ILLUSTRATED, October 20, 1945 EVERY WEDNESDAY 3D

# ILLUSTRATED

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Advertisement of The General Electric Company Limited

The ALL-BRITISH
**Conway Stewart**

SUPPLIES WILL INCREASE AS MORE LABOUR AND MATERIALS BECOME AVAILABLE


**The Popular Pen with the Marvellous Nib**

*They spent their 2 weeks' holiday*

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"Fantastic", did you say? Well—maybe, But we of Mullard, who have carried on research in the limitless field of Electronics, think nothing may be impossible in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of to-morrow.

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The reason for this is that cod liver oil develops resistance to infection and so keeps a child free from coughs and colds. It also helps the body to build calcium, which ensures sound, sturdy bones, and prevents rickets.

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*Issued by the makers of* SCOTT'S EMULSION

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*Maximum Controlled Price:* 8½d. per roll.

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Use Colgate Dental Cream twice daily and be proud of your Colgate-clean teeth... brilliantly white teeth in a fresh and fragrant mouth—with that fascinating shine and sparkle which are so much admired.

**Play Safe! use COLGATE**

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*Twice a day*

*1/1 Including Tax*


Everywhere that Dinah goes
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Which by frequent rinsing through
She contrives to keep like new;
Flawless—she's no need to hide them—
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ISSUED BY THE **LUX** WASHABILITY BUREAU

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Sold in tins 1/6, and larger sizes, at Oilshops, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

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In case of difficulty, write for name of nearest stockist to:
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## LISTEN TO YOUR **WISER** SELF!

Do you ever think to yourself, "Oh! Savings Stamps can go hang for this week?" Listen to your wiser self saying, "Don't be silly! Do yourself a really good turn. Keep on buying as many National Savings Stamps as you can—every week without missing."

BECAUSE

**Buying Savings Stamps at 6d., 2/6 and 5/- is the easy way to save.**

**They may be exchanged for National Savings Certificates or used to make deposits in the Post Office or a Trustee Savings Bank.**

**Savings up keeps prices down.**

# BUY NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

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*have the advantage!*

Few girls enjoy the advantage of blonde hair. And it *is* an advantage. For blonde hair is radiantly distinctive. **It demands a special shampoo.** Sta-blond prevents natural fair hair from darkening and, if your hair *has* darkened, Sta-blond will **bring back** its former golden lustre with **extra** attractiveness and fascination.

**STA-BLOND** THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

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# VELVEX

REGD. TRADE MARK

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*Always the Best*

**TOILET PAPER**

*Velvety texture · soft strong · hygienic*

A VELVET PRODUCT

VELVET CREPE PAPER CO. LTD

TOILET PAPER TISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

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## *Wearers of dentures*


Put your dentures into a tumbler of warm water with a capful of STERADENT in it. Stir well. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilizes your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning rinse thoroughly, preferably under a tap. Ask your chemist for it.

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**FOR ALL DENTURES, INCLUDING THE NEW ACRYLIC RESINS**

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The lights are on again, the bells are swung again, and the day draws nearer when your glasses will be charged again with genuine Kia-Ora fruit drinks.

*Kia-Ora*

*means Good Health*

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DAIRY BRAND JUNKET

Points free. 9d. tube makes six pints. A choice of six fruit flavours. Plain "DAIRY" Brand Junket Rennet 9d. bottle makes 24 pints.

Made by R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd. (Founded 1785)

*WRITE FOR RECIPES FROM SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:*

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# FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

*It protects the family*

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JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

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**GIVE YOUR TEETH DAY & NIGHT A SHINE WITH**

# Gibbs DENTIFRICE

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*(Including Purchase Tax)*

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4 GD 244A

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## It's that *beard* again!

-Smart men shave with

**Ever-Ready** CORRUX **Blades**

**Caged Beast** is Tominago, member of the notorious Kempeitai, the Japanese Gestapo, who was Commandant of Changi Gaol in Singapore where Allied prisoners of war and civilian internees were held under abominable conditions, subjected to torture and indignities. Like other Japanese camp commandants and war criminals, he is himself now a prisoner

# No Kid Gloves For Japan

**ILLUSTRATED cameraman Jack Esten has recorded the dramatic liberation of our prisoners of war in the Far East, now sends these great pictures showing how retribution is overtaking Japanese war criminals. Their punishment is first move toward final settlement with Japan**

"WE Americans," said a well-known U.S. commentator a few weeks ago, "act as though we were in Japan because we received an engraved invitation!" And he added that coming from Tokyo—where the Americans are in charge—to British controlled Hong Kong is like coming from a soft peace to a hard one.

This strong comment was a highlight in the topical controversy about the treatment of Japan by the Allies. What is Allied policy towards the defeated Japanese? Who determines it? And how is it being implemented?

However remote the war in the Far East may have seemed to some shortsighted Britons, there is no mistaking the strength of feeling about Allied policy both here and in the United States. Even victorious General MacArthur, who is the only tangible authority concerned with these problems, has come in for strong criticism.

As reports about the murderous treatment of Allied prisoners of war by the Japanese multiply, while tormented martyrs of the Allied cause are arriving in Britain to tell their own horrific tales, as pictures pour into newspaper offices providing shocking and incontrovertible evidence against the Japanese, demands for a clarification of Allied intentions towards Japan harden.

On paper it appears that the "kid-glove" school in the Allied camp is in a negligible minority. General MacArthur has issued an impressive set of instructions designed to punish guilty Japanese for the war crimes

OVER

**Cruel Commandant** of Outram Road Gaol, where he is now held himself, Koshiro Mikizawa shows British officers (one of them an ex-p.o.w.) the graves where beheaded victims are buried. Inset, Capt. G. E. T. Francis, Allied Gaol Commandant

which they have committed and to render Japan harmless and incapable of future aggression.

Most important of his orders concerns the closing of twenty-one major Japanese banks and financial institutions, because in Japan, as in Germany, the plutocratic clique of bankers and industrialists, the *Zaibatsu*, are really the hard core of Japanese militarism.

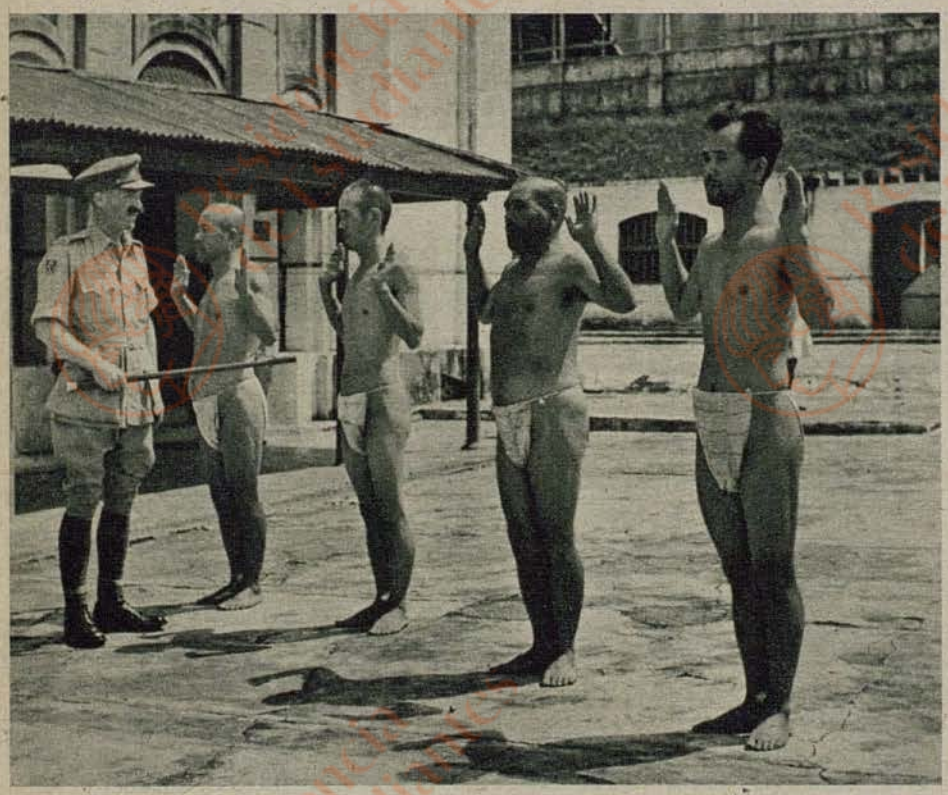
The Japanese have also been given to understand in no uncertain terms that they will have to provide their own food; instructions have been issued to foster production of consumer goods because no imports can be expected for a long time to come. General MacArthur has, at the same time, instructed the Japanese Government to compile an inventory of all industries capable of producing war material—arms, iron, steel, textiles—because Allied decisions about the future of these industries are to be expected.

But while these—and other—instructions seem to take into account public opinion about Japan, the carrying out of highly important orders seems to have lagged behind. Although, for instance, freedom of the press was one of the major stipulations which the Allies made, the Japanese authorities have—as in the case of a reproduction of an interview which Hirohito gave to an American reporter—tried to suppress unpalatable news inside Japan.

Equally, Japanese financiers have thought the occasion quite opportune to produce a plan for the re-opening of Japanese stock exchanges, a matter of some importance to the Mikado himself who owns—apart from half-a-million yen and considerable other property—130,000 of the 300,000 shares of the Bank of Japan.

**Allied Prisoners** in notorious Changi Gaol, into which the Japs herded thousands of our troops. They are here seen just after the hour of their liberation, weakened but happy now

**Japanese Prisoners,** war criminals who have been rounded up, in Outram Road Gaol. Japs crowded four Allied prisoners into each tiny cell, victors allocate one cell per man



**Captain Francis** parades Jap war criminals. They are Major-General Mastochi Saito (Malay), Mikizawa (Outram Road), Tominago (Changi) and Ogata, Inspector of Jap Police

**Fighting-Mad,** desperate member of Kempeitai had to be strapped to stretcher to be taken alive. He tried to fight back, then to commit suicide. Now he is on his way to gaol

And while at first Japanese public opinion was confused and bewildered by the visit which their god-Emperor paid to the victorious Allied General MacArthur, it has swiftly rallied to the assumption that the courteous treatment which Hirohito received was an indication of Allied respect for him.

On paper again, the MacArthur-Mikado interview would not seem to infer much, since recent instructions issued by the U.S. State Department make it quite clear that "the authority of the Emperor and the Japanese Government to rule the State is subordinate to MacArthur as Supreme Commander of the Allied Powers."

But MacArthur appears to have definite views about the future of Japan, and they were questioned when he was reported as having declared that the occupation might be short and that not more than 200,000 men would be needed for the purpose. The situation became confused when Mr. Dean Acheson, U.S. Under-Secretary of State, retorted: "I am surprised that anybody has gone so far at this time as to say what occupation forces will be needed for Japan."

