CRUSADER

BRITISH FORCES' WEEKLY

No. 107, Vol. 10 Two Lire
Sunday, June 18, 1944

FOUNDED BY EIGHTH ARMY

● A shuttle service of bombers from Italy to Russia and back again was inaugurated this week. In this exclusive interview with a CRUSADER staff reporter, London-born Capt. David A. Thomas, who took part in the trip, gives a first-hand impression of fighting Russia.

I WAS IN RUSSIA ON "D" DAY

"A FORCE OF 15TH. A.A.F. HEAVY BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS FLEW FROM RUSSIAN BASES TODAY, ATTACKING TWO RUMANIAN AIRFIELDS AT FOCSANI, 130 MILES NORTH-EAST OF BUCHAREST, AND CONTINUED TO THEIR HOME BASES IN ITALY."

With this announcement this week, another chapter in the air war against Germany was successfully completed. The first Italy-Russia shuttle-bombing operation had been made, another link forged in the co-operation of Russia and her Western Allies.

The bombers left Italy on June 2, remained in Russia for nine days, then returned without loss to Italy. The Balkans were heavily bombed on both journeys.

Taking part in this operation was London-born Captain David A. Thomas, of the 15th American Air Force, 1st. Combat Camera Unit, former film cameraman with Universal in Hollywood and Alexander Korda, at Denham. He went on this mission as photographer in a Flying Fortress.

"The whole operation had been planned ahead in close co-operation with the Russians," he said.

"We set off from our bases in Italy and went straight over the objectives. A railroad yard and junction north of Budapest provided our targets. Then—on to Russia.

"As we crossed what was approximately the present front-line, someone exclaimed: 'We're over Russia now.' It was impossible to spot any signs of action down below, but as we decreased our height, we began to see signs of the ravages of war, wrecked towns and villages which had been razed in the Russians' 'scorched earth' policy when they were retreating, by aerial bombardment, by shelling, and by the Nazis on their way back.

"We flew some hundreds of miles over Russian territory. The airfield we were making for was well into Russia, and not a great deal of flying time from Moscow.

"It was raining as we approached the town—about four miles from the airfield itself. But that didn't stop the people coming out to greet us. We went down low. The great square in the town and every street were black with figures. We could see them waving. We guessed they were shouting.

"The first thing that impressed me about the countryside was its greenness. It reminded me very much of England, geographically, and in colouring.

"Then—the landing ground. It was large and up-to-date, and had formerly been an important aerial training ground. Now it had new, long steel-mat runways, specially put down for us. Russian girls had worked on this job. Two of them would carry those great steel slabs and put them into position. Believe me, it takes two very strong men to do that. These girls managed it with ease.

"You've probably heard a lot about the work the Russian women are performing. Nothing has been exaggerated. They do just the same jobs as men and they're treated in exactly the same way as men. There's little discrimination between the sexes.

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"YET, in some curious way they haven't lost their feminity. They're husky, well-built, have no make-up, and wear serviceable, unglamourous uniforms. But—they're still attractive. The officers, on the other hand, are better dressed. Their uniforms are neat, with long blouses, showing off their figures well, and more attractive than any other feminine uniforms I have ever seen.

"The men looked rather raggedly clothed, but when you got close to them, you realised that their uniforms were really in excellent condition.

"Two things in particular stand out in my mind about these Russian servicemen and women. They all looked very well fed and healthy. There was obviously no sign of malnutrition here.

"And they all looked clean. This cleanliness, in fact, was almost a fetish with them. When their jobs caused them to get dirty they washed just as soon as possible. It was just the same with the town folk. They were all wonderfully fresh, despite being poorly clothed. When kiddies gathered round us it was sheer joy to be able to touch them without that involuntary shudder I've experienced most other places since coming overseas. They were all spotless.

"Their pride is another thing which you can't help noticing. They hold themselves upright. You get the sort of feeling that they're looking the world squarely in the face. It doesn't really amount to arrogance, but you sense all the time that pride in themselves and in their achievements.

"When we arrived we found that American ground staffs were already well established, working in close harmony with the Russians. A wonderfully well-equipped hospital had been set up, with American nurses and Russian girls as their aides.

"Russian mechanics worked on our kites. And they were exceptionally good. They were keen and they knew their job. Though they hadn't worked on Fortresses before they quickly picked up all the essential points about them.

"All the Russians here were 'resting.' It was the nearest equivalent to our rest camps that you'd find. And resting didn't mean lounging about. It meant that they were away from the ardours of the front-line, but they worked like Trojans all the same. Some had been wounded, others had been sent back because they had been in the line for too long.

"BOTH THE FALL OF ROME AND THE OPENING OF THE WESTERN INVASION WERE ANNOUNCED WHILE WE WERE THERE.

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"THE reaction of the Russians was interesting. There was no wild excitement, as I had expected. They took both announcements calmly and with deep satisfaction. They discussed the new situation in serious tones. The most one could feel was sensation of happiness about it all. That was all.

"They take the war very, very seriously, all of them. Everyone there was on war work. They went about their jobs grimly and thoroughly. And not once did I ever hear any one of them mention the end of the war. Nobody asked me how much longer we on our side thought it would last. They're working to finish the war, and when it ends, it ends. They don't worry about how long that will be. And they all know they're going to win.

"But because they are serious about the war and their war jobs it doesn't mean that they are solemn. They are not. I found them to be extremely happy, with a great sense of humour.

"They went out of their way to entertain us. They ran several concerts for us, with first-rate Russian artistes and a compere who introduced the turns in English, with a sly, deft sense of humour.

"There were dances, too. Those Russian girls danced well and with thorough enjoyment. Their dances were very similar to ours — foxtrots, waltzes, tangoes. The dance band was Russian, playing Russian dance tunes which were very much the same rhythm as English and American numbers.

"But it was not all play for us. We went out on bombing missions from our Russian bases. Airfields near Galatz, the Danube delta port, were among the objectives.

"We were allowed to visit the town. I was surprised at the lack of restrictions here. We were allowed to go just wherever we wanted, without any interference.

"I have never seen such a mess as that town. The Russians themselves had 'scorched earthed' it when the Germans were advancing. I have seen some wrecked towns in my time, but nothing to compare with this one.

"Yet since being recaptured by the Russians, the people had come back there to live. They had made new homes in basements and in roofless rooms.

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"EVERYONE seemed to have plenty of money. Even the children had rolls of notes in their hands. But money was no use to them. The Government provided them with their food, and the only two shops that I saw open were a tobacconist's and a bakery.

"Devastated though it was, the town was as clean as the people. It had been tidied up. There was no masonry left in the streets, and not once did I see any signs of dirt anywhere.

"A large square was the heart of the town. On one side of the square was a huge map, at least 30 by 20 feet in size. It was a map of the war fronts, extending as far as England, with all the war positions clearly marked and kept right up to date.

"Everyone—men, women and children—took a keen personal and intelligent interest in the war. A lot of them asked questions about the war in other spheres. But they were mainly interested in what Russia was doing. I found, rather to my regret, that they were not nearly so clear about the activities of the British and American armies. Our line which had been so static during the past six months had heightened the impression that Russia was doing all the fighting. But the announcements of the fall of Rome and the opening of the Western Invasion did much to change that.

"There is one other incident which stands out in my mind. I was introduced to a young Polish boy. He was in uniform. He had been fighting with the Polish partisans since he was eleven. And he was only fifteen now. A warrior for four years at the age of fifteen!

"And that summed up for me the spirit of the people who are fighting Hitler on the Eastern Front.

"I remembered him as we flew back, bombing Rumania en route. And I got a great personal kick out of being one of the first to take part in this new shuttle-bombing service which is linking us even more closely with the Russians."

— *and these things struck me*

- The countryside was green, like England.
- There is no discrimination between the sexes, but the women are very feminine.
- It was a joy to see the healthy spotlessly clean children.

MEANWHILE IN ITALY —

As the Germans retreat in Italy they blow many bridges and small rivers and streams have to be crossed by assault troops in small collapsible boats. Picture shows Indian troops advancing in boats under a smoke screen, and making the crossing under shellfire.

IMPORTANT THINGS - By G. F. BROWN

THE POST-WAR PLAN FOR EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL

Manufacturers must accept control and restrictions

WHETHER or not you will agree with the Government's plan for maintaining full employment, it is quite obvious that this time they are at least aware of what the problem is.

After the last war, when everything was left to private enterprise, a sorry state of affairs developed.

For a few months things were pretty chaotic, but then, in the entire absence of planning, a hectic boom developed. Unemployment was low and prices and wages soared

This went on until the middle of 1920. Then the slump came and by the middle of 1921 there were two and a half million unemployed.

At the moment there are about 75,000 unemployed. Presumably they are unemployable. I don't know.

The number of people in the forces or in gainful employment is 23,000,000. It is calculated that the number who will have to change over from the forces and war work to civilian production and services is 7,000,000.

That's a lot of people, but I feel confident that work can and will be provided for them.

But it will only be possible to keep them in work if we cheerfully accept the controls and restrictions necessary in a planned economy.

And that goes for the manufacturers as well as the customers.

* * *

A FORTNIGHT ago I wrote of my bewilderment at the Spanish situation. I wrote in a mood of unease, following the official whitewashing of this unfriendly non-belligerent in the Foreign Policy debate. At the same time it seemed possible that the reports which reached us here were incomplete, and that a key to the whole problem was actually in existence.

If such a key does exist the home Press have been unable to find it. There is hardly a paper that has not considered it necessary to express some criticism of the Government's attitude towards Franco's Fascist state, and some of them have done it in very strong terms.

The "Economist," for instance, says: "It is very difficult to make sense of the episode or to fit it into a national framework . . . It was not only ill-judged in itself, it throws suspicion on all the more liberal passages in the speech . . . Thus Mr. Churchill did not only miss a great historic occasion. It may well be that he made a great historic mistake."

Maybe they are going a bit far there. If the voters at the next General Election feel sufficiently strongly about our attitude to Fascist Spain they can ensure it is changed.

* * *

AND now another sidelight on that centre of selfless service—the Stock Exchange.

Among the shares dealt in are those of Lamport and Holt, a fair-sized shipping company. Early in April they stood around 19s.

The owners of another company, the Blue Star Line, thought they would like to add Lamport and Holt to their interests. They decided to make a cash offer and after talking it over with the Lamport and Holt directors all shareholders were offered 25s. a share and the Stock Exchange price jumped to 24s.

A good deal of the buying that sent the price up took place before the offer was announced. Somebody in the know cashed in well and truly.

