PICTURE POST

LOGGING CAMP
(See pages 21-27)

HULTON'S NATIONAL WEEKLY

In this issue:

HOW TO INVADE BRITAIN

AUGUST 10, 1940

Vol. 8. No. 6

3D

Resoluteness

What better symbol of cheery tenacity than the British sailor? A friendly reminder of that "National" Cigarette which, through the pleasure and contentment it brings to thousands is helping in some measure to keep strong that national asset, resolution. Now as always, Players Navy Cut stand supreme for dependable quality.

KEEP THAT HAPPY EXPRESSION

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

N.C.C.532C

How to WIN YOUR WAR against wrinkles and tired skin

WOMEN war workers—you who are doing your duty to the nation—don't neglect your duty to yourself—to your sweethearts and husbands. It's a duty to take care of your skin—to look *young*. Out in all weathers—cold, wind and rain—more than ever to-day you need this Skin Specialist's advice to keep your skin soft, fresh, unlined and young.

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in the skin of any healthy girl of 18, has been discovered by a famous Doctor. This extract, called "Biocel", is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skinfood. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon White (vanishing non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Do not confuse Crème Tokalon with ordinary face creams which contain no skinfood ingredients. With Crème Tokalon Skinfoods successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded.

Everybody's bottle..

★ What is it that every household knows—that is safe for use in any emergency—air raid or accident? Answer: Iodine—the most efficient antiseptic known. Reliable, simple to use, costs but a few pence at all chemists.

Write for Free Emergency Chart.

IODINE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU
Stone House, Bishopsgate
London, E.C.2

How can A WIRELESS SET help to win the war?

Is it helpful to hear Mr. Winston Churchill's voice talking to you? Or Dorothy Thompson, Nicolson, or Healey, or Priestley?

Is it helpful to take part each day in a short service, to feel oneself one of millions at prayer?

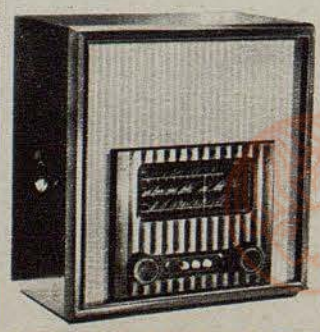
Is it helpful to listen to lovely music at the end of a hard and tiring day?

Is it helpful that lonely, worried people shall go off to their beds, smiling at the wise-cracks and fun of a music hall?

Well, you can go on with the list, can't you? You know the answers too. 9,000,000 homes are fortified each day and night by wireless sets. A pity it isn't true of *every* home!

E. J. POWER
Murphy Radio Ltd.

* The set illustrated is the All-Wave Standard Table Superhet with press button controlled wavebands. Special short-wave logging scale enables a given station to be re-tuned accurately. Cash Prices: A.C. MODEL £11 . 10. D.C./A.C. MODEL £12. Prices shown do not apply in Eire.



MURPHY
MUNITIONS
FOR THE HOME FRONT

C.R.C.48P

WHAT OUR READERS SAY

Letters have a better chance of being printed if short and terse. Address: The Editor, PICTURE POST, Hulton Press Ltd., 43, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4. Mark your envelope "LETTERS" in top left-hand corner.

Egg and Spoon Race

The distribution of eggs to-day is so fantastically inept that only nimble, cunning housewives, strategically placed in the right districts, can hope to obtain any at all. Eggs are an extremely valuable food, and they should be withdrawn from the catch-me-if-you-can game. Their great body-building properties make them a particularly suitable food for young children, and no healthy adult, however egg-hungry, should be allowed to deprive the children of this food. So long as there is a shortage, eggs should be sold only in exchange for coupons from a child's ration book. Adult omelette lovers are deserving of sympathy, but not necessarily of eggs.

J. Roberts,
Warwick Avenue, London, W.9.

The Better Part of Valour

I met a man who said, "What do you think about the war?" I said, "I do not think or talk about the War, I stay put." He said, "You talk like a b— fool." I said, "I talk as Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Nicolson wish me."

He said, "Now you talk like two b—— fools." I did not know what to say. Please tell me. He was a much bigger man than I am.

P. P. Gieve,
Ferme Park Road, N.8.

If his interrogator were very much bigger, Reader Gieve was probably wise to say nothing. Careless talk costs lives.

One for the Old Boys

The public schoolboy, E. R. Cook, who wrote to you (July 27) about the leadership of workers defending factories, has chosen a subject he knows nothing about. My first impulse on reading his letter was to grab a shot-gun. Has it ever occured to him that factory workers could defend themselves far better under the leadership of an ex-service man, elected from their own ranks, because workers know and trust themselves, and their opinion of the products of our "best" schools is so low that there could be no room for trusting them in any way.

John R. Pegler,
Sydenham Buildings, Bath.

An Old Boy Speaks Up

Do your correspondents who write so glibly about the decadence of the "Old School Tie Brigade" realise that the officers of the Navy, which after all, has not done too badly in this war, are almost entirely drawn from this class, and that any officer, whose speech, accent, general behaviour and instinctive knowledge of what is and what is not done, differs in any way from that taught in our great public schools and used by the King and his entourage, would forfeit the respect not only of his brother officers, but also of the lower deck. Heredity and breeding do count. At least I have not heard of a halfbred horse ever winning the Derby. Is it not therefore probable that good leaders of men are most likely to be found among those whose parent stock includes officers of all the services or Indian and Colonial governors and administrators who, of course, would themselves have been products of Eton, Harrow or Winchester?

G. E. Webster,
Captain R.N. (retd.).
Armmore, Co. Cavan.

Blinding Revelation

In your issue of July 27, Mr. Gallacher, M.P., writes, "The Communist party, which alone exposed Munich at the time when all other parties applauded it, etc." This statement has come as a blinding revelation to one of your readers. I cannot get over my obtuseness in not having realised that Mr. Duff Cooper and Sir Archibald Sinclair were members of the Communist party; or that the *Daily Telegraph* and the *News-Chronicle* were official organs of that party. Mr. Gallacher's disingenuousness is only surpassed by his naïve faith in the ignorance or credulity of your readers.

Anthony Asquith,
Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

Mr. Gallacher's point was that his party was the only party to oppose Munich, as a *party*. Certainly, many individuals from all parties opposed it bitterly.

Jungle Mishap

That tip for shot gunners, in PICTURE POST, July 20, is by no means new and can have serious results. Over 40 years ago it was tried by one of our party in the Indian Jungle and he was no novice with a gun. Shooting by moonlight one night, by a drinking pond, we heard a loud report and a shout. Upon investigation we found Woodruff on the edge of the brink, his gun blown in pieces and he knocked clean out of his tree from which he was firing. Luckily he was not badly hurt. That was the result of a cartridge loaded with wax and shot.

A. Grellier,
Barking Road,
East Ham, London, E.6.

A Threat From Bremen

You will be interested to hear that PICTURE POST has got the Nazis rattled, and the following threat was broadcast from Bremen on July 23: "Mr. Tom Wintringham, who commanded a battalion in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, is giving lessons to British civilians in PICTURE POST on how to participate effectively in encounters between British regular forces and German forces invading Great Britain. This correspondence course in guerilla warfare is illustrated by numerous photos, and contains admonition to civilians to use old shot-guns or cans of explosives for the purpose of killing Germans. It is irresponsible of the British censor to permit publication of such reckless appeals to the natural fighting spirit of the average British citizen."

It seems that they are beginning to realise that invasion here will be no walkover; and have forgotten that there is such a thing as a free press. Keep up the good work.

H. K. Green,
Gower Street, W.C.1.

More Readers' letters on page 34

ANOTHER BAN IN EIRE

Our issue of July 27 was given up to pictures of Ireland, mainly of Eire. Intended as an olive-branch, it has turned out a boomerang. The issue was banned from sale in Eire.

Weeks ago, at an editorial conference in our offices, it was suggested that we should do an article on Eire. We all wanted to do it. We were all agreed that it should be produced, from first to last in a spirit of goodwill. We decided to ask writers known for their sympathy to Eire to write articles. We chose one, Dorothy Macardle—highly praised for her book "The Irish Republic"—to supervise the work. We planned to show the people of Eire that a sympathetic statement of their case was possible and welcome in this country. The issue was produced. Advance copies were sent round to the offices of the High Commissioner for Ireland. Warm approval was expressed. On Wednesday, July 24, the issue was on sale. Within a few hours of its appearing on the streets of Dublin, police were sent out, by orders of the Press Censor, and the whole issue all over Eire was called in. Telephone-calls brought no satisfaction. No explanation, we were told, could be given—or was likely to be given. A personal letter to Mr. J. W. Dulanty, the High Commissioner in London, whose office had approved the number several days before, at the moment going to press, remains unanswered. The issue dealing with Ireland is banned from the Irish people. That is all we know. Meantime, here are a few of the letters dealing with it which we have received :—

The Archbishop's View

His Eminence the Cardinal directs me to thank you for so kindly sending him a copy of the current issue of PICTURE POST. The Cardinal is very interested in the subject to which you have devoted it this week, and he hopes that it may do good in improving the relations between the two countries.

M. G. R. Elwes, Private Secretary, Archbishop's House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Tribute from an Irishwoman

I am greatly impressed. The pictures and the story of Ireland are beyond praise . . . for, to my mind, it seems perfect. I am 81 years of age, and my mother was one of the best and most clever of Irishwomen, with relatives who made names in various quarters of the world. So if you can let me have four copies of that issue, it will be of much interest and use, in the cause of truth.

Miss M. E. Hall, Lansdowne Road, London, S.W.20.

Too Favourable

The articles on Ireland, in the current number of PICTURE POST, are very interesting, but appear to be written by writers who think De Valera's policy is the only one for Ireland. In common fairness, you should put forward Ulster's side—and she has a very good case indeed. The present situation in Eire could only happen in Ireland or "Ruritania." Where H.M. the King is in a state of non-belligerency or neutrality with himself. Apparently, if His Majesty's forces occupied Eire, he would then be at war with himself.

V. Purcell, The Junior United Services Club, London, S.W.1.

On the day the Irish issue appeared, an official of the Northern Ireland Govt. rang us up, said that he did not criticise the issue, but there was another side to the case. Would we be willing to print it. We replied that we should be glad to do so. Such an article will be prepared.

"Issue Very Good"

Your issue on Eire was very good, but from the pictures published one would think that Ireland was all bog, stones, cattle and undernourished people, living on bread and spuds. A few pictures of Dublin, Cork and Belfast might correct any false impression for your English readers, and show we have some lovely modernised cities free from smoke, and surrounded by hills and placed conveniently to sea and country, comparing favourably with many English cities.

Stanley McHalliday, Parkmore Drive, Teremure, Dublin.

An Irish Writer Says

Your photography in the Irish Number of PICTURE POST was, as always, beautiful, and your letterpress extremely interesting.

Robert Lynd, Keats Grove, London, N.W.3.

Sean O'Casey on the Ban

There is nothing to run away from in the current issue of PICTURE POST. Why it was banned is a mystery hidden in a mighty mind. At the best, it is the slapping aside of a friendly hand : at its worst, the banning is an example of ecclesiastical or political stupidity, or both joyfully bedded together. To call the issue the "Story of Ireland" is, of course, an exaggeration, for Ireland's story stretches from the farther coast of the Pacific to where Stalin was born, and it equally embraces the life of cuchullan and the life of the Kerry cow. But, by and large, it serves its purpose and stands as an interesting and popular document of a few of the phases of Irish life, social, political and ecclesiastical. If not the last glimpse, then it has tried to give its readers a first glimpse of Eireann. This banning business is only making the partition more difficult, presenting Eire's mind as the mind of an ignorant Catholic young man or an equally ignorant child of Mary. Sectarianism—never personally existent among the Southern people—is (as Miss Macardle warns us) becoming the heraldry and hatchment of the Irish Government.

Sean O'Casey, Tinglith, Totnes.

A magazine for people with a new world outlook

WE who live in 1940 are the fortunate people. Those who come after will look back on our generation and envy us our opportunities, for we are watching the birth of the new world. This is our great moment. The future of the world is in our hands. Through our planning and our strength and our imagination we can shape the lives of our children and our great grandchildren. The signs of the new world are now plain for those who can read them.

To interpret these signs we must develop a new outlook. It will now be the mission of WORLD REVIEW to stimulate this new outlook, to encourage the vivid thinker and the bold idea, to discourage complacent and ineffectual theorists and pettifogging methods. It will take a wide range of subjects which are sometimes regarded as difficult or dull, such as science, art, economics, education, and render them intelligible to the layman.

WORLD REVIEW *in its new form and size is now on sale.* It contains articles by George Slocombe, J. B. Priestley, Max Beerbohm, Dorothy Sayers, G. B. Stern, James Laver, Robert Byron, Alan Jenkins, Mary Grigs, Tom Harrisson, and Brian Tunstall. Books, old and new, are reviewed by A. L. Rowse and A. G. Street. Edward Hulton contributes a monthly review. Mervyn Peake does the cartoon. **WORLD REVIEW** contains 96 pages of editorial matter. Its price, 1/-. If your newsagent has sold out, please fill in the attached coupon and post it to World Review, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.4.

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Address of Reader _____

Date _____

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STEFAN LORANT - EDITOR

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

Plan your meals the 4 GROUP *way*

Body Building Foods

1

MILK
CHEESE
EGGS
MEAT
FISH

Energy Foods

2

BACON · HAM
BREAD
BUTTER · MARGARINE
CHEESE
DRIED FRUIT
DRIPPING · SUET · LARD
HONEY
OATMEAL
POTATOES
RICE · FLOUR · SAGO
SUGAR

Protective Foods (A)

3

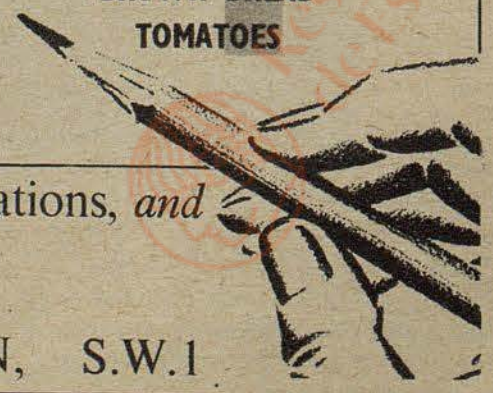
MILK
BUTTER · MARGARINE
CHEESE
EGGS
HERRINGS
(fresh, canned or salt)
SALMON
(fresh or canned)
LIVER

Protective Foods (B)

4

POTATOES
GREEN VEGETABLES
(fresh or canned, but not dried)
SALADS
FRUIT
(fresh or canned, but not dried)
CARROTS
WHOLEMEAL BREAD
BROWN BREAD
TOMATOES

OF COURSE you want to economise — but make sure you do it scientifically. Plan your menus ahead and, as a basis for each day, choose some food from each of the four groups. If you do this you can be sure that you have covered all the *essentials* of diet. You will find it possible to do without things which you used to imagine were absolutely necessary. And that's the way to keep well within your own rations, *and within the country's rations.*

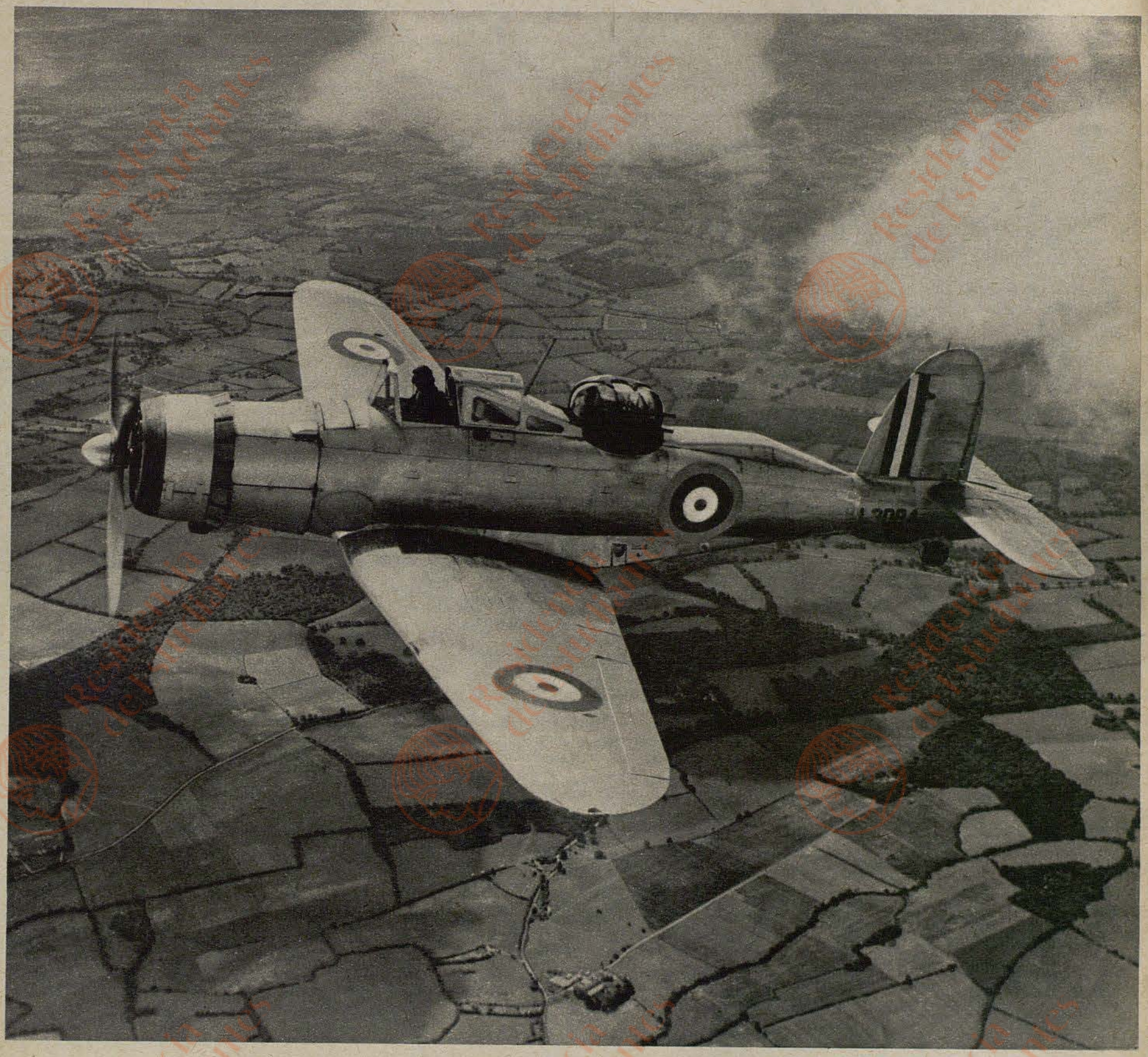


THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

Vol. 8 No. 6.

