

SHEFFIELD'PEACE' GETS A 'MOVE ON'

At the City Hall, Sheffield, the much-publicised World Peace Congress fizzles out like a damp squib. For a Peace Congress it had strange ideas. From all over the world came the bewitched, but Britain couldn't be bothered, and so now they're bewildered, whilst their congress dances off to Warsaw. But still they come, to be told what to do next. Tom Mallier brings the baton which comes from Bulgaria; Mrs. Tudor Hart escorted it from Dover but loudspeakers cry 'On to Warsaw!' Our own Red Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson hadn't far to travel; but the Archimandrite Jen comes all the way from Bulgaria.

When Picasso paints the art world sits up and begs so he can afford wild-geese chases.

With the Sheffield Congress called off delegates meet to discuss such mundane things as ways and means - how to pay for the big loss; how to get to Warsaw. To Professor Bernal, vice-president of the world congress; and to the chairman of the British Committee, Mr. Crowther it is a blow, but it's a relief when this suspect kind of peace propaganda is told to move on.