

'MONTY' ATTACKS IN EGYPT ONCE MORE

Last Night's Latest: Back Page



THIS latest battle-line picture—sent by radio last night from Cairo—brings to the people of Britain a vivid glimpse of the Eighth Army's ferocious battle to destroy Rommel.

It shows, dimly silhouetted in the swirl of

battle smoke and desert sand, British soldiers, with bayonets fixed, dashing up to capture the crew of a disabled enemy tank.

It shows, too, more graphically than words could, what war in the desert is really like.*

Rommel has lost many tanks and their crews in scenes like this in the last eight days.

**Our Campaigns
Are Winning!**

**FIVE MORE WAR WIDOWS
GET A SQUARE DEAL: PAGE 10**



WHEN baby helps himself to 'Vimaltol' he is helping himself in a very real sense. This delicious vitamin food will do much towards building up strength and weight, and reinforcing resistance against colds, coughs and other winter ills.

Give your child the benefit of the strengthening and protective properties of 'Vimaltol' this winter. It will prove a great help in maintaining health, vigour and sturdy development. All children love its delightful taste—it is just as nice as the most delicious jam.

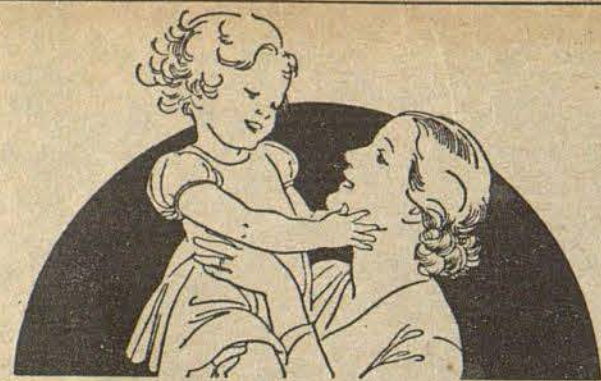
'Vimaltol' is a product of the highest quality prepared in accordance with present-day scientific knowledge. Because it is very concentrated, 'Vimaltol' is most economical in use.

Build up
Winter Health
with

VIMALTOL
(VI-MALT-OL)
A DELICIOUS, CONCENTRATED,
ECONOMICAL VITAMIN FOOD

In two sizes: 2/10 and 5/2

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**Mother! Give Constipated Child
'California Syrup of Figs'**

Children love the pleasant taste of California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative. Tell your chemist you want California Syrup of Figs, which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

Is your Stomach Wasting Food?

Is your stomach doing its job and getting every atom of goodness from your rations? Unusual food, worry, disturbed nights, long hours, all over-tax your stomach. It becomes flooded with excess acid and cannot digest your food. If you get pain after meals, flatulence, sickness and that "blown out" feeling, you can be sure that your stomach is too acid and is wasting much of the food you eat.

Acidity can be stopped at

**MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS**

Pocket size bottles
7d. and 1/4d. also
2/3d. and 3/11d.
(incl. Post Tax)



*Milk of Magnesia is the trademark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Why Was He Sacked?

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELIN, You are Minister of Aircraft Production with complete power over the industry. But are you master in your own house?

If you are, why did you allow one of Britain's greatest aero-engine builders to be dismissed from his job? It is Sir Roy Fedden I'm talking about, the man who makes the finest air-cooled engines in the world, Chief Designer of the Bristol Aeroplane Company.

HE WAS SACKED BY THE COMPANY HE BUILT, JUST AT THE MOMENT OF HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH.

It happened exactly one month ago today and at the moment he is still without a job.

A thirty-day scandal. And every day in which Fedden's experience and

ability are not used to the uttermost, makes the scandal bigger.

Half the engines now being used by the RAF were designed and built by Fedden. In the future they are destined to play an even more dramatic role.

Just before the war the Nazis tried to "buy" Sir Roy. The U.S.A. made him a sensational offer. But he saw war coming and he decided to stay right here.

The fact that Sir Roy is now homeless; that he has lost his chauffeur-driven Rolls and runs about in a little Talbot Ten; these do not matter a damn to us any more than they do to him.

We are not even concerned with the injustice of his dismissal on grounds that seem to us utterly fooling.

NO. WE ARE CONCERNED THAT

AT A MOMENT WHEN BRITAIN NEEDS EVERY SCRAP OF TECHNICAL SKILL, THIS PRODIGIOUS BRAIN IS BEING UTTERLY WASTED.

More than that. Other skilled engineers and technicians in the aircraft industry are angry and alarmed.

IN every big firm there is frequently a clash between the men who do the job and the financial interests that control the company.

In war-time the financial interests should take a back seat. It is the men doing the job—building more and better machines—that matter, not the men who count up the profits.

But men who do the job are saying now that financial interests are still allowed to dominate the vital aircraft industry.

The fact that Sir Roy Fedden can be kicked out just at the peak of his value to Britain is not going to allay their discontent.

But you have allowed this to happen. Why? Are the financial interests too strong for you?

Are you master in your own house? ARE YOU? THEN PUT SIR ROY FEDDEN BACK IN HIS JOB, OR FIND HIM ONE OF EVEN GREATER VALUE TO BRITAIN AT WAR.

Yours Sincerely,
OWEN BLAKE.

"Sunday Pictorial" Air Correspondent.

PIGEONS GO BY PARACHUTE!

BRITAIN'S latest secret weapon is so small that it would easily go into a man's overcoat pocket.

It is a tiny rolled parachute which wouldn't support the lightest man in the air. It isn't intended to. Its purpose is to let down carrier pigeons.

Hundreds of these tiny parachutes are stored in a northern ordnance depot.

They are only one of the 600,000 items which the Army needs stored in an ordnance depot in the north of England.

Jack Doyle: Drinks Case

JOSEPH DOYLE, also referred to as Jack Doyle, the boxer, of Charlbert Court, St. John's Wood, N.W., and John Joseph Lysaght, of Southfield-road, Chiswick, W., were summoned at Marlborough-street for selling liquor without a licence at the Swizzlestick Club, Avery-row Grosvenor-street, W.