PICTURE POST

August 10, 1940



ANOTHER NEW BRITISH FIGHTER TAKES THE SKIES: *The Blackburn "Roc"*

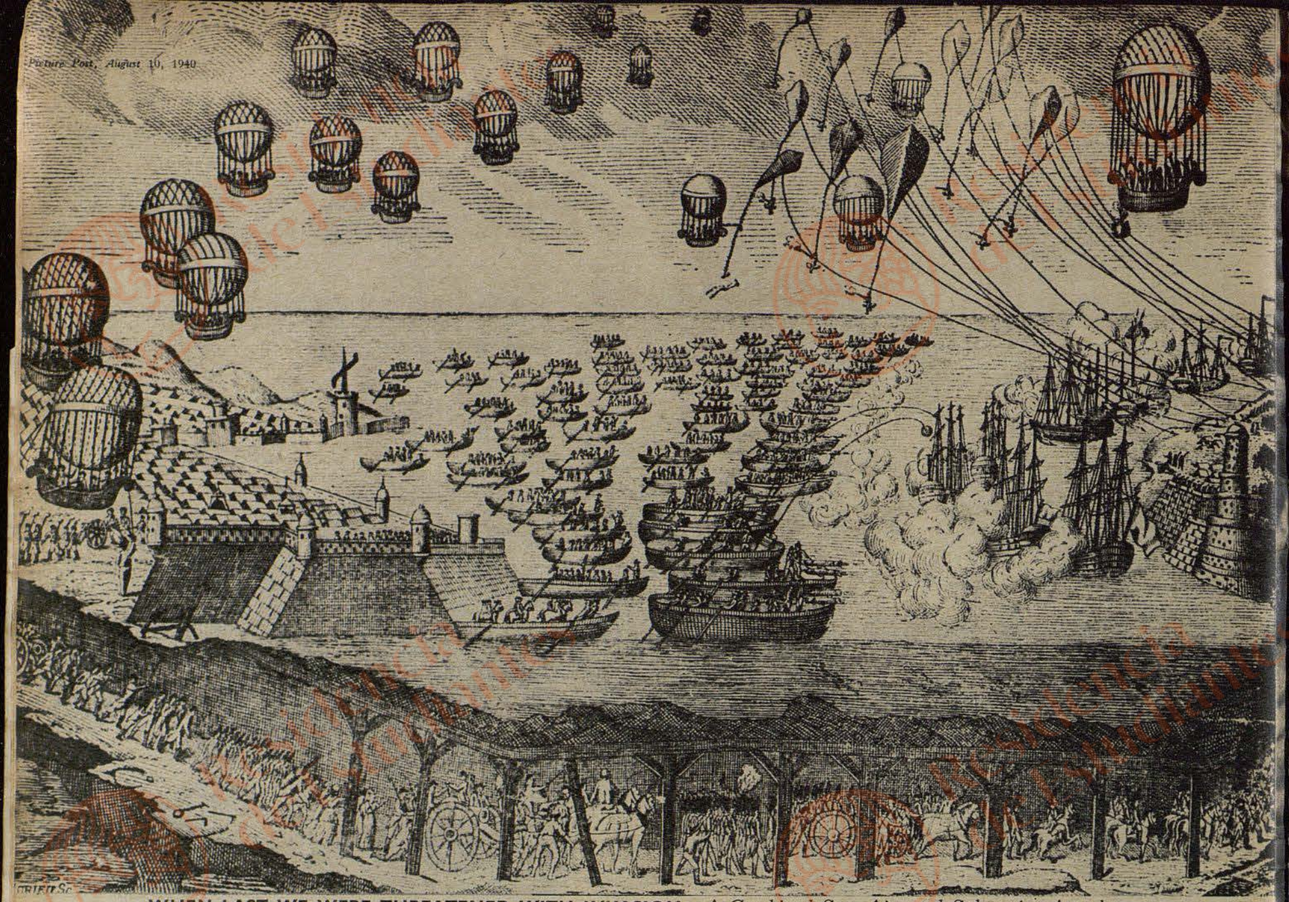
THE war in the air will be won, not by the fighters and the bombers which are waging the war in the air to-day, but by the fighters and bombers of to-morrow; aircraft which are just entering into production, prototypes which are still in the experimental stage and 'planes which exist to-day only as pencil outlines on the drawing boards of their designers. The Germans, disappointed by the poor performance of their Messershmitts, are already working on new types of aircraft to match the Hurricanes and the Spitfires. By the time they appear in the skies, Britain must see that the Hurricanes and the Spitfires have been succeeded by new types, greater in speed, manœuvrability, striking power and numbers than the best that the enemy can pit against us.

Every new aircraft added to the secret list—such as the Fleet Air Arm's new two-seater Perseus-engined fighter, the Blackburn "Roc" which is now in production—is an insurance for the future. Even in the last war, a difference of ten miles an hour in the speed of the opposing aircraft was sufficient to give one side or the other temporary superiority in the air. In this, one slight improvement in the design of a machine may mean the difference between defeat and victory.

Numerical superiority is not enough. If numbers alone mattered, the R.A.F. would have failed to master the German Air Force at Dunkirk. As it was, a few dozen fighters permanently in the air in relays, had the mastery throughout. We must indeed, build more machines quicker than the Germans can build them. But we must also go on building better aircraft than the Germans—scrapping obsolete types and putting new types into high speed production without disorganisation of the aircraft industry's output.

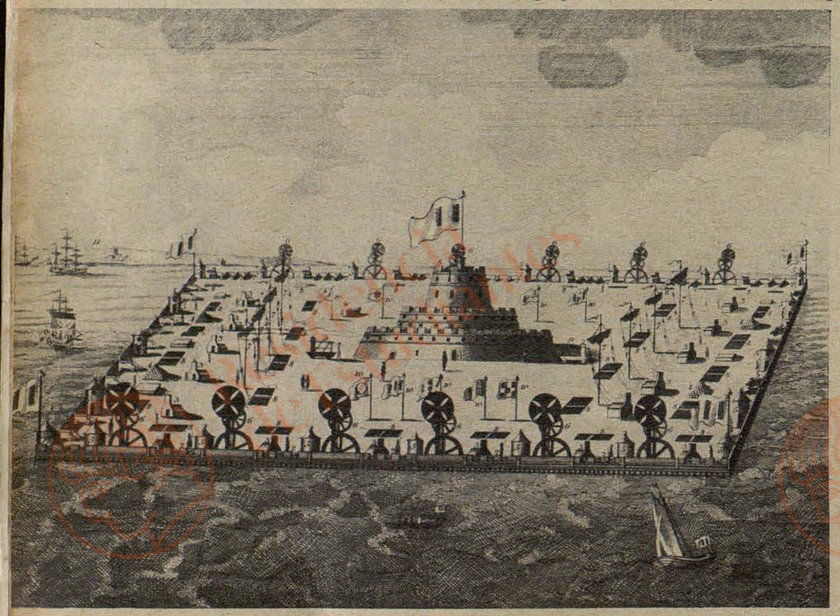
At present our fighters and bombers are truly superior to the German machines. So much so that Major Alexander Seversky, the famous American 'plane designer, says he regards British air power as in many ways already superior to German air power. "Unless Germany can find some new model," he writes, "capable of meeting British pursuit planes on equal terms, the English first line of defence cannot be pierced."

Germany undoubtedly will find new models. Britain is finding hers already. The Boulton & Paul Defiant was one. The Blackburn "Roc" is another.



WHEN LAST WE WERE THREATENED WITH INVASION: *A Combined Sea, Air, and Submarine Attack*

A Frenchman's idea for invading Britain in the Napoleonic wars. Shock troops were to be landed by balloon to distract the defences while the main forces crossed the Channel by a fleet of barges and a secret submarine tunnel. The French thought that, as a counter to balloons, we would employ men dangling on kites as a sort of Balloon Barrage.



The Special Troop Carrier

The Great Raft, 700 by 350 yards, built by Napoleon in 1798 for the invasion of England. The wheels on the sides were windmills to work water wheels.

HOW TO INVADE BRITAIN

We are not the first Britons to face invasion. Every threat of Hitler's had its exact parallel in Napoleon's day.

FIVE times in four centuries this country has risen up to champion the liberties of Europe against the tyrant. Four times the tyrants—Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, Napoleon, Kaiser Wilhelm II—have been defeated. Hitler is the fifth.

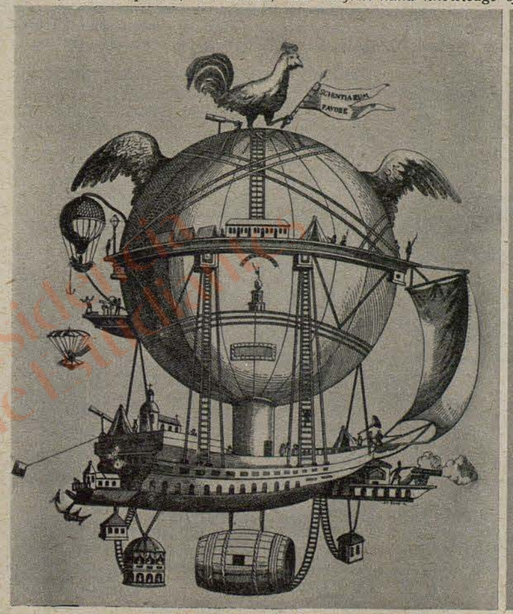
Our weapons in the past, as now, have always been the same: sea power, land force and economic strength. Our effort, with each successive threat, has increased. The enemy has grown more menacing, and war has become more total in its demands upon our resources and man-power. But the essential strategy, the essential power balance, the essential programme of defence and offence have remained unchanged. Hitler, casting jealous eyes across the Channel moat, sees the same white ensign and the same unassailable white cliffs which baffled the military genius of Napoleon one hundred and thirty-seven years ago.

As soon as France collapsed in June, it was evident that some aspects of the Napoleonic struggle were about to repeat themselves. The continent, country by country, had fallen once again into the grip of a military dictator. Once again, the dictator announced his intention to conquer England by invasion. And, once again, Britain, a lone citadel of freedom, looked to her immemorial defences—sea power, coastal fortifications and the mobilisation of her regular and volunteer armies.

Once again, it is reasonable to suppose that Napoleon's fate will be Hitler's. The elaborate invasion plans will be frustrated by the Navy. The phase of defence will be succeeded by the plan of attack. In Napoleon's case, the plan of attack developed for ten long years before British

THE FRENCH FÜHRER MASSES HIS FORCES: *Napoleon at Boulogne in 1804*

In preparation for the invasion, all the roads to Boulogne were signposted "This Way to London." Napoleon collected a great army on the coast. He provided a flotilla of shallow-draught boats, driven by oars, to land the troops on the beaches. His plan was to embark on a calm and foggy day, slipping through the British fleet. Napoleon, like Hitler, had no first-hand knowledge of the sea.



The Secret Weapon

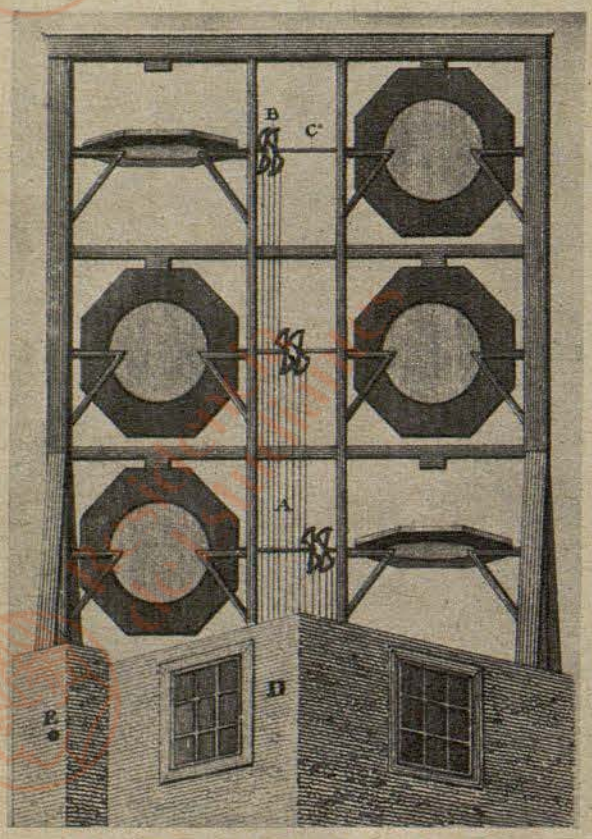
This "Flying Fortress" was conceived in 1803. It was never built. But the mere idea, it was hoped, would upset the nervous in England.

The Dictator's Victory Medal

Leaving no detail of his plan undone, Napoleon manufactured a medal in Paris, inscribed "Struck in London."

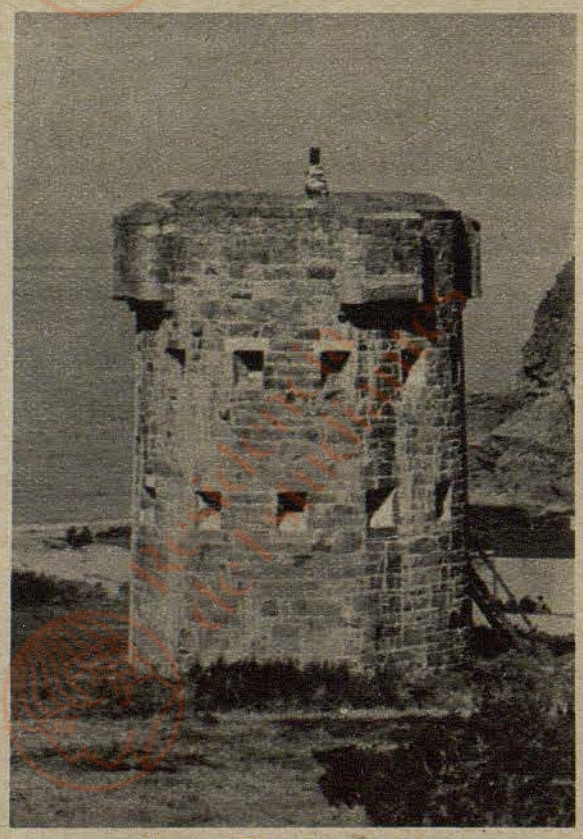
BRITAIN BECOMES A FORTRESS: *King George III Inspects the L.D.V.'s*

The regular army is obliged, by the failure of its allies, to retreat across the Low Countries, and is evacuated by sea power from a Dutch port. As support to the regular army are the Militia, a Home Defence force in which service is compulsory but not universal. The fighting spirit of the majority finds outlet in the Volunteers, who undergo part-time training, and are to be fully mobilised only in emergency.



The Telegraph at the Admiralty

The Admiralty keep in constant touch with the Fleet by optical telegraphy. Stations, at intervals between London and Portsmouth, pass on the messages.



Strong Points are Built

Pill boxes, called Martello towers, are built along the South Coast and in the Channel Islands. These strong points form the backbone of the defence.

arms were crowned in the final assault at Waterloo. We hope that Hitler's dissolution will be quicker than that; but, in method, it is unlikely to be dissimilar.

The story of Napoleon's downfall is one of economic attrition, commercial destruction by blockade, and embargo. The victims were not simply victor and vanquished but the dictator's unhappy subject peoples, battered between the hammer and the anvil of sea and land power. In the end, they found it unbearable. The conqueror had founded his ascendancy over corrupt governments and ill-trained armies. At last, the people themselves surged up against him.

The British effort was continuous. In the beginning, British sea power prevented the invasion of England. Latterly, sea power maintained a remorseless offensive, humiliating the tyrant, arousing hatred against him and his system and shielding the trade routes whereby British goods permeated the world and brought us the treasure that paid for the war. And then, when the peoples of Europe rose up, the British Army, small but of matchless quality, took the offensive, too. It was the spearhead, as the newly termed patriots of Europe were the shaft, that found the vulnerable spot and thrust it into the vitals of the enemy.

In the Napoleonic War, Britain answered freedom's call, black as the immediate prospect often seemed. She was rewarded by a century of splendid progress towards human betterment—the nineteenth century to which we now look back as a golden age. Who can resist the parallel

THE POWER OF PROPAGANDA: *Every Citizen Must be Ready to Fight*

Prints illustrating the reception Napoleon's army can expect if it attempts a landing are broadcast throughout the country. Every citizen arms himself as he can, and prepares to fight "on the beaches, on the landing grounds, in the fields, in the streets and in the hills."

with Hitler to-day?

Napoleon, having provoked war in 1803, by the breach of his pledges to respect the liberty of his neighbours, announced that he would invade the presumptuous British and dictate peace in London. He set himself a problem that proved to be insoluble. He planned to convey a great army across the sea without the command of the sea.

