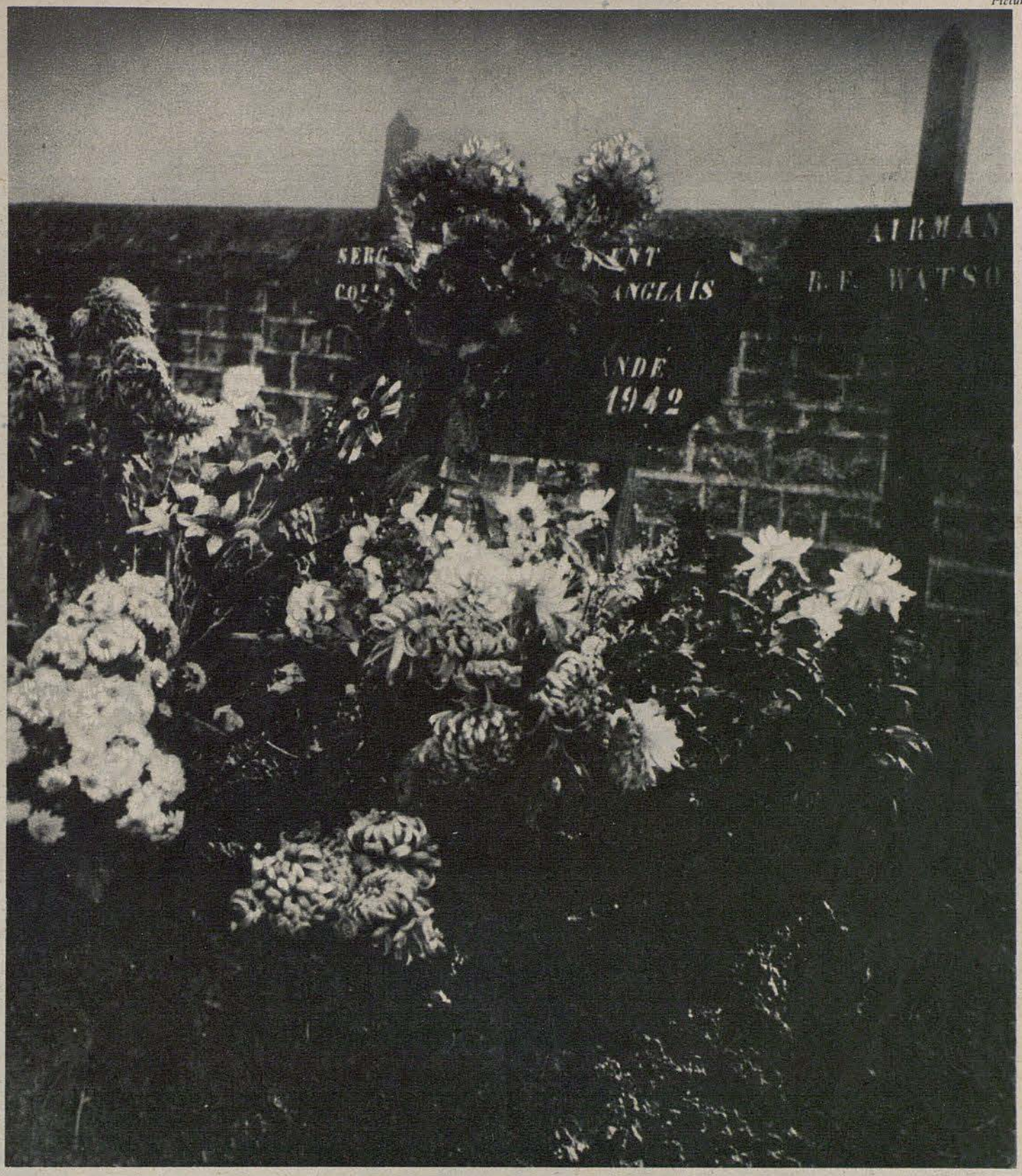
PARIS: THE HEART OF THE CITY THAT WAS THE CENTRE OF CIVILISATION
One of the most famous and busiest street corners in the world. And, in and out among the traffic, the people wander underneath the trees, exactly as in a garden.

What the Family Means to the French

This reverence for the family, however, is not merely a financial convenience. It has profound emotional roots, which are indicated by the attitude of the law and the press to criminals who have murdered a father or a mother. This is, of course, nowhere a popular crime, although Professor Joad's frequent references on the Brains Trust to the distastefulness of all family ties might make us anticipate a brave new Britain where it will be. But in France it is regarded with a peculiarly passionate abhorrence. Such a murderer is still hung, according to medieval ordinance, in a black hood; and the references to their crimes in the Press are full of loathing. Some years ago a Parisian girl called Violette Nozières was accused of killing her father. She made allegations against him which, if they had been proved, would have softened the heart of the British public towards her. They had no such effect on the French public, who regarded the crime as absolute and not palliated by any consideration whatsoever. It is possible that the French feel the institution of the family to be a defence against certain dangers inherent in their artistic nature, such as a tendency to excessively experimental behaviour, lassitude in the face of failure, and an indifference to outer order which comes of intense concentration on the inner life.

It must never be forgotten that the French way of living was, essentially, a struggle against difficulties. For many valid reasons France has not been so fortunate in her national organisation as other countries. The Frenchman, being an artist and therefore an individualist, does not usually work well for the community. The country, which is composed of districts of vastly different character, some rich, some poor, is not easy to treat as a unit; though it is absurd to compare Napoleon, who had great intellectual gifts, with Hitler, Napoleon left France in the same sort of state of economic distress in which Hitler will leave Germany; and the French have had to govern themselves and their colonies ever since by underpaid civil servants, who were highly corruptible, and when they were blameless were inefficient through poverty. For the best part of a hundred years all political, social, and economic development has been held back by the justified fear of awakening Germany. Therein lies the real miracle of the French way of living. For out of this ceaseless conflict with difficulties coming from within and from without it often created an illusion that it knew no difficulties at all.

Many strangers from far more care-free countries often remember in these days how they ate at a table outside an inn in a quay by the Seine, or sat with the Sunday picnickers among the glades of Fontainebleau, or stood with the fisher folk of a Mediterranean port and watched the fireworks blaze up among the Southern stars, while adults and children alike cried out in childlike ecstasy; and it seems to them that then, and then only, did they enjoy a life magically freed from care.



WHAT THE FRENCH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT MEANS TO US: GRAVES OF BRITISH AIRMEN IN A FRENCH TOWN
As our airmen fly over France, the people rush out and wave to them. If an R.A.F. man is killed, the people of France cover the grave with flowers.

HOW THE FRENCH IN FRANCE FIGHT ON

by Hilary St. George Saunders

Who are the real Frenchmen? Not the collaborators, who are few in number and hated by their countrymen. The ordinary men and women who fight on, —these are the real France.

LIKE many others I have of late wondered what reception the sailors, soldiers and airmen, British and American, will get if they set foot on the soil of France. Some of them, those who went through Dunkirk, have been there before during this war. A few will have memories of what France was like in the last war, but for the great majority this trip to the country of our ally would be the first.

I write ally advisedly, for that is the first point I would make. France is our ally and has never ceased to be our ally. But by France I do not mean Pétain and Laval, de Brinon and Darnand, and all the other men of Vichy, that crowd of now trembling collaborationists. Nor do I mean the herd of white-faced officials whispering in the corridors and on the broad, blue-carpeted staircase of the French Ministry of Information during those dreadful June days in 1940, when I watched the faint-hearted begin to run away and the Fifth Columnists raise their dishonourable heads. Nor do I mean the rich bourgeois with their wives and daughters, packing the restaurants and café terraces at Bordeaux and proclaiming in a variety of tones the one theme "the Germans are, after all, very correct." No, I do not mean these, who number, all told, but a few

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THE TRIBUTE OF A FIGHTING ALLY
The French people honour the graves of British airmen who fell fighting over France.

thousand of the forty millions of French men and women. I mean the real French, the workers in the red belt round Paris, whose leaders Daladier so unwisely proscribed in 1939; the farmer and the farm-hands in the countless fields of France; the wood-cutters and charcoal burners in her forests; the vine dressers in her vineyards; the butchers, the bakers, the garage hands, the grocers, and the rest with their one-man businesses in her provincial towns and villages; the engine and lorry drivers; the electricians, the factory operatives—in a word, all the workers, from the highly skilled to the errand boys who used to deliver the long, pointed French loaves. Nor would I forget the local authorities, the mayor and the sub-prefect. Yes, and the village curé and the village policeman—all those elements, in fact, which form the body of the French nation, and which have never lost or betrayed her soul.

These are our allies and have always been our allies, and it is these people whom our soldiers will meet. Not all of them; many thousands are already dead, many thousands are still to die. For they are the actual or potential casualties of a great army, the plain clothes army of France.

The Real France Fights On

Of late, many of us have listened to talk about what the French will do in the invasion. Well, I believe that that army will continue to fight with redoubled ardour. I say deliberately "continue to fight," for they have been in action since the 18th June, 1940. Therefore, I think, the invading troops are going to meet fighters, and fighters who have waged war for four long years. There has gradually grown up among some of us a tendency to judge the French by the conduct of those who are living outside her borders, by that of the exiles. Many of them are in arms and have fought gallantly in many places, on land at Bir Hakim, Tunisia, Southern Italy, on sea in the Atlantic, and in the air all over Western Europe. But the ordinary man does not see much of these men and he is apt to derive his impressions of France from what he reads in the Press about the difficulties and disputes surrounding the birth and childhood of the French National Committee in Algiers. That exiles should quarrel among themselves seems inevitable. If Englishmen had been forced to flee from this island, say to Canada, and there establish a fighting base, I do not suppose for a moment they would have presented a united political front. Tories would have remained Tories, Socialists Socialists. In the free atmosphere of Canada or the United States they would have stuck to their opinions and been allowed to stick to them.

