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BOY KING OF IRAQ.

At a British Camp near Bagdad, the six year old King of Irak, accompanied by his uncle the Regent Emir Abdul Illah, makes himself at home with a Bren gun mounted on a lorry belonging to a Gurka unit. The youthful King Feisal II has all the boyish love for playing with guns. His country is likely to make headlines news again before long. Travelling south from Bagdad to Basra, we come across the Axis Agents turfed out of Iran. (These Nazis have something the matter with them. "Yes, go on if you must"!)

At a Port on the Persian Gulf, about six hundred Germans and Italians are about to be shipped out of the country. Out go Hitler's dirty little tourists bag and baggage. They came... they saw... and they conked out.