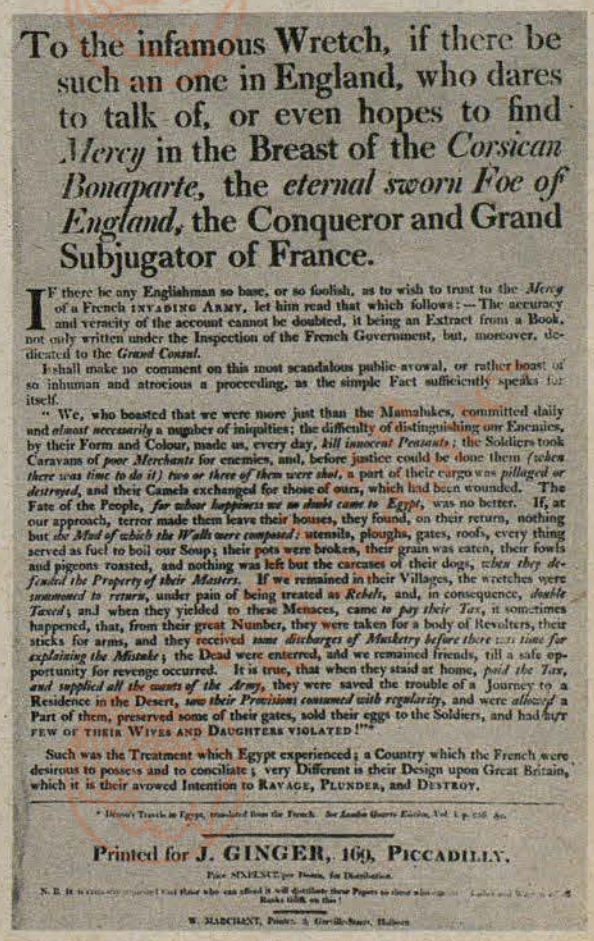
That a man of his ability should so publicly have undertaken a task without being sure that he could perform it is remarkable. The explanation is still obscure. It has never been decided whether Napoleon really believed he could invade us, and genuinely tried to do so, or whether he bluffed his way into the project to intimidate us, and then bluffed his way out to save his face. If the undertaking was genuine, it shows how completely a great soldier can be ignorant of the nature of sea power.

At the outbreak of war the ships of the French Navy were lying scattered in Brest and other Atlantic ports, and in Toulon, the only French dockyard in the Mediterranean. The British Navy was superior to any combination of two or three powers, but had to find many vessels for distant duties across the oceans. In European waters its numbers did not greatly exceed the French, but its quality was decisively higher. It moved at once to blockade the French ports and prevent the French fleets from concentrating. The blockade rapidly increased the difference in quality. The British were always at sea, their enemies always in harbour; and of harbours it has been said that they rot both ships and men.

Napoleon had not provided for any concentration of his naval forces before the declaration of war, and after it he proceeded as though command of the sea was unnecessary. It seems almost as though he viewed the crossing of the Channel as an operation like forcing the passage of a river in a continental campaign. He collected an imposing army at Boulogue and on the adjacent coastline. He provided a great flotilla of shoal-draught boats, driven by oars, to land the troops on England's beaches, and, to leave no detail incomplete, he manufactured a medal celebrating the conquest of England and realistically inscribed: "Struck in London."

The British had a force of frigates, sloops and smaller armed vessels constantly patrolling the narrow seas, and occasionally standing in so close to the French shore that they exchanged shots with the army of conquerors. In the background were a few older battleships. The main British defence, as will be seen, was elsewhere.

Napoleon had, therefore, to consider how his flotilla was to avoid being sunk by the blockading forces. His answer was that in a flat calm the sailing frigates were deprived of motion, whereas his rowing craft would develop their highest speed; and if the calm were combined with fog, so much the better, for his enemy would then be both blind and paralysed. The first plan, the plan of 1803, was undoubtedly to rely upon this chance of weather and to achieve invasion by evasion, without any pretence of obtaining command of the sea. The plan was futile. It took several days to embark the army and get the swarm of boats out of the tidal harbours, Boulogne



To the infamous Wretch, if there be such an one in England, who dares to talk of, or even hopes to find *Mercy* in the Breast of the *Corsican Bonaparte*, the *eternal sworn Foe of England*, the Conqueror and Grand Subjugator of France.

IF there be any Englishman so base, or so foolish, as to wish to trust to the *Mercy* of a French INVADING ARMY, let him read that which follows:—The accuracy and veracity of the account cannot be doubted, it being an Extract from a Book, not only written under the Inspection of the French Government, but, moreover, dedicated to the *Grand Consul*.

I shall make no comment on this most scandalous public avowal, or rather boast of so inhuman and atrocious a proceeding, as the simple Fact sufficiently speaks for itself.

"We, who boasted that we were more just than the Mamalukes, committed daily and *almost necessarily* a number of iniquities; the difficulty of distinguishing our Enemies, by their Form and Colour, made us, every day, *kill innocent Peasants*; the Soldiers took Caravans of *poor Merchants* for enemies, and, before justice could be done them *(when there was time to do it) two or three of them were shot*, a part of their cargo was *pillaged or destroyed*, and their Camels exchanged for those of ours, which had been wounded. The Fate of the People, *for whose happiness we no doubt came to Egypt*, was no better. If, at our approach, terror made them leave their houses, they found, on their return, nothing but *the Mud of which the Walls were composed*: utensils, ploughs, gates, roofs, every thing served as fuel to boil our Soup; their pots were broken, their grain was eaten, their fowls and pigeons roasted, and nothing was left but the carcases of their dogs, *when they defended the Property of their Masters*. If we remained in their Villages, the wretches were *summoned to return*, under pain of being treated as *Rebels*, and, in consequence, *double Taxed*; and when they yielded to these Menaces, came *to pay their Tax*, it sometimes happened, that, from their great Number, they were taken for a body of Revolters, their sticks for arms, and they received *some discharges of Musketry before there was time for explaining the Mistake*; the Dead were enterred, and we remained friends, till a safe opportunity for revenge occurred. It is true, that when they staid at home, *paid the Tax, and supplied all the wants of the Army*, they were saved the trouble of a Journey to a Residence in the Desert, *saw their Provision consumed with regularity*, and were *allowed* a Part of them, preserved some of their gates, sold their eggs to the Soldiers, and had *but* FEW OF THEIR WIVES AND DAUGHTERS VIOLATED!"*

Such was the Treatment which Egypt experienced; a Country which the French were desirous to possess and to conciliate; very Different is their Design upon Great Britain, which it is their avowed Intention to RAVAGE, PLUNDER, and DESTROY.

* Denon's Travels in Egypt, translated from the French. See *London Quarto Review*, Vol. I. p. 238 &c.

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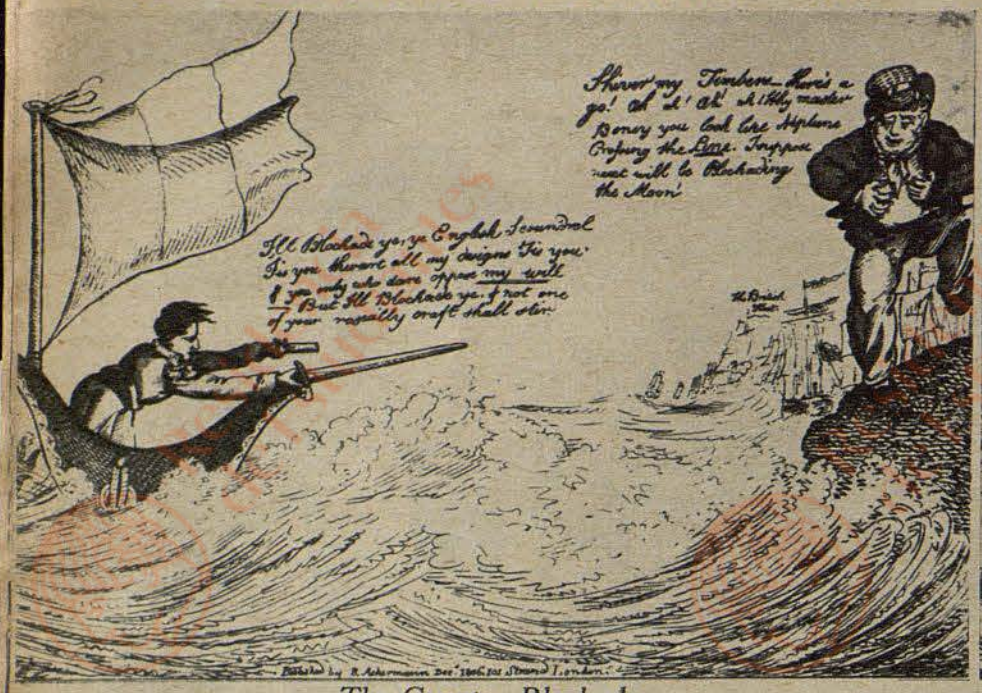
W. MARCHANT, Printer, 4, Greville-Street, Holborn.

A Warning to Fifth Columnists

Defeatists are warned what will happen if they trust a Dictator's mercies.

THE PROBLEMS BRITAIN HAS TO FACE ARE STILL THE SAME



The Counter Blockade

By a series of decrees issued at Berlin, Napoleon proclaims that no country in alliance or friendship with France must admit any British ships or goods to its ports. Britain directs her trade elsewhere.

The Threat to Ireland

To make trouble in Ireland is a favourite invasion ruse. Napoleon's agents endeavour to exploit the Irish struggle for independence in the hope that Britain's attention will be distracted from his assault.

The Threat to Democracy

A warning of the consequences of successful invasion. The House of Commons has a "blood bath." The British Constitution is destroyed. Members of Parliament are sent to concentration camps.

The War of Nerves

The blitzkrieg that never comes. Napoleon says he will attack immediately, destroy England in a fortnight. England waits for him for two years. Her readiness keeps the Dictator away.

and its neighbours had not then been dredged and deepened, and all the vessels in them were aground for at least twelve hours of the twenty-four, while there was no certainty that a fog or a calm would last from one hour to the next. In fact, the requisite conditions never lasted long enough to get the army to sea.

After some months the chance-of-weather plan gave place to one for obtaining local command by fighting the blockaders. For this purpose many units of the flotilla were armed with a heavy gun mounted forward, the vessel, as before, being driven into action by rowers.

Ganteaume, Napoleon's most outspoken admiral, told him that an armed flotilla, however numerous, would merely be massacred by the cruisers' guns, and suggested that a scheme should be devised to secure the presence of real French ships-of-war in the Channel to obtain a genuine command. This was the germ of the plan finally adopted, the plan of 1805. Before dealing with it we must see what the British were doing.

The British Navy was distributed in two main fleets, serving in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean respectively. Nelson commanded in the Mediterranean and blockaded Toulon. In the Atlantic Sir William Cornwallis blockaded Ganteaume in Brest rather more strictly, while detached forces looked after French squadrons at Rochefort and at Ferrol in North Spain. Spain, to use the cant of the present day, was at first non-belligerent, but her government openly joined Napoleon in 1804, and placed her navy at his disposal.

On land the British people took the menace of invasion seriously. The Government, under William Pitt, applied their utmost energy to preparing the defence. The regular Army was small but efficient. It had already fought one campaign against the French on the Continent, but had been obliged, by the failure of its allies, to make a fighting retreat across the Low Countries and to be taken off by sea power from a Dutch port. Next to it stood the Militia, a home-defence force in which service was compulsory, but only for limited numbers of men. The fighting spirit of the large majority found outlet in the Volunteers, who underwent part-time training and were to be fully mobilised only when the danger grew imminent. The Volunteers in the United Kingdom numbered 460,000. In proportion to the total population this would be equivalent to two millions to-day.

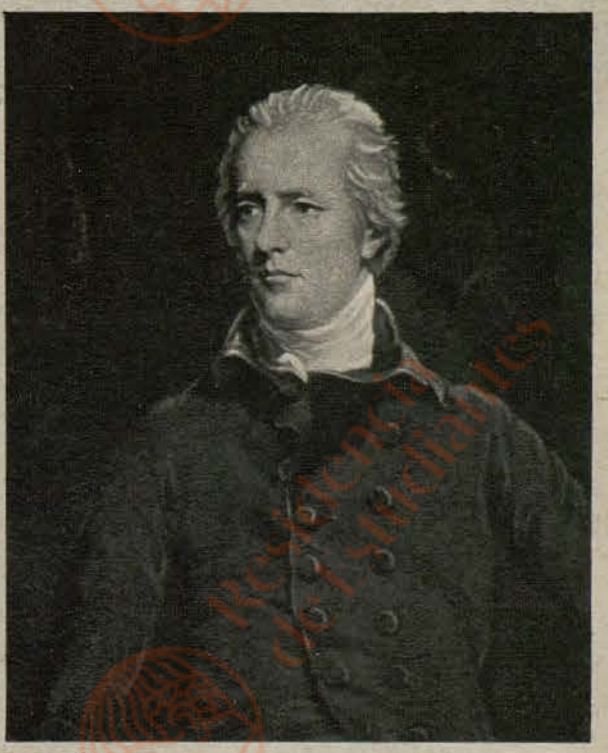
Martello towers were built at every necessary spot along the coast. Each tower was strongly fashioned of stone and brick, encircled by a moat, and armed with a heavy gun. The purpose of the towers was to delay a landing and inflict loss upon the invaders until the defending army should have time to concentrate upon the threatened spot.

Napoleon was contemptuous of the British forces. He reckoned upon dictating peace in London within a fortnight of landing. Meanwhile, the problem was, how to land? He inspected his regiments on the French seashore, but he could never close his eyes to the unpleasant sight of the British cruisers' sails gleaming white on the horizon. He hesitated. The French people began to grow impatient. For a time, Napoleon diverted criticism by his gorgeous coronation as Emperor in December, 1804. Then the problem returned. His answer was the plan of 1805.

The plan of 1805 took several successive shapes in detail, but in essentials, it was an attempt to play upon the nervous fears of the British public by threatening a distant, yet vital, interest and thus drawing off the naval forces that guarded the

The Victory That Puts an End to Threats of Invasion: Trafalgar, 1805

For two years the Dictator's fleet skulks in harbour. When, finally, it puts to sea, Nelson destroys it. Trafalgar puts an end to Napoleon's hopes of invasion. He turns his attention to Europe—but always with that great fortress in his rear. Sea-power decides the fate of Europe.



THE MEN WHO SAVED EUROPE

The Admiral: 47 years old

Nelson blockades the French Fleet for two years, completely destroys it at the Battle of Trafalgar—one of the turning-points of a long war.

The General: 46 years old

Wellington leads the land offensive which begins by upsetting the Dictator's plans in Spain, and ends with the rout of the French at Waterloo.

The Premier: 46 years old

Pitt, when all seems lost, remains confident and strong. He leads England through her darkest days, does not live to see final victory.

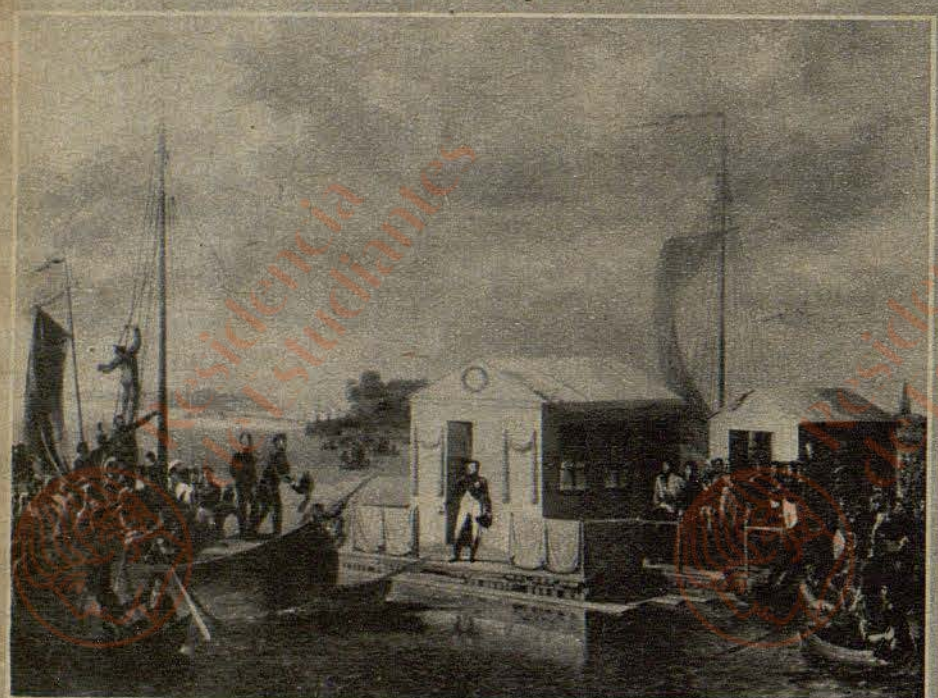
DRIVEN OFF THE SHORES OF BRITAIN, NAPOLEON OVERRUNS EUROPE

He Receives the Submission of Austria, 1805

Austria, imposing to the outward view, is rotten to the core. Napoleon orders a lightning stroke, wins the Battle of Austerlitz, and takes Austria under his protection.

He Marches Against Germany, 1806

Napoleon, going from strength to strength, dictates victorious terms to Austria, Prussia and Russia in turn. He enters Berlin with his armies on October 27, 1806.

