

October 26, 1940

PICTURE POST



HIS JOB TO HIT BACK
Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal,
the new Chief of the Air Staff.

**HULTON'S
NATIONAL
WEEKLY**

In this issue:

TRANSATLANTIC

OCTOBER 26, 1940

Vol. 9. No. 4

3^D



Probably they're
Weston
BISCUITS

—TEN MILLION ARE EATEN EVERY DAY!

There must be something unusually *good* about WESTON Biscuits to have made them so tremendously popular. They certainly are the purest quality biscuits ever sold at the price. But that's not all. WESTON Biscuits are made in such variety they please *everyone*! The pure flavour and food value of the ingredients are "sealed in" by exclusive WESTON mixing and baking processes. Ask your grocer today for WESTON Biscuits in your favourite variety. For such quality, their economical prices will surprise you.



Crisply perfect as all good biscuits should be—Weston 'NICE' TEA: 8d. per pound.

THE WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY LIMITED,
SLOUGH, EDINBURGH, NEWPORT AND BELFAST

SINCERE & APPROPRIATE

SHARPE'S
"CLASSIC"

Birthday Cards

AT YOUR STATIONERS

**HOW TO CLEAN
THE LAVATORY**

quickly, simply, thoroughly!

- 1 Sprinkle a little Harpic into the pan
- 2 Leave for as long as possible—then flush
- 3 Harpic reaches that hidden bend
- 4 It's done! The bowl is glistening—the pan is clean and sanitary

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and unexpected jobs have to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is of special value to housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It sweeps right round that hidden bend where no brush can ever reach, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

HARPIC for the lavatory

Both carefully washed—but

**My missus used
Persil**



**Persil washes so gently
that it makes fine fabrics
last longer**

When you're washing fine fabrics—silks, coloureds, woollens—you don't want half-and-half results. You want these things to come back to their first freshness—colours clear and crisp, woollies soft and fleecy, silks shimmering like new again. And, most of all, you want gentle washing, for clothes are extra precious these days. In a word, you want Persil. There is nothing like Persil, with its almost magical oxygen action, to remove all dirt

thoroughly and extra gently.

Don't forget the Persil free advice bureau—always at your service. Washing, rinsing, drying, ironing, whatever the problem, write to Mrs. Holiday, Persil Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs. A postcard will do.

NEW PERSIL

Easier to use
Simply shake Persil straight into the water, swish briskly until dissolved. Then put the clothes in.

Extra lather—
for fine wash

Prevents scum—
quicker rinsing

PER 797-798



Swallow
"FINE IN THE RAIN"
RAINCOATS

FOR BRITAIN AT WAR

B RITAIN at war is creating new circumstances and conditions for all of us. Not only have the men in the forces to face long hours of exposure to the weather but so have the civilian population, many of whom are called upon to be out of doors night after night in some form of voluntary service or another. These conditions demand the comfort and protection of a reliable raincoat and for such conditions there is a Swallow made to meet every need. Swallow Raincoats are double-proofed to give double protection against

rain and sleet, cosily lined to give essential warmth but without unnecessary weight and have sturdy strength to withstand regular nightly duty, as well as the normal round of daily use. The prices of all Swallows are reasonable and their value without equal. Be well advised and get yourself a Swallow for these coming months. Get it now.

SWALLOW SLIP-ON STYLE RAINCOATS
Men's Military styles from 40/- Ladies' 37/6
Officers' Trench Coats 70/- With detachable fleece 90/-
Write for style folder and name of nearest stockist to
Swallow Raincoats Ltd., Dept. P., Birmingham, 19.

30/-

& OTHER PRICES
ALL PLUS TAX

Double proofed for double protection



With War'fare' rations, H. or C.
O.K. saves monotony.

SAYS *Master Okay*
—the Saucy Boy

O.K.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD



TOILET PAPER
of supreme
QUALITY & VALUE

APPROXIMATELY
700 SHEETS
IN EACH ROLL

ALSO IN
**INTERLEAVED
FORM**

Bronco



here's
**Liqueur
Tangerine!**

All New Berry Fruits have the taste of the real fruit. Try Liqueur Tangerine, or Gooseberry—that's a grand flavour—Raspberry, Pear or Grapefruit. You can then buy them separately or assorted, but one thing is certain: you will find their fruit flavoured liqueur centres are deliciously different!

From any good confectioner's, in separate or assorted flavours: Loose, 8d. per 4 lb.; boxes, 1 lb. 1/6; 1 lb. 3/-; 2 lb. 6/-.

Meltis
New Berry
Fruits

Meltis Ltd., London and Bedford

REGINALD FOORT
FAMOUS B.B.C. ORGANIST

can teach you during the dark evenings at home how to

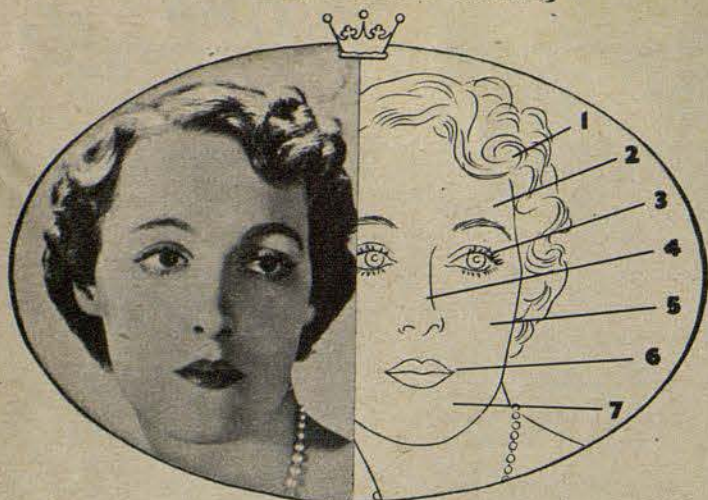
MEMORISE YOUR MUSIC

with absolute confidence. If you can play at all from the music write for my FREE Book (Postage 2d.) "The Master-Method of Memory-Playing and Sight-Reading," and learn how YOU can play from memory with confidence, and at sight with ease and certainty. State whether you play the Piano, Piano-Accordion, Violin, Sax, Cello or Organ and if a moderate or advanced player.

REGINALD A. FOORT, F.R.C.O.
Temporary War-time Address
Ivy House, Adderbury, Nr. Banbury

"Though I'm out in all weathers now, my skin still keeps soft and smooth"

says Lady Cecilia Smiley



ANALYSIS OF Lady Cecilia Smiley's FEATURES

1. Hair: Brown with golden lights.
2. Forehead: Unlined, very white.
3. Eyes: Hazel, with thick, dark lashes. No lines at the corners.
4. Nose: Straight and beautifully formed with fine-textured skin.
5. Shape of Face: A perfect oval.
6. Mouth: Full, with sensitive lips.
7. Chin: Firm, with smooth ivory skin quite without blemishes.

Lady Cecilia Smiley, daughter of the late Earl Cowley, is doing farming as her war-work, so she is out in all weathers and has little time to spend on her looks. "Nevertheless," says Lady Cecilia, "my skin is as smooth and soft as it used to be—thanks to Pond's wonderful creams."

Most women can't spend time these days on beauty treatments. So it's encouraging to hear from such a lovely person as Lady Cecilia Smiley that Pond's Creams are all you need to keep your skin in perfect condition.

Why don't you try Lady Cecilia's simple beauty care? At night cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then leave a little on to lubricate it and smooth out lines.

Then in the mornings, pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects you from roughness and dryness and provides a velvety base on which your powder clings miraculously.

After only a few days of this treatment your skin will look lovely!

P.S. Everyone's using **POND'S** Lipstick. Are you?

du MAURIER



The filter tip
will keep you fit

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST, PLEASE EMPTY YOUR BOX AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST

Shielded AGAINST INFECTION



WHY regard it as inevitable that you cannot keep clear of colds in Winter and Spring? A tin of Potter's Catarrh Pastilles kept handy in pocket or handbag will act as a powerful antiseptic shield against the "cold bug."

However, should you be unlucky enough to feel "sniffy" at any time, pop a pleasant Potter's Pastille in your mouth. It instantly melts the phlegm, clears the head and eases the throat—next morning you are "free"!

It is dangerous to neglect catarrh... it may mean trouble later... deafness, lowered vitality, loss of smell—and worse. Don't take chances—take Potter's Catarrh Pastilles—and arrest that cold.

Buy a tin to-day, 1/3 only chemist or store, or 1/44 post free from makers.

INSTANT RELIEF
for
CATARRH
COUGHS
COLDS
BRONCHITIS
CONGESTION
HAY FEVER
etc., etc.



POTTER & CLARKE LIMITED
614, Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES



PROBLEMS

of intimate importance are a source of constant anxiety to every woman. Nurse Drew's free booklet, "Hygiene for Women," deals with these difficulties in a new, enlightened way, and shows how Rendell's Products are essential for every modern need. Ask your Chemist for a free copy to-day, or if you wish write direct to

NURSE DREW, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1

RENDELL'S PRODUCTS

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

APPROVED BY DOCTORS
SOLD BY CHEMISTS



LIKE A LUXURIOUS Lift TO YOUR FEET

WHEN YOU
EXPERIENCE THE THRILL
OF EVER-REST
Bridge-Bracing

NOW IN
TWO RANGES—BROAD
AND SLIM-FITTING



No. 27ER.—Black Glace
Kid Fancy Derby Shoe.
Also in Brown and Blue
Glacé Kid.

★ Comfort in the uttermost sense! Soothing support to the arches with its sensation of luxurious 'lift'. These are the blessings bestowed by Ever-Rest Shoes as a result of their unique 'BRIDGE-BRACING'. There's more! In the two Ever-Rest ranges of Broad and Slim-fitting Shoes there is practical utility plus beauty of line and superb quality of materials and manufacture. If you seek the 'best of both worlds' in your shoes, ask specially for Ever-Rest—The Bridge-Braced Shoes.

Obtainable from all good Shoe Shops everywhere at a price that suits all pockets. If any difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to Tomlinson & Riley, Ltd., LEICESTER.

EVER-REST Shoes

★ THEY'RE "Bridge-Braced" FOR POISE & COMFORT

KIWI The Brightest Black out!



KIWI BLACK
3^d & 6^d PER TIN

Also Kiwi Tan, Kiwi Brown & Kiwi Blue
For your Brown Shoes—

ASK FOR THE FAMOUS DARK TAN 4^d & 8^d



THE KIWI POLISH CO. LTD., BRUMWILL ROAD, EALING, LONDON, W.5

What do I do...

if my home
is made
uninhabitable
by a bomb?


I ask a warden or a policeman to direct me to the allotted Rest Centre. If I have relatives or friends to whom I can go, I apply to the Public Assistance Authority for a travel voucher. If my home is not completely destroyed, I go to the Town Hall or consult the Local Authority to see if and when temporary repairs can be done. If I have become separated from my family or my children and cannot find them, I ask for help at the nearest Citizens' Advice Bureau or the Police Station. (The Rest Centre or the Police will supply all these addresses.)

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by the Brewers' Society

"It's in my pack
because it's packed
with **FOOD VALUE**"

Walters'



"Palm"
Toffee

DELIGHTS—STRENGTHENS—SUSTAINS

Do we want an alliance with RUSSIA?

One of the most important problems in the world to-day. Can Britain and the Soviet Union agree? Readers give their views.

The View of D. N. Pritt, M.P.

As I see the matter dealt with by Mr. Sloan and Mr. Belloc, there are two possibilities; first, that Britain and Soviet Russia may be on reasonably friendly terms, and second, that they may achieve a genuine alliance. For the first we need no more than a little good will on both sides. The second is more difficult. So long as we use the wealth of our colonial possessions and great industries for individual profit, many people both in Britain and Russia, who want this war and all war to become a thing of the past, will fear that wars will recur, and in particular be fomented against the U.S.S.R. But if we can find our way to a People's government which will repudiate this profit motive, it would accord with the real feelings of justice and equality amongst the great mass of our people, and would win us not merely Soviet friendship but a Soviet alliance. And it is for that government that the People's Convention, and the People's Vigilance Committee are agitating.

D. N. Pritt,
Pump Court, Temple, E.C.4.

The View of a Doubter

Mr. Sloan affects to imagine that a Russian alliance is waiting round the corner. There is a great deal of evidence to the contrary. Even as long ago as 1927 his master, Joseph Stalin, wrote: "British capitalism always was, is, and will be, the most vicious

stranger of the popular revolutions. Ever since the great French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century down to the Chinese revolution that is now in progress, the British bourgeoisie has always stood in the front ranks of the butchers of the liberation movement of mankind. . . . But the British bourgeoisie does not like to fight with its own hands. It has always preferred to wage war through others." There is no evidence that Stalin has ever changed his mind. On the contrary. What help, then, can we expect in our mission to free Europe from such a quarter?

W. Rowe, Gloucester Place, W.1.

The View of the U.S.S.R.

Mr. Belloc has revealed that his hatred of the U.S.S.R. rests not on Christendom but on class. His ideal relationship between nations reposes upon "superiority and control of the European official and soldier in the outlying parts of the world," particularly India. The U.S.S.R. is proud to be based on close partnership of white, brown, and yellow. And if it really treats the freedom of nations as "bourgeois whimsy," why should the U.S.S.R. possess that "appeal to subject populations"? It is proud to have emancipated the individual and the family from the bourgeois ideal of "great inequality of economic circumstance," and to have thrown open to everyone unhampered access to the finest human achievements in philosophy, the arts, and sciences—

making them finally free from control by the rich—which alone makes freedom a reality for the poor. Mr. Belloc's only pretence of political justification for opposing Anglo-Soviet friendship relies upon another gross distortion—the story that the U.S.S.R. helped Germany to destroy Poland. The truth is that, when the Red Army crossed the border, the Polish front had collapsed and the Germans had little more than mopping-up operations left to do. (See *The Times*, Sept. 18, 1940.)

Andrew Rothstein, London Correspondent of Tass Agency, Moscow.

The View of a Left-Winger

Mr. Belloc, to bolster his hatred of the Soviet Union, perverts facts. Will one military man, or one person from the spot, agree with his amazing "the destruction of Poland could hardly have been accomplished by Berlin alone." Evidently he would rather that 13 millions in Eastern Poland (whom even the Versailles peace-makers thought should never have been under Polish rule) should dwell to-day in Hitler's hell than have rejoined their brothers across the border in safety and happiness.

Ivor Montagu,
Bucks Hill, Herts.

The View of Lord Strabolgi

The only possible argument ever used against a British-Russian understanding is the different ideologies and political systems. Yet for 18 years, we had an alliance with Japan, governed by an entirely different political system from our own; and our ancient ally, Portugal, has had a number of political systems, including absolute monarchy and benevolent dictatorship—this being as different from our system as the Russian.

There are no points of conflict now existing between the British Empire and the U.S.S.R. The Victorian nightmare of the Russian advance on India has no foundation to-day, and our old rivalry on the Persian Gulf is at an end. As the greatest land power, Russia could be the natural ally of ourselves as the greatest sea power. Commercially, good trading relations between Russia and Britain could only be advantageous. Russia provides many of the raw materials, timber and foodstuffs, we require; and we can supply many of her needs in engineering products, rubber, machine-tools and so on.

Both states are faced with the same menace from Nazi aggression, only differing in that ours is immediate, while the ever-present Nazi threat to Russia lies more in the future. Both ourselves and Russia have the same interests in seeing a strong and independent Turkey as guardian of the Dardanelles, and neither of us desires to see the Germans in Turkey or in Persia. We have the same interests, also, in an independent China.

Strabolgi,
137 Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
More "Russia" Letters on page 37

NEW LIVES—NEW NEEDS



WAS A SECRETARY
—NOW A NURSE

Easy office
hours
to hard days
in hospital

When she looks back on the old pleasant office life, sometimes she can hardly believe it was the same girl, for NOW . . .



NOW she's at everyone's beck and call, every minute of the long hospital day. It's a big extra tax on her nerves and her physical endurance. Like all new wartime nurses, somehow and from somewhere she has just got to find the necessary stamina for her new life.

ON THE HOME FRONT, battles are being won every day—big little victories over tiredness, irritability, nervous strain. Nature's own tonic, sound, natural sleep (whenever you can get it) is the best thing ever for your new wartime lives. A warming cup of Bourn-vita, still at the old peace-time price, will help you to get your essential ration of body-and-mind-restoring SLEEP (and if there are raids, it will help you to doze off again). Bourn-vita is a night food-drink of first-class nourishment value, with special nerve-soothing properties that bring sleep very quickly.

See panel for analysis of Bourn-vita

NO SUGAR NEEDED

Get fit while you sleep with —



WHY
BOURN-VITA SLEEP
IS HEALTHY SLEEP

Phosphorus } Mineral and
Calcium, Iron } nerve foods

Malt Extract—Tonic and
digestive properties

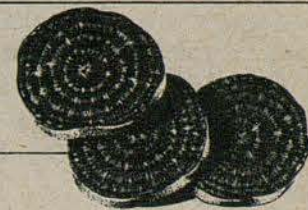
Calcium } Essential to
Vitamins } the body's
A, B and D } health

CADBURY'S
BOURN-VITA

Still at Pre-war Price 1/5 PER 1/2 LB.

● The trend this year is to buy wet weather wear more for its usefulness than its novelty, and Raincoats will be the thing. So see about getting a Raincoat now, and ask for an Alwetha model. Alwetha because it is beautifully cut from the finest proofed gabardine. There is a double breasted belted model and a slip-on, either of which will keep you perfectly dry without sacrificing smartness. Ask your favourite shop to get an Alwetha Raincoat for you from Heaton's (Leeds) Ltd. Prices are most reasonable.

ALWETHA
A FASHION
RAINCOAT
Heaton's (Leeds) Ltd.
Creators of Heaton Ladies' Wear, Alwetha Raincoats, and Heaton Girls' Clothing



Batchelor's

SLICED
BEETROOT
is just as good as

Batchelor's
Peas

Try also FRUIT SALAD, HARICOT BEANS, etc.
Batchelor's Peas Ltd., Sheffield



Makes ALL Pens Write Better!

Parker Quink owes its existence to the discovery that 65% of all troubles in pens are due to ordinary inks that clog the feed, gum the nib and corrode the mechanism. Quink actually cleans your pen as it writes—makes all pens—a Parker or any other—write like a charm. Dries brilliant, bold and clear—never watery. Make a point of buying Parker Quink—instead of "ink"—next time!

THE PERFECT WRITING COMBINATION

Parker Quink
and your Parker Vacumatic!

The Parker Pen Company Limited, Bush House, Strand, London, W.C.2.
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Momentous days—an inspiration to all men to serve their country. But the sudden change to an active energetic life has dangers of its own. Rely on the natural aid of a Linia Belt to counteract the slackness of a sedentary life. It strengthens abdominal muscles, reduces girth, gives upright carriage, perfect blood distribution, and tireless energy. Be fit to serve your country with the help of the

medically approved and fully patented Linia Belt. Order yours to-day, obtainable at the moderate price of 46/- with the Linia Jock Strap. The Linia Review showing full range of Linia Garments including the Linia Woollen Model for winter wear will be sent on request. Send this advertisement in open letter under 1d. stamp with name and address attached for Linia Review.

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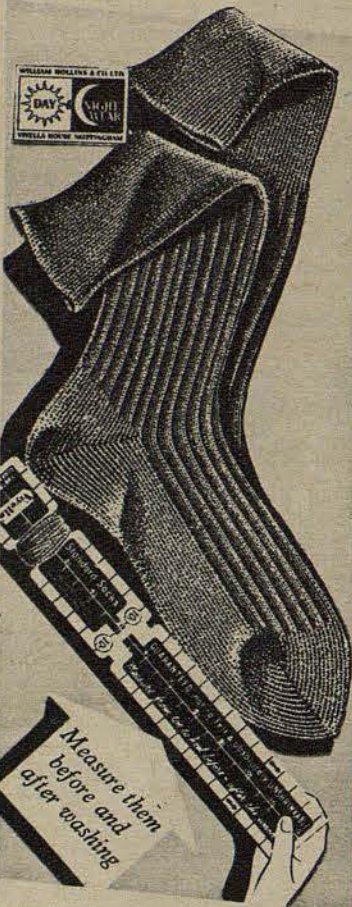
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A FOOTRULE TO PROVE they do not shrink



A NEW PAIR FREE if they do!

'Viyella' Standard Socks

—the socks that you can buy in your exact size! The socks that are guaranteed to stay in your exact size—wash in, wash out. We even give you a footrule with each pair, so that you can measure them before and after washing, and claim a new pair free if they shrink.