That is what has happened among some of the emigrés over here. But over them, I fancy, there is no need to worry. They have their chosen war leader, and the difficulties which he has encountered in uniting them for the purpose of carrying on the fight and which he seems very largely to have overcome, need be of no concern to the man in the assault landing craft. The emigrés will be at his side or behind him. It is those in front who matter, and about them he can feel re-assured. He will not find quarrels and bickerings in France itself. Of that I am convinced. He will not find them for the simple reason that France is not free and that the very fact of having to exist under the heel of a hated and hereditary foe has caused differences of politics, of class, of religion, to disappear. This plain clothes army is as united in the business of fighting as are our own men, who wear the King's uniform or that of the United States. I have heard too many stories of what is going on and has been going on, in France for the last four years, to have any doubt in my mind on this. These stories will one day be told in detail, and it will be found that they all have the same plot; how the Communist was snatched from the clutches of the Gestapo by the local curé, and how the two then went together to contrive the escape from prison of the local Count.

Toughened by Oppression

Besides unity, I think our men are going to find a passionate desire for action based on a hatred of the Germans which even we in this country, with all we have gone through, find hard to measure. To such an extent is this hatred a solid thing in the life of the Frenchman to-day that those controlling the Underground Movement have, especially of late, had the greatest difficulty in inducing the population, especially the working classes, to have patience, not to strike until we strike, not to rise against their oppressors until the invasion fleet is hull up over the

Continued on page 16

NOTE DE M. LE J. I. A MONTELIMAR DU 14 MARS 1944

Il y a lieu de rechercher l'identité des 32 individus figurant sur les photographies ci-dessous, dont l'identité supposée figure au bas de chaque photo. Ces cadavres ont été decouverts a Izon-la-Bruisse (Drôme) le 22 Fevrier, 1944.

DUPRE ? | HAURIOL ? | COLLARD ?

ANDRE ? | LE HENOFF ? | BLANCHARD ?

HAURIOL ? | ROGER ? | ROUSTAN ?

SIRON ? | ARNAL ? | ?

VICTIMS OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT: THIS IS AN OFFICIAL

WHAT THE NOTE SAYS: IT IS ISSUED BY THE INVESTIGATING OFFICIAL

It is necessary to investigate the identities of the 32 persons shown in the photographs below. The believed identity of each is shown under the pictures. The bodies were discovered at Izon-la-Bruisse (Drôme) on February 22, 1944.

ETTERE ? | BASSE ? | RIBAUD ? | PEDRO ? | COUDON ?

JOUVE ? | PRAVEL ? | MIRABEL ? | AGORA ? | MOUDON ?

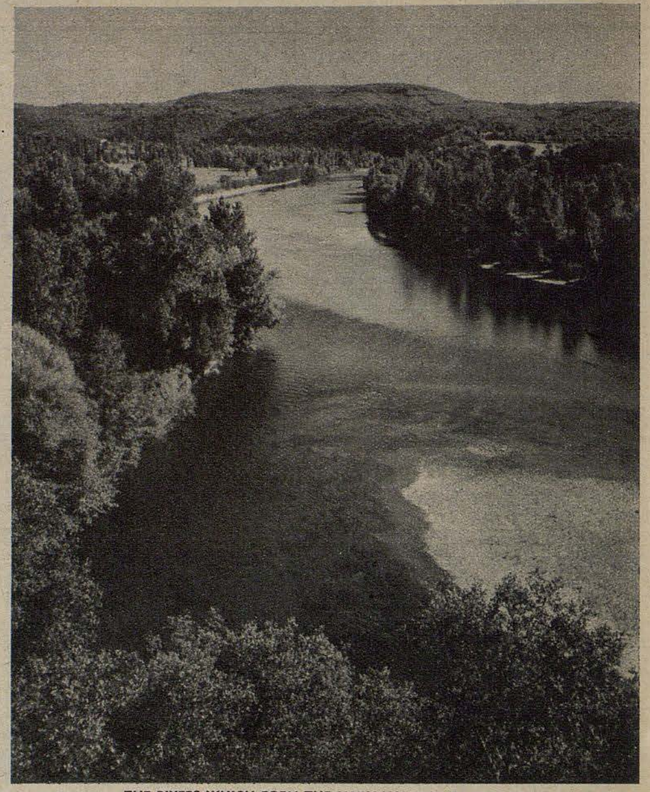
NOEL ? | ARNOUX ? | VILBERT ? | LATIL ? | BLANCHET ?

CARRIER ? | ALIBERT ? | PIROU ? | TRANCHET ? | ZOHAM ?

VICHY POLICE LIST OF 32 UNKNOWN PERSONS IN ONE SMALL TOWN WHOM THE PUBLIC ARE ASKED TO IDENTIFY

THE LONG COAST THAT GIVES A WIDE-EYED VISION OF THE WORLD

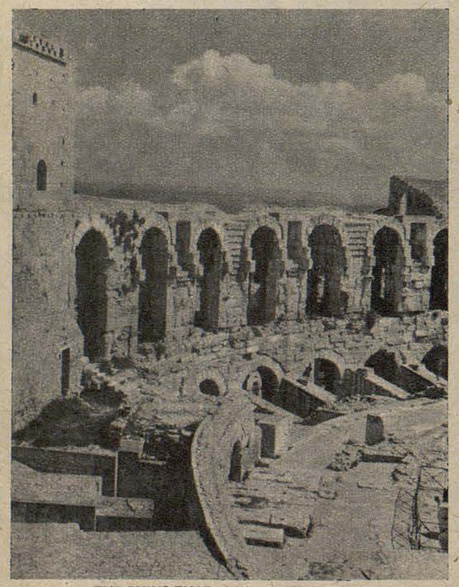
For two thousand miles she looks on the world, from high white cliffs, from sandy beaches, from the rocky shores of the South. Steep cliffs topped with springy turf look across to England from Etaples.



THE RIVERS WHICH FORM THE NATIONAL MAP OF FRANCE

Many broad rivers flow through France, watering the forests, the vineyards and the crops. The Dordogne country is rich and wooded, and travellers from all over the world remember its beauty—and its wonderful food.

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY FOR WHOSE FREEDOM FRENCHMEN ARE LAYING DOWN THEIR LIVES



THE RUINS THAT LINK HER TO THE PAST

The glory of Rome is preserved in the theatre at Arles, and France's history is joined to an older culture.

THE PORTS THAT LINK HER TO THE PRESENT

The wine, the fruit, the silks, the fashions—all the good things of life at which France excelled—passed through busy, cosmopolitan ports like Marseilles.

THE SUN-BAKED COUNTRY PAINTERS LOVE

The church bell is tolling, the old couple in black slowly descend the worn steps. And somewhere yet another painter is trying to capture the beauty of the olive groves, the still villages, the blue sky and the burning sun of Provence.

THE MOUNTAINS THAT TOWER OVER HER EASTERN BORDER

The gabled roofs, the winding streets, the shafts of sunlight and deep shadows—this is your dream of a mountain village. It nestles at the foot of Mount Pelvoux in the Alps.

THE CHURCHES THAT TESTIFY TO THE DEVOUTNESS OF MEN'S FAITH

The Middle Ages saw a great flowering of religious architecture. The gale-swept Chapel of St. Michel d'Aiguilhe, at Le Puy, is an eternal monument to the faith of a great religious period.

THE PORT WHICH SHELTERED HER SEA POWER

The woods come down to the beach. And the beach shelves softly into a deep blue sea. Even the great port of Toulon is beautiful.

HOW THE FRENCH IN FRANCE FIGHT ON—*Continued*

horizon. The occasions in which French workmen, goaded beyond endurance, have paid the instant and final penalty are too numerous to leave any doubt on that score.

A third thing the invaders will find which may surprise them is the great toughness of the population. We know our own soldiers and those of our Allies possess that quality and, indeed, the enemy has more than once acknowledged it. Well, in a competition in toughness the French will certainly not take second place. In one terrible respect their plain clothes army differs from our own. Our soldiers go out to fight knowing that behind them their loved ones—wife, children, mother, sister—are comparatively safe. True, they may fall victims to a German bomb, but there has been no heavy blitzing for three years. True, most of them are working hard. True, the allowances paid to them may not be as high or as generous as they would like; but they have enough to eat; the children are at school; there is the cinema at the end of the road, and, above all, they can say what they like to whom they please. But what is the position of the French plain clothes soldier? If the Germans suspect his identity, not only is he shewn no mercy, but his relatives, even on occasion to distant cousins, suffer his fate. So much is this so that the men of the Maquis take an oath never to communicate with their families and to pass under assumed names. They are comparatively fortunate. It is the resisters in the towns, the doctor in his consulting room, or the priest in his vestry, or the baker in his shop, who run even greater risks; for they fight knowing that if they are caught their whole families are wiped out. They are the greatest heroes of all. So the French will certainly be tough.

I fancy that not many of the Gestapo will be met with, the true Gestapo, that is, the German brand. The Hun is a shade too clever for that. He has for long worked through French traitors, that Submerged Tenth which is to be found in all great nations and which is normally kept behind bars. It did not take the Germans very long to release all these criminals, some of them of the lowest and most depraved kind, and turn them into what amounts to a Secret Police. Those who are most expert, at this, the foulest of foul jobs, are, I am told, the souteneurs, the vile ponces who live upon the earnings of women. These men are cunning and dangerous, and it is these who have done the Germans' dirty work for many months.

Who Are the Vichy Police?

As for the French police, most of the original force has disappeared. Many have been forcibly pensioned, many shot. The Germans never really trusted them, nor did Pétain or Laval. Their attitude can, I think, be summed up in the words of one of them who, when making an arrest, was reproached by his victim, a member of the Underground Movement, for helping the enemy. "My grandfather was ruined by the Boche in 1870," he said. "My father was killed by them in 1914. I, myself, have been ruined by them in 1940. Do you think I have any love for them? I am doing my duty now because if I did not, even worse would befall. Mine is a harder task than yours. You have only to fight; I have to pretend and by so doing help you to fight." He let the man go and was soon afterwards found out and shot.