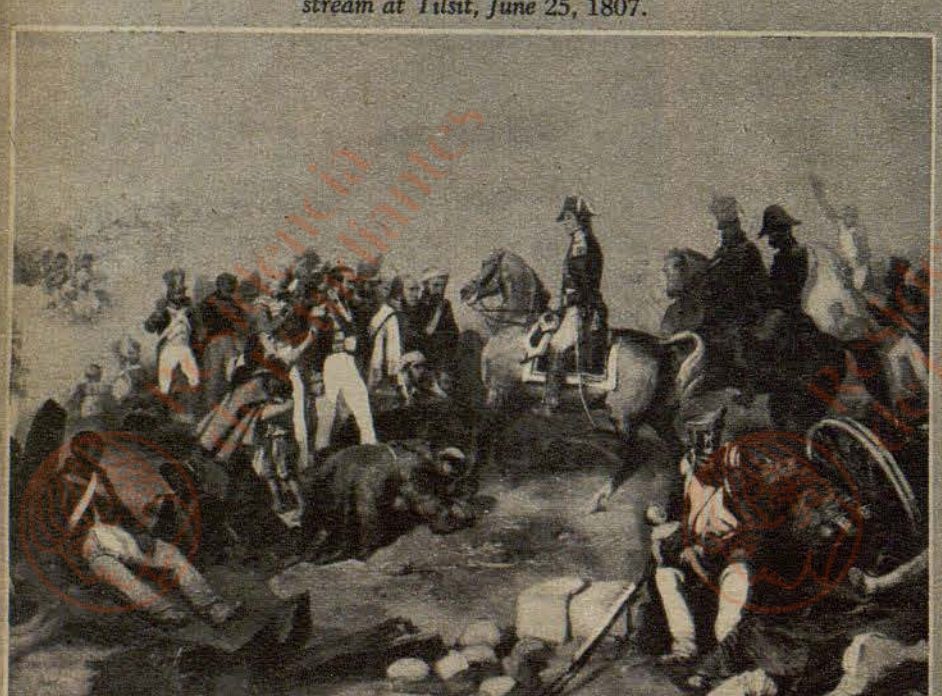


He Makes an Alliance with Russia, 1807

The Dictator satisfies his craving for the dramatic. Napoleon discusses an alliance with the Russian Emperor, Alexander, on a raft in mid-stream at Tilsit, June 25, 1807.

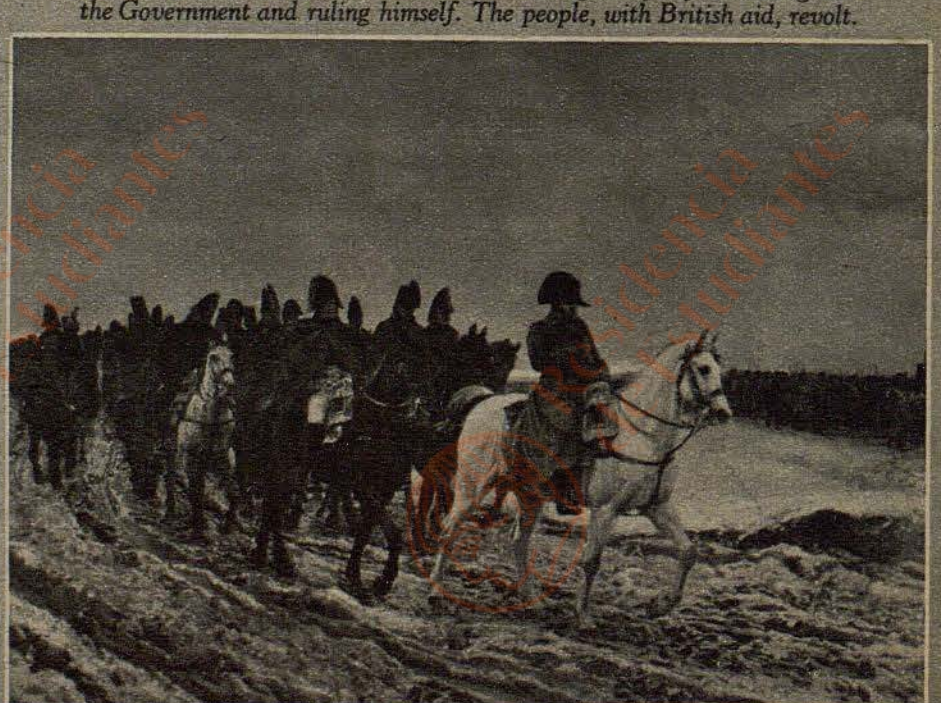
He Marches into Non-belligerent Spain: Corunna, 1809

The Spanish Government fawns on the Dictator, gives him free passage for his armies. Napoleon rewards non-belligerency by throwing out the Government and ruling himself. The people, with British aid, revolt.



Portugal: Britain's Faithful Ally, 1809

Alone in Europe, Portugal refuses to bow to Napoleon. French armies invade her and Soult defeats the Portuguese at Oporto in 1809. The Government moves to Brazil and carries on the war.



The Non-aggression Pact with Russia Breaks Down, 1812

Napoleon is forced to fight on two fronts. Russia, taking hope from Britain's resistance, denounces the Napoleonic alliance. Napoleon invades—but the retreat from Moscow in 1812 breaks his army.

BRITAIN RESUMES THE LAND OFFENSIVE: *The Victory of Waterloo, 1815*

At last, unable to tolerate the tyranny of the Dictator any longer, the peoples of Europe rise and expel him, after the Battle of the Nations, to the Isle of Elba. Within a few months he is back. He meets the English at Waterloo for the last time.

British coasts. Britain was carrying on the war by means of her commercial wealth. Her two greatest trading areas were the East Indies and the West Indies. If her hold on either of those areas could be destroyed, the result would be ruin for many wealthy industrialists and merchants, starvation for masses of their employees, and bankruptcy and defeat for the British state. Napoleon, therefore, ordered his blockaded admirals to break out as opportunity arose, to sail for the West Indies, to commit as much damage as possible upon the British plantations, and at the same time to unite in one strong fleet. He calculated that the news would arouse a panic among the West India magnates in England. They would clamour in Parliament for relief to be sent. Pitt would bow to the storm and order the British squadrons to sail west in pursuit. Meanwhile, the French fleets, united in one great armada, would double back to Europe, sail up Channel, sweep away the blockaders of Boulogne, and all would end in the thunderous salvoes of French artillery announcing that the conqueror of the world was making his entry into London.

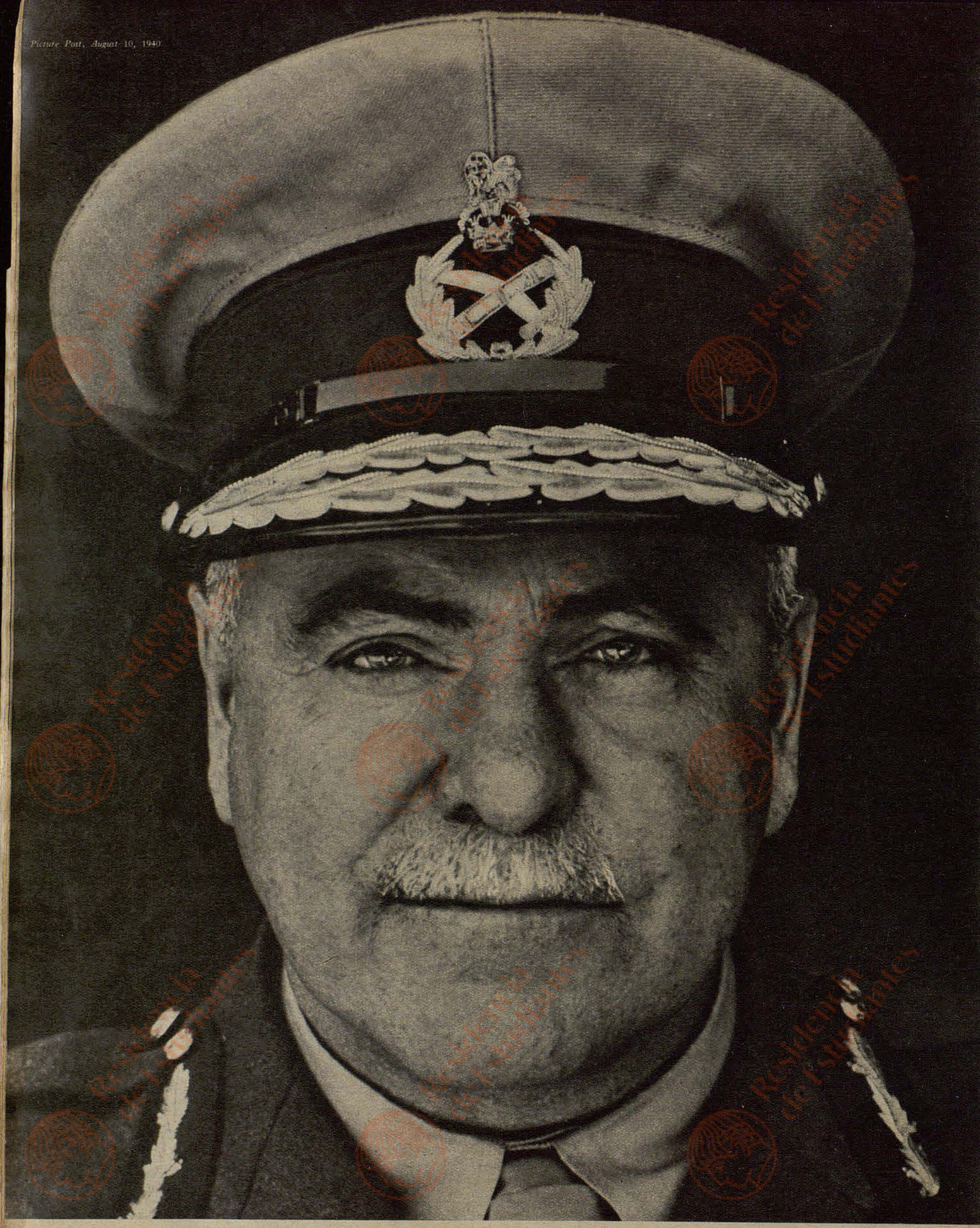
This is how it worked out. The Rochefort squadron, a minor portion of the French fleet, broke the blockade and reached the West Indies. Having done a good deal of damage to British interests, but not having met with any other French squadrons, it returned to its original base at Rochefort. A long while later, the Toulon fleet, under Admiral Villeneuve found a chance to get away. Villeneuve picked up some Spanish ships from Cadiz and reached the West Indies, only to find that his Rochefort friends had gone home. The greatest French fleet, in Brest, never got out at all.

Meanwhile, the British Government and Admiralty were sorely disappointing Napoleon. They evinced no panic and ordered no helter-skelter rush to the west by the defenders of the Channel. On the contrary, the British forces concentrated on Cornwallis at Brest and rendered him strong enough to meet any Frenchmen who should re-cross the ocean. The pursuit of Villeneuve was not made by one single ship concerned with our home defence, but by Nelson from the Mediterranean. He left light forces adequate to guard British interests there, and himself set out in chase of Villeneuve; and he gained rapidly in spite of his quarry's start. But for bad luck in picking up false information, Nelson would have annihilated Villeneuve in the West Indies. As it was, the Frenchman got away and made for Europe in a pitiable state of nervous depression; for he had no faith in himself or his crews or his ships. Cornwallis was in front of him, and Nelson behind; and Nelson had sent forward a swift vessel with the news. Villeneuve drew near the Spanish coast and there met a British squadron sent forward by Cornwallis. There was a cannonade broken off by thick weather, and Villeneuve lost only two ships. But he was convinced that the game was up.

Continued on page 32

The End of a Dictator

Napoleon, his armies routed, tries to escape to America. But the Navy is waiting for him again. He surrenders, and his life ends in exile at St. Helena.



STOREKEEPER'S SON WHO LEADS AUSTRALIA'S FORCES: *Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Blamey*

He was born in 1884 at Wagga, New South Wales. After leaving school, he became a schoolteacher. In the last war he rose to become Chief of Staff to the great Australian General, Sir John Monash. He has won for himself the reputation of being capable, just, strict and genial.

AUSTRALIA'S ARMY LEADER

330,000 troops serving overseas. 56,000 men killed. That was Australia's contribution last time. Once more the Australians are weighing in. And this is their infantry commander.

IN the last war the Australians won fame as tough and skilled fighters. The commander of the Australian Corps, Sir John Monash, earned recognition as one of the ablest generals of the war. This time their pilots and infantrymen are with us again. Who is their Monash now?

The commander of the Australian Infantry Forces is Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Blamey, D.S.O., C.M.G., C.B. He is the son of a country storekeeper from New South Wales. In 1906 he was one of the pioneers of Australia's professional soldiery. His first-hand experience of fighting came in 1916. His abilities caught the eye of Monash, who made him his own Chief of Staff for the Australian Corps. After the war, Blamey occupied further important military posts, before becoming Commissioner of Police for Victoria from 1925 to 1936. Downright in manner, direct in speech and vigorous in action, he is a typical Australian, a true man of the people.

Sir Thomas Blamey With His Wife

Lady Blamey, who was formerly Miss Olga Farnsworth, married Sir Thomas in 1939. His first wife died in 1935. One of his sons is now in the artillery. The other, a Flying Officer, was killed in an air crash in 1932.

Memories of 1914 in the Front Hall

Shell cases of all sizes. Relics of a war to end war. Souvenirs for the man who, with Monash, devised the operational orders for the great Australian victory at Mont St. Quentin in 1918.

The Commander's Headquarters

The headquarters of the 6th Division of the A.I.F., where Sir Thomas Blamey works every day from 9.15 to 5.15. The building used to be a scientific Institute. To-day it has other uses.

The Spirit Behind the New British Army

British and French soldiers help one another up into the sandhills behind Dunkirk. This defeat turned into victory has become the symbol animating the vast new armies now being armed and trained in Britain.

July 24. *Two Politicians in Hot Water . . .*

Democracy goes into action against Sir John Anderson. In the House of Commons, the Home Secretary tries to force a clause in the Emergency Powers Bill No. 2 which would give special courts in war zones the right to impose sentences of death and long terms of imprisonment. Parliament insists that such sentences shall be subject to judicial review.

Political clouds gather over the Minister of Information. The Ministry, under Mr. Duff Cooper's regime, has been responsible for a recent campaign to prevent "alarm and despondency" and to create a ridiculous still-born "Silent Column." Mr. Churchill himself starts the storm by condemning the campaign in a witty speech in the House of Commons. The Press—still free, in spite of abortive censorship proposals by Mr. Duff Cooper—forecasts a ministerial change.

A U.S. Report says that the Cunard liner *Lancastria* (16,293 tons) was hit by three aerial torpedoes and sank off Brest in the latter days of the evacuation from France.

Twelve German aircraft are shot down during raids on Britain and British shipping. German aircraft factories and twelve aerodromes are bombed.

Mr. W. R. Hearst, the American newspaper proprietor, says in his papers that "the entry of the United States into the war may be considered more than a probability. In fact, it may be set down as a certainty."

July 25. *Germany Drowns 400 Frenchmen.*

The French liner *Meknes*, shipping 1,200 repatriated French naval officers and men from Southampton to Marseilles, is sunk by a German torpedo boat. The torpedo boat's attack is made easier by the fact that the *Meknes* obeys orders to show all her lights after leaving Southampton. When the first attack is made, the ship stops, sounds her siren to indicate that she has done so, and flashes her name, nationality, and destination. The answer of the German is to sink her. The British Navy save 970.

DIARY OF THE WAR—No. 48
THE FORTY-SIXTH WEEK

SHADOW OVER THE BALKANS

The struggle of Germany and Russia to secure mastery in the Balkans delays the attempt to invade Britain.

The R.A.F. brings the total of raids on Germany and German-occupied territory to over a thousand in three months.

July 26. *Stalin v. Hitler in the Balkans.*

For two and a half hours, Hitler harangues the Rumanian Premier and Foreign Minister in the Great Hall at Berchtesgaden where he bullied Schuschnigg into delivering up Austria, and forced Hacha to hand over Czecho-Slovakia. Stalin, matching his move, sends eight special envoys, under cover of trade, to Jugo-Slavia.

The R.A.F. bombs the Messerschmitt works at Gotha for forty minutes. The raid is one of many on German factories, airfields and fuel depots.

July 27. *Hitler Bullies the Bulgarians.*

The struggle of Germany and Russia to secure mastery in the Balkans, a struggle which is holding up the German attempt to invade Britain, dominates the news. Following the visit of the Rumanian ministers yesterday, the Bulgarians spent two hours at Berchtesgaden to-day. Stalin's engagement list is full up, too. An important Hungarian trade mission is on its way to Moscow, and his Soviet trade envoys arrive in Jugoslavia. Britain has already taken reprisals against Rumania for her recent German-inspired anti-British actions, the most recent of which was the seizure of twenty British-owned oil barges on the Danube.

The "thirty-fours" sign on for military service, bringing the total now registered to 4,200,000 men. Mussolini, who will be fifty-seven to-morrow, gives a display of riding, tennis and swimming to foreign correspondents to show how fit he is.

July 28. *Rumania to Sacrifice More Territory.*

Germany admits, in the press and over the radio, that she is pressing Rumania to sacrifice territory to her Balkan neighbours, Hungary and Bulgaria.