Mr. Harry Myers, for Doyle, said it might well be there had been infringements, but he entered a plea of not guilty.

Mr. Coverdale Sharpe, prosecuting, said that Doyle was the proprietor, although he had declared he had nothing to do with the club.

Police kept watch on September 4, 5, 7 and 11, and as a result, Mr. Sharpe said, he hoped to satisfy the Court that this was a bogus club, that it was run by Doyle, and that barefaced evasion of the liquor laws had taken place.

Doyle's practice, when non-members entered the club, was to ask them whether or not they were members, and when they said they were not, he took money from them, bought drinks on their behalf and returned them the change.

The hearing was adjourned.

BOY CONDUCTORS

Schoolboys and girls are working as conductors on Vienna trams, says a Stockholm report.

If you went there you would find them "parked" between great radio valves costing £70 each and cases of American "walkie-talkie" sets, the latest thing in radio transmission.

They've got everything at this depot. They've even found a use for old razor blades.

One entry on the stock sheet is:

Razor blades old box of. They are for the use of the man who makes spiders weave webs.

Novel Ideas

Caught in the nearby woods in the morning, they spend hours in a darkened box and are then allowed to crawl along a stick of wood.

Then the spider man pushes them off. To save themselves from falling, they weave a rope.

All sorts of other novel ideas have been put into force in this mammoth depot, which has many hundreds of civilian workers, military and ATS.

Model houses have been built for the ATS. Each is the home of eight girls.

Every house has three bedrooms—one for the N.C.O. in charge of the house, and two for the privates.

There are a bathroom, kitchen and living-room with easy chair, chintz curtains, and rugs.

MATCH BAN

Visitors to the Isle of Man will in future not be allowed to take away matches without restriction from the island. Three boxes only may be taken.



11 DAYS TO FIND HIS SON

HAVE you seen this little boy? For six months his broken-hearted father has been searching for him.

He has only eleven days left to find the boy, for on November 11 he is being called up into the Army.

Mr. C. W. Willshire, of Northwick Park-road, Harrow, centred his whole life round 7-year-old David.

On May 17 of this year his wife, from whom he is separated, called at his house and took the child away.

Neither of them has since been seen. Police efforts to trace them have been unavailing.

Three months ago Mr. Willshire was given legal custody of the boy.

"I shall never rest until I have got David back with me again," Mr. Willshire told the Sunday Pictorial. "He was everything I had."

Should a daughter tell?

SHOULD a daughter tell the police if she sees her mother shoplifting?

The Marlborough street magistrate, Mr. J. B. Sandbach, K.C., thinks she should not.

Yesterday he acquitted a girl of fifteen charged with being concerned with her mother in stealing articles worth £10 from an Oxford-street store.

"You saw what your mother was doing," said Mr. Sandbach, "and were placed in a terribly difficult position."

The girl's mother, Mary Willshire, 42, of Eleanor-road, Walthamstow, pleaded guilty to charges and was remanded.

'Miniver' Romance

From JOHN WALTERS

NEW YORK, Saturday. MRS. MINIVER is to marry her "son." In other words, the British star, Greer Garson, who played Mrs. Miniver in the film, has become engaged to Richard Ney, who played Vin Miniver, RAF pilot. Richard is 24. Greer is 34 and has been married before. Their romance was described to me tonight by a friend of Greer.

Her Secret

"They fell in love during the making of 'Mrs. Miniver,' Carried away by the realism of the studio set, they really felt they were in the midst of war and began to depend on one another."

Ney is now an ensign in the U.S. Navy, in which he enlisted soon after making "Mrs. Miniver."

Miss Garson was married in 1933 to Mr. Edward Snellson. She was granted a divorce in California in 1940.

Miss Garson yesterday dismissed the report of her engagement with: "When and if Dick and I decide to be married, I will be the first to announce it."

80—STARTS WORK

A carpet weaver, Mr. George Instone, who will be eighty next birthday, has returned to work. His job is now part-time, and he is washing metal parts for an aircraft firm.

SOLDIERS' FAMILIES HOMELESS

SERVICEMEN'S wives and families are homeless in Reading, living on the charity of friends, because the town's billeting authorities don't consider that soldiers are "war-workers."

The Reading billeting officer, Mr. W. T. Ellison, goes even further. He says: "We try to discourage military personnel from having their wives and families in the Reading area."

Now consider the case of Mrs. Barrington, wife of Private P. Barrington, who has lived for ten years with her husband and four young children in the mar-

ried quarters of a barracks in the town.

It is certainly discouraging. For Mrs. Barrington was given notice to quit by the Army, and went to the billeting officer for accommodation.

She was offered a house. This is what her husband told the Sunday Pictorial about it yesterday:

"I wouldn't have gone into that house if it had been rent free and I was paid 10s. a week to live there."

"Neither myself nor my family would have been alive after a fortnight in that place. There was not a grate in the house, the walls were

sodden with water, and there were no proper washing facilities."

"My wife is expecting another baby soon—but that place was not fit for an animal to live in."

The military authorities fully agree that the house was most unsuitable. So Mrs. Barrington and her family must live on charity, with friends with relatives—anywhere.

The "Sunday Pictorial" draws the attention of War Minister Sir James Grigg to this discrimination against the families of Britain's fighting men.

Reading's billeting officials need a definition of "war work"—from an authority

MASSED WOMEN BEAT NAZI SLAVE BID



**He Rammed
a U-Boat**

PLOUGHING through the Mediterranean the British destroyer *Wolverine* spotted the faint outline of a U-boat. The warship "charged" at full speed, and struck the U-boat so hard that it stuck on the destroyer's bows for thirty yards before dropping off. Then it blew up and vanished. And in that exciting moment, with every man on the destroyer's deck summoned by the crash alarm, how do you think the British sailors expressed their feelings? There was a little polite hand-clapping! The story was told yesterday by the *Wolverine's* commander, Lieutenant-Commander P. W. Gretton, O.B.E., D.S.C. This was the third U-boat sunk by *Wolverine*.

