

May 19, 1945

# PICTURE POST



THE START OF VE-DAY

**HULTON'S  
NATIONAL  
WEEKLY**

*In this issue :*

# VICTORY SPECIAL 4<sup>D</sup>

MAY 19, 1945

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THE FIRST DAWN OF PEACE : SUNRISE OVER ST. PAUL'S ON THE MORNING OF TUESDAY, MAY 8

## THIS WAS VE-DAY IN LONDON

**I**N one crowded, crazy day, in one small patch of London, round about Parliament Square and Piccadilly Circus, I've been passionately kissed by three girls, who got it into their heads that I was Frank Gillard; I've been heaved on to the top of a bus by a group of sailors, who conceived the

notion that I ought to see what the world looked like up there; I've been crowned with a paper hat labelled "Good Old Ike"; I've been put in temporary charge of a small girl with a red, white, and blue ribbon in her hair, who asked me when we should see the King in his golden coach; I've sung

*Land of Hope and Glory* till I'm hoarse (and I still don't know the words); I've had my photo taken, as all the generals do, shaking hands with D'Arcy, the veteran top-hatted messenger at the War Office; I've rubbed shoulders with Sir Archibald Sinclair, as he pushed his way through the crowds down





### THE DAY BEGINS SLOWLY

*In the King's front garden, outside Buckingham Palace, there is the picnic atmosphere of a happy day, about to begin.*

Whitehall to the House of Commons (and heard somebody greet him with the cry: "Good old Belisha!"); I've met a man who actually asked me what the hell all the noise was about; I've burnt the soles off my shoes on pavements that were hot with the friction of human feet; I've been wafted on a carpet of cheering people from the gates of the Houses of Parliament to the luggage entrance of the Regent Palace without any conscious movement of my legs; I've climbed my first, and positively my

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*The Man Who Wasn't Quite Sure of the Route*  
*"Is he all right here? Will he see anything? Well, that's the way they went last time!" Anyhow, he's got his portable grandstand, and he's ready to take it anywhere.*



### The Whitehall Squatter

*He chooses a familiar pitch—handy in war for quick A.R.P., and in peace for leisurely cheering.*



*Advance Guard, in Parliament Square, of the Crowd Awaiting Churchill*  
*By the afternoon, the crush behind the wire will be so great that there'll hardly be room to move. For the time being, the spectators can settle down in comfort.*





### NOW THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO WARM UP:

*As though by magic, the streets become gay with flags and favours. The magicians are the hawkers who, for months, have been preparing for the big day.*

last, lamp-post; and I've nearly persuaded myself, but not quite, that the war is over.

All this VE-Day, I've been saying to myself: This is It. This is what we've all been waiting for. No more bombs. No more nights in the air-raid shelter. No more sudden death out of the sky. No

more black-out. This is peace in Europe. Peace....

But you can't efface six years by waving a flag and putting your head in a paper hat. Peace is something you need time to get used to, like a new house. On the night of VE-Day, it still looked wrong, somehow, to see naked lights blazing through the



*The Novelty Hats That Make London Look Like Margate on a Bank Holiday  
"You've had it," "Kiss me quick," "Not now, later," are some of the titles on the cardboard hats.  
With their help, Londoners become less and less self-conscious.*

windows. And, when rockets hissed and banged overhead, when the skyline was picked out by the glow of victory bonfires, I, for one, had to make a conscious effort to remind myself that everything now is different; that fires and explosions in the night can be friendly. Thinking peace again is going to be as difficult as it was to think war, far away in September, 1939.

Remember?

Waiting for the announcement of peace, I couldn't help thinking how like it was to those hours when we were all waiting for the first air raid on London after the declaration of war. On both occasions, what we all expected didn't happen. There was the same taut atmosphere. The same heart-flutter of expect-



### The Navy Sets an Example

*They're going to have a good time, and they show the civilians how!*



### The Army Gets Into Form

*The pubs keep open, and they take the chance of a sandwich and a drink. A whole lot of things are going to happen before this day's over*





### A New Idea for London

Showers of ticker-tape and torn-up files rain down into the streets. It starts in the Fleet Street offices of American firms.



Picture Post, May 19, 1945

### A Cheer for an Unknown Passer-By

Who is it down below? Nobody knows. Nobody cares. Sir Archibald Sinclair, pushing his way into the House of Commons, is greeted with a thin cheer of "Good old Belisha!"

tation. The same maddening inactivity while we waited for news. And, at the end of it all, the same sense of almost bewilderment, of anti-climax. The end of the war, like its beginning, didn't run true to form.

Who could have guessed, on September 3, 1939—

as we searched the skies anxiously for the first bombs on London—that the real war wouldn't start until months later? And, of all the possibilities as to how the war might end, who'd have thought of peace by instalments? During the phoney war of 1939, I remember people used to ask: "What

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### The Man Who's Seen Many Peace Days

How many peace days can an old chap remember? More than one or two—but none quite like this one.



### The Man Who's Making the Most of This Peace Day

Some people like to carry one flag. Some people like to carry more than one. Some wear everything but the kitchen stove, and would cut a good figure at the Harvest Festival.





### THE FUN AT ITS HEIGHT

*Piccadilly Circus has become a dance-hall. And there are a thousand smaller dance-halls formed spontaneously all over London.*

are we waiting for?" And, on the night of May 7, 1945, nearly twenty-four hours after the official surrender of the German forces, I heard Londoners asking each other the same question again: "What are we waiting for?"

The event was so utterly different from what we'd all imagined the coming of peace would be. And, momentarily, I think we all felt a little disappointed, as if an exciting play had petered out to a dull ending. For years, we'd talked about VE-Day, made up songs about it, promised ourselves what we were going to do. And, somehow, the whole idea of it was connected with a dramatic announcement, the sudden stoppage of all work and one tremendous outburst of rejoicing. But it didn't happen that way. The war with Germany kept up its record of surprises to the last. For twenty-four hours we hesitated between something that was neither official war nor official peace.

On the night of May 7, the crowds, waiting for news in Piccadilly Circus, made a demonstration of rejoicing. But they hadn't got their hearts in it. And, finally, the very heavens showed their disapproval. A thunderstorm in May, a portent if ever there was one, drove the revellers home. And that night I almost believed that VE-Day in London was going to be a flop. I ought to have known my own city better.



*"Yes! But How Will They Get Down?"*

*Getting down will be a problem. But it's a problem that hasn't got to be solved for a long time yet. Maybe they'll stay up there until to-morrow.*



### The Men Who Did

*Lamp-post scaling has been going on all day. But, for everyone who succeeds, a hundred fail.*

Londoners had long ago made up their minds what they were going to do on VE-Day. And, if the rejoicings were delayed, it would still make no difference to the rejoicings. London lets her hair down very seldom! But, when she does make up her mind to it, it's like the tide coming in.

Every great city celebrates its triumphs in its own way. New York, in a frenzy of excitement, showers itself with ticker-tape. Moscow blasts off hundred-gun salutes. Paris dances on the boulevards. London, dear old matronly London, pulls up her skirts and goes "Mafficking."

"Mafficking"—so-called because the first time it happened was when the news reached London that Mafeking had been relieved during the Boer War—is London's own way of making carnival. It means putting out the flags and putting on paper hats and making a row; but its peculiar character seems to be that everybody climbs on to something, the more unusual the perch the better. I saw people on VE-Day on the roofs of buses—for a precarious





*In an Alley off Fleet Street the Dance Floor is Spread with Ticker-tape*

For all these years the ticker-tape, on which press messages come through, has been bringing news of war, and watched hour by hour with anxiety. To-day the only news worth waiting for has come, and the ticker-tape is trodden underfoot.



*"Who'd Be a Copper?"*

A strange day for them. They spent their time helping us to perform small breaches of the law—such as climbing on to the roofs of shelters.

minute or two I was heaved on to one myself—up lamp-posts, on the top of public monuments, and hanging in dozens on any vehicle which ventured into the streets. The crowds block the roads. Everybody cheered and sang themselves hoarse. And, in the most surprising way everybody—except the children, who cried with

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*The Land Girls have Left the Land Alone To-day*

The fields can look after themselves to-day, and the tractors can go and oil themselves. This is VE-Day, and the girls who have played their part in bringing it nearer mean to make the most of it.





#### BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER IS GOING TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Outside the House of Commons, thousands of people good-humouredly struggle and mill against the police cordon, as they push forward to get a glimpse of Mr. Churchill's arrival. Mounted police make way for his car.



#### Mr. Churchill Among the Crowds: Our Cameraman has a Stroke of Luck

All that most of the public see of Mr. Churchill is his hat and his two fingers giving the V-sign. Our cameraman climbs up on the car that carries the detectives, and follows the Prime Minister.



sheer excitement—bubbled with good humour.

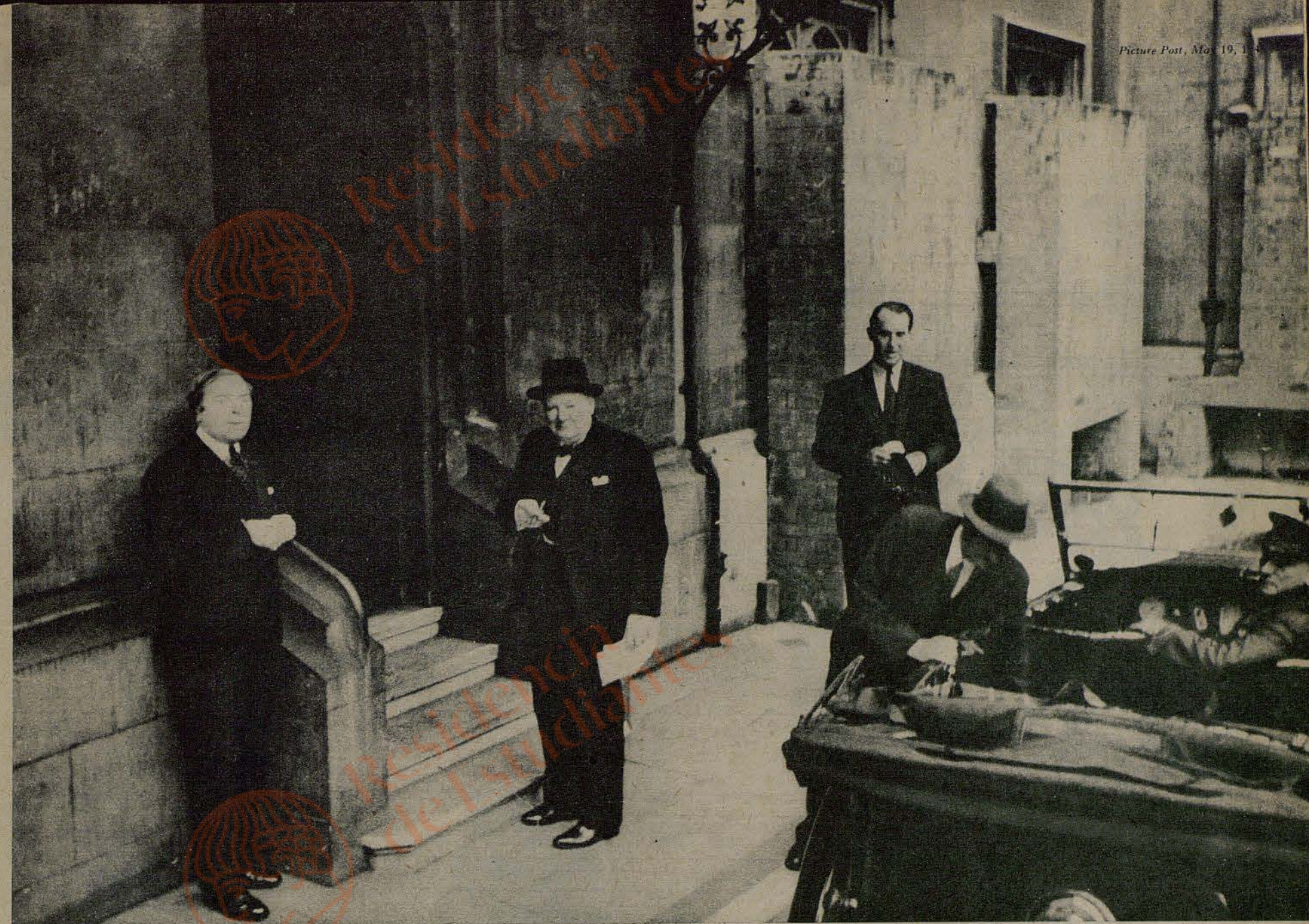
Just outside the inner ring of London the streets on VE-Day were quite empty. Inside it, all London was sardined together in a solid mass that spread, so far as I could calculate in the thick of it, over a square mile. Among the crowds, hopelessly bogged down, was the remains of the London traffic. The drivers just sat at the wheels and grinned, or did their best to prevent the crowd from smothering their vehicles completely (I saw the roof of one car collapse under the weight of six guardsmen). It was impossible to walk freely. All you could hope to do was to move with the natural rhythm of the crowd. But, as nobody wanted to go anywhere in particular, as the fun of the thing was just being in the crowd, it didn't matter.

It's quite impossible for any one person to give a coherent impression of everything that happened on this the greatest day, as Mr. Churchill called it, in Britain's history. No one person could get round to it. The memory we shall all carry in our hearts is the sight of the King and Queen on the balcony of the Palace, Mr. Churchill enveloped by Londoners as he progressed through the crowds from Downing Street to the House of Commons to

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The Premier's Last Wave to the  
From all over the country, Britons have gathered  
of war. Now, as he goes there to announce

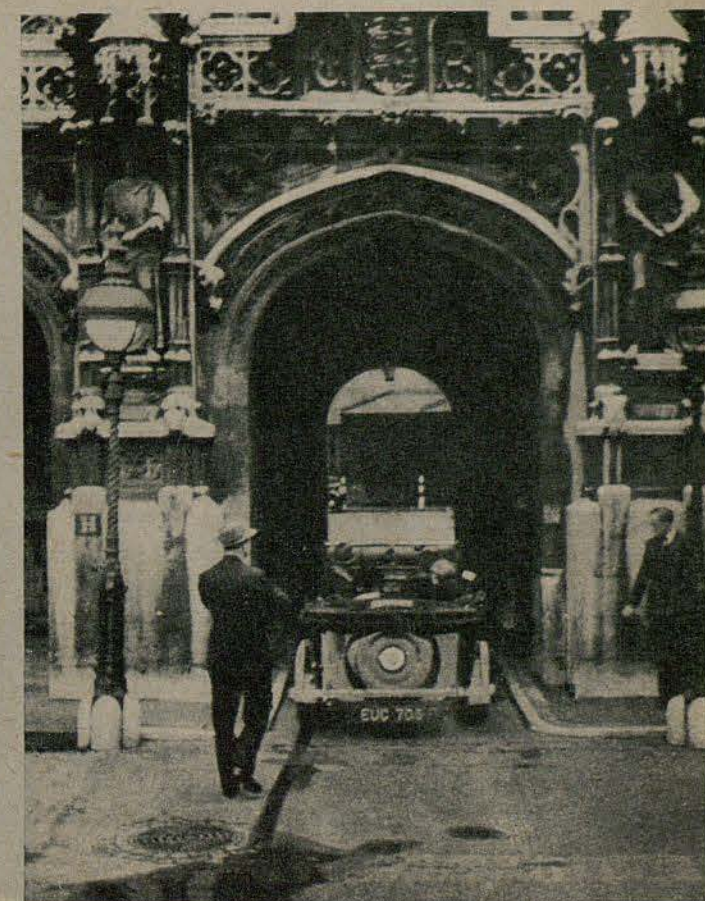


#### Winston Churchill Poses for Picture Post in a Historic Picture on a Historic Day

As he goes into the House of Commons, our cameraman calls out to him from the detectives' car on which he has followed the Prime Minister in. Churchill good-naturedly turns round, and gives us this picture of himself in his—and Britain's—hour of triumph.



Enthusiastic Crowd Before His Historic Announcement of Peace to Parliament  
to do him honour outside the House, where, during the past five years, he gave news of the changing fortunes  
victory, he salutes the people whose principal 'servant' he has been. Our cameraman follows him in.



In the Precincts of Parliament  
Mr. Churchill approaches the entrance of the  
House—we go too, to get the picture seen above.





