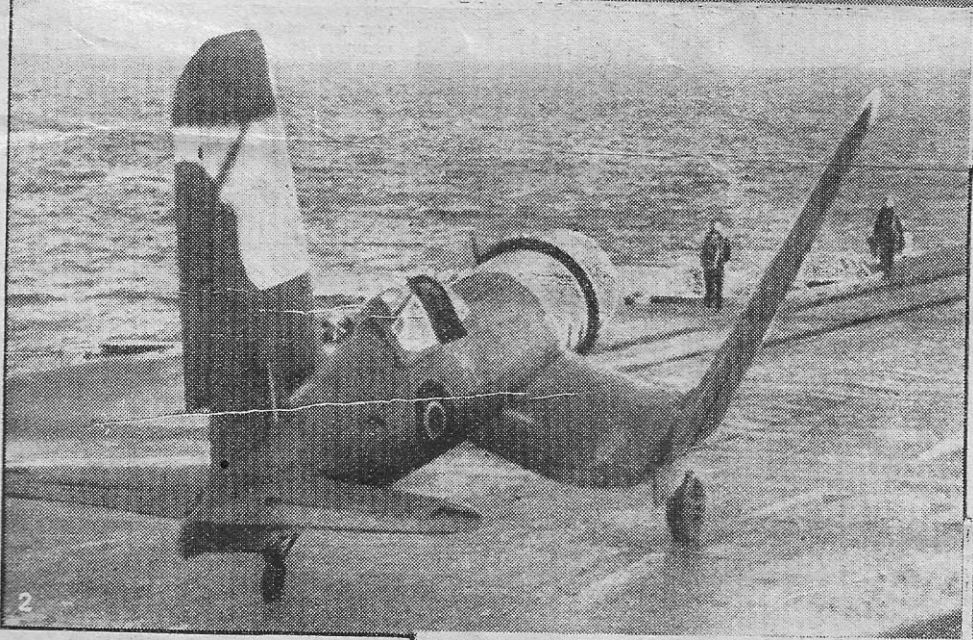


Corsair is the Fleet Air Arm's Latest Fighter



THE CORSAIR PILOTS had put in months of hard training for the great day when their squadron should join the carrier. Some had carried out deck-landing training at an airfield in America, then perfecting landings on the flight-deck of a carrier before returning to England to start their operational careers in real earnest.

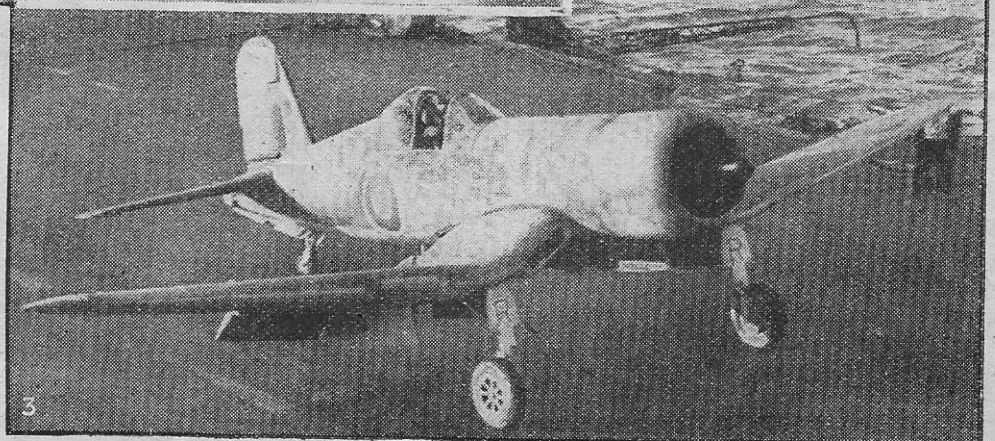
The plane that crashed (1). The pilot was unhurt and his aircraft was removed by the self-propelling crane seen in the background. A Corsair on the deck-landing area (3) starts to taxi away; folding its wings (2), it will then enter the lift which will bear it down into the hangar.

Photos, British Official

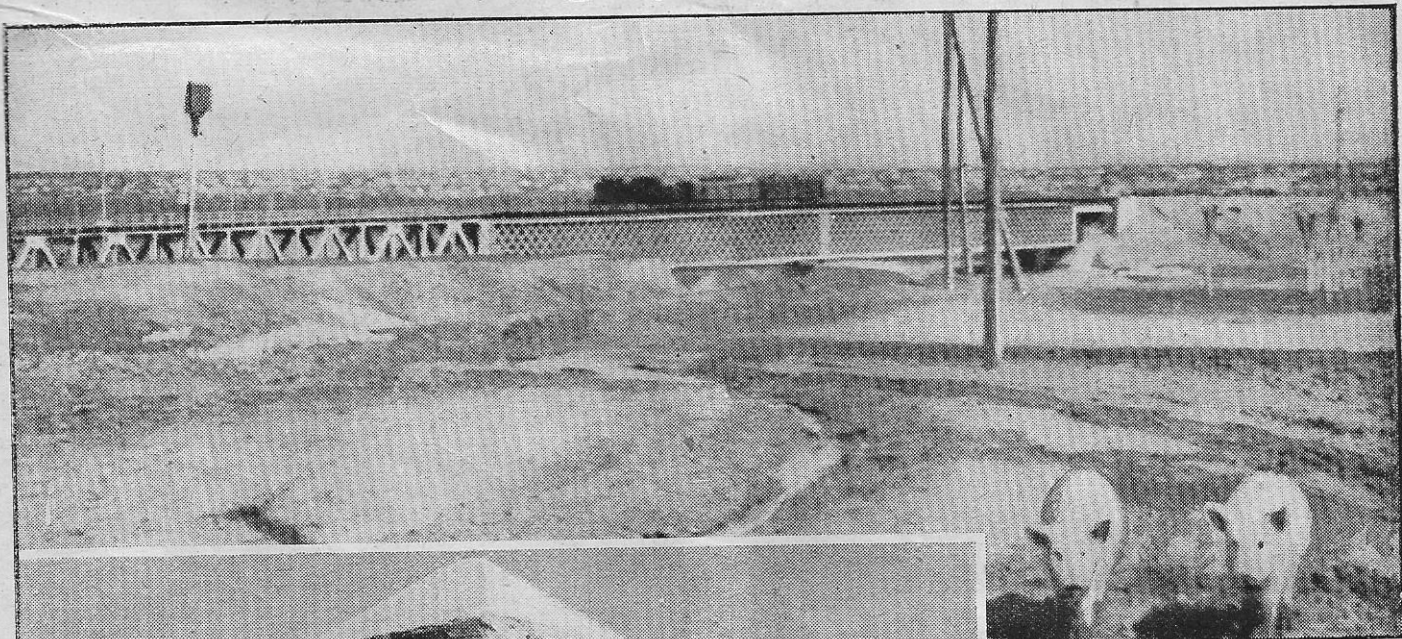
LAATEST ADDITION to our air striking power at sea is the American-built Vought-Sikorsky Corsair aircraft, a single-seater ship-board fighter powered with a 1,850 h.p. Pratt-Hind Whitney Double Wasp engine; wing-span 40 feet, length 30 feet.

A notable event was the day recently on which a complete squadron of these planes joined a British aircraft carrier off the north-west coast of Scotland: the first operational Fleet Air Arm squadron, equipped with the new Corsairs, were to make their first landings on a British flight-deck. The superstructure and gun wells of the carrier were crowded with officers and ratings as the leading Corsair came in to alight. Apart from one which crashed on the flight-deck as the result of a miscalculation on its pilot's part, all made perfect landings.

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Rumania and Hungary Now in Parlous Plight



GERMAN MILITARY OCCUPATION of Hungary, reported to have begun on March 19, 1944, was complete by March 22. In Rumania, German forces were considerably strengthened from Austria. To the east, the Red Army were over the Dniester and had reached points less than 25 miles from the Rumanian frontier.