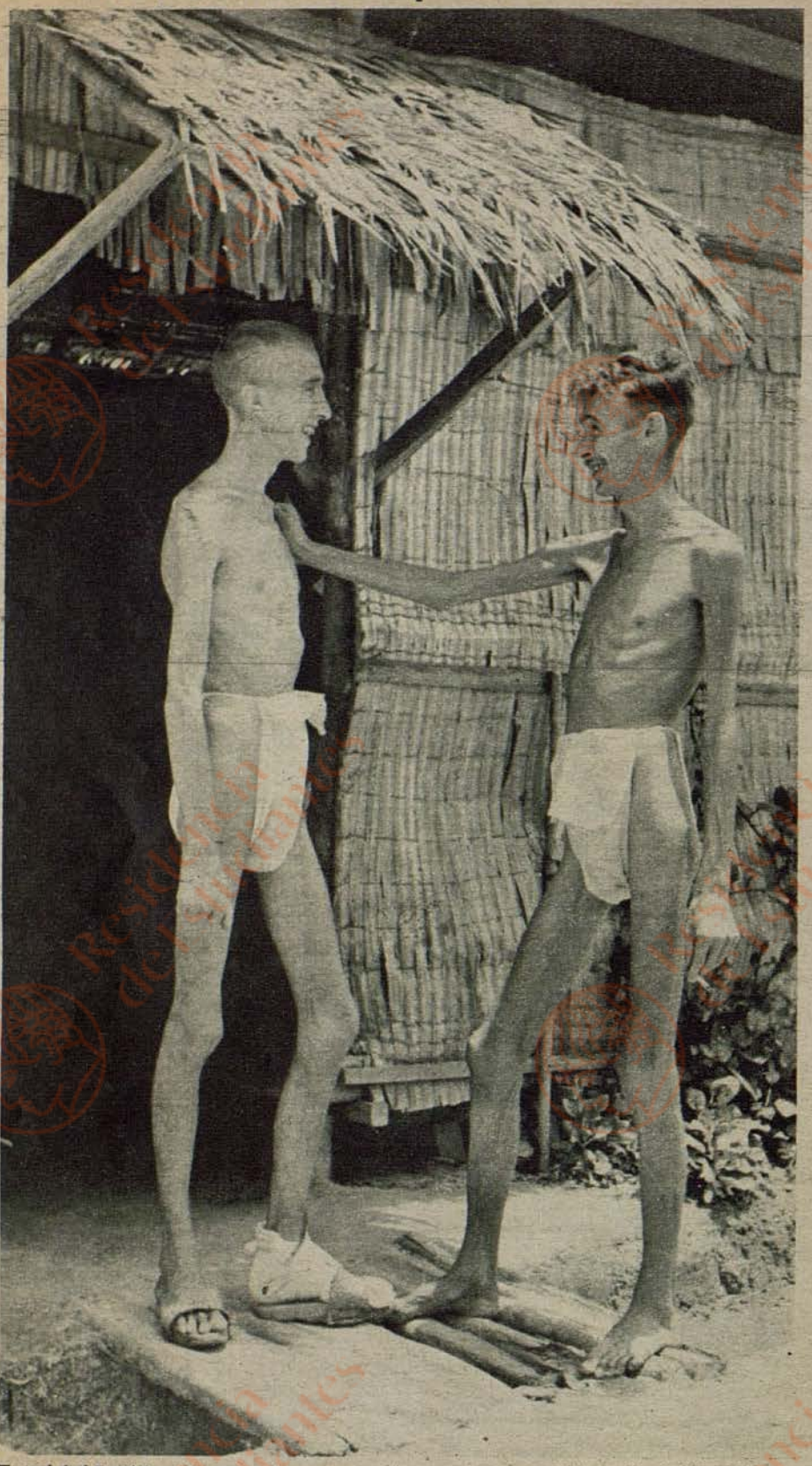
Acheson, in turn, was publicly rebuked for rebuking General MacArthur. And the question arose, who was actually responsible for decisions affecting Japan? Ugly rumours about Allied disunity were quickly disproved when President Truman himself declared that he was unaware of any complaints about the arrangement by which General MacArthur, as Supreme Commander, acted for all the Allies concerned.

The President explained the procedure by which all interested Allies could approach MacArthur to make their wishes known. The avenue to the President of the United States himself was also open. Russia, the President revealed, had a special representative in Japan. The British were communicating with MacArthur through the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the State Department. It was denied that, in case of disagreement, U.S. policy would be decisive.

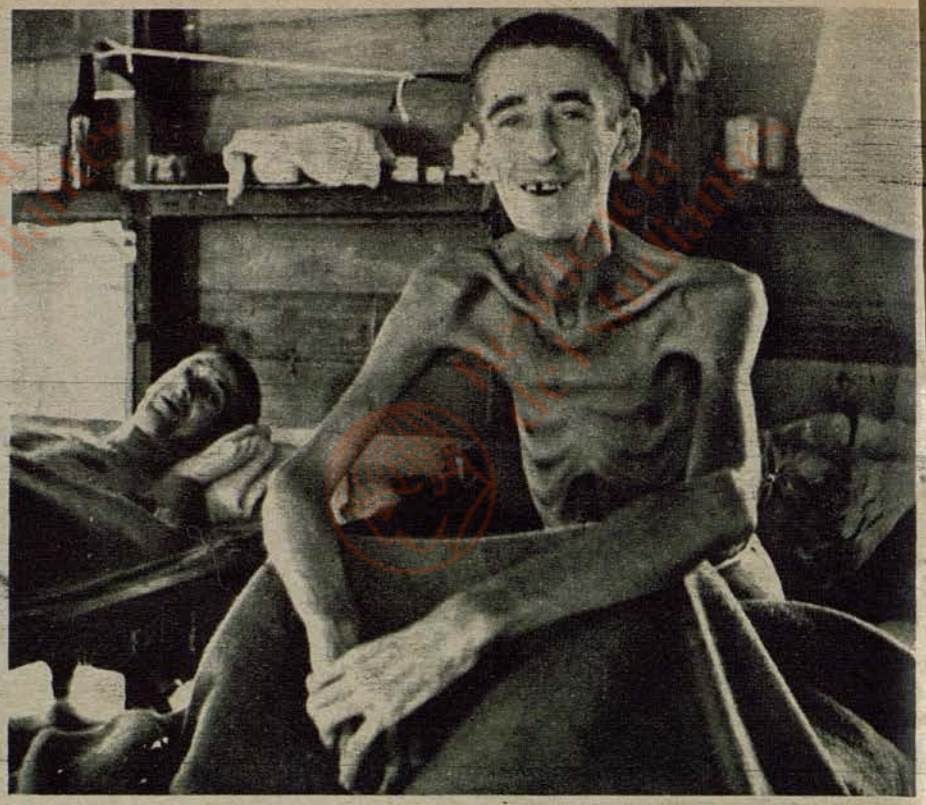
But there was, as yet, no provision for "middle powers" to make their weight felt. Australia and New Zealand, who bled and fought gallantly in the war against Japan, were not prepared to be overlooked when decisions were taken. The Dutch, the French, the Indians, the Chinese, apart from the Great Powers, had a vital interest in the matter. The idea of an Allied Control Commission for Japan is still being pressed forcefully.

Yet the practical effects of the war are contributing

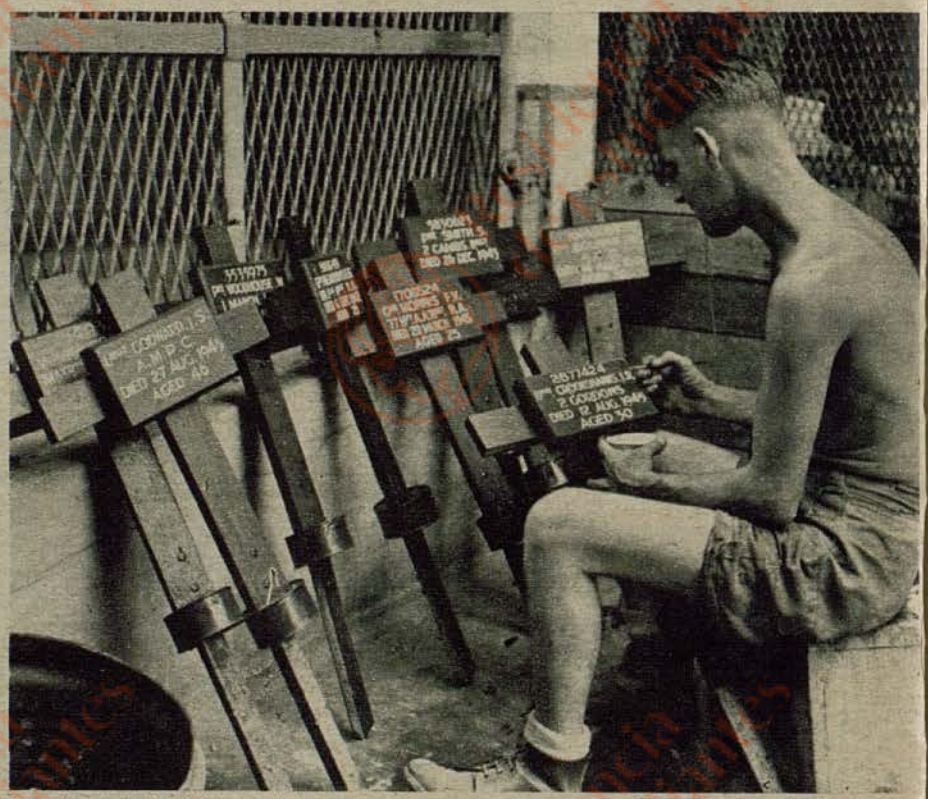
OVER



**Emaciated** British soldiers, for three years prisoners of war, are Private Frederick J. Want, of Crownfield Road, Stratford, and Driver Charles Freeman, of Kings Road, Linthorpe



**Worst Case** among nearly 6,000 prisoners at Changi Gaol is John Sharpe, of Leicester, who is here seen after his transfer to hospital. Freed prisoners put on weight quickly



**Japs Protested** while surviving prisoners cut crosses, painted them to commemorate over eight hundred of their number who died in captivity. Work on crosses still goes on

to a solution of the problem such as all right-minded people desire. Japan was by no means defeated by the use of the atomic bomb alone. Conditions inside Japan are desperate and even advocates of a rough peace agree that the country's war-making capacity has been destroyed for a long time to come.

Japan is, at the same time, faced with the influx of hundreds of thousands, of millions of soldiers whom her war lords have kept abroad for many years, men who used to live on the land they invaded but must now be housed and fed and maintained inside Japan.

Not even those who suspect that tender tendencies towards Japan survive in some influential quarters can have any doubt that short shrift is being given to the Japanese army which will be completely demobilized before many months are over. Even more energetic is the practical policy applied to the loathsome members of the Kempeitai, the Japanese secret police, whose members are responsible for the most horrible crimes against the lives and the dignity of their Allied prisoners.

General MacArthur has said: "I started this war as a soldier and I shall finish it like a soldier!" and an analysis of the steps which he has actually taken bears this statement out. The British and the Chinese, in any case, are in no mood to be forgiving, and official policy, expressed in suggestions submitted to MacArthur and the U.S. State Department, are reflecting the reports which are pouring in every day about Japanese treatment of our men. Britain's War Minister, Lawson, is on record with the terse statement that "justice will be meted out to Japanese war criminals even if they are of the most exalted station!"

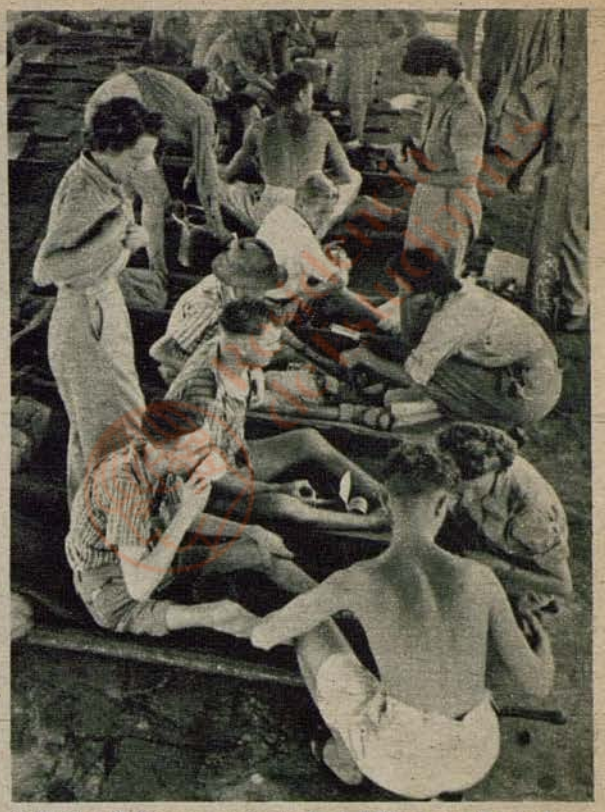
But as with Germany, so with Japan; to reduce the country to starvation level and bring it to industrial ruin affects more than the guilty Japanese. All Asia, the Antipodes, America herself, would be affected by the loss of markets which Japan used to provide. Japan, said the *Observer* in a balanced leading article, "must in some sort, live."