Above you see the "victory" smile of Lieutenant-Commander Gretton.

BOY THREW AT BOTTLE— WITH A BOMB!

MR. G. KENNEDY, a warden in Hornsey, N., heard the sound of breaking glass yesterday. He found a 9-year-old boy taking pot shots at an empty milk bottle—with a Mills bomb. Mr. Kennedy snatched up the bomb.

"It's all right," said the boy calmly. "There's no fuse in it. We've had the bottom off."

It was true. The fuse and pin were missing. The boy said he had another one in his pocket.

"And I know where there are plenty more," he added.

He led the way to a churchyard, and produced four bombs which he said he had found while playing there.

Mr. Taylor took the bombs—and the boy—to the police.

WOMEN of France—massed in the streets of towns, barring access to hotels where German doctors planned to examine workmen "press-ganged" into slave labour in the Reich—have answered the ultimatum by Traitor Laval that 150,000 Frenchmen must go to Germany as slaves to the Nazi war machine.

Wives, sweethearts, mothers, sisters in the towns of Cluses and Scionzier, it was revealed last night, have organised the most amazing demonstration ever made against German tyranny in this war.

They massed so closely outside the hotels that police charges failed to move them and the Germans had to give up the idea of holding the "medical."

Only in one town—Annecy—were the Germans able to hold the medical examinations. Even there the workers showed their anger in a wave of strikes which closed half a dozen war factories.

Strikes all over France marked the climax of a great anti-Nazi wave sweeping across France as a result of Vichy's attempts to enforce their German masters' wishes.

Banned Zone

Every factory in the important industrial centres of Marnal, Cluses and Scionzier were closed yesterday—for lack of workers.

The Germans have now banned entry into a zone fifty miles long and nearly two miles broad, alongside the extreme southern stretch of the Maginot Line.

Workers in Norway, too, are growing bolder.

Yesterday came news that the Germans have had to put the country in a state of siege.

(Messages from Reuter and British United Press.)

Unlucky Thirteen

Thirteen German planes crossed the south-east coast yesterday. British fighters broke up the attack.

Some bombs were dropped. A series of air fights developed. One raider flew across a town with cannon guns blazing.

Among the buildings slightly damaged were a rest centre and a former YMCA club.

Ground defences joined in the action and the attack was quickly broken up.

'Misery' Again!

WE in Sevenoaks think it a tragedy that we have in our town some viper who is capable of sneaking off to the Lord's Day Observance Society, and cheating war prisoners of hundreds of pounds worth of comforts.

This comment was made to the *Sunday Pictorial* yesterday by one of the organisers of a variety show in aid of British Prisoners of War, at which Jessie Matthews, Cyril Fletcher, and other stars were to appear at the Majestic Cinema.

The stars were performing without fees.

Following a threat by the Lord's Day Observance Society to close down the show unless dancing and cross-talk acts were cut out, their show has been abandoned.

Now £425 is being returned to ticket-holders.

"We can't put on a show to help our prisoners or Russian Allies because Mr. Martin and his gang of blue-noses say so."

Mr. Martin, secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society, refers to his prohibitions on charitable concerts as "splendid victories."

MOSCOW WEDDING

The first war-time wedding in Moscow's foreign colony took place yesterday, when Titiana Paskevskaya, of Rostov-on-Don, was married to Ronald Matthews. *Daily Herald* correspondent.



Don't All Rush

ANYBODY know a tall, dark and handsome airman inclined to be shy? He must be a Wing Commander, able to dance, and, final qualification, a Carole Landis fan.

You think we're nuts, boys, but wait till you hear the rest. He's to contact the blonde film star immediately she lands in London. Otherwise Carole, who is due shortly to entertain the troops, will have to spend her spare time searching for the Man She Wants to Meet Again.

She met him in New York's El Morocco niterie recently when he asked her for a dance. "He was a perfect specimen of British manhood," she tells us, "but I never knew his name."

"We had a wonderful little talk together, and planned to meet again. But how am I to find him, unless he gets in touch with me in town?"

How about it, Wing Commander? If you're not too shy to get in touch with us, we'll be glad to fix things up.

MINERS TOLD

"HARD TRUTH"

MR. CHURCHILL yesterday told 3,000 miners and mineowners "the hard truth" about the coal position.

He did this at a meeting in London, attended by General Smuts and Major Lloyd George, Fuel Minister.

Mr. Will Lawther, president of the Mineworkers' Federation, said afterwards:

"I have never seen our fellows so affected as they were today. The Prime Minister was very serious and told us the facts. That was all we wanted—to be told the hard truth."

Another miners' leader said that Mr. Churchill was grave, but on the whole optimistic.

Every Effort

"I am sure the men will go back to the collieries and tell their mates that they must exert every effort to give the country the coal it needs."

A Durham miner said that Mr. Churchill "pressed home his points with remarkable effect."

"General Smuts also thrilled us. Mrs. Churchill was in the gallery listening to her husband's speech, and she seemed pleased with the cordial reception he got."

But one miner from Larkhall, Lanarkshire, said he thought it a waste of time to bring hundreds of men all that distance to hear two speeches.

He was disappointed that the delegates weren't allowed to put questions. He said he wanted to explain that the Scottish output is down because they have lost 30,000 men to the Army.

DANISH KING GRAVE

King Christian, of Denmark has been given two blood transfusions, but his condition is causing grave anxiety.

Japs Flee from Aussie Steel

AFTER being held up for several days by a strongly-placed pocket of Japanese in the mountain jungle of New Guinea, Australian troops fixed bayonets—and charged.

The Japs fled, unable to

face the fury of the all-steel onslaught.

This, it was revealed yesterday, opened the way for an Australian advance in the Owen Stanley mountains and the occupation of Aolai, eight miles from the Jap base of Kokoda.