Ribbed or plain, in attractive marl and plain shades, per pair—

2'6

Clothes that last are true economy

'Viyella'
REGD.
STANDARD SOCKS

THE DAY-DREAMER

Will He Ever Wake Up?

HIS life is made up of rosy visions: he sees himself in a manager's office; the head of a firm, with a £2,500 a year salary; perhaps even as a millionaire with a large car, a yacht, and a country estate. But all this grandeur is in his day-dreams; he lives in the golden paradise of to-morrow—and it never comes. He does nothing with the opportunities that surround him to-day; he will always be somebody's else's servant, instead of master of his own destiny.

Why does he get into such a mental state? Because he uses only about one-tenth of his mental energies in doing the vital things that count. We are nearly all victims of the vicious habit of living far below our natural-born endowments. What can be done about it?

There is one very simple thing you can do—now! You can find out what Pelmanism has done for over half a million men and women, some of whom were facing the very same dissatisfaction with their attainments that you are facing. Pelmanism developed the mental powers they lacked—if replaced procrastination with "do it now" efficiency; it put concentration in the place of mind wandering; it substituted self-confidence for self distrust.

Remember this—Everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind.

Take up Pelmanism now! A course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest point of efficiency. It banishes such weaknesses and defects as Mind Wandering, Weakness of Will, and Procrastination, which interfere with the effective working powers of the mind, and in their place develops strong, positive, vital qualities, such as Initiative, Concentration, and Self-Confidence, all qualities of the utmost value in any walk of life.

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All serving members are now entitled to receive the complete Pelman Course, with full tuition and guidance, at

One-Half Usual Fee

Immediate application should be made for Special Enrolment Form (Services). Approved by War Office.

The Pelman Course is fully described in a little book entitled "The Science of Success." The Course is simple and interesting and takes up very little time: you can enrol on the most convenient terms. The book will be sent you, gratis and post free, on application to-day to:

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42, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

PELMAN (OVERSEAS) INSTITUTES: NEW YORK, 271 North Avenue, New Rochelle. MELBOURNE, 396 Flinders Lane. JOHANNESBURG, P.O. Box 4928. DURBAN, Natal Bank Chambers (P.O. Box 1489). DELHI, 10 Alipore Road. CALCUTTA, 102 Clive Street. JAVA, Malabarweg, Malang.



A shoe for the times

Beautifully simple and just as at home in town or country. The leather is Dimple Seal—a new matt material which is just right for a shoe that relies for its chic on its nice proportions and beautiful simplicity. In sunburn with pipings of green calf. In blue piped with cranberry calf. In vintage piped with blue. Known as the "Leerdam" it is one of the "shoes for the times" series produced by Clarks of Street who have been making comfortable shoes for over a century. It costs 27/6. (Tax extra.)

Clarks OF STREET
SOMERSET

Clarks shoes are sold by select-ed shops. Write for the name of your nearest agent and for the latest illustrated leaflet A.6.

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EDITOR - TOM HOPKINSON

FOUNDER - EDWARD HULTON

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MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD

FACTS No 13

WE help the war effort if we buy what happens to be plentiful in our own locality. Stocks naturally vary a little in different parts of the country, but here is a "plenty list" which applies to most places :

HOME-KILLED MEAT · COFFEE · POTATOES
OATMEAL · HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to Dry Apples

We may be short of apples later in the year—through bringing munitions instead of apples in the ships from Canada. So here is a way of

preserving the present supply:—it can be used for windfalls or blemished fruit. Wipe the apples, remove cores with a round corer and peel thinly. Cut out any blemishes. Slice into rings about ¼" thick. Steep the rings for 10 minutes in water containing 1½ ozs. salt to the gallon.

Thread the rings on sticks or spread on slatted trays or cake racks covered with muslin. Dry in a very cool oven (leaving the door open to let the steam escape) or over a hot cylinder or on the rack of a stove, until they resemble chamois leather. The temperature should not exceed 120° F. At this heat the process usually takes about 4 hours. Turn once or twice during drying. Cool for 12 hours, then pack in paper bags, jars or tins and store in a dry place.

How to Make Porridge

A double saucepan or porringer is excellent for making porridge. If you have not got one, use a 2 lb. stone jam jar in a saucepan of boiling water.

Allow 2 ozs. medium oatmeal to 1 pint water. Bring the water to the boil. Sprinkle in the oatmeal, stirring all the time. Sprinkle slowly so that the water does not go off the boil. Boil and stir for

5 minutes, then put in a level teaspoonful of salt. Cover the pan and simmer for about 45 minutes, stirring occasionally.

If you have a hay-box (see Food Facts No. 12 for how to make one) boil the porridge for 5 minutes as before, then leave in the hay-box all night. In the morning reheat and serve.

Two Ways with Swedes

BAKED

Swedes are delicious baked round the joint. Peel them thinly, cut into neat cubes and arrange round the meat in the baking tin. Baste from time to time. When they are golden brown they are ready.

MASHED

If preferred, boil the swedes in a very little salted water until tender. Drain (using the water for gravy) and mash with a little dripping. Add a dash of pepper and serve piping hot.

Home-Killed Meat

Buy home-killed meat—and so assist our farmers and help to build up our reserves of imported meat. This needn't increase your housekeeping bills. Home-killed second quality is as good as imported and just as cheap. For instance, home-killed second quality boneless silverside, which goes such a long way with carrots and dumplings, costs 1/4d per lb.

Beef cuts for stews are excellent bargains. Boneless neck of beef (1/2d per lb. first quality and 10d. second quality) is ideal pie and pudding meat. You can make rich soups from clod and sticking, or knee joints (get the butcher to crack the bones for you).

Other economical cuts are brisket of beef, breast of mutton, sheep's hearts, hand with foot (pork), and knuckle of veal.

Turn on your wireless at 8.15 every morning to hear useful hints and recipes

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

'I'm feeling tough, Mr Barratt!'



'I was getting flabby,' this cheery customer continued, 'before all this trouble broke out. Went everywhere by car. Got no exercise and precious little fresh air . . . Now that the old car's laid up, I walk two solid miles to the office in the morning, and two solid miles back in the evening. And I'm a young man again!'

He's not the only one. 'War-time is walking-time.' And that's one of the few good things to be said about the war. Don't cuss the bus if it's full up—comfort yourself with

the fact that 'you'll be better for the walk.' It exercises some three hundred muscles. It brings fresh air to your lungs. You *too* will feel tough.

One thing, though! This gentleman here wore Barratt shoes. His feet, therefore, were comfortably, healthily fitted—in first-class footwear. That's important. I haven't space here to go once more into the story behind the perfect Barratt fit. But I do say—if you're going to enjoy walking and get the best from walking, you must

Walk the Barratt way

Barratt's, Northampton—and one hundred and fifty-two branches

DON'T FORGET YOUR
M·E·R·I·T·O·R REGD.
TOOTHBRUSH ***
MAW OF BARNET
MERITOR CHEMISTS' SUNDRIES
MAW'S SURGICAL DRESSINGS

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A notable, practical Maeritor Overcoat superbly tailored in the exclusive Meltex cloth. Your invaluable friend in need and in deed for winter wear and 8 Gns., plus tax.

Maeritor Agents everywhere at home and in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and U.S.A.

Write or 'phone Regent 2404 for name of nearby supplier.

Ladies' Coats in Meltex are superb.

JOSEPH MAY & SONS, LTD.
106 Regent Street, London, W.1



Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?



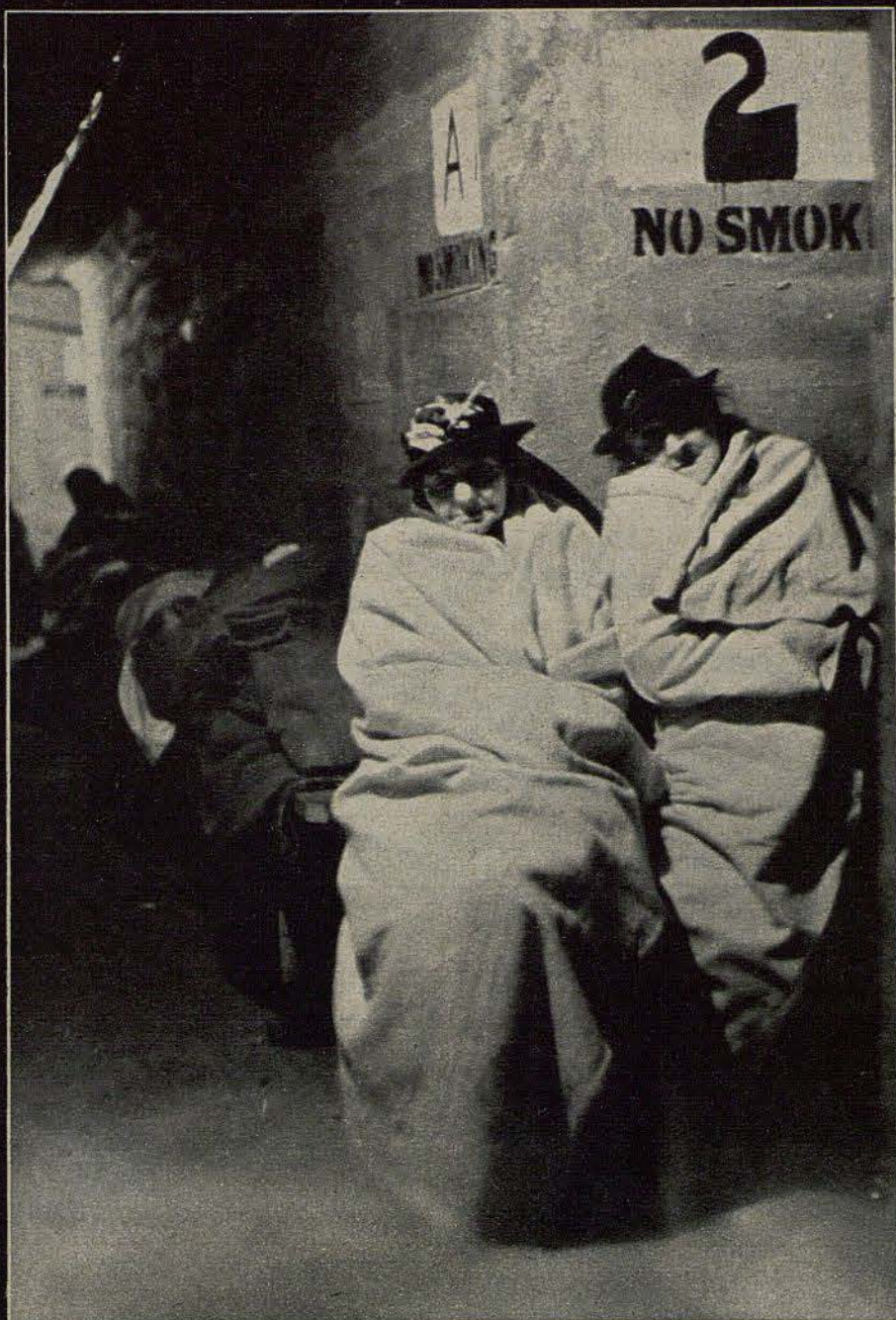
It's a grand investment

OBTAINABLE
EVERYWHERE
**6^d, 10^d
and 1/6**

MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE

BRITISH TO THE TEETH

Macleans patented pure white nozzle keeps the tooth-paste fresh and clean from first squeeze to last.



Here One Must Sleep Sitting Up

Each evening at dusk, life for many Londoners becomes new and strange. Firesides are left, homes are deserted. Young and old flock into shelters above and below ground.



Here All One's Life is Public

Privacy, so highly cherished by Britons, is gone. Family life at evening has vanished. Here nothing is intimate. One talks, eats, sleeps, lives, with a hundred, a thousand others.

SHELTER LIFE

Strangest sight in London—strangest scene of all our time—is the life of the Shelter. We sent a cameraman out night after night. Here is the record he brought back.

ONE October evening in 1940, a man from Mars arrived in London. He stared round in the gloom. There was the city, with a billion horsepower in its engines, and eight million human beings in its houses—the most powerful, most luxurious city in the world—now black, silent, deserted. Only in the main streets a few silhouettes glided along. What had become of all the light? What had become of all the people?

Suddenly over the roofs and the chimneys, along pavements and alleyways, came the alarm. All round the capital, amid the howl of the sirens, the man from Mars heard footsteps. He followed the footsteps. They led him underground. There, in the raw light of a naked electric bulb,



Here a Corner is Home

He sleeps hard but safe—in the home made by the angle of the bench and wall.

he saw the Londoners. He saw bare walls and concrete corridors; and against the walls, along the corridors, thousands of people.

He saw the baby feeding at its mother's breast, the young men playing cards, the young girls making up their lips, the old folk settling down to sleep on a narrow bed. Around him he saw people who treasured above all things comfort, privacy and family life. And here they were sleeping on stone, in public, with a thousand neighbours. He saw fear, courage, sympathy, friendliness. He saw a people who built a great city, who worked hard for a comfortable home, living a new life—cheerless, comfortless, public—in an Air Raid Shelter.

And they were doing it voluntarily, of their own accord.

A CAMERA WANDERS ALL NIGHT TO



THOSE WHO WAKE : Image of London, 1940, is the evening card game in a concrete corridor, with all the bids whispered for the sake of those who sleep.



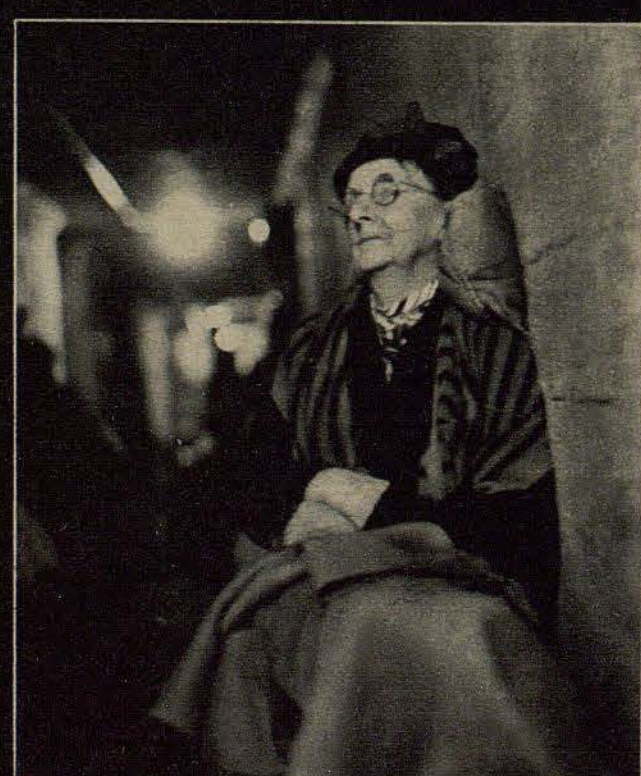
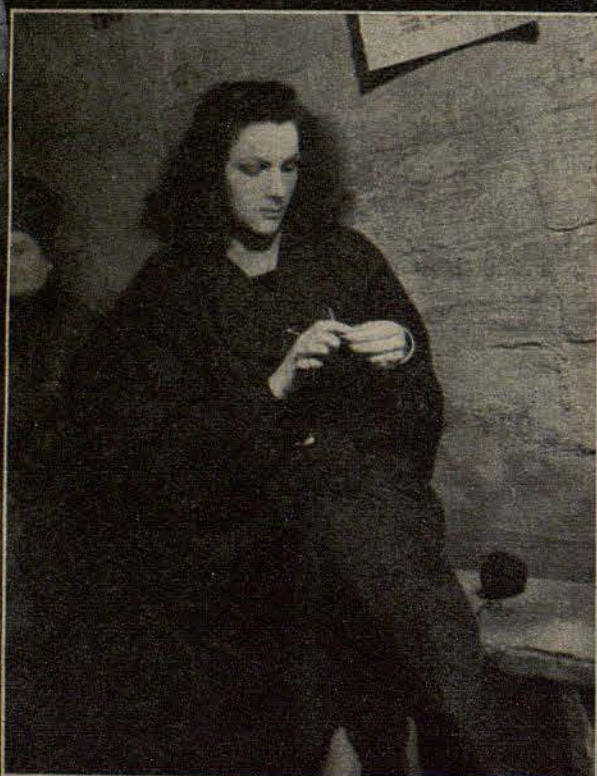
It is Dad telling bedtime stories to—perhaps—a stranger's children.... The children smile and listen. So the night passes.



THOSE WHO SLEEP : Strange parody of the seaside—deck-chairs, rugs, umbrellas. Some are worried by the smell of new cement, or the sound of a bomb.



Some sleep serene—unworried by anything. They sleep warm in the least gusty corners. And their sleep is watched over all night long.



THEIR QUALITIES : Patience

Cheerfulness

Resignation

RECORD THE SHELTER LIFE OF LONDON

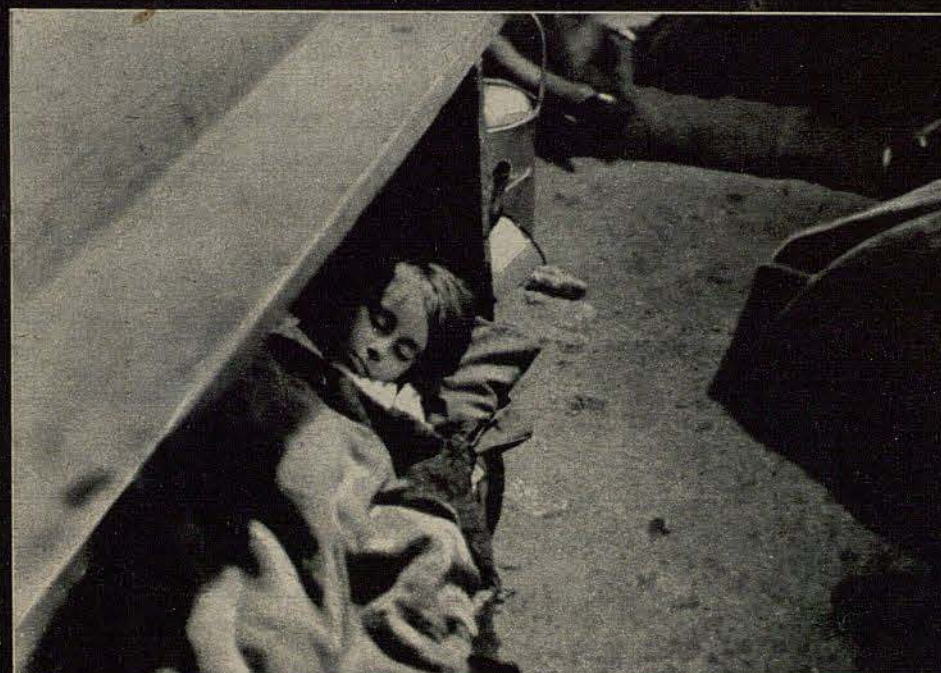
Picture Post, October 26, 1940



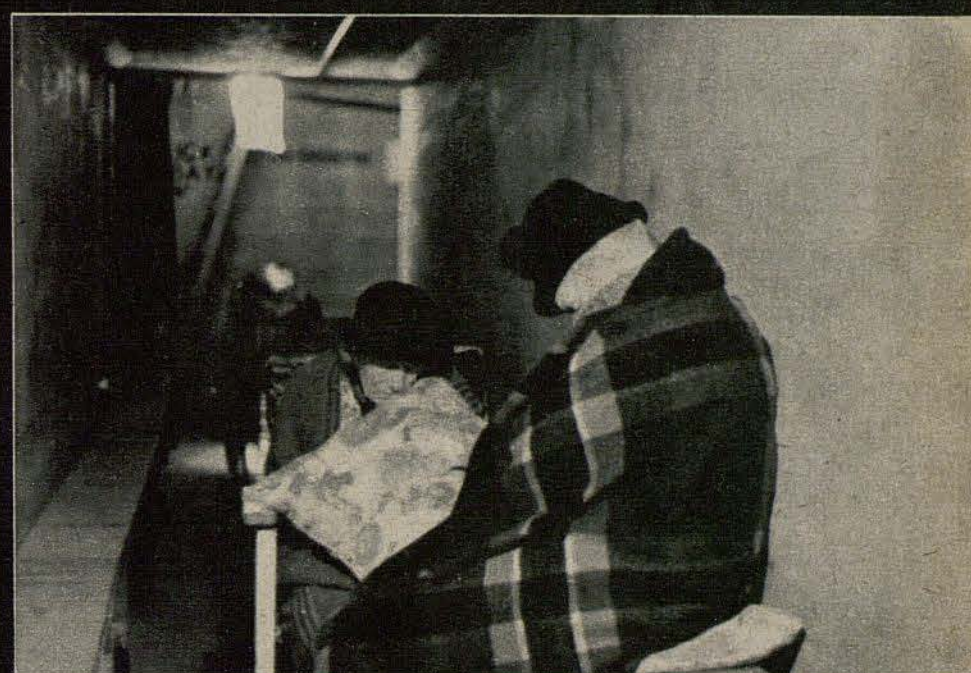
It is the girl in slacks who prepares for a hard bed in public. Thinking of the morning, she tidies her hair.