And to "let Japan live"—live innocuously—seems in certain respects easier than to pursue a similar policy towards Germany. Responsible experts are convinced that, apart from the control of Japanese industry, supervision of Japanese imports would be sufficient to prevent an early resurgence of Japanese militarism. As an island dependent on her merchant fleet, Japan is at the mercy of the Great Powers as long as they keep their eyes on the high seas around her.

The same experts believe that Japanese militarism is already utterly crushed and discredited; they point to a little-known element in Japanese politics, to the

**Best-kept Secret** of whole camp was hand-made wireless set. Flying Officers Skinner and Boyce worked it

**Great Moment** arrives when cheering, happy British prisoners leave huge iron gates of Changi prison behind



**"Wasbys,"** Burma equivalent of ATS, serve tea to freed men, are first white women many have seen in years

**Boarding Plane** at Singapore for journey home are happy men of the Manchester and Gordon Regiments

**First Transport,** one of many which will bring thousands of the liberated captives home, is here seen leaving Singapore

peasant class which has risen against its exploiters no fewer than 1100 times. They mention the names of democratic Japanese who have lived in exile in China or India and who are believed to have a considerable following in their own country.

These same people, far from criticizing General MacArthur's apparently over-courteous reception of Hirohito, are convinced that the Mikado's visit was a tangible proof of a change of heart, of his earnest desire to retrieve Japan's good name.

It is impossible at this juncture to do more than put the conflicting tendencies on record. Considering the difficulties in the way of a speedy and complete occupation of Japan—only Tokyo and five coastal sectors are actually held by the Allies—it is as yet too soon to estimate to what extent temporizing tactics will change to a hard-and-fast policy on which future peace in the Far East can be based.

**It's That Man Again**—Tommy Handley himself. With his rugged face and twinkling eyes, but without the usual trilby hat, perhaps there is nothing very unusual about him. But he brought laughter to millions during the dark days of war

**1 Birth of an "Itma" Gag.** L. to R., Francis Worsley, Ted Kavanagh, Tommy Handley, are anything but mirthful

**5** "A title like that doesn't give much scope. Traffic lights? Amber necklaces? Write 'em down, maybe they'll help"

# IT'S THOSE

In a small studio in the Aeolian Hall, Bond Street, London—erstwhile home of classical music, and now the austere abode of the BBC Variety Department—three men assemble in solemn conclave every Tuesday and Wednesday.

One is red-faced, baldish and paunchy, and looks like a successful doctor; another is dark, slight but sturdy, and might be an actor; the third has a rugged face, twinkling eyes, invariably wears a trilby hat, and could easily be the man who sits next to you any day in any third-class carriage on any suburban train.

Their demeanour is serious; they seem to have matters of state on their mind and, when they settle down, frowning, cogitating, discussing and writing, they need only another couple of people as serious as themselves for you to have a replica of the solemnity of the Five Power Conference.

Yet these three are funny men. Their job is to make you laugh, and the result of their serious, chain-smoking conferences is the weekly edition of "Itma," the most popular programme that British radio has ever produced and, in fact, one of the most widely listened-to programmes in the world.

You all know that "Itma" started in July, 1939, and that its return last month for its ninth series opened its sixth year in radio. You all know, too, that the title was originally "It's that Man Again," and that its ingenious contraction was the result of Tommy Handley's "doodling" on the edge of his script with the initial letters of the title. You do not need to be told how many catch-phrases the programme has launched since the war, and you will not be surprised to know that ships in convoy under air-attack broke formation to the signal: "After you, Claude," with its answering message: "No, after you, Cecil."

But what you may not know is anything about the



**2** "We need a funnier line here—when the Colonel makes his exit. How about something topical? Think, boys!"

**3** "Demobilization? We've done that. And Errol Flynn, too. Any other films, or plays, or books in the news?"

**4** "Books? How about that American book that they're all talking and writing about? You know—*Forever Amber*"

**6** "Amber—the colour. Is there any tie-up there with the Colonel? What could be amber about him?"

**7** "Wait—I'm getting it. Amber—it's the colour of light ale. And the Colonel drinks a lot. . . . . I've got it!"

**8** "Write it down, Francis—' Dear old Colonel. Still the same moustache—forever amber!' There's your laugh"

# MEN AGAIN!

## ILLUSTRATED takes its readers behind the microphone to where Tommy Handley, Ted Kavanagh and Francis Worsley find laughter-making a most serious business

*Photographs by ERICH AUERBACH*

Big Three who are responsible for the programme, for they are modest, self-effacing and reserved, and, when they are approached for publicity about themselves, they all jostle to take second place behind "Itma" as a whole.

The red-faced man at the conference is script-writer Ted Kavanagh—probably the only "backroom boy" on the literary side of broadcasting whose name is known to the British public. He deserves the thanks of all radio writers for educating people to the fact that, when a comedian cracks a gag over the air, somebody has had to think of it and write it down, and that somebody is called a script-writer. This slight digression is made because it is amazing how many people still think that radio is an entirely spontaneous business, and that comedians go on the air and are funny out of their own heads on the spur of the moment!

The artistic gentleman of the three is producer Francis Worsley, and the remaining member of the party—who is himself so typically British in every way that it is no wonder he can so accurately assess the British sense of humour—is Liverpudlian Tommy Handley.

Who are they—these men who spend weary hours laboriously fashioning jokes that will make you laugh?

Ted Kavanagh is a New Zealander, from Auckland, and the look of the doctor about him is not coincidental, for he was a medical student at Edinburgh University from 1914. His studies were cut short by the first World War, in which he served with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, but he took up medicine again after the Armistice, studying at Bart's Hospital before joining a chemical firm as a medical writer.

Then he went back to New Zealand, sailed twice round the world as a ship's writer, and returned to England in 1927 to take up journalism. That was the year in which he wrote his first script for the BBC, and since then he has lost all count of the songs, records, scripts, sketches and music-hall acts that he has written.

He has two sons, the eldest of them in the Forces in Burma. When I asked him what his favourite hobby was, he answered, typically: "Avoiding exercise."

For a man with a razor-keen sense of humour, Ted does not act the part. He never laughs, merely grins or chuckles, and don't be deceived by the firm—almost pugnacious—set of his mouth under his red moustache. Look at his twinkling eyes, and you have the clue to his dry, quick wit.

**These Names Make Mirth.** The full "Itma" company at rehearsal. Left to right, Jack Train, Carleton Hobbs, Mary O'Farrell, Michele de Lys, Tommy Handley, Clarence Wright, Lind Joyce, Fred Yule, Jean Capra, Hugh Morton and Charles Shadwell

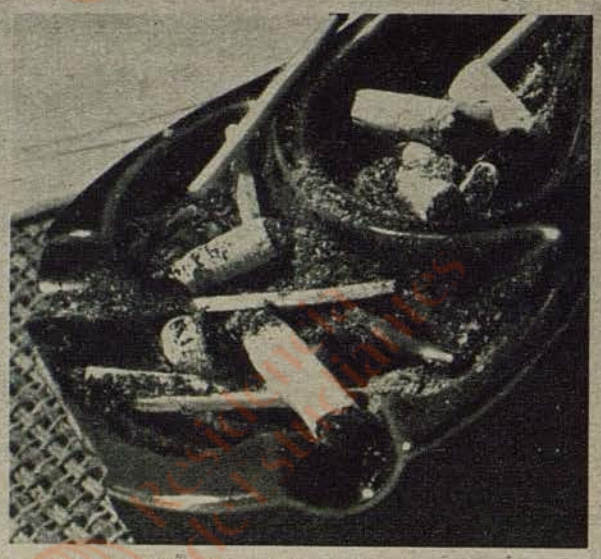
OVER

**"Well, I'll Take a Telephone Girl** to the altar and give her a ring—if it isn't Mr. Wright!" Tommy, Clarence Wright

**Whenever a Door Opens** or a phone rings in "Itma," these girls—the sound-effects department—are responsible

**"I Don't Mind If I Do."** Jack Train, the fruity Colonel Chinstrap, and Tommy Handley in an "Itma" broadcast


**"How Happy Could I Be with Either. . . ."** Lind Joyce (left) and Michele de Lys vie for Tommy's attentions



**No Wonder There's a Shortage** of cigarettes—here's where they all go! The ashtray after an "Itma" script conference

**If You've Never Seen Charles Shadwell,** but have heard "Itma," you know that he's slim, bald, laughs infectiously

## TED KAVANAGH—PORTRAIT OF A FUNNY MAN AT WORK

Producer Francis Worsley is quite a different type. A forty-two years old Londoner, he was educated at Brighton and Keble College, Oxford, and his first job was in the Colonial Service on the Gold Coast. A spell of schoolmastering ended in 1928 when he joined the BBC as announcer and talks Assistant at Cardiff. It was a happy-go-lucky period in BBC history when "one man in his time played many parts," and Francis was called upon to do everything in broadcasting, from the Children's Hour to light programmes, from public relations to producing, acting and writing.

And his experience stood him in good stead when he joined the Variety Department in 1938, and when he embarked on his long voyage aboard S.S. "Itma" a a year later. When he is not worrying over "Itma" he is a keen outdoors man, and, if he had had the time, could have become a cricketer of note, for he has played for Glamorgan and is a stylish batsman. His hobbies, though, are fishing and nature study, and when he told me that he is a keen bird-watcher, it was only to be expected that Tommy Handley should mutter: "I get the bird and he watches it."

So we turn to "That Man" himself, who completely belies his serious appearance by refusing ever to be serious. Equipped by nature with the quickest sense of the illogically-logical ridiculous, he sees humour in everything—and it is never obvious.

Since the essence of humour is the unexpected, Tommy's life history was unorthodox.

"I was born in Liverpool for the usual reasons," said Tommy, "at the other end of the town from Arthur Askey. I started broadcasting in 1925, and never looked back until I passed a pretty girl—and then found there was nothing to look forward to. I always feel in the pink until the red light goes on, when I feel green. I spend most of my time getting tight keeping the Colonel sober; then, when I'm sober, the Colonel's tight again. I'm half as old as my gags."

I did manage to pin him down to admit that he is greatly interested in the study of criminology and that he likes playing golf. When he last found time to play, his handicap was sixteen. He is also very proud of the fact that he created a golfing record by losing his ball and his club at one hole at Wimbledon. He was playing over a lake, and the ball and his No. 3 iron are now resting beneath the still waters.

Those three men make "Itma" a perfect team. Tommy Handley supplies the exuberance; Ted Kavanagh the wit; and Francis Worsley keeps the insanity within bounds.

Ted Kavanagh writes a script of the whole show. He works out the situations, he tries out new characters, and the script which he brings to the conference is the framework of the show.

Then the three of them go through it line by line. Every line is dissected and discussed; every situation worked on until it is as funny as they can make it.

Yes, it's a serious business being funny, but you wouldn't think it from this description which Tommy gave me.

"Ted invents a gag," said Tommy. "I laugh heartily and use one of Francis's. The censor cuts it out. Then we listen to Bob Hope and hear the same gag in his show. Then we write to Jack Benny asking him when he gave it to Bob Hope—and we get an injunction from Fred Allen! And that's how dark-gags are born. . . ."

What can you do with men like that—except keep on laughing at them?

RAY SONIN

*His Excellency Field Marshal Viscount Wavell of Cyrenaica and Winchester, G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., M.C., Viceroy of India*

# Godfather to the New India

WAVELL works very quietly. He slipped into Whitehall one day in August and he had vanished again within a fortnight or so without so much as a ripple in the newspapers. No speeches, no interviews, no questions asked in the House of Commons. But for those who had been following the Viceroy's movements for the last few years, the very speed of this visit had a special significance.

They remembered that the last time he visited London week after week slipped by and still Wavell waited in the corridors. Ministers engrossed in the defeat of Germany were too busy to deal with the ancient problem of India. It could wait.