Many of the Vichy police are composed of young men who entered their ranks to escape forced labour in Germany. From the German point of view they, too, are not reliable, any more than the bourgoisie, though here I think caution is necessary. The well-to-do have many of them been more concerned with keeping their possessions and maintaining their standard of life than with fighting back. Theirs is the class who enthusiastically supported Pétain. "The old marshal, he will see us through," they said, and were content to put upon his aged shoulders all the responsibilities which they refused to face. As the months, then the years crawled by and Britain, far from giving way, began to hit back, these gentry became uneasy. Their consciences began to prick them and, worse still, their pockets felt insecure. Now many of them are seeking to trim their sails to the tremendous wind which is beginning to blow out of the west. They are trying to follow in the wake of those honourable exceptions to their class, regular officers many of them, who have never ceased to fight. Pétain has become a doddering symbol and Laval a broken reed. For some months now that arch-enemy of England has not dared to move about except in an armoured car surrounded by a strong motor-cycle escort armed with sub-machine guns. He dare not quit even Vichy in any other fashion.

Let this article end with an authenticated story to show the spirit of the French. One of them, who owned a printing works, presently began stealthily to produce one of the two hundred clandestine newspapers which are now circulating in Europe. Little by little, he took the few workmen he employed into his confidence. Little by little, circulation increased. The trouble was to get the paper on which to print it. Presently, mysterious thefts of paper from the quota he was allowed began to take place at short, irregular intervals. The Germans were angry, so was the owner of the plant. He went to them with tears in his eyes. He could not understand it. He had set a severe watch and still quantities of paper disappeared. He himself was the thief. Then money failed, for it costs a lot to produce a clandestine newspaper and he could no longer pay his workmen. They came to him in a body and said, "We will be paid by victory." Of course, he was caught in the end and dragged to gaol by a French agent. When the man locked him into a cell he pulled out a copy of the clandestine newspaper from his pocket and said, "This is my most treasured possession."

There, then, is France as I believe she is to-day, "a land of frequent incombustions, full of massacres," but a land, too, where hope still flourishes and where gaunt, determined men, who have nothing more to lose, wait in their thousands with eager knives prepared to play their part in the great battle which will give them freedom.

DURING THE NIGHT, THE MAQUIS STRIKE A BLOW FOR THE ALLIES

A flash lights up Grenoble. The men of the Maquis have struck again. The townsfolk lie in their beds listening joyfully as the German Artillery Park goes up in a series of rumbling explosions.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING: THE PRICE THAT FRANCE EXACTS FROM THE INVADER

Hostages are arrested by the Germans. The Maquis send an ultimatum demanding their immediate release. The Germans refuse. The answer of the Maquis is to blow up the German barracks, too.

THE FRENCH COUPLE

TO the French, human relations can be fun; they can be grim; they can be sweet; they can be melancholy; they can be gay and trivial; they can be deep and romantic. But they are never an embarrassment. Love and friendship are nothing to run away from, to hide self-consciously. They're a natural part of life, and their expression arouses no special notice in the onlooker or passer-by.

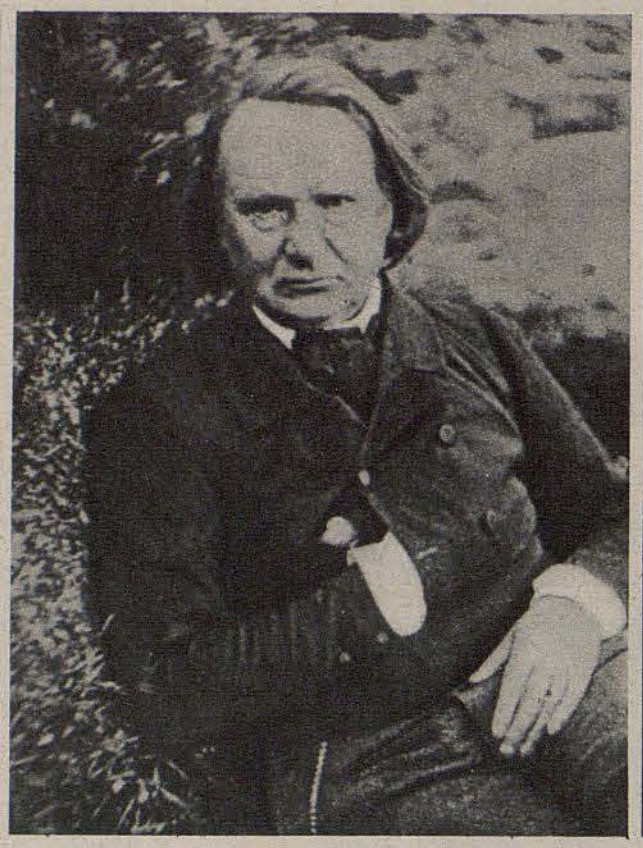
ABOVE
You see them sitting at café tables in provincial towns, or resting quietly at their own front doors. The old couple whose greatest pleasure is companionship.

RIGHT
You see them walking arm in arm, shopping, lunching, dancing and dining together, openly delighted with each other's company. The young couple in love.

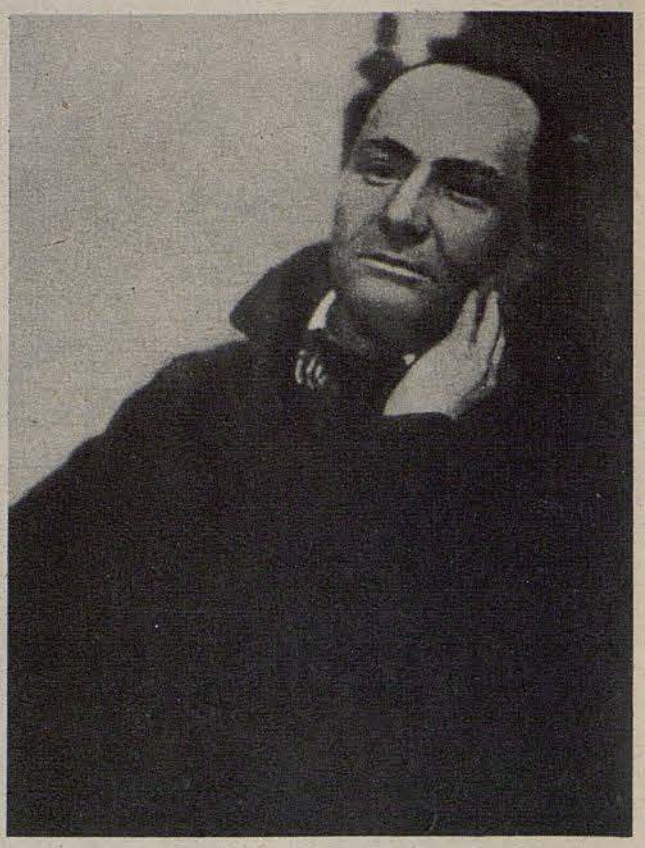
You see them going long hikes together, cycling on a tandem, joining a mixed camp for the holidays. The young sports enthusiasts who like jolly company.

You see them dining in cafés, dancing in night clubs, openly flirting. They are perfectly correct by social custom in behaving as they please, even in towns or crowded places. The only thing incorrect is to take any notice of them.

THE WRITERS: BALZAC, THE NOVELIST
One of the greatest of the world's novelists, enraptured by the richness of human life. Born, Tours, 1799, he spent his life in a struggle with debts, and grouped his greater works under the title, "The Human Comedy." Died, 1850.



HUGO, THE ROMANTIC WRITER
The greatest literary influence in nineteenth-century France. Born in 1802, became the leader of the Romantics in 1827. Exiled by Napoleon III. His drama is dead, his novels are inferior. but his poetry remains. Died in 1885.



BAUDELAIRE, THE MODERN POET
Outstanding poet of nineteenth-century France. Born in 1821, published "Fleurs du Mal" in 1857. Both in ideas and technique, his work has exercised an unparalleled influence on modern poets in England and France. Died in an asylum, 1867

WHAT FRANCE MEANS TO OUR CIVILISATION

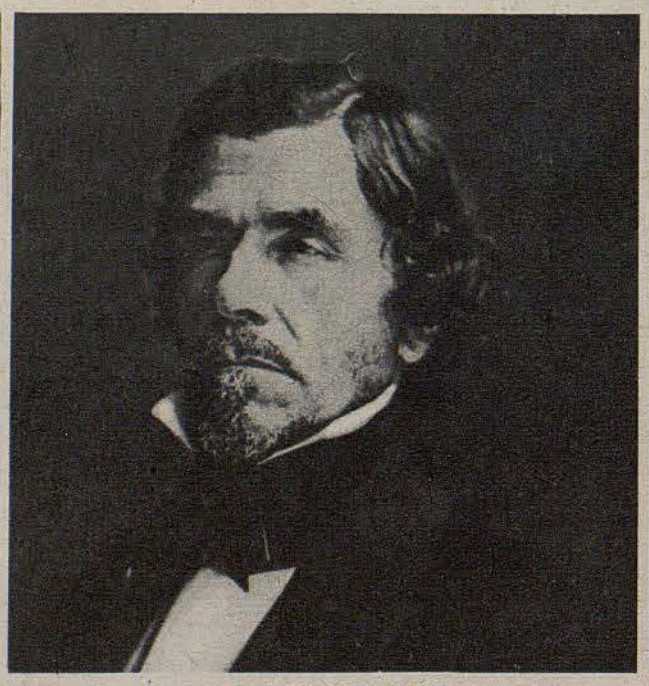
by Cyril Connolly

Most of all, France's contribution has been to culture. Her writers, her painters, her sculptors, her architects—they are the men who have led European civilisation.

