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Embassy when a bomb exploded. Two people were killed.

Five days after the explosion, the terrorist organisation, Irgun Svai Leumi, broadcast a declaration claiming responsibility for the bombing.

To the Tower of London comes something new in a long history. To see it, came a crowd, a Field-Marshal and two Generals. All for the hero of the day, a carrier pigeon by the name of G.I. Joe.

A blue, check-splashed cock-bird, American-hatched G. I. Joe carried a message through an artillery bombardment in Italy and saved units of the 56th London Division.

Now, he's got the most important chest in Britain. On it is the Dickin Medal, the V.C. of the feathered world. To get it, Joe came by air from America, but not under his own power. And for all that, to some folk, he's still just a pigeon.

Here, from our Australian cricket reporter, first pictures of prince of batsmen, Don Bradman. With opening bat Ridings, Bradman leads South Australia's reply to Wally Hammond's first innings-score of 506 for five declared. Australia's white hope in the coming Test, this Bradman preview helps the form spotters. At 38, Don's a bit stiff in the joints, but the strokes, and the tricks are still there.

The match was drawn but Bradman made a faultless 76. Still a power in cricket-land, we shall be reporting further on his come-back.

This is the Pathé News reporter, looking over the first barrack square of Monty's new army. From six years in the army I remember a dozen squares exactly like this, a Sergeant-major like this, and, when you did dismiss, a dreary trek to the barrack room. When you got there, you found concrete floors, a coke stove and an atmosphere like a Charles Dickens workhouse. They looked like this, and it's taken Monty's new army to shake 'em up. And shake 'em up it has. Let me introduce you to a new kind of soldier.

When I was serving, they didn't have this sort of lights out.

I got a better break on the next story. It started with the days to Christmas shortening - and Mr. Strachey promising to give us all the bird - straight from Ireland. Pathé wanted a Turkey story - and here's me, I just wanted a turkey.

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They say there's one wise old bird in every flock. The one I picked must have been trained in jungle warfare. He knew all the answers.

I may not be so good on the neck-wringing business, but I can handle a rifle.