This time there was no delay. Wavell was drawn at once into the Cabinet circle. He put down his plans and plunged into debate with experts like Attlee, Pethick-Lawrence and Stafford Cripps. Then, with an agreement in his pocket, he set off by air for New Delhi.

The horse which the Viceroy had nurtured and cared for during two years of office was his plan for the settlement of India. And now he was going to ride it full tilt, right up to the post.

To many who were not wearied and jaded past hope by the age-old riddle of India, it seemed that at last something new had been brought into the political landscape. Here was something definite—or at least an attempt at something definite. Elections would be held in the coming winter; Britain was wholeheartedly in favour of granting Dominion status; the Indians were invited to assist in bringing it about in their own way.

While the sceptics held back and so many people were indifferent, it was generally agreed that by far the largest share of responsibility for the whole affair would fall upon the man who represents the King-Emperor at New Delhi.

And since it is no light thing to turn round and grant

*"THE horse should be cared for in the stable as if he were worth £500. But he should be ridden in the field as if he were not worth half a crown."—Field Marshal Wavell.*

political freedom to 400,000,000 people, it is worth while looking a little closer at the first Viscount Wavell of Cyrenaica and Winchester, now in his sixty-third year.

A first meeting with Wavell is nearly always wholly disappointing. Unless you have something specific to talk about, the conversation is likely to be stilted, halting and commonplace. During the war I can remember vividly a group of foreign correspondents coming away from a luncheon at which the Viceroy had spoken. They marvelled that any one so seemingly ill at ease and devoid of ideas could have been given so high a job.

Of his first Washington conferences a few years ago it was said: "Wavell made a very poor impression." The slow, rather high and slightly nasal voice, the long pauses in the conversation, the cautious air of wanting to listen and wait—no, it was not easy to spot the leader and the intellect in all this.

One is impressed by the thick-set figure, the deeply-lined, rather leathery face, the blind eye and a certain —I don't know quite how to describe it—niceness and friendliness in his face. But it is very hard indeed on first acquaintance to discover why so many thousands of people all over the world are completely devoted to Wavell, and are inspired by him and trust him and believe that the decisions he takes are likely to be the best decisions.

Like Montgomery, he has spent the greater part of his life in relative obscurity and the last five years in a blaze of publicity. The war brought him to the top and suddenly projected him into a new career when the fighting was half finished. His name, like Montgomery's, became a household word overnight. Unlike any other professional fighting man who rose to the top in this war, he has exhibited a talent for something outside strategy and leadership—in this case a talent for, and a love of, writing.

I do not believe that a man who suddenly becomes famous is necessarily a genius—and if he goes on being famous that does not necessarily mean he is a genius, either. Many of these reputations which have been gained in the last six hectic years are going to be forgotten when you and I are sitting back in our plastic houses tuning in to television in 1950.

It is interesting to look back into Wavell's career and see if we can find anything there which suggests that he is big enough to have a permanent place in history —or at least big enough to have (as he has at this moment) control of life and death over one fifth of the people on this earth.

The ancestry is promising, but no more. The Wavells, dating back to William the Conqueror and beyond, show nothing really outstanding, but a solid line of farmers, religious leaders, men of letters and soldiers—above all soldiers. For centuries none acquired a title, but all were solid citizens. Latterly they have tended to have their schooling at Winchester and then pass into the Army. Wavell is the son and grandson of successful soldiers.

Up to the age of twenty he was promising without being exceptional. The nursery years beside his father's barracks at Exeter, the journey to India at the age of six in the same military atmosphere, then Winchester, then Sandhurst. His schoolmasters find difficulty in remembering him clearly; he was an ordinary boy, rather silent, undemonstrative, not particularly good at sports.

R. H. Kiernan's recent biography notes that Wavell "as a very small boy, learned 'Horatius' by heart, and would recite it to his aunts for threepence, or refrain from doing so for sixpence from an uncle." Nobody seems to have expected anything unusual of the boy and it was with an air of pleased surprise that his masters found him passing with high marks in his examinations.

At that time, the turn of the last century, it was the practice of well-to-do families to send the less brilliant of their younger sons into the Army. The headmaster was pleased enough with the boy's progress to urge his father against "this desperate step," as he hoped something better for him. But family tradition had already cast Wavell's life into a pattern, and we find him in the Black Watch soon after his eighteenth birthday.

From then on the years slip by unremarkably and agreeably. Adventures in the Boer War, the polo-playing, border-skirmishing years in India, and then at last a glimpse of the big future ahead—at the age of twenty-five he passes out first of 400 candidates at Staff College in England.

From now on Wavell's life never quite runs along the accepted military groove. He spends most of 1911 on an isolated farm outside Moscow learning the language. In the two following years he goes back twice for the Russian manœuvres.

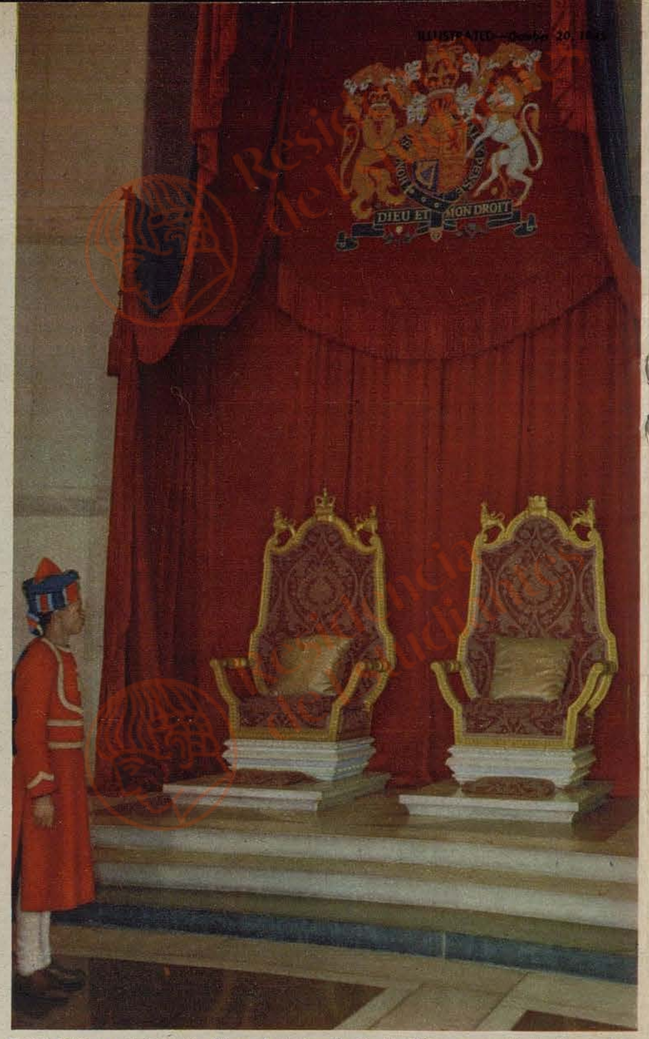
Then the war. He comes from the trenches to marry a soldier's daughter, goes back to France to win his M.C. and lose an eye from a shell splinter (for a short time he was almost totally blind), then the convalescence and another six months as liaison officer in Russia.

If permanent physical injury does not break a man, it seems, by driving him inward upon himself, to bring out unsuspected talents. From the time Wavell lost his eye there was a sureness and extra strength in everything he did. From Allenby in the Middle East he learned the art of deception in war, of striking by surprise and with main force, and of endless, patient preparation. He learned politics at Versailles and Palestine. And he learned to write in England as an

VICEROY, ACCOMPANIED BY TWO OF HIS A.D.C.s, INSPECTS STATE CARRIAGE USED IN PEACE TIME FOR OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS

OVER

**Viscount Wavell,** Viceroy of India, with Lady Wavell, spends a few moments of relaxation in the Mogul Gardens, behind the Viceregal House. Brilliant colour sets off formal design

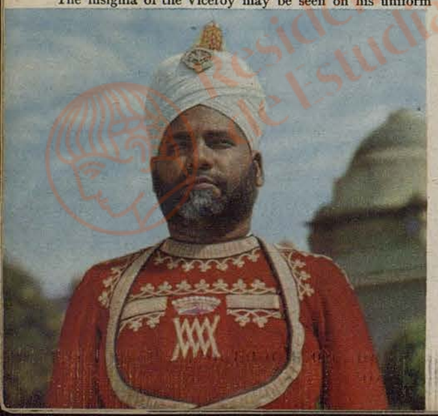



**Royal Arms,** symbolizing the Viceroy's trusteeship for the King, surmount the thrones in the Durbar Hall, scene of investitures and formal functions carried on with regal pomp

**Robes of Office** as Grand Master of the Order of the Star of India are carefully tended by Viceregal servants. Viscount Wavell is also Grand Master of the Order of the Indian Empire

**Gold Plate** of fabulous value is used at State banquets. It was made for the Viceregal House by a London firm. Though the plate was not used during the war, its day will come again

**Viceroy's Footman,** in picturesque garb, waits at table. The insignia of the Viceroy may be seen on his uniform



esteemed contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

In 1939, as a Lieutenant-General, Wavell was unknown to the British public, but Keitel, the German Chief of Staff, was writing of him: "In the British Army today there is only one good general, but he is incomparably good. He may well prove the dominant personality in any war within the next five years."

Yet when he went up to Cambridge in 1939 to deliver his famous lectures on generalship very little notice was taken: no one then knew that within eighteen months this man was going to put everything he said into practice.

When Wavell took the field in the Middle East in 1940 he had about 36,000 men against over half a million Italians. Yet within the year he demolished the Italian desert army and conquered the whole of Italian East Africa. At one point he was engaged in five campaigns—Greece, Crete, Syria, the desert, and Abyssinia.

The political pressure which forced Wavell to engage in that fatal expedition to Greece and finally removed him to India is a thing that will have to be debated in the open some day when the official papers come out. Wavell's own statement: "I was to blame. I misjudged," is really only a small part of the story.

A general either has magic in his name or he has not. It's a thing like sex-appeal and there is nothing you can do about it and no clear way of explaining it. For some reason soldiers and ordinary people rise to Wavell and heaven knows he does not get his effects by oratory (which he dislikes) nor by charm (which he is not very good at) nor by sudden brilliant acts (which he suspects) nor by a great display of uniforms and panoply (which he hates).

I suppose in the end the secret is that when you sit down with him you feel that he is genuinely and patiently interested, that he seeks nothing for himself, that he is without prejudice and that, having seen nearly every form of misery and stupidity and venality in the last forty years, he is still neither lazy nor cynical. He is utterly without pretentiousness.

It is a temperament nicely suited to India, where the chief charge against the British is that they govern the country with a privileged class of "stuffed shirts," mediocre men steeped in prejudice and laziness and indifference, whose main job has been to bleed the country for the enrichment of England.

Then, too, Wavell made an excellent start as Viceroy. Wearing a rather crumpled civilian tropical suit, he went among the dying people in the Bengal famine (one of the greatest mass tragedies of the war) and got them food.

The problem of India is infinitely greater than any one man. No genius can produce a sovereign remedy at one stab, or wipe away the generations of bitterness and misunderstanding. But at least Wavell had the merit of stating the problem as succinctly and clearly as any one yet. "I am in entire agreement with Indian self-government," he wrote to Gandhi, "and only seek the best means to implement it without delivering India to confusion and turmoil."

Now at last, after endless talks and correspondence, Wavell believes he has found, if not the "best means," at any rate a workable means of getting on with the job. It is largely the plan which Stafford Cripps put to the Indian leaders so eloquently and unavailingly in New Delhi three years ago. After the elections this winter the Indians themselves will be invited to draw up a new constitution giving them Dominion status.

The Cripps attempt failed mainly because the two chief Indian parties—the Hindus and the Moslems—could not agree to work together in a Government. They are not much nearer agreement yet, but at least they can argue next year in a world of peace and with a Viceroy who is only prejudiced on one major point—he will not get out of India and leave the conflicting parties to settle matters in a civil war.