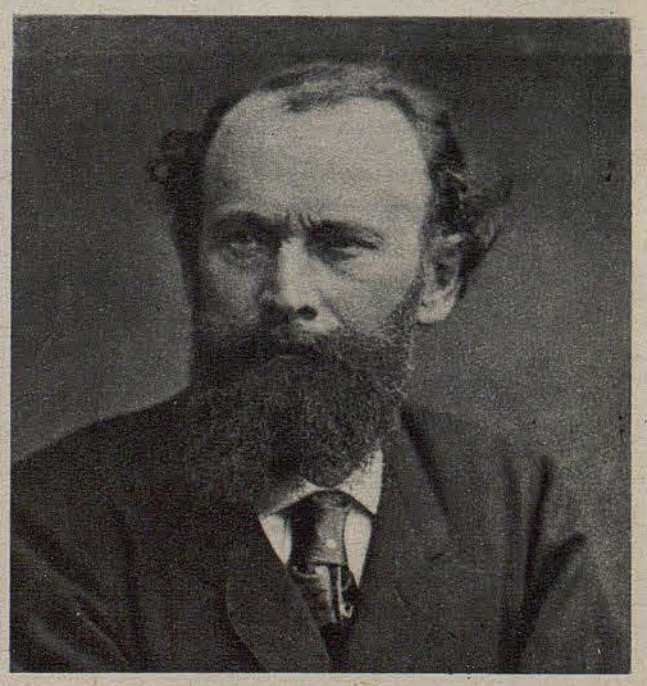
I HAVE lived a little in France, and travelled there a great deal. While I lived there the French ignored me, when I travelled there I paid them scant attention. Though I read it fluently my French is execrable, and when I go back to France after the war, as more than anything else I long to do, only a dozen waiters, scattered round Paris and the South, will remember me—if they are still there—as a face from the past. Yet I am a good Frenchman. I inhabit the warm closed garden of French civilisation and I seldom leave it; its books, its pictures, its landscapes, its wines and fruits and films and architecture are where my imagination almost permanently dwells, among the great names which it mispronounces, the contemporaries who do not recognise it, the ideas it misunderstands. I am a provincial of no mean city, and that is about as near to France as most Englishmen ever get.

This France of my imagination is superior to the reality, in it there are only artists, writers and beautiful places : the bankers, politicians, soldiers, shopkeepers who had no use for me are not admitted, nor are the dreary industrial towns of the North, nor the horrible red brick villas which are eating up the French coast-line as they have devoured our own. There is no place in it for those who make money and nothing else, for the bourgeois of Lyons, for the smart young man in his Bugatti, or the women with large hats in black beetle dresses, whom one saw on Sunday afternoons, sweating in provincial elegance in the depths of the countryside on the hot summer roads. There are no Champs Elysées. In what then does this other France consist? In five circles, five scenes which are illuminated in the mind's eye, dimly at first, and then with growing detail and clarity, each one peopled with groups of people who match the landscape, each one a part of the heritage of European culture amassed by our great neighbour, and to which by reason of our own

THE PAINTERS: INGRES, THE CLASSICIST
Born in 1780, the son of a sculptor, and studied with David. After 1824, became the leader of the Classical school of painting and the chief enemy of the Romantics. Died in 1867.



DELACROIX, THE ROMANTIC
Born 1798, he became the leader of the Romantic painters. His work covers an immense range of subjects—wild animals to vivid historical scenes. Wrote an immortal journal. Died in 1863.



MANET, THE IMPRESSIONIST
Born in 1832, began studying painting in 1850. His work caused indignation in the sixties. From a close study of Goya he developed his own style, to become a great Impressionist. Died in 1883.

contribution, almost as large, we have right of entry.

The first France is that of the Middle Ages, the France of the Gothic cathedrals, of the "gai sçavoir" of the Troubadours, of the Romanesque castles and walled towns of the South—the France of Saint Louis which taught chivalry to the world. The sky clouds over and I see the Paris of François Villon, that lovely poet whom in this country we read too young, and so fail to appreciate as we should, then his Paris of students, thieves and prostitutes merges into that of Rabelais; the Renaissance flares up in a vulgar herbaceous border of châteaux along the Loire; François I struts on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Da Vinci dies in his arms, the melancholy Du Bellay writes his sonnets, Ronsard his love-lyrics and then again the sky clouds over, everybody is fighting, poisoning each other, and murdering in the name of religion except for an old man, Michel de Montaigne, Mayor of Bordeaux, who lives in a castle near the Dordogne, writing essays which Shakespeare will read and which, marred by tedious quotations, enlivened by descriptions of his physical symptoms and mental peculiarities, teach us a generous tolerance and a hardy scepticism, an invaluable and civilised lesson which we seldom learn and usually forget.

The Second France

The second circle is clearer and richer in detail: a huge palace occupies the centre of it and just to one side is a false centre; the one is Versailles "la cour," the other Paris "la ville." There is a constant movement from the one centre to the other, but the palace takes in more than it lets out. La Bruyére, who wrote almost perfectly, is there with his patron, the great Condé, and La Rochefoucauld, who knew nearly as much about the wickedness of the human heart as Freud, and Mme. de La Fayette his mistress, who described their love in what many consider the first modern novel, the *Princess de Cleves*. Boileau and Racine, the Horace and the Virgil of the Court enter together, for they are inseparable, both poets, gallant and somewhat on the make. Molière is in the city, rehearsing the *Misantrope*, and in some friend's garden La Fontaine, whose life consists in a round of twenty-year visits, lies happily asleep. Any day between about 1660 and 1670 one might have met all these people or Corneille, the painter Poussin, Madame de Sevigné, the polisher of the little moments of life, or Blaise Pascal, the brilliant mathematician whose analysis of man, being fortified by his Christianity, is more profound and more horrible than La Rochefoucauld's.

The third picture is not so clear: *La cour et la ville* remain, but the Court is now the false centre and the town is the true one. The marvellous and circumscribed civilisation which flourished under Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, and grew old and rigid round the ageing Sun who inspired it, is breaking up. Poussin and Claude turn to Watteau, Watteau to Boucher and Fragonard. The great writers are no longer to be found there: Voltaire thunders against it from Switzerland,

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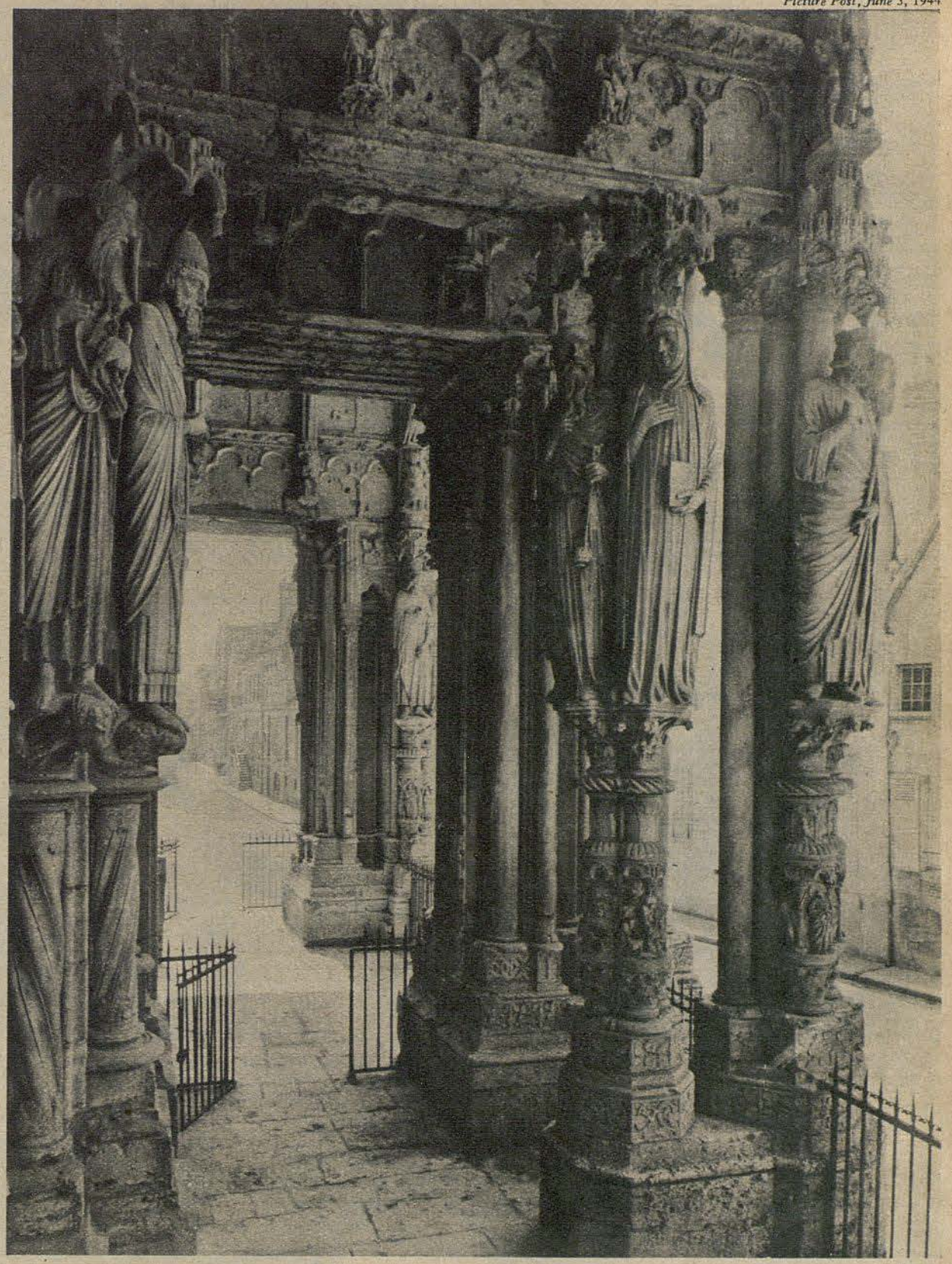
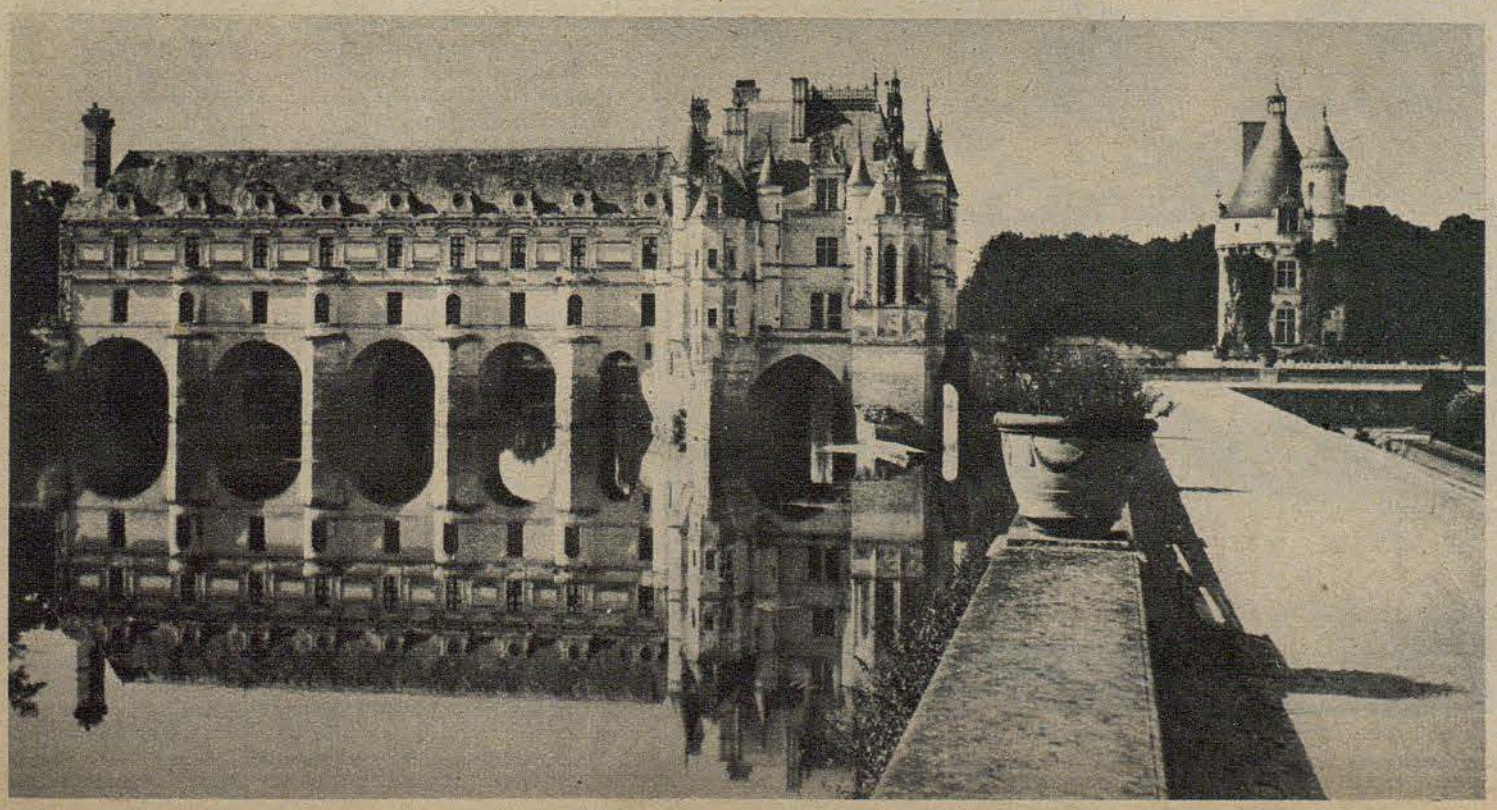