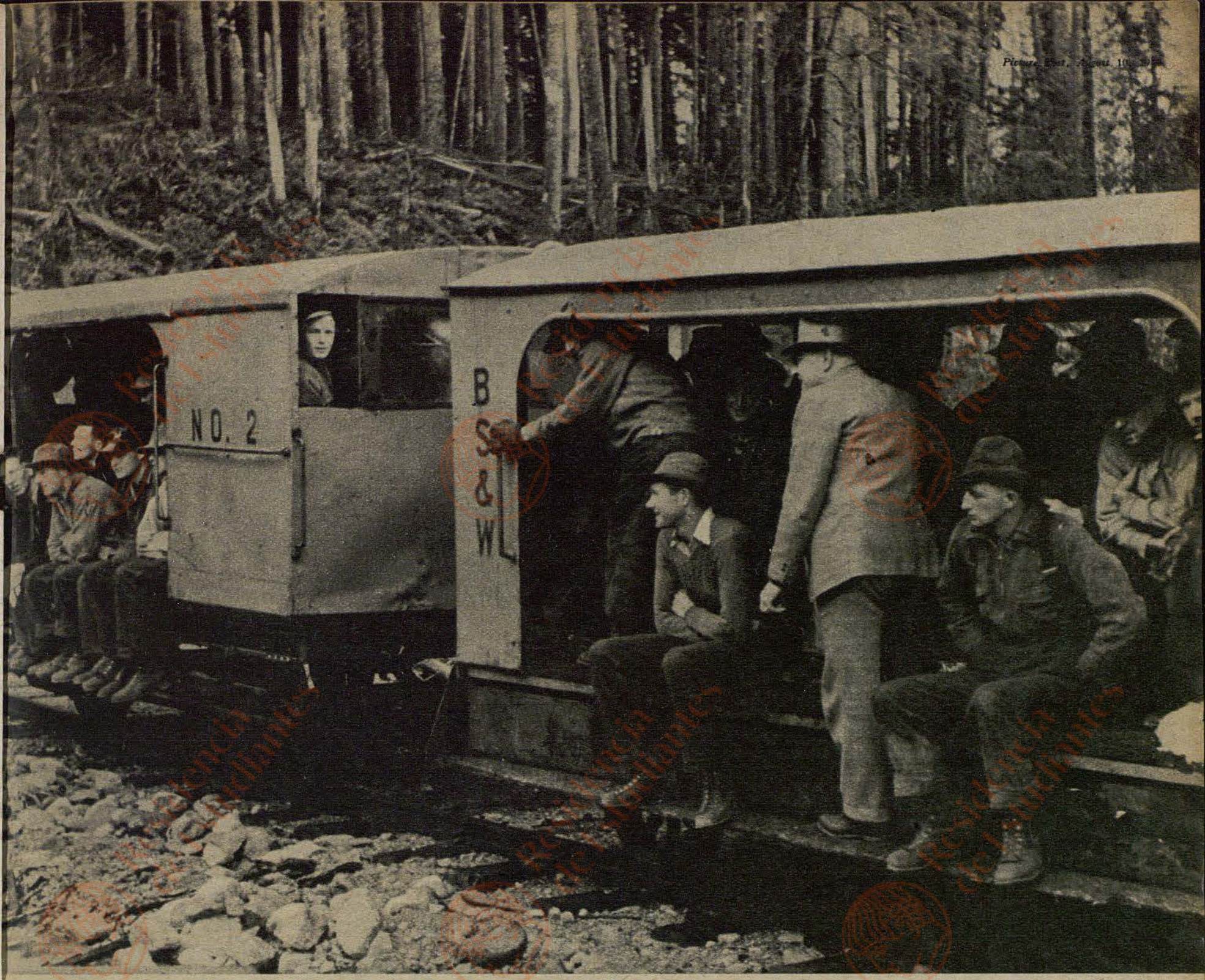
At five o'clock this morning, the German authorities stop all road and rail traffic between occupied and unoccupied France. The French wireless announces that the German authorities have divided occupied France into five regions, prohibiting any movement in or out of strategic zones. Goering declares that he only awaits Hitler's signal to invade Britain.

Nine German aircraft, out of seventy who arrive over the coasts, are destroyed, the remainder driven off. The R.A.F. bomb enemy docks, wharves and barges, and eight aerodromes in Germany and Holland are raided.

Most sensational article of the war so far appears in *Reynolds News*. Mr. H. G. Wells accuses a clique of "pro-Nazi" officials in the Home Office who, he says, are deliberately and systematically intimidating aliens in this country.

July 29. *The Mixture as Before*

The involved and undeclared hostilities of the Balkans move rapidly towards explosion point. Messages from Budapest declare that direct talks are to take place between Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria, whereby Hungary is to take part of Transylvania, and Bulgaria the Southern Dobrudja. The Fuhrer wishes it. But his writ does not run unopposed in South Eastern Europe these days. Soviet troops in Bessarabia are reported to be showing "unusual activity in building pontoon bridges." Already several hundred pontoons have been thrown across the River Prut, which divides Bessarabia from Rumania. The Germans are nervous. Nazi propagandists in South Eastern Europe are screaming that Great Britain is stirring up revisionist agitation in the Balkans, where Germany wants nothing but peace.



EARLY MORNING IN THE CAMP: *The Loggers Set out on the "Speeder"*

They live in a camp in the heart of the forests of British Columbia. They travel to work on the "Speeder." Their job is one of the most dangerous and exacting callings in the world. To-day, it is one of the most vital jobs in the Empire's war effort.

LOGGING IN CANADA

Britain turns to Canada—and, in particular, to the great forested areas of her Pacific seaboard—for almost the whole of her wartime requirements of timber. Picture Post sends a photographer and journalist six thousand miles to show how Canada is answering the call.

SIX thousand miles from the seat of battle, a man in a steel helmet looks anxiously skywards. His companions—there are three of them, steel-helmeted like himself—follow his gaze. There is a watchful silence; then a warning shout. The men leap to safety in a shower of falling debris. The ground heaves and the air vibrates with a sizzling, shivering crash. The virgin forests of British Columbia have given up another tree—another length of timber—to serve the needs of an Empire at war.

Canada, in joining arms with Britain, has placed at our disposal not merely her man power but the resources of a country which is potentially one of the richest territories in the world. Third in importance, after mining and agriculture, of Canada's primary production is timber. She possesses the principal reserve of softwoods within the British Empire. Her forested area—769,450 square miles—is greater than that of any other country except Russia and Brazil.

In peace, we import millions of feet of timber from the Scandinavian countries. Now, under the heel of Hitler, the mainland of Europe sends us no timber at all. Without it, the building of war structures is paralysed. Without it, newspapers must cease publication, because the paper they use is wood pulp. Our own resources are hopelessly inadequate. We turn, in the time of need, to Canada—and, in particular, to the great forested areas of her Pacific seaboard—for almost the whole of our vastly increased wartime requirements. Canada has answered the call. In the first four months of this year, imports from British Columbia alone were 53,000,000 feet board measure in excess of the corresponding period last year (245,000,000 feet B.M.). Shipments are increasing. Canada has ties with us more permanent than trade agreements. The lumberjacks and the loggers are helping us to win the war.

The least they ask in return is that you won't refer to a logger as a lumberjack or mix up a lumberjack with a logger! The difference between them is that a logger works in British Columbia, and a lumberjack on the Atlantic coast. To confuse

1 THE FALL OF A FOREST GIANT

Wearing a steel helmet to protect him from falling limbs and flying stones, the logger starts up the motor on the mechanical saw. The trees run to over four hundred feet.

them is as serious as mistaking a Lancastrian for a Yorkshireman. Apart from that, like Yorkshireman and Lancastrian, the two are very much alike.

Having learned that a logger is not a lumberjack, and *vice versa*, you should know that a logging camp—lumber camp in the lumberjack's country—is not, in the boy scouts' sense of the word, a camp. It is a spaciously conceived residential area with its own private railroad; shopping centre; school; telephone exchange; water and electric systems. It is equipped with baths and showers (hot and cold), radio, recreation and living rooms, and modern business offices. Its only claim to be called a camp is that once in every few years (when all the trees for miles around have been felled) the entire township is transported to another site.

In its comforts and facilities, life in a logging camp compares with any good hotel—except in its tariff. For accommodation, including service and meals (sixteen chefs, *a la carte* breakfast, four course table d'hôte dinner, picnic lunch) the charge is £2 per week inclusive. Since the logger, while in residence, makes from £7-£10 a week, his net profit, including special deductions for medical attention, provincial income tax and workmen's compensation, is about £5 to £7 a week.

He earns it. The logger has one of the most dangerous and exacting callings in the world. To attempt the work he must be a born athlete. To make a first-class logger, he must be an expert woodsman as well.

The average age of the men on the actual logging operation is about twenty-five. After thirty, the eye is not quite quick enough, the body not agile enough, to dodge the recurring risks of the work. The older men, there are not many of them, hold executive posts, run the railroad and tend the machinery. The trees are felled, the logs "bucked," "yarded" and "boomed" by striplings in their early twenties. Many of them are undergraduates working in their vacation to make the money to continue their studies. Others have drifted into the game in search of adventure. A few are Scandinavian immigrants. All of them know that a logger's working life is a short one; but it is also a grand one—while it lasts.

A big logging operation usually lasts longer than the logger. The biggest outfit on the Pacific coast (Messrs. Bloedel, Stewart and Welch's operation on the Franklyn River, where the pictures in this series were taken) is at present felling an area of ten square miles of forest. Work was started *four years ago*; it is expected that the last log will be "boomed" in about fifteen years.

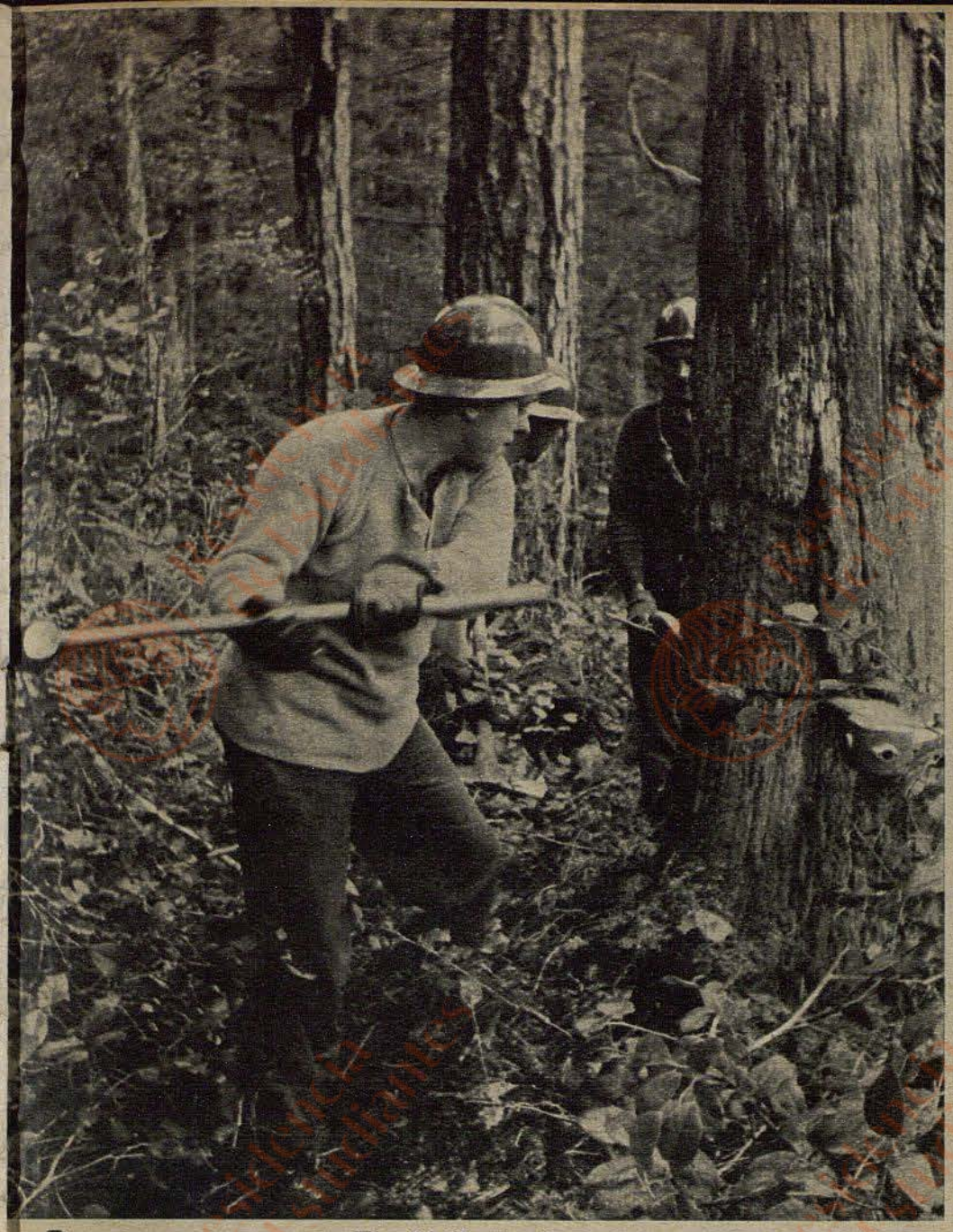
The forests of Canada belong, in part, to the Canadian Government and, in part, to private owners. The timber contractors undertake to pay "stumpage," a royalty on every tree cut. They set up a camp, assemble machinery, and construct a railway system to transport the logs to the nearest river or lake, where the timber is rafted and floated down to the mills. As the work progresses, the organisation is extended and the railway track, creeping with the loggers into the interior, grows more complicated.

A logging operation in full production has a railway system of thirty-five miles of track, employs four hundred men housed in two camps; and has an output of 400,000 board feet of timber a day.

The trees cut on the Franklyn River in Vancouver Island are Douglas fir (used for flooring and structural work), red cedar (used for weaker boards and shingles), sitka spruce (used for air-

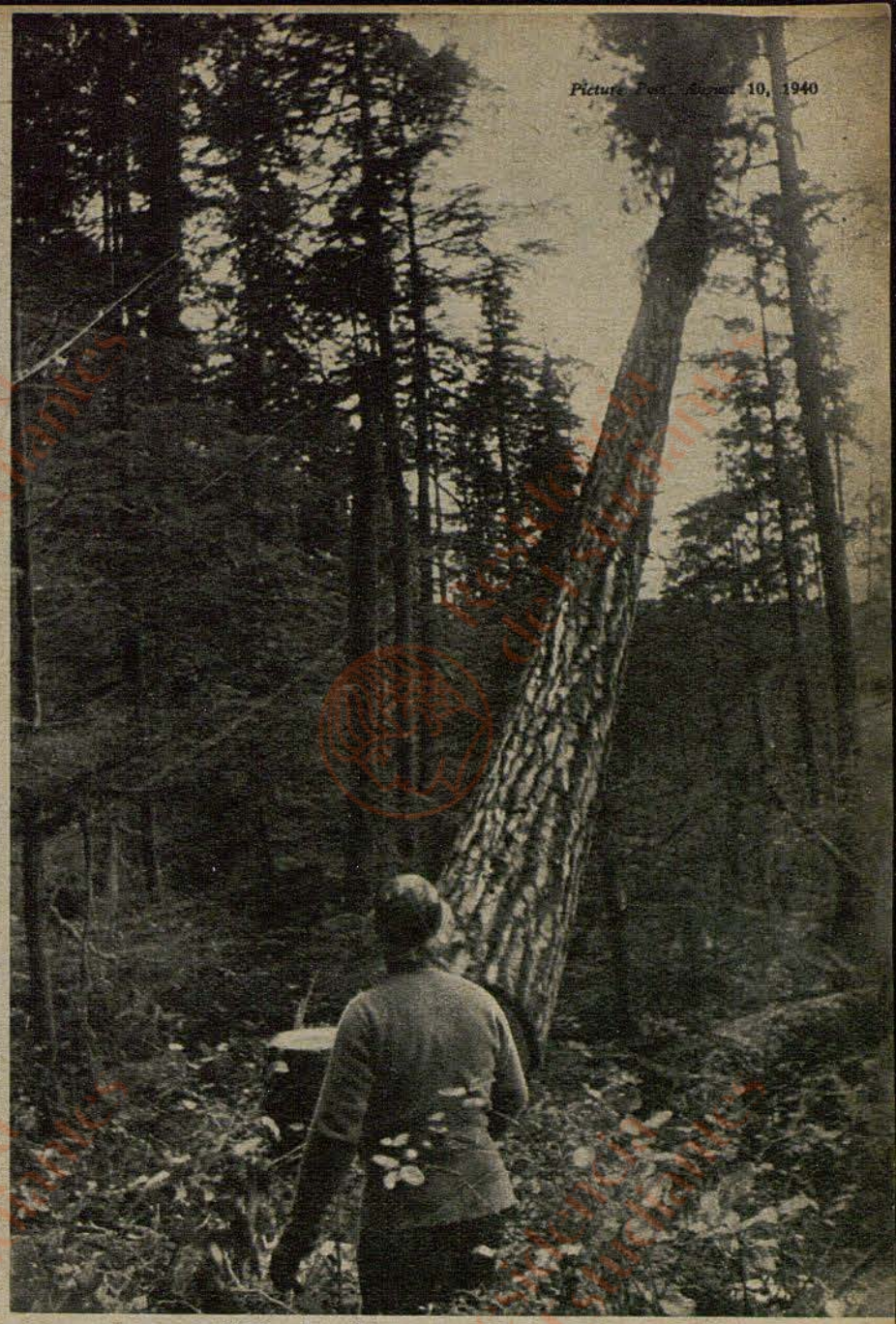
2 *The First Saw-Cut is Made*

The Head Faller carefully guides the teeth of the saw into the trunk, just above the butt, and makes two cuts. Then with an axe he knocks out the wedge of wood between the cuts.



3 *The Skill of a Logger*

The direction in which the tree must fall is settled within a few inches. To guide its flight, the Head Faller hammers a wedge into the saw cut. On his skill depends the lives of his men.



4 *"Tim-ber!" . . . and Down She Comes*

Half a minute after the first cut, the Faller shouts a warning. The men leap to safety. The tree, breaking its limbs on its neighbours, crashes to the ground.

craft joinery and high class paper) and western hemlock (used for pulp and boxwood).

Because of the ideal climatic conditions (alternate sun and rain: average yearly rainfall 200 inches) the trees in British Columbia grow to an astonishing size; a trunk eight feet in diameter is not unusual.

The chief man in a logging camp is the superintendent, an expert forester who plans and directs the work. His assistant is the woods' foreman, who hires and fires the men. The men, with the exception of a small permanent staff of executives and office workers, are employed on a day to day basis through the official loggers' agency. The rates of pay vary for different work.

Among the highest paid men of the logging camp are the fallers and buckers. The fallers cut down the trees. The buckers saw the trees into log lengths when they are felled. They work in gangs of four, consisting of a head faller, a second faller and two buckers. A scaler, representing the employers, is in attendance. The scaler, who is equipped with a rule, calculates and records timber cut in board feet.