Any one who has had even a nodding acquaintance with India, its appalling poverty, its chronic traditional inability to take hard and fast decisions under that over-mastering sun, its obsession with the mystic abstract causes of things and, most of all, the profound fatalistic and listless despair of the Asiatic mind, will know what a tangled skein of problems lies in front of the Viceroy in this coming year.

In his personal life Wavell has successfully performed the metamorphosis from soldier into writer and writer into statesman. The man who wrote: "My ideal soldier is part gunman and part cat burglar," at the same time as he spoke of "the plain gold, silver and metal work" of English poetry, clearly has something unusual about him. But now he has to have a good deal more—clairvoyance perhaps and intuition. And in a country devoted to divinity he must have a patience and a wisdom that is divine.

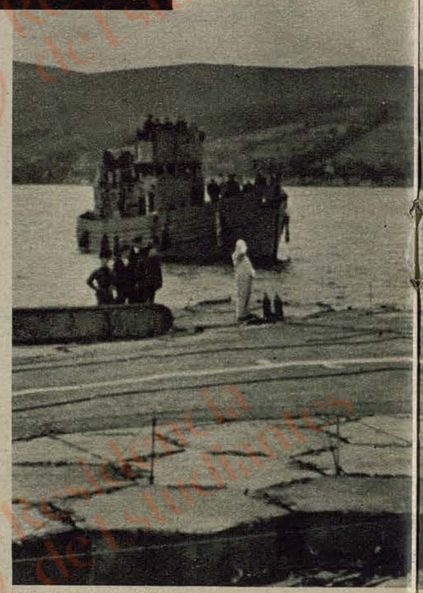
WALTER GORDON.

*Photographs by R. SAIDMAN*

**Picturesque Types** of Viceregal servant. Uniforms bear his insignia: coronet and letter W, upright and reversed

**Successful tests have just been carried out on Mr. R. M. Hamilton's floating airstrip, "Lily," which may greatly add to the safety of the Atlantic air crossing**

R. M. HAMILTON, LONDON INVENTOR, CONSIDERING THE PROBLEM OF A "FLEXIBLE SEA SURFACE" FOR A FLOATING AIRSTRIP



AND HERE IS THE OUTCOME OF HIS DELIBERATIONS, AN UN-

# BRITAIN'S NEW FLOATING AIRPORT MAY REVOLUTIONIZE CIVIL AVIATION

*Photographed by JAMES JARCHÉ*

WHO is Lily? What is she? To put it rather crudely, Lily is a collection of tin cans linked together to form a flexible floating airstrip. Yet Lily is no Heath Robinson contraption, but an important invention, and may have the most far-reaching effects on the future of aviation.

The idea of a floating airstrip belongs to a London inventor, Mr. R. M. Hamilton, a former Naval petty officer, who in 1940 conceived the idea of putting a flexible metal carpet on the ocean to form a landing ground.

His idea was met with blank scepticism, but he pushed ahead with the necessary researches, aided on the mathematical side by his Etonian son, Peter. There came a moment when father and son were "gravelled" by a mathematical problem. So Peter consulted his housemaster, Mr. John Stewart Herbert, an expert in the science.

Mr. Herbert was infected with the enthusiasm of the Hamiltons, and at his Eton house, Hopgardens, set up a cardboard scale model of a floating airfield, which was made for him by the Hopgardens butler, Charles Carver. Meanwhile in London Hamilton Senior was working on another model in the bomb-damaged portion of the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria.

Invaluable co-operation by a special department of the Navy over a period of three years brought the matter beyond the experimental stage, and about a month ago the full-sized Lily, moored at Lamlash, successfully passed the Navy's test and filled the minds of the visiting civil aviation experts with very big ideas indeed.

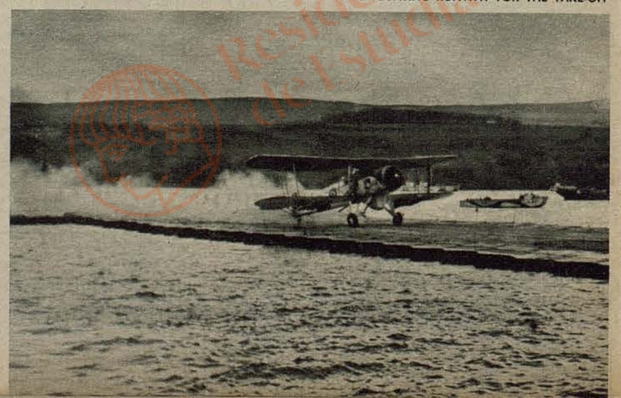
Various attempts had previously been made to produce pontoon-like structures which would serve as landing-grounds on the surface of the sea. But one and all collapsed, broken up by the waves.

Mr. Hamilton solved the problem by the study of the surface tension of water. It was known that water had an elastic "skin" that would support a needle. The new principle he evolved was that one could build a synthetic surface on the sea that would support very heavy weights, because it had a tension 460,000 times greater than the normal elastic surface tension of water. The thing was to produce an airstrip that should not *resist* the sea, but should flex in every way and take shocks in a natural manner.

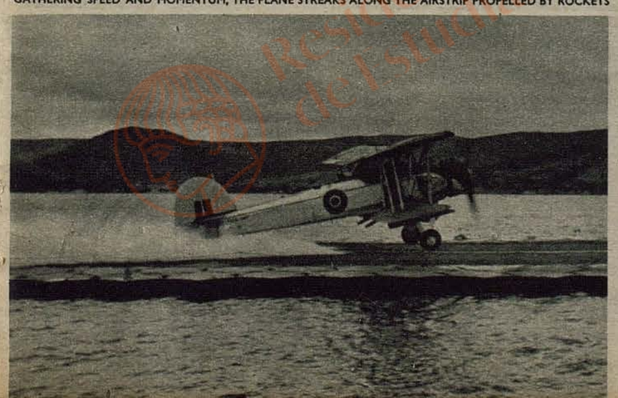
The solution he eventually found was to float hundreds of six-sided buoyancy cans, six feet wide by thirty inches deep, linked and clamped so that they "gave" in controlled undulations, while retaining a surface rigid enough to take the weight of a heavy aircraft. The name "Lily" came from the resemblance of the strip to a close mass of water-lilies.

BREAKABLE RUNWAY ON THE SURFACE OF THE SEA. NOTE HOW THE WEIGHT OF THE PLANE BENDS THE SURFACE OF THE AIRSTRIP, AS THE IRON WEIGHT BENT THE MODEL IN THE BATH

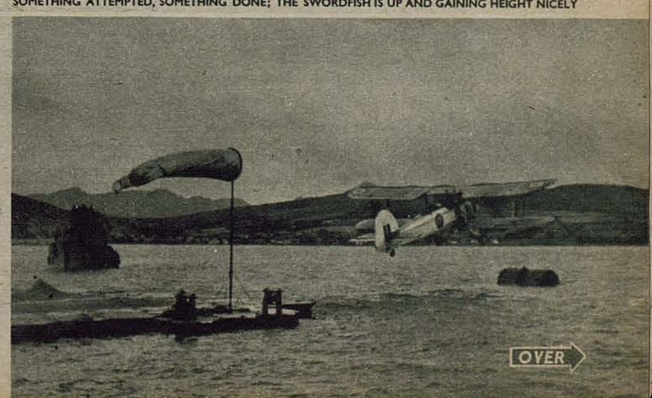
PREPARING FOR TAKE-OFF. WITH EIGHT-KNOT WIND ROCKETS MUST BE USED AT RIGHT MOMENT



THE ENGINE ROARS, SWORDFISH LURCHES HEAVILY ALONG FLOATING RUNWAY FOR THE TAKE-OFF



GATHERING SPEED AND MOMENTUM, THE PLANE STREAKS ALONG THE AIRSTRIP PROPELLED BY ROCKETS



SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMETHING DONE; THE SWORDFISH IS UP AND GAINING HEIGHT NICELY

OVER

ONE OF THE GROUND CREW BRINGS UP ROCKETS TO ASSIST THE PILOT IN THE TAKE-OFF. THIS CLOSE-UP VIEW GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE LILY AIRSTRIP

When the time came for tests the Admiralty moored Lily in quiet waters, not planning too rigorous a test for a start. But then nature took a hand. For several days before the projected trials nature turned up the heaviest weather in all her armoury. A rumour spread that Lily had been fractured in many places, but it was false.

The great moment came. A Fleet Air Arm Swordfish, loaded to weigh more than four tons, circled, swooped, and made a perfect landing on the 520-foot runway, the undercarriage sinking into the flexible surface.

Thus the landing was accomplished, but to get the heavy machine back into the air the aid of rockets was required. The engine roared, the plane rolled sluggishly forward, and then, with an ear-splitting detonation the rockets exploded, propelling the Swordfish into the air.

But this was not enough for the Navy. How would the contraption work in bad weather? To get some idea of this a motor launch circled the strip, sending up ripples three feet high with its wash. "I could see the runway wriggling like a snake," said the test pilot, Ray Jeffs. But he got down safely.

The possible uses of Lily are many and important. It might be used, for example, to form a floating aerodrome in mid-ocean, thus enormously increasing the range and safety of civil aviation. If so employed, the cans would have to be increased in width to at least eighteen feet instead of the present six. The whole would be at least 4,000 feet long and 500 feet wide, and would be attended by big tugs.

The test pilot thought that the chief difficulty in such a use would be, not long swells, but short, steep waves, which would tend to throw the aircraft on its nose. Mr. Hamilton believes, however, that by using a special type of damper of his invention, he can make Lily almost impervious to waves up to thirty-six feet from crest to crest.

Lily might also be used, not as a runway for aircraft, but as an all-weather floating causeway with a horseshoe-shaped pier at its end. Into this "dock" flying boats could taxi to be directly loaded or unloaded by lorry.

There is no limit to the length or breadth to which Lily might be built. And a strip of the present size could be assembled by a gang of eighty men in half an hour.

The device might even serve to bridge a large estuary, if no shipping considerations were involved. Following Mulberry and Pluto and Fido, the invention of Lily shows again that British inventive genius can hold its own with that of any country in the world.

MR. JOHN HERBERT, ETON HOUSEMASTER, WITH MRS. HERBERT

"ASBESTOS MAN" KEEPS WATCH IN CASE OF OUTBREAK OF FIRE

INVENTOR HAS SERIOUS TALK WITH TEST PILOT RAY JEFFS

# NEW BISHOP OF LONDON

CONTROVERSIAL fireworks marked the confirmation in office of the new Bishop of London, Dr. John W. C. Wand. At the service at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, the National Union of Protestants and the Protestant Truth Society turned up in force and filled the church with shouts of "I protest! I protest!"

This was not the first time that Dr. Wand had excited controversy. Eleven years ago, when he was Archbishop of Brisbane, he fluttered the dovecots, not, as in London, by his alleged Romish tendencies, but by his advocacy of Sunday games. "If it is a sin to play games on Sunday," he said in 1934, "I am a sinner. It is the duty of everybody to attend Divine service on Sundays. I do that, and I see no harm in playing golf or another game on Sundays."

Outspoken, tenacious of his opinions, the new Bishop of London is a man of many parts. He is a scholar of considerable ability, broadcaster, journalist, lecturer, church historian. And he has withal a pleasant voice, an agreeable lack of formality, and a knack of making a visitor feel at home.

John William Charles Wand is a man of the people. He was born at Grantham in 1885, the son of a grocer, and has made his way by sheer ability. From his elementary school he won a scholarship to the King's School, Grantham, and thence passed on to St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he was the first student for thirty years to gain a first-class in Theology.

There followed practical training for the ministry at Bishop Jacob Hostel, Newcastle, after which Wand was ordained, and obtained the curacy of Benwell, a Newcastle suburb. There he remained from 1908 to 1911, when he was transferred to Lancashire, serving there until 1914.

Wand's next post was that of Vicar-Choral at Salisbury Cathedral (1914-19), but actually a large part of that eventful period was spent as a chaplain to the forces, and Wand was wounded at Gallipoli. After the first World War he became Vicar of St. Mark's, Salisbury, until 1925, also lecturing at the Sarum Theological College during this period.