### NIGHT IN THE VICTORIOUS CITY

As darkness falls, the city begins to glow in the light of searchlights. One building after another comes startlingly to life with flood-lighting.

announce the peace. But each of us, too, will have his own memories; memories, many of them, of mere trifles. Personally, I shall always treasure the picture of a very typical Cockney mother scolding her very typical fair-haired Cockney child. When



### Three Happy Sailors

You don't often see a gloomy sailor. But you could sail all round the world to-right without finding any sailors merrier than these three . . .



### The Military Police Van Carries a Strange Cargo

What that van may have carried inside on other days we don't know. To-night, for once, its passengers are on top. And the van goes the way they want it to.

I saw him, the mother was bending down among the legs of the crowd straightening a Union Jack sewn on the small boy's tummy. The boy, with a bedraggled flag in his hand, was howling tears of excitement and exhaustion. As I bent down to see what was happening, I heard mother say to her son firmly: "You shouldn't have come if you wanted to sit down." For me,

that incident will always be VE-Day.

I haven't talked about the official programme of events. Somehow, the ebullition of London in triumph was the only thing on VE-Day that seemed important. Through this long war, from the beginning of it, right to the end, London has been the main wedge that's kept the door of freedom open. At the finish, it wouldn't have been sur-

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### The Men and Girls on the Searchlights gaze on their own Handiwork

For five-and-a-half years they've used their searchlights to find and dazzle a raiding enemy. Now they turn them on to illuminate and glorify the buildings they have so well defended.





**One Minute Past Midnight: Big Ben Marks the End that is a Beginning—the End of War, the Beginning of Europe's Peace**  
Most of the crowd has forgotten that this moment is the official end of hostilities. Some of them think it strange, almost miraculous, that the clock-tower should be flooded with light. But when Big Ben's last notes have faded, they are filled with the realisation that the war against Germany is really over. That strange, mysterious moment we have dreamed of for so long is here—and this floodlit clock-tower is its symbol, at once homely and tremendous.





**NIGHT GROWS SLOWLY TOWARDS MORNING:** In the Parks They Light Their Own Bonfires and Hold Hands Till To-morrow  
The parks are dotted with glowing points of light. They are the fires of little parties bivouacking in the warmth of a May night. Few sleep, at the most they drowse and chat till to-morrow—which is luckily a holiday too—begins to light the sky.

prising to find that she'd had all the stuffing bashed and battered out of her. But London has come out of the hardest fight of her life as fresh and as virile—more virile, more fresh—than she went into it. What rose out of the ashes of the blitz on VE-Day

blew the lid off. And VE-Night was the noisiest, most incendiary and explosive night that I remember since Germany tried to bomb London off the earth. What a hope!

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

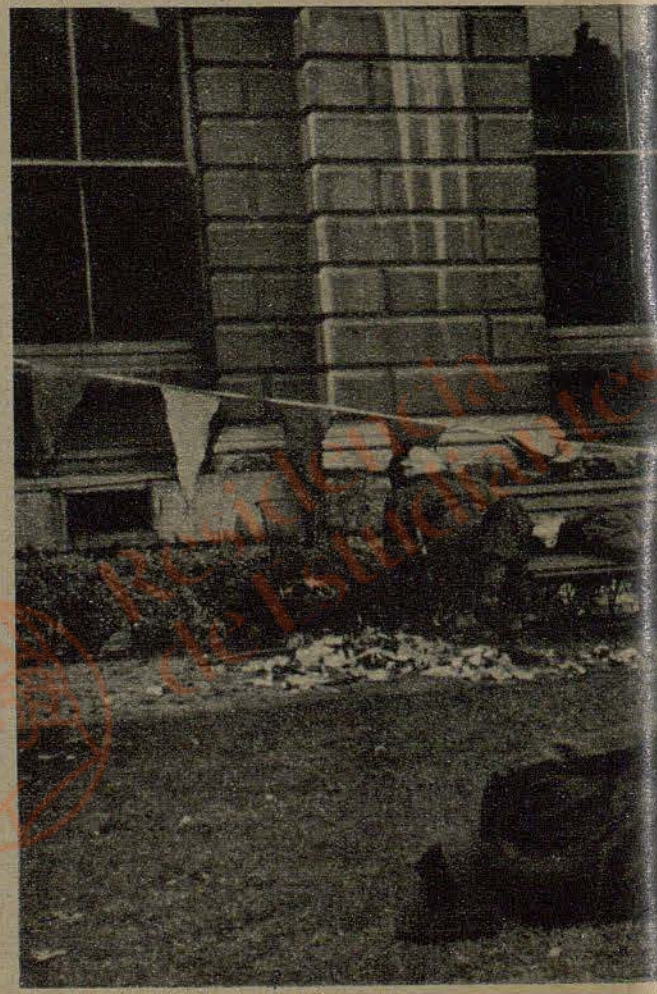


**"We Won't Go Home Till Morning—and Maybe Not Then"**

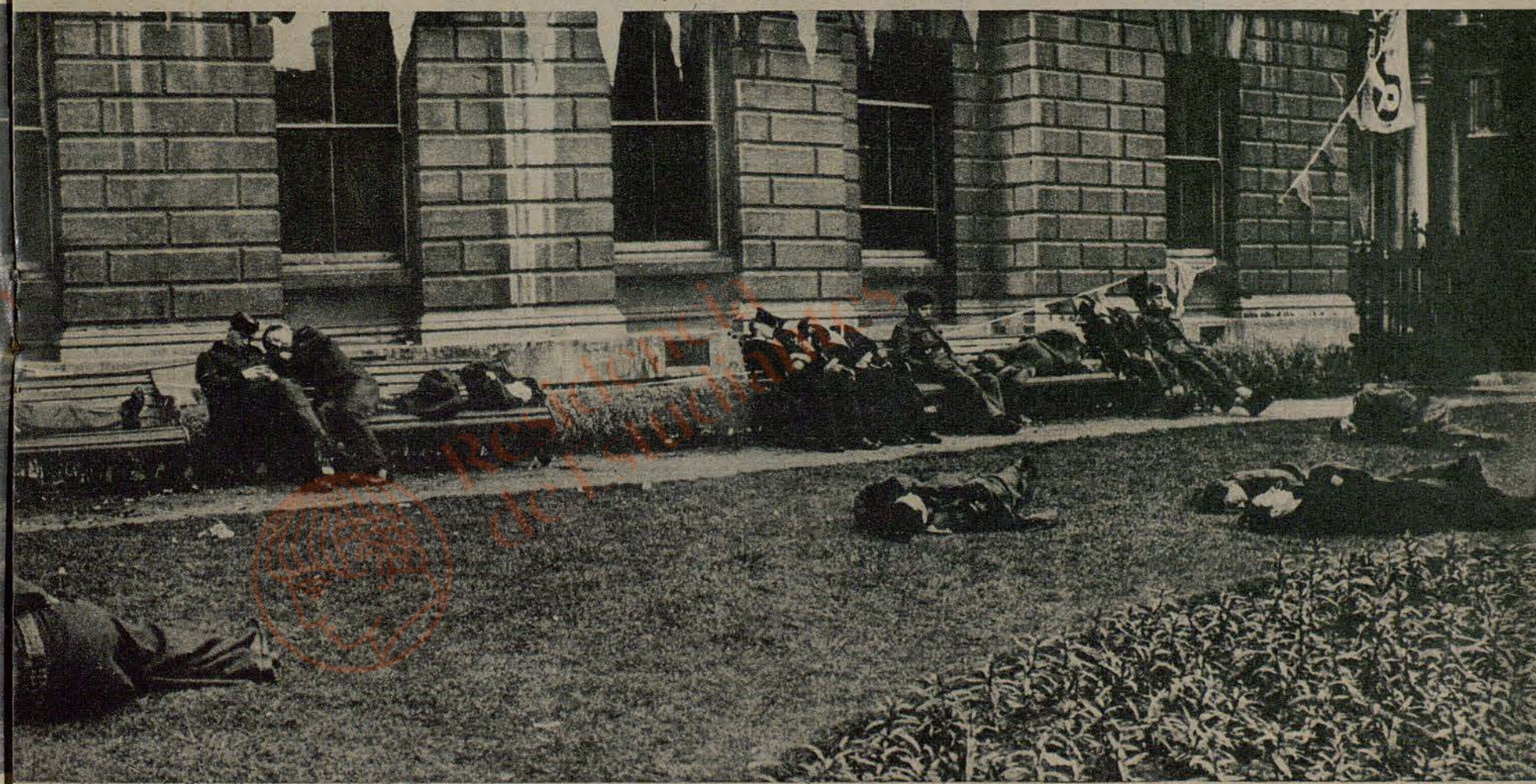
The few with energy left to walk the streets in the small hours saw strange sights. Tired-out men and girls were sleeping against walls, lamp-posts and hoardings—wherever and however they could.