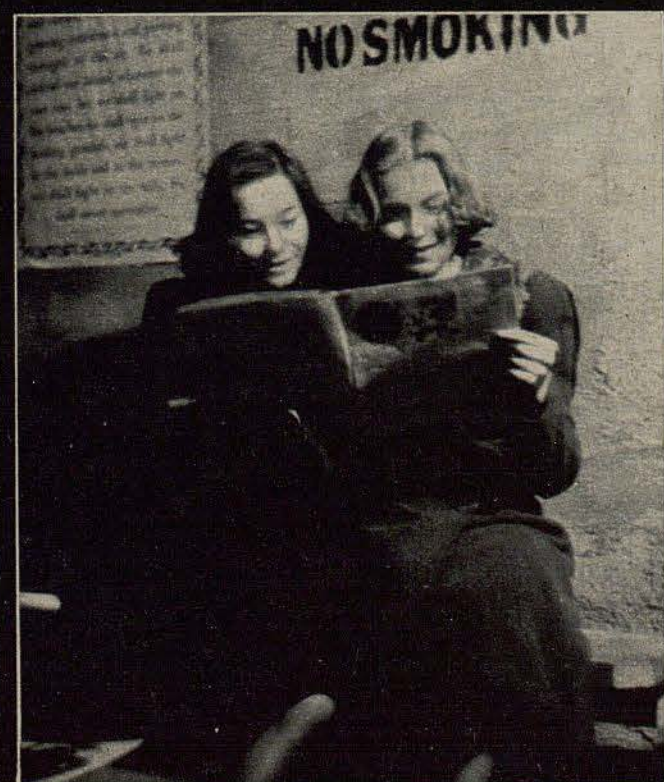
It is Mother who takes supper from a thermos, settling down in her clothes as if she has always slept that way.



A bed without a mattress, a drink without a tap, a sleeper without a home. A child who grows up in the world of 1940.



It's late in life to learn new ways to sleep—but the old keep trying. Their calm gives courage to the young.



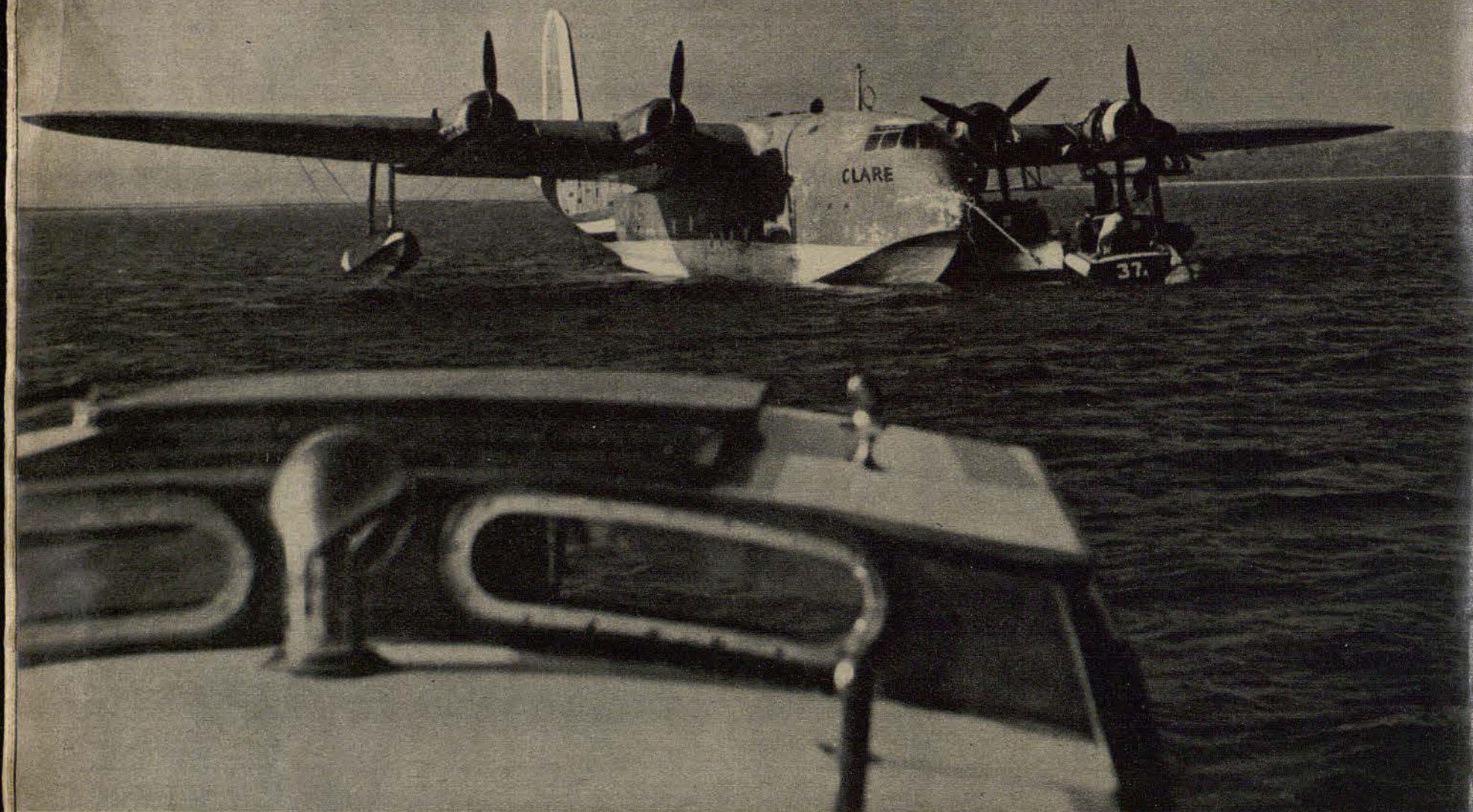
Friendship



Even Gaiety



And, most of all, Helpfulness !!



THE FLYING BOAT: Under a sky filled with warring 'planes, an unarmed flying-boat rocks gently at her moorings. But she is more than an unarmed aircraft. She is the symbol of Britain's power to keep open her communications overseas. Undeterred by the splutter of machine-gun bullets, undetained by the Battle of Britain, "Clare" is tuned and fuelled to fly on schedule on the long hop to New York.

TRANSATLANTIC

With the Battle of Britain at its height, an unarmed flying boat wings across the Atlantic and settles in New York harbour. The safe arrival of "Clare" is Britain's reply to German boasts. More than anything else, the coming of that aircraft restores American confidence in a British victory

WHEN the dove flew back to the Ark with a sprig of olive in its beak, Noah himself was not more pleasantly astonished than the citizens of New York on a sweltering August day in 1940 when, out of the blue, a great dun-coloured bird winged in from the Atlantic and, with a kiss of welcome to American waters, settled in Bowery Bay. The flying-boat *Clare* had arrived safely on her maiden flight from Britain. To the New Yorkers, it didn't make sense.

Britain, said America's newspapers, was a beleaguered fortress. Britain, said the transatlantic cables, was reeling under the onslaught of total war. Britain, said Berlin, was collapsing like the rest of Europe before the might of the German Air Force. Yet here was Britain, with unshaken poise, unconcernedly operating a commercial air ferry to New York.

The arrival of *Clare* could only mean that the

air route from Britain—like the sea route—was wide open. Britain was not breaking. Britain was not isolated. Germany had not got control of the air.

To America—impressionable to any message of good news—the coming of *Clare* carried the promise of lasting British resistance. To the officials of British Airways—solid and phlegmatic—it was "a successful resumption of the regular service which, during last August and September, carried the Atlantic mails." Dryly, they let it be known that the route miles flown regularly by civil aircraft now totalled 94 per cent. of what they had been before the war started. With *Clare* operating the Atlantic, British flying-boats were covering 60,000 miles and serving five continents, every fortnight.

Think of it. With the Battle of Britain raging, with hostile aircraft as common as flies, with

nations falling like ninepins, Britain is still operating a fleet of unarmed aircraft, routed like buses and run with the regularity of trams. How it's being done is a tale worth telling.

When the air line pilots of Europe used to swagger round their aircraft, and ordinary people used to gaze at them admiringly from the roof of the hotel at Croydon, air travel was a ritual. The machines were gaily silvered. Their attendants and mechanics were exquisitely brass-buttoned and spotlessly white overalled. The passengers were handled as carefully as porcelain. The official who weighed you, the official who accepted your tickets, the official who took care of your passport performed the ceremony with a priestlike reverence. The surroundings were uncomfortably luxurious. The passengers were terribly exclusive. Even the aircraft, drawn up on the tarmac with their noses in the air, had a snobbish look about them.

The first result of war was to knock the complacent smiles off the faces of the aircraft. They were camouflaged mud-colour. Next, the spotless officials were spirited out of their elegant surroundings and dumped down in a shack of a building—with only one lavatory which wouldn't work—on an unfashionable fishquay. Then the passengers were told that they couldn't travel without an official permit. Even if they got the official permit there was no certainty that there would be accommodation for them, and there was no knowing whether the place they wanted to go to would still be there.

The wonder is that civil aviation went on at all. Navigational difficulties were appalling. Meteorological services were restricted. Ships were silenced and unable to give weather reports.

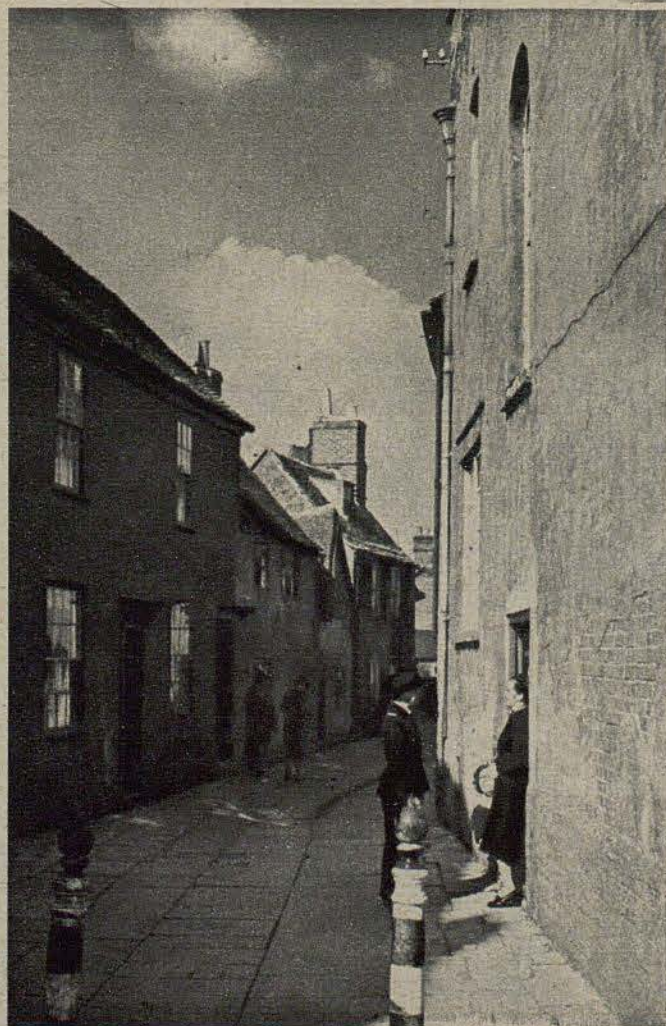
Night flying in war zones was forbidden; and in warring countries, overhauling and repairs—air liners require as much attention as a society beauty—could not be carried out after dusk. There was every good reason why the air liners should not run to schedule, and there was one particular reason why they daren't be a minute late. When they were flying over allied country, they had to pass each point on a predetermined course at a predetermined time. The reason was that if the ground defences weren't expecting them they could expect to meet the ground defences. If a machine was lost it couldn't be replaced because all new aircraft were required by the Air Ministry.

As soon as war broke out, British civil aircraft authorities placed all their machines at the disposal of the Government. They assumed two major duties. The first was to keep open air communications between Great Britain and the countries of the Empire. The second was to operate special charter flights for diplomatic and military officials. However, as a commercial undertaking, British Airways carried on. They continued, supported by Government subsidy, to carry mails and diplomatic, trade and official passengers.

In addition, they formed a unit called Air Transport Auxiliary, which, in time took over all ferrying of military aircraft from factory to squadron. It should be recorded that they also gave up many of their pilots—especially those



THE SKIPPER: *How's the weather? As dawn breaks, Captain John L. Lock looks out over the sky. Soon, he will be thousands of feet over the sea. In a calling where pilots are all fighters and bombers, his job is to carry the mails.*



THE HOME BASE: *In a coastal town where the bombs are falling, British civil aviation has its war-time airport. This is the air-raid shelter.*



THE ADMINISTRATORS: *In a war-shattered Europe, a committee meets to decide the routes over which, in defiance of war, British flying boats are carrying the flag 60,000 miles to five continents every fortnight.*



THE FLYING BOAT IS MADE READY: The Maintenance Crew Apply the Camouflage

In peacetime, British civil aircraft were a glittering silver. In war, they are camouflaged a dull dun colour. The curved pieces of metal are cowlings removed from the front of the airscrews to enable the mechanics to work on the engines.

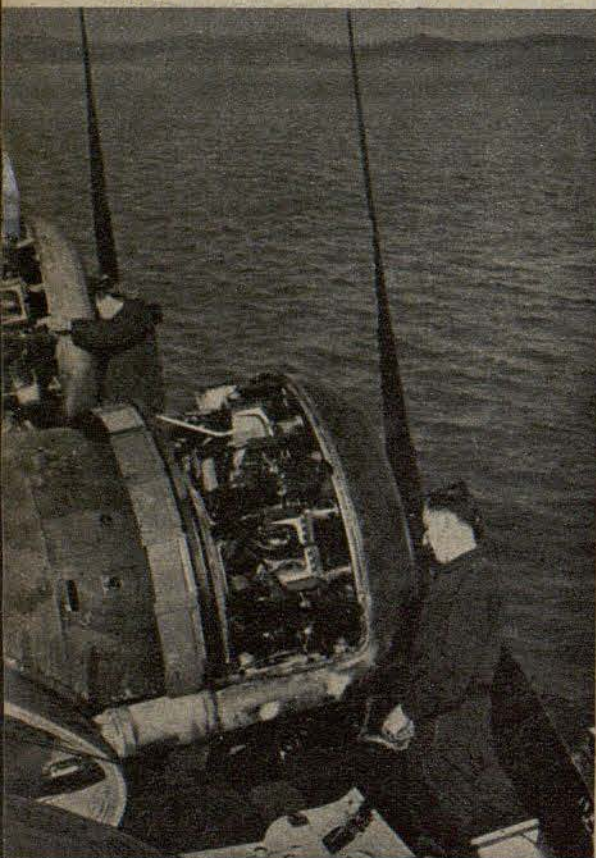
who knew the way to Germany—to the R.A.F. At the beginning of the war, all services to the Continent, except that to Helsinki, were suspended. Later, when Helsinki was embroiled, an air terminal was established in Stockholm. When Norway and Denmark were invaded, Stockholm became officially out of bounds.

A few weeks after war began a restricted daily

service was again started between London and Paris (in conjunction with Air France). That service was continued until Paris fell. After that, the British Airways pilots didn't know where their terminal was to be from one day to the next. When Paris fell, they went to Tours. When Tours fell, they went to Bordeaux. When France fell and Italy came in, they continued to fly by a

sea route to Lisbon. They are still going there. It is a strange experience for them. Lisbon is the last great neutral airport in Europe. It is shared by Germany, Britain, Italy and America alike.

The effect of the collapse of France and the entrance of Italy into the war was to disorganise the route to the Empire. But not for long. The old route was Marseilles, Brindisi, Athens,



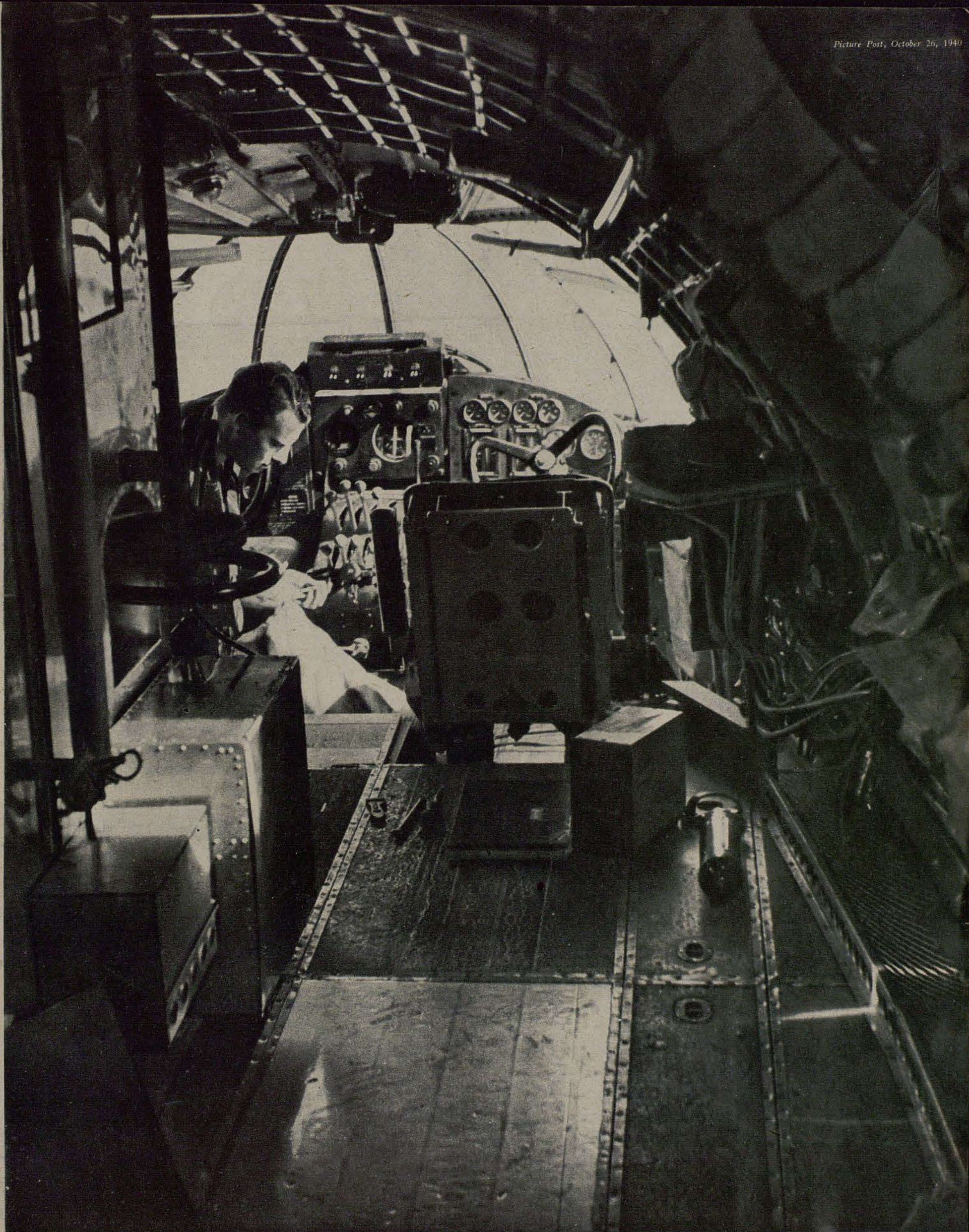
The Engineers Tune-up the Four Engines



The Mechanic Takes a Last Look Round



Engines Tested: Luggage Goes Aboard



The Final Check: Inside the Cockpit of a Transatlantic Flying Boat

Soon, the pilots, sitting at the dual controls, will lift the great boat out of the water and nose westward to New York. In war-time, Britain cannot spare her finest aircraft for civil aviation. To make the flight, the boats must be stripped of luxury fittings to take the extra fuel for the journey. But, in spite of war, the transatlantic service runs as usual.