The trees are felled with axes and handsaws, or, in the most modern camps, by mechanical saws. The buckers saw them into log lengths by hand; they do this because sawing logs to the best advantage is a surprisingly delicate operation demanding skill and an understanding of the nature of each tree trunk. To ensure that they cut a good log without splitting or damaging the timber, the buckers take immense pains, even using their saws upside down and cutting upwards to prevent a flaw in the wood. The two buckers work singly, performing unaided the astonishing feat of cutting logs eight feet in diameter with a saw seven feet long.

5 *The Fallen Tree is Measured and Marked*

The scaler runs along the trunk of the fallen timber measuring it with his rule. On the base he records its size in board feet. The Head Faller and his gang move on.

The Timber Train Moves Off

A logging operation in full production has a railway system of thirty-five miles of track. The logs are loaded, pyramid fashion, on skeleton trucks. Locomotives bring them down to the river.

The Desolation the Loggers Leave Behind Them

After the ground is cleared of timber, the loggers set fire to the "slash." The "slash" is the residue of broken limbs, chips and tree stumps. It must be burnt to prevent forest fires.

The head faller has the responsibility of deciding the order and method by which the trees are to be cut. He picks out the "snags" first. Snags, valueless as timber, are dead trees. They are cut first because they are a source of danger. If a neighbouring tree hits them in falling, they burst like shrapnel, often with fatal results. As a protection, fallers in some logging camps wear steel helmets.

When the snags are cut, the big timber is selected. The head faller holds up his axe shaft to find the lean of the trunk. He estimates the windage and settles within a few inches the ground where he will throw the tree. His assistant starts up the motor on the mechanical saw. The head faller guides the teeth into the trunk, just above the butt, and makes two saw cuts. Then, with his axe, he knocks out the wedge of wood between the two cuts. This is the side on which the tree will fall. The saw is transferred to the opposite side of the trunk; in half a minute, a tree, ten feet in diameter, four hundred feet high, is hesitating before its fall.

The head faller shouts a warning—"Tim-ber !" The tree, breaking its limbs on its neighbours as it

The Timber is Heaved into the Franklyn River for Rafting

The railway trucks are run out on to a pier, where a machine called a "jill-poke" pushes the logs off the trucks into the "salt-chuck" (sea water) while the train is still in motion. The trees cut on the Franklyn River in Vancouver island are Douglas fir, red cedar, sitka spruce and Western hemlock.

heaves over, crashes to the ground. Bouncing from the butt, it uproots saplings and tears huge rocks out of the ground. The scaler runs along the trunk measuring the fallen giant with his rule; then, carelessly, he chalks a few figures on its base. The men move off to another tree.

After the big timber, the medium and small trees are felled in long rows. They pile one on top of another in a tangle of broken limbs and branches—to lay there, perhaps for six months, before the "skidder," "the track units" and the "cats" are ready to gather them up.

The fallen trees are so heaped together that to walk on the ground is impossible. The loggers move about by running and jumping along the trunks. Many logs are precariously balanced and a touch is sufficient to start them rolling. Others have their bark stripped by the fall and the slip of a foot on the greasy surface may mean a broken limb. The loggers wear spiked shoes (named "corked" shoes). They call the ability to move with agility over the logs, "brush feet." Only a man continually facing the dangers of logging can move with facility. Accidents — even fatalities—are the normalities of life in a logging camp.

After the fallers and buckers have finished their work, the railway track is extended into the newly-won territory. The machinery is assembled to "yard" (meaning, haul) the logs to the railway track and there to load them into the trucks. Finally, the loggers arrive on the mulligan car—the tram service of the camp—to clear the timber.

The machinery and methods employed to "yard" and load the logs vary according to the nature of the ground. In places where it is not practicable to build a track, giant "cats" (meaning, tractors) are used to drag the timber to the rail-head. Alternatively, the logs are "cold-decked," packed in huge piles until transport can be provided for them. "Cold deck" is a poker term, "deck" meaning a pack of cards and "cold" that the cards are running with you.

In typical Vancouver island country—steep slopes with ravines at their bases—the "skidder" is used. The skidder is a combination machine driven by steam which both hauls and loads. Its cable can reach 2,500 feet.

The skidder, which is the most modern type of logging machinery, rigs its tackle on a steel column. Other machines used in logging operations rig a tree. A track unit, which is a donkey engine on wheels, has a spar specially set up for it. Station-

"Booming" the Timber in the "Bull Pen"

The logs are graded and chained into "booms" to be floated down to the timber yards. The enclosure in which sorting is carried out is known as the "bull pen."

EVENING IN A LOGGING CAMP: *The Dinner Hour*

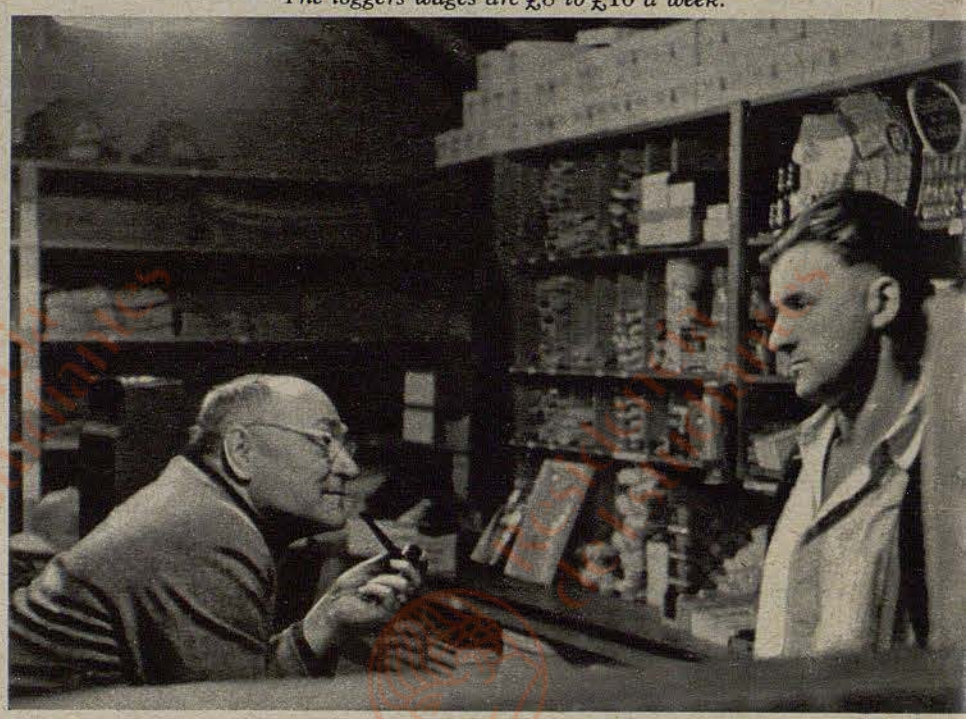
The most important part of a logger's life is his meals. And meals in a logging camp are like a small boy's treat. For dinner: soup, fish, meat, sweet, fruit, pies, ice cake and ice cream.

The Logger's Shack: A Game of Backgammon

Loggers—nearly all in their early twenties—live, eight men to a hut, in wooden shacks. The inclusive charge for board residence is £2 a week. The loggers wages are £8 to £10 a week.

The Man in Charge of the Office

The executive offices of the Logging Camp are like all offices. They have accounting systems, ready reckoners, hundreds of forms to fill in. Here the timber output is recorded, and the loggers, hired, paid and fired.



The Man in Charge of the Shop

The camp has a general store where the loggers do their shopping. From May 1 to September 30, the official fire season, cigarettes and tobacco are not sold. Smoking is forbidden throughout the camp.

ary engines are taken to a suitable tree. It's the "high-rigger's" job to fit the tackle.

The high-riggers are the aristocrats and the most highly paid men of a British Columbia logging camp. Their work is the most dangerous, most responsible and scientific in the logging operation. They earn about £2 a day. Small camps employ only one high-rigger; big camps, two.

The high-rigger swarms up the selected tree with the aid of spurs and a loop of rope thrown round the trunk. When he gets to the top, he lops off the crown and fixes the guy wires and running rigging. To fall a British Columbian tree from the ground with a mechanical saw is no light undertaking. But the high rigger swings his axe as he sways two hundred feet up the trunk.

One way or another, in the face of appalling difficulties and unbelievable risks, the logs are loaded. They have a contrary way of showing their resentment. Sometimes they break away from the chokers (grappling irons) and bounce crazily down a hill. Occasionally their weight bursts the cables. Often they roll. In twelve months, the casualities on one "setting," which employs not more than eight men at a time, was three fatalities, one hundred and fifty injuries.

The logs are loaded, pyramid fashion, on skeleton trucks. A man stamps them with a hammer to show where the timber was cut and to whom it belongs. The train leaves for the river.

On arrival, it is run out on to a pier where a machine called a "jill-poke" pushes the logs off the trucks into the "salt-chuck" (sea water) while the train is still in motion. The logs are graded and classified in an enclosed stretch of water called a "bull pen." They are chained into booms and towed down by tugs to the timber mills to be cut into timber, or to a pulp and paper plant.

As soon as the ground is cleared of timber, the loggers set fire to the "slash." The slash is the refuse of broken limbs, saplings, snags, chips and tree stumps left behind after the timber has been cleared. It is burnt in huge bonfires. The slash must be fired by Canadian law. The reason is to prevent a forest fire later on. The menace of a forest fire always threatens a logging camp. A cigarette butt is sufficient to start it.

The danger at certain seasons of the year (30 degrees humidity) is so great that friction alone is sufficient to cause it and all logging operations must cease. From May 1 to September 30, the official fire season, smoking is forbidden throughout the camp. (In consequence, most loggers—especially Scandinavians—take "snoose." Snoose is chewing snuff. A logging camp couldn't be run without a supply of it.) At all seasons the differing logging activities are scattered over a wide area so that, if a fire breaks out, the damage can be localised. There is an elaborate fire-fighting department, manned by "spark chasers" who carry a complete fire-fighting equipment on their backs.

If, in spite of all precautions, a forest fire starts, the entire camp is turned out day and night to fight it. When the slash is burnt a belt of green trees all around is sacrified to stop the fire from spreading. Five hundred yards of green timber is usually sufficient to quench it.

When the logging operation is finished, and the slash is burnt, the landscape is a blackened waste. The immediate impression is that, in time, there will be no timber left in Canada. In fact, the land will reafforestate itself.

At present, there are enormous reserves of timber in Canada in districts so inaccessible that it is not economic to fell it. Later, when conveniently situated timber has been cleared, the price of timber will rise sufficiently to justify more difficult operations. One day, there may even be a shortage. The Canadian Government is attempting to provide against the possibility by re-afforestation schemes. They may be successful. Only this is certain; that the trees of British Columbia will never be allowed to grow into the giant trees that are being cut to-day—the biggest are over twelve hundred years old.

The most important part of a logger's life are his meals, and the meals in a logging camp are like a small boy's treat. A typical breakfast (the first shift is served at 3 a.m.) is grapefruit, porridge, eggs and bacon, griddle cakes, cereals (a choice of dozens of brands), toast, marmalade, jam, honey and coffee. For dinner: Soup, fish, meat, three or four vegetables, sauces and pickles (various), sweets, fruit, four or five sorts of pies

The Girls He Left Behind Him

Another bite to eat before he drops off to sleep. A quiet think about the girls he will meet when he returns from the camp. And just a few on the wall to remind him what a nice girl looks like.

and cake, ice cream, tea and toothpicks.

Lunch pails, which the loggers take to work, contain an *à la carte* menu for next day. The men tick off the delicacies they fancy. A typical lunch is tea or coffee (in thermos flask fitted in lunch-pail lid), ham, tongue and beef sandwiches, tin of baked beans, ice cake and fresh fruit.

When he's not working or eating the logger sleeps (eight men to a wooden shack with "bull-cook" servant), plays poker and games. When he's got some money he starts out for Vancouver to spend it. He doesn't usually get as far as Vancouver. The beach ports have hells specially created for loggers, and few loggers can resist them.

The permanent staff of the logging camp bring their wives and children to live with them. They have houses built on skids. When the logging camp moves, the houses, which have main water and electric light, are loaded on to trucks and moved with the furniture to another district.

The children have their own school with a Government teacher, for Canadian law provides that where more than eleven children are domiciled, the colony must have a State school.

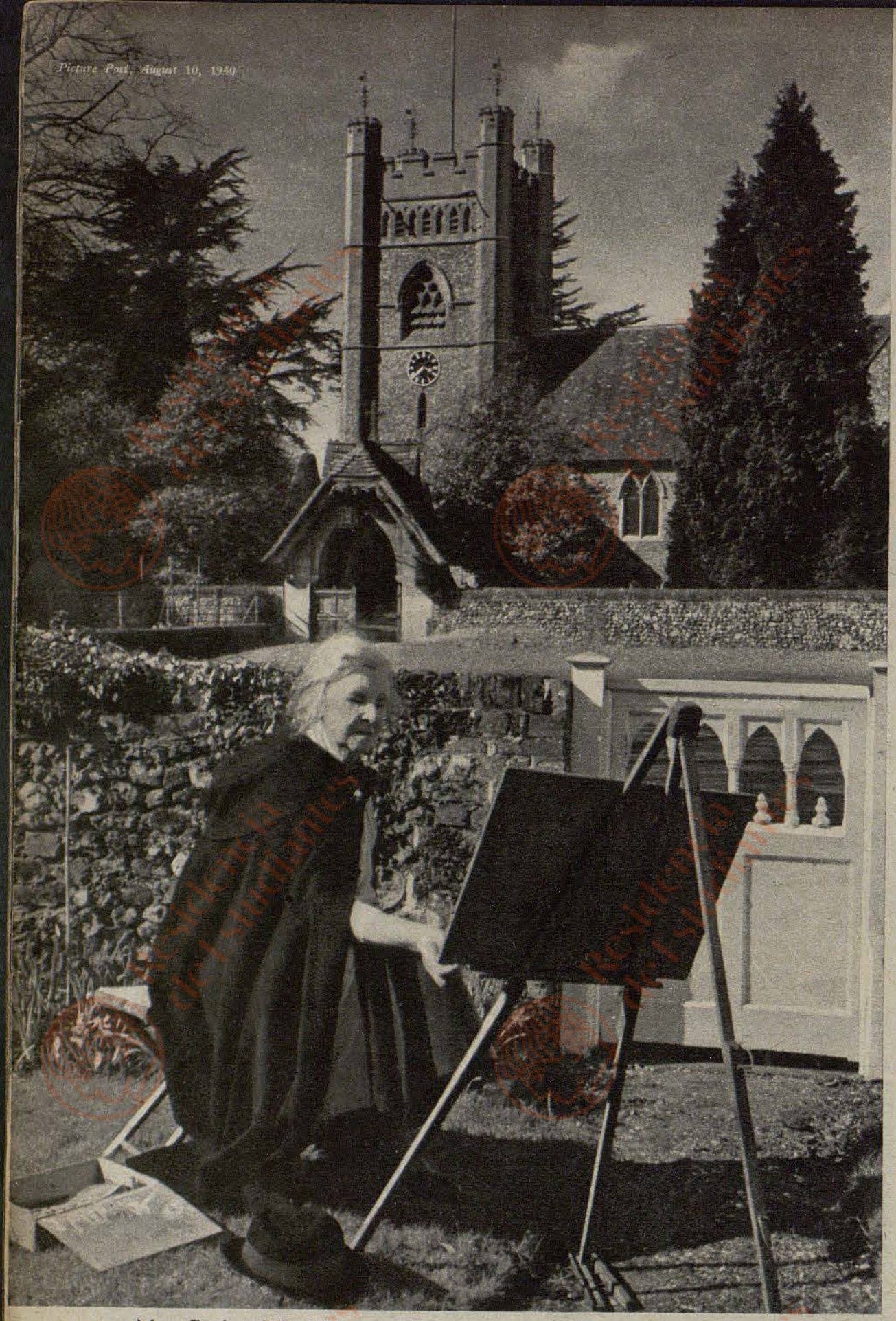
The logging camp goes to bed early (the locomotive whistles out the first shift at 3 a.m.) The air is sweet with the smell of pinewood. The bull frogs croak a sleepy chorus.

Somewhere in England, a recruit, having his first experience of army life, rolls into bed under Canadian eaves and timbers.

DOUGLAS MACDONALD HASTINGS.

Lights-out in the Logging Camp

Shut in by great mountains and virgin forests, cut off from any other human habitation, the Logging Camp is the home of 200 young men. Their working life is a short one; but it's a grand one while it lasts.



Mrs. Cook, of the Village of Hambleden in Bucks., at Work on a Landscape
Many villages in our countryside contain a natural artist or two. Few have had any training. Many have spent all their life making a living. They paint when and how they can. But they paint. Typical of these unknown artists is Mrs. Cook of Hambleden.

Mrs. COOK the VILLAGE ARTIST

For 38 years she was a general nurse and midwife. Now, in the evening of her days, she has become an artist.

YOU may have heard of the village of Hambleden, in Buckinghamshire. If you haven't and are never likely to visit it, the folks of Hambleden will not mind very much, although they will be quite pleased to see you, should you pass that way, for they form a good-natured community. They might even prefer you just to pass that way, linger a little, perhaps, but not for too long, and admire their picturesque village against its setting of small hills and beech woods. Do not be tempted to settle there, however, for there is no land for sale or to let, except in the cemetery, and that is limited to a very small area per settler.

While admiring the village, with its typical Buckinghamshire cottages of brick and flint and weathered tiles, you might, were you in reflective mood, deplore the fact that the practice of the old arts and crafts in villages such as this had almost come to a stop.

In a little modern bungalow just beyond the village, however, Mrs. Cook still practises, for her own amusement, one of the older crafts—the making of tatting, a kind of lace not quite so intricate in pattern as pillow-lace, which was once a common product of the district. But besides being an expert craftswoman and housewife, she is a natural artist with an uncommon streak of originality.

In earlier days she would have been the type of village artist, whose designs, when repeated by other workers and adapted to their crafts, would have acquired that degree of stylisation, that fixity of subject, form and colour, which is the very essence of folk-art.