It will be seen, therefore, that Dr. Wand had long experience of the ordinary duties and responsibilities of a parish priest. Academic experience was to follow, but the new Bishop's long years of parish work should enable him to see the point of view of the ordinary parson.

From Salisbury Wand returned to Oxford as Fellow, Tutor and Dean of Oriel College. He was University Lecturer in Church History from 1931 to 1934 and also chairman of the examiners in the Honour School of Theology.

In 1934 he was consecrated Archbishop of Brisbane. In Australia he lived a busy life, broadcasting weekly, writing for the Press, visiting outlying bush settlements. He was a popular prelate, and there were regrets in Australia when he accepted the See of Bath and Wells in 1943.

From this West Country diocese Wand's translation to the bishopric of London has been rapid. He has succeeded to a Fulham Palace badly damaged by bombing, but, being a practical-minded man, he is doing what he can to make a part of it habitable.

He will have many problems to face in this difficult post-war world. Of this he is fully conscious; and, whatever his approach may be, it is certain that his work will benefit from his varied experience and diverse gifts.

THE VILLAIN

**A one-act drama of the Australian bush in which the villain is played by a thieving Koala bear, and the hero is an inoffensive echidna or spiny ant-eater**

THE HERO

# THE KOALA AND THE ECHIDNA

THE stage is set. It is midday in the Australian bush. The hot sun beats down on the torrid earth. Centre-stage a round bowl gleams whitely. In it is egg and milk, food for the hero. The curtain rises.

ACT I, SCENE ENTER THE VILLAIN STEALTHILY. HE APPROACHES THE BOWL GREEDILY

THE HERO ADVANCES. MEEKLY HE TAKES THE VILLAIN'S HAND; PLEADS PITIFULLY FOR HIS FOOD

OVERWHELMED BY THE VILLAIN'S MIGHT HE BOWS HIS HEAD. TEARS FLOW DOWN HIS SNOUT

THE VILLAIN HAS NO SYMPATHY. WITH A SWIFT BLOW HE CASTS THE MISERABLE HERO TO ONE SIDE

GASPING, THE HERO WITHDRAWS. LICKING HIS LIPS THE VILLAIN APPROACHES THE LUSCIOUS FOOD

THE STARVING HERO TRIES AGAIN. ON BENDED KNEES HE BEGS FOR ENOUGH FOOD TO KEEP HIM ALIVE

BUT THE VILLAIN IS MERCILESS. A CRUEL GLEAM APPEARS IN HIS EYES. HE KICKS. CURTAIN

**Wearing Habit of a Nun** is Ingrid Bergman, the film star who will be seen in the new picture, *The Bells of St. Mary's.* She plays the principal of a convent school for boys and girls

**Sister Benedict** (Ingrid Bergman) inspects the new graduation dresses of one of the older classes. Children taking part in film were thrilled by "formal" dresses and so were given them

**Checking the Work** of the scholars in the convent school of St. Mary's. Plot of the film revolves round the school's efforts to raise funds to put its finances in good order

# INGRID BERGMAN STUDIES IN CONVENT FOR NEW FILM

WHEN the famous star, Ingrid Bergman, was chosen for the role of a Sister Superior in a Roman Catholic school, her knowledge of such religious orders as the one concerned was non-existent.

"I'm a Lutheran myself," she explained, "and I know very little about the personal and human side of a nun's life. Where can I learn about them?"

She was taken to the convent of St. Agnes in Los Angeles. There she was introduced to the Sister Superior, a brilliant teacher and poetess, who permitted her to study her subject in the convent.

Ingrid spent many days in the convent, joining in the daily routine of work and prayers. She attended devotions in the tiny chapel, ate silent meals in the convent refectory and watched the sisters when they were teaching in the nearby school.

"I have never met such wonderful women," she said afterwards. "They are so simple, full of happiness, and so vivaciously humorous in their outlook."

As a result of her study, Ingrid Bergman gives in this R.K.O.-Radio picture a sympathetic and well-balanced study of a Sister Superior who, in conjunction with a local priest, played by Bing Crosby, works to improve the financial status of the school.

This picture will come as a successor to *Going My Way* which, with Bing Crosby as the same Father O'Malley, proved so successful in this country as well as in America.

# New Methods Help

**Soil Tests** are provided for tenants under the Land Settlement Association. Mr. Edmond Knight is seen testing soil from Mr. Jeffrey Godden's holding for lime content

**Home Guard** uniform serves Mr. Thomas Newton for his farm work. With his wife, Dora, he proudly examines a fine pumpkin, nearly ripe for cutting, on his holding

"**The Bhoys** that pay the rint" was the classical Irish name for the pigs. Mr. Godden and all the other tenants have the benefit of skilled technical advice on pig-keeping

**Central Packing** station, where Mrs. Gwen Whitehorn is seen grading tomatoes, carefully sorts the fruit out into three classes, known as "best," "rough" and "chats"

# The Little Man On SMALLHOLDERS' SETTLEMENT

A NEW kind of agricultural community, holding out great promise for the future, has been evolved by the Land Settlement Association, which now owns nineteen estates in England. It consists of independent smallholdings grouped round a co-operative marketing organization.

Started ten years ago, to give employment to men from the distressed areas, these settlements have been most successful. Last year, for example, ten out of the thirty-nine tenants on one settlement earned over £800 each, and the average net income of the whole body of tenants was £428.

Only men with previous agricultural experience are now considered as new applicants for holdings, and there is a waiting list. Though of course wartime conditions have favoured agriculture, these smallholdings were a paying concern even before the war.

Four main reasons for this prosperity seem to exist. These are: (1) Co-operative buying and marketing; (2) a co-operative Propagating Section; (3) expert instruction from a trained staff attached to each settlement; (4) special credit facilities granted by the bank to tenants of the Association.

The tenant is an independent farmer on the land, consisting of about two acres, which he rents from the Association for £40 to £50 a year complete with dwelling house, glasshouse, piggery and Dutch lights. But in his lease he undertakes, firstly, to sell his produce only through the co-operative marketing organization, and secondly, to buy goods only from the Association's store.

This ensures efficient marketing at low cost to all tenants, and also that only good, healthy stock in animals and plants enters the Settlement. This latter precaution is a protection against disease, the worst enemy of the independent smallholder.

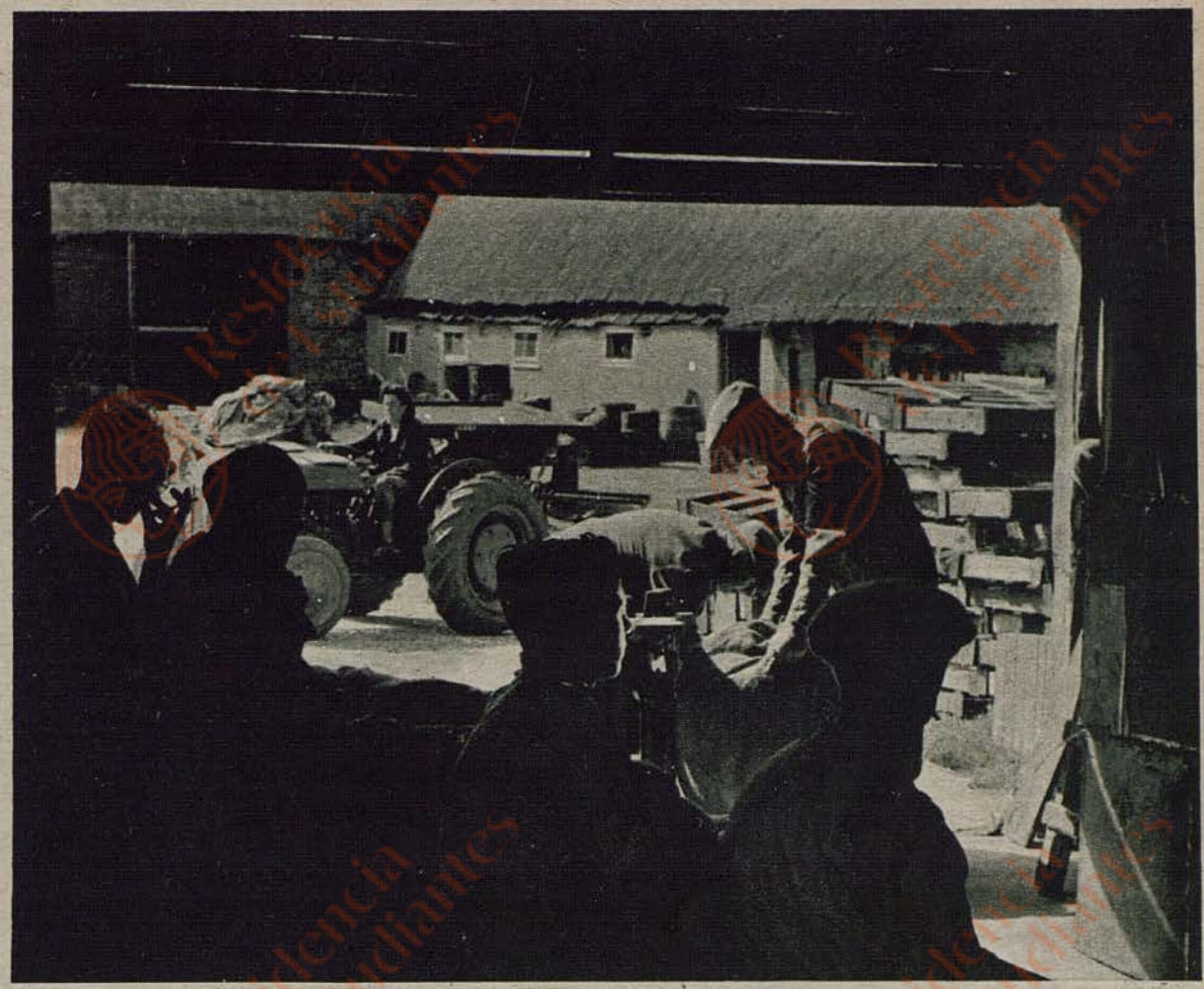
All chickens on the settlement are supplied to tenants as day old chicks from the Association's incubating station. The laying pullets are kept in batteries, wire cages where each hen's feed and eggs can be kept separately. When the laying season is over the hens are culled out and sold as plump boiling fowls.

During the war tenants have cultivated market garden produce, tomatoes, frame melons and cucumbers. In peace time they will tend to concentrate on early vegetables under glass and will probably increase their stock of pigs and poultry. A lot of cultivation under glass is done; Dutch lights are used on the ground or erected on frames to form glasshouses as required.

We visited an estate at Sidlesham, Sussex. A talk with Mr. Jeffrey Godden revealed that he had only rented his holding for six months. Before that he had been in the Army, while Mrs. Godden was doing shorthand-typing in a London office. She seemed very knowledgeable about farming for a girl who had lived all her life in London. "We get a lot of help from the Association's experts here," she explained. "There's the pig adviser, the poultry adviser, and the horticultural adviser, who shows you how to cultivate the plants and when to pick them in order to get the best market."

We walked across their holding to see their fine Rhode Island Red pullets. Glossy plumage and healthy scarlet combs showed that the birds were doing well in the movable folds that could be pushed on to a clean plot of grass, thus reducing cleaning work to a minimum.

Walking back through the garden, we peered into two cold frames. In one of them shining green



**Week's Supplies** are weighed out by the storekeeper, Mr. Sydney Terry, helped by Mr. Albert Jones, while four smallholders queue up. The tenants agree to buy all their necessary goods and materials at the central store

**Co-operative buying and marketing, expert agricultural instruction, special bank credits, are producing excellent results on the Land Settlement Association's estates**

cucumbers lay amongst thick foliage; in the other grew melons. "The horticultural adviser taught me how to pollinate the melons," said Mrs. Godden. "Sometimes the bees do it for them but it's safer to make sure yourself."