THE LINE UP OF THE PASSENGERS: *The Official Censor Examines Personal Belongings*

The only travellers leaving Britain in war-time are aliens with special permits and people travelling on official business. The Censor carefully examines all their personal papers and baggage before they depart.

Alexandria. From Alexandria the Empire flying-boats branched to the Cape or, via India, to Australia. With Marseilles and Brindisi hostile, the hop to Athens was impracticable. In consequence, the whole system of the Empire flying

routes was reversed. British Airways moved its overseas headquarters to Durban, and re-routed the whole service with Durban as base. These—and they're well worth following on the map—are the new routes.

Starting from Durban, the service goes to Kenya, and thence to Khartoum. From Khartoum, it branches two ways. One part of the service goes to Cairo—where it picks up Australian troop mail—and thence via Baghdad, the Persian Gulf,



The Wife of a British Ambassador
Lady Selby is on her way to Lisbon. She decides, at the last moment, to leave her gas mask behind!



British Ambassador to Portugal Returns to Lisbon
Sir Walford Selby returns by air to his post. Members of the Diplomatic Corps are regular war-time passengers on Britain's civil air routes.



The Captain and the Customs Officer

The commander of the flying boat has a chat with a customs official before starting on the flight. Before he became a civil pilot, Captain Lock, who flies the boats on the Lisbon hop, was in the R.A.F. Main difference in his job now is that his aircraft is unarmed.

Karachi, Rangoon, Bangkok, and Singapore to Australia, and New Zealand. On the map, you'll notice that this course forms a horse shoe, with Port Darwin and Durban as the points. The other branch extends from Khartoum to the Gold

Coast. The only break in the Imperial chain is between the Gold Coast and Lisbon, which are divided by Spanish and pro-Pétain territory. The two terminals are, at present, joined by sea route. On the other side of the world, *Clare* has been



Traffic Office Checks Passports

Only fifteen passengers are carried at a time on the trip to Lisbon. Only six passengers are taken on the hop to New York.



The Passengers are Taken Aboard by Launch
The passengers embark. The crew follow. Over the war zone, passengers' windows are blacked out.



"Clare" Casts Off: The Beginning of the Transatlantic Flight
Without fuss or ceremony, the mooring buoy is cast off. The flying boat taxis into position for the take-off. Then, with a rush of spray, she lifts out of British waters.



The Halt on the Way: Before the Long Hop
Before making the 1,800-mile hop across the Atlantic, the flying boat drops down to a brief stop at Foynes, on the west coast of Eire, for refuelling.

operating from Britain, via Foynes in Eire, to Newfoundland, Montreal and New York. *Clare's* feat is the more remarkable because, unlike America's *Atlantic Clipper*, she was not designed for the job. To equip her for the Atlantic flight was an improvisation necessitating the stripping of her luxury fittings, special strengthening, and the introduction of extra petrol tanks. In spite of it, she has been carrying mail and six passengers with uneventful efficiency every week for two months.

The biggest surprise packet that America has had since war began came in *Clare's* hold. It was a bundle of London newspapers rushed abroad by British Airways' officials just as the flying boat was leaving her home terminal. When the papers were handed to the U.S. press correspondents in New York, they were only 48 hours old. The date was one of the many on which Germany has claimed that her Air Force had reduced London to ruins.

That *Clare* should have made the flight at all while the blitzkrieg was raging over Britain was big news. That Fleet Street should be publishing newspapers when Berlin was publishing that Fleet Street had been wiped out, was front page news. But it was the news which the London papers were printing which made the headlines in the American press.

On a day that Goebbels was confidently predicting a German victory in a few weeks, the London papers were publishing the news that the Royal Horticultural Society regretted to announce that, owing to prevailing conditions, it had been decided to cancel the Late Summer Rose Show. That unexciting statement helped to convince America that London, like the Late Summer Rose Show, is a permanent institution. Hitler isn't.

One of the New York newspapers reproduced the front page of *The Times*. As usual, maiden ladies were offering desirable board residence to elderly bachelors, gentlemen were advertising for gentlemen's gentlemen, sportsmen were seeking for grouse moors to let, and the "Agony Column" carried the same mysterious messages which, in the spacious nineteenth



Heading Westwards
"Clare" starts on the long flight via Newfoundland and Montreal, to New York.



A SIGHT THAT AMAZED AMERICA: The British Flying Boat "Clare" Arrives in New York
Berlin told America that Britain was surrounded by the German Air Force. Then, on August 8, America saw "Clare" arriving on her maiden flight to New York. Britain's flying boat has been making the trip regularly ever since.

century, Mr. Sherlock Holmes used to study so carefully in his Baker Street apartment. To the American headline writer, the unruffled dignity of London's most solemn newspaper, while German raiders were circling overhead, was irresistible. Over the top of the page, he splashed the slogan: "THE THUNDERER MAKES NO CONCESSION TO ARMAGEDDON."

Propagandists have compared the effect which the arrival of *Clare* created in America with the news of the Battle of the Plate, the rescue of the British prisoners from the *Altmark*, and the exploits of the R.A.F. in the Battle of Britain.

It showed America, as no secondhand report could ever show it, that the might of Britain was unbroken. The Battle of the Plate and the *Altmark* incident demonstrated that Britain still holds unchallenged command of the seas. The victories of the R.A.F. and *Clare's* flights to New York have proved to America that Britain, not Germany, has the potential strength in the air.

British Airways, the corporation which operates the civil aviation services, is the result of a post-war merger between Imperial Airways, which developed the long-distance Empire flying routes, and the original British Airways, which used to run continental services by land plane. The joining of the two was announced by Sir Kingsley Wood, then Secretary of State for Air, in the

House of Commons less than two months after the signing of the Munich agreement. The merger was completed eight months after war was declared.

If you need a reminder about how young civil aviation is, the weekly air service between England and India is eleven years old. London was first linked with Tanganyika in 1931 and not until nearly a year later, by regular air mail flights to the Cape. The route to the Far East was extended by stages in 1933 until it reached Singapore in December. The 11,000 mile service between Britain and Australia was opened in 1934. On August 5 last year, the first regular mail service was started from Southampton to New York.

British civil aviation is now subsidised more than ever by the Government. Travel is rigidly restricted. Most of the passengers—official and diplomatic—pay no fare at all. Only very few buy the £25 ticket to Lisbon. Nobody, so far, has ever been allowed to buy a passage on a British flying boat to New York.

Even if you get permission to travel, which means a special permit, a priority pass from the Air Ministry and from foreign countries, and a visa—you have still to wait until accommodation is available on a plane. The flying boat to Lisbon carries only sixteen passengers; the *Clare* to New York only six. On the Empire

routes, conditions are, of course, more normal.

With the exception of ourselves, Italy is the only other warring country which is venturing outside her own territory. She is still making regular trips to South America.

Britain's civil aviation to-day is drawing a great chain from end to end through the Empire. It's carrying the mails and it's showing the flag. But, behind it all, there are men who are looking beyond the war.

It was the progress made in the last war which made aviation a commercial possibility in the two restless decades before this one. In this war aviation is making another great advance. After it, the designers who are now striving to build bigger bombers and better fighters will apply their new knowledge to building bigger, safer, faster and more luxurious air liners.

Not long after the war, you can expect to see great flying-boats with two decks, dining-room, dance floor and cabins, spanning the world in a few days (there appears to be no limit to the size which flying-boats can be built). There will be a huge development in fast luxury services to the Continent. You and I, for a reasonable fare, will be able to spend our summer holidays on an air cruise which will take us on what used to be called "The Grand Tour of Europe." By that time, Hitler's tour will be over.

DOUGLAS MACDONALD HASTINGS.



A SCENE YOU HAVE NEVER LOOKED AT BEFORE: The Seventh Session of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow

The acting President and Prime Minister of Latvia is speaking. In front of him is the rest of the delegation from Latvia. They have brought a banner preserved in secret since 1905 when workers in the Baltic States joined in revolution against Tsarist Russia. Now Latvia becomes part of Soviet Russia. This meeting is of vital importance to us. Why? Because Russia expects us to recognise the incorporation of the Baltic States in the U.S.S.R.

THE SUPREME SOVIET MEETS

Great question in Europe to-day is "How will Russia Move?" To solve the riddle of Soviet policy one must know something of Soviet government. What is its parliament? Who are its deputies? How are they chosen?

IT is 1937—one of those brilliant, sparkling, autumn days in Moscow, dry and sunny, filling the cold air with exhilaration. It happens also to be nomination day in the Soviet Union's first general election under the new Constitution; and the exhilaration around and about has reached the people. For the millions of the Red Capital feel that they are the Number One electors in this first exercise of "universal, equal, and direct suffrage by secret ballot for every citizen of either sex over the age of 18." Probably no one has told them, in the common cant of the by-election, that the eyes of the world are upon them. But the eyes of the world will soon enough be riveted on the body they are about to elect, the new Union Parliament, or Supreme Soviet of eleven hundred-odd deputies—representing the citizenry of scores of nationalities and tongues from Kronstadt to Kamchatka. In the hands of this sovereign body will lie the endorsement of policies spelling war or peace, of treaties that change the course of European politics, of the incorporation of new territories and peoples—latest being the Baltic States—in the Soviet fold. Very soon the sessions of the Supreme Soviet will be an occasion when the world's telegraph lines and radio circuits are cleared, waiting for the Moscow dispatches.

Nomination day for this significant election strikes the observer as a different business from the formal attendance of two or three candidates at the town hall. Here the entire population appears to be involved in the proceedings. A look in at one of the giant factories will give us a good sample of what is going on; let us say the Electrocombinat, leading electrical equipment works (the G.E.C. of Moscow). It is the change of shift, and six thousand gather for the nomination meeting.

The procedure is simple and informal, like any works meeting anywhere. The chairman announces that there is only one item on the agenda: nomination of candidates for deputies to the Supreme Soviet. A little

middle-aged woman rises. Her name is Anna Afanasyevna Slavnova, a former peasant of Tula province, whom poverty drove to town and factory a quarter of a century ago, as it did countless others from Russia's countryside. Now Anna, who is not a Communist Party member, is a shop forewoman, and her name is a household word in the huge Electrocombinat.

Anna speaks very simply and without frills, as you would expect from such a homely little body, who bridges the old Russia and the new. She nominates as the factory's candidate Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin. Supporting her is another veteran, old bearded Efrimov. "I have worked forty-four years," cries the old man. "In the old days I lived in hunger in my father's house; he sent me out to beg. . . . Now we are the masters, we have built this!" The nomination is carried with acclamation.

But, while many nomination meetings are plumping for big Soviet and Party leaders, many more are nominating plain people for the job. If we hop on an Arbat tram, get off and turn down Filippovskiy Alley (to take a random example), we might look in at the Iskra Revolutsii Printing Works—as it might be London's Amalgamated Press in Sumner Street—and find the thousand printers there nominating Pyotr Ivanov, ingenious and popular head of the photogravure department, or Olga Petrova, star woman linotype operator. We might cross the Moscow river, pay a call at the big Zamoskvoretzky Barracks, and find the N-th Rifle Division busily engaged in the same political activity (for under the Constitution the Soviet armed forces have precisely the same rights to elect and be elected as the civil population). They might be nominating Marshal Timoshenko, but they might just as well be nominating a young subaltern or a non-com. or a simple Red Army man.

This is all in Moscow; it isn't different throughout the whole country. If we were to slip off to the airport and board the next Kharkov plane, we

should pass over railway division towns—where, maybe, engine driver Vladimir Kabanov was being nominated; near the collieries of the Donbas—where stocky pitmen were acclaiming Alexei Stakhanov, the ace miner whose name has become a programme; over rich black-earth collective farms—where the village meetings were nominating pretty Praskovia Kovardak, girl tractor-driver (these are all people who are now deputies to the Supreme Soviet).

Nor is all this election activity merely a Russian affair. The same meetings and nominations are taking place among the slant-eyed Yukat trappers of the Arctic North, the brown Uzbek cotton-growers and Tajik herdsmen of Central Asia, the remote mountaineers of the Caucasus. For the Constitution prescribes full citizen rights for everyone, irrespective of race or nationality.

Equally important is it that the candidates are drawn not only from among political leaders and ranking workers and farmers. Here are the pick of the Union's pioneers, scientists, artists, intellectuals. Polar explorer Papanin, for instance, veteran Academy President Komarov, writers Alexei Tolstoy and Mikhail Sholokhov, who wrote "And Quiet Flows the Don."

The nominations thus made provide the single list, the "Bloc of Communists and Non-Party People," as they call it, which goes forward for election in the appointed large constituencies into which the country is divided. At the elections for the present Supreme Soviet just on 97 per cent. of the electorate recorded their votes. Of the 1,143 deputies elected, 870 were Communists, 273 non-Party.

But can this be democratic, with a single ticket, and no rival candidates going to the poll? The Soviet answer would be roughly like this: "No citizen body in the world has ever participated in so thorough, so wide, and so informed a fashion in an election campaign, as has ours in the first election under the Stalin Constitution. The election was made a nation-wide and intensive period of political education and discussion—with the Constitution and the electoral law, comparisons with other countries' Constitutions, our social and economic structure—documented and explained in books and pamphlets issued in tens of millions. Thus our people freely and consciously chose its best, most devoted, sons and daughters to represent it in its

Continued on page 37



The M.P.s of Russia

Twenty-eight nationalities are represented in the Supreme Soviet. There are 1143 delegates, 189 of them are women. The men in the picture are from Uzbekistan in Central Asia.



The Model Arrives at the Studio

Tall blonde Jacqueline Craven arrives for the sitting. She is much in demand to model evening frocks and "glamour" clothes. Pedestrians, however, are more interested in spotting 'planes.



Off Comes Her Own Frock

Models must be quick change artists. All their dresses are made so that they can be stepped out of. Pulling them off over the head smudges make-up, ruffles carefully waved hair.



. . . . On Goes the One to be Photographed

The scarf-over-the-head is a trick of the trade. Keeps hair and make-up tidy. The gown going on is a model by Norman Hartnell, popular with smart Americans as well as Englishwomen.



Clothes Pegs Pull the Dress in to Show Line

The dinner gown is a fraction too big for Jacqueline. So Fashion Staff Member Veronica Meagher pulls it in with a line of clothes pegs. Result, a smooth line from the front.



Choosing the Model for a Vogue Fashion Picture

Inside their office the fashion editors confer. From a wall full of photographs they must choose the girl to suit the frock. It's a slinky, slim-hipped model. Jacqueline Craven, they decide finally, is the girl for the job. They send for her by 'phone.

The Taking of a Fashion Magazine PHOTOGRAPH

WHY is fashion photography so difficult? What goes to make a picture? Forty-five photographs of beautiful girls stare from the walls of the Fashion Room at *Vogue* magazine. Forty-five labels docket their charms. Beneath each, a printed slip laconically catalogues the owner's name and address, her height and measurements, her size in hats and gloves and shoes.

This fresco of glamour girls is not pinned up just to decorate the walls. It is a hand-picked file of photographers' models. It is the starting-point of every *Vogue* photograph, and as such is arranged with meticulous care. For taking a fashion photograph is far from being the simple, click-the-button affair that the outsider might imagine. It is a triumph of teamwork between half a dozen people. It is the result of days of advance planning on the part of photographer and fashion experts, hours of work in the studio while the photograph

is taken. As with the production of a play, for which actors, producer, stage hands must all be experts at their job, so everyone concerned—photographer, model, fashion staff, dresser, studio hands—must know their business inside out. Otherwise, the photograph will flop; it will be "killed"; it will be scheduled for re-taking.

The first step in the process is the choosing of the dress: round this the photograph is built. After the dress, the model. From the file of models the Editors pick the girl most suited to wear it—a tall, elegant model to wear a dinner gown; a laughing, outdoor type for a tweed coat or suit. It's vitally important that the girl should suit the frock. A freckled sports girl is a sad sight in tulle and sequins. An exotic blonde looks equally incongruous in a rough, tough sweater and slacks.

When the model is finally picked, comes work for the fashion staff. They must comb the London



The Model Puts on her Heavy Make-Up

"I must put on my face" is the regular model's phrase for applying studio make-up. It consists of a brown film all over the face, heavy eye-shadow, strong red lipstick, rather like the heavy make-up used in film studios.



AT WORK IN THE STUDIO: The Photographer Gets Her Inspiration

While the model dresses and makes up her face, photographer Lee Miller contemplates the set which she and her assistant have built up. It's a buttoned satin bed-head which arrived at the studio shrouded in cellophane. Against it model and dinner gown will register glamour.



Photographer Shows Model the Pose She Wants

"Very graceful . . . semi-reclining. That's how I want it." Lee Miller gives Jacqueline the pose she wants on the set.

shops for accessories to complete the outfit: jewellery to give sparkle to an evening dress; hats, gloves and shoes to match a suit.

While the model is fitted out, the "set" is chosen by the photographer herself. To design a set, you have to be something of an artist, something of an architect, with a dash of building experience thrown in! If the photographer wants a set with a minimum of props—say, one chair or couch—there will be no construction work to order. She will probably burrow in antique shops in back-street alleys for a day or two. But if she wants a more elaborate background, there will be work for the studio hands—painting stiff paper doorways, knocking nails into plywood terraces, or cutting out cardboard pillars.

On the day of the sitting, everyone concerned meets at the studio. First job for the model is applying her make-up. This is the same heavy make-up used in film studios—for the glare of floodlights blanches out natural colouring, so that the face photographs a pudgy white. To stand up to lamps 15,000 watts strong, the girl must sponge her face with brown liquid powder, colour her lids deep brown, tip her lashes with heavy mascara, and paint her lips with a special deep red lipstick.

After making-up, the dresser helps the model into her frock—arranges her hair—and sends her on the set. Here, under the lights, the Editors add final touches. They try one piece of jewellery after another. They clip away stray hairs, thrown into prominence by the bright lights behind. They pin or peg creases out of sight.

And now begins a rare example of good team-

work—between photographer and model. The photographer has a particular pose in mind. The model must guess it. The photographer wants some shade of expression. The model must assume it. She must try this pose and that, until the photographer sees the attitude she wants, and cries "Hold it!" Then hold it she must.

Yes, she may have to hold it for five, ten, fifteen minutes, while the photographer shifts lamps, moves props, adjusts the cameras, and, when every detail is perfect and every shadow falls for fullest effect, presses the button and takes the picture. After a short rest the process is repeated with another pose. More than a dozen different shots will be taken before the photographer decides to call it a day.

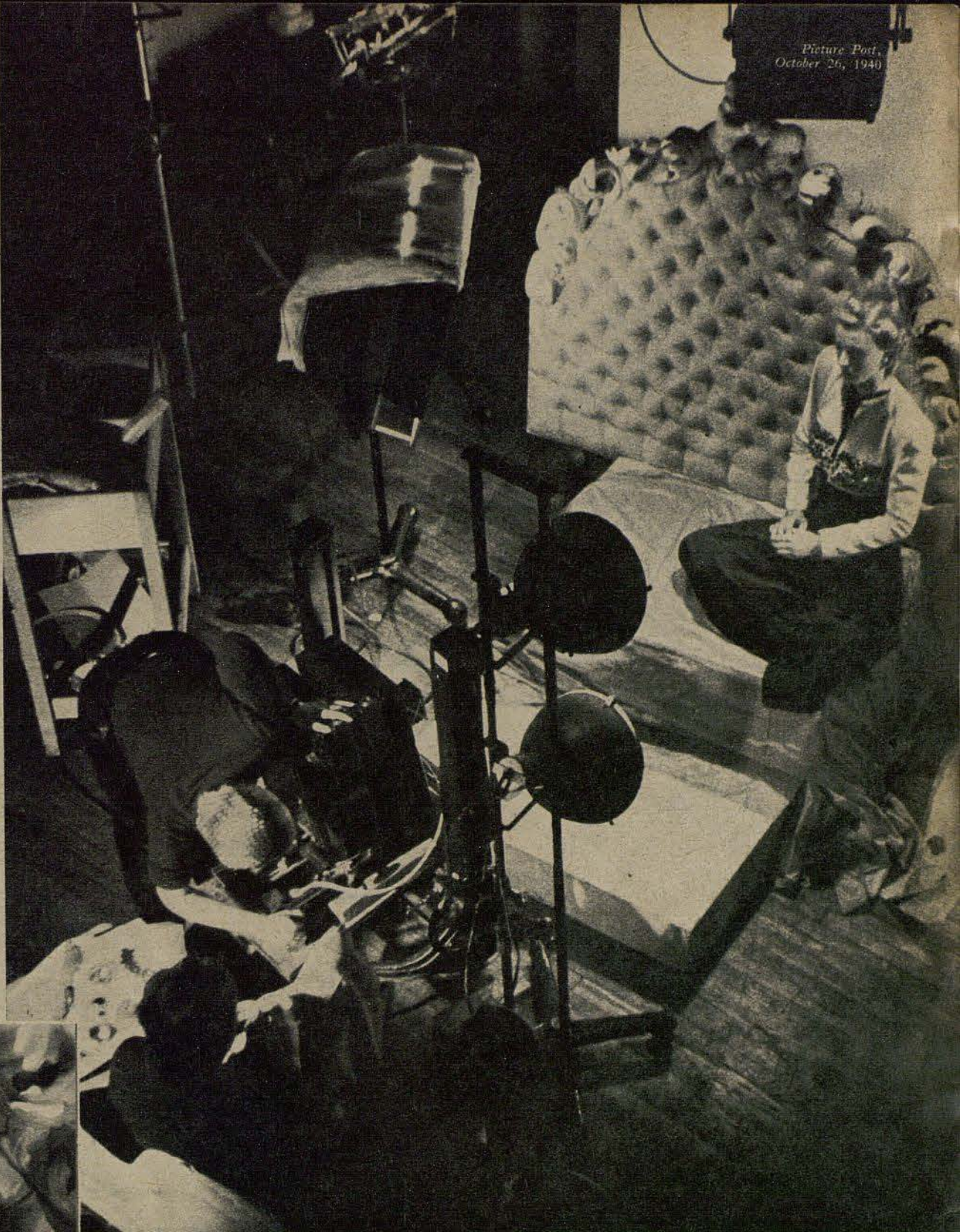
For everyone concerned, the sitting is pretty hard work. For an hour or much more, the photographer dashes about the studio, lifting props, swinging lights, concentrating, creating.