She is a self-taught painter. She was a general nurse and midwife in the district for 38 years, and had too busy a life to find time for instruction in any art. Many of the sturdy grown-ups you see in the village she will point out to you as her babies. She helped to bring them into the world. She is now 66, and was married, in 1914, to Mr. Thomas Cook, a native of Hambleden, and, until six years ago, manager of the local butcher's shop, where he had been all his working life. He is now 71, and, besides being an exceedingly handy man, able to turn his hand to almost anything from gardening to house-repairs of all kinds, is, what might be called, the "compleat angler," for he has that kind of philosophical outlook on life which seems to go with fishing, freshwater or sea.

In Mrs. Cook's paintings there is a curiously modern quality—a bold massing of colours combined with a fine sense of spacing and design, which recalls, to some extent, the work of Matisse and the late Christopher Wood.

They have, however, a naivete and freshness of conception only to be seen in the paintings of children, that freshness and spontaneity that is the continual ambition of artists to retain throughout their years of training in draughtsmanship, which so often turn them into perfect craftsmen at the expense of artistic conception.

As a painter, she is a real primitive. She has fought out for herself her own style and technique, applying water-colour to make it look like tempera or oil painting, rather than flowing it on to the paper as would the purist in water colour. Her form of design is almost like a colour sketch for stained glass. In earlier times some of her designs would, no doubt, have been adapted by some local craftsman to that medium. They have a kind of sparkle. Looking round her paintings you see that a number of them are of religious subjects. But then, glancing to the wall opposite her "Annunciation" you spot "A Bit of Old London," with the name of Sweeney Todd boldly printed over a shopfront in the picture—not exactly a religious motif.

She paints mostly from memory or imagination, but will, on occasions, get her stimulus from an actual scene, or even interpret, in her own way, and from memory, some picture she has seen. If a landscape is not quite in keeping with her idea of what a good design ought to be, she does not mind bringing together, say, two groups of houses which may be a few hundred yards apart. Nobody has told her that artists do this sort of thing. She would have paid no attention if they had told her so. She just does it because she likes it better that way.

Naturally her colour is neither so subtle nor

"I Paint Because I Feel Like It . . ." : One of Mrs. Cook's Works

She is self-taught. She has worked out for herself her own style and technique. Her pictures show a bold massing of colours, combined with a fine sense of design. There is often a childlike quality about her ideas and choice of subjects.

sophisticated as that of the professional painter, nor is her draughtsmanship at all perfect. But, in all probability, had she spent her time in acquiring that kind of technical efficiency, her paintings would have lost a lot of their freshness and charm.

When asked why she took up painting, she had that best of all answers—because she felt like it. She is what might be called an expressionist; a real self-expressionist.

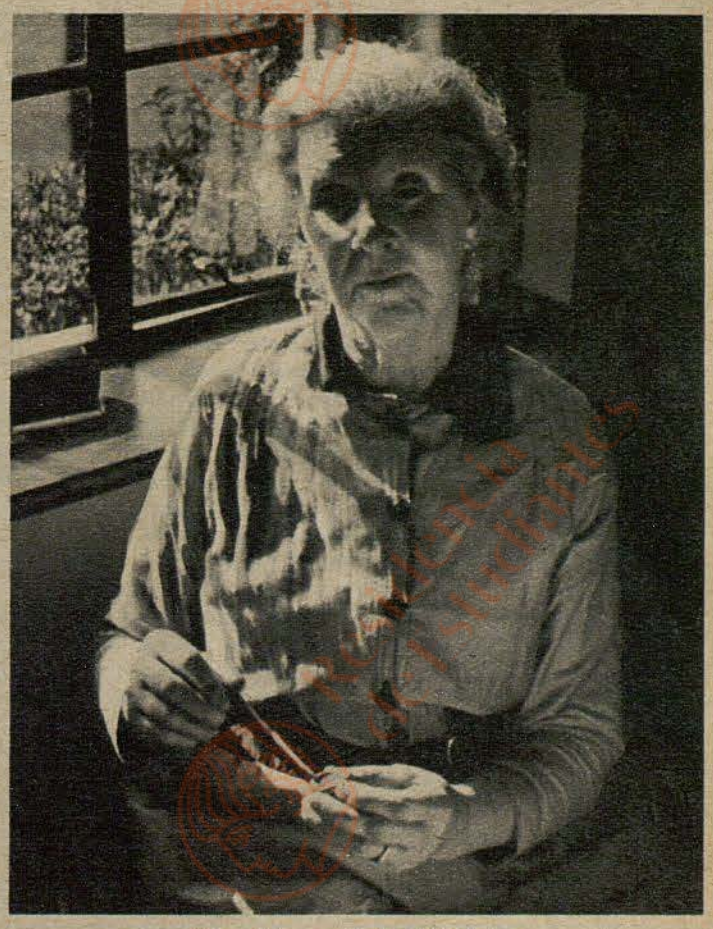
She first took up painting in 1917, and it was only at a later date that she saw the possibility of combining her flair for design with her ability in needlework. Her pictures in needlework, tapestries of a kind, have the same boldness of pattern and the same fine massing of colour as her paintings. They have the spontaneity of the best samplers, but with an extra sense of unity in their conception.

There are many potential artists in all kinds of odd corners of the country. If more people would take up work of this kind in their leisure hours, and be convinced that, after all, it was nobler in the eyes of God to play in this gracious manner than to work for work's sake, it would not, perhaps, be long before we solved the problems of this age of mass production. We should then become the masters of our machines and make them do more and more of the necessary donkey-work for us, in order to get on with the important business of play.

WILLIAM MCCANCE.

The Artist in Needlework

Long after she took up painting she discovered how to use colours and bold patterns in needlework.



The Face of the Painter

Village nurse. Wife of the local butcher. And now an artist of originality and charm.

Picture Post, August 10, 1940

Michael Foot

A forthright young journalist, aged 27; author of "Armistice," a merciless commentary on politics since 1918. Son of Isaac Foot, ex-Minister for Mines, and brother of Dingle Foot M.P.

OPEN

Two forceful young men set out their views on two questions of importance to every citizen. This is your Open Forum. Use it to reply.

CITIZEN v. ARMY

by MICHAEL FOOT

In war the military tends to dominate the people. In this war it is vital that the people dominate the military.

"SIR, the work is very great and dangerous." Those words were whispered into the ear of Oliver Cromwell as he sat in his black clothes and worsted stockings on a bench in the House of Commons on an April day in 1653.

"You say well," answered Cromwell. And then a quarter of an hour later: "This is the time; I must do it." Thereupon, he rose to his feet and addressed the House. A voice interrupting his harangue changed his passions to fury. He stormed up the gangway, denouncing the Members as drunkards and whoremasters. Within a few moments, guards had cleared the House, and the door of the Commons was locked. From that day until Cromwell's death, the rights of Parliament had in effect been usurped by the supreme Executive. The Captain-General ruled in London, and twelve Major-Generals were appointed to exercise authority in a land divided into twelve districts. For the last time in our history, the Army governed England.

It was a good army, disciplined, well-led and scrupulous; "men," as Cromwell said, "who make some conscience of what they do." Yet the memory of that soldier's rule imprinted itself indelibly on the mind of the British people through subsequent years. It was a bitter recollection. Our ancestors determined that never again should a standing army be allowed to strip Parliament of its rights. When King William came to the throne in 1689, they passed a Mutiny Act which required that each year the military chiefs should come to the House of Commons and receive Parliamentary sanction for their continued existence.

The standing armies of the Continent were the bulwarks of despotism. Half the greatness of England, and more than half the liberties which we have since enjoyed, were due to this wise precaution of the men of 1689. Never again was England threatened by a military dictatorship, or even by the lesser, but more insidious, encroachment of military power into civil life. *Never until to-day.*

To-day the menace is immediate. There are a million and a half men in the regular Army, and their number is increasing at the rate of 7,000 a day. There are more than a million and a quarter men in the Home Guard, all taking their orders from the War Office. The administration of the country has been partly lifted from the persons answerable to local representative bodies. It has been partly transferred into the hands of twelve Regional Commissioners. At their elbows stand military commanders. As the threat of invasion comes closer, they speak with growing authority. How can the civilian contest the soldier's dictates?

How powerful is the man whose control over nearly three million of his best fellow citizens is absolute! How easy to suggest in the name of efficiency, order and discipline that he should be allowed to establish a military system on the best Teuton model! A British Potsdam instead of a British Parliament. Major Generals instead of Regional Commissioners.

It is not a fantastic picture. There were some who even tipped Sir Edmund Ironside for the post of a new Protector. Falsely, of course. Sir Edmund has now been promoted to a position of impotence, but the menace is there, and growing. Those twelve Regional Commissioners already possess considerable influence, and the Minister of Home Security has power to confer upon them *absolute* authority over our lives and property.

The Minister of Home Security might be able to check that danger, but he is a man who has already bowed to the War Office dictate. Sir John Anderson seems to run his Home Office as a kind of jug and bottle entrance to the War Office. He dishes out with an air of respectability the same potion which the Army leaders purvey in the public bar. If the War Office say, "Lock up all refugees," Sir John does their bidding, despite the fact that most of the refugees have shown a far fiercer hatred of Naziism than Sir John himself. If the War Office want something near martial law to be established in "war zones," Sir John does their bidding again, until the House of Commons steps in.

But why worry about liberties in wartime? In a war, should not the War Office rule? There is a simple answer to such plausibilities. If we surrender all power to the War Office, we shall not merely lose our liberties; we shall lose the war.

The People Will Win The War

This war will be won by the initiative and individual genius of the British people; the superior seamanship which battered the *Graf Spee*; the fine prowess against odds of our soldiers in Belgium; the men who formed their own Armada and saved their comrades from the deathtrap of Dunkirk; the young pilots who have made themselves the most famous in the world; the toughness, resilience, humour of the workers and housewives of Britain. Here is the real source of our strength in the battle. It must not be stifled. But it *will* be stifled if the War Office is allowed to extend its sway over the whole of civilian life.

The tradition of the Army is opposed to trust in the people. It is still riddled with snobbery, privilege and convention. It still prefers to recruit its officers from one small class. It still honours age and crabs youth. It still likes to believe that the small set firmly established in the War Office is the sole repository of military wisdom.

How wrong these conceptions are has now been finally proved by events in this war. In the space of a few weeks Nazi Germany has hacked her way to the coasts of Europe by revolutionary methods of battle. Had the War Office any idea of these new methods? No. If you would understand how stale were their ideas, take a glance at the *Army Quarterly* which appeared a few days before the opening of the *blitzkrieg*. One expert was talking politics; Germany, he said, had "a military alliance" with Russia, but only "an understanding" with Italy. Amateur strategists could have told him that after the Russian flirtation Hitler would soon return to the Roman marriage bed. Another expert was questioning the practicability of Ludendorff's "total" war. Many amateurs were not so confident. Their doubts were not removed by a document circulated over the signature of Sir Edmund (now Field Marshal) Ironside, minimising the deadliness of tanks, if unsupported by infantry.

Another expert writing the editorial article in the *Quarterly* said: "It is a dangerous thing when hostilities are in progress to say or to publish anything which may tend to undermine public confidence in those who are entrusted with the leadership and direction of the Army." France soon proved the menace of that fallacy! For did not a special correspondent of *The Times* say that "a rigid military censorship was entirely at fault" in spreading complacency among the French?

Finally, it was the Chief of the Imperial General Staff who said: "Come on, Hitler, we're ready for you," in apparently complete ignorance of the German plan of war.

Are these the people that we now wish to entrust with still greater powers? If they were proved wrong about military matters, why should we surrender civilian matters to their charge? What guarantee have we that they do not still hanker after the rigid military censorship which partly caused such havoc in France? Since they scorned the Ludendorff theory of war which Hitler adopted, what pledge have we that they have understood the counter-plan which Ludendorff himself prepared—"a people's war blazing up all over the country"? No. Civilian authorities must keep a severe eye on the soldiers. In recent weeks improvements have been made at the War Office. But much remains to be done.

It is not to such a body that the effectual Government of the country should be surrendered. We must guard our civilian liberties and require that our civilian institutions, such as trade unions and local councils, be allowed to play their full part in the war. They must have ready access to the Regional Commissioners, and be permitted to contest the overwhelming commands of the military.

Above all, we must have a Minister of Home Security who understands his business. It is not his job to run errands as office boy for the War Minister, to execute the latest meddlesome plan concocted by the Minister of Information.

He should be the great champion of the people's rights; the man who understands that only an informed, awakened, invigorated democracy can provide the sure answer to Hitlerism.

At the moment this position is held by Sir John Anderson. He is Bottleneck No. 1 in the business of equipping this nation to fight, not a War Office war, but a people's war. The only thing to do with a bottleneck is to remove it.

FORUM

M.O.I. DEFENDED

by TOM HARRISSON

Mr. Duff Cooper starts a doorstep survey. The press attack it. Here the Leader of Mass Observation defends it with facts and figures.

IN the past few weeks, the press have violently attacked the Ministry of Information. Perhaps their most violent attacks have been devoted to a unit known as Wartime Social Survey, financed by the Ministry, and run through the National Institute of Economic Research, an independent body who act as scientific advisers in this work. Interviewers ask people questions on their doorsteps, for instance, about their reaction to Government instructions, evacuation and supply problems. The Press has greeted this with shouts of "Nosey-parker" and "Inquisition"! I won't exhaust readers with an analysis of the antagonism between Press and Ministry, which is causing all these rows and undermining public confidence in both contesting parties. But this particular point of argument, door-step interviewing, is important. It is too easy to work up a mild hysteria about "snoopers."

What are the uses and limitations of doorstep interviewing? Is it legitimate? Is it useful and democratic?

The method of going round asking people questions has been used since party politics began. The people who do more of it than anyone else to-day are the newspapers, with their huge team of canvassers, who ask you questions about your daily paper, and try to get you to change it for the one they represent. If all the doors banged in their faces were added up together, the explosion would end the war. Canvassing people's "opinions" is a milder pastime, for it only asks you to state your point of view. Most people love to do that. For one who objects, fifty will talk so much that the interviewer has difficulty in getting away. It is because people do feel like this about giving their opinions, that doorstep interviewing has become a familiar feature of British life. There are few big commercial organisations that do not employ investigators to make extensive questionnaires on the habits and opinions of their potential customers—the British public. The B.B.C. has a large "listener research" organisation which, among other things, asks at least 800 people every day to answer a full-length questionnaire on their programmes. And a whole series of surveys have been made about newspaper reading on behalf of those interested in the Press. Indeed, Dr. Gallup first made his name famous by finding out, in this way, that comic strips were much the most popular feature in American journalism. The result revolutionised advertising and the American press.

It would seem, then, that both by usage, and by acceptance, doorstep interviewing is legitimate. A very small minority resent it. But quite a lot of people resent dance music, pubs, cosmetics and Mr. Chamberlain; that is not a reason for destroying these amusements! Opinion investigations, however, have a legitimate function broader than this. While the press does an important job in reflecting public opinion, it does not pretend to do so impartially. Each paper has certain policies, and when it takes a 'policy line', it does not first go out and find out if the public agrees with it. Rather, it attempts to convince the public that it ought to agree with the editorial arguments.

But because there is no other big channel leading from the people upwards, politicians tend to mistake Press criticisms for public opinion. This tendency is increased in wartime, when there are no significant by-elections by which public opinion can be directly tested. And the present M.P.s were elected in that hazy time of Stanley Baldwin, 1935. The House of Commons is therefore less in touch with public opinion and less representative of recent opinion trends than usual. There is, therefore, a legitimate case, and indeed a definite need for continuous day-to-day study of actual public opinion. This need is not, of course, confined to the Ministry of Information. All around, different interests are finding it increasingly necessary to keep in close touch with mass opinion; research units are getting requests for study from church organisations and patent medicine merchants, Government departments and multiple stores.

Are Doorstep Surveys Useful?

Public opinion surveys are, therefore, a legitimate point of business and political life, and are well in line with democratic procedure. In fact, properly developed, as they are in America, they can become a vital and constructive factor in democratic government.

Are the surveys useful, of practical value? One answer to this question is that few national advertisers have failed to avail themselves of these methods. Hard-headed business men find doorstep interviewing pays. As one person responsible for promoting a great deal of such research, Mr. F. C. Leslie, wrote recently: "Do not listen to the man who says that if the facts are ascertainable at all, they can be ascertained by rule of thumb, by common-sense observation, by normal intelligence methods. He is only the usual obscurantist putting up the usual unfounded resistance to a new technique. Everyone who has seen good opinion research at close quarters knows that it seldom or never fails to bring to light things that are novel and important."

It all depends, of course, on the way the questions are framed, and on the experience and training of interviewers. But, assuming that these conditions are met, there is little difficulty in collecting the information, and the information collected has repeatedly proved to be of practical value.

I may give one example, from Mass Observation, though we do not normally rely on direct interviewing, because I believe that observing, looking, listening and documentary material from voluntary informants sometimes gives a better picture of public opinion and morale. We recently asked several hundred refugees, shortly after their arrival in this country, about their behaviour as refugees. Among other things, we found two-thirds had made no plans at all for moving before they actually took to the roads, and that only 4 per cent. had made successful plans. Moreover, eight out of ten only left their homes shortly before the Nazis arrived. The majority said they got no helpful instruction from anybody, and more than three-quarters had not thought of turning on the radio for guidance. Less than 2 per cent. had found fire alarming, and much the largest group said that it was the noise and other people's hysteria which largely caused them to leave. These results have an obvious value for all countries threatened with similar attack.

Picture Post, August 10, 1940

Tom Harrisson

Founded Mass Observation three years ago, with Charles Madge, to discover what public opinion really is. Before that, spent two years among cannibals of the New Hebrides.

