HORSE RACE.

Picture of a race meeting from New York City: a little entertainment to amuse war workers. Newsreel horses usually go Brrh! brrh! brhh! brrh! but these horses are going Plosh! plosh! plosh! plosh! It's what they call the Spring Meeting: but although we mush't give away any weather secrets, it looks like one of those days when the Straits of Dover have a slight drizzle.

The cameraman called in at a British factory where they're making the giant Halifaxes: and he took his cemera inside to see them being made, but one aeroplane **fac**tory looks very much like another and you've seen it all before. But this is just a oheerful reminder that these are the big fellows who are dropping hundreds of tons of bombs on Germany's war industry. It's a pleasant thought, after two and a half years of taking it. POLAND'S DAY.

High Mass was celebrated at St. James's Church in London on Poland's National Day: the anniversary of the Polish Constitution in 1791. General Sikorski, the Prime Minister, was present with the Polish President: gallant Poland is still fighting fighting with the knowledge that the road to freedom lies through Berlin and beyond.

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5.45. p.m. 5/5/42 M.