Throughout all this, the model's prime job is to keep as still as a corpse. Try keeping still yourself for a mere half-minute without a tremor of the hand or the batting of an eyelid. You'll know, then, how hard this is. The average model is wonderfully uncomplaining. She may feel stiff. Her mascara may run under the hot lights and sting her eyes. The lamps may grow uncomfortably warm. But she doesn't let up until the shot is taken, and she can relax. Her fee for the job is one guinea for a sitting of approximately two hours, or two guineas if the sitting is unusually protracted.

But—why all this fuss about a photograph? Is it necessary to take all this trouble when the country is fighting for its life? Yes. Because now standards are more important than ever. Fashion is international, stimulates our exports from Lancashire and Yorkshire. Fashion maintains Britain's position as the world's greatest exporter of fabrics. Fashion pays for 'planes and supplies.

That is why as much care as ever goes to the technique of a good fashion photograph. England makes beautiful clothes. They must be shown to the world in a beautiful way.

ANNE SCOTT-JAMES.



The Battery of Lights is Focussed

After a long spell of work, Jacqueline relaxes. Photographer goes on working, trying new angles, fresh lighting effects, studying a different arrangement of lights and shadows, till the model is ready for another pose.



Close-up . . . Hold It!

"Grand! You're lovely. Don't move. . . ." This is only one of many pictures taken. The one chosen by the paper will show much more of the dress.



The Staff Make Their Final Choice

Another conference. At least twenty shots to pick from, and only one can be used. Editors John Ryan and Anne Scott-James make their decision, with the help of Managing Editor Audrey Withers.



JAPAN'S PRO-AXIS CABINET

PRIME MINISTER: Prince Konoe

One of the old aristocracy. Protégé of Prince Saionji, the Elder Statesman, who chooses the Premiers. The Premier gives an exaggerated impression of his master, in his affectation of a preference for a life of elegant scholarship. But he lacks Saionji's force and shrewdness, and for the second time is showing himself the tool of the military party. Before his second Premiership, he tried to form a single Big Party on totalitarian lines. This, however, did not suit the Japanese wirepullers. So he has lately been compelled to renounce the idea as being inconsistent with the supremacy of the Emperor, in whose sacred name the ruling clique prefer to act, without exposing their own persons to criticism.



COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY: Ichizo Kobayashi

One of Japan's most prominent business men. Starting life in the Mitsui Bank, he soon decided that banking was too staid a method of making money, and devoted himself chiefly to electrical enterprises. Since Japan comes second only to the United States as an electrified country, Mr. Kobayashi may claim no small share in the making of modern Japan. One of his most successful ventures is the creation of the inter-urban electric railways. He obtained charters for supplying lighting and industrial current along the routes of these lines, built houses extensively so as to provide customers for the tramways as well as rent-paying tenants. Most spectacular of such enterprises was the creation of an immense pleasure-resort at Takaradzuka, accessible from both Kobe and Osaka by his electric lines. Takaradzuka was merely a hot-spring resort, of which there are hundreds in Japan, but Mr. Kobayashi built an entertainment hall containing baths, restaurants, theatres, and established a school of acting and dancing. Whatever may be his qualifications as a Cabinet Minister, an eye for making money is not lacking.



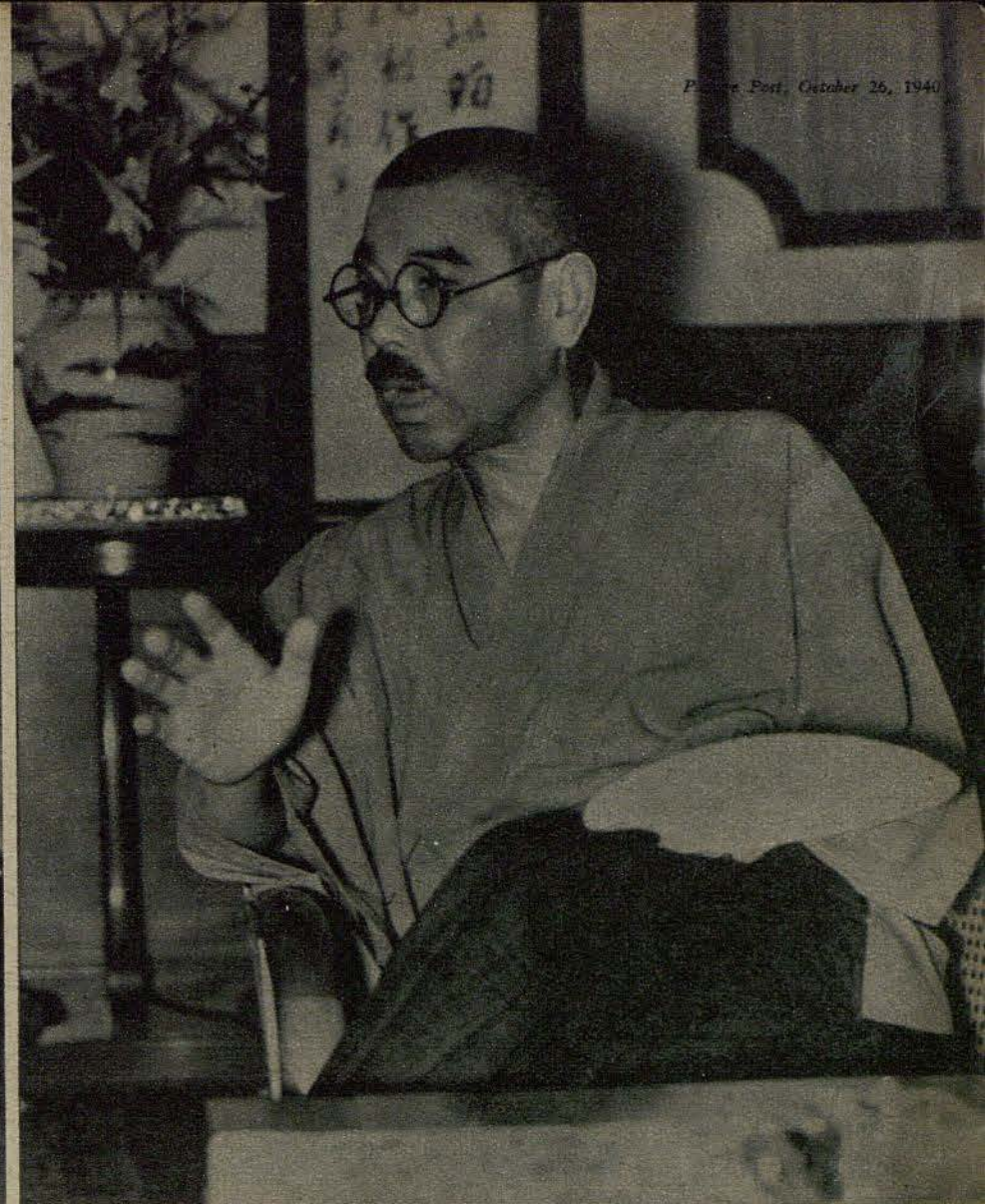
MINISTER OF JUSTICE: Akira Kazami

Achieved Cabinet rank (from the Lower House) after the political murders of February, 1936; a disciple of Kenzo Adachi, one of Japan's direct-action Fascists, who has the murder of the Queen of Korea in 1895 to his credit. He is not averse to advertisement.



WAR MINISTER: General Hidoki Tojo

Keen professional soldier, and aviation expert. Won distinction in the Kwantung Army, which captured Manchuria, and tried to organise conquest of China on same lines. His present post is significant of the army clique's determination to conquer China at whatever cost.



MINISTER OF EDUCATION: Dr. Kunihiro Hashida

Dr. Hashida is one of the signs of the times. When a man acquires a reputation as a devotee of Zen Buddhism, it generally means that he is a fanatical Imperialist. Some of Japan's most vigorous political murderers have enjoyed a similar reputation. Of late years, it has been the fashion for these enthusiasts to denounce the great educational system which is Japan's chief claim to modernisation, and to declare that religion (i.e., Emperor-worship and militarism) is the sole thing important in education. With this, is included the teaching as absolute truth of the most puerile legends of the Kojiki, the first book written in Japanese, which is unreadable now except to the expert. The book itself is a collection of folklore stories, mutilated by an eighth-century emperor for the purpose of consolidating the position of his House. It is now doing service again as an inspired revelation proving that the Japanese are children of the gods. In fairness it should be added that Mr. Hashida is also an exponent of Japan's traditional culture on its more agreeable sides.

FOREIGN MINISTER: Yosuke Matsuoka

Outstanding in a very insular Cabinet. Having picked up his education, along with a tough and aggressive manner, in America, he is a type which conventional Japanese abhor, but has won his way by sheer ability. He was for some years in the consular service, and later became Vice-President of the South Manchuria Railway. At Geneva, after the seizure of Manchuria, he set the model for Hitler by declaring, "In 26 centuries, we have never taken anything from anybody, and we do not want and will not annex Manchuria." The deed was already done. After Japan quit the League, he turned to parliamentary politics, but found that not to his liking. As President of the South Manchuria Railway, he incorporated several thousand miles of railway, Chinese and Russian. If Japan comes into collision with other Powers during his term of office, he will be the man largely responsible.



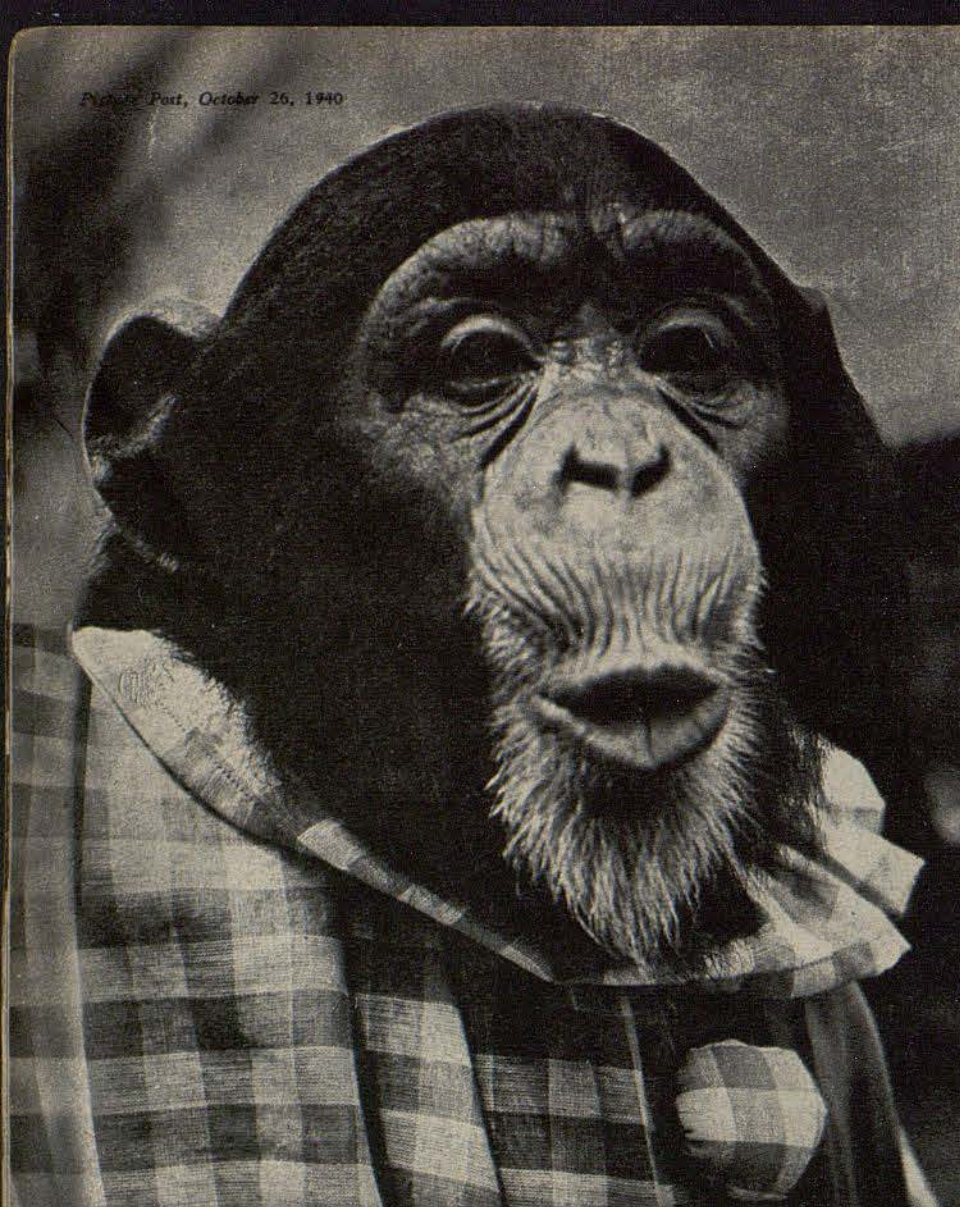
FINANCE MINISTER: Isao Kawata

Represents the type of Finance Minister who has climbed the official Finance Department ladder, rather than progress by experience of banking and business. He had the advantage of serving under practical and liberal-minded Junnosuke Inoue (murdered in 1932).



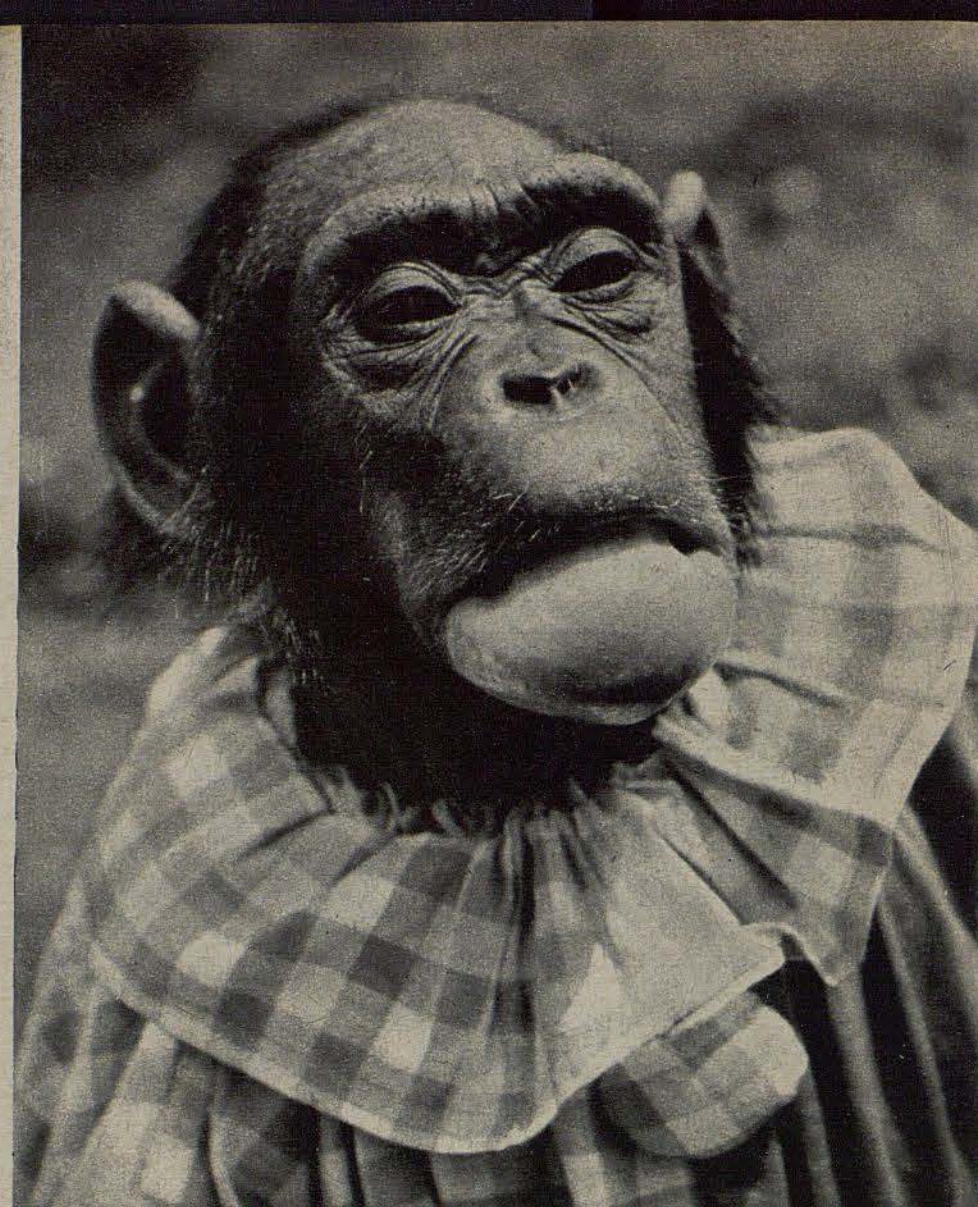
MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: Haoki Hoshino

One of few civilians to be given a post in the organisation of Manchuria after its seizure—which may be taken as evidence of his ability. Credited with much of whatever success the multitudinous half-Government, half-private ventures in the new State have achieved.