We went in to see the house, which comprised a sitting-room, a kitchen, three bedrooms, a bathroom and lavatory. The bath was heated from a combination cooking stove and there was an electric cooker as well.

We walked back along the U-shaped service road past similar holdings to the central packing station. Here tomatoes that had been collected from the tenants that morning by the settlement lorry were being graded into three classes: "best," "rough" and "chats." The girl who was receiving the tenants' boxes took out a small blue advice note on which was written: "20 lbs. tomatoes, J. Dixon."

She weighed them carefully on scales that are officially checked. She then compared with the tenant's estimate on the form, corrected it if necessary, and passed it on to the accountant's office. There the price of the tomatoes, less expenses for marketing, would be credited to the account of Mr. J. Dixon's holding. A similar system of forms debited his account for goods supplied from the Association's central store, and for the rent of his holding. Accounts of these transactions are presented to the tenants and settled once a month.

Each tenant must start with a minimum of £50, but by an arrangement between the Association and the bank, he can borrow money at the usual bank interest rate up to the amount that he can bring in himself; so that if he has £100 he can start farming with £200.

Any land on the estate that is not cultivated by tenants is farmed by the estate manager, who also carries out for the tenants any cultivation requiring machinery. This work is charged to their account at a certain rate per hour. By co-operation this scheme provides the smallholder with all the advantages of marketing, scientific advice and modern machinery enjoyed by a large farm, while preserving the advantages of individual ownership.

It is interesting to see how, given exactly the same conditions, one family will make treble the profits made by the family next door. They may work harder and show more intelligence, and perhaps they may gain by more co-operation as a family, the wife and even the young children helping.

"Do the wives get bored with the country life?" we asked. But we learned that there is an active social life in the Settlement. A social secretary runs clubs for the young people and children and arranges facilities for the Women's Institute, to which many of the older women belong. The neighbouring village is invited to join in the Settlement's social activities, so that it becomes part of the life of the countryside.

Mr. Thomas Newton, who had originally been employed on shipbuilding, told me he preferred to stay on the land. "It's a good life," he said, "though if my tomatoes don't do better than this next year I may think of shipbuilding again—not but that's as chancey a trade as tomatoes."

"Your tomatoes look all right to me."

"See this," he said, showing me a withered bud, "and this." "We'll have to steam-sterilize your ground; it's getting tired, I expect," said Mr. Constable, the estate manager.

Steam sterilizing, horticultural experts, composting: what a much better chance tomatoes had here than in my back garden, I thought a little enviously.

Most of the money required to buy and equip the estates was provided by the Government, but some was from voluntary sources. Thus the organization is one of those useful hybrids between state-aid and private enterprise. It seemed to me that here was an excellent scheme for the man who wanted an outdoor life and a safe livelihood while remaining his own master.

PRISCILLA STUCLEY

# Copy-Cat Of Cloth Fair

## by Felix Kay

"I AGREE with you, Foster, said Mr. Holliday. "Until we have something a little more definite to go on, we must proceed tactfully. What do you suggest?"

Mr. Foster, Claims Manager for the Regency Insurance Corporation, returned his director's serious gaze with just a trace of diffidence.

"Well, sir," he began, "I was thinking of putting young Chevening on this case. He's the brightest junior we have, and I felt that his youth might disarm suspicion."

"There is something in that, certainly," replied the director; "but do you really think Chevening would be capable of grasping the essential factors in this case?"

"Oh, I'm sure he would," responded Foster warmly. "I've been watching Chevening for some time, sir. He has go-ahead qualities. I happen to know that he's studying hard in his spare time. Why, only the other day I met him with a copy of 'Keeler's Claims-Assessors' Guide' under his arm!"

The director smiled slightly.

"Well," he replied, "if the youngster's digested a tenth part of that mighty volume, he must be keen! He may know something of what will be required of him. We'll give him a chance, anyway. Ask him to step in."

The manager withdrew and returned a minute or two later accompanied by Harry Chevening, junior clerk in the claims' department, an alert-looking youth of twenty-three or four.

Sit down," commanded Mr. Holliday. "I sent for you, Chevening, because Mr. Foster has suggested that you are ambitious to forsake your routine work for the higher branches of the department's duties.

"Circumstances have now arisen which may present an opportunity for you to show your mettle. You are, I take it, conversant with the details of a claim which has been made recently by a Mr. Silas Garner in respect of a fire at his offices in Cloth Fair?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chevening briskly; "I have to enter all the claims in the registers as they come in, so I remember the details of Garner's case perfectly."

"Good," commented Mr. Holliday, "but there are certain details of which you will know nothing—details which I have in a confidential file here on my desk.

"The circumstances in which the fire broke out were decidedly suspicious. It took place on a Saturday afternoon, just three hours *after* the office had been closed and locked by Garner himself.

"Deserted offices do not flare up without reason, but in this case the damage was so great that our assessors were unable to give any definite opinion beyond a supposition that the fire had started near the stairs, which led to an upper store-room."

The director paused for a moment to refer to the confidential file upon his desk; then he sought Chevening's gaze again.

"Now, little is known of Mr. Garner. His policy had been running for less than a year and, in fact, he only took the premises in Cloth Fair about fourteen months ago, when he arrived from America.

"So far as inquiries on this side go, he appears to have conducted his business in a perfectly sound manner.

"But a cable from a firm of commercial agents in America seems to raise some element of doubt. Let me read it to you:

'Man mentioned appears to be identical with "Copy-Cat" Garner, so-called for stealing rivals' ideas. Believed left U.S.A. after bogus burglary at New York Office.'"

Mr. Holliday allowed this revelation to sink in for a few moments before he proceeded. Chevening said nothing, but waited expectantly.

"You will see," resumed the director, "that, circumstantially, the case is suspicious. A new business; a serious fire in the first year; a closed office and no clue as to the fire's origin; a heavy claim and the hint of an unsavoury past record in America.

"But there is nothing *definite*, and we may be doing an injustice to a perfectly innocent man. That cable, you may have noted, only said 'appears' and 'believed,' and, unfortunately, it will take time to substantiate the implications made by correspondence.

"Meanwhile, the claim being a heavy one Mr. Garner is very naturally pressing for settlement. The position is a delicate one, and to send any more assessors to make searching investigation might put him on his guard. But if you go along in the capacity of junior clerk, to check over his statement of claim, he is not likely to be suspicious.

"If you keep your eyes open it is just possible that you may see something that escaped our assessors, who, of course, carried out their inspection *before* that disquieting cable arrived from America. Now, do you understand what is wanted?"

"Yes, sir," replied Chevening promptly. "I'll go at once."

"Wait a moment," put in Holliday, raising his hand reprovingly. "I suggest that you had better confer with Mr. Foster first, and he will be able to give you some hints as to the particular details for which you must watch."

"Very good, sir," said Chevening humbly. He followed the manager to his room, and stood respectfully beside his desk while Mr. Foster lectured him exhaustively on the subject of arson. At last, however, he got away and, looking out the statement of claim,

*LONG-HAIRED DACHSHUNDS bred by Mrs. Smith-Rewse. An assistant holds two future champions, which are only seven weeks old*

deliberately upset his inkwell upon it. Then he took a sheaf of blank forms and hurried out of the office.

Twenty minutes later he was shown into the private office of Mr. Silas Garner, which by good fortune, was situated in a part of the building which had not suffered in the fire. Men were still working among the surrounding ruins and, as Chevening passed through, he noticed that the front portion of the passage and an adjoining room had been completely gutted, while the staircase was quite demolished.

"A nasty fire, sir," he said to Mr. Garner, a middle-aged man with coarse features, to whom he took an instinctive dislike.

"Terrible—terrible!" said the other, shaking his head sadly. There was a furtive look in his eyes and he had a twisted, leering mouth.

"Well, I'm sorry to trouble you now, sir," went on Chevening hastily, "but I had an accident with your statement of claim—upset some ink on it, and there are one or two items I can't make out. I wondered if you could spare ten minutes to run through it with me so that I can make a fair copy? It would save me from getting into trouble at the office."

"Oh, all right," replied Garner, reaching for a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles which lay upon his desk among a litter of books of reference and trade directories.

Chevening drew up a chair, and together they bent over the ink-stained document. The task of making a fair copy occupied nearly double the time mentioned by Chevening, but eventually the work was accomplished.

Chevening then folded up his papers and turned brightly to the other: "Thanks ever so much, sir," he said. "It's very good of you and I'm sorry to have put you to this extra trouble. What do you suppose caused the fire?"

This last query was put so casually, that Garner did not betray any surprise.

"Just can't imagine," he said sadly. "It's a mystery. How do half the fires that occur get started? Spontaneous combustion? Mice nibbling matches in an office drawer? The fusing of an electric wire? I guess it's dreadful to think what small causes may bring ruin to a man. Why, I heard of a case once where a lorry rumbling down a narrow street caused a fire in the third storey of a building on the opposite side of the road!"

"Good gracious!" gasped Chevening, laying down his dispatch-case and staring incredulously at Garner. "It doesn't sound possible."

"Yep," went on the American with a sagacious wag of his bald head. "You see, the vibration set up by the lorry shook some flimsy dresses from a rail; one of them just touched an open fire as it fell, and flared up in a moment, the flames reached the other garments and as no one was in the room the whole place was ablaze in no time. I guess it's dreadful to think of; dreadful to think of! Good-day."

"Good day, sir," gasped Chevening, and hurried out of the room.

But, after the door had closed behind him, he lingered on his way out to inspect the damage, paying particular attention to the ruins of the demolished stairs. Then he returned to the headquarters of the Regency Insurance Corporation, and strode down to the director's private office. He did not pause, but knocked gently and walked straight in.

"I think I've found out something important," he cried, and for the next ten minutes the director was an attentive listener.

"Could you ask Garner to come round now, sir?" asked Chevening eagerly. "I mean, sir, I feel sure that you could get at the truth."

The director looked up gravely.

"Have you reported this matter to Mr. Foster?" he asked.

"No, sir," was Chevening's lame admission.

"H'm . . . Well, go and explain everything to Mr. Foster, and meanwhile I'll telephone to Mr. Garner and ask him to look round. Tell Mr. Foster to be ready to come in with all the papers for the interview. What you have told me certainly seems to bear out the allegations made in that cable."

As Chevening passed down the office he caught a glimpse of the Claims Manager hurrying out of the building. He remembered, suddenly, that he had heard Mr. Foster say that he had an appointment that afternoon which would probably occupy him for a couple of hours. That was a bit of luck!

So he deliberately cooled his heels for a while in the general office before returning to the director's room.

"Mr. Foster is out, sir," he said blithely. "I just missed him. They say he's not expected back for several hours."

"How annoying," cried Mr. Holliday, "and Garner's on his way round now."

"Couldn't I be present at the interview, please, sir?" pleaded Chevening boldly.

"I suppose you'll have to be," was the none too enthusiastic reply.

When Silas Garner was shown into the director's room a little later he strutted in with a truculent swagger.

"Very busy, very busy," he announced, "but I presume you wish to hand me your cheque? I'll be glad to get this business settled. It has worried me to death."

"I can quite believe it," responded Holliday dryly, motioning his visitor to a seat. "All fires are worrying, and this one is no exception. But I am afraid I haven't been able to settle your claim yet, Mr. Garner. I sent for you because of something which my clerk here has just told me."

Garner shot a swift glance at Chevening, but when he recognized the youngster who had visited him a little earlier in the day he seemed visibly relieved.

"Something in the statement, I suppose," he said airily. "The copy was made rather hurriedly; *we* may possibly have made some slip. But that can soon be righted."

"Excuse me, Mr. Garner," put in Chevening daringly, springing to his feet and facing the American, "but may I ask you just one question?"

Garner shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Ask a hundred!" he snapped. "Though why I should listen to a young rip like you, I don't know."

Mr. Holliday, greatly astonished, vainly endeavoured to catch his clerk's eye.

