

From top: Russians and New Zealanders meet at the border: a scene containing some of "the old silent film stuff."

Yugoslav Partisans, men and women, on the march: "it really was a people's war."

New Zealand tank on a Trieste street-corner: the inhabitants thought we wanted to keep the place.

A decorated statue in Trieste conveyed the sentiments of most New Zealanders.

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swapping Russian POW's for our chaps, and things were actually a bit strained. The officers' mess was entertaining some of the Russians, and somehow or other someone had put salt out instead of sugar. They stirred in this salt and then one of the coloured scarf boys tasted his tea. Of course he had an awful thought—that these Russians might think it was an insulting practical joke. So he raised his hand and tried to stop them drinking. But the Russians smiled and one of them said, 'No, no, Tea! Tea!' and tossed it off very bravely—and looked as if they liked it!"

### A Tale of Four Tyres

In a moment the conversation suddenly switched away, and we were talking about looting. Had there been a very strict check on looting, in Italy for instance?

"No, it was more or less open slather, for a while. The Allied Military Government revalued the lira in the hopes of establishing a reasonable rate of exchange, but it had the opposite effect, and prices of things to buy went soaring. So the chaps used to find ways of making money to meet the situation. One of our drivers came in with four tyres one day. He'd taken them off an abandoned vehicle, and of course they were worth a good deal. He said he'd had a narrow escape bringing them in, because he passed some redcaps—British officers—on the way. I said: 'Yes, and what would you have done if they'd asked you what you were doing with the tyres?' He said: 'I'd have told them we needed them for our water-cart.' So I said: 'That's all very well, but what if they wanted to see the water-cart?' And he said: 'Hell, give a fellow a chance; we've got the tyres—we haven't got the water-cart yet!'

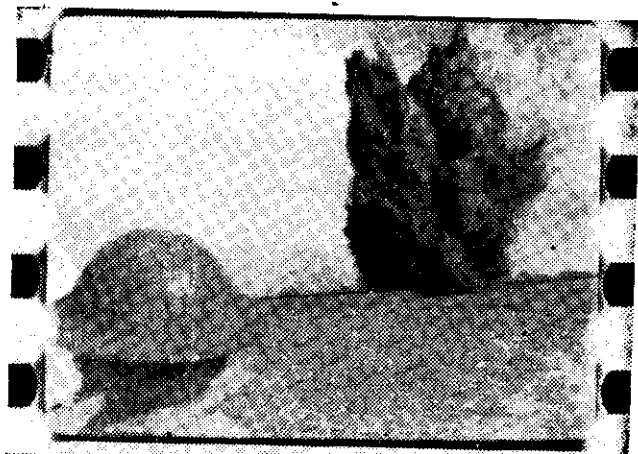
"Actually for miles and miles on the roads there was abandoned stuff—German rifles, hand-grenades, big trucks just driven over the bank. The Yugos were arming themselves to the teeth with all this stuff and we couldn't do anything about it.

### The Real Thing

"But I'm not telling you about film," Mr. Mirams reproached himself. "I must tell you a bit more about the job I was trying to do. You see, I wanted to show the personal side of Army life in action, not rows and rows of tanks or soldiers on parade. I'd have liked to give a complete picture of the ordinary soldier's life—getting out of bed, shaving, eating, getting letters and answering them, and so on. It was often hard to do—especially in forward positions, where I couldn't get lighting equipment for interior shots. But I always felt these were the things people back home wanted to see."

"For instance, there was one item called 'Feeding the Front Line.' Food was cooked in Faenza and sent by jeep three miles to the front twice a day. Up near the front line there was a notice saying that from there on the road was in view of the enemy. Well, I wanted shots of the daylight trips of jeeps with the big thermos arrangements going past this point, and it was in winter, with snow all round. I got shots showing the notice and the jeeps passing it, and then I was doing the part where the men come out in white snow suits to meet the jeeps. There was always the

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From top: Example of Australian-New Zealand co-operation: "it looked great on the screen."

A "bridge" over the Lamone River: "the closer you get to the front line the less there is to see."

Christmas in Italy: some New Zealanders are natural movie actors; others aren't.

Debris of defeat: "miles and miles of abandoned German equipment."