This aroused so much comment that the directors of Lamport and Holt thought it necessary to issue a public statement that they had not dealt in the shares "for some months past."

The comment in the "Economist" was: "Apart from other unfortunate features of the affair, there has arisen a minor storm in stock market circles on the subject of leakage of information . . . unless full details are revealed it will never be possible to say exactly what happened . . . some people knew the terms and the jobbers did not."

Another point is that the Blue Star offer carried 150,000 pounds for the six directors, who include Sir Philip Halden and Mr. F. H. Lowe, as compensation for loss of office.

This is equivalent to a payment of 10,000 a year each for the next twenty years! Not a bad post-war plan, and it certainly involves a degree of social security.

Said the "Economist": "The desirability of any but the most modest compensation for loss of office is very questionable. In this case the payment seems extreme. There is no information of what treatment is to be accorded to employees displaced by the arrangement."

The sober comment of "The Times" was: "More information on the service agreements, on which presumably this information is based, would have been welcome."

That, I think, is a mild way of describing 10,000 pounds a year for 20 years as compensation for not working.

Some people like slinging mud at the City and its larger customers.

Why bother?

* * *

A LOT of public figures have been severely criticised for things they said years ago in a book called "Your M.P.," which slates almost the entire Tory Party.

I would not criticise anyone for being wrong about Hitler or Mussolini once, or even twice. It was the way the people concerned persisted in their opinions—or their attitudes—in the face of overwhelming evidence that is so open to criticism.

Before the war Mr. Anthony Eden was one of the more far-seeing of our leaders. Yet he was taken in by Hitler at one time. He spoke of it with disarming frankness in the House of Commons the other day.

It was about 1933, and Anthony Eden was talking to Hitler about the Versailles Treaty.

Hitler said the Treaty had been forced on Germany and therefore he would not accept it. So Eden countered with the Locarno Treaty.

EDEN—"He changed his mind."

"That," said Hitler, "is another thing. That was a freely negotiated treaty. Germany signed that of her own free will. By that I stand."

Now the point is that Hitler, then the new ruler of Germany, said it with a fervour and eloquence that quite convinced Eden, who came away thinking it a not unreasonable attitude.

But the Locarno Treaty was repudiated by Germany eighteen months later.

Presumably Eden then changed his mind about Hitler. At any rate there is evidence he was opposed to the appeasement policy.

But a lot of people, with an almost criminal obstinacy, refused to change their minds, right up to the day war started.

To have leaders who are always right is impossible, but we can in future try to ensure that they profit by their mistakes.

The Lie Detector

Machine that acts as a conscience, solves crime and makes people honest

ONE of the most astonishing machines of modern times is a lie-detector, a kind of mechanical conscience which has now been used in more than 60,000 cases in the United States.

It has been proved to possess an uncanny power to penetrate guilty secrets.

The inventor is a scientist-criminologist named Leonarde Keeler. His machine is officially called the Keeler polygraph.

It is equipped with automatically controlled pens which register emotional disturbances as a seismograph registers earthquakes. When a lawbreaker denies his crime during a lie-detector examination, the pens become feverishly animated. A guilty man, seeing that the machine is practically photographing his soul, usually cuts short the examination by confessing.

It pictures changes in the blood pressure, pulse, respiration and skin electricity. The detection of lies is incidental; primarily, the machine measures emotion. The emotion which it usually registers is fear.

BANK CONFESSIONS

The lie detector has been piling up statistics on dishonesty since 1931. In that year an insurance company appealed for help in tracing a loss in a bank. Keeler examined 54 employees on the lie detector. To his astonishment, twelve of them gave guilty reactions. Nine of them confessed. Horrified, the bank president fired all twelve. He then sent all candidates for the vacancies to be tested on the lie detector. At this point Keeler got a second and worse shock. Sixty-two per cent. of the applicants were found to have stolen from previous employers.

Thousands have been examined on the lie detector since that time. The average of 62 per cent. of dishonesty remains fairly constant for groups in a position to take small sums without great immediate danger of being caught. The percentage is higher in chain stores where small items can be pilfered without much risk.

Keeler found 100 per cent. honesty in one occupational group. At a big holiday hotel the machine indicated that eleven of the twelve bartenders were guilty of irregularities. They confessed. They had stolen from bedrooms, cheated guests, tapped tills and raided hotel supplies.

CHIEF WHO STOLE

Eight professional gamblers were in charge of the gambling rooms. All the gamblers ran 100 per cent. records of honesty.

The head gambler explained the matter to Keeler. Honesty was

by

ALVA JOHNSON

part of the technical equipment of the gambling hell that he was running. The staff couldn't afford to be anything but scrupulously upright, since a single piece of crookedness might ruin the establishment.

In one firm, the lie detector indicated that a young woman had a certain amount of larceny on her conscience.

"They won't fire me," she said.

"Why not?" asked Keeler.

"Because I caught the vice-president stealing," she said.

Further questioning showed that she believed she had a life job and a licence to pilfer because she had a knowledge of 300 pounds embezzled by her boss. She and the vice-president were both fired.

The lie detector's most sensational triumph over eye-witness identification occurred in the case of Joseph Blazenzitz, an innocent man serving a life sentence. Blazenzitz spent 16 years in prison before the detector rescued him.

At the age of 18 Blazenzitz had been convicted of holding up a bank and shooting a man. The case against him rested almost entirely upon an eye-witness. He had an alibi, but his alibi witness had not been believed. Keeler reported that the lie detector indicated Blazenzitz's innocence. He examined Walter Wysocki, the alibi witness, and found that he told the truth. The record of the trial was then studied by eminent legal authorities, who held that the prosecution's case had been too weak to justify a conviction in the first place. Governor Comstock, of Michigan, thereupon pardoned Blazenzitz, whose record since then has been that of an honest and useful citizen.

THE RICE TEST

One of the grimmest tributes to the lie detector occurred in connection with a bank hold-up near Chicago. A local judge who was enthusiastic about the work of the machine was a close friend of the bank president. Because of evidence that the hold-up might have been an inside job, the judge insisted on sending for Keeler. Keeler promised to come, but, fearing to face the lie detector, the bank president killed himself.

The lie detector measures the turmoil that goes on inside a person who is lying about an important matter. Some of the symptoms of this turmoil have been known since the first man learned how to lie. An ancient Chinese treatise explains a method of testing a suspected liar by giving him rice powder to swallow. This is a sound idea, according to modern science. The liar often has a dry mouth; fear has a tendency to suppress the action of the salivary glands. The liar can't moisten the rice powder and swallow it, whereas the honest man can.

HOW IT WORKS

Four methods of mental wire tapping are used in the Keeler machine. A blood-pressure cuff, attached to the upper right arm, controls a pen which records pulse and blood pressure.

A sort of harness is adjusted around the upper chest of the subject; this is connected with a pen which records changes in the rate of breathing.

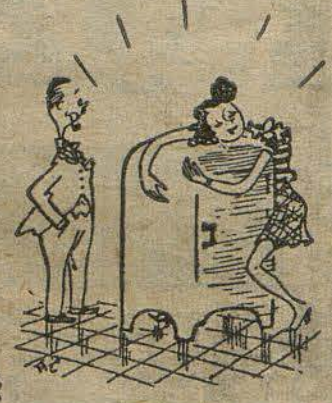
Two metal plates are adjusted to the subject's left wrist to pick up electrical charges, which are recorded by a third pen.

The three pens make their records simultaneously on a moving roll of paper about eight inches wide.

BEFORE THE BIG SHOW

"Can I be a paratrooper, too, when I grow up?" But dad says he hopes it won't be necessary. He's a member of a famous division, now fighting in Europe.

A Chilly Reception



(In Lexington, Ky., Judge Chester D Adams heard a husband say his wife spent too much time with the ice-man Go home and buy an electric refrigerator, advised the judge, dismissing the case.—(News item from the "Stars and Stripes")

Now Mr. S., of Lexington
Was stricken with remorse.
His wife still with the ice-man?—right!
He'd sue for a divorce.

Collection of the evidence
And witnesses took weeks.
The reason for the ruddiness
Of Mr S.'s cheeks.

When after half an hour or so
He heard the judge declare,
"The case dismissed. Go home," he said.
"And buy a Frigidaire."

—Hugh Barty King.

YOU
Saying Something

Dividends And Wages

CAPT. GORDON McKEI R.C.A.—It is unethical journalism to resort to damaging half truths in presenting a controversial case.

In your issue of 4 June, C. F. Brown draws attention to two figures from the annual report of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Dividends paid were 3,000,000 pounds and wages and salaries expenses were 30,500,000 pounds. It is suggested that the one-tenth ratio between these figures in some way uncovers an unfair act.

The rest of the truth that is not told is the value of the total assets of the company and the amount of its capital.

Chemical Industries use only small amounts of labour. Chemicals cannot be made by any human manipulation. They are made by chemical reactions that need only be controlled by a few highly skilled technicians. However, these reactions take place inside a very intricate and expensive plant. I have no way of knowing what the value of I.C.I.s plant is, but I would expect it to be at least 10,000 pounds for each person employed making a total of 1,000,000,000 pounds or more.

Dividends which are a reward for risking one's capital by investing it in an enterprise, should be compared with the amount of the investment, not with any such figure as wages and salaries.

* * *

Benevolent Societies

CPL. BONNER, R.A.F.—I am going to enlighten Cpl. Brierley on benevolent societies and also answer his letter to you.

He talks of the famous R.A.F. fund and the benefits that it pays, but it is only because almost every serving member of the R.A.F. belongs to the society and not because of the outside help that it gets.

My suggestion Cpl. Brierley, is to try and get soldiers interested enough to start one for the Army, not to talk so much about colour of uniforms and France and Dunkirk. The Navy and the Air Force were also present.

Sitting on the Fence

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS

THE World Strategists were saying:—

"All right, old man, you've started your attack at the southern end of the German fortress. Where will your next blow fall, old man?"

"From the north, old man."

"Are you positive, old man?"

"As positive as one can be without full knowledge of the facts, old man."

"Why have you chosen the north, old man?"

"Because I'm working a four-way pincer movement, old man. North and south, east and west."

"Carry on, old man."

"When the claw of my southern pincer reaches the line of the Po I shall strike southwards from Leningrad."

"Yes, old man."

"And when the German armies are retreating through Estonia and the Alps, I shall strike from west and east, old man."

"Won't you get the northern claws of your north-south pincers rather mixed up with the eastern claw of your east-west pincers, old man?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow, old man."

"Well, I'll try to make it clear, old man. The northern claw of your Russian Army is advancing southwards, isn't it, old man?"