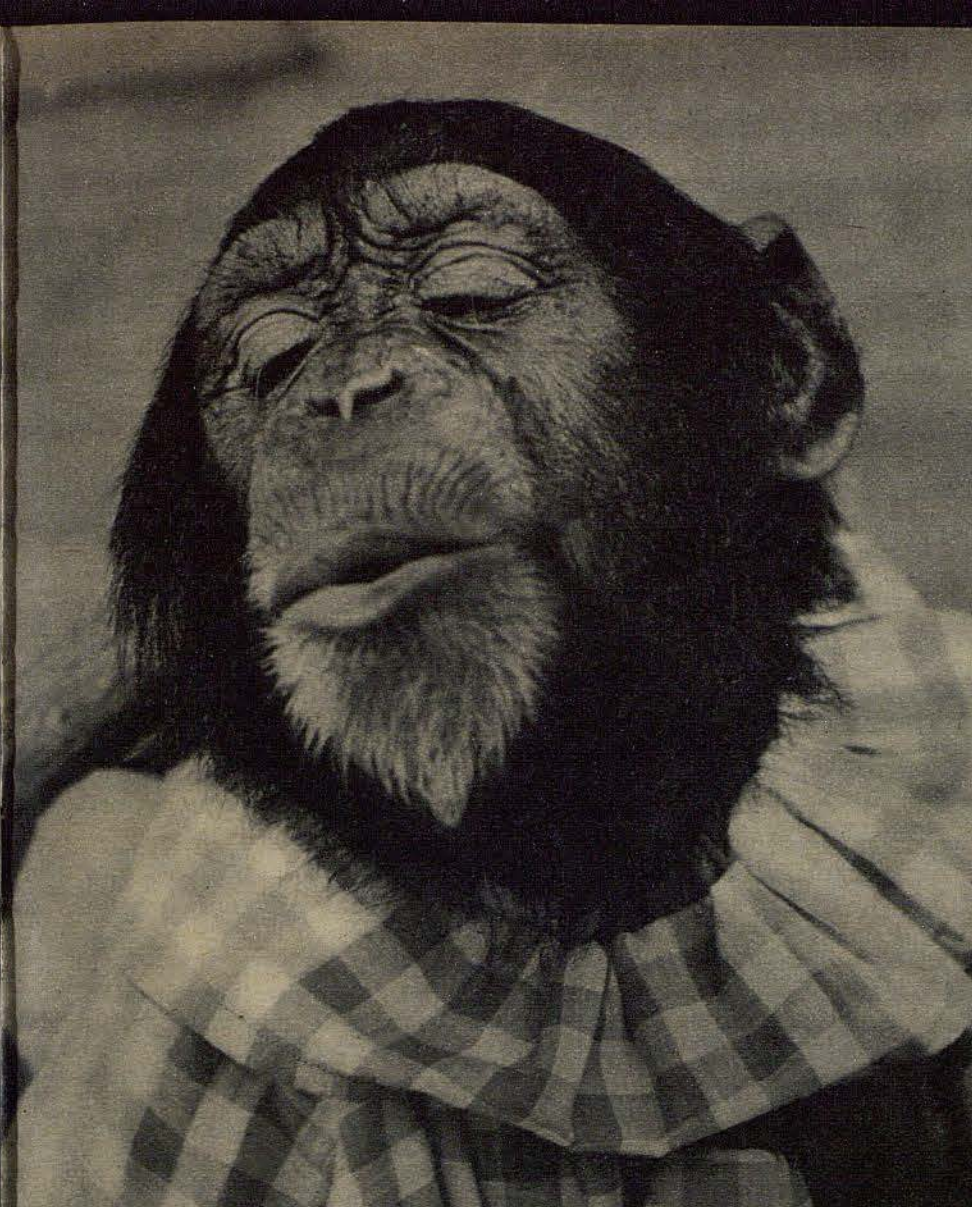
FIRST STEP: How to Protest Innocence

"What—we apes invade your cages? We—come and take your food-supplies, and destroy the security of the animal world? Never! That's not the ape way. Not after we've inhabited adjoining territory all these years. There's only one thing that can induce us apes to enter our neighbours' lands—the desire to liberate them! To protect them from aggression!"



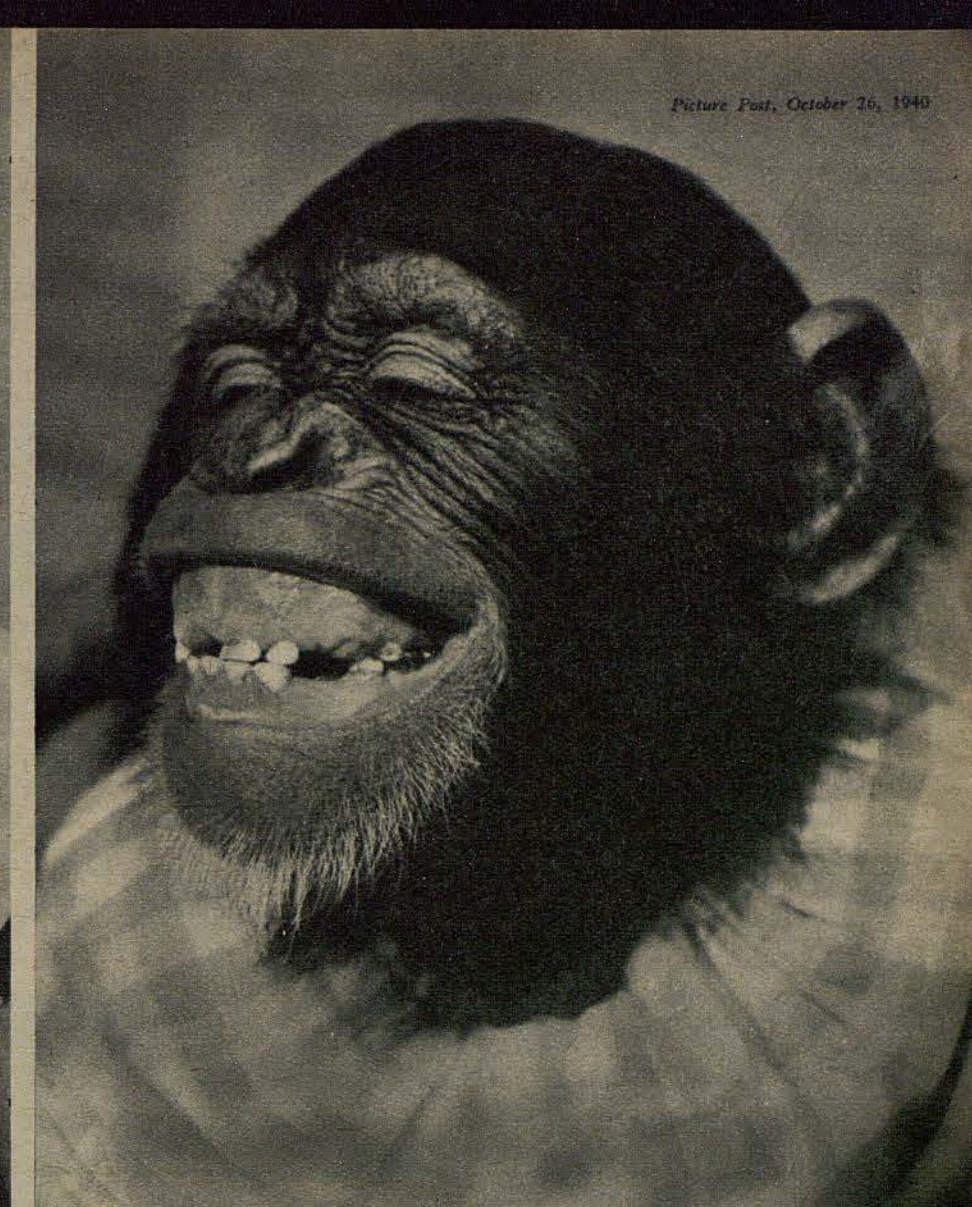
SECOND STEP: How to Bawl Defiance

"Let them all come! Let the whole Zoo staff, and all the keepers, make their way fully armed to the doors of our dens. Our invincible simian army, urged on by our glorious ape leaders, will ensure that no human foot shall ever be set within our bars! We proclaim the invincible right of apes to dominate the earth—by right of their glorious unrivalled apehood."



THIRD STEP: How to Win Friends and Influence People

"We apes have only one goal in our hearts—universal peace. We are absolutely determined that never again at any time shall the blood of apes be shed in battle. We have no designs against other animals, and we expect other animals to have no designs against us. True, we are anti-human—but we recognise no problems which cannot be solved by friendly means."



FOURTH STEP: How to Affect Good Humour

"We apes may be blackguards—but at least we are not dirty blackguards. A bit rough in our manners—but with hearts of gold. A bit rough with the smaller animals sometimes—but haven't smaller animals always had to suffer? And some of them are very unpleasant anyway. You more fortunate creatures don't realise all we apes have had to put up with in the past."

A LESSON IN POLITICS

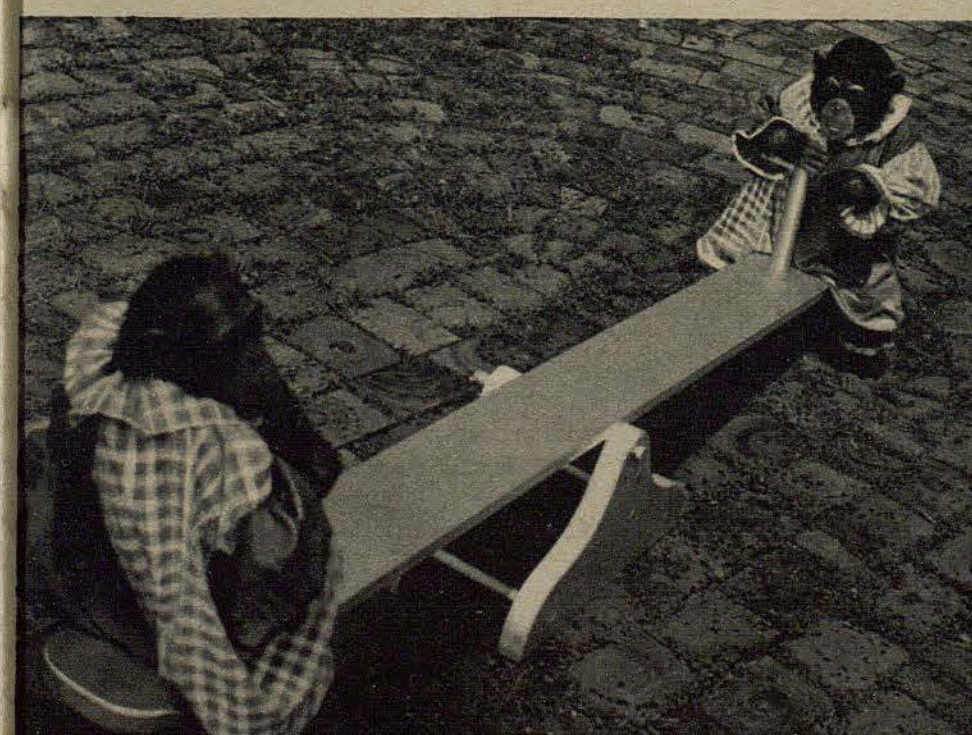
What is politics—but the art of getting your own way. If you want your own way, the thing to do is to get it. Let no out-of-date ideas of honour, civilisation, or concern for individuals, stand in your way. Learn from the apes. They know.



A FEW THINGS THE APES CAN TEACH US:
How to Maintain a Balance of Power



How to Preserve a United Front



How to Remain at the Top of the Tree



How to Put on a Show of Force

T.U.C.

After Parliament, most important meeting since war began was the Trades Union Congress meeting at Southport.

CAN Labour be expected to sacrifice its rights because it supports the war? This is the question which underlay the 72nd Trades Union Congress.

For the big speakers the main thing was to record the T.U.C.'s "inflexible resolve to go on with the struggle against the aggressor powers which have entered into an alliance to destroy the foundations of liberty and the democratic way of life throughout the world." Bevin had a tremendous reception when he said, "Go back to your workshops and, whatever the difficulties may be, I urge you to go forward as a great industrial army in this just and terrible war."

But there was an emphasis, too, on the fact that Labour's participation in the Government did not necessarily bind the trade unions to any policy adopted by this Government. Citrine revealed that the unions were not consulted before this participation took place. "Co-operation," he said, "does not mean that the T.U.C. must accept everything, even from their own colleagues."

What do the Unions want? They put forward a five-point war-time programme:

No substantial price increases during the war. No restriction on legitimate wage increases in face of higher cost of living. Full State control, with an extension of subsidies to keep prices down. Wage increases, and the continuation of social services benefits, not to be hindered by the existence of voluntary savings. The prevention of profiteering.

So far as legislation is concerned the T.U.C. indicated clearly what it wants. It called on the General Council to approach the Government to get the unions placed in a legal position no less favourable than they had before passing of the Trades Disputes Act in 1927. "We cannot forget," said Mr. Potts, of the N.U.R., "that this vicious legislation was conceived in hate, and delivered with the viciousness that the Government of that time could use against us." So the lesson of the 1940 T.U.C. is that the trade unions, while strengthening the country in the war, expect to have their own position strengthened, too.



Citrine Addresses the Trade Union Congress
General Secretary Sir Walter Citrine is speaking. Next to him is the President, William Holmes, who started life as a farmer's boy. Then sit J. Hallsworth and Alan Findlay.



Their Political Leader Arrives
Mr. Attlee, Lord Privy Seal, member of the War Cabinet and leader of the Labour Party, is here to speak. He led Labour into the Government.



Five Million Against Hitler
The 650 delegates at Southport represent five million workers, organised in 225 unions. They know their movement would be crushed if Hitler won. They pledged all their power for the great struggle. They pledge it for the task of building a better world.

OPEN FORUM :

A PLAN FOR AUTUMN

BY RT. HON. LORD ADDISON, P.C.

We must grow more food in Britain. We can—if we set about it the right way now. Here is a plan for immediate action.

WE must produce much more food at home. We can grow much more if we make use of the millions of acres of land that at present are wasted or only half used. For the present, long-term plans cannot be undertaken; but we should take care that what is done to meet war needs is done on the right lines.

More food for man and beast can be grown on land that is ploughed than on land that is in grass—even good grass. You can also more than double the food-producing capacity of much grassland, if it is ploughed, used for a cereal or other crop, and then re-seeded with good grass mixtures. But you cannot grow corn or other food crops unless the weeds are killed and the land is properly treated and drained. And, whatever you do, Nature takes her time.

Up to last year, more than four million acres of what was once good corn-growing land had been let down to grass—often poor grass. There are eight million acres of grassland that should be ploughed either for re-seeding or for remaining in arable. There are probably seven million acres more of land that cannot be properly used because they are waterlogged in the winter-time. This dreadful mess cannot be cleaned up at once, but we can do a great deal.

The Minister Has the Power

Last year, the Minister of Agriculture started with a programme of ploughing up two million acres of grass; this has been done. At the same time he created an organisation to direct and superintend operations, consisting of an executive in each county, with district committees, staffed mainly by experienced farmers, to make recommendations as to what should be done on each farm as its contribution to the programme. This organisation is now in working order, and the executives, subject to the Minister, are endowed with drastic powers. They have staffs of cultivation experts, machinery for carrying out cultivation where the occupiers cannot do the work, and staffs for assisting in the provision of labour, feeding stuffs, fertilisers, and the rest. This is where we start from, for the greater effort Mr. Hudson is calling for during the coming autumn and winter; and he is giving the executives additional powers.

The needs of 1941 will predominate and many cultivation plans must be modified; but the essentials of land improvement remain the same.

The autumn sowings should be devoted to wheat, or beans where the land is suitable. The spring sowings will be of spring wheat, barley and oats, apart from a large increase in the acreage of potatoes, in addition to beet, peas, vegetables and a large increase of animal fodder crops. Much of the land, from which this year a hay crop has been taken, has been, or should have been, ploughed and "bastard fallowed" for sowing in the autumn.

The corn harvest has been safely gathered in; during the harvest weeks the tractor, reaper, plough harrow and press have been required every hour.

But now there is another set of operations that must be got on with if much good land in need of drainage is to be brought into cultivation. There are hundreds of miles of field ditches and smaller

water courses that are clogged with weeds and fallen earth. To clear them, apart from draining the land, will provide an immense additional acreage.

How are these tasks to be tackled?

We know that the majority of competent farmers will get on with the job right enough if they feel they can rely for a sufficient time upon a fair return for their labour—this security of price is essential to any sane policy of agricultural restoration, war or no war. In addition to such farmers, there are many who would farm well if they were not so hard up. Unfortunately, there are others, either ignorant or incompetent, whose land is in a deplorable state.

Land Which Lies Idle

There are thousands of acres rendered derelict through having been bought for prospective building operations. The farmers have been got rid of; the land has been "let go." War-time powers enable this land to be reclaimed; I am glad Mr. Hudson is insisting on an energetic use of these powers. Much of the land has already been ploughed at the instance of executive committees and is in crop or fallow. *The rest must be dealt with this autumn; we can afford no hesitation.*

The executives can arrange with the present owners to let it to approved farmers or can cultivate it themselves. One condition is essential—land must be taken for at least three or four years. The first reclamation is necessarily expensive; nobody can make a success of it unless a period of cultivation, at least as long as that, is assured without disturbance. In any case, we ought never to allow this sort of thing to recur. It could be prevented without injustice to anybody, and without standing in the way of proper development.

Another great section of land that requires special treatment is the waterlogged land. Efforts are being made at present to deal with a good deal of it, but they will need to be much greater. Most of the drainage now being done is dependent on the owner or the tenant proposing to do the work and willing to pay half the cost; this does not bring in those who do not so propose. Mr. Hudson is proposing that the Executive Committees should tackle the job directly where necessary; extensive operations will be required. *It should be possible to devise a workable scheme even under our present land ownership system, but half the difficulties would have been non-existent if the land had been nationally owned, as I think it ought to be, and will have to be.*

Apart from these special cases, the quickest and most profitable contribution to increased food production is to be obtained through grassland ploughing and through the lifting-up of the standard of cultivation in those cases where it is lower than it ought to be.

We start this year with a great advantage over last. Executive committees have good staffs at their disposal, and much agricultural machinery that has been provided by the Government, as well as experienced drivers who know how to use ploughs and other implements, and who provide a substantial reinforcement to the farmers' labour.



Lord Addison

Formerly Minister of Agriculture; author of "A Policy for British Agriculture." Liberal M.P. for twelve years; then Socialist 1929-31, 1934-35.

Jobs Facing The Executives

There is one obstacle that arises from the wholesale letting down of land to grass in the times past. Some farmers have become stock raisers largely dependent on imported animal feeding stuffs, and have neglected arable cultivation. In most of these cases, the executives must cope with the task.

The most difficult job is the lifting-up of the standard of cultivation of indifferent or bad farmers. The commonest cause of this condition is the shortage of working capital. The farmers have no money to pay for cultivation, seeds, manures and the rest, but could often do the work well if they were helped. The executives often can do the work for them and recover the cost later, and they can arrange for the provision of "goods and services" through short-term loans. *Where the tenant either cannot, or will not, do the work, the only thing is for the executive to terminate his tenancy, let the land to someone who will, or do it themselves. They have full powers to do these things and are exercising them.* It has been possible to enlist well-trained men to take charge of the work of different districts, but most expert guidance comes from the more up-to-date farmers, helping through the District Committees. It would be folly to let this system be dissipated after the war.

Keep the Skilled Workers !

There is, alas, no short cut to the supply of the deficiencies of skilled labour. The tragedy of the migration of labour from the land and the lack of good country cottages is now upon us. Every skilled man is as precious as rubies. So far, by means of the teams in the employ of executive committees, the use of the Women's Land Army, gangs of volunteers and schoolboy labour, the work is being dealt with better than could have been expected, but every day that passes gives dramatic evidence of the necessity of keeping skilled workers on the land. They will not be kept there unless they are decently used and paid. You can build a tractor or binder very quickly, but a skilled craftsman is the product of years.

The war is compelling us to try to undo the neglect of a generation in a couple of seasons. The lessons of our past are plain. Let us pray we shall have the sense to learn and to profit by them.

HITLER'S BALKAN GRAB

Germany grabs Rumanian oil. Her troops bar Russia's way to the Balkans.
Japan, on the other side of the world, plays down her pact with the Axis.

GERMAN troops enter Rumania on October 7. On the following day, the Rumanian Foreign Minister declares: "There is not a single German soldier in Rumania to-day." The War Ministry concurs. Sir Reginald Hoare, British Minister in Bucharest, asks for an explanation from the Rumanian Government. The Rumanian Government deprives Sir Reginald Hoare of the usual diplomatic facilities.

During the following days, between twenty and thirty thousand German troops arrive. Their officers in Bucharest are greeted by General Antonescu, Rumania's dictator. The German Air Force sends fighter units, and announces that more will follow. Anti-aircraft batteries are stationed at the chief oil wells.

Diplomatic reactions are violent—in neutral countries. The U.S.A. decides to "freeze" Rumanian funds of twenty-five million pounds. The Turks promise that Hitler's way to the Middle East will be barred by "two million bayonets." Russia's reaction is a matter for speculation, but a black-out rehearsal is held at the Baku oilfields, and Russian troops are beginning to dig in on the Bessarabian frontier.

The economic reason for the coup is clear. Rumanian oil is now all Germany's. Supplies to Greece and Turkey are immediately cut off. Rumanian officials are summoned to Berlin to discuss an embargo on oil exports to all countries "except those friendly to the Axis."

The strategic reasons for the coup are more complicated. Greece is thought to be a likely Axis victim now, with 250,000 Italian troops on the Greek-Albanian frontier. A "pincers-movement" against Egypt now becomes practicable, with the Germans driving from the North and the Italians from Libya.

The all-important change in the map affects Russia. She is separated from Bulgaria by a German-occupied Rumania. She is cut off from the Balkans.

The Times, of October 14, publishes the following sen-

tence from a Special Correspondent in Istanbul: "The idea that Germany is contemplating war against the Soviet Union sounds startling, but it is being freely discussed in diplomatic circles in Angora."