Capture of Aolai was reported in General MacArthur's communique yesterday.

Allied bombers have swooped again on Buin, in the Solomons. A Jap heavy cruiser or battleship had two direct hits.

Near misses caused extensive damage—it is believed—to an aircraft carrier and a light cruiser. Another ship was left on fire.

100,000 Tons!

More than twenty-seven tons of explosives were dropped in these attacks, made by three waves of bombers.

All the Allied planes returned. At least 100,000 tons of Jap shipping have been sunk or damaged by Allied air attacks in the South-West Pacific in the four days from October 22. Of this total 80,000 tons can be considered destroyed or very seriously damaged.

To this must be added the past week's bag in which more than twelve ships, including a aircraft-carrier and a destroyer, were damaged.

BIG TRAFFIC IN IDENTITY CARDS

"There is a large and increasing traffic in Identity and Armed Forces cards, which people buy in order to evade their duty," said Mr. J. B. Sandbach, K.C., the Marlborough-street magistrate, yesterday.

David Sugarman, 30, of Pembroke-crescent, Notting Hill-gate, who was charged with receiving an identity card and an Armed Forces registration card and an Armed Forces medical card, knowing them to have been stolen, was said to have admitted that he bought them for £10.

He was sentenced to two months' hard labour.

3 Sought in Flat Murder

FOLLOWING a conference of Scotland Yard officers last night, important developments are expected in the fortnight-old Baker-street flat murder, in which William Raven was found killed by a wine bottle.

Police stations throughout the country have been warned to look out for three men—two soldiers and a civilian—who are known to have been with Raven on the day he was attacked.

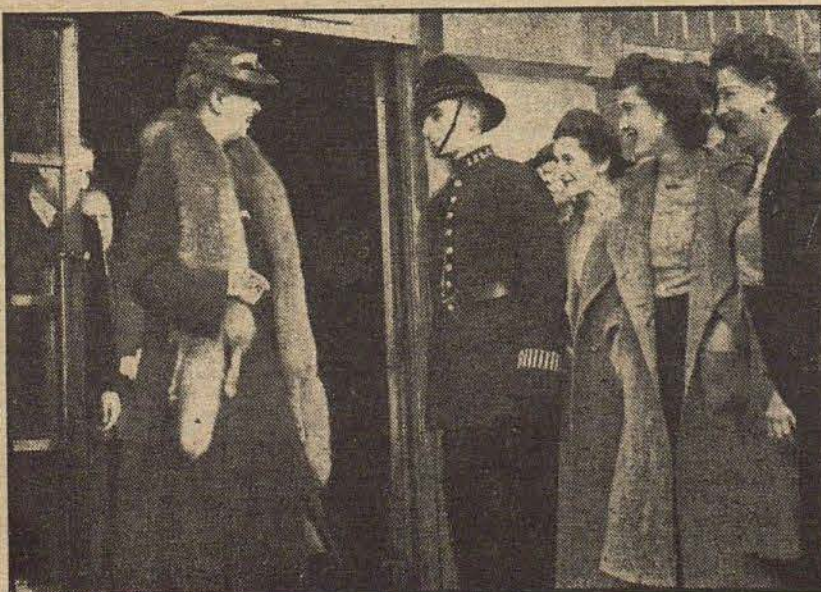
London police are searching clubs, hotels, boarding-houses and rest centres in the West End for a vital clue.

It is a new attache case of brown fibre lined with blue wallpaper.

Raven was seen carrying this case on October 15. A few hours later he was found in his luxury flat with injuries from which he died next day.

Raven, described by his neighbours as a "mystery man," led a Jekyll and Hyde existence.

Before the war he was a prosperous business man in Croydon, Surrey. Shortly before his death he was working for the Ministry of War Transport.



GANGWAY

"Good morning, girls," smiled the First Lady of America to the happy group of girls waiting to greet her yesterday at the RAF Bomb Damage Exhibition.

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly
banished
by

Cephus

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form
1/6 & 3/4. SINGLE DOSE 3d.



We wish you joy in your search for a Marlbeck and if we can help by giving you the address of your nearest stockist, we will be only too glad. Write to-day.

MARLBECK HOUSE
GT. GEORGE ST., LEEDS. 1

PHOSFERINE is a tonic in the truest sense

declares Mrs. E. S.

"Since taking Phosferine I have been very much better in health. It is most excellent for nerve treatment, indeed it is a tonic in the truest sense of the word. After a few doses I began to get relief (from neuritis), and now I feel wonderful."

(Sgd.) Mrs. E.S., Stoke-on-Trent.

You can feel Phosferine doing you good so quickly your strength returning, tiredness and pain vanishing—often enough after the very first dose. Get some Phosferine today.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

PHOSFERINE

(Tablets or Liquid)

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression Headache Indigestion Brain Fog
Neuralgia Sleeplessness Influenza Rheumatism
Sciatica Anaemia Debility Neurasthenia

Sunday Pictorial

America has a message and a warning for Britain that we pass on to the Prime Minister.

A REPORT TO MR. CHURCHILL



WENDELL
WILLKIE
SAYS:
"DON'T BE
FOOLED"

THERE is a message and a warning to us in these days from the other side of the Atlantic. Not all our American friends are satisfied that the United Nations have evolved the best plan for winning the war. Some, indeed, are not convinced that we have evolved any plan at all—and are saying so.

Now, the bewildering complexity of America's internal politics cannot concern us. If Democrats and Republicans want to squabble over farm prices and labour's rights, that's their business.

We can be perfectly sure that the real aim of the dispute is to fix on the quickest way of winning the war. So we here can afford to cheer both sides. But when there is suddenly thrown into sharp relief a difference in America that affects the whole outlook of the United Nations, it is time for us in Britain to sit up and take stock.

Two events of just this significance have happened over there, and though they seem to have escaped general notice, we would suggest that there is an underlying link-up between them that ought to set the buzzers going in Downing-street.