"Roughly southwards, old man."

"It's either advancing southwards or it isn't, old man."

"Estonia happens to be south-westwards of Leningrad, old man."

"Well, south-westwards, old man. And the eastern claw of your Russian Army is advancing westwards?"

"Quite correct, old man."

"Well, old man, can't you see that at some point these two armies with all their transport and equipment are going to cross each other and get rather congested, old man?"

"Not at all, old man. I suppose you must have heard that Russia is rather a big place, old man?"

"It hasn't entirely escaped my notice, old man."

"In that case, old man, you can see that there will be plenty of room for both armies to manoeuvre, old man?"

"Not unless they have plenty of good roads, old man."

"What makes you think they haven't plenty of good roads, old man?"

"I happen to read the newspapers, old man."

"Well, old man, even supposing they haven't many good roads, I suppose there is such a thing as improvisation, old man?"

"Such as what, old man?"

"For one thing, old man, when the ground hardens it will be possible to advance over open country, and for another, the Russians have been known to build new roads, old man."

"Through forests, old man?"

"I didn't say anything about building roads through forests, old man."

"If you look at a map of Northern Russia you'd find it difficult to build new roads without going through forests, old man."

"I don't happen to have a map of Russia with me, old man."

"In that case, I advise you to get one before you start your north-east drive, old man."

"I hope you're not trying to be offensive, old man?"

"Not at all, old man. I just think it's rather a crackpot scheme, old man."

"I'm not accustomed to being called a crack-pot, old man."

"Nobody was calling you a crack-pot, old man."

"In that case, I must be getting deaf, old man. I thought this was going to be a friendly argument, old man."

"I rather hoped so, old man. Perhaps we'd better drop it, old man."

"Perhaps we had, old man. Goodnight, old man."

"Goodnight, old man."

Letter From An Aunt

MY Dear Boy,

There's been another fearful row between the Whist Club Committee and Emily's political group. The Impoverished Gentlewomen's True Blue Conservative Association, this time about Churchill's Franco speech—the Whist Club chairman, who is rather leftish and clever and therefore hated by everybody, said that according to Churchill's argument (that you never criticise a foreign statesman if he doesn't hit you in the face) Mussolini would have been another Christian gentleman instead of a "black-hearted Italian" and a "tattered lackey." If we had never been at war with Italy—this drew a stinging reply from the 80-year-old chairwoman of the True Blues, who said that one was the son of a gentleman and the other was not, and that what we needed in the world was more breeding and less brains—when another Whist Club member said that the True Blues were a collection of middle-class nonentities with neither breeding nor brains, the True Blues walked out in a body after cancelling their support of a "white elephant" sale in aid of the Red Cross.

* * *

The ironmonger with a commission in the Home Guard is suffering from shock after an exercise with live ammunition—unfortunately your Uncle Fred, as the best shot in the platoon, was chosen as rifleman to fire over the heads of the ironmonger and his men, but instead of that he peppered the ground all round the ironmonger's feet as he advanced and sent shots whizzing about his ears—when the ironmonger took cover your Uncle Fred threw smoke bombs at him, and he was eventually picked up unconscious and half-choked with fumes.

* * *

Florrie came round to tea (last of the plum jam) and told us that Hitler's last throw will be 10,000,000 Japanese dropped by parachute, all determined to blow everybody up, including themselves—Florrie didn't explain how the Japanese are going to get to Europe, but it sent Emily off into another of her fainting fits, and we had to waste some brandy on her—your Uncle Fred says that if she faints again we shall have to bring her round on beer as there's no more brandy in the town.

The gardener, who has now given up politics and gone religious, is now walking about with placards on his back saying the day of reckoning is at hand—he refuses to plant anything because he thinks the world will end before it comes up and is looking forward to seeing us cast into the bottomless pit.

Your loving,
AUNT MAUD.

Party Conversation

MARGARET'S father's drinking two extra doubles a day to get into training for peace celebrations."

"My husband says that after this war the mark will be worth even less than it was after the last war. He says you'll be able to buy Germany for about eight-pence."

"He's a reserve fire-watcher in the black market, but he waved a Union Jack on Empire Day."

"The people who sing 'Land of Hope and Glory' the loudest have never done anything to make it glorious."

"When a Conservative talks about 'my country,' he really means it's his country, and nobody else's."

"To many people peace means nothing more than a rump steak and fried onions."

"When it's all over I shall commit slow suicide by overeating."

"All my dreams are haunted by joints of meat. If it's not boiled silverside with dumplings it's roast shoulder of lamb with mint sauce."

"Margaret's father will gradually work up his training to four extra doubles a day."

"Taxi-drivers are among the few polite people left in London."

"If the British Government ever forgets the shooting of British airmen, never talk to me about Governments again."

"As I've always said, the Germans are nothing but vermin infesting the earth, and they ought to be exterminated."

"All you need is about 5,000 tons of rat poison."

"But you couldn't make them eat rat poison, darling."

"Even if we're told officially that Franco's a gentleman nobody can stop us thinking."

"When Margaret's father can drink an extra bottle of Scotch a day, he'll be fit for peace celebrations."

"I began by taking my hat off to the two armies when they cracked the Gustav line."

SANDY'S INN

SUDDENLY the second motor on the transport plane conked out, so the skipper of the plane shouted: "Jump."

"But I've no parachute," protested Bill.

"We don't carry parachutes—too heavy. You'll just have to take a chance on your diving," said the pilot.

"But we're 13,000 feet up," wailed Bill.

"You're not superstitious are you?" asked the pilot.

So just to prove he wasn't Bill jumped, whizzed through the air. Half way down, he saw a girl coming up, so he doffed his hat. "Hello," said Bill, "you haven't seen a plane coming down, have you?"

"No," said she, "you haven't seen a gas stove coming up?"

* * *

The Ack-Ack gunnery practice was on and true to plan the pilot in the plane towing the target swung round the corner and across the front of the guns.

He noticed, however, that the shells were not only bursting behind him, but in front as well, and unpleasantly near at that.

Quickly he radioed the range superintendant: "Please tell firers I am towing the target—not pushing it."

* * *

Then there was the girl who was so stuck up she wouldn't eat a hot dog unless it had a kennel club pedigree . . .

* * *

TALKING SHOP

She went into the butcher's
For spare ribs and suet,
But found that some others
Had beaten her to it.

She said she would settle
For sausage and liver,
But the butcher insisted
He had none to giver.

She pleaded for pork chops . . .
For meatballs . . for mutton . .
The butcher said: "Lady,
I just ain't got nuttin!"

* * *

The unit had just arrived in Iceland and the C.O., who had been reading something about the place, decided to give a few talks on his literary discoveries.

"The Northern Lights will be on tomorrow at five," he said to his R.S.M., "so I'll give a talk to the battalion on them, in the parade ground. If it is foggy and dull, however, it will be in the mess hall."

That evening in "After Orders" appeared:

"Tomorrow at 17.00 hours, the C.O. will talk to the entire battalion on the parade ground, when he will personally put on the Northern Lights. If it is dull, however, the Northern Lights will be put on in the mess hall."

* * *

After the vain effort to assassinate Hitler in Munich, butchers there displayed the following sign:

THERE WILL, UNFORTUNATELY, BE NO LARD OR DRIPPING TODAY, AS THE SWINE WAS NOT KILLED YESTERDAY.

* * *

It was one of the first warm days of spring. A brown leaf on the ground moved slightly and then was pushed aside as an inch of worm thrust itself out. It remained thus, drinking in the beauties of awakening nature.

After a time, chancing to look about, it observed another worm also bent on reconnoitring. Gazing at it raptly, the first worm exclaimed:

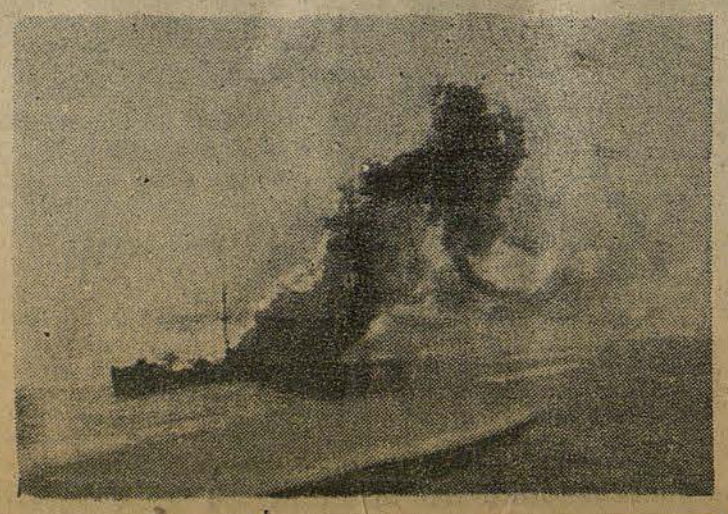
"Ah, what soul-warming sunshine! How intoxicating is the soft spring air. I feel the elixir of life pulsing in my being—kind lady, beautiful woman, will you be my mate?"

The other worm replied languidly. "Oh, quiet, you old fool—I'm your other end."

—SANDY THE BARMAN.

War over the water

Over land and sea the R.A.F. continues to play its tremendous part in the final stages of the struggle against Germany. Picture above shows the doom of a U-boat in the Atlantic. Six U-boats were destroyed and several others attacked by aircraft during a recent major action in the North Atlantic. Picture below shows an armed trawler enveloped in smoke before it finally blew up after being attacked by Beaufighters off the Dutch coast.



Important People

by BERNARD BRETT

Radio link with the home front

HERE is an address to jot down in your pocket book.

It is Major Christopher Stone, No. 2 P.R.S., A.F.H.Q.

Major Christopher Stone in the old days of peace was the gramophone player of the B.B.C. He is now in this theatre of war with a special purpose in mind. He is here to provide a link between the important people back home—the men and women, boys and girls, who are delivering the goods of war, and the important people out here who are using the goods of war.

Major Stone wants to make the link between the two much stronger. This is what he wants. If you have reason to be grateful to some piece of equipment—a truck that had just that extra bit of speed when you needed it, a carrier that stood up to everything and still carried you, a rifle you would never part with, or any of the goods of war which have behaved brilliantly and perhaps saved your life, Major Stone wants the details.

His next job, after finding the place where the equipment was made will be to find the very people who made it. Then he will broadcast the story of the link.

ALL this began after he had visited Africa some time ago. He happened to broadcast a story of how pleased the lads of the Signals were with their equipment. He got a letter later from "Twelve Yorkshire Lassies in the Top House" who said they made the stuff he had talked about. At last they felt their work was useful. Their output had gone up ten per cent.