**The Man who Knew how to Make Himself at Home on the First Night of Peace**  
He has eight chairs instead of a bed. He wears a paper-hat instead of pyjamas. Over his head is a canopy of leaves. All he wants now is to be left alone. So far as we're concerned, he was.

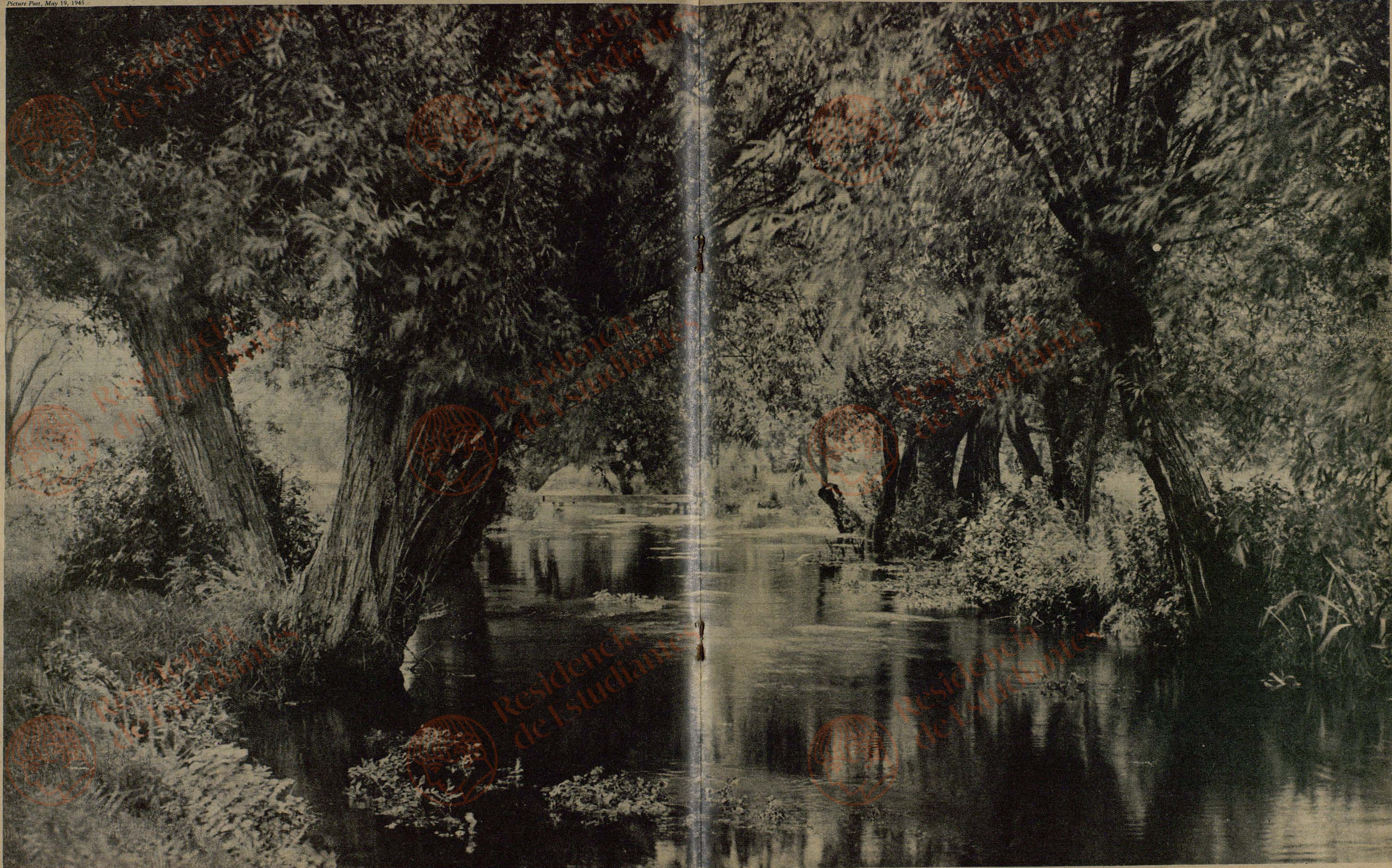


**Sleeping**  
They've had it. And club. So ends VE-Day



**Quarters for Seventeen Men of His Majesty's Armed Forces as the Next Day Begins to Dawn**  
now, with the adaptability they've learned in the last few years, they're sleeping just where they find themselves—on benches outside a in London. So starts a strange new life that will be something between peace and war for most of us for a long time to come.









**The Original "Forces' Sweetheart": Vera Lynn**

Vera Lynn, whose voice meant home to our soldiers in North Africa, is still regarded as the top of her class. She's an unaffected young married woman whose head has never been turned by fame and popularity.



**Her Chief Competitor: Anne Shelton**

Anne Shelton sang her way to the Forces' hearts when she was still in her teens. The trace of American accent in her singing is, she says, due to her long study of her American counterparts.

## GIRLS OF THE VICTORY BROADCASTS

They crooned on every British wavelength and became the Sweethearts of the Forces. In the Victory Programme, theirs are the voices most welcome to the men overseas.

ONCE asked Vera Lynn what it felt like. "What what feels like?" she asked. "To be Vera Lynn," I said. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "Listen," I said, "they call you the 'Sweetheart of the Forces,' don't they?" "Yes, I know," said Vera Lynn. "Well," I said, "there's no smoke without fire, is there?" "I suppose not," said Vera Lynn. "Well?" I said. "Well, what?" said Vera Lynn.

"Well, what does it feel like? What does it feel like to know that every time you open your mouth in front of a microphone hundreds of rugged fighting men gulp a little and reach for their handkerchiefs? Why," I said, "there's scarcely a Nissen hut from Iceland to Mandalay that hasn't got you pasted up on the end wall. What does it all feel like?"

"I don't know, really," said Vera Lynn, "I never thought about it, really. I just—sing on the radio and get paid for it."

Well, there you are. The secret of Vera Lynn? Presumably the simple one that if a girl is going to croon for a living, she'd best croon some. And Vera certainly croons some. In fact, she probably does it better than anyone else in the trade. Moreover, through the plush of the thing, there runs an embroidery of hard consonants. You can hear—if you're interested—what the girl is singing about.

That, I should say, is probably the secret. It's well done. A friend says, yes, it's done well enough,

but there's more to it than that. Vera Lynn, he claims, is a "sweetheart" by chance. What she really represents is that lavender-scented and old-world fixation which Al Jolson, dropping upon one knee and throwing wide his arms, saluted in tones of yearning succulence as "Mammy—Mammy!"

She's home. She's the link between the warriors



**Trudi Binar: All That a Crooner Needs**  
She has to have pleasant looks, a ready smile, and a mike—most particularly a mike. Trudi Binar was once beauty queen of Prague.

and the little women. They'll meet again. At one time Vera was receiving upwards of 1,000 letters a week, and she was dispensing photographs at the rate of 80 a day. I fancy she found—and finds—it all rather puzzling. After all, she is simply doing her job.

It looks as though the crooning business—and it is a business—has come to stay. Despite the powerful and choleric faction which condemns it as frenzied caterwauling; despite the B.B.C. which tries to placate such ire by broadcasting crooners and calling them "singers"; despite the growing revival of the ballad; and despite the peculiar characteristic of those who croon, so that, without electrical amplification, large numbers of them would be inaudible beyond the eighth row of the stalls. Look at the girls who hurled themselves howling into snowdrifts as Frank Sinatra emerged fit and smiling from his Army Medical. Look at the chaps in any given Garrison Theatre when Anne Shelton appears.