THE GREAT CATHEDRALS

In the stupendous Cathedral of Chartres the true Gothic architecture of France reaches its peak. This is one of the portals. The whole inside of the Cathedral glows with 13th and 14th century stained glass, which is without a rival in the world.



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THE SPLENDID CHATEAUX

Two hundred years later comes the tide of Italian influence, and the great Chateaux — such as this of Chenonceux—spring up. In them the splendour of Renaissance architecture is mirrored in the rivers and lakes of France. Chenonceux was given by Henry II of France to Diane of Poitiers, surrendered by her to Catherine de Medici.

PARIS—THE CENTRE OF THE ARTISTS' WORLD: THE YOUNG PAINTERS AT SCHOOL
This is the city in which art is recognised as a main aim of life. From all over the world, the students come to study painting and sculpture. And here, however poor, they are esteemed, not despised.

THE PAINTERS IN THE PRIVATE ART SCHOOL
In Paris there are not only national academies, but plenty of private studios where people study in small groups. They have good teachers. And some of them become the best artists.

THE PAINTERS IN THE OPEN AIR
Unconcerned by passers-by, the students paint in the street. They work in an atmosphere which brings out the best in them.

Rousseau is well outside, Chamfort analyses it, Saint-Simon destroys the legend of Le Roi Soleil, and Diderot scoffs genially from among the chess-players (who still exist) in the Café de la Regence. Buffon, last great gentleman of letters, dies in his Burgundy château. The Revolution follows and once more the picture blurs. The ragged citizen armies fight for their new republic, and find their leader in Napoleon, who betrays it. The French become a bogey-fear to England which will last to the present day and be the cause of an almost ineradicable, though quite absurd prejudice against them in the mind of the common man. A new transitional type of artist appears, contemporaries of Wordsworth and Coleridge; the brilliant republican misfit, Benjamin Constant, the lofty royalist, Chateaubriand, born in 1767 and 1768 respectively, and then come Ingres and the enigmatic Stendhal who were born in 1780 and 1783. On these four so different lives the circle closes. Constant's Adolphe remains in the past, Chateaubriand's romantic René and Stendhal's unscrupulous Julien Sorel stride forward into the future. The nineteenth century has begun.

The Shock Troops of Art

The French nineteenth century was utterly different from our own, it was a period of intense and costly political experiment, and of ferocious uprisings in art and literature against the gospel of Material Progress and the Victorian Age. The lives of its great artists are almost without exception fierce struggles against the spirit of their time. The shock-troops go over in waves. In the first (men born between 1799 and 1808) is the romantic painter Delacroix and Balzac, Hugo, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Nerval, Daumier and Constantin Guys. Alone of these the prolific genius of Balzac accepted and revelled in his century. Hugo spent much of his life in exile; George Sand fought for freedom for women, Sainte-Beuve, the greatest critic there has ever been, withdrew largely into the seventeenth and eighteenth century; Nerval went mad. These were the contemporaries of Tennyson, but no laureateships or peerages came their way. Then the next great wave goes over. Courbet (born 1819), the painter who threw down the Vendôme column and fought in the Commune, for which he was exiled; Flaubert and Baudelaire (both born 1821) the greatest masters of prose and poetry (in my opinion) which their century—or ours—has so far known; and Renan (born 1823), the admirable disciple of Sainte-Beuve. In Flaubert and Baudelaire the hatred of the Bourgeois, that is to say a hatred of those false commercial values which were taking all the colour out of life and the quality out of living, rises to its peak. Greatest wave of all is from

THE GREAT OCCASION IN THE PARISIAN PAINTER'S LIFE: AN EXHIBITION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY MASTER, CÉZANNE

The painters come to study and to discuss Cézanne. They come, too, to be reminded that the artist must never be worried by neglect. For Cézanne himself exhibited and sold little in his lifetime, and it was after his death, in 1906, that he became the great influence in the modern development of painting.

the years 1832 to 1844, which contain the birthdays of all the great impressionists, Pissaro, Manet, Degas, Cézanne, Monet, Renoir, and those of another squadron of angry writers (contemporaries of Thomas Hardy and Henry James), Zola, Clemenceau, Daudet, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Anatole France, and around 1850 are born Maupassant, Gauguin, Van Gogh and Rimbaud, perhaps the most fanatical of all antagonists. Such was the French nineteenth century : a century in which the conception of life as it might be collapses against the reality of life as it is, like a wave which breaks against a black rock into a scintillation of diamonds; lyrics of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, prose-poems of Flaubert and Rimbaud, landscapes of Renoir and Monet, glimpses of low life in Maupassant, Zola and Lautrec, moments of tranquil urban happiness in Manet and Degas, visionary escapes into tropical paradises in the paintings of Gauguin and the Douanier Rousseau or those conquests of nature won by the life-long effort of Cézanne.

France's Living Culture

This circle is not in itself complete, for it merges into the fifth and last one, that of the men who are still alive, the France of the present day. The sculptor Maillol was born before Lautrec, so was Bergson, who died in 1940; and around 1870 comes the last great wave of artistic talent with Gide, Valéry, Proust, Claudel, Matisse, Bonnard, Vuillard, Rouault, contemporaries of Yeats and Wells. In these artists the rebellion is over, the storm has died down; each has managed to form a personal and highly individual philosophy of life which is not in active conflict with society; each has grown up with the Third Republic (1870-1940 R.I.P.), and so has not been oppressed like the subjects of Napoleon III and Louis Philippe, by dictatorships, nor been haunted, as they were, by the betrayed hopes of the Revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848. These artists have grown to their full human stature, and I think it is these men, especially Claudel, Gide, Valéry, Bonnard, Maillol, Matisse, Rouault and the ten years younger Picasso, Mauriac, Braque and Dufy, all still alive, who truly represent the essential grandeur of France, her noble and civilised thought, her passionate love of art, her harmony and wise proportion joined to her originality and receptiveness to new ideas.

In my last circle is the France that I know, the Paris of Cocteau and Gide and Eluard, of the Surrealists, of Sartre and Aragon, the Provence of Giono, the Bordeaux of Mauriac, the innumerable provincial towns of Simenon, the Spanish frontier dear to Malraux. The France, to give it a name, of the Age of Picasso. For just as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France were an epoch exclusively French, and the nineteenth century one of French domination over talented pilgrims from all over the world, so the France of the twentieth century begins to owe to these passionate pilgrims almost as much as it provides in return. The French impressionists make way for the "Ecole de Paris." Picasso, Dali, Miro, Hemingway, Ernst make their homes there. *Guernica* is painted in it and Joyce writes *Finnegan's Wake*. This was France's last rôle, that of an international centre for creative art, providing artists and writers of all countries with the finest examples, the lowest cost of living, the most appreciative market, and the most humane and kindly indifference these mostly mediocre exiles have ever received.