Christopher Stone visited the Twelve Yorkshire Lassies and found them wiring very fine wire for condensers for the Royal Corps of Signals. They were singing:

Keep right on to the end of the wire,
Keep right on to the end.
Though your thumbs are sore
And we're swearing more,
Keep right on to the end . . .

They were so pleased with his visit that their output went up another ten per cent.

And these are the sort of people who made the famous hundred mile dump of stores for the invasion of France, the important people who provided the tools for the lads out here to finish the job of taking Rome and drive the Germans north. With them we are linked in war until victory is won; after victory, when we all get back, we are linked by a thousand emotional chains long ago forged back home.

* * *

I THOUGHT of all this when a truck driver from Bristol—his truck was painted with the words "Bristol City"—gave me a lift during a hitch-hike across Italy.

At night he sleeps in his truck in some secluded place or parking place, and by day he cooks his own meals. He drives with the caution of the experienced driver—Civvy Street job was long distance truck driving—and yet he keeps good-tempered and quiet. He finds time to wave to children. He is a soldier ambassador in Italy.

Here's to him (he prefers to remain anonymous), and thanks for the ride, chum.

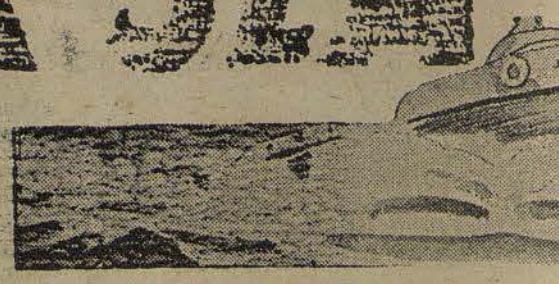
COMEDY CORNER

"Must you make your moves under a smoke screen?"

"I really must go now—I've got a train to bust."

"Der Hermann Goering Line—very fonny, ja?"

AIR-SEA



"CRASH CALL!"

The message flashed over to the motor launch while I was talking to the skipper. In under two minutes we were heading for the sea, the streamlined 63-foot vessel cutting through the water like an eager greyhound. The motors had been started, the boat unmoored and on the move, even before a flying figure leapt aboard with the instructions. All the information we had was that four men had been spotted drifting in a dinghy. The position given was about 73 miles away.

This was an unexpected break. I had gone along to the H.S.L. to interview the skipper, Warrant Officer H. Greenwood ("Darkie" to all his friends), of 160, St. George's Road, Bolton, Lancs., with the intention of getting some stories of the R.A.F.'s Air-Sea Rescue Service.

Rivalry Between Rescuers

He was the right person to talk about this service which has done such sterling work in saving thousands of valuable R.A.F. crews and which, in these days of increasingly heavy raids, is finding itself busier than ever. He has been with the R.A.F. for fifteen years, in the marine section before the formation of the Air-Sea Rescue Service.

Poring over charts, Skipper Greenwood set the course. We were doing about 27 knots. "I can get her up to 32," he said, "but on a trip of this length it's not fair to force her up too much."

He isn't very optimistic about this rescue.

"We've got a couple of Warwicks and a Catalina on this crash," he explained. "The Cat will probably get there first. There's a lot of rivalry between the air and sea rescue crews! When it's a long-distance job, the flying boats obviously stand a better chance. It's when we are both searching an area at the same time that the rivalry is keenest, and you'll often see one or other of the crews literally snatching the crashed airmen from under the noses of their rivals.

"One Walrus used to be particularly hot at this. The crew would fly off, making derisive signs at the beaten launch crews. It happened several times, but the H.S.L. boys had the last laugh. They had to go out one day to rescue the Walrus. You can imagine what sort of remarks the Walrus boys had to put up with as they were being towed back to port!"

* * *

WE were well out to sea now. It was a perfect day. The sky was clear, visibility good, the sea calm, and a slight breeze.

Skipper Greenwood introduced me to the crew of the "40"—Sergeant G. MacFarlane, of 7, Lichfield Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2; Corporal G. Pitt, of 820, Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham; Corporal F. Todd, of 194, Ash Grove, Heston, Middlesex; L.A.C. Arthur Parker (the medical orderly), of 75, Mawney Road, Romford, Essex; L.A.C. J. Wylie, of 5, Hewiston Avenue, Liverpool, 13; L.A.C. M. Jones, of 4, Caenant Terrace, Skewen, near Neath, Glamorgan; Aircraftsman G. W. Rodway, of 28, Dovercourt Road, East Dulwich; L.A.C. F. W. Pye, of 44, Lady Somerset Road, Kentish Town; and Aircraftsman D. Duguid, of 42, Raglan Street, South Shields.

"It's pretty much of a routine job," Skipper Greenwood remarked. "The crews we are rescuing are the people who have the bad time.

"We were out one night in seas which were known to be enemy infested. Five airmen had been reported down since the previous day. We had already made one attempt to find them without success.

"We'd had a M.L.B. escort the first time. We were on our own the second time. A Ju. 88 passed over us, but took no notice. A little later we saw three F.W.'s, but still encountered no trouble.

"Picking up positions we searched southwards, while another launch searched north. Success came our way. We saw the rubber dinghy drifting in the water, with the wireless operator badly injured. His broken leg had been tied up with a splint made of driftwood and he had several other wounds. He was exhausted through loss of blood, pain and exposure. Yet he did not murmur or grumble once.

"It was 11.30 in the evening by now. We set off on the return course. Everything was quiet for a time. Then came a bang, and a flare went up just behind us. Throttles down, we increased to 32 knots.

"Another crack at an angle of 30 degrees from us, and a bunch of six flares lit up the sea. We switched on our recognition lights. The answer was a hail of fire across the top of our boat, with tracers looking like a trail of red-hot cinders.

"We knew then that an E-boat had spotted us.

"Our boat almost flew. Meanwhile, there was mounting tension in the engine-room. The gearbox was getting hot.

Rendezvous For Raiders

"We were interested in one thing, and one thing only—getting away. We didn't bother about the course. With the gearbox threatening to burn itself out completely we shook on. And the E-boat gave us up as a bad job. Our speed dropped. Someone asked, 'Where are we?' The answer was 'Don't know.'

"We had to check our position and then reset our course. We returned to port at 5 o'clock in the morning."

We were keeping a steady course. Overhead, high up in the skies, were tiny gleams of silver in the sunlight. They were bombers going out.

"We've got to go to a rendezvous after searching for those four airmen," the skipper told me. "This is a regular assignment whenever there's a big raid on. We go to a fixed spot an hour before the bombers are due back and remain there for a couple of hours. Airmen in difficulties have instructions to try and make for this rendezvous and, in any case, we are in a good position to go out for them if they do prang anywhere in the sea."

* * *

"HUMOUR?" the skipper asked. "Yes, we have our lighter moments. We had to go out the other day to pick up a Lightning pilot. He had baled out.

He had been couple of hours h him. As we pull he yelled to us to chute as well. T We couldn't see i

"It's in the I've been hangi whole ruddy time a wedding dress

Parachute Prope

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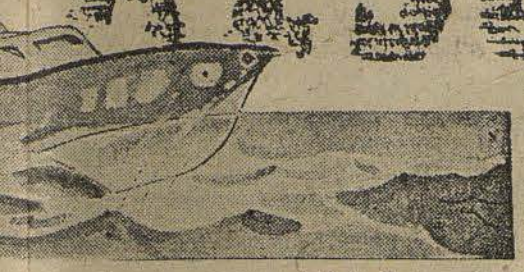
"I'd got only face shaved—a complete that couple of days

"That was a pr But one of the

"THE SEA SHALL NOT HAVE

"The sea shall not have them" motto of the Air-Sea Rescue CRUSADER reporter, John K. N went out with one of the hig launches of this service. Here is of that trip and of the work of who go out to save the lives of th who crash into the sea.

RESCUE



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…efore we got to him aboard, grab his cockpit roof escape hatch had jammed. The 'plane was filling with water, and he had to swim through the fuselage to make his way out.

"I don't know which of us were the more pleased to see one another — the bomber crew or ourselves. They'd still got some emergency rations, and we were starving. We hadn't had time to restock, and hadn't eaten since the previous lunch time. We enjoyed that meal!"

We were getting near the spot where the four airmen had been sighted. The two Warwicks were circling above us, searching for any sign of the dinghy. Our motors were stopped. We floated gently over the waters.

Skipper Greenwood went below and returned with his revolver; the guns had already been uncovered.

"I'm not taking any chances," he said grimly. "We're just off enemy occupied territory here. The last pick-up I had, as a matter of fact, turned out to be a Jerry. He'd been brought down by a Spitfire. And he was very anxious indeed to meet that Spitfire pilot. He had nothing but admiration for him, and wanted to shake the hand of a better man."

We were all keeping our eyes peeled, but there was nothing to be seen. The sea was free of any sort of craft for miles around. Wireless messages from the searching aircraft had nothing to report.

Time passed. Then the Catalina hove in sight. She dipped down. Wireless-operator Wylie started taking a message. A wry expression came over his face.

"Report to rendezvous," he said. "They've been picked up."

The four airmen had apparently drifted some miles. Anyway, they were safe. We set course for the rendezvous.

* * *

"ANOTHER long run I had," related Skipper Greenwood, "was when we received a crash report that a glider had pranged 110 miles from land in the Mediterranean. The two men concerned were quite happy when we reached them. They said they were getting used to this sort of thing. They'd been together for a long time, and this was their fourth crash, and their second in the sea.

Sister Ship Rescued

"The first time they landed in the sea, one of them hadn't been able to swim. His pal had had to hold him up in the water for six hours. He'd learned to swim since then."

I heard more stories from other members of the crew. There are times when they have to go to the rescue of their sister ships. There was a case of this recently. The M.S.L. had been out all night. 7 o'clock in the morning and a radio message was picked up: "Being attacked by enemy aircraft." No position was given. Later, another message, and aircraft and a launch went out. The sister ship was found, drifting helplessly in the water, with casualties aboard. Two medical orderlies, L.A.C. S. Smith and L.A.C. A. Parker, leapt over to her. She had been badly shot up. The engine room was filled with water.

One man was lying face downwards over the port engine. He had been killed by cannon shell. Another man was badly injured, also by shell fire. The remainder of the crew were suffering from shock due to aircraft attack and exhaustion.

Everything was taken off the launch, which sank soon afterwards.