"Where—And How?"

First, there was the speech of Mr. Wendell Willkie. For sheer realism and cold analysis of fact, that surpassed anything we have heard in this war since Mr. Churchill delivered his famous "blood, toil, tears and sweat" oration after the fall of France.

Don't let us fool ourselves by talk and boasting, said Mr. Willkie. Don't let us imagine that we can win this war without declaring our real peace aims. Don't let us believe that we, the people, should be content to go without news so that we can leave the whole thing to the "experts" who will thus be secure from criticism.

That was plain speaking to Mr. Roosevelt. It was also plain speaking to Mr. Churchill.

In truth, it was the outward and visible sign of a stirring of the people's thoughts in all free countries. Where?—and How? That is the question now agitating a million minds in America. In Russia. In China. In India. And, no less here at home in Britain itself.

America has taken the lead in this self-examination in another and still more striking way.

There is published in New York a monthly magazine called "Fortune." No publication in Britain can quite compare with "Fortune." It is a lavishly produced digest of information

and fact for American big business, and it is edited by a board of first-class industrial journalists.

In a recent issue of "Fortune" there appeared a remarkable article signed by those editors entitled "A Report to Mr. Roosevelt."

It was remarkable for two reasons. First, because of the outspoken way in which every aspect of the war was examined. Second, because every criticism and every demand for reform that its authors make might have been just as aptly written for the attention of Downing-street as for the White House.

So much so, that in view of Mr. Willkie's warning to the Allies, the "Sunday Pictorial" has decided to re-address the article by the editors of "Fortune" in all its salient parts. We present it today as "A Report to Mr. Churchill."

FRANKLY, and without reserve, the editors of "Fortune" declare to Mr. Roosevelt that his administration is "incapable of fighting a good war."

They contend that this realisation is coming home to more and more people, and that it will finally lead to a "political blow-off" that will be aimed at Mr. Roosevelt himself. They proceed to condemn the President's administration in these outspoken terms:—

"The War Administration is the end result of a 'coalition' strategy... and it now contains many more of your former opponents than it was necessary to appease for 'national unity's' sake. Your Coalition Government has become genuinely non-partisan, a praiseworthy and necessary thing. But somewhere in the process of becoming a coalition it ceased to be a government."

In the view of the Sunday Pictorial this is a danger that you, Mr. Churchill, must also face. For it cannot be denied that your own Coalition Government, by its attempt to gather under the Cabinet umbrella the political nominees of all parties, has just as assuredly lost its way as an administration.

Notice, if you will, the singular parallel here to this definition of its failure by the editors of "Fortune."

"One strange consequence of the coalition strategy was that you deprived yourself of a coherent and vocal opposition. So many of the former Outs are now Ins, that the rest dare not attack you for fear of biting themselves."

How true, Mr. Churchill, of our own Labour Party that sees sitting beside you its leader, Mr. Attlee, and is thereafter forced to court-martial one of its few constructive critics, Mr. Shinwell, because he dared to demand that the policy of his own party should be applied!

Next we'll ask you, Mr. Prime Minister, to examine with us the essential weapons of total war" as demanded by these American business men.

1. A unified military command.

THIS means, we are told—and we are certain that you, Mr. Churchill, will agree—"three co-ordinate forces on

the battlefield which right now is the globe." Jealousies between the Army, the Navy and the Air Force would be fatal, but such jealousies, we are assured, do exist in the American forces.

And when the editors of "Fortune" add: "Many Army and Navy men privately think it should be done now," they are, Mr. Churchill, merely echoing the thoughts of hundreds of our own senior officers.

2. A unified political command.

HERE again we are told America seems to suffer from a lack of "aggressive democratic political warfare," with propaganda that is "a confusing Babel." And at home here in Britain the same deficiencies stare us in the face.

You and Mr. Roosevelt gave us an Atlantic Charter we know, Mr. Churchill, but that has been singularly thin gruel for the starving peoples of Europe and indeed for our own war heroes, now anxious as to how they will fill their own bellies after the war is over.

3. A unified economic command.

YOU will recall, Mr. Prime Minister that in America it is Mr. Nelson who is virtually Minister of Production. Over here it is Mr. Lyttelton. The comparison between the hopeless task confronting both is so direct that we have taken the liberty of substituting Mr. Lyttelton's name for that of Mr. Nelson in this commentary by the editors of "Fortune":—

Mr. Lyttelton is not in command of the economy and never has been. He was given "sole charge of production"; but with three of the chief ingredients of production—men, money and food—he has nothing to do. One result is that the other ingredient, materials, which Mr. Lyttelton DOES control, is now completely out of balance with the rest of the economy.

This would, of course, be an exaggerated picture of our production failures—and of Mr. Lyttelton's. But the principal point of criticism remains the same. Our Minister of Production has no control over the things that do the producing—men, money and food. Indeed, worse than Mr. Nelson, his counterpart, he is not even called upon to produce aeroplanes and warships at all. Those are the separate jobs of separate departments.

MUST WE NOT AGREE, MR. CHURCHILL, THAT FOR US, TOO, THERE IS A WARNING WHEN "FORTUNE" ADDS: "THE MISUSE AND NON-USE OF A UNIFIED ECONOMIC COMMAND IS PERHAPS THE MOST SERIOUS OF THIS WAR'S FAILURES"?

OUR report to you, Mr. Churchill, calls then for a tightening of Britain's three commands—military, political and economic.

That done, we again must agree with our American colleagues when they say:

"The War Administration can then be unrecognisably smaller, simpler, tougher and more efficient."

But listen to this, Mr. Churchill. Here is the way some of America's business leaders think it should be done:—

"A great many people will have to be fired first. Not kicked upstairs, Mr. President: fired."

"We maintain, Mr. President, that the inefficiencies of the present set-up are too dangerous for you to tolerate any longer. They are monstrous, they are privileged, they are self-perpetuating and they are taken for granted by some of your closest friends. But the people do not take them for granted. And the people are beginning to see the results."