The New France

It will be seen that the whole political history of France since 1789 differs fundamentally from ours; it is different in kind, different in tempo. The Prussian victory of 1870 removed the French Emperor, the German victory in 1940 removed the Third Republic. I am confident that the Fourth Republic which is now coming into being at Algiers will retain the democratic forms while changing the false values of its predecessor; it will abolish the power of the rich industrialists, it will purge the corrupt press and the old venal party system, and shake the apathy of the electors; I am sure that their place will not be taken by national socialism, the disease which only attacks countries with low resistance, but by a rich and living democracy. The violent nationalism which surrounds De Gaulle is but the hard casing round that new explosive—the French resistance movement. Among the leaders of this movement are several who believe in internationalism, in a federation of the Western European powers.

This centre block with its heavy industries and raw materials is the real third great power of the future, and the only solution for Europe which does not leave it in the plight of the Greek city states after the rise of Rome and Macedon. On whether it comes into being, they feel, depends the fate of the Peace, which may bring real peace and prosperity to Europe or mark only the half-time interval, which seals our doom. Those who believe that France, a people of forty millions with a large empire, is finished, imply eventually that we are finished. But if we unite closely enough to abolish passports and tariffs, then the possibilities become enormous, not least of which is access to the sunshine, the beaches, the mountains, forests, and museums across the channel, and to that city which Joyce named "a lamp lit for lovers in the wood of the world" and whose air Flaubert's hero called "ce bon air de Paris qui semble contenir des effluves amoureux et des émanations intellectuelles."

THE PAINTER WHO LEADS TO-DAY: PICASSO

Spanish by birth, Picasso is French by artistic adoption: he is probably the greatest figure in painting to-day.

THE SIGHT THAT EVERY ENGLISH VISITOR REMEMBERS

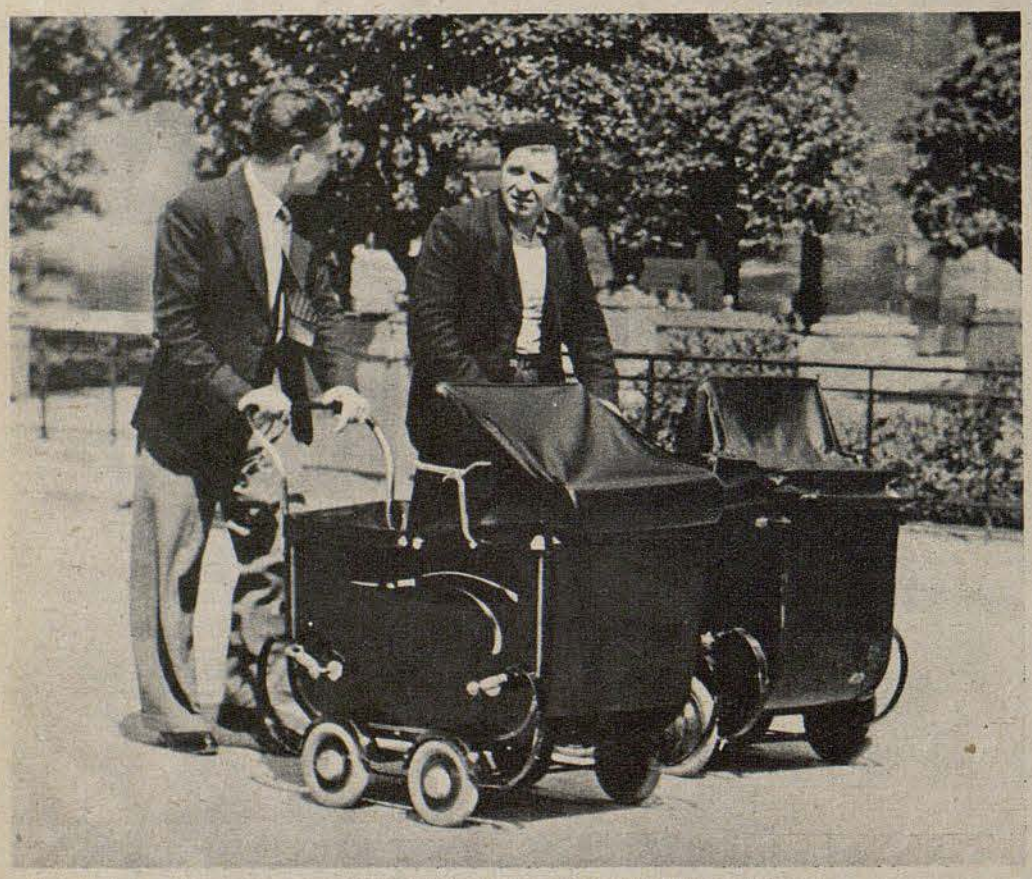
The black-coated fishermen beside the Seine, the shirt-sleeved fishermen in the country—good-humoured, patient, with a witty retort ready for all the comments of the passers-by. They look what they are, civilised people taking their amusement easily.

THE FAMILY PARTY BY THE WATERSIDE

A little piece of family life transported from the parlour or the kitchen to the river-bank. Each one is sure of his or her own position, conscious of the others, aware of the passing scene. A web of peaceful interests and feelings.

SUNDAY IN THE OPEN AIR

The simplest of all ways of being happy: sunshine, fresh air, pleasant food, and the company of one's own family.



THE UN-SELFCONSCIOUS FATHERS WITH THEIR PRAMS

Cheerfully, unconcernedly, they take the babies for an airing while their wives prepare the finest meal of the week. As they push the prams, they argue—on politics, the papers, literature, the cinema, their friends.

RIGHT: THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE SUNSHINE

THE FRENCH THEATRE

by James Agate

The most theatrically-minded nation in the world—a people with the theatre in their blood. That is France.

THE French are the most theatrically-minded nation in the world. To the English, an actor is always someone a little out of the common; and in the matter of actresses I shall vary the phrase and say that, to the English, there is always something a little extraordinary about them. We go to restaurants to see them eat and drink. We marvel at the way they smile at their enemies. We listen amazed at the catty things they say about their friends. Instinctively the English regard anybody belonging to the stage as something phenomenal. At least that is what they call it. Now any pedant will tell you that to use this word in any but its strict sense is wrong. Dickens, of course, was responsible for a good deal of this misuse when he wrote about the Infant Phenomenon. Actually a phenomenon, to quote the dictionary, is "whatever is apparent to or apprehended by, observation." According to this the very chair on which I sit, the table at which I write, are phenomena. When I go into the street I become conscious of such phenomena as a hoarding, a 'bus or a pillar-box. Though I will grant that in war-time, late at night, a disengaged taxi-cab is a phenomenon in the secondary meaning of the word.

At this stage the reader may ask: "Am I, or am I not, supposed to be reading about the French Theatre?" Be tranquil, as the French say: you are. The point is that, to the French, there is nothing phenomenal about your actor at all—to them he is just a piece of boulevard furniture. Add that French actors all look alike off the stage. How often have I, sitting at one of the little tables outside the Café de la Paix in Paris, seen some twenty or thirty Coquelins go past within a half hour, all with the jowl and mien of butlers in high-class families. You would not think that last night these comedians had been side-splittingly funny. "Mordant" is the word. And yet the French adore to make a mock at their great artists while reverencing them. "There is nothing funny left in Paris now," said a French wit after the war of 1870, "except, of course, our tragedians."

This double attitude is reflected in the two-fold approach to the theatre in which a play is being performed and the play itself. The French make theatre-going as difficult as possible. First, you must put the price of your seat through a *guichet* and receive a piece of paper. With this piece of paper in your hand, you march up to a rostrum at which three people are sitting in evening dress. The one in the middle wears a silk hat, but the other two wear bowlers. You bow to Silk Hat and in return Silk Hat inspects you down to your boots, after which he examines your piece of paper, which, if he is satisfied he then exchanges for a ticket.

While this is happening his assessors do nothing whatever; nobody has even seen them do anything whatever. You then proceed to your seat which, however, you are not allowed to take until you have bought a programme from the old woman who is called an *ouvreuse*, and who, when she is not at the theatre, is obviously occupied with baby-farming. She has been known to whisper, but will generally scream: "Mon p'tit bénéfice!" After which you are allowed to sit down. Note, however, that all the fuss has happened on the spectators' side of the curtain. On the other side, things are different.

Travellers in France in the old days will remember the disconcerting way in which an express train would suddenly depart from that platform which looks so little like a platform. No fuss or flurry; the train just makes up its mind to leave, and leaves. So it is in the French theatre. No orchestra and no overture. The curtain makes up its mind to go up, and goes up. Did that railway guard give three little blasts on a whistle? Possibly. Does the *regisseur* give three thumps with a block of wood? Perhaps. The point is that the curtain is up, and you find yourself straightway launched on an exciting, grim, humorous, fantastic tide of life in full flood. Our best English raconteur, Jack Hassall, always begins his anecdotes in the middle. When someone suggests that he shall tell them a story Jack will begin: "All right. Do you know this one? So the young fellow went back and . . ." That is

Continued overleaf

THE FIGURES AGATE WRITES OF: BERNHARDT

A great tragic actress and a sculptor of talent. By the end of the 'eighties, her supremacy was recognised. She acted in London as late as 1922 at the age of 77, and died in Paris in 1923.

ABOVE: ANTOINE—THE PIONEER ACTOR-MANAGER

Clerk in a Paris gasworks, he opened the Théâtre Libre in Paris and gave Europe its taste for intellectual, realistic plays. Internationally, as well as in France, his work was enormously influential.

RIGHT: GABRIELLE REJANE

First appeared on the stage in 1875. Agate writes of her: "Never have I seen . . . the like of her agony in a scene of jealousy. . . . It gave one the impression of torture and vivisection."