I heard, too, the story of the work of the Air-Sea Rescue Service during the great Bari blitz. They volunteered to visit the scene of the fires for rescue jobs. Survivors were taken off the blazing ships. Waters all around were searched continuously for survivors. One of the most courageous exploits was the rescue of the crew of a tanker laden with 100 octane petrol. Several members of this crew made an attempt to escape in a float, only to find themselves drifting towards the wall of flame that raged farther out. Ropes were flung to them, and they reboarded their own blazing craft until taken off by the Air-Sea Rescue boys.

Speed is one of the most vital factors in rescuing sea-crashed airmen. Even minutes may make a difference between picking up live or dead crews. They're often badly injured even before being forced down. Expert first-aid treatment is frequently given on the spot, and the launches contain the necessary equipment for such treatment.

One Foot Got Wet

Going out on one crash recently, the rescue service found the dinghy concerned, drifting about with five injured men in it. The captain of the aircraft had a 9-inch deep wound across his spine. His co-pilot had a fractured knee. The other three were also badly hurt. All were given skilful emergency treatment before reaching land and being taken to hospital.

One of the quickest pick-ups on record was when the Air-Sea rescue launches were on a rendezvous job. As usual, the airmen had given the position. The returning bombers had been droning over at a good height.

Then came the sound of a kite in difficulties. Its engines were coughing. It had already lost height, but the pilot was obviously determined to reach the rendezvous.

He did. The crew of the launch ducked when they saw him coming. It looked as though he would hit the boat. Down he zoomed, missed the mast by inches, and landed on the water only a matter of yards away.

And the only man even to get wet before being helped aboard, was the pilot. He got one of his feet covered with water.

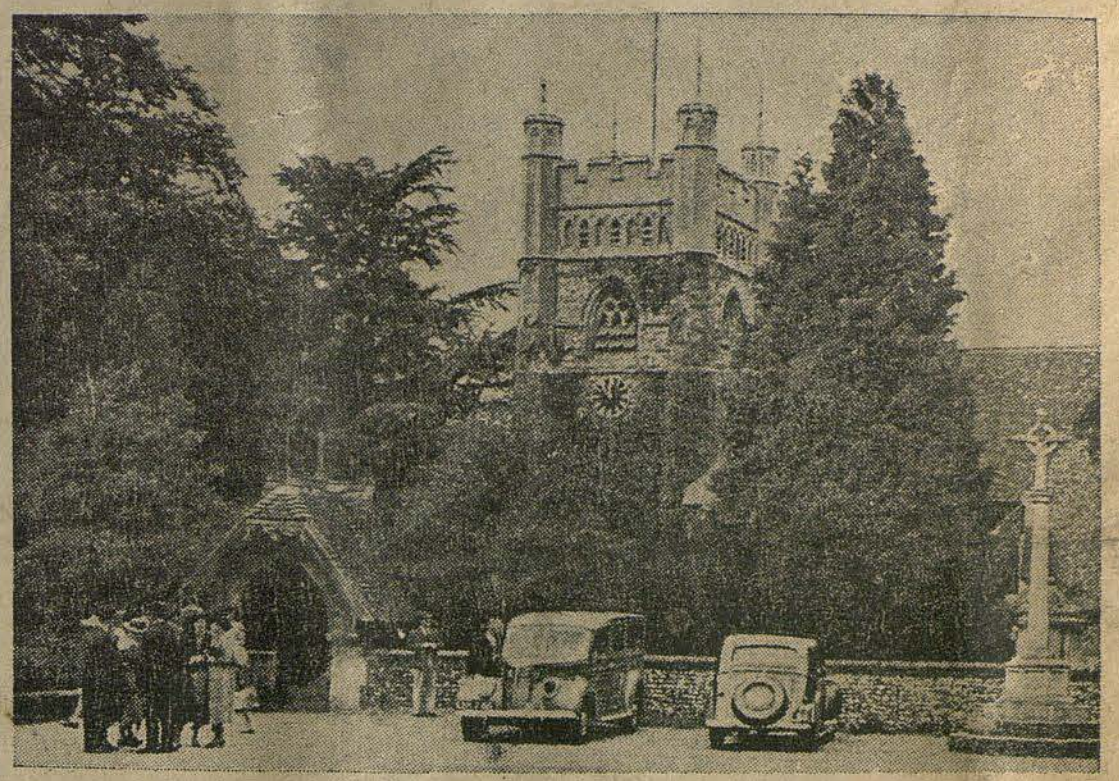
* * *

WE had reached the rendezvous. The bombers had roared overhead. Their raid was finished. None had crashed into the sea. Over the air came the message to return to port. We set for home again, a round trip of 176 miles. A routine, uneventful day.

"You've been lucky with the weather," Skipper Greenwood commented. "They can bounce, these boats. But there's nothing really sensational about our work. We don't want to be called heroes or anything like that. But there were two members of my former crew who *do* deserve to be called heroes—L.A.C. Kerr, of Glasgow, and Cpl. Stanley Ashworth, of Salford, Manchester.

"Wireless Operators both of them. And they've been seasick every time they have been out, yet without once giving up. I've seen them on watch with buckets beside them all the time, but remaining cheerful. And that's heroism if you like!"

Skipper Greenwood and his crew.



Sunday "Church Parade" back home. Typical of scenes in country villages all over Britain on Sunday mornings. The sermon is over and the congregation meets for a quiet walk and talk before the mid-day meal.

BILL TAYLOR, talking of home says:

They really get down to brass tacks when

THE VILLAGE MOOT MEETS

SOME of the best arguments and discussions take place in pubs over the cheering influence of a pint. It is the same all over Britain (except on Sundays in Scotland and Wales; and there are ways and means of circumventing those trifling restrictions).

But usually all these arguments end up nowhere and everyone goes home to bed, happily or otherwise.

But the voice of reason broke into the arguments at Killingworth, in Northumberland, about three years ago, where Mr. Geeson said to the assembled company in the Plough:

"This is no good at all. We always start arguing just on closing time and never get anywhere. Let's set aside a special night for this sort of thing. Let's have a weekly village Parliament."

The others thought the idea very good and got down to brass tacks immediately.

They approached the innkeeper's wife and said, "I wonder if you can help us? We want to start a village Moot in Killingworth."

"A Moot. Whatever's that?"

"It's a sort of village Parliament. They had them a thousand years ago in Saxon times, and that was what they called them then. We want to start one here."

So it was finally decided to hold a meeting every Monday in the back parlour.

Six men came to the first meeting. They liked it and kept on coming. They drew in other men.

And so the Moot grew. Now there is an average of thirty men per meeting and they've met every week—despite blizzard and blackout.

They've discussed everything under the sun, from the Beveridge Report to factory legislation, from mining to mine-sweeping, from crime to ship-building.

The men of Killingworth talked in their village Parliament. Soon the Moot began to be talked about itself, in its own district, in the county, in London. The Minister of Labour issued a memorandum about it, which has been circulated all over the country.

"The Moot is an informal Parliament of the men of the village," says the Minister, "and representative of every village interest. Meetings are held in the village inn at Killingworth. Several of the members are teetotallers. There are about eighty members altogether, paying a penny a week subscription."

And this is how the Moot works. In the back parlour of the Plough, there's a cheerful fire; sporting prints on the walls; red leather seats; small tables. The room itself is small and every chair is taken. Everyone smokes. The fug is terrific and, in winter, is increased by the necessity of the blackout.

The men of Killingworth include a garage proprietor, a postmaster, a pitman, a cycle dealer, a farmer, a foreman, a surgeon, a joiner, a lawyer, a schoolmaster and a soldier—a complete cross-section of the community.

The platform stands beside the fire (it would!). The chairman and the speaker sit there. Every week there is a different speaker and after his talk there is a question time at which the questions are many and various.

The men talk well. In the early days they were nervous, shy, often incoherent; but the village Parliament has given them a new confidence. They marshal their arguments and state their cases frankly.

By the end of the evening the room is blue with tobacco smoke. It's difficult to see from one end to the other. Then men mop their brows; a warning light flicks three times and then come those dreaded words. "Time, gentlemen, please."

And the meeting ends.

That is the Killingworth Moot—the first English village moot since Saxon times.

* * *

ANOTHER get together idea which might well be copied and developed is the Young Wives' Club.

The wife of a Serviceman does not have an easy life, as we know. She is often lonely and usually worried. She has a great deal of work to do; perhaps bring a family up and run a house on her own.

The club started to help women who are leading this busy, worried sort of life—women with young children to look after and whose husbands are away from home.

The founder was Mrs. James Bartlett, the wife of an R.A.F. officer, and the club meets one afternoon a week in New Barnet.

The committee see to it that the programme is varied for the missis, and there is a separate room for the kiddies who are looked after by two experienced nurses while the club meets. And so, for these few hours, the mothers can relax and forget about the family.

This idea is an opportunity for friendship for dozens of wives who need it. They can swap points of view, attend a keep-fit class, which is very popular now, or just sit and have a nice cup of tea and tell Mrs. Jones how hubby is getting along in whichever part of the globe he may be serving.

But I suppose that Mrs. Jones *always* has a much better story about her husband.

* * *

"LOOK after the tuppence and the pounds will look after themselves" was Montague Cohen's motto.

He had the engaging habit of removing coin boxes from telephone booths in the London area, and he caused quite a bit of confusion by his activities.

But he will be quiet for a time because he has been sent on a three years' vacation; and when he has done that sentence he has another five years of preventive detention coming to him.