We, for our part, Mr. Churchill, would maintain that your own Administration cannot escape from a measure of the same scathing criticism. And there is no need for us to enumerate the singular appointments of some of our political failures to offices of the most vital importance.

Then, as you read further into this article, it almost makes you whistle when you learn that Congress—America's Parliament—is described as "not a great Congress."

"A Purge"

For have not we in this country been lamenting for years the inadequacies of those who represent us in Parliament?

But then we go on to learn that this inadequate Congress in America has often appeared to be obstructionist, but that it sometimes turned out to be right.

It seems that your opposite number, Mr. Roosevelt, resisted for weeks the obvious step of appointing a Minister of Production. Then did it just before he was compelled.

Is there not a strange parallel here, Mr. Churchill, to your own reluctance to give US a Minister of Production? Of how you, too, resisted critics in the House and in the newspapers until the outcry made the step inevitable?

Mr. Roosevelt is accused of surrounding himself with "a Maginot of optimists whose advice and methods are obsolete," and warned that the time may come when a political court-martial might arise and he would be forced into the impossible position of defending his own bunglers.

For that reason the Editors of "Fortune" declare: "Why not head off the opposition with a court-martial of your own? Why not handle your own purge?"

We believe, Mr. Churchill, that as the people of Britain look around at our Halifaxes, our Kingsley Woods and our Attlees, they feel it is high time you too conducted a purge of the old contemptibles who stand in their way of fighting a total war.

You, Mr. Prime Minister, are more secure from political sabotage than is the President of the United States. But that does not mean you can fail to heed the warnings addressed to him first by Mr. Willkie and then by one of the most influential organs of big business.

WE ALSO ASK IN OUR REPORT THAT YOU SHOULD HERE AND NOW GIVE BRITAIN—AND THE UNITED NATIONS—AN ADMINISTRATION THAT REALLY GOVERN.

—SO THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW—

EXCLUSIVE: LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISH GIRL PRISONER IN GERMANY!

at last, an English girl prisoner in Germany!
Had the honour of a birth
girl ginger hair blue eyes
to be Frances Winifred
after lost her husband at
the prison

★ Here is one of war's most poignant documents—the story of an English nurse imprisoned in the vast camp at Libenau in Germany, told in extracts from her letters home. It is a story of enduring courage.

JULY 2, 1941: You will be surprised to see that I am in Germany. I cannot tell you what has happened during the past year, but I pray hard that in England you will not have to pass through the experiences we had during the war . . .

I have been put into a room with three others. There is Lillian, a governess from Scotland; a Dominican nun, whom everybody calls Cissy; Maureen, an Irish girl; and Sylvia, a British actress.

We gossip, squabble and make friends again just like sisters. . . . We are all in fine spirits and proud to belong to England.

July 12, 1941: They have moved another internee into our room this week. She is expecting her first baby in a few weeks and they have told me to look after her.

Poor Anna! She has lost her husband at sea, and it was only after she arrived at the camp that she discovered she was pregnant.

Parties

July 30, 1941: We have started a little school for the children. One of the little boys is longing to be a musician, so I have made him a "saxophone" out of an empty reel of thread, a piece of piping and a log of wood.

I am learning how to play bridge so that I can take part in the bridge parties some of the "social set" hold in the corridors once a week.

September 7, 1941: One of the girls popped her head round the door of our room while we were dressing this morning and said, "Parcel for you!" Off I trotted to collect it, and imagine my joy when it was a parcel from England!

I ran back shouting all the way, "It's a parcel from England, girls!" and you should have seen how everyone crowded into our room and stood about in the corridor outside while I laid out the contents on my bed.

It was only the second parcel to arrive at this camp from England!

VENO'S
 LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE
 WILL
STOP THAT COUGH

The Family Remedy for
 COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS
 CATARRH, 'FLU, WHEEZING
 CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
 1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)



"She was Born in our Camp"

Thank you, thank you for everything. I am going to make something for Anna's baby with the wool. The cocoa and chocolate was good, good.

Lillian teaches in the school we have started for the children, and when she asked little Sheila to describe the three stages of a butterfly, Sheila said: "First it is a caterpillar, then it is a Christian and then it is a butterfly!"

I have written to the authorities asking for my release, offering to nurse in a hospital in France or Belgium.

October 2, 1941: Anna's baby has arrived, and we are all excited in our room today, as proud as peacocks! . . . It is a little girl with lovely fair hair and blue eyes. The name is to be Frances Winifred Joan. One girl gets very few letters, so I let her read mine, but that is not the same as getting letters of your own.

Birthdays

October 20, 1941: My birthday has passed with great celebrations. We have little parties on the least provocation, you know, and make cakes by pounding down the hard biscuits they give us to serve as flour.

The Yorkshire pudding powders which sometimes come with the Red Cross parcels also make lovely cakes. Potatoes have been rather scarce, and my special birthday treat from Lillian was a plate of chips.

During the party Maureen was telling us that she had had her fortune told, and the clairvoyant had said that she was to be married on the 11th of the 11th month.

That is next month, so I suggested that perhaps it meant that we were going to be released by then.

Then everybody started rapping on the table and singing, "And the band played, believe it if you like," which is what always happens when anybody talks about getting away.

—and she is baby Frances Winifred Joan, the first baby ever to be born at the civilian internment camp at Libenau, in Germany. In this remarkable Red Cross picture you see baby Frances with some of the English girls referred to in these moving letters.

more Americans have come in. . . .

One of the Americans—we call her Vi—is going to have a baby, and she is so poorly that I think she will have to go to the camp hospital. Poor soul, she had only been married a fortnight when she was interned.

Outings

Baby Frances will be six months old next month, and already she has four teeth. . . . But how slowly the time passes.

April 12: You will have noticed that my letters are becoming much shorter. For some reason or other we are only allowed to write twenty-four lines in each letter now.