Surveys of this kind do not always produce striking results, but at the very least they act as a commonsense and scientific check on personal generalisations and intuitions. At their best, they throw an entirely new light on the problem investigated. Of course, it is essential that the *sample* of persons interviewed be properly selected so that it represents all sections of the community in correct proportion. A series of detailed scientific and statistical experiments undertaken in Harvard University have demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt that a properly selected sample of several thousand people will give an accurate picture of opinion among the whole population on most subjects.

Indeed, the success of these surveys largely dates from the time when both the Gallup and the Elmo Roper opinion polls in America, working on only a small sample of the population, made correct forecasts of the last Presidential election in the States, while the *Literary Digest*, which used 2,376,532 mailed ballots, predicted Landon would defeat Roosevelt; for the mere collection of a mass of opinions is no indication of public opinion.

The *Literary Digest* went wrong because it chose its sample out of telephone books, and a lot of the population are not on the telephone. You get the same sort of reflection from studying the letter bag of a newspaper or an M.P. The people who write these letters do not, on the aggregate, make up a typical cross-section of opinion. Lately, we have been analysing the letter bags of several national newspapers and M.P.s. The results strikingly confirm this point. Anybody working on such evidence is likely to reach wrong conclusions about public opinion. That is why impartial and scientifically conducted surveys are important.

Probably, therefore, in this case, the Press would do better if it aimed constructively to improve and facilitate such work, the implications of which are well in line with the Press' own vigorous campaign for the right of free opinion and individual point of view. It is not helping anyone to attack the whole idea of opinion sampling.

The Girls on whom so much depends

They work in a munitions factory. They're working harder now than they've ever worked before. Even their dinner hour has been cut to a minimum. They just have time to snatch a meal at the canteen. Prices are very moderate, but there's always H.P. Sauce to enliven the fare.

HOW TO INVADE BRITAIN—*Continued.*

He gave up the whole project and took refuge in Cadiz. It was the end of the invasions schemes. The French public was given to understand that England would certainly have been conquered but that the incomparable soldier had been let down by an incompetent sailor; and the soldier at once shifted the interest elsewhere.

One of Pitt's defensive measures had provided for an offensive against Napoleon by means of a continental alliance. By the late summer of 1805 the Emperors of Austria and Russia, encouraged by a liberal outpouring of British money, were mobilising their armies. On the assumption that England was really in peril of invasion, this coalition was a sound stroke of policy. As the event turned out, it acted greatly to Napoleon's advantage. Austria, a state massive and imposing to the outward view, was rotten to the core; and Russia was not much better. Baulked of his invasion, Napoleon launched a lightning stroke against them both. The orders he dictated at Boulogne set the whole military circus in motion, horse, foot and guns, and before the year closed, the stunning victory of Austerlitz restored his prestige and gave all France an uplift in which naval failures were forgotten.

Britain was left to face the ruler of Europe unaided. But the sea was now doubly hers. Napoleon's fleets at large had failed to open the Channel. While he was beating Austria the chief of those fleets was destroyed by Nelson. The news is reputed to have reached the Emperor's camp on the eve of Austerlitz.

Trafalgar wiped out the only French fleet with experience of the sea, and left little more than the ships at Brest, which had never been out of port since the beginning of the war, and were never to go out until its end.

Trafalgar precluded any hopes of new invasion schemes. On the Continent Napoleon went from strength to strength, dictating victorious terms to Austria, Prussia and Russia in turn. But England bothered him. He could not strike down this "nation of shopkeepers" (he might more aptly have said shipowners).

He tried economic pressure again. By the series of decrees issued at Berlin and other capitals of his empire, he proclaimed that no country in alliance or friendship with France must admit any British ships or goods to its ports. This was the famous Continental System, by which the whole of Europe, whether it wished to or not, was made to sacrifice its trade to his vendetta with England—for the British Government naturally replied by proclaiming a blockade of all countries that denied access to its ships.

"The whole of Europe" is an overstatement. There was at once an honourable exception. Portugal, an ancient ally of England, refused to enforce the decrees. French armies invaded her and drove out her government. It removed to Brazil, then Portugal's greatest colony, and carried on the war with unabated defiance. The Spanish Government, in abject defeatism, fawned upon the dictator and gave free passage for his troops to Portugal. No sooner was Spain full of French soldiers than he deposed its wretched rulers and made his brother Joseph king in their place. The Spanish people were made of different stuff. They and the Portuguese rose instantly for liberty, and with British help, began the revolt of Europe against the tyrant. Military resistance, which had been so hopeless when conducted by the flabby Austrian Empire of 1805, took on a new aspect when based upon national love of freedom. British, Spaniards and Portuguese under Wellington's leadership slowly broke Napoleon's power in the Peninsula. Russia followed in 1812 by denouncing the Continental System. Napoleon invaded her and lost an army. Then all Central Europe rose, and expelled him and his tyranny by the victory of Leipsig, celebrated as the Battle of the Nations.

Within a few months he was forced to abdicate and retire to Elba, the island near the Italian coast. Within a few months more he was back, all lessons forgotten, all pledges broken in the mad craving for power that obsessed him. France was sick of it all, but there was a fanatical core to back him once again. Once more his army faced Wellington, but its stamina was gone. Three bloody days on the Belgian plain ended in the rout of Waterloo, so utterly decisive that not even the fanatics could hope further.

He rode across France to Rochefort, designing to take ship for America and there plan further disturbance of the peace. But Rochefort was the end; for there at sea were the cruisers' sails that had mocked him in his heyday at Boulogne. Perhaps at last he understood the meaning of sea power. He surrendered to the captain of the *Bellerophon*, and the next land on which he set foot was St. Helena. The British were ever a merciful people.

JAMES A. WILLIAMSON.

WORLD AFFAIRS

THE PROBLEM OF INDIA

By EDWARD HULTON

India sets us no simple problem. Her three hundred millions mean many races and creeds. The need is for boldness and imagination.

INDIA is a problem. In our epic fight for freedom it is an unhappy thing that she is not working in the fullest harmony with us. We are worried, and many of us are ashamed. There has, however, been too much disposition of late years to blame ourselves. A better plan is to try to find out the truth.

How did we get India? We did not set out, like some Hitler, to conquer it. A private company was trading there in the early 18th century. The land was ruled by the Moslem Emperor known as the Great Mogul. Suddenly the entire Mogul system fell like a house of cards, and the peninsula became a horrid chaos of plundering princes. Our traders had to produce some order. Gradually, very much against their will, they had to take over the government of the whole country. Not till after the Mutiny in the fifties of last century was the administration assumed by the Government.

Most of the problems which exist in India to-day range themselves round Indian Nationalism. But the races, religions and languages are so various that some have even insisted that there exist Bengalis and Rajputs, Punjabis and Gujeratis, Marathas and Sikhs, Parsees, Moslems, Christians, and many others, but no Indians. Nevertheless, all these groups are feeling more and more that they are not like the British, and they are becoming less and less keen that the British should rule over them.

"Communal Differences"

One gigantic difficulty, however, is the fundamental difference in spirit and culture between the Hindus and the Moslems. Americans and Europeans—except the Nazis beyond the pale—share one fundamental view, which has come down from the Greeks and Romans, that man is the measure of all things—that man stands apart from the rest of Creation, that individual man is of supreme importance. But the Hindus do not believe this at all. To them man is merely part of a great universe which is governed by impersonal cosmic laws, to which even the gods themselves are subject. Life on earth is merely a link between numberless lives in the past and numberless lives in the future. Above all, a man is not an individual in our sense, but is a part of some larger whole—of the celestial universe, of the lesser terrestial universe, of his own divinely ordained group which is caste or class—of his village community—of his family or clan.

There persist more than two thousand classes or castes. Each has its own proper function. A man cannot move from one class to another. Neither can he marry a girl from another class, nor yet take of the food or water of another class. A unique feature is that there remain millions of "untouchables"—below even the lowest caste.

It must be remembered that although much of the difficulty in India has been caused by ignorant Britishers "looking down" upon Indians, many Indians "look down upon" Britishers, who are also technically "untouchables." A friend of mine, a British officer, allowed his shadow to fall upon his soldiers' food. One of the privates, a high caste man, at once called out "Unclean! Unclean!" and threw all the regimental food into the fire!

Eighty Million Moslems

The Moslems are not, as some American newspapers suggest, just another "minority" in our European sense. They are a mighty community of eighty millions, and before our arrival they were the proud rulers of the land. Their viewpoint is really similar to the Western or Christian—they profess to believe in one Almighty God, the dignity of man, and the fundamental equality of mankind. They will not stand for any constitution under which they would be at the mercy of the Hindu majority. Further, they believe that, if the British withdrew, with the aid of their co-religionists from the frontier, from Afghanistan and from Central Asia, they could once again become masters.

India has never once been united. Her history is one of invasion after invasion. The invaders, moreover, have never assimilated the conquered. The defeated have been able to retreat to some remote region. Thus the peninsula is a living and teeming museum of every invading people in history. Culture ranges from the very highest to that of the peoples of the "Backward Tracts"—which is of the Stone Age. No national type can evolve now. Thus the need for a gigantic attempt at "Federal Union." This is the justification for the federal form of the Government of India Act of 1935.

Beyond the North-west frontier live millions of warriors, ready to swoop down by the time-honoured route if the present forces of 50,000 British troops and 150,000 Indian troops were withdrawn. The Indian Nationalist sometimes avers that these expensive British troops are not required. To this there are two answers. Tommy Atkins is a good-natured "neutral" when clashes between Hindus and Moslems occur. A much greater difficulty, however, supervenes. The Indian classes who are the most advanced politically are the least attracted to arms. The "martial races" are magnificent hereditary soldiers, but entertain a high disdain for politicians and democrats and all their works. A British withdrawal might mean domination by a military minority.

Yet another complication is that one-third of India is still under the rule of about 560 princes, great and small, to whom we have made definite promises, and whom we cannot properly coerce, but whom we are now trying to fit into the new democratic federation.

Material Progress

We have arrested age-old famine by our 42,000 miles of railway. We have irrigated thirty-three million acres of land. We have built mighty cities in miserable deserts. But the Hindus are genuinely less impressed by material things than by the things of the spirit. Therein lies much of the power behind Mr. Ghandi.

Great imagination and great generosity are now called for from both sides. Perhaps Mr. Amery, born in India, and a man of immense knowledge and wide understanding, will be for India what the great Lord Durham was for Canada.

India can gain nothing but honour by joining us to the full in our struggle against the forces of darkness. Perhaps India's true future, like that of the United Kingdom itself, lies not in independence in the barren isolationist sense, but in partnership; not in an old-fashioned empire, but in an enlightened federated Commonwealth. And if the Indians and ourselves can shake hands, a wondrous bridge will have been built linking the world's two great civilisations, that of the energetic West and that of the contemplative and mystic East.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY—*Continued from page 3*

Plans for the Future

The prospect of aerial bombardment on a large scale is threatening to complete the work so energetically begun before the war by our own vandals, who demolished some of London's finest architecture in order to put up hideous blocks of flats and offices which would yield a higher income in rent. As it happens, the war has scotched their hopes, but that is beside the point. What we ought to be doing now—if we have any respect for the future—is setting our young architects and schoolboys to study the Adams, Nash, Georgian and Regency houses that have been permitted to survive, so that when the time comes to rebuild, there will be a few people left with enough taste to build cities that will not be a blot on the landscape.

Anne Spicer, Gloucester Place, W.1.

The Enlightened Britain

I find Odette Keun's letter on the collapse of France (July 27) convincing, and it reminded me of GeraldHeard's prophecy in the "Third Morality," written in 1937, in which he states that France's acceptance of the Mechanistic interpretation of life must lead to her social degeneration and eventual abandonment of liberty. The less intellectual Britisher, clinging tenaciously to the faith of his forefathers, sees light shining at the end of the dark valley, and with single-hearted resolution pushes forward. "Thanks be to God! who made him half a fool."

Maude B. Davis,
Parkside School,
East Horsley, Surrey.

Tip for the Chancellor

Sir Kingsley Wood tells us that the nation needs money, and that our impoverished £20,000-a-year men can do no more. They have already been squeezed until they are, if not dry, at least only damp. Nevertheless, I can think of at least one measure that would yield a certain amount of American currency (to be translated into American guns), without dislocating industry or taking so much as a pat of butter from the shooting-box table. All jewels should be taken over by the Government without compensation, and sold to America. Not a single pearl, diamond, ruby or sapphire should be left to sparkle in the safe deposit box. Their owners here could be deprived of them without even giving up the Ritz for the duration. If soldiers' families have less good food than they could eat, and no luxuries at all, surely the rich can be asked to face a future without diamonds.

L. Wilson,
Great Western Road, Glasgow.

An Unanswered Question

Up to the present, no one has been able to answer my question, "How have cycles and prams escaped taxation?" Dogs are far less annoying that these pests. You see cycles like swarms of flies, blocking the roads after a football match. Old ladies ought to feel safe on the footpath, unfortunately this is not the case, many a bruise have I got from pram wheels driving into the calves of my legs!

Why not tax them, I say? No one would grudge 1s., and what millions of shillings could be collected.

Mrs. Fleming, Rectory,
Timoleague, Co. Cork.

Memories of a Murder

I was on the scene of the Phoenix Park Murder, May 6, 1882, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, Under Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant by a group known as "invincibles," shown by you in the "Story of Ireland" (July 27). It was a Saturday, and I had been witnessing a cricket match between the Dublin Garrison and some other local team. I was there till the match was over, about 6.30. I was a corporal in the 2nd Bttn. Coldstream Guards. I strolled across the park, when I was near Vice Regal Lodge I saw five men fighting in a jaunty car. I turned and saw Lord Frederick Cavendish lying in the road, also Mr. Burke, who had 11 stabs, and Lord Cavendish two or three. They appeared to be dead. I helped to carry the bodies into the Vice Regal grounds. Inquiry took place on the following Monday and I was commended for what I had done by Col. J. B. Sterling, who was acting in command. I did not see the tricycle there.

William Snell,
The Bay, Gillingham, Dorset.

More About the Murder

There was a big polo match in the Phœnix Park that afternoon of the murder, which I witnessed. I saw the four assassins as I passed through a shady dell on my way to the Island Bridge gate, but, of course, I did not know at the time that they were the assassins. I believe there was an official Banquet at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Phœnix Park, that evening, and Lord Frederick Cavendish walked up and was overtaken by Mr. Burke who was riding on a jaunting car. They walked up through the Park together, when they were met by the assassins, the leader of whom, Joe Brady, dropped a pocket handkerchief and when stooping to pick it up he plunged a dagger into Mr. Burke's body; then, I am told, Lord Cavendish hit the man on the head, when he was struck with a dagger and was killed. At that moment a cyclist passed and seeing what had happened shouted out "murder!" The cyclist then walked over to the Vice-Regal Lodge, which was about 300 yards distant, and informed the Colonel of the Guard about the assassination who, at first, would not believe him. However, after a time some soldiers went to the spot and carried the bodies to the Vice-Regal Lodge.

There is a sequel. I was having lunch one day thirty years after the assassination, in a Perthshire hotel; there was only one man present besides myself. We started talking about the assassination in the Phœnix Park. I saw that this man was very interested so I said, "Do you know Dublin?" and he replied, "I rather think I do. *I was the very cyclist on that occasion!*"

Geo. P. Warren,
Hartington Mansions, Eastbourne.

Tail-Piece

It is extraordinary to me that people do not realise that this perpetual abuse of the public schools is merely a particularly subtle form of Hitlerism, i.e., trying to stir up class hatred. Whatever one may think about public schools, they were always against disarmament and their O.T.C.'s were taken away from them by a former government under protest.

E. Graham,
Braemar Mansions, S.W.7.

His teeth are "white lies"

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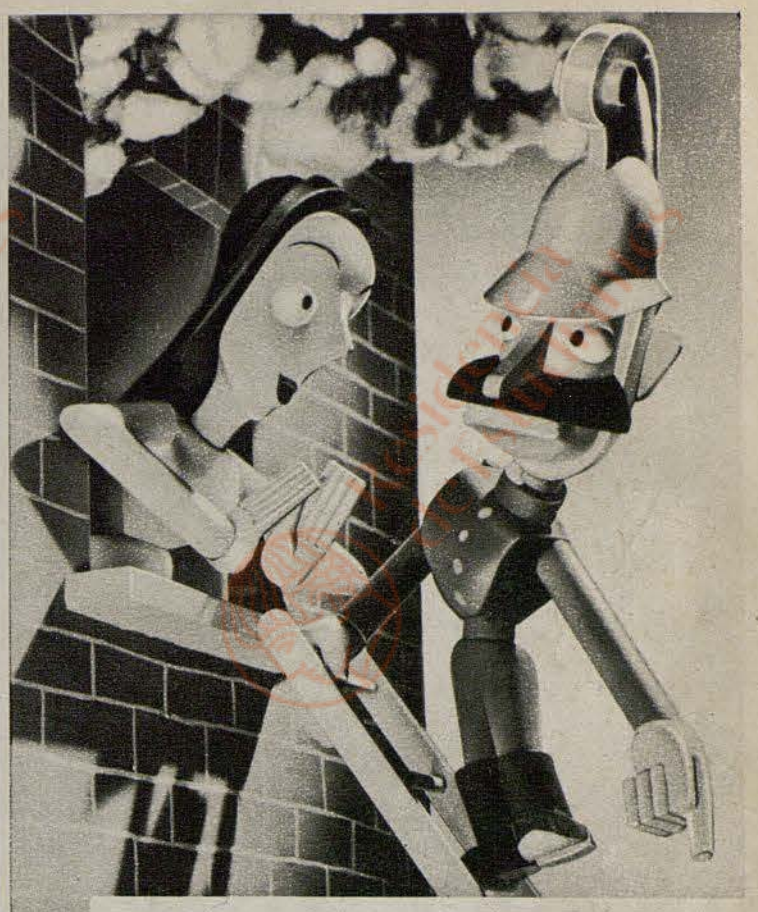

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8D

Housewife

A HULTON PUBLICATION

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