Miss Shelton is round about twenty, and has a rich, boomy voice of the Sophie Tucker type. She will boop-a-doop as well as any if required, but seems to have more sense than to overdoop it. She is a homey child and was a discovery—like many another of the tribe—of the dapper Ambrose. Anne sang weekly to Malta during the siege, and in the battle of musical morale the B.B.C. put her up—



with the same signature tune—in answer to the *liebchen* of Rommel's Afrika Corps who was getting at the Eighth Army with "Lili Marlene." She is surely runner-up to Vera Lynn in the pin-up stakes, and what she lacks in sobs and succulence she makes up for in the chesty power of her attack. Her "Anne to You" programmes ran for 36 weeks. Like most who croon for their suppers, she cannot read a note of music.

Maybe "most" is an exaggeration. Let us say "many." Take Kay Cavendish, the connoisseur's choice, a tall, handsome girl who has played golf to a 3 handicap, tennis at Wimbledon, and Brahms at the Queen's Hall. She is also a dab at fencing and lacrosse. Whatever she does, she does mighty well, and if it's crooning you're after then Kay is the name, and has been for years. As I say—the connoisseur's choice, apart from the main stream of the popsy class, and a one-time pillar of the Cavendish Three, the other two being Pat Rignold and Dorothy Carless.

Ah—Dorothy Carless. Yes, says the more fastidious students of the business, there's a crooner for you! None of your new-fangled popsies for us. Dorothy! Cool, clever, professional. The pick of the bunch. Last year she toured the Middle East with Geraldo—she was, presumably, pinned up on the spot. Many remembered her as the singer with Eugene Pini's Tango Orchestra (she married Pini), and as the vocal allure to Louis Levy's famous "Music from the Movies," an attraction that is now frequently offered by Beryl Davis.

Miss Davis must be used to the roars of the soldiery. She is one of the residents of the British Band of the A.E.F. She is just twenty-one, and has been purring into microphones since she was eleven—a destiny she could hardly avoid with a soubrette for a mother and a dance-band guitarist for a father. When she was sixteen she realised her ambition of buying a fur-coat out of her savings—to-day she ought to be able

to buy one for the Inspector of Taxes as well!

So, for that matter, should Paula Green, firmly in the "sweetheart" class, just out of the ITMA team for an overseas tour. Miss Green has a cheerful competence, and, unlike certain of the young ladies, no fluffy half-ashamed theories about *really* wanting to be an opera singer, and only doing this, etc., etc., etc. She wanted to be a crooner, and she became one. For a time during the war she crooned for the B.B.C. in bulk and on salary. But now, with

the plaudits of the warriors of the Allied Nations ringing in her ears, she freelances her larynx with profit and aplomb. The B.B.C. with its love of punning titles (was there not "Wayne, Women and Song"? ) gave her a solo series called "Fly Away, Paula." She stuck around.

Now there are very many more "sweethearts" of one strength or another than these. ENSA has delivered them in lorry loads on rostrums from Amiens to the Arakan. Every band that swings it must have a sweetie-pie who sings it. All in the top class—and many not there yet—have their followers. There are plenty more in the top class alone. Rita Marlowe who sings with Stanley Black and the B.B.C. Dance Band, Carol Carr who (no, I won't fall for it) sings with Geraldo, Sally Douglas also of the Geraldo outfit, and a couple of extremely glorious Glorias—Kane and Brent—who are very much to the foreground in the General Forces Programme and among the Forces in general. There is Hazel Bray, and there is Julie Dawn, and, of course, quite a dozen or so particular darlings, pin-ups of this Unit and that, mascots of this, that or the other mess.

There they are. And they all do one thing. They croon. But where, it may be asked, does all this lead to? Where does it lead *them*, these marketers in accents sweet and low? Is there an—er—future in this sort of thing? Well, who knows? Yet look at Celia Lipton who broke away from the parental veto to croon her way to fame at sixteen. Look at her now—the star of *The Quaker Girl*. Look at Pat Kirkwood, the "schoolgirl songstress" who has sung, danced and played herself to the top of the bill. And look, as we're looking, at Pat Taylor, one-time vocalist with Jack Harris's Band—star of *Fine and Dandy*, star of *Show Boat*, star of *The Lilac Domino*, star of *Irene*.

Crooner makes good? Why, yes, it has indeed been known.

C. GORDON GLOVER.



*The Crooner Who Made Good*  
Pat Kirkwood with her mother. Pat began as the "Schoolgirl Songstress."



Carol Carr

Sister of Dorothy Carless, and coming well into the front rank. Regarded by Jack Payne, who signed her up on her leaving school, as his special discovery.



Beryl Davis

Born into the show business, she was a child tap dance champion before she went big with the Quintette du Hot Club de France at the age of 14.



Celia Lipton

Became a crooner against her band-leader father's wishes. Might have been a classical pianist, but chose the microphone as a step to theatre stardom.



Dorothy Carless

As good a pianist as she is a crooner. But "The Show Goes Over" gave her a radio lead in 1934, since when she has carried right on crooning.



Paula Green

A Blackpool girl who was sacked for singing in the office where she was a typist. Sang her way into the office of Marius B. Winter—and has never regretted the sack!



Doreen Villiers

Singing with Geraldo's Band, she regularly broadcast to the First and Eighth Armies in the short-wave programme, "A Date With the Desert."



Norma Dawn

Star of many B.B.C. Overseas broadcasts. Has played Principal Girls in pantomime, and toured with a variety act, in which she sings in the Deanna Durbin style.



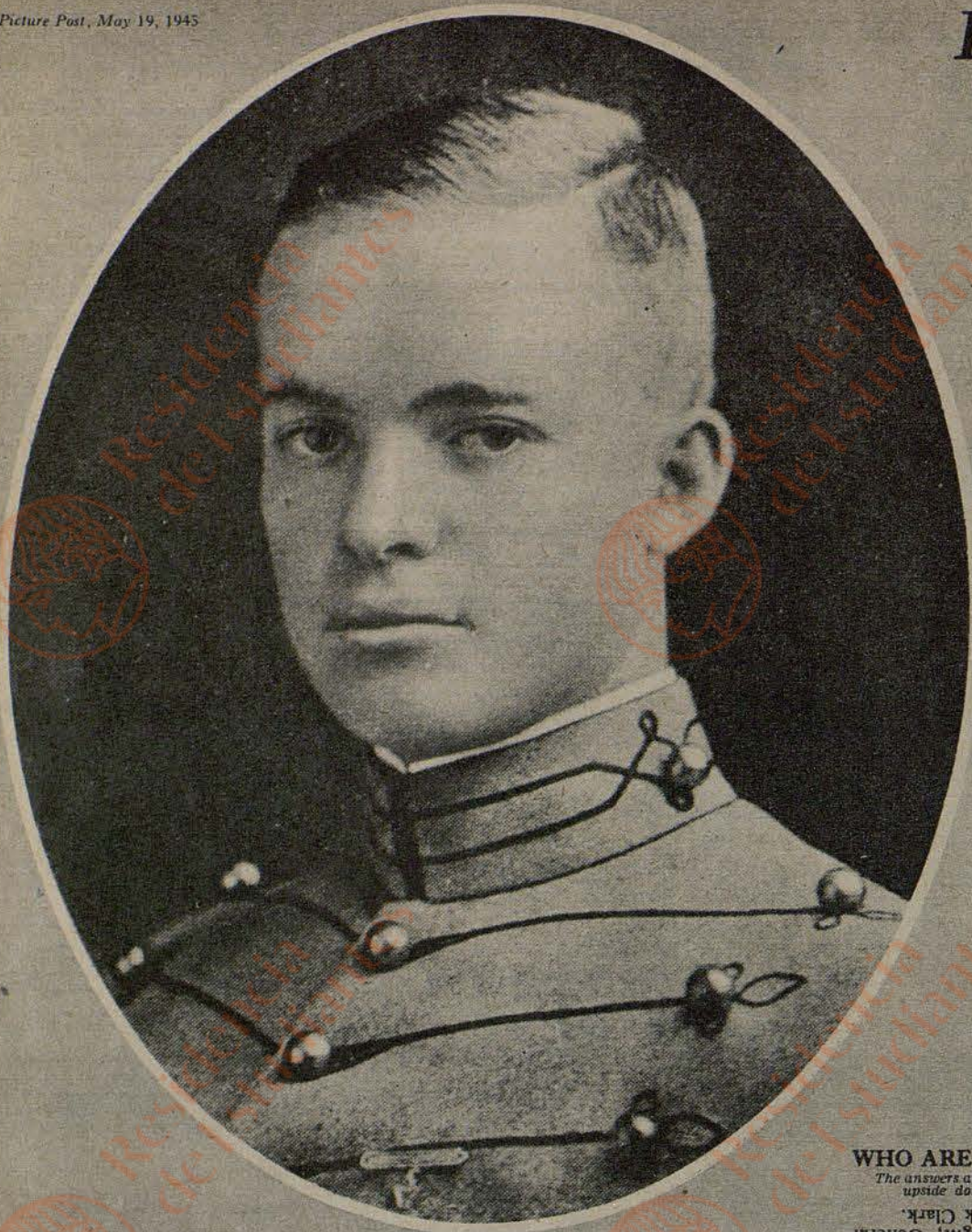
Bobbie Ray

A convent schoolgirl from Oldham, started as Publicity Girl in Blackpool. Has appeared in films, at the Cafe Anglais, and sung to the boys in Canada.

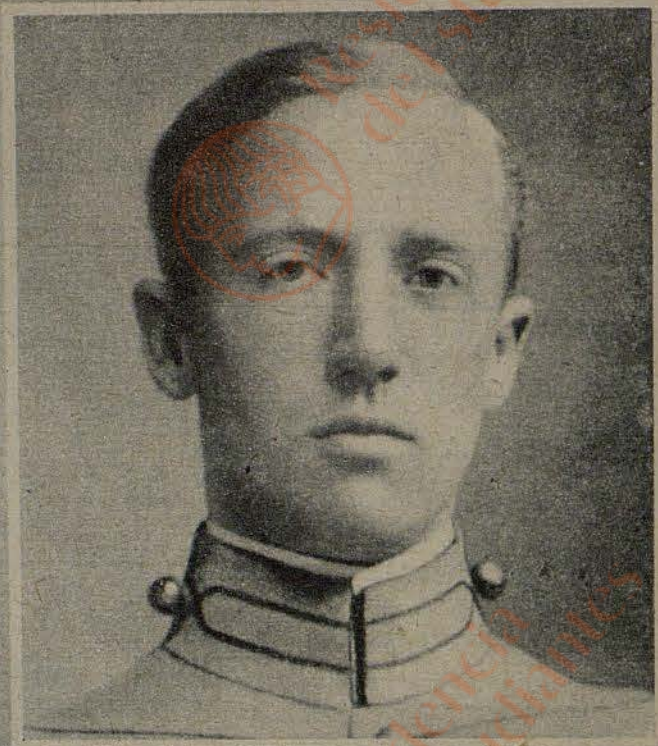


# Four Cadets Who Had a Hand In Victory

As cadets at West Point, America's Sandhurst, they were nursed on the campaigns of Marlborough and Napoleon, and taught to absorb the traditions of Grant and Lee. The highest ambitions their studies inspired have been fulfilled in war. Do you recognise the men and their descriptions?



"An excellent co-ordinator," they said. "A man who can get the best out of others. A talent for organisation. Goes on with a job until it's finished. Should do well in a responsible post."



"A thruster. Inclined to disregard rules and precedents. Knows where he wants to get, and goes there. Something of a showman. Hot-tempered. But he may go a very long way."

**WHO ARE THEY?**  
The answers are printed  
inside down—  
Mark Clark.  
Bottom right, General  
left, General Patton, Bottom  
General Eisenhower, Top right,  
Top left, General



"Already a leader; exacts the most from those he deals with. Thrives on opposition. Might do well overseas."



"A steady, hard-working type. Able, but not showy. A thoughtful mind whose future is not easy to foresee."





In among the paraphernalia of war, he makes the sketches that will give his work accuracy and realism.



Giles, Cartoonist of the "Daily Express" at Work

## The Man who Drew GERMANY'S FALL

Giles's first editor introduces you to the man who has followed the last months of the war, and drawn the German spirit in defeat.

**G**ILES is stocky, fair-haired, grey-eyed, baggy-trousered and, except when he has a revolver or a pencil in his hand, unbusinesslike. His wife is slight, fair-haired, trim and as smart as any of her husband's newspaper bosses. They are a youthful Darby and Joan. Already they

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Two Stages in a Giles' Drawing: He Works His Rough Notes Up Into a Finished Cartoon  
Giles has set an entirely new style in cartoon-drawing. His neat, off-hand, fevocious figures, set in their acreage of white space, are now imitated by many who once drew boldly, blocking their work in in as near the style of David Low as they could manage.



have made an impact upon the world of journalism. Before them is a promising future of adventure and growing influence. For Giles has made Fleet Street, and five million newspaper readers, the slaves of his whimsy.

It was on the sort of day one likes to remember, nearly ten years ago, that Giles came to see me in the offices of *Reynolds News*. He had been "discovered" by Bernard Boothroyd ("Yaffle"), the most polished humourist of my time, doing first-class work, but tying himself into financial knots in his own commercial studio. "Yaffle," an artist of merit, was eager to become Giles's mentor. As for me, I was delighted to find another young man who was not afraid to laugh at his own jokes. So genius was given elbow-room.

The only other editorial decision I ever took about Giles was when he devised his first comic-strip cartoon, *Young Ernie*. I insisted that the cartoon should bear neither labels nor caption; if the joke was not obvious without the aid of a written explanation, it was no joke. Giles accepted the challenge and survived the test. *Young Ernie*, needless to say, was Giles himself, the little fellow mocking misfortune and poking fun at the pompous fools who delight in pushing other people around.

Giles has jollity rather than wit. He brings to his work considerable scholarship and the profound belief that there is poetry and grandeur in the commonplace. These qualities are the product of hard work and of hard times experienced before he won success. They nourish his



"Muss gorn, Goering gorn—you'll be in the cart when they've all gorn—won't 'ave nuffin to draw, will you?"

special genius; a capacity to look at life and great events through whimsical eyes, to portray them fantastically yet faithfully and in terms that interest and amuse the ordinary man.

Watching Giles at work is like watching a Winston Churchill or a James Maxton exercising their magic over a mass meeting. One can almost see the movement of the orator's mind. It is a two-fold process. There is the build-up of the argument, and there is the search for the words that will illustrate it. The point at which argument and words "click" is the point at which conviction sweeps the audience and the speaker reveals his mastery. The cartoonist's whimsy may not always "click" with his pictorial idea. When it does, the cartoon is tremendous. The wonder of a Giles is that he succeeds so often that nobody believes he can ever fail.

Like all artists of front rank, Giles has the essential passion of the good draughtsman, the passion for accuracy. He developed it in the hard labour of making film cartoons. Now he revels in detail; the best of his cartoons are a riot of exciting detail. Before the war, his workroom was a child's delight and a newspaper cashier's nightmare—a litter of the latest models of the aeroplanes, motor cars, speed boats and trains which were the stock-in-trade of his cartoons.

Giles finds recreation in wandering around the market-place at Ipswich. He goes there and to the nursery and the pub for his characters and types and gags. There are no better places in which to cultivate the genius of a grand human being—unless the battle fronts where British valour, British humour and British character have won the victory over Fascism.

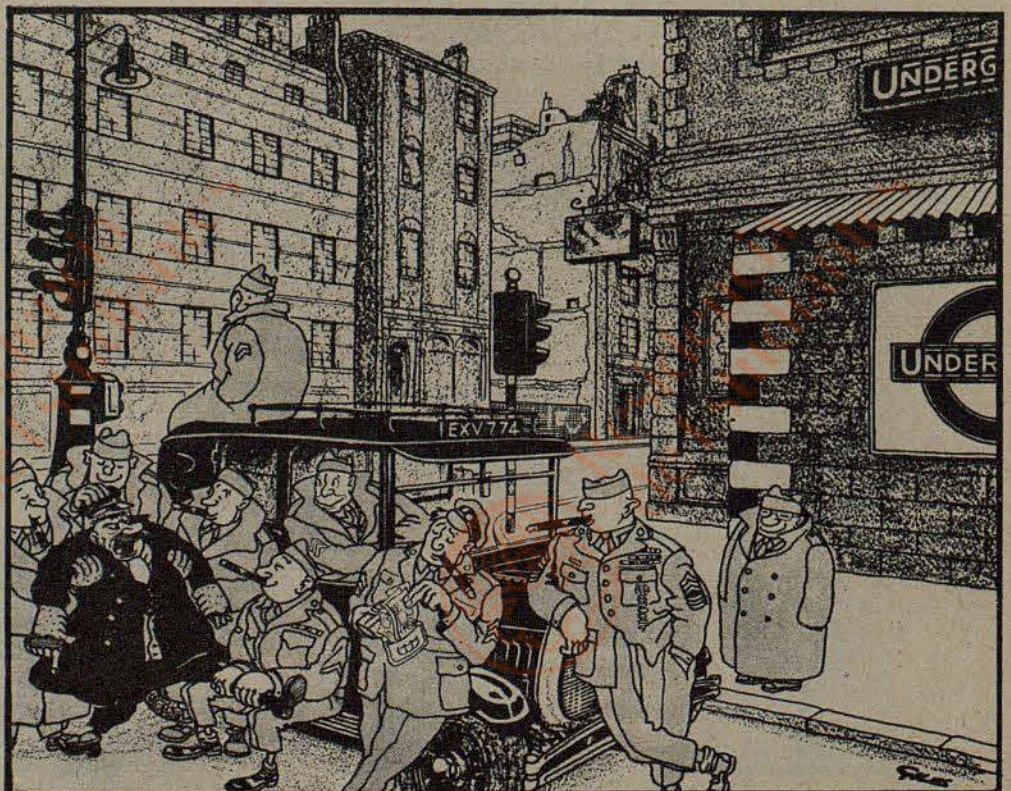
SYDNEY ELLIOTT.