"Kindly leave *me* to explain to Mr. Garner," he said tartly, but Chevening hardly seemed to hear. He had gone tensely white, and was obviously nervous. Then, with a sudden effort he regained his self-possession and said:

"Was it four inches of candle you put in the cupboard under the stairs with the shavings and the paraffin, Mr. Garner: or was it three? From the time the fire broke out, I should say four."

It was now Garner's turn to spring to his feet, and his features, too, had undergone a sudden change. Hatred and fear were mingled as he stared defiantly at the youthful clerk before him.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

"I didn't *know;* I guessed," was Chevening's reply.

"But how? There wasn't a trace!"

"No, Mr. Garner, but there was

(*continued on page* 26)

# MISTAKEN IDENTITY by GILBERT WILKINSON


"The Darling"

# A MAN IN THE LEGION by A.C. Barrett


## Copy-Cat Of Cloth Fair—continued

a copy of 'Keeler's Claims Assessors' Guide' amongst the books on your desk, and you may remember we had an interesting little discussion about the unusual origin of fires."

"Well?" asked Garner.

"In America," said Chevening, growing more confident, "I believe they called you 'Copy-Cat' Garner; they evidently knew you very well. When you were talking to me you lived up to your nickname. I've been studying 'Keeler's Guide' for months, so it soon dawned upon me that you were plagiarizing pretty freely from the section dealing with the obscure origin of fires. *All* the examples you quoted lead up to a sub-section on Arson, which gives several neat forms of starting a fire on the time-fuse principle.

"The candle under the stairs is the most simple to operate and also the one least likely to leave traces; so I just guessed you'd *copied* that, especially as the Assessors had already surmised that the fire at your place had broken out near the stairs!"

Garner sank back into his chair, a limp heap.

"Beaten!" he gasped. "Beaten by a darned clerk!"

"No," put in Holliday, as he reached for the telephone. "By Mr. Chevening—our new Claims Assessor!"

*VIEWPOINTS*

# HOPE AFTER TWO YEARS

This is the picture in question.

Is it possible for you to give me any information about the man I have marked with a cross in your picture (ILLUSTRATED, September 29)? I am sure he is my fiancé who was a prisoner of war at Singapore, and from whom nothing has been heard for two years.

**M. Hastings.**

4 Chatterton Road, Stubbins,
Nr. Manchester.

I have put a ring round one of the released Singapore prisoners of war shown in your picture; I recognize him as my brother. It is nearly two years since we had word from him, and we are wondering if he could be on one of the ships now on its way home.

**Janie Morrice.**

12 Cotton Street, Aberdeen.

*Our photographer was not able to get the names of all those imprisoned by the Japanese at Singapore. Now that the men have been freed, there should be little delay in hearing from them and we hope that there will soon be many happy reunions.*

### English Without Tears

A young French student, I read ILLUSTRATED every Wednesday. So I dare write to you my request; I want to hold a correspondency with one among your English readers, a miss or a boy, that for improving my english language, learnt insufficiently in a lycée; I add that I shall be joyous, if I can improve the french learnt by a young english. I am seventeen, and I wish I had a correspondent of my age if possible. I request the favour of seeing my dear desire hearkened by your review and I give to you my anticipated thanks.

**Jean Bizet.**

18 bis, rue d'Armaillé,
Paris 17eme.

*Congratulations, France! Now it's up to England.*

### Molotov—Scriabin

Your interesting close-up of M. Molotov (ILLUSTRATED, September 29) reveals that his real name is Scriabin. Is the Soviet Foreign Minister any connection of the famous composer.

Incidentally, may I ask why some Russian "high-ups" use names other than their own. Trotsky's real name was Bronstein; Lenin was Ulyanov, and Stalin was born Djugashvilli.

**B. R. S.**

Maida Vale, W.9.

*M. Molotov and the composer are not related, as far as we can ascertain. Many of the old Bolsheviks changed their names in Czarist days for obvious reasons; Lenin was used as a writing pseudonym; Stalin ("man of steel") was the name given by Lenin to the present Soviet Premier for his fighting qualities in the revolutionary cause.*

### Photographisment?

Why not pictorial advertising in place of the stereotyped advertisement? Each space to have a photograph with the barest details of the selling point.

Result: every ILLUSTRATED page would be a picture page.

**F. B. R.**

Willesden, N.W.2.

*Idea has been under consideration before, but it is unsuitable. Most advertisers wish to illustrate an advertisement, not advertise an illustration. Furthermore, advertisements would look similar.*

### Cover Girl

We have just received a copy of ILLUSTRATED dated September 8 in our mess, and quite a discussion has arisen as to whether the "Harvest Girl" on the cover is British or French. Can you give us some "gen" on this exceptionally pretty young girl?

**B. Jensen, Sgt.**

108 Repair and Salvage Unit,
R.A.F., B.A.O.C.

Other chaps have their Grables and Lamours, but I'd rather have your "Harvest Girl"; she's my one and only pin-up girl. But what is her name? I really would like to know it.

**John Durham, Dvr.**

508 Coy.,
R.A.S.C., B.A.O.R.

*We must confess—she is not a real "Harvest Girl," but a model.*

### Fashion Critics

Whatever possessed you to publish that article "Mary had a Little Lamb" (ILLUSTRATED, October 6)? Who wants fur shorts in the sunshine, anyway? You should really come down to earth; show us how to keep warm yet presentable on twenty-four coupons in eight months.

Brighton, Sussex. **E. K. R.**

I am no fashion expert, but I would like to give my opinion of the lamb fur fashions. No. 1 is very lovely, but would look even better with No. 5 hat. No. 2 might be better as skirt instead of trousers; hat quite good. No 3; a fine two-piece, but I would prefer a fuller top with buttons. No. 4 dress is grand, but looks silly with skirt as wrap-round. No. 5 is just perfect. No 6; jumper and hat are lovely, but shorts might be longer. Sandals should have more heel. And wrap-round on cover would be more attractive if longer.

Watlington, **V. Shearer.**
King's Lynn, Norfolk.

### Eighth Army Leave

Your article on the Eighth Army leave scheme (ILLUSTRATED, July 14) made very interesting reading, but why do you say under picture number nine, "conquerors drive on the left"? If they did, they wouldn't live long enough to enjoy their leave!

**F. Bone, L.A/C.**

111 Squadron, R.A.F., C.M.F.

*Right, Leading Aircraftman. The car seen on the left is actually overtaking the leave-convoy truck, but the spare wheel, normally carried at the rear, was in this case on the radiator, giving the car the appearance of travelling in the opposite direction. The road is one section of a two-way autobahn.*

### Post-war Crime Wave

Stop all importation of war-souvenirs by rigorous searching at the ports and airfields—that is one answer to the traffic in weapons mentioned in your article, "War's Aftermath of Crime" (ILLUSTRATED, October 6). Surely Servicemen have had enough of arms, and do not wish their children to grow up in an atmosphere tainted by these relics of barbarism.

**E. G. H.**

Llandudno, Wales.

### Accidental Extraction

Wrong caption under baby photograph (ILLUSTRATED, August 18). Average baby at ten months would have eight teeth; two central incisors lower jaw, followed by four central upper jaw and then two lateral lower jaw.

**Captain, Army Dental Corps.**

M.E.F.

. . . lady with four teeth finds the baby show proceedings grim.

*Our apologies to the dentist—and to the baby's mother.*

### Could We Have—

**More . . .**

. . . articles on what is happening in European countries other than Germany.

Birchington, Kent. **F. N.**

. . . series of picture problems to test our intelligence; answers to be published the following week.

Brixton, S.W.2. **P. L.**

**Less . . .**

. . . glamour and dancing.

Nottingham. **R. G. N.**

**Please address your letters to The Editor, ILLUSTRATED, 191-2 High Holborn, London, W.C.1**

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# A good time coming and not very far away!


ALREADY some of the famous 'Batchelor' Specialities are back in the shops again and we are hoping conditions may soon permit the present trickle to become a really satisfactory stream.

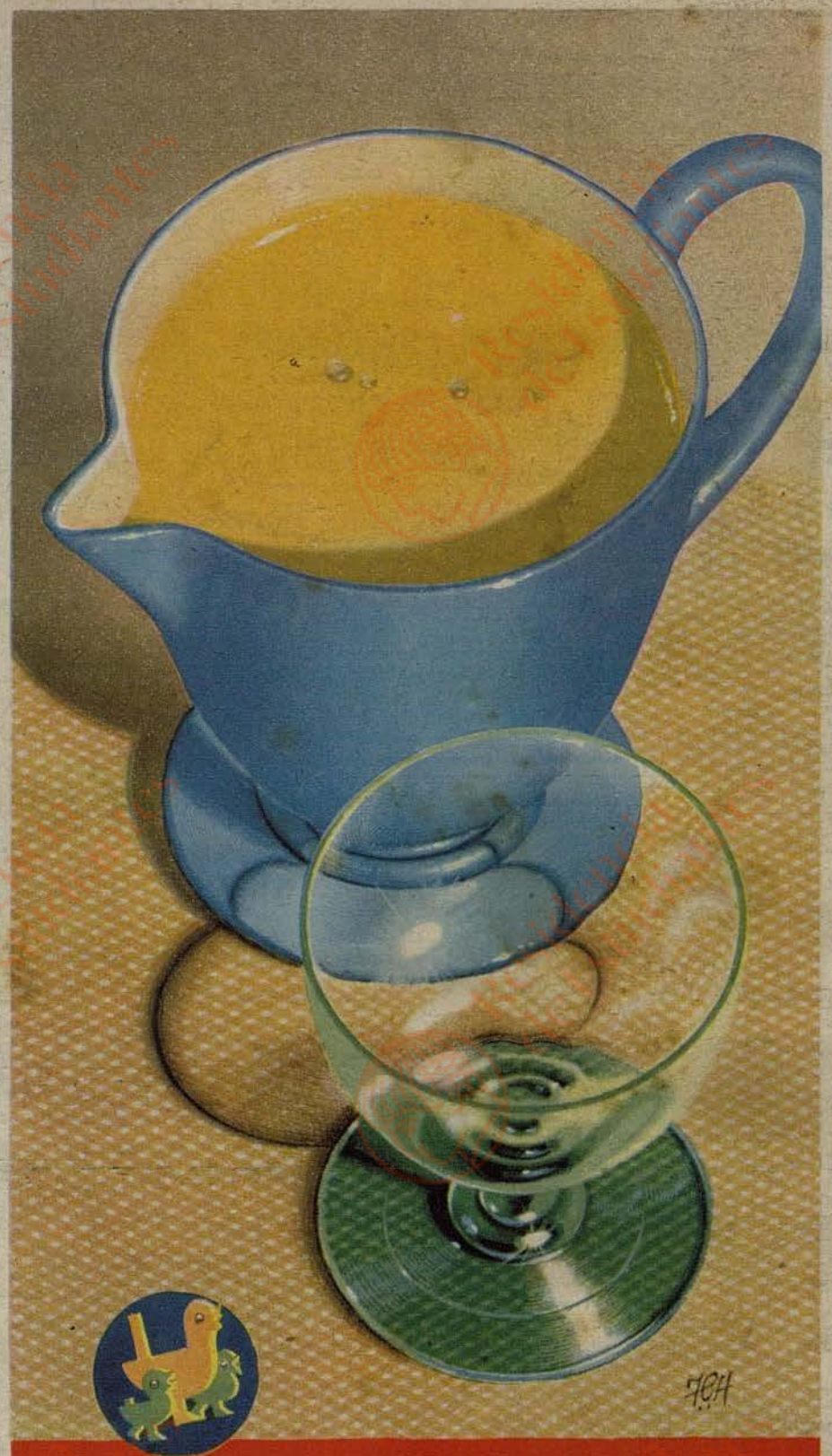
Meanwhile, in case of difficulty, housewives who 'shop around' a little may be able to provide their families with one or another of Batchelor's many appetising, tasty, time-saving delights.

*Ask for Batchelor's Baked Beans in rich Tomato Sauce*

**Batchelor's**

ENGLISH CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES

BATCHELOR'S PEAS LIMITED, SHEFFIELD



# BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES