

LONDON'S DESIGN FOR LIVING.

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Title: Love In The Army.

Tracks: Pasadena.Clock Theme and Yearning.

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Voice: do.

To new signs of devastation Greater London's eight-million people awaken every morning. The homeless whose only habitation is a shelter philosophically bear the enforced crazy existence - this rat's life, incongruously mitigated by a paper and the morning milk. The eight-millions of Greater London have got over the first shock. They know the worst now and meet it with a smile.

Out of the ruins have welled up warm springs of humanity. Help came hours, perhaps days, before the official machinery creaked into action. Soon after dawn a mobile canteen goes the round of big shelters in the East End, organised by a Stepney vicar, Father Grosser. Because of his humanity and initiative, tea and a hot breakfast await the homeless mother, and anyone whom the bombs have dispossessed. Stepney will not forget Father Grosser.

Each morning now the millions of Greater London must queue up for transport. Lengthy queues, for often some suburban railway line is temporarily out of action, and it's bus or nothing. At least it would be if it weren't for the motorist. With so many cars to choose from some passengers won't look at anything less than a Rolls or Packer - unless the driver's terribly handsome.

You won't give me a lift? Then you know what to do with it.

To help out in the traffic crisis hundreds of buses have been borrowed from other cities. One way and another your Londoner does get to work. One way and another the places of work keep going. Shops that are household words all over the country have been all but bombed out of existence, have achieved the impossible and remained open. Assistants moved stock that escaped destruction into departments that still stand. A good business move; it takes more than a few bombs to shake a woman's faith that the hat she wants is somewhere in the West End.

There! Put that on. Keep your shoulders warm.

Back in the East End communal-feeding centres are solving the catering problem for thousands who've nowhere to cook food, no home to

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eat it. It's so easy to say things like "homeless" and "nowhere to cook food," and let their real meaning float over your head. But here are people who have no home, nothing but the clothes they wear.

Somewhere to sit, as well as somewhere to eat, is a necessity for the homeless. Rest-rooms are being provided for those Londoners who have suffered most.

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When day comes, London's danger is by no means over, witness this result of a daylight raid. From dusty chaos and confusion some people were brought out alive. Time and again men and women somehow survive the death-dealing, shattering impact of the high-explosive bomb. This is what has been happening to London for two months. The eight-million people displayed for eight weeks a collective courage unmatched in world-history. They carry on while 5,000 Pioneers clear up. The capital of the Empire gives an example not only to the Empire but to the world. Had London wilted there might have been no city left where freedom dared raise its head.

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A picture-house which had a close shave and closed for a day or two announced that the only good Hun is a dead 'un.

A.A. and R.A.C. offices were besieged by motorists who've responded to the Ministry of Transport's request to give regular lifts. Extra petrol coupons go to all who volunteer. Colonel Moore-Brabazon is the first Cabinet Minister to realise that Soak the Motorist is not the beginning and end of road wisdom. Enterprising motor-coach companies have hit on the idea of taking people well out of the London area to sleep in the vehicles and return in them next day. The idea's caught on. Danger apart, it's difficult to sleep during noisy raids in central London, so hundreds make the trip every night.

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Out in the country all is peaceful. The Londoner would willingly stay put in a place like this. Caravans are plentifully dotted about as well as coaches. Their lucky owners get more than safety - almost a real home, a real bed, anyhow, with no possible harm unless a cow pokes

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its horns through the walls.

Coach-passengers are asleep too. No so comfortably as in the caravans, but still asleep - a few of the Londoners who've made Hitler's airforce look rather silly.

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If you pay extra you can have a high-class bedroom in the luggage compartment. You won't get your shoes cleaned, though that cow we mentioned may lick them for you. Peace and quiet. So, Good Night, everybody, Good Night.

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