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WIDE WIDE WORLD

The starters pistol sets off America's annual cotton picking contest. Key note is speed, with a 25 hundred dollar prize for all God's chillum with fast-moving fingers.

Now the long pull home. On their backs, bags full of Arkansas cotton. And if they don't sing plantation songs, it's because they don't go eight to a bar. Instead, they've a spot of local colour.

From our reporter in Palestine, a sky full of parachutes. Umbrelloring down to the sands of Trans-Jordan there's a food convey for our desert soldiers. Pick-up boys are a camel patrol of the Arab Legion.

Desert delivery-time, with a four-chut ed jeep among the parcels.

Receiving at this end are patrols of Britain's 3rd Hussars and the 6th Airborne Division. For them, it's a desert with plenty of work, no sheiks and no romance.

And now, a long hop to Italy. Britain's General Morgan inspects the 56th London Division. Occasion, the anniversary of Caserta's capture in October, 43; with Italy's premier, spectacled De Gasperi on the rostrum.

For the day's high spot, the Scotties took over.

And that brings us home again from a wide, wide world.