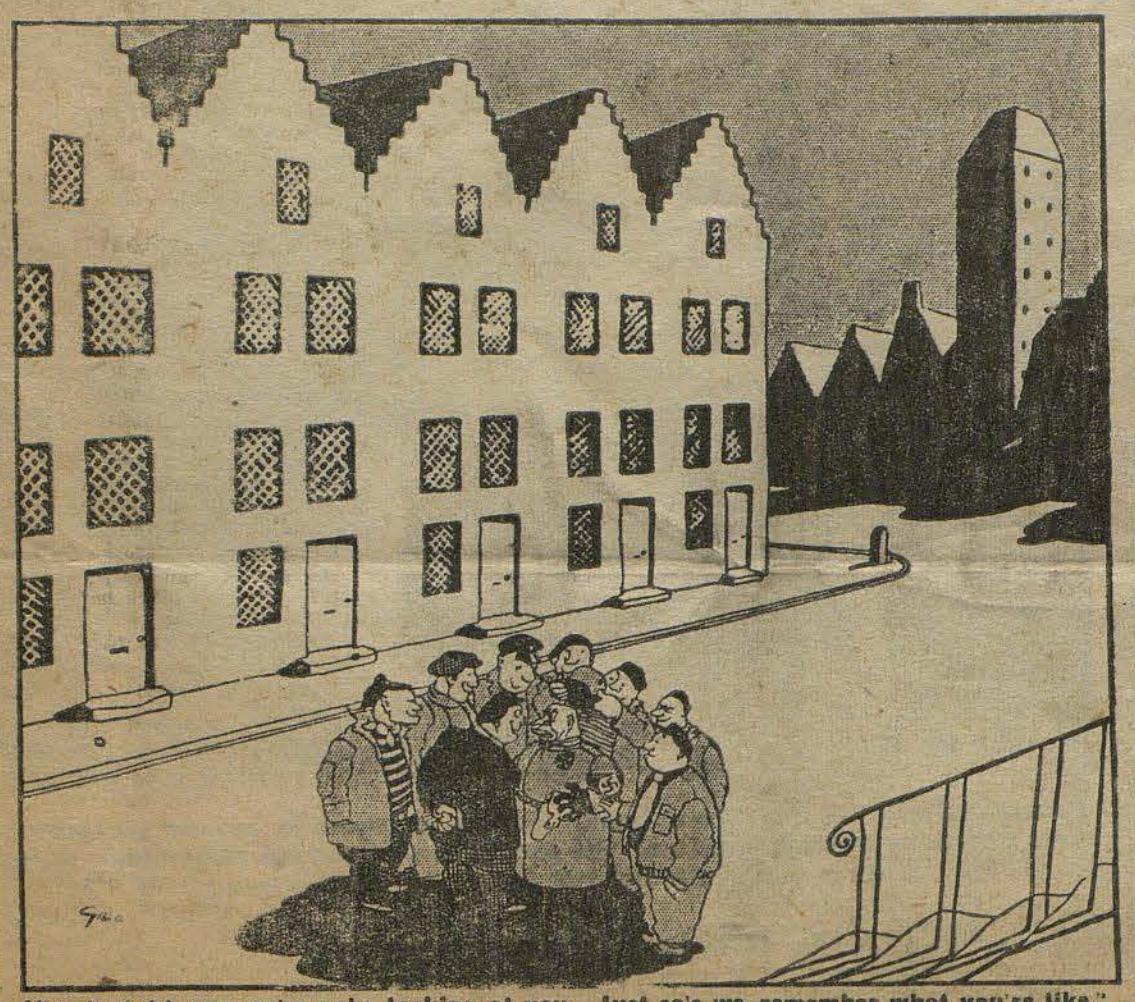
It was not so much the ten pounds which he stole from the boxes that mattered. But people used to go to a box to ring for an ambulance or the police and they would find Cohen had been there before them.

It was fortunate that the police went to a certain house in South Lambeth when they did, because in a vice there they found a key which was being cut to save Cohen all the bother of having to take the boxes away!

* * *

Private John Collis wrote home to his mother at Highbury Park, London, "Don't worry about me, mum. I'll keep my head down."

Later, when he was crawling with a stretcher to aid a wounded comrade, he was struck by shrapnel in a tender spot. So his next letter home said: "In future I'll keep both ends down."



"It's all right, son, we're only looking at you. Just so's we remember what you're like."

The American War Office

In this article from the "Daily Mail" Ronald Collier describes the Pentagon Building—and tells the legend of the messenger boy who became a colonel in a week.

THE Pentagon Building—because it is five-sided and five-storeyed—is, beyond rivalry, the largest and most amazing building in the world. It houses the administrative staff of the United States Army. It covers 140 acres; its cubic footage is 86,000,000.

Corridors stretch for a total of sixteen and a half miles. And messengers ride up and down them at terrifying speeds on tricycles

Its windowless corridors and rooms are illuminated by the most modern form of concealed lighting. The atmosphere is controlled by combined ventilating, heating and air-conditioning apparatus. The telephone switchboard handles 125,000 calls daily, keeping 300 operators busy.

In their spare moments, Pentagonians may relax in any of two hundred rest rooms, cash cheques at a branch of their bank, sit at a drug store counter, visit a sixteen-chair barber's shop, and take goods on account from a branch of a big departmental store.

They can lunch in six cafeterias and attend a hospital staffed with half a dozen doctors and a corps of nurses.

Seven hundred charwomen mop and dust it clean every day.

Outside this "city under one roof"—and remember that the number of employees at Pentagon represents the working population of a city of 100,000 people—six thousand cars are parked every day. Once inside the building, and scrutinised by one of the five hundred guards and janitors always on duty, it is even more likely to become lost.

It is said that one hundred people a day lose themselves in the labyrinthine corridors and are finally led, exhausted, to a sort of "human lost and found department" for checking.

Most Pentagon legends are based on this fact. The most widely known concerns a Western Union messenger boy who entered the building on a Monday to deliver a telegram, vanished, and could not be found until the following Sunday, when he emerged a full colonel!

Wooden cars soon

Certain British car manufacturers are now making "hush-hush" experiments in the use of wood for post-war car bodies.

Wood, as used in aircraft construction, particularly the Mosquito, can be moulded to any shape and made any strength.

One big advantage is that a wooden-bodied car would be light in weight and cheaper to repair than a metal-bodied car.

PLASTICS IN NEW ROLE

BEFORE the war much was heard of plastics: during the war still more, and now it is news again as scientists reveal its possible use in the post-war world.

A new plastic substance that will make excellent washable shoes, both uppers and soles, has been evolved and will supply footwear at low cost after the war.

The new material has been developed and tested by the Goodyear Research Laboratory in the United States, in their search for a substitute for rubber for motor tyres.

They have perfected it to such an extent that a plastic tyre has already run 8,000 miles under test. These tyres will be sold after the war to the public cheaper than natural rubber tyres were before the war.

In addition, the plastic can be made into rubber hoses, in colours to match the flower beds, clothes, luggage, book bindings and other articles of everyday utility.

CRUSADER WEEK-END DIGEST

So it is not only the motorists that will benefit from this substance; everyone will, for it can be made into upholsterings for furniture, raincoats, wall coverings, draperies and shoes.

A MODERN PIMPERNEL

In the darkness off the Riviera coast a poem was whispered to the submarine commander instead of the password. And that is how Lieut. E. J. D. Turner, D.S.O., D.S.C., commanding officer of H.M.S. Sybil, became known as "The Pimpernel."

Here, in his own words, Lieut. Turner tells the story of his adventure in one of the most daring missions of the war.

IT was one of those very secret jobs. All I had been told was to keep a midnight rendezvous at a point off the French Riviera.

"The night was dark, with no moon, and the sea was very calm. For a time I waited on the bridge and watched the flashes of the trams along a coast road. We had crept to within 300 yards of the shore.

"Then I saw a small boat being rowed towards us. I leaned over the conning tower expecting a man to give the password.

"But instead of a man, there was a woman speaking softly in the darkness, and instead of the password she said:

"'*They seek him here, they seek him there,*
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere,
Is he in Heaven; is he in Hell?
That demn'd elusive Pimpernel.'

"When we were well away to sea I welcomed the unexpected guest to the wardroom mess. She proved an excellent mess-mate, with a good sense of humour, and she soon settled down to submarine life.

"When she left the submarine at Algiers four days later, she thanked me for our hospitality and added, 'I left Algiers with my head bowed and feeling very low, but now I have returned to help carry the torch to victory'."

WHAT'S HOT—AND WHY?

Scientists have their own particular words for explaining the most simple of things. This is apt to confuse the layman. Professor J. B. S. Haldane in this article from "The Daily Worker" explains the scientist's point of view.

ONE reason why other people find it hard to understand science, and why scientists are apt to lose their tempers with other people, is that scientists either use ordinary words with a special meaning, or invent words of their own, which ordinary people do not understand.

I don't think this can be avoided. The history of science shows what has constantly happened. We start with some ordinary word, such as "hot," whose meaning we think we understand.

On the breakfast table are a table-cloth, a plate, and a pot of mustard. The plain man says the plate is cold, the mustard hot, and the cloth neither hot nor cold. A physicist will say that none of them is hotter than the others.

But that does not mean that the plain man is talking nonsense. He certainly gets the feeling of cold from the knife, and a feeling of heat from the mustard if he puts it on his tongue.

The knife and the cloth are at the same temperature, somewhat below that of one's finger. But the knife conducts heat well, so it cools the finger much more than the cloth when one touches it.

The mustard, or to be accurate, one of the chemical compounds in it, excites the same nerve fibres in my tongue as are excited by hot substances, and gives me a sensation of heat.

Until thermometers were invented and made fairly accurate, it was quite impossible to get any definite answer to the question which of two bodies were hotter, much less to measure temperature or heat. Even now we are apt to trust our senses unduly.

The woman who runs our household, insists on putting food on a slate shelf rather than a wooden one in the larder, because it is colder.

Actually, everything put in the larder reaches the same temperature after half-an-hour or so. Warm things cool a little quicker on slate than on wood, and that is all the difference. If the food were like man or living animal and had a source of heat in it, it would be colder on slate than on wood.

Confusions like this arise in part, because we use the same word "heat" for a sensation, and for a form of energy which causes it.

We should avoid these confusions if we used specially invented words such as "caloric" and "calories" for "heat" and "hot" in their scientific senses.

But when scientists use such words they are often accused of talking jargon.

Sergeant medicine man

Sergeant Julian Smith, Sioux Indian of the U.S. Army in Iran, was riding-master at a Northern Iran rest camp with ten Arab ponies under his care.

HIS stable was a dingy barn, and the caretaker was an old tribesman, almost blind.

"The Chief," as Sergeant Smith was called, turned up one day with his first-aid kit. He forced the unwilling old man to agree to treatment. In three weeks he had cured him with the aid of aspirin.

The old man went back to his village, and returned with two more sufferers. The Chief cured them, too. Soon after, a woman with an injured child came to see him. The child's legs had been badly scalded and the local Medicine Woman had made them worse by rubbing some filthy substance into the burns.

The Chief cured her—fruit juice and aspirins killed the fever and sulphur powder healed the scarred legs.

Within a day a long line of villagers were pleading for the Chief's healing touch.

Then the Medicine Woman began to cause trouble. The Head Man of the tribe threatened to kick the Chief from the village.

"They are like my own people back on the reservation," said the Indian sergeant. "Suspicious of anything new, with the same ailments and poverty."

When the local "war" was at its height the Head Man's nephew was thrown from a horse and seriously injured. The Chief found him and dressed his wounds.