Gains secured by Hungary at the expense of Rumania, Slovakia and Yugoslavia as reward for her participation in Germany's war are now of no account; her fate is comparable with that of Rumania, whose men were sacrificed before Odessa, Sebastopol and in the Caucasus.

Concrete fortifications along the Hungarian frontier (3) are today of as little value to Hungary as was the Maginot Line to France. On the lower Dniester, 32 miles east of Kishinev, the Tighina Bridge (1) links Bessarabia with Russia; at Tiraspol, 8 miles from Tighina, this Rumanian sentry (2) keeps anxious watch. See map in p. 677.

Photos, Muir



Editor's Postscript

BASIC English is receiving a very considerable amount of attention at present, thanks to Mr. Churchill's interest in it, and I think that from the point of view of international relationships it is most desirable that this should be so. I would point out, however, that Basic English can be of no conceivable use to an Englishman who has learned his native tongue in the natural way that all native tongues are learned, and it would be a truly terrifying prospect for English literature if our schools were to teach British boys and girls only the limited vocabulary which the inventor of Basic English has contrived for the expression of all ordinary thoughts on the common affairs of life. On the other hand, the study of foreign languages—and here again more from the commercial point of view than the literary—presented on the principles of Basic English is going to be of immense importance in the future and might well result in making the English, who are not notably gifted in foreign languages, quite a polyglot people. I cannot imagine, however, that Basic English will ever be popular with the coloured citizens of the United States, who have a passion for using long and sonorous words. A friend of mine tells a story of travelling in the Southern States and having some doubt about arriving at a junction in time to catch another train. He discussed it with the Negro conductor, who set his mind at rest with these consoling words: "Believe me, Sah, you can eliminate the possibility of any such contingency occurring."

I HOPE everyone who reads this is doing all he or she can do to make the "Salute the Soldier" weeks surpass in their financial result the efforts that were so successful in providing money for ships and aircraft. A good start has been made and the collection will go on until July ends. We must make the total a lot higher than the earlier drives for the war fund yielded, satisfactory though they were, all things considered. Now we have an incentive to invest in War Savings of all kinds which did not exist before. We can feel it is the last effort we shall have to make before the enemy's strength is broken in Europe. After that there will be Japan, it is true; but victory on this side of the world will release enormous quantities of men and women and armaments, and the cost of the war will be somewhat less burdensome. Apart from the sums that will be raised to meet this burden, it is a very good thing that the Army should be publicized a bit more than it has been during this war. We used in the past to hear only of Tommy Atkins. The Navy was the "silent Service." The Air Force didn't exist. Now both the sailors and the airmen tend to overshadow the soldier. It is time the balance was restored.

I HAVE known British generals with all sorts of queer habits—or I should say habits that seemed queer in British generals. I never knew one who learned poems and enjoyed repeating them to himself. That is Field Marshal Wavell's hobby, and he has let us know what are the poems he likes best by publishing a book of them. It is not surprising that he rates Kipling very highly among his favourites, but it is surprising that he admits to not caring for Tennyson. I should have thought anybody who liked the one Victorian poet would be keen on the other. They had much the same qualities, metrical perfection among

others, and a sort of super-Man-in-the-Street mentality. You may wonder at my calling Kipling a Victorian. But if you look back over his work, you will see that he made his name during the reign of the old Queen, and it was just about the time she died that he had his very dangerous illness in America and only just scraped through, with the result that never afterwards did his work appear to have quite the same vigour and distinction. His "Soldiers Three" were soldiers of the Queen, and his finest poem, "Recessional," was inspired by his reflections on her Diamond Jubilee. I hope the Viceroy of India (Lord Wavell assumed this appointment on Oct. 20, 1943) does not recite Kipling to Indians, by the way!