THE CLASSICAL STYLE

The play is "Le Medecin Malgré Lui." It is by the most accomplished master of the comic drama the world has known, and is being performed by the "Acteurs Francais de Londres" in a London theatre. Molière, who began with farces, then wrote comedies of intrigue and, in 1661, with the "School For Husbands," began his long series of comedies of character.

THE ROMANTIC STYLE

Madeleine Ozeray plays "Ondine"—an example of the romantic school founded by Hugo. The play was written by Jean Giraudoux, a French Ministry of Information official, and produced early in the war.

THE FRENCH THEATRE—*continued*

the way most French plays begin. None of your emptyings of ashtrays and dusting of chairs by loquacious butlers and chattersome parlour-maids. Consider the opening to Henri Becque's "La Parisienne." The curtain rises on a handsome apartment. A man and woman enter continuing an argument obviously begun in the street. "But of course you're spending too much money," says the man, "and what is more, you neglect the house. I tell you, I won't have it." One hears the sound of a front door opening and the woman lays her fingers on her lips and whispers : "Shh. . . . I think I hear my husband." Even French tragedy has been known to begin in this informal manner. Racine's "Andromache" begins with the word "Oui." "Brittanicus" with "Quoi?" While "Berenice" begins "Arrêtons un moment!" which might be rendered into English: "Hold on a minute," I have been contemplating a tragedy in alexandrines for some years, but have not been able to decide whether to start with the words "Don't mention it" or "Let's get this clear."

Now let me recall some playgoing of the past. It was during the last war, and I was a captain in the Army Service Corps, buying hay for the troops in Provence. One day I hied me to Arles. It had been a morning of real hard work and I had forgotten to lunch, so many figures had there been to add up. I ordered a vermouth at the hotel and then, from far away down the absurdly narrow and crooked street leading to the station came the faint rumble of a ramshackle fly. I gazed idly at the lady inside, wearing a long blue veil. Then I rubbed my eyes . . . it was Réjane herself, Réjane of what Sarcey called the "wide-awake little mug," and the careless, insolent carriage! I shall never forget the first time I had seen her. It was a sultry evening in Paris, and in spite of the great actress the house was thin. I had a solitary seat in the front row of the almost empty stalls. (It was my first visit to Paris, and I had saved up for the treat.) It now seems to me that the great actress had not been averse that evening to overwhelming with all the splendour of her art this obviously foreign little greenhorn gazing adoringly up at her. She may have felt the need of someone to play to. The fact remains that never have I since seen on any stage the like of her agony in a scene of jealousy which she played with Coquelin. It gave one the impression of torture and vivisection, it reminded one of a dumb animal in spite of the torrent of words. Arthur Symons was right when he wrote that this was indeed emotions skinned alive.

Réjane in Arles! At the stuffy little theatre is assembled a crowd of farmers, shopkeepers, apprentices. There is one row of stalls only, and in the well of the orchestra the entire staff from the local hotel. The play is Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," and, characteristically enough, the

THE SOCIAL EVENT

It is Gala Night, at a great Paris theatre and everybody is here for the occasion.

audience take play and acting without very much ado. This is Parisian acting, so it would seem, but nothing—so their apathy seemed to suggest—so tremendously out of the way. After the performance I returned to the hotel, and, too excited to eat much, made a frugal supper of biscuits and cheese, washed down with a bottle of Vichy water in the half-lighted hall of the hotel which was the only sitting-room. All of a sudden there was a ring at the door-bell; the sleepy porter got up with an ill-grace to open the door, and Réjane entered, filling the dingy place not with a legendary radiance but with a bustling air of business-like competence. I overheard her giving instructions to the surly porter to see that her bill was ready betimes in the morning.

Of Bernhardt I could write—malicious people say I have already written—reams. But I have no space here. All that occurs to me now is my first glimpse of her after a wait of many hours outside the door of a provincial pit in the hot afternoon of a late summer many, many years ago, when an ineffably wistful Lady of the Camellias appeared at last, trailing glamour and shedding more than mortal radiance. In "Phèdre" she stands for all time as the embodiment of tragic pathos; just as Réjane stands for all the insolence of Paris, the arrogance of great courtisanes, and the crude manners and sorrows of the woman of the humbler classes.

The Birth of a Modern Movement

Let it not, however, be thought that the French stage is entirely given up to the classics, to comedy and plays of sordid realism. In the intellectual drama it has excelled also. In fact it may be said that the taste for intellectual plays in Europe actually started in Paris in the eighteen-eighties. André Antoine, a former employee in a Paris gas company, was the pioneer. This Théâtre-Libre started a new movement, which had the support of Zola, Daudet and most of literary Paris. Antoine actually began his season with a dramatised story by Zola, produced in a theatre the size of a band box, situated in an obscure alley, originally the billiard-room of a third-rate café. But Antoine has ambition. The papers take him up, his theatre becomes a success, then a sensation. Finally, he gets Réjane and plays opposite her in a performance of "La Parisienne." This makes him so ambitious that he tries to secure Sarah Bernhardt herself. He pays the great actress a visit; she receives him reclining in a *chaise longue*. From under the fur with which she is entirely covered—this is in the middle of a heat-wave—Sarah makes show of interest in the Théâtre-Libre, of which she has never heard. Antoine mentions a piece called "L'Abbesse de Jouarre," in which the leading rôle has been played by a celebrated Italian actress, la Duse. At this moment an old lady appears from behind the *portiere* which gives on to the next room, and Sara, turning to her, asks her if she remembers this actress. The old lady replies: "Ah, oui! Ah, oui ! La Duse, pas fameuse du reste." Then, two years later, Antoine makes history. Zola tells him about an article he has read about a Scandinavian author whose new piece has created an enormous sensation in Germany. The piece turns out to be "Ghosts" by one Henrik Ibsen. Antoine puts it on, but it is too strong meat for the Parisians, and it fails. Undaunted, Antoine starts rehearsing the same author's "The Wild Duck" !

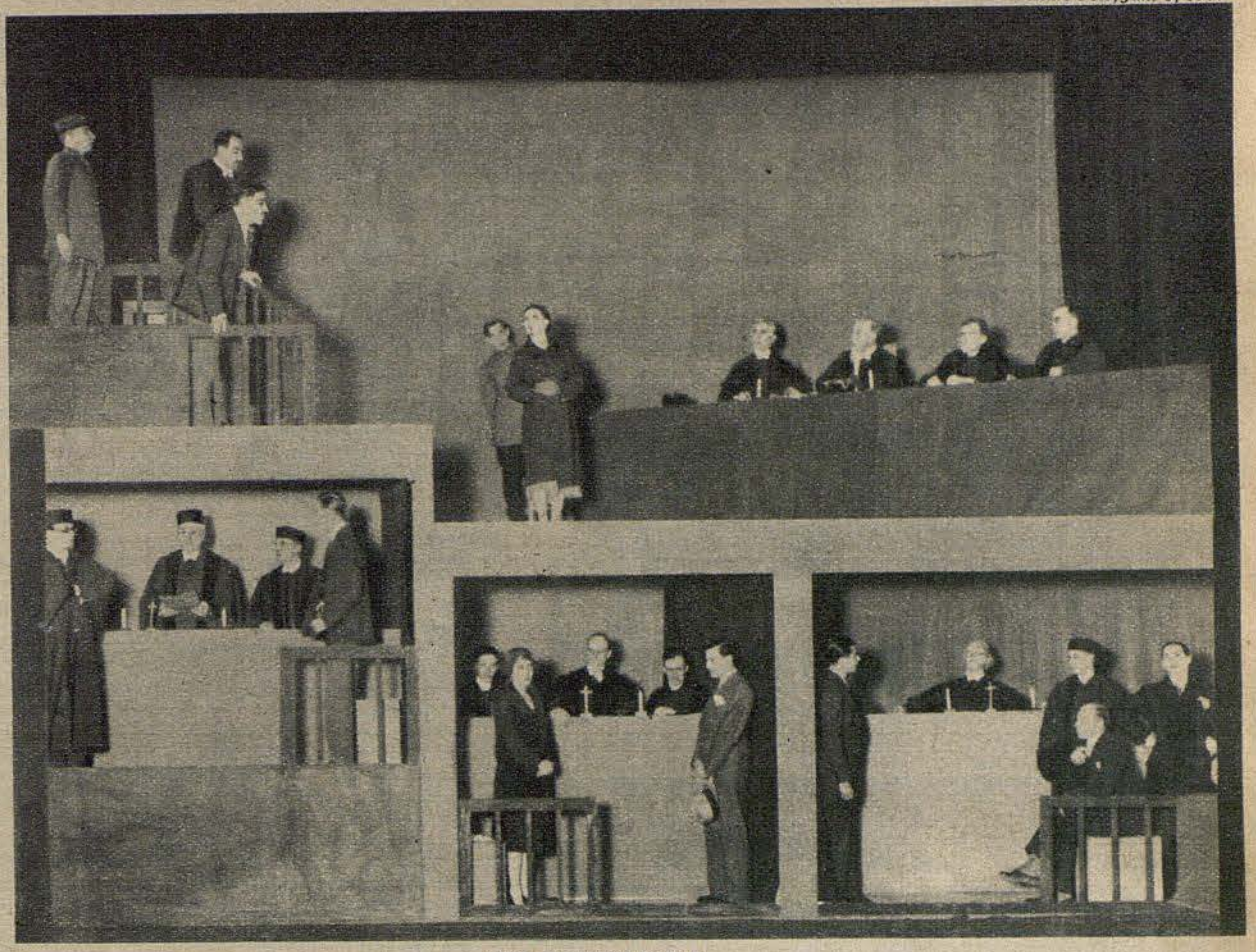
Now let me take you to the provinces again, carrying you back some thirty years. At Arles it was that I remember a performance of Daudet's "L'Arlésienne" during the last war in the famous Roman arena. It was a blazing hot day even for Provence, and the sun veering round the corner of the rickety awning must have been terribly trying to the courage of the actors and to their tempers which showed signs of wear as the afternoon drew to evening. It was a scratch cast headed by the one-time celebrated Aimée Tessandier, and containing among others a robustious veteran whom one seemed to have been applauding in secondary rôles for half a lifetime, a tepid little goose and an enthusiastic *jeune premier* whose name I forget, but who struck me as being about the best in that line. Tessandier was an admirable actress, if never quite of the highest order. Her book of recollections is full of good things. The artist relates her past with an amazing frankness, beginning with the days when as a child she was forced to pick up manure on the high-roads, and making no secret of her years of notoriety as a beauty. As an example of her wit and sincerity we may instance her own description of her efforts to acquire an American accent for the part of Julia Walker in Pailleron's "L'Age ingrat."