"If this new attack on the Western Front means the end of the war, I suppose we shall be losing our little evacuee friends, your lordship."



"Me sir? looting sir?"



"I don't care if the war is nearly over—I'm not selling my cab for a fiver for a souvenir."





THE PEACEFUL GRENADIERS; COUNT BERNADOTTE LOOKS THROUGH THE PAINTED PANELS OF HIS DINING-ROOM

## HE BROUGHT THE NEWS OF PEACE

Count Folke Bernadotte, vice-President of the Swedish Red Cross, crowns his work of rescuing thousands of internees from the Nazi terror-camps, by giving the world the news that it has waited five years to hear—Germany's first offer of capitulation.

**T**HERE were two kinds of neutrals—those who engaged in war and those who engaged in peace. The neutrals like Franco stoked the fire, and enjoyed the holocaust in which they hoped that the enemies of Fascism would perish. Those like Bernadotte went into the flames in order to rescue

as many human beings as they could in the name of our common humanity. The Nordic supermen of the war were not the Nazis, who widowed and orphaned a continent, but the fighting Norwegians, Danes, and neutral Swedes, who preserved the Christian tradition against German barbarity.

Count Folke Bernadotte, descendant of Napoleon's great Marshal and nephew of the King of Sweden, has an even stronger title to mankind's gratitude than the spectacular capitulation offer which he brought from Himmler. As Vice-President of the Swedish Red Cross, he devoted himself, during

*Continued overleaf*





#### THE FACE OF THE MAN WHO HAS FOUGHT FOR HUMANITY AND PEACE

Aged 50, he is regarded as a certain candidate for the Nobel Peace Prize, though he himself is a soldier, descended from Napoleon's great Marshal, Bernadotte. He has applied his soldierly energies and organising talents to humanitarian work.

the last two years, to the rescue of Danes, Norwegians, Belgians, Frenchmen, Poles and Jews—without discrimination of nationality—whom he enabled to reach safety from German concentration camps. They and their children will always

be grateful to him for having taken them from the insane nightmare of Germany into the serene civilisation of Sweden.

Bernadotte, who at the war's decisive stage found himself negotiating with Himmler, the world's



#### A BOUQUET FROM HIS SECRETARY

Returning from his peace mission, he is welcomed by Miss Siv Sävström, his secretary.

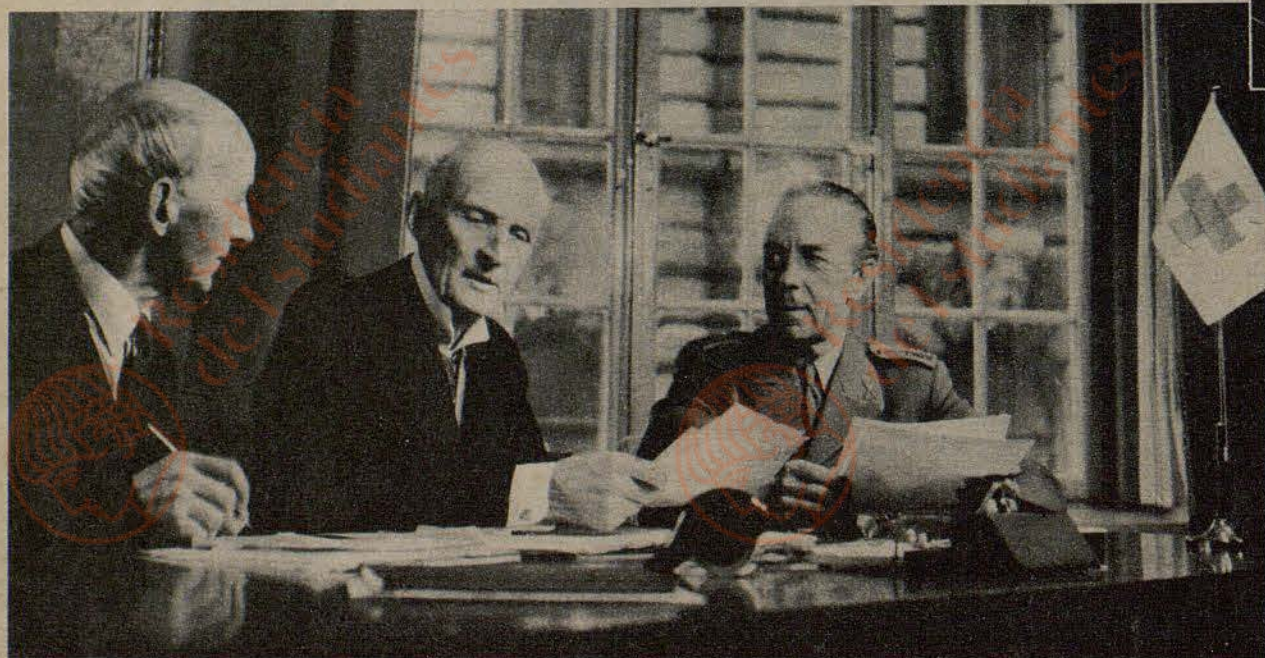
most wholesale murderer since Genghis Khan, is a man of action, as well as a man of peace. For many years, he served in the Swedish Army, and is one of Sweden's best horsemen. Boy Scouts all over the world can find satisfaction in the fact that their movement, which Himmler repressed, has Bernadotte as its Chief Scout for Sweden. He has often



#### PRINCE CARL LOOKS AT A PEACE MAP

Prince Carl is the King of Sweden's brother and President of the Red Cross. With Bernadotte, he studies refugee routes into Sweden.

travelled in Britain and, at the age of twenty-two, married Estelle Romaine Manville, the daughter of an American asbestos king. Though a humanitarian, Bernadotte is no ascetic. His marriage celebration is said to have been one of the most elaborate social events in American history, and to have involved an expense of £150,000. From that time onwards, his public appearances were associated with somewhat startling events; for example, though he himself is the son of a morganatic marriage and not in the line of royal succession, he was mentioned for the throne of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, when there was talk, in 1929, of fusing these States into a Baltic Kingdom; in 1934, the Count was active in London trying to dissuade Prince Sigvard, the second son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, from marrying Fraulein Erica Patzek, daughter of a Berlin business man.



#### THOUGH THE WAR IS OVER, HE CONTINUES WITH RELIEF WORK

The war in the field is over, but the war of the Swedish Red Cross goes on. With Prince Carl and Col. Rydman, secretary, Bernadotte discusses future plans.





#### THE COUNTESS PASTES UP HIS PRESS CUTTINGS

She is an American daughter of the asbestos magnate, Manville. Her wedding, said to have cost £150,000, was a sensation of the world's press. Now, she achieves a new celebrity.



#### THE PLANE OF THE FUTURE? RED CROSS MODEL

His father's comings and goings by plane are as exciting to Bertil as the flights of any bomber pilot. But Bertil's twin-engine plane has Red Cross markings.

None of these activities can compare with the drama of his surrender negotiations with Himmler, which is likely to give Count Folke Bernadotte as conspicuous a place in history as that occupied by his illustrious ancestor, the Marshal.