Lieut.-General SIR THOMAS RALPH EASTWOOD, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., arrived at Gibraltar on Feb. 27, 1944, to assume his new duties as Governor and C.-in-C. of the "Rock." Born in 1890, he was Director-General Home Guard 1940-41, and G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command from 1941. He is 53 years old, and fought in Samoa, Egypt, Gallipoli and France in the 1914-18 war.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

I DON'T know how it is now, but in the old Tsarist Russia there used to be Black Markets for all kinds of things, long before we heard of them here. If you wanted tickets for the Imperial Ballet, for instance, you were often told at the box-office that none were to be had; but they could always be bought just round the corner from a speculator. Same with railway reservations. At the station ticket-offices you would be told no places were vacant, but there were people ready to sell you what you wanted at a slightly increased price. Now I am told by a friend just back from America that this bad practice which once flourished in a despotic State has invaded the most democratic of countries. Pullman sleepers are cornered and sold by outside speculators because there is such a run on them. Trains are crammed, a large proportion of the travellers being men in uniform, though that was not true of the crowd marooned in Florida, rich holiday-makers who had to queue up day after day for weeks and return in conditions they described as "horrifying."

And the Pullmans are being taken off many trains to save space.

WHETHER hospitals "supported by voluntary contributions" will keep going when the new Health scheme promised by the Government comes into force seems to be doubtful. Those who have been the most liberal subscribers to them in the past are not likely to be able to afford that luxury in the future. The New Rich do not support charities as the Old Rich did. For the inheritors of wealth it was a tradition that they should set aside a certain sum every year for "charities." Those who have made fortunes seldom feel any urge or obligation to do that. A few like Lord Nuffield give enormous amounts, but generally speaking the charities find it more and more difficult to collect money. Those whom they succeed in tapping are for the most part a stage army. Their names figure in a great many lists and they are continually approached by the compilers of other lists who want them to extend their benefactions. It is a "vicious" circle, if I may so describe it without decrying the objects on which the money is spent. The appearance of your name in one or two annual reports leads to your being urged to figure in a lot more. I have experienced this myself. Evidently the supporters of charities are very limited in number and becoming more so.

ONE of the military terms that have come into general use of late, as "terrain" did during the last war, is "logistics." This hideous monstrosity of verbiage comes, I believe, from the French originally. The derivation is from *loger* and it means anything to do with the lodging of soldiers. The smaller Oxford Dictionary says "The art of moving and quartering troops." I suppose it is useful to have a portmanteau expression of this nature to hold what might otherwise have to be a bulky string of words, but I wish we could hit on something more in keeping with our own language. The equivalent might seem to be "quartering," since the French for our "quarter-master" is "maréchal de logis"; but that would not include the movement of troops, and usually that is what logistics has to do with in the writings of military correspondents. Not many people who come across it can have any idea of its meaning. Perhaps that is why there are some writers who like to use it as often as they can.

THE M.P. who wants the Army to be supplied with mackintoshes ought to be told that these garments are called "waterproofs" in War Office parlance—or at any rate used to be until a short time ago. Probably the reason is that they existed and were worn by soldiers of high rank before the term "mackintosh" came into circulation. It was in 1823 that a Mr. Charles Macintosh (spelt without the "k") hailing from the Scottish Highlands, patented the rubberized coat or cloak which is supposed to keep out even heavy, persistent rain. It was called after him, as the sandwich took the name of the earl who first had slices of meat put between slices of bread, and the Garibaldi biscuit that of the Italian patriot general who kept his troops going strong on raisins sandwiched between pieces of hard baked maize flour.

They Will Help Naples to Rise Again



SCHOOL ONCE MORE has become part of the everyday lives of these kiddies, shepherded by their teacher through a ruin-bordered street of Naples, which the 5th Army cleared of the enemy on Oct. 1, 1943. With textbooks supplied by the Allied Military Government, schools in all liberated Italian towns and cities are resuming the education of the rising generation; this time with instruction founded on sane lines, untainted by those insidious doctrines formerly taught.

Photo, U.S. Official

Printed in England and published every alternate Friday by the Proprietors, THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.
Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.—April 14, 1944. S.S.
Editorial Address: JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.