" In for a penny, in for a pound, which means that I am going to have a try at the accent. My first efforts meet with no success. I am no hand at it, and yet I do my very best. I visit bars, I order *whisky-soda*, *pale ale*, *the Guinness* : I get stomach-ache; I go into all the English shops, ruin myself buying articles with English names; I go to all the races, I am to be found in the stables, in the company of *jockeys*, *lads*, or whatever you call them. I arrange for an incredible number of *Misses* and *Mistresses* to be presented to me; I spend whole days in pronouncing *Goddam*, *thank you*, *how do you do*, *Washington*, *kiss me*, *cow-boy*, *good-night*, *good-bye*, And still I cannot manage the accent."

Twenty years pass—we are in 1939. It is Easter Sunday, and I am sitting with a friend, again at a little table outside the Café de la Paix, drinking a vermouth. I take up the paper; on it is advertised

Théâtre des Mathurins.
A 3 heures précises
LA MOUETTE
Pièce très noble.

I am ashamed to say that I had forgotten what a "mouette" is : my very English friend certainly had never known. We agreed, however, to go to the Mathurins that afternoon to see that very noble piece. The theatre was almost empty on this fine spring day. We sat waiting for the curtain to go up, but making it a point of honour not to look at our programmes, preferring to await the shock of nobility. The curtain rose on something that looked like a park with a solemn, schoolmasterish fellow saying to a girl : "Why do you always wear black? And the girl answered : "I am in mourning for my life. I am unhappy." And then I realised that the English word for "Mouette" is "Seagull," and that we were seeing Tchehov's beloved masterpiece in French ! The actors were Georges and Ludmilla Pitoeff and the exquisite Germanova. After the first act I sent a note round to Pitoeff telling him how much two English visitors to Paris were enjoying his performance and superb production. In the second interval his secretary brought me the actor's thanks. And as he delivered them his eyes filled with tears. Yes, the Russians have the theatre in their blood as well as the French.



THE MODERN STYLE

The play is Bruckner's *Verbrecher*, and four law court scenes are in progress in different parts of the stage. The leading actress is Ludmilla Pitoeff, Russian by birth but French by option since her husband began to produce plays in Paris after the last war.

IS FRANCE STILL IMPORTANT?

by EDWARD HULTON

WERE Voltaire still amongst us, he would remark bitterly, "The English are a generous race! When they were being thrown out of France, whose army had failed, they offered to join the French in federal union. Now that they are on the point of returning, and the French people are everywhere reviving, they seldom mention France at all. In fact, they do not recognise the French Government." The failure to raise any real interest in Europe and France, just as the re-entry is being made upon the Continent, has truly reached the limits of the absurd.

"Yes," some may reply. "But is France really going to be important in the future?" There undoubtedly exists a school of thought which regards France as down, and permanently out. I have even heard a diplomatist exclaim, "We are not really interested in the affairs of small nations!" The line of argument runs that in 1940 France fell; and that she fell because she was rotten to the core. Indeed, she had really been staggering since the defeat of Napoleon, with a fall in 1870, and a near-fall in 1917. Moreover, that there are few signs of revival, and fewer of the genius for political co-operation. That power "inevitably" passes to "newer nations." That her birthrate will continue to fall; that she is not a modern industrial power; and that in any event she is now a "small power," in comparison with the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics; and that in the modern world small powers just cannot compete. Certainly I have myself suggested that to-day small states cannot stand in isolation. But I have never said that the contribution of small countries like Sweden, or Holland, or Switzerland, is not important. And if France is now a small power, so, by the same standard, is the United Kingdom!

In postulating France's continued importance, two aspects could properly be studied. The first would be France's value to Britain, to Europe, and to the World, politically. The second would be the continuation of France's contribution to world civilisation. On the political, I will only say now that the United Kingdom is now too small to stand in the world alone (even with the Commonwealth), and that she ought to associate herself very closely indeed with the countries of Western Europe. In order to do this, partnership, on equal terms, with France is of the essence. With Victory the revival of France is not problematic; it is a certainty. And it is the revival of a country of greater extent than the United Kingdom, and with comparable population and resources.

That France should not continue to make her unique contribution to the life and civilisation of the world is unthinkable. The world, indeed, would be immeasurably poorer were it to lose any particular branch of civilisation; and this is true even of the German, and certainly of the Austrian. More especially is it true of France, which is *still* the centre of our European, American, Latin-American and Australian civilisation. This "way of life" we have got from Greece, Rome and Palestine. Its vital centre moved to Italy at the Renaissance. In the seventeenth century it moved to France; and it is still there! It is possible to think of our western civilisation being centred one day in Chicago, or Buenos Aires; but it is not possible to say that it is there now.

France's army was completely defeated! But, as Croce remarks, "You can knock a man down; but this does not prove that he was wrong!" Now that the spate of books on "Why France Fell!" has mercifully abated, the only clear fact which emerges from the dust they have kicked up is the military catastrophe. The deduction that France was wholly "decadent" is undoubtedly grossly exaggerated, at best. French public and private life nourished many abuses. In what country are these not found? Are business men idealists or philanthropists in any known land? The French political executive, the Cabinet, was probably not strong enough. But there was more effervescence than corruption at the Palais Bourbon. To read some of these books one would think that M. Reynaud's friend, Mme. des Portes, had pulled down the pillars of French society with her own fair hands. Actually, her influence, if significant at all, was not particularly malignant. It is ludicrous to picture the French Republic of 1940 being steered over the precipice by a monstrous regiment of women—youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm! As a matter of fact, openly-acknowledged mistresses for Cabinet Ministers, rightly or wrongly, have always been normal in France. To British exclamations of horror, the only answer is that the sooner the comparatively adolescent Anglo-Saxons stop lecturing the French about how to run their lives, and their sex relations, too, for that matter, the better for everybody concerned. Because the French think, and think rightly, that they understand all these things much better than we do. And they add the Parthian shot that the doubtful night clubs of Paris were kept open for the benefit of Anglo-American lasciviousness, and French finances! Neither is it true that any class, including the upper classes, have been mainly collaborators. From the upper classes are largely drawn the officers who are now a most effective part of the secret underground army.

The French way of life merits careful study, in spite of, or because of, the fact that it is a cruel enigma. France is a home of Catholicism, and of Anti-clericalism, of Bernadette and Voltaire. French thought is embellished with wit, but is severely rational. A Frenchman would die for liberty, but he loves "order." He would not approve of strikes in wartime. Much French economic effort is given to the making of "fancy goods"; and the country is not heavily industrialised. Yet the French work very much harder than we do. The French devote themselves very greatly to agriculture; yet our sentimental attitude to "the Country" is unknown. In sexual matters they are liberal and understanding. But again there is "order"; divorce is frowned upon. The French way of life is artistic and literary. But skill in art and letters is achieved by an appallingly rational and strenuous education. There is little room for Romantics, and none for *dillettanti*. Cooking is superb; yet few eggs are broken to make the omelette. Wine is practically a religion; but the drunkard is a rarity. The Frenchman delights in cities; but lives largely on the land. Women have no votes; but are said to rule the country.

The value of France cannot be assessed by chartered accountants. How to measure "the good life" against real wage rates; art against industrial productivity; if you will, quality against quantity and purposeless bigness?

The French are not better than the British. They are different. The more reason why a marriage should be arranged. Certainly, in an age which is every day threatening to become more materialist, more inhuman, and more ugly, what better corrective than the mind of a Frenchman, which is so often clear as crystal, which delights in the discovery of Truth, and has never wholly abandoned the pursuit of Beauty?

Picture Post is published weekly by Hulton Press, Ltd., 43-44 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Telephone Central 7400 (22 lines). Subscription: Inland, 12 months £1/3/10; 6 months 11/11; 3 months 6/-; Foreign, 12 months 21/8, 6 months 10/10, 3 months 5/5; H.M. Forces Overseas, 12 months 20/-, 6 months 10/-, 3 months 5/-. Postage for single copies: Inland 1½d., Canada and Newfoundland, Imperial and Foreign 1d. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

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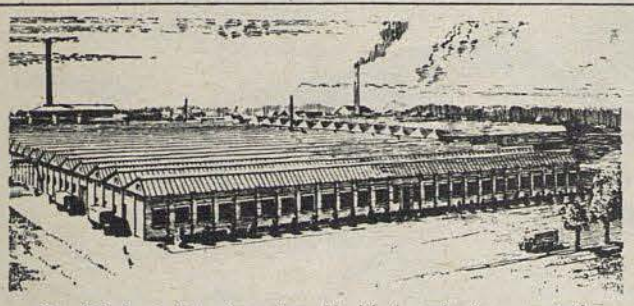

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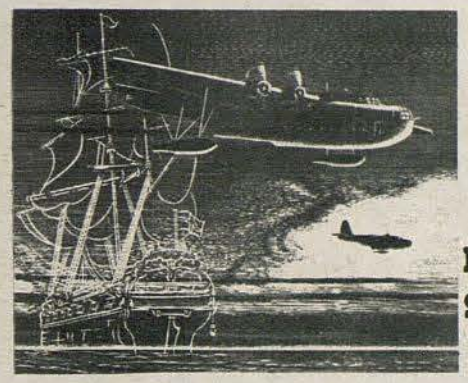

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Picture Post, *June* 3, 1944. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*