I am going to the dentist in the small town near our camp. There is no way of getting there except by walking, and I am really looking forward to it. Imagine looking forward to a visit to the dentist! . . .

Poor Vi has had to go into hospital. She is only 19, and so unhappy. . . .

We are all trying to save a little wool to make things for her baby when it comes.

August 8: We were discussing today about whether or not we would be glad to meet each other again after the war. Miss S— said that for her part she would be thrilled to see any one of us anywhere.

I couldn't help laughing at the thought of Miss S—, who is a Salvation Army officer, meeting Sylvia, who manages to look glamorous even here, in Piccadilly-circus and throwing her arms round her.

September 20, 1942: My appeal for release has returned from Berlin—nothing doing! . . . On no account may I be set free to go to France or return to Belgium. . . .

I wonder if I will ever see you all again. . . .

November 29, 1941: I was told this morning that my appeal for release had gone to Berlin, so perhaps it won't be long now.

Baby Frances, now nearly two months old, is a perfect joy to us. We all love her as our own.

Everybody is looking very mysterious just now. The reason is that we are all making little Christmas presents for each other in secret.

No more news of my release.

January 17, 1942: Can you send me an autograph album in your next parcel? Being in a camp like this is very like going back to school, and at present there is an autograph craze. . . .

February 20, 1942: Sister T—, the nun whom we call "Cissy," always wears her habit and the traditional head-wear, but we have discovered that she has masses of the loveliest auburn hair. She is a treasure, and does much to help us when we get a little down-hearted and camp-weary.

There is always somebody ready to sing "Pack Up Your Troubles," and cheer us up, but Cissy's comfort is more lasting. Everybody runs to her with their troubles. . . .

March 9, 1942: Most of the Polish internees have left us since I wrote last, and a lot

The Cooper Kids



Are You Keeping HEALTHY HAPPY and FIT

PERSONAL fitness is a first essential for the woman of to-day. Brimful of energy she works hard, plays hard and takes life in her stride.

Fitness—vitality—freshness—zest, are purely matters of internal well-being. Bile Beans taken regularly at bedtime promote that well-being, ensuring regular elimination, a healthy blood-stream, and a digestive system that works just like a clock.

So, for bright eyes, clear complexion, and that tireless energy to "keep the pace"—just remember nightly Bile Beans—they are the ideal tonic-laxative.

You can, with nightly

BILE BEANS

Bile Beans are cheaper to buy in the 3/3 size.

THE NATION'S GREAT NEED NOW:

ATS AND WAAF RECRUITS

Not enough men

THE blow we deliver against the enemy must be overwhelming. That blow must be struck by millions of men.

Boys of 18 would not be called up if enough men could be spared from war industry and other vital work.

Women would not be asked to volunteer for the ATS and WAAF if there were enough men for the fighting line.

Yet men who could fight are cooking in the Army, driving cars for the R.A.F., manning the A.A. defences, operating the balloon barrage. Women can do all these things and a hundred more.

All the men who can fight are needed for fighting. All the women whose present work is not really vital are needed to take over their work in the Services.

Not enough single women

The recruits needed now in the ATS and WAAF cannot be made up of single women only.

Why? Because the single girls, almost without exception, are already in the Services, or in vitally important work from which they cannot be released. Remember, they were the first to be called on, and they are now the backbone of the war factories.

The few who are left are being called or re-called for interview and they will be placed in essential industry or the Services. But with all of them placed and with every loophole for slackers closed, still there will not be enough single girls to fill

the ranks of the ATS and WAAF. There is no way to fill the ranks unless married women join up. That's why all the women in the country aged 17½ to 43, including Servicemen's wives, are asked to volunteer now unless they are doing essential work.

Of course, mothers of young children cannot go. Nor can the 2½ million wives who are cooking and running the house for their families and at the same time working in industry. This puts the responsibility all the more heavily on the wives who can volunteer. And they will. No British woman can stand aside now.

VITAL TO THE OFFENSIVE

Go to the nearest Recruiting Centre* or Employment Exchange. They will give you full information about the ATS and WAAF and the 100 types of work open now. If you are in work, they will find out whether

you can be released from it. Please do not delay.

*Single girls born between January 1st, 1918, and June 30th, 1923, come under the National Service Act and must go to their Employment Exchange, not to a Recruiting Centre.

ATS
 and
 WAAF

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 3011 AK.6

Please send me full information about the

☐ ATS ☐ WAAF ☐ BOTH Tick which you want

Mrs. } Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Miss }

Address

County Date of birth In confidence

Come and cook for the RAF . . . men of 42 and over

Nowhere is a good cook's work so truly appreciated as by the crews of operational aircraft. As the war effort increases, the younger R.A.F. cooks must be released for more active service. Their places must be taken by men (aged over 42) who are civilians at present. If you can cook already, so much the better—if not, the R.A.F. will train you. Pay for a 7-day week and "all found" and allowances. Remember, a good man has an excellent chance of promotion and increased pay. Post the coupon (unsealed envelope and stamp), or go to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange).



To Air Ministry Information Bureau,
Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me
information regarding R.A.F. trades for men
over 42.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

G21/1/11

VOLUNTEER FOR THE RAF

*** GERALDO**
Jingle Jangle Jingle;
Hey Mabel! - F 1943
Canzonetta; Sweet
Eloise - F 1944
Jealousy; Three little
Sisters - F 1937

*** TAUBER**
My Dreams; Good-bye
Tosti - RO 20515
The Dove (La Paloma);
Beneath thy Window
(O Sole Mio) RO 20514
Jealousy; Love's last
word is Spoken
RO 20513

**SUPER RHYTHM
STYLE SERIES**
HARRY PARRY and his
Radio Rhythm Club Sextet
I can't Dance; Rock it
Out - R 2851
HARRY JAMES
and his Orchestra
Concerto for Trumpet;
Trumpet Blues and
Cantabile - R 2852
JIMMY LUNCEFORD
and his Orchestra
Flight of the Jitterbug;
Okay for Baby R 2853

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The Parlophone Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex

Best Value for Money—
Best Value for Coupons!