Next day the child—with his uncle, the Head Man—turned up for more treatment. The Chief had won.

He had ousted the local Medicine Woman—and was regarded now as the Medicine Man, lauded by the Kurd tribesmen as the Medicine Men of his own tribe back in America had never been lauded.

The villagers presented him with a vineyard as a sign of their gratitude.

Each time Rome has fallen, history has been changed

by GEORGE EDINGER

THERE have been people who reckoned their history in cycles. Each cycle of growth and development ended in violent revolution, the overthrow of a dynasty or the shattering of an order. Then history made a fresh start.

It was so with the Egyptians, the Mexicans, the Chinese. Our western world could reckon its cycles, too.

Again and again Rome has been taken by victorious armies. And with the fall of Rome a new age came to the peoples of the West. And fitly so.

For 1,100 years Rome was the capital of an empire that united Europe from the Solway Firth to the Black Sea, and from the Danube to the confines of the Sahara.

It gave us our concept of law, justice and government. It handed on to us the Greek ideal of right, democracy, freedom and human dignity. And when that empire dissolved, at last, to the blast of the barbarian trumpets, it was followed by a spiritual empire on the site that commands the allegiance of some 330 million men and women in this day and age.

Rome has been taken by Goths, Vandals, Greeks, Germans, Spaniards, French and Italians, by almost everybody, in fact, save the British and the Americans, which omission will soon be rectified. And every time the political order of the western world has rocked, even to its foundations.

Yet the greatness of Rome might well have never been. She was a sickly infant. Tradition has it that the city was founded on seven hills rising from the marshland about the Tiber in the year B.C. 753. And in 667, it was all but throttled by the neighbour king, Lars Porsena.

But the patriot, Horatius Coccles, with two companions, barred the Tiber bridgehead against the oncoming army, while the citizens destroyed the bridge.

So, by three men, Rome, and all that Rome has meant, was saved.

Stood At Bay

OFTEN in these early years it was in danger of extinction. On July 2, 390 B.C., the Gauls took Rome, and all that was Rome withdrew to the citadel, the Capitol. There, for seven precarious months, the nucleus of western civilisation stood at bay, while the fair-headed strangers sacked the temples of her gods.

In the pale of an autumn dawn the victors scaled the Capitol itself. They would have put all to the sword had they not disturbed a flock of sleeping geese, whose discordant cackle woke the sleeping guards.

But, with the coming of winter, the scarcity of food and the miasma of the marshlands, the Gaulish tribesmen consented to be brought away. So danger passed. Rome grew. Her empire extended over Italy.

Once, and once only, she was nearly taken. Two hundred and seventeen years before Christ was born Hannibal led a conquering army from North Africa to the city gates. Rome was saved by the loyalty of her colonies (18 rallied freely to her defence), and the resolution of her people.

Like the Britain of 1940, she showed so brave a front that Hannibal hesitated upon the threshold and while he hesitated he was lost.

But Rome was saved, saved for 600 years, till she seemed almost as inviolate as Britain seems to us. Only after she had become a world empire and that world empire had conformed to the Christian faith, only in the year 410 did the Goths march into Rome.

King Alaric advanced upon the city from the north-east. He was admitted secretly through the Salerian Gate by slaves, who found their lot intolerable. This was August 24, close on midnight. The advancing Goths lit their way by firing the houses as they went. Six days their armies rioted about the great city of a million souls.

End Of An Empire

FOR the churches and the sacred monuments the Gothic king showed a strange concern. But the tremendous happening which left the world amazed. From that day Rome [illegible] model of treasonry.

Pre-war Rome.—A superb view of the illuminated fountain in the Piazzo Roma.

The world empire was riven asunder. The young peoples that are the nations of today, began to stir amid the ruins.

But there was still an emperor in Rome, and while there was an emperor, the chance of putting back the pieces that made that mighty mosaic was still in the minds of men.

Alaric departed with his spoils along the Appian Way.

But 45 years after, Rome was sacked again.

Sailing from the port of Carthage (Tunis), Genseric, King of the Vandals, cast anchor off Ostia, in the summer of 455.

The emperor, Maximus, was killed by a stone thrown from an angry mob while he was trying to run away.

But Pope Leo I. met the advancing Vandals with the relics of Holy Church and sought to allay the wrath of Genseric. Yet the fury of the Vandals was Goths.

They plundered Rome for 14 days.

Unlike Alaric, Genseric had a fleet in which to bear away the loot of centuries. And when he went he carried off the empress to Africa with all the richest of the Romans.

He also carried off the fairest statues of the pagan gods; and the golden altar from Solomon's Temple and the seven branched candlestick which the Emperor Titus had brought in triumph from Jerusalem 400 years before.

Twenty years later there was no longer an emperor in Rome. But there was still a Pope.

And so long as Western Christendom was all of one faith, the Pope was its spiritual as surely as the Roman Emperor had been its temporal head.

Often that Pope was a prisoner, but always he was a power.

The sack of Rome by Genseric had turned the material capital of the West into a spiritual capital. To the Seven Hills came generations of princes, priests and pilgrims from the uttermost ends of the earth.

And the head of the Western Church was still a power in the world till the next great sack of Rome, which was the worst of all.

In the opening years of the sixteenth century, Francis I. of France and Charles V., German Emperor and King of Spain, fought for world power, and they mostly fought in Italy.

Pope Clement VII. [illegible] the French side, the losing one. So, in 1527, the imperial armies stormed Rome. The Pope retired to his Castle of St. Angelo, protected by his master-gunner, a rascal, a liar, an artist and a genius, one Benvenuto Cellini by name.

BUT the Germans and Spaniards sacked the city at their pleasure. For seven months they stayed. Four thousand harmless citizens fell to the fury of the Germans. And when they withdrew at last, the Pope was forced to ransom his capital with a quarter of a million pounds (400,000 gold ducats) and the cession of its finest harbours.

But this was not the worst. It happened that the Church was reeling under the first shock of the Protestant Reformation. Henry VIII. of England had sought a divorce from his first wife, Catherine of Aragon, and asked Pope Clement to grant it.

But Catherine was the Emperor Charles V's aunt. And how should his Holiness insult her with her nephew's armies in his capital.

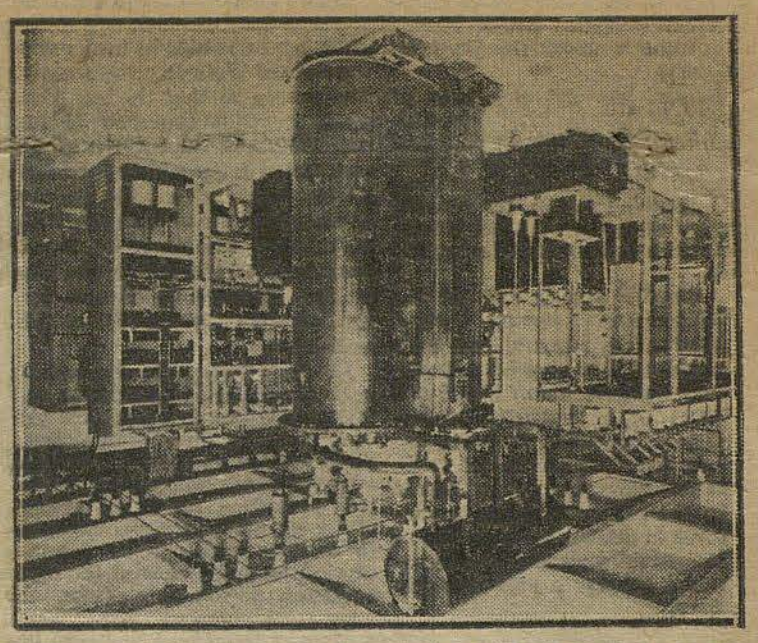
King Henry's request was refused and he renounced the sovereignty of the Pope over the Church of England.

And the sight of a Pope sunk so low spurred the Protestant Reformers of the north and west.

It was the hammer-blow that shattered the unity of Rome's spiritual empire as Alaric had shattered the unity of her temporal empire.

Christendom was divided. In world politics Rome was a power no longer.

But the Pope was still an independent sovereign. In his lands he kept the place in world affairs that went with a territory of his own. He kept it till 1798, when the armies of the French Revolution invaded the Eternal City. They plastered a copy of the Rights of Man on the doors of St. Peter's and set up a figure of Liberty in a scarlet cap before the Pope's castle at St. Angelo. But Pope Pius VI. stood fast. He denounced the godless revolution to the end, and died a prisoner at Valence.



The interior of the radio station in the Vatican City.

In 1800 Napoleon made his peace with the Catholic Church, and a Pope was restored to Rome.

But Pius VII was no more fortunate than Pius VI had been. Napoleon bade him exclude from the Papal territories all Barbary pirates, infidels and British. And Napoleon made other demands.

His brother Jerome, lately arrived in Europe for a high destiny, had secretly married, in Baltimore, one Betsy Patterson. Napoleon pointed out that secret marriages were unlawful by the decisions of the Catholic bishops in the Council of Trent (1563), and bade Pius annul it. Pius replied that the decision of the Council of Trent had never been published at Baltimore. Nor would he exclude the British from his dominions.

And so on June 10, 1809, Rome was made a city of the French Empire, the Pope was carried a prisoner to Savona, and Napoleon's son was styled "The King of Rome."

The Pope was restored to his dominions in 1815. But it was one long agony. In 1849 a rising of the Roman populace set the seal on the Liberal movement of the 19th century. Pope Pius IX fled to Gaeta, and Mazzini entered Rome as President of the Republic.

"I entered the city," he said, "with a deep feeling almost of worship. Rome was to me the Temple of Humanity."

And he governed her, indeed, humanely. But the republic had few friends. Pius appealed to all the Catholic sovereigns in Europe, and soon the Eternal City was invested by the armies of France and Austria, Spain, Naples and Tuscany.

Enter Garibaldi

IN April, General Oudinot landed at Civitavecchia to direct the attack on Rome. Meanwhile, Liberal volunteers from all over Europe were flocking to defend the republic.

At their head came Garibaldi, fresh from fighting freedom's battle in South America. Over his red shirt floated a great white poncho, and he sat like a statue on a milk-white horse.

His Negro, Aguiar, in a blue poncho, on a jet black horse, was always at his side.

And so well was the defence directed (one remembers Madrid in 1937) that the French were hurled back from the city walls.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, later to build the Suez Canal, arrived in a flurry from Paris with terms for an armistice. But while Lesseps negotiated, Oudinot gathered reinforcements.

In July the armistice was treacherously broken when the Pope's champions sent their cannon balls crashing into the city with a fine disregard for its sacred and ancient monuments.