Other events of the week are as follows:—

October 8. Mr. Churchill Explains

The Prime Minister in the House of Commons announces the Burma Road will be reopened on October 17. Defending de Gaulle, he says the Dakar fiasco was the result of "accidents and errors," and that disciplinary action will be taken. Most startling is his revelation that the First Lord and War Cabinet were not informed of the passage of French warships through the Gibraltar Straits in time to stop them. Three more French warships have passed since that error was committed. The general buoyancy of the speech is in contrast to particular references to the sorrows in store for us.

The R.A.F. bomb the chief German docks. The Germans carry out extensive night raids.

October 9. Tory Revolution

Mr. Churchill becomes Conservative leader. The *Daily Mail* comments (October 11): "The old conception of this party is gone for ever. Mr. Churchill has been forced on the Conservative Party by public opinion and the march of events against all the efforts of the party machine and the leaders to keep him out. The struggle may commence now as to whether Mr. Churchill is to conform to the ideas of the party or whether the party is to conform to the ideas of Mr. Churchill. . . . Unless the party not only remodels its ideas, but also its methods, it can have no part in or influence on post-war Britain. Old methods, whereby the party was dragged into unconditional acceptance of the Leader's policy, and mediocrity was preferred to brains for office, must be ended."

Coming in such a quarter, this must be considered one of the most remarkable statements of the war.

London has its longest night raid. The R.A.F. bomb Krupps, the oil plant at Cologne, and the invasion coast. The Navy bombards Cherbourg.

October 10. Morrison at Work

Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security, is to ask for compulsory powers over local authorities in order to get basement shelters. His first lieutenant, Ellen Wilkinson, goes into the most notorious East End shelters.

It is announced that St. Paul's Cathedral was recently bombed. The Thames estuary and coastal towns are attacked in daylight raids. The R.A.F. attack oil and other military targets in Germany.

De Gaulle has arrived in the Cameroons.

October 11. Japan Pipes Down

According to the "New Statesman," Mr. Churchill himself decided to close the Burma Road and Lord Halifax opposed the closing.

Japan is singing a more modest tune than when she signed up with the Axis. Mr. Matsuoka, Foreign Minister, now says the object of the Triple Pact was to show China the futility of further resistance and, secondly, it was "for the benefit of the United States!" The possibility of the U.S.A. being embroiled in war, he chatters, is "enough to make one shudder."

Despite bad weather, the R.A.F. bomb German docks, aerodromes and the Channel ports. London's raids start in the early morning, but the night alert is comparatively short.

October 12. U.S.A. Gets Ready

"Our decision is made," says President Roosevelt at Dayton, Ohio, "we will continue to pile up our defence and our armaments. We will continue to help those who resist aggression."

The R.A.F. raid Berlin again, attacking an electric power station, a gas works and a goods yard. Other targets—there were 40 in all—are aluminium works, Krupps, a blast furnace, metal works, the Fokker airplane factory, oil plants and the Dortmund-Ems aqueduct.

London again has a comparatively short raid.

October 13. Naval Claims

According to the Italians, some of their destroyers attacked British forces in the Channel between Malta and Sicily. The Italians admit the loss of a destroyer and two torpedo-boats.

Smaller formations of aircraft are used by the Germans in daylight raids.

Mr. J. A. Spender, in the *Sunday Times*, recalls the Havana declaration, in which the Americas declared their interest in the preservation of the American *status quo*. "This declaration almost certainly provided one of the chief motives for the Axis-Japan pact." What does this mean, Mr. Spender? If you set up a police force you give the gangsters a "motive" for getting together? Is that what you mean? And, if so, why not?

October 14. Air War Goes On

Despite bad weather, the R.A.F. continues its attacks on targets in Germany and Channel ports. Big raids have been carried out on Italian bases in Libya and Eritrea. German bombing of London is resumed after a night of "somewhat larger raids" and attacks on Merseyside and the North-east. The Germans have now lost 2,641 planes over Britain.

Brazil and Chile have agreed to loan naval and air bases to the U.S.A., it is reported. A Tokio newspaper denounces Roosevelt's latest speech as "provoking war."

The days go by!

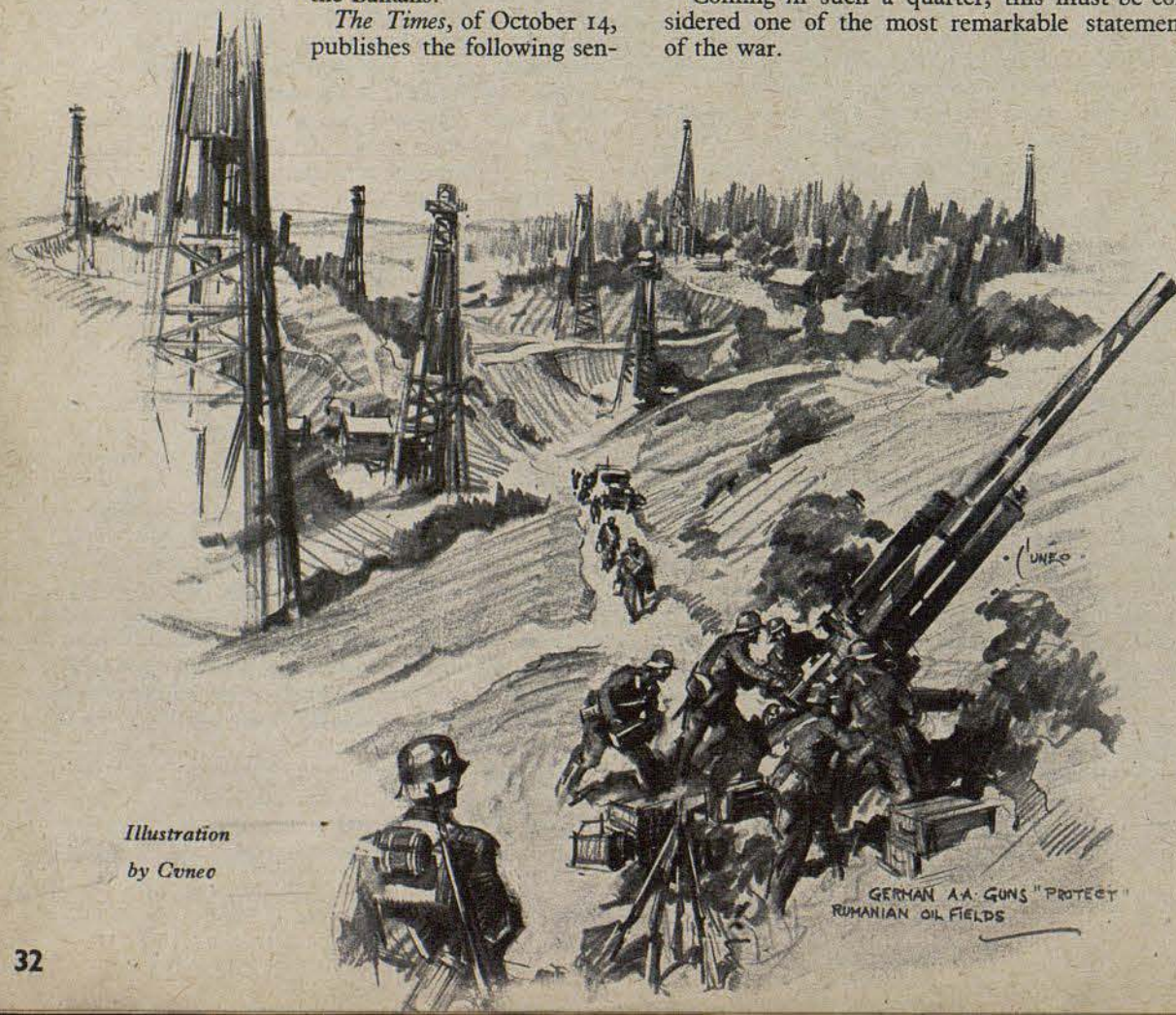


Illustration
by Cuneo

GERMAN A.A. GUNS "PROTECT"
RUMANIAN OIL FIELDS

FOR many anxious days we have been waiting for tidings about the coming New Age and about plans for Europe and the world. Now let us rejoice exceedingly! For Ernest Bevin has spoken. He is now in the War Cabinet, and he is a strong and fearless man, who will not give up what he thinks is right. He has announced a closer relationship between the Ministry of Labour and the Foreign Office, the object being to see that in the future the Diplomatic Service is more in line with the new conditions.

What is the trouble with the conduct of our Foreign Affairs? Our professional diplomats are no ignor-amuses. Indeed, they have to pass an extremely difficult examination, and are highly intellectual and full of knowledge. Some of them are somewhat effeminate, and very many are more charming than effective, more conventional than original. Neither can it be denied that the class from which they are recruited is exceedingly narrow. The possession of a ducal wife is a major asset. Bad luck in the Divorce Court is fatal, thus, removing many of the more full-blooded. In France, especially, there was a real disposition to get to know only members of a similar social class—a grave error in a country where this class was not only unpopular but unimportant. It is absolutely essential that all "classes" should take part in all activities of the State. The reading of Brogan's long but fascinating narrative, "The Development of Modern France, 1870-1939", reveals how the French, with their near-genius

DIPLOMACY IN THE NEW AGE

by EDWARD HULTON

Our present diplomats are useless amidst Totalitarian gangsters. They will be equally obsolete in the New Age.

for internal division, managed to make the Civil Service nearly all Radical middle-class, and the Army and the Diplomatic Service largely Catholic and upper class, with results which led from a series of Dreyfus affairs to the present crash.

Unfortunately, as in the case of our Civil Service, our enterprising Foreign Office man is repressed, whilst the do-nothing is safeguarded, and the "dud" is not eliminated. A deplorable habit has been to dispatch some of the worst of the Senior "duds" to what were once happily regarded as "minor capitals." Thus, at key-points in the Balkans we have been let down with an extra-resounding thud! Other ineffectives have been shipped to South America, regardless of the feelings of Latin Americans, and the vast openings for trade in the new hemisphere. At long last, the Foreign Office agreed to pension off these less useful gentlemen, only to discover that the Treasury, as usual, would not "stump up." The recent shortage of jobs in Hitler's Europe has lately led to wholly unsuitable persons being foisted upon the Ministry of Information. Incidentally, our British Intelligence has lately suffered much from being divided up into a number of small groups, each of which is strictly "hush-hush" from the others.

It must be conceded, however, that the utter failure of our foreign policy from 1918 to 1939 was due to our political leaders. We have seen the melancholy procession of Ramsay MacDonald, Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain. The information and advice by such professionals as Vansittart was ignored, or derided as being "Francophile." Most political leaders were associated in an ostrich-like posture towards all foreign affairs.

The irruption of Nazi-ism, Fascismo, and Japanese Shinto have flung us into a new period of jungle law in which our professional diplomats are obsolete. In the New Age of world co-operation, they will be equally outmoded.

At their ease in the pink salons of Archdukes, and faultless in questions of protocol, or precedence at the dinner table, they find themselves flung into a cauldron of gangsters amongst whom G-men would be a great deal more serviceable. Theirs is the philosophy of the sovereign nation-state. The greater of these nation-states in the nineteenth century had formed themselves loosely into the "Concert of Europe." The Concert often united to keep the "small boys," as in the case of Greece and Crete, in order. The precarious balance of

power between the members of the Concert was maintained by a certain code of gentlemanly behaviour between states. Certain things were "not done" in peace or war. The kid glove was then an instrument of precision, rather than a pathetic anachronism. Matters were even rendered a little more pleasant by the fact that heads of states were then usually cousins in fact as well as in name, and could write to one another as "My Dear Nicky." This world has vanished. Our professional diplomatists are thus as out of date as would be John Stuart Mill in the field of economics. Add to this the present necessity for a knowledge of all classes, of trade unions, of commerce, of advertising, of the Press, of propaganda. Our Consular Service is not yet properly organised to foster commerce, and hardly one of our "Press Attaches" has any experience of newspapers.

The venerable Hoare has been suffered to take part in a species of Sardou drama in Bucharest. We should have bombed the Rumanian oil-fields before the Nazis could erect anti-aircraft defences. One of the few encouraging things in the Balkans has been the success of the purely commercial news agency Britanova.

All will be well if Labour will maintain an intelligent and sustained interest both in foreign affairs and in the fighting services.

Thus we shall preserve national unity and strength, and be ready for the "diplomacy" of the New Age—the substitution for mere courteous restraint of world co-operation made possible by spiritual faith.

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READERS' WRITE ON AIR RAIDS—Letters Continued

A Deep Shelter Scheme Revived

I have read with great interest your article on Deep Shelters (Oct. 5). Deep shelters may not be practicable everywhere, but a great many places could have had them if your own magnificent scheme described in your issue for January 7, 1939 (which I still have carefully preserved) had been carried out. I have discussed these Kearney Tubes with many engineer friends and we are all amazed that so valuable a proposal has lain dormant. What are our authorities thinking of? Why not republish part or whole of the article with up-to-date facts? The demand for these useful tube-shelters should become a shout.

P. Gunter,
Bernersmede, Carlisle Road,
Eastbourne.

The Kearney High-Speed Tube Railway was designed to solve London's peace-time traffic congestion, and also to provide air-raid protection. Article on it stated: "It has the opposition of certain vested interests, which fear the rivalry of a newer and more scientific system."

Silver Lining.

Every now and then I take a stroll down a somewhat bomb-damaged street, stop, fix my eye on a vacant space in the air about 25 feet from the ground, recall to mind the three-roomed flat that was once up there, remember that I have already paid a quarter's rent for it, ponder on the fact that but for the grace of Goering I would have to pay rent until the end of a 3-year lease which I can hardly afford, and reflect that every cloud has a silver lining.

F. Moran,
Bayswater Road, W.2.

Rebuild the East End

Money is every day reaching the Government for the very necessary means of destruction such as Hurricanes, Spitfires, guns and tanks, but would it not be possible to turn public sympathy and generosity into constructive channels as well? The East End has been badly bombed. Could not all those, who have not yet suffered in this way, be persuaded to contribute to a Government loan free of interest, so long as the war continues—whose funds the Government would guarantee should be released immediately on the cessation of war, for the rebuilding of the poorer districts of London? There must be many people of small means like myself whose thank-offering for spared homes would soon amount to a sizeable Rebuilding Fund.

I. L. Plunket, Carriganoona,
Bantry, Co. Cork, Ireland.

Siren Suggestions

In support of Reader Nessim's suggestion (Oct. 12), of playing tunes instead of sounding sirens, I suggest that for a "warning," "Run, Rabbit, Run!"

P. Wedge (schoolboy),
Forest Hill, S.E.23.

Until radio-gramophones are as wide-spread and powerful as sirens, and until the whole population can tell one tune from another—all such ingenious ideas must stand over.



Mrs. S. Macquoid,
White House, Pangbourne, Berks.

A Good Laugh?

My old aunt of 78 took up the daily paper the other morning and read the headline: "Dog fights over London," whereupon she remarked: "Really what is the world coming to, even the dogs fight all over London now!" We thanked her for giving us the first good

Retaliation

Permit me to congratulate you on your sympathetic coverage of air-raid damage to London.

Could you not make known why we, the British public, cannot be treated to an equally extensive coverage of the damage our R.A.F. boys inflict upon Berlin and other Nazi cities? Do the Nazis forbid photographing damaged buildings, crowded shelters, and wrecked homes?

One can, perhaps, visualise pictures, such as yours, filtering into Germany through neutral countries, and being cunningly captioned by Goebbels' department to give the effect that London is in ruins.

I do not suggest that our M. of I. should emulate such an example, but they might give the man in the street some pleasurable evidence of retaliation.

Eric J. Sparks, Glenbarrie,
Chesswood Road, Worthing.

Pictures showing raid damage in Germany are few—and designed to play down effects of British bombing.

Air Raid Soloist



The difficulty about ear plugs, which many of your readers will probably have noticed, is that they admit just enough noise to make one curious and want to take them out and hear what is going on. The solution is to sing at the top of one's voice when wearing them. The noise inside the head is positively deafening. If there is any objection to this course of action, the light humming of patriotic ballads will exclude all but the loudest bangs.

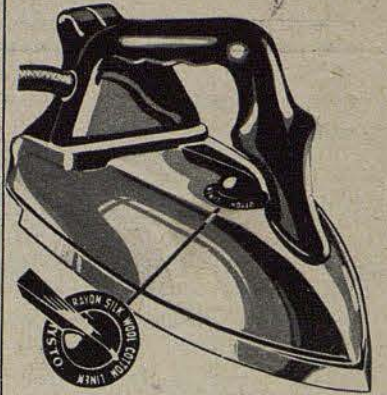
P. K. Rose,
Poole Road, Christchurch.

Ecclesiastical Shelter Suit

The letter from M. Peterson advocating clerical suits for children (Oct. 5) was of special interest to me, as the same idea occurred to me on reading a letter to *The Times* from the Archbishop of Canterbury. As an Anglo-Catholic I naturally prefer a soutane for priests, and I made my little boy (aged 6½) a little clergyman's suit. At first he was inclined to trip over the long skirts; but in a day or two he grew quite accustomed to them. It takes rather a long time to button up in the morning, but it is so becoming and attractive that we all think the extra effort is worth it. My little boy looks angelic in the round hat that goes with this costume, and experience has taught us that the whole outfit is highly suitable for the shelter.

Mary Rhodes,
Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

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READERS' LETTERS—continued from page 34

Munition Worker Attacked...

It is interesting to reflect that your munition worker, Ronald Hubble, earns more money than, say, Flight-Lieutenant Learoyd, V.C., and infinitely more than Sergeant Hannah, V.C. It does not matter how many hours these men work, or what responsibilities they have, they get paid a flat rate—night shift or day, Saturday and Sunday included. I quite realise that working in a factory which may be a potential target is highly dangerous, but flying aircraft over enemy territory has its exciting moments as well. Mrs. Hubble now has ten frocks. How nice. But the material for them is urgently required for other purposes. She has also contracted to spend £63 on a bedroom suite. How foolish. No bedroom suite which will fit into a 10s. a week house is worth that. The cost of living may have gone up, but not to that extent. Flight-Lieutenant Learoyd, V.C. and his contemporaries still get the same pay as before the war. No wonder the Hubbles think their new-found wealth cannot last. It does not deserve to. I note that Hubble calls himself a materialist. How true.

Bruce Strickland, Laleham, London Road, St. Ives, Hunts.

... And Almost Defended

You may be interested to hear that in the Pullman car of a London-bound express a well-to-do well-covered man was holding forth indignantly on your Munition Worker article (Oct. 12) calling the aforesaid munition worker a profiteer for earning £8 a week, and you may be surprised that no one pointed out to the aforesaid well-to-do gent that he looked as if he were enjoying, even it did not earn, considerably more than £8 a week, that he had obviously never worked 67 hours in a 7-day week, and that his contribution to our war effort as compared with a munition worker was very probably nil.

R. T. Peters,
King Street, W.6.

Interest Free Loans—The Last Word

You have said a lot about lending money to the Government free of interest, and a most patriotic thing it is too. When, however, we wonder why rich people don't do more in this way, it is well to remember that, for many the saving and lending of money is their job in life, in the same way that other people grow cabbages or control armament works. It is a very difficult and highly skilled job, as anyone who has tried it even in a small way can tell you. Most of these people have no other livelihood. Whether the job of saving and lending money or for that matter, of making armaments, ought to be left to private individuals is quite another matter.

J. Douglas,
Oxford Union Society, Oxford.

Drastic Reconstruction

I suggest a new "Cabinet" formed from the Mistresses of Girton and Newnham, with, perhaps, Dorothy Thompson as Premier (if America can spare her).

Edward A. Kitson,
Lee Road, Blackheath.

Australian Prayer

The excellent article by Darrell Symmons (Oct. 12) on Australia's Harvest recalls Australia's prayer during the last war, when the wheat

stacked to await transport was threatened by weevil, "Give us this day our daily bread, and deliver us from weevil."

Guy Innes,
Horton Street, London, W.8.

A Remarkable Experience

I was walking across a field pondering philosophically on who, of all the magnificent figures in British history, is entitled to be called the "greatest man the world has ever seen," when as though in answer to my thoughts, a voice behind me seemed to whisper "Kingsley Wood." I spun round to find the field completely empty except for myself and a grazing horse some fifteen yards away. I know nothing of the personal qualities of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, but I feel it important that my remarkable experience should be put on record, as it may well be either a miracle or a sign from heaven.

J. Paton,
Thimblemill Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

OUR SPITFIRE FUND

One reader writes: I am sorry you haven't called your fund an "Aircraft Fund." Hitting them hard where it hurts most will help to win the war just as surely as knocking down their bombers, and I would have liked to contribute to a fund which included both classes of aircraft. However, I enclose £5 to buy a compass, and good luck to your fund.