His role of envoy was a dangerous one. The Luftwaffe bombed him in London; and the R.A.F.

bombed him in Berlin. When he took off by plane from Germany after he met Himmler, he was nearly killed in a British strafing attack. But he went on imperturbably. Through his work and that of the Swedish Red Cross as a whole, he not only preserved valuable lives, but also the honour and dignity of Swedish neutrality, which the lesser

neutrals like Spain, Eire and Portugal lost for themselves by their mercenary and equivocal behaviour. The Swedish Premier has promised that, one day, he will reveal some of the pressure—the threats, bullying and blackmail—which the Nazis applied to his country in order to drive it into the war on Germany's side.



#### AT HOME IN DRAGONGÄRDEN, COUNT FOLKE BERNADOTTE HEARS THE LAST REPORTS OF GERMANY'S SURRENDER

For him and the Countess, as for millions all over the world, it is a solemn moment. In the last hours of war, he has the honour to be an envoy of peace. Is his mission the prelude to a new age? It is the tense question which he, and all of us, are asking.



# Paris Celebrates

The whole city turns out to greet the victorious French Army. Once the scene of France's humiliation, the boulevards are again filled with proud and happy crowds.

Photographed by HAYWOOD MAGEE



THROUGH the cold Spring night, whole families huddle together by the barricades and the boulevards, waiting for the day of glory, their darkness lit by the exultant blaze of the Arc de Triomphe and the gentler lights of Notre Dame. From the Tuileries blows the familiar recurring scent of late lilac and wallflower; and as the crowds thicken, it reminds them of a year ago, and a year before that, and yet another and another year, when Spring returned in beauty but without hope. The days of shame and humiliation; the enemy's flag over the Place de la Concorde; his face reflected in the ancient Seine; the benches of the Luxembourg Gardens muddled by the jackboot; the youth of France, carried off from its native fields and the women who cherished it, withering away in the prison-camps of the conqueror, the Republic



## The Republican Guard Leads

In their traditional gay uniforms, they trot down the boulevard, led by a mounted band.

betrayed by the perfidious Marshal! But now, an end. Once again, the tricolor flies over Paris. It flies over Metz, over Strasbourg, over Stuttgart. The French Army, broken and scattered in 1940, has made the long journey back.

Forty deep on the Boulevard des Capucines, the Parisians cheer their Army's victorious parade, and shout their greetings to the soldiers who represent France's yesterday and to-morrow.

Flowers fall in great, swinging arcs from the upper windows, in front of the marching men. France is grateful to her soldiers for they seem the pledge of

Left: One Way of Seeing the Parade  
Not all see, but everyone can hear. And they find a dozen new ways of knowing what goes on.





### Even the Statues Seem to Exult

Around the Opera, the gay statues which for years seemed a mockery, join in the celebration.

her right to raise her head again, look her Allies in the face, and say: "We have paid with our blood, and can stand by your side." But when the music has faded, and the cheers and the marching have ended, Paris returns to her anxieties. Evening comes to the faubourgs without the smell of cooking, for Paris is a hungry city. There is no smell of tobacco,



### A New Use for a Pillion

They take it in turns to hold the bike; the one who gets the pillion applauds for both.

trailing in the air, because the masses of the French people lack the simplest luxuries. And even the pre-war chatter of the boulevards is quietened; Paris is no longer gay. An enormous task of material and moral regeneration faces France. The war has left her economy in ruins—factories without machines, machines without raw materials, roads with-



### The Porter Uses the Handle Bars

He is old; he has known three German invasions, and he risks his neck to celebrate victory.

out lorries, lorries without tyres, wagons without locomotives, locomotives without coal—the disorder is without end. Worse than the material disorder is the moral disorder of those millions of Vichyites, still left in France, whose only aim under the Germans was to make money, and whose sole object, since the day of their

*Continued overleaf*



### Mutual Aid

In Paris it's a duty to give one's friends a lift at a victory celebration. The lifter's turn will come.



### They Turn Their Backs on the Parade, Watch it Through Mirrors

The crowds are cheerful and like to push. The police are short-tempered and ready to argue. The wise spectators prefer to get a reflected view of the parade.





### A Victory Wedding on the Day of Paris' Great Fête

We don't know who she is or where she came from. We saw her standing with her husband on the steps of the Madeleine. But they both looked happy, and so did everyone around them. For this was a day of rejoicing, not only for them but for the whole of Paris.



### The Children Joined in Riding on Donkeys at the Head of the Procession

It's a long time since there had been a celebration like it in Paris. There were no taxis, but the guests came on foot, and the children led the procession on be-ribboned donkeys.



### A Little More Noise to Add to the Fun

They were part of the wedding party, and they startled the Rue Royale with their unusual music.

"liberation," has been to keep their wealth. "Let France die, provided we survive!" is their slogan. But struggling and winning against the residue of the Fascist fever that still lingers in France's veins is the new blood of the Resistance. Whatever their Party, these men who helped to liberate France from the Germans, have devoted themselves to purging the Fourth Republic of the corruptions of the Third. They have no doubt of the answer to the question, "Is France a Great Power?" They know that starvation, disease and the imprisonment of millions of Frenchmen in Germany has meant that, by 1960, France's population will be a mere 35 million. They know that for years to come, France will need help from the Allies to restore her industry. They know that, alone among the leading Powers, France collapsed. But they also know that France who counts Molière, Racine, Rousseau, Voltaire, de Musset, Hugo and Verlaine



### A Private Party by the Seine

He comes down to fish as usual, away from the din. But in the intervals he, too, drinks a toast.





### The Paris that has Never Changed in War and Peace

The cathedral of Notre Dame looks calmly over the river at the city which has regained her liberty and her soul. And the child, to-morrow's France, is still unconscious of the tragedy that France has survived.

among her sons, can never be less than great; France, the foster-mother of Europe's culture for the last 1,000 years, can never abandon her historical glory. France, whose thinkers inspired the revolutions by which men have become free, can never lose her place in the vanguard of the armies of liberty. Is France a Great Power? Yes.

France is a Great Power as long as she has the strength to preserve her greatness. General de Gaulle wants a standing army of two million, but it is doubtful whether France can afford to deprive her factories and fields of so many men. And if France gets the Saar coalfields and the Rhineland, her manpower shortage will be made all the more acute by the need to exploit her new wealth. France must have armed security and economic stability as a precondition for taking her place among the Great Powers. The Pact with Russia, recently made by General de Gaulle, ensures Russian support for France's claims against Germany at the peace settlement. San Francisco may provide the general security framework in which France can expect collective action against any aggressor. But there still remains a gap in her arrangements for security and recovery. And that gap is her continued failure to conclude a treaty with Britain, parallel with and enlarging her

Russian Pact. France's frontier is on the Rhine; but Britain's strategic frontier is now somewhere on the other side of the Rhine from where Germany might want to launch her rockets in her next war. Within the general security system, France and Britain have need of each other, numerically and strategically,

in order to be Great Powers, jointly and individually. The Americans, now so dominant in Paris, will one day return to America, leaving only their business men behind. Britain will stay in Europe, wedded to France, for better or worse, by geography. Four years of separation have made us a little strange to each other. We must meet more; we must send our students to the Sorbonne, and welcome France's students at our Universities. We must trade more; we must send our business men to do business in Paris, and welcome French business men here. We must understand more; we mustn't

think that all the French were collaborators; and the French Navy must, at last, pardon us Trafalgar.

France celebrates; and with her, every Englishman who honours courage and endurance. France celebrates her Army, her leaders, her people. The day of Vichy is over. In a great chord of joy the many voices, the many parties, the many interests, the many Frenchmen, shout a single word: "France!"

MAURICE EDELMAN.



The Girl Who Sat in the Tuileries  
In all the excitement, she sat quietly apart and read a book. It was called "France Rediscovered." 27





**THE SIGHT THAT BROUGHT THE BIGGEST CHEER  
OF ALL**

The Prime Minister appears with the King on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, in the greatest moment of a dramatic day—and in a lifetime full of historic moments.

**A WORD OF THANKS**

In order to make this issue the fullest record of a great day in Britain's history, and to pay the best tribute we can to the success of our Fighting Forces which that day commemorates, we have left all advertisements out of Picture Post this week. We want to thank advertisers and advertising agents for their courtesy and consideration.

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