It was an heroic but a hopeless battle. On June 30 Rome capitulated. For a week Mazzini stayed in the city, so loved that none dared touch him.

But Garibaldi rode off to fight another day. "I offer neither pay nor quarters," he told his men. "I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death."

Pope's Return

SO the Pope returned to Rome, and for more than 20 painful years his dominion rested on French bayonets. But, in 1870, France went to war with Prussia. Her Roman garrison was withdrawn and on September 20, 1870, the armies of united Italy marched, 60,000 strong, through the Porta Pia. There was some resistance. Twenty-two Italian and 55 Papal soldiers were killed. But Italy became a nation and the Pope's temporal power had ceased to be.

Pius IX withdrew to his palace on the Vatican hill, where the Popes remained voluntary prisoners till the agreement with Mussolini in February, 1929.

There has been a march to Rome since then.

On October 30, 1922, the Blackshirt formations led by Balbo and de Bono poured into Rome and Mussolini followed in a sleeping-car.

Rejecting General Badoglio's advice to disperse the Fascists with a volley King Victor Emmanuel made over the Government of Italy to Mussolini.

This last march on Rome, too, heralded an epoch in the story of the West . . . a sickening epoch of Fascist faithlessness and violence that made the Continent a prison.

NEWNHAM ON FILMS

Today's film toast is France

FRANCE has always been a favourite background for films. To-day, with the eyes of the world trained on that country, it's scarcely surprising that almost every movie producer is fingering a script with France as the subject matter or has got something or someone with a French flavour knocking around.

Anyway, the film toast today is—France.

There's "Passage to Marseilles," story of Devil's Island prisoners who escape to the Motherland to fight for it, and "Passport to Dakar" with a somewhat similar plot.

A British studio is preparing "Army of Shadow," telling of the resistance of the French and starring, if plans materialise, Charles Boyer, Jean Gabin, Jean Pierre Aumont, Victor Francene, Simone Simon, Claude Dauphin and Francoise Rosay. The first six of these French stars are busy in Hollywood at the moment, but are expected in England soon. Francoise Rosay is already in England, has recently appeared in "Half-Way House," and has spoken a commentary for a documentary smuggled out of France showing life under the Germans in Paris.

Balcon has got a couple of French stories on his hands. One is "Entente Cordiale" [illegible] of Anglo-French relations from 1918 till now. The other is "John and Marie," based on the friendly rivalry of the Cornish and Breton fishermen before and during the war.

They're just a few of the forthcoming French films. London has recently had quite a glut of French-produced pictures, one of which was "The Heart of a Nation," the last film to be made in Paris before the Germans marched in. It was smuggled out of France by the producer, whose adventures in getting the copy out of the country would in themselves provide a first-rate film story.

Meanwhile, Hollywood has prepared French versions of numerous pictures ready to rush into the country as soon as the invasion has made sufficient progress. The film-starved French won't have long to wait before they again see their old Hollywood (and French) favourites again.

Which brings me to one point which still puzzles me. I wonder why it is that Italy hasn't provided any film stories. I haven't heard of any big-scale productions dealing with this part of Italy, except for one documentary about the campaign, which I doubt if we will see for sometime. Perhaps the movie moguls can't reconcile wartime Italy with the Italy of romance and flowers always pictured in pre-war films!

* * *

UP-AND-COMING young British actor Gerald Rex, of Forest Gate, London, came into the Army a couple of years or so ago, leaving behind him a film career which had included leading parts in "He Got His Wings," "Gert and Daisy's Week-End," and many others.

SHOWS OWN FILM

To-day, under his real name, he is Corporal Gerald Abrahams, of the Army Kinematography Service. A lot of you know him. His job is to give mobile film shows in Italy, mostly at lonely camp sites.

He had a surprise the other day when he took his programme out. It included a short propaganda picture called "Sea Scouts." And the star was Gerald Rex.

He had appeared in the film just before joining the Army. Soldier audiences who know Gerry Abrahams are giving that short picture a bigger hand than any features when this young corporal projects himself on the screen!

For your information, should you see the film, the character he plays is that of the boy who joins the Sea Scouts and through whose eyes the Sea Scout movement is portrayed in the picture.

* * *

THE Fascist fetish for putting up loudspeakers in order to boom propaganda voices over wide areas, is now helping Forces filmgoers over here.

The man responsible is another A.K.S. projectionist, Corporal R. Wallace, of Reigate, Surrey. Bob Wallace deserves a word of praise. He is the greatest enthusiast for his job that I have ever met, and his mobile shows are far and away the best you will find anywhere, thanks to this enthusiasm.

FASCISTS HELP FILMGOERS

After missing the dialogue of scores of films through bad sound it's a joy to be able to hear every word when Wallace gives a show. The reason is that he has fixed up a second loudspeaker to his set. He got that idea when he was giving a show near a former Fascist headquarters. He saw the speaker high up on the roof. That night after the show he found some long ladders and climbed up in the darkness to borrow the speaker for the benefit of his audiences.

He has since made the necessary adaptations and fitted it up. That's just one of several of his own efforts to give better shows. Another idea of his is a change-over rod which he has fixed to his two projection machines, giving him a change-over from one reel to another which is as imperceptible as that in any of the best equipped, first-class cinemas.

Films, he admits, are everything to him. He has been a projectionist since leaving school, and was working for the Majestic, Reigate, up till the time he came into the Army.

* * *

THE Ensa speed-up in the delivery of films to Italy is really working. Pictures are now coming direct from England. Latest to arrive is Noel Coward's "The Happy Breed," starring Robert Newton.

SPEED UP

And, by the way, Ensa had sent half a dozen of their latest pictures to the Rome area within twenty-four hours of our occupation of the city.

"Who'll come 'canoe'-dling with me?" asks lovely Ann Rutherford, M.G.M. star.

"Hubby's practising. He's been accepted by the Navy."

PETER WILSON'S sports diary

June memories of Wimbledon

UNREELING sports memories is like trying to eat spaghetti—you can never be quite sure when you've got to the end or where one strand will lead you.

For me, June always stands out as the month in which the world's greatest lawn-tennis tournament used to be played—Wimbledon.

I saw every final from 1929 onwards—excepting the 1932 Championships, when I was still in America.

I've since had a look at the men who won the Singles title during that decade—Henri Cochet, Bill Tilden, Sidney Wood, Ellsworth Vines, Jack Crawford, Fred Perry, Don Budge. They were titans of tennis.

Cochet, the little man from Lyons, with his face the colour of candlewax and playing the kind of strokes that no one else has ever been able to imitate.

Probably his greatest performance was in 1927 when he met Big Bill Tilden, who was a kind of Genghis Khan of the courts at that time—in other words no blade of grass ever grew again once his cannon-ball service had landed there.

Tilden was leading by two sets to love and, I think, 5—2 in the third. Cochet had been made to look cheaper than a Christmas cracker ring, but although he was being aced by Tilden's cannon-ball service and out-driven all over the court, he never moved back.

Instead he came farther and farther in until he was almost standing on the service-court line in an attempt to half-volley his returns.

Then something very peculiar happened. Tilden faltered. The story went that the late ex-king Manuel of Portugal, had come into the Royal Box and that Tilden wanted to finish off the match with four service aces—presumably on the principle that an ace always impresses a king.

But something went wrong. For the first time Cochet started getting on the ball and half-volleying it back. Tilden's long legs churned up the sun-burned grass while the little Frenchman seemed to laze around the court, apparently as aimless as a white butterfly, but steadily reeling off the games and sets.

In the end he won the match and, until they both turned professional, I don't think Tilden ever beat him again.

* * *

TILDEN, of course, was just about the greatest lawn tennis player who ever lived.

I don't mean that he'd have beaten anyone who ever waved a paddle—Budge was probably better than Big Bill ever knew how to be. But wherever a tennis ball was batted around Big Bill's lanky figure had cast its angular shadow.

He told me once that he'd played on grass, clay, concrete, rubber, asphalt, rubble, wood, and canvas courts as well as ones made out of crushed ant-heaps which they use in certain tropical countries.

Tilden is about the only athlete I've ever come across who was able to "top the bill" for more than fifteen years. He won his first American championship in 1913 and he was still good enough to win the Men's Singles at Wimbledon in 1930.

Right up to the outbreak of the war he was still campaigning in the upper brackets among the professionals and I've no doubt that he's still paddling round now beating many more people than beat him even though he must be well over fifty.

* * *

SIDNEY WOOD was distinguished for two things at Wimbledon. When he first appeared he was one of the youngest players ever to compete in the championships and he also competed in white semi-plus-fours. And subsequently he was the only player ever to win the Singles without playing a shot.

That was in 1931 when he and Frank Shields got to the final. In the semi-finals Shields was up against Borotra. He'd almost won the match when, in jumping to make a volley, he fell and made a perfect three-point landing on the Centre Court.

He managed to finish and win the match, but as soon as it was over, his ankle came up as though he'd got a tennis ball inside it.

As America had to play a Davis Cup match almost at once it was decided that Shields should not risk damaging his ankle further so the slick-haired Wood took the title without having to slog it out for it.

* * *

MY old friend Ellsworth Vines was the youngest player ever to win the championships. What's more he was a stand-out to do so from the first moment that he appeared in his white peaked cap.

No one could stand up against the fastest forehand drive anyone had seen at Wimbledon for years and with that and his thunderbolt service he mowed his way through the preliminary rounds and made mincemeat of H. W. Austin in the final.

* * *

I THINK I made more money out of backing Fred Perry during the three years that he reigned at Wimbledon—1934-5-6—than out of any other athlete in any sport.

Perry won many of his matches as much on stamina and sheer physical strength as he did on skill—although he had bags of that, too.

But if a match went to a fifth set it was a good 3-1 bet that it would be Perry who would finish it off by jumping over the net to shake his exhausted opponent by the hand.

Perry once lost to de Stefani, the Italian player who used to change his racket from one hand to the other so as to avoid having to make a back-hand shot. The only stroke which really fooled him was if anyone let drive straight for his middle. A "navel engagement" completely "boxed" him because he didn't know which hand to use.

He was never in the same class as Perry but Fred must have had an off day. However, he gained his revenge in the most complete fashion, for the next time they met he beat the Italian 6—0, 6—0, 6—0. One of the few cases in which a champion of a country has ever been defeated without winning a single set.

Address all correspondence to Editor, CRUSADER, British Army Newspaper Unit, C.M.F. Printed by British Military Printing Press, Printing and Stat[illegible] Service.