Walters' Palm Toffee
Control Price 5d. per lb.
DELIGHTS—STRENGTHENS—SUSTAINS

IT'S A GOOD JOB
WE CHOSE MURAC
BEFORE THE WAR
... THIS BEDROOM
COMES UP LIKE NEW!

How thankful are users for the quality and durability of Murac and Brolac... now that these paints cannot be made owing to the control of raw materials. The skill of our chemists and the high-grade materials that for long went into these paints are to-day in the service of our country! but when victory is won they will once more play their part in making a brighter, better Britain.

MURAC
FLAT FINISH FOR WALLS
BROLAC
DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT
with the enamel finish.

John Hall & Sons (Bristol & London) Ltd.,
Broadmead, Bristol. London Office &
Warehouse: 1-5, St. Pancras Way, N.W.1.
The Strathclyde Paint Co. Ltd., Dalmar-
nock, Glasgow



With a of

SOMETHING was happening. Anyone could tell that—even those morose, expressionless Egyptian dockside labourers.

You could tell something was happening by the way bare-legged, short-sleeved Ordnance Corps men ran where they could have walked. You could smell it, that's what they tell me. Something was going to happen . . . somewhere.

Get the crates off the ship . . . snap into it. What are they? . . . Spares for tanks, that's what we want. Bundle them on to that lorry . . . quick . . . quicker. They have a rendezvous with hell somewhere up the road.

That fellow over there, that burly, bulky corporal with the nose that has met a boxing glove on social occasions, is Slim Farrington, of Manchester.

His job is to supervise the unloading at this dock, not much more than a hundred miles from the front.

Except that Slim—battling for time behind the lines—doesn't know anything about a front yet. Nor do any of these hundreds of hustling, bustling figures running in and out of a mass of camouflaged huts and tents.

All Slim knows, all they all know, is that there is a flap on. Which means working like devils, and slinging precious, urgent war materials on to lorries and trains as fast as it will go . . . or faster. Lorries keep their engines running, trains steam up ready to get cracking.

Vital Flow

All this happened at one of Egypt's biggest ports forty-eight hours before General Montgomery started his offensive. This was the big moment for the boys behind the boys who fire the guns.

The belching guns and roaring tanks smashing their way into Rommel's defensive need supplies.

The whole battle depends on the swift flow of shells, food and spare parts to the throats of the guns and the men and the tanks in the desert.

Now back to Slim Farrington, because we are going to trace that journey to rush the tank spare-parts up to the front line. It is a great job, a vital job, and the men who do it deserve as much applause as the man who crawls on his belly in no-man's land.

"Get 'truddy stoof ont' that lorry," bawls Slim in a voice you

Through sandstorm, fire and explosion race the great lorries that feed men, guns and tanks in the desert war. Here is the epic story of the battle behind the line told by
REX NORTH

can hear from today to tomorrow. The Egyptian dockers sigh a little more work a little harder.

The whole convoy of lorries is ready now. Tank spares, wireless spares, gun replacements a hundred and one things.

Slim Farrington wipes the sweat from his head, the sand from his ears. Engines rev, gears slip in. They rumble and bump along that coastal road to the front.

Slim stands there and watches them out of sight with a pal of his, Corporal Tich Eady. Tich comes from Highbury, and his girl friend's father keeps a pub in Torrington Park.

Now let's go up into the driver's seat in one of the lorries Charlie Lemon (that's right, they call him Squash Lemon) is at the wheel.

Squash is a sergeant. His father is in the RAOC, too—a major. In Portsmouth they know them both well.

Just as "they know the lad driving the lorry behind, because Reg Hall, a bluff genial sort of fellow, comes from Portsmouth, too.

They are great boys, these two. Typical of the breed that will get stuff through to the front if bombs fall like raindrops, and flak is as thick as snow-flakes.

It is quiet at first, along that hot, sandy road where natives

stand on street corners holding up hard-boiled eggs and bread for the boys as they pass. They cost a shilling if you are new to the game, threepence if you argue like hell.

But it isn't often the boys can afford to stop, because just around the corner . . . well, I'll show you what happens.

Yes, as I said, it is quiet now. Over miles of dusty sand the convoy rumbles. Nothing but emptiness there—sand and darkness. Just that.

"Empties"

Squash is whistling. He always whistles. He whistles when they send him out into the desert with a huge lorry to recover broken tanks, light cars—"collecting the empties," he calls it.

This is his real job. Squash only went with the convoy because there was something big coming off. He really prefers collecting the empties.

That's some job, you know. They give you a map, stick a pin in it, and say: "Out there is some stuff of ours, go and get it before the Hun gets busy."

That means you and the huge Scammel are on your own, and a bit of everybody's shell belongs to you.

Squash saunters out—whistling—to get them, and ambles back with a couple of tanks hoisted on to the back of the Scammel and two or three small cars tacked on to the rear.

He looks like a train—whistles like one still.

He likes that job. Sometimes it is more exciting than carrying goods from the docks to the front.

But not always. Not this time, for instance.

Now it is not difficult to understand that if one person more than anyone else is interested in the convoy headed by Squash and Reg Hall that person is General Rommel.

High over the desert travel his planes, as high as they can

go over our lines, because the RAF have a mighty fighter force in Egypt.

They are after Squash and Reg—and the rest of the boys throughout Egypt who do the same job.

Those spares have come a long way, half round the world. The ships that brought them have been blasted and blitzed. Some, perhaps, have gone to the bottom of the ocean.

Men have lost lives and limbs getting them there. And these risks the men who sail the seas took cheerfully because they knew that men were waiting for the cargoes they carried. Men at the front, a few yards from Rommel's guns.

It is the job of the Ordnance Corps to make the stuff, the Admiralty's to take it across hazardous seas and, directly it touches port, the Ordnance Corps takes over again.