W. G. Thompson,
Broome Hill, Cobham, Surrey.

Another says:

Eight shillings from an air-raid casualty. Good luck!
Mr. E. N. Lewis, Cowbridge Road, Victoria Park, Canton, Cardiff.

From Portugal:

I am very sorry not to be able to subscribe more, but am pleased to send you this small sum (£10) to help to buy a Spitfire.

Madame Zuylen, Villa Montrose, Mont' Estoril, Portugal.

And One Way to Collect Money

The enclosed (39/-) was raised from a draw for a boot which had been flung from a plane which crashed in the vicinity. We hoped to have much more than this, but the boot was confiscated by the police as we hadn't sought permission to keep it, from the Air Ministry. I should have said that the plane was a German.

J. S. Moule,
High Street, Harlow, Essex.

A Tangled Skein

Would it not be possible to teach our Servicemen to knit? Idle moments could thus be filled in making comforts for themselves and their mates. Married soldiers might even do some of the knitting of their children's garments, for which busy wives on war work have little time these days. Able and attractive knitting instructresses could be drafted from the women's services to break down initial prejudice and start the ball rolling.

H. Streeter, Greenford Road, Greenford, Middx.

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BEDDING IN THE NOVEMBER "HOUSEWIFE"

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The November "Housewife" is another of these

issues that you won't want to lend to even your dearest, nearest friend. "Housewife" is unique. No fluffy generalities—no sob-sisterly stuff-and-nonsense in "Housewife." Cooking, baby care, budgeting, gardening, decoration, knitting, fashion, health or beauty—"Housewife" speaks with the voice of experience. "Housewife" is the housewife's own professional magazine.

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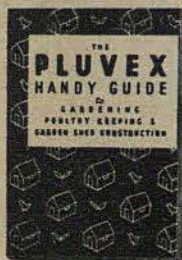
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READERS' LETTERS: continued from page 5

The View of a Diehard

What do we want friendship with Russia for? We have always fought our own battles and always will. In any case, if we are looking for friends, why should we turn towards a country which our own Prime Minister, in a broadcast on January 21, 1940, described so rightly as: "The Soviet Union, abject and hungry in peace, base and abominable in war." In peace the countries we do business with must have something to offer. In war, our allies must share our common ideals.

J. R. B. Ravenshaw,
Ifley Road, Oxford.

The View of Ernest Bevin

Mr. Sloan writes dogmatically that "the Soviet Union... will not help the Churchill Government to 'win the war' which it does not consider would create any more of a lasting peace than the previous British victory over Germany did in 1918." This is not fortunately the view of prominent members of what Mr. Sloan calls the "Churchill Government." In a speech in Manchester of October 13, Ernest Bevin said roundly, "I can see a new orientation now. The time will be, with the spread of the Axis to Japan, and the drive East, when it will be to Russia's interest to join with America and us. She will not do it on capitalist grounds, or Communist grounds, but on grounds of self-preservation." Much will depend on which of these two men is right. Personally, I put my money on Ernest Bevin.

F. T. Foster,
Three Bridges,
Near Crawley, Sussex.

The Man who puts them Right

To Mr. Belloc, everything that comes out of Soviet Russia stinks to high heaven. To Mr. Sloan, every stink that stirs in that paragon of communities smells as sweet as roses. They're both wrong. And you, Mr. Editor, in offering us the alternative of either kneeling down at Stalin's feet with Mr. Sloan or swinging a boot into his backside with Mr. Belloc, are wrong, too.

Russia, whether you strike an attitude or you don't, will conduct

her affairs, like other countries, to suit herself. If she wants a war with Mr. Belloc, she'll have one. If she wants an alliance with Mr. Sloan, she'll have that too. She will keep out of war if she can (who wouldn't?) and she will seize every advantage she can while Britain and Germany are occupied with each other (wouldn't you?). Her dearest hope is that both the British Empire and the German Reich (Russia has no cause to love either of us) will tear each other's throats out.

If we want to prevent Russia taking all, we must first beat Germany. If we beat Germany, Russia will root for us, never fear.

George Jennings,
West Kensington Court, W.14.

Observation



There is such dignity, wisdom and accumulated experience stamped on the features of three of the newspaper humorists (the men who make us laugh, Oct. 12) that one would label their faces as "statesman-like" were it not for the fact that

so many statesmen look and behave like buffoons.

M. Kent,
Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3.

Beachcomber—A Correction

I hope you can find space to correct errors in your note about me in the issue of Oct. 12. I have never written a book called "At the Green Goose," and am not the "father of humorous columnists as we know them." You have confused me with Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, who was "Beachcomber" of the *Daily Express* until 1924, in which year I succeeded him, when he went to the *Daily Mail*. I wrote a book called "Pyrenean," not "The Pyrenean."

J. B. Morton, Potwell House,
Henfield, Sussex.

Apologies to both Beachcombers.

THE SUPREME SOVIET MEETS:

Continued from page 21

supreme legislative body.

"With a people united as ours is, possessed by the single interest of building a free, happy and prosperous Socialist country, the ordinary election dogfight is meaningless. And do you not often find, when you have a body of people united by one main interest—maybe in a trade union, or a club—and there has been plenty of what we call re-election argument and agreement, that you have a single nomination? Or else after John Smith has been nominated, the meeting votes that nominations be closed, and John Smith is accordingly elected? Do you call that undemocratic?"

So much for the Supreme Soviet and the elections to it; but this sovereign body is only the apex of the Union pyramid. Step by step, down to the smallest village, there is a corresponding Soviet nominated and elected in the manner described. First below the all-embracing U.S.S.R., come the Union Republics (of which there are now sixteen), and most of these include one or more Autonomous Republics within their borders, covering distinct minorities. Next down are the Soviets of territories or regions, then areas, districts, towns and villages.

Some idea of the extensive nature of this State structure can be had from these bare figures. On the district Soviets there sit 135,000 deputies, on town Soviets 112,000, on ward Soviets in large cities 50,000, and on village Soviets over 1,000,000. Notably in the villages, the Communist deputies are largely outnumbered by their non-Party colleagues.

But whether his candidate is Party or non-Party, whether he is a miner, a playwright a beet-grower or a professor, Ivan Ivanovich feels lie is represented by someone chosen among the best sons of the people. And that is more than some elsewhere can say.

ALLEN HUTT.

HOPE! FAITH! CONFIDENCE!

In Times of Stress

Times of stress put a heavy strain on us all. Nerves get frayed—sleep gets broken up and then just will not come when the opportunity occurs. NOW the quick, safe and certain help that 'ASPRO' gives fulfils a great human need. For 'ASPRO' steadies and soothes the jaded nerves and you know again the restfulness of sound sleep. There is no nervousness or "hang-over" on awakening for 'ASPRO' does not dope or depress. Worries and uncertainties fade away—the horizon becomes brighter and troubles which appeared overwhelming are faced with renewed hope, faith and confidence. The help that 'ASPRO' gives goes further. It banishes pain and dispels a multitude of petty ills. Millions of people have proved it. So keep a packet of 'ASPRO' tablets handy. You will find that in any emergency



ASPRO'

CALMS & COMFORTS

SLEEPS "AS SOUND AS SOUND CAN BE"

Dear Sirs,
55 Lichfield Road, Bow, London, E.3.
Once again I feel that it is my duty to write and let you know that I still stick to my old tonic, 'ASPRO'. Owing to the present conditions in the country one is apt to be rather nervy, all one seems to hear is "I have not been able to sleep for weeks." When I tell them how well I sleep they say "HOW DO YOU manage it?" My answer is "Two 'ASPROS' and into bed and I sleep as sound as sound can be." They say "Just imagination." However, I just persuaded a friend to try for herself and gave her two as a sample. Next time she saw me she shook me by the hand, and told me it was the first time I told her the truth (THAT WAS MY THANKS). Well, I was very pleased she tried them herself. If people only just realised how quickly 'ASPROS' acted, I am sure they would not hesitate in using them—I would not be without them if it was my last threepence.

I remain, Yours faithfully, MRS. CROSS.

'ASPRO' IN FIRST-AID SHELTER

Dear Sir,—I intend to use 'ASPRO' in my First Aid Shelter. From personal experience I know they are excellent and, above all, they are British. M.B.V.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority. Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Feet eased, eyes pleased

Ease for hard-worked feet, approval of critical eyes—Portland shoes ensure both. Busy feet don't get nearly so tired in Portland because in every Portland model there's comfort-giving width, sure support. Eyes that appreciate good style appreciate Portland because the designers have so very cleverly modelled comfort to fashion's will.



No. P6608.
Black, Brown,
or Navy Blue
glace kid.
Shape 30.
Extra Wide
Fitting Heel
1 1/2" high.

Portland

STYLE · COMFORT SHOES

The prices of Portland Shoes which have been approved by the Central Price Regulation Committee range from 22/6 to 26/9

Send for the attractive and interesting booklet illustrating the wide Autumn range of Portland shoes.

T. ROBERTS & SONS, LTD. (DEPT. 15), PORTLAND SHOE WORKS, LEICESTER

"Cheers . . . I say, this is delicious!
And it's not so dry as most Sherries
are . . . what did you say it was called?
AMBER POINT—and it costs only a mere
3'3d. a bottle? . . well, cheers indeed!"

AMBER POINT

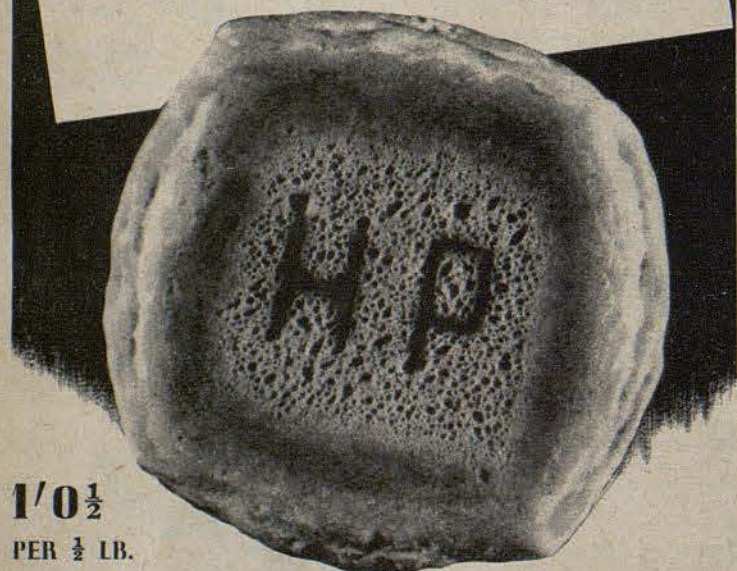
The British Sherry



3/3
per bottle

Produced and
bottled by
Vine Products
Ltd.,
Kingston,
Surrey

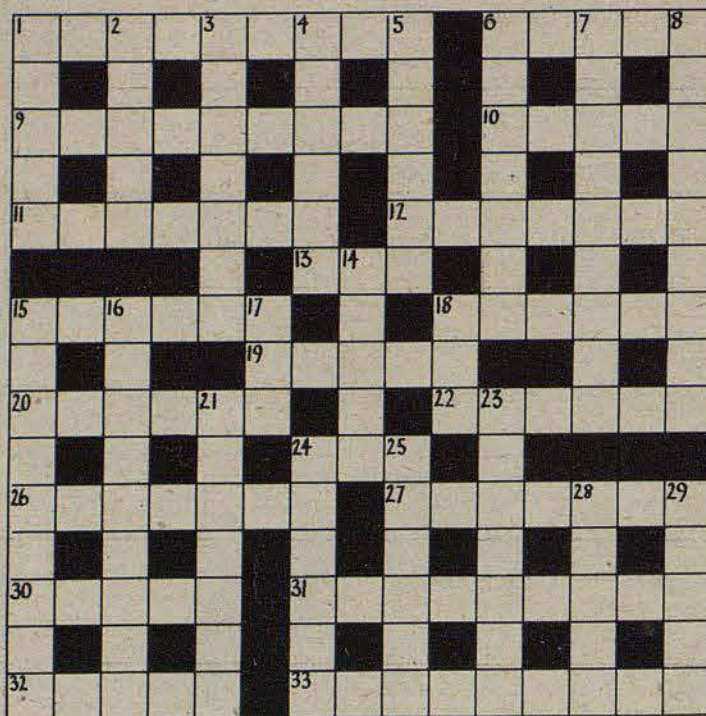
A biscuit
for
BREAKFAST · LUNCH
TEA AND SUPPER



1/0 1/2
PER 1/2 LB.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS
BREAKFAST BISCUITS

OUR CROSSWORD



RATHER HARD

ACROSS

- What does it cost to send your boy here? Ask at Liverpool Street (9).
- Money for part of the orchestra (5).
- Upright development of this rogue (9).
- Clubs for both sexes, including mutineers (5).
- Furniture pays (7).
- Window with the top storey inside (7).
- Conveyed by silence (3).
- It's red for a change (6).
- Man's name (6).
- Part of the day to employ and divert (5).
- "The lady doth protest too much, methinks" (6).
- Finis (two words, 3 and 3).
- Rent many householders pay, but their landlords are not entitled to it (3).
- Accessory: certainly no worse (7).
- Buries (7).
- Bilingual articles appreciated by the carpenter (5).
- Lost again, when the exile's feeling is changed (9).
- The highest part of 1 Across (5).
- When we were young, and dressing was quite an important item (two words, 5 and 4).

DOWN

- The ladies tell me dogs about fifty have come into fashion again (5).
- May's doubtful past (5).

- The irritable man no doubt was, when he did it to the telephone (7).
- Too sleepy to get in a word edgeways? (6).
- Stands for artists (6).
- A broken blister (7).
- More than dislike (9).
- Is it a bad omen for the murderer when judgment is? (9).
- Ooze (5).
- Does he flag when tired? (9).
- Pet creeds might be regarded with reverence (9).
- Feature of research (3).
- Obtain (3).
- Poles are individually (7).
- Sign of mourning (7).
- The gardener eats them stewed: that's what he does! (6).
- Little animal that will better bear painting when beheaded (6).
- " — Charta " (5).
- Ocean writing down the sides of your trousers (5).

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



**STRENGTHEN
THE
HOME FRONT**

YOU can't depend on them getting home to meals on time these days; and when they're tired after hard work, their appetites need tempting. That's why OXO comes in so well for family cooking—it gives that extra flavour and richness.



WARS AREN'T FOOTBALL MATCHES

IT would be very pleasant if wars were like football matches—45 minutes each way and then the whistle. But wars aren't. They have a knack of making long-time nuisances of themselves. And people straining in factories, on guard duties and A.R.P. sometimes find themselves working out a time-table of their physical powers. How long can you stand the strain of extra hours, less sleep, more worry? Surely it must be clear that you can stick a great deal more strain if you take every reasonable precaution to guard your health.

Many people are getting less exercise and fresh air. Holidays are gone. Strange jobs, too, are demanding steadier nerves. Quite naturally, systems get out of gear. Blood begins to collect toxins which in turn means bad heads, muddy complexions, coated tongues and quicker tempers.

That is why Kruschen is finding new converts—people who in ordinary times would laugh at the thought of taking salts. But salts are safe—salts clear the system of poisonous waste—salts don't create a habit. Kruschen, being not just one salt but a combination of six, is particularly helpful. Kruschen acts both as a diuretic and a laxative. It flushes the kidneys clear of poisons, keeps the colon moist, causing easy, natural action.

You may need Kruschen now. Think of the winter ahead and how sensible it will be to get into trim. A pinch every morning—that's all. Kruschen is obtainable from all Chemists'. Price 6d., 1/- and 1/9. Good health for a farthing a day.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 3d.; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

PICTURE POST

BENGER'S

-mainstay of the war-time menu

IN THESE DAYS it's more important than ever to get all the benefit you can from your food. That is why BENER'S is so essential in the war-time menu. Whatever else you eat, make sure of having a cup of BENER'S twice a day.

Taken at your mid-day meal, BENER'S will make sure that you get the full benefit of milk and food. The active digestive enzymes in BENER'S both soothe and strengthen your digestion, so that everything you eat does you more good.

Taken last thing at night, BENER'S rests the whole system, and being full of nourishment, it supplies the body with much-needed food in a form which can most easily be absorbed.

NEW! BENER'S FLAVOURED
You can now buy BENER'S flavoured with MALT or with COCOA AND MALT. Both forms possess the full digestive properties of plain BENER'S.

And remember, BENER'S to-day is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. A 1/4d. tin goes a long way



You could live on Benger's

Longley The Benger Laboratories, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

IDA'S FINGERS ARE INK-STAINED NOW

... but they're
white again
for the evening!



There was a time when Ida used to be noted for the variety and vividness of her nail polish. Now that she's a clerk in the A.T.S. she hasn't much time for beautifying—but she manages to keep her hands smooth and white, nevertheless. Those inky fingers soon come clean after a rub with Zixt, the wonderful soap tablet that removes all kinds of dirt from the hands in a moment and leaves them soft and attractive.

**TRY ZIXT
YOURSELF WHEN YOU
HAVE A DIRTY JOB
TO DO!**



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Under stress of war-time needs, research is being urgently pressed forward in every branch, revealing an ever-widening field of development.

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AND
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NOVEMBER ISSUE
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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel — and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.
C.R.C. 59P



There are 12 million homes in this country; all in the front line. Over 9,100,000 have wireless sets, and that's something to be thankful for. In those homes, instructions, news, music and amusement are "on tap." Rumour can be killed by the turn of a switch, gloom relieved by the Forces programme—inspiration gained by the voices of people like Churchill, Dorothy Thompson and Priestley—morale kept high and fully charged by contact with the outside world and current events.

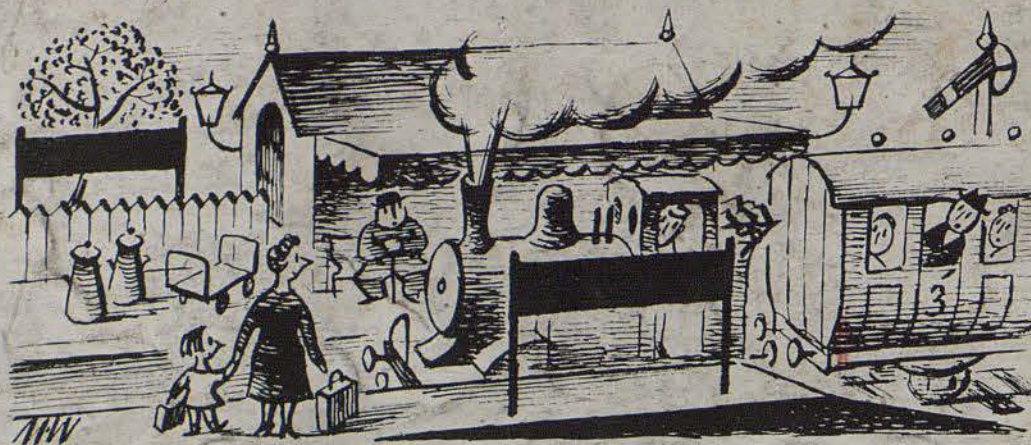
3 million homes are still without this shield against depression, rumour, defeatism. Everyone realises that the needs and demands of the services come first. This Company is, in fact, engaged on important work for the Forces.

But so long as there are homes ill-equipped or unequipped with radio sets, so long shall we hope to find the means and material to supply civilian needs. We believe it to be a task of national importance.

Murphy Sets are still available from Murphy Dealers.

MURPHY

+
munitions
for
the home front
+



Stations without name-boards . . . products without packets

SOME weeks ago we asked you to say 'au revoir' to an old familiar friend—the cardboard container in which you normally buy Sunlight Soap. Housewives must have found buying Sunlight Soap without the packet as strange as seeing a familiar railway station without name-boards. But we know that although the railway station conceals its identity it is still in the same place doing its job.

Similarly, you can feel sure that the Sunlight Soap you buy today, although it has no packet, is still the best soap it is possible to make

and is still doing its job in millions of homes.

The time now approaches when another Lever product must part company with its packet. But we know that you will regard the missing cardboard as a useful sacrifice. It means a saving of valuable space on British ships, which have so many vital goods to carry now. And you may be sure that, although the packets have gone for a time, the Lever products themselves will carry on their great Lever reputation for the highest possible standards of value and manufacture.

These Lever products will be issued without packets as the need arises:

SUNLIGHT SOAP (now on sale without the packet) and LIFEBOUY SOAP



Issued by Lever Brothers, Port Sunlight, Limited.