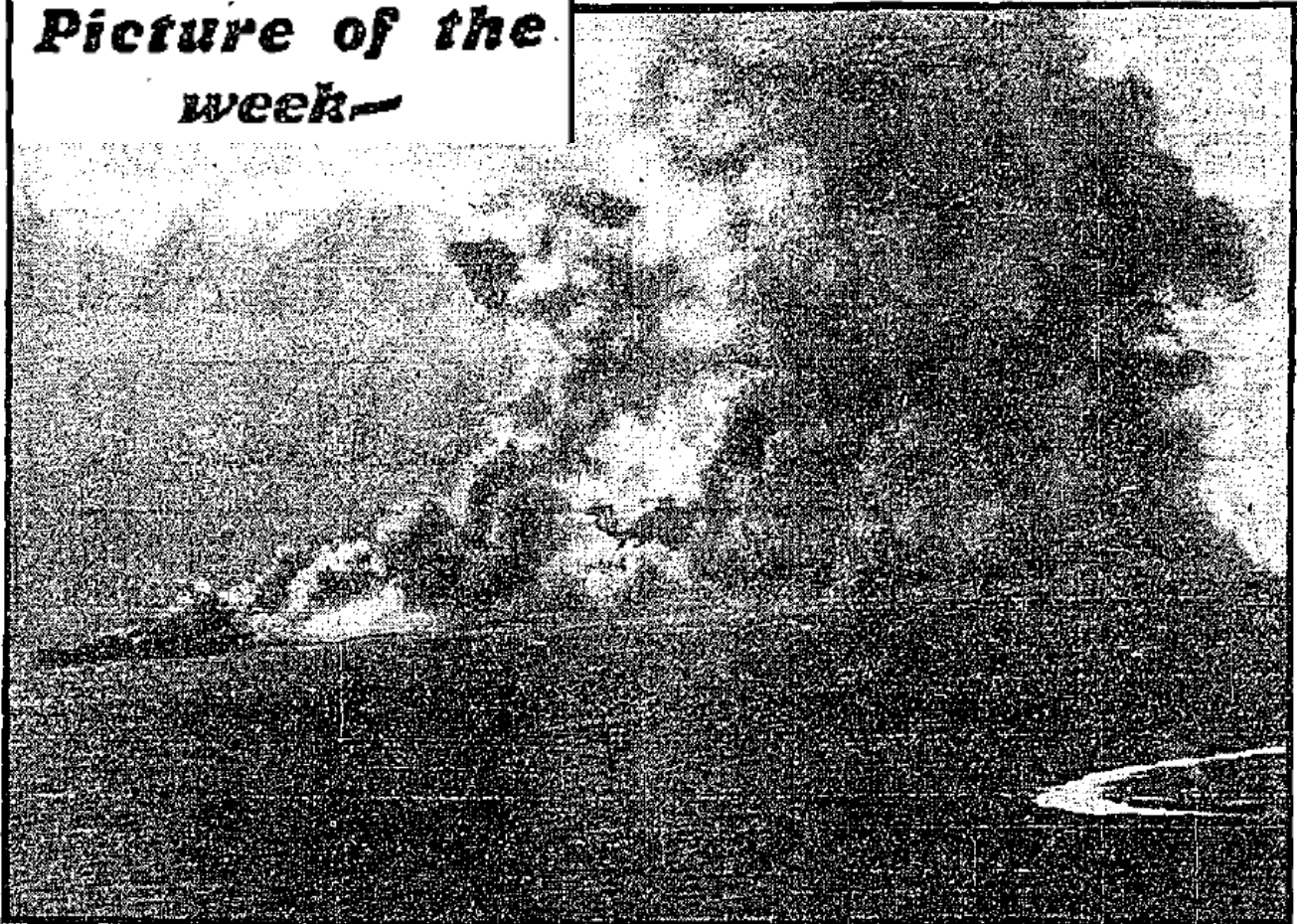


Picture of the week—



—makes the subject of **THIS ENGLAND**

He got what he wanted

ACTING SQUADRON LEADER SYDNEY SMITH, awarded the D.F.C. this week, was a good Daily Express reporter. He had a passion for perfection and a penchant for corduroy trousers. Nobody minded the trousers, but some of his more venal colleagues sometimes got embarrassed by the standards he sought.

He would stand in the rain for six hours to get a story. He would fly through fog, when all other planes were grounded. He never let up until he got what this newspaper wanted.

Often, when he came back from a story he would complain gently that it might have been better if the cameraman had been on the spot just exactly when such an incident happened. For Sydney Smith, the cameraman was never there just when he should have been.

This led to many happy arguments between the News Editor and the Picture Editor.

★

When war broke out, curly headed, sawn-off little Smith volunteered at once. War was something new, and he wanted to find out about it. Smith was a great one for finding things out.

He went off and several cameramen looked happier.

With him to the R.A.F. he took his trails. His shyness, his pertinacity, his strange inquiry after perfection. For note:—

Official citation of the deeds that won him the D.F.C. says that he found an

ammunition-ship and attacked it. And went back four days later to bomb it again. By this time it was in Sfax harbour protected by the concentrated flak of shore batteries and four destroyers.

Then he found another ammunition ship.

And after he bombed it, instead of hooking for home as fast as he could go, like most men would, he carefully banked his Blenheim, got in the perfect position with the sun over his left wing, held this position stubbornly until he got a picture of the roaring, belching hulk below.

★

This is the picture. It is the Picture of the Week and more than that. From the camera point of view it is one of the Pictures of the War. Note the destroyer, bottom right, turning somersaults to get at the British raider.

For once in his young life reporter, now Acting Squadron Leader, Sydney Smith had a cameraman just where he wanted him.

Pang Holt

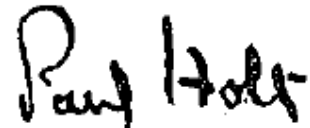
Picture of the week – makes the subject of *This England*

He Got What He Wanted

ACTING SQUADRON LEADER SYDNEY SMITH, awarded the D.F.C. this week, was a good Daily Express reporter. He had a passion for perfection and a penchant for corduroy trousers. Nobody minded the trousers, but some of his more venal colleagues sometimes got embarrassed by the standards he sought. He would stand in the rain for six hours to get a story. He would fly through fog, when all other planes were grounded. He never let up until he got what this newspaper wanted. Often, when he came back from a story he would complain gently that it might have been better if the cameraman had been on the spot just exactly when such an incident happened. For

Sydney Smith, the cameraman was never there just when he should have been. This led to many happy arguments between the News Editor and the Picture Editor. When war broke out, curlyheaded, sawn-off little Smith volunteered at once. War was something new, and he wanted to find out about it. Smith was a great one for finding things out. He went off and several cameramen looked happier. With him to the R.A.F. he took his traits. His shyness, his pertinacity, his strange inquiry after perfection. For note :— Official citation of the deeds that won him the D.F.C. says that he found an ammunition-ship and attacked it. And went, back four days later to bomb it again. By this time it was in Sfax harbour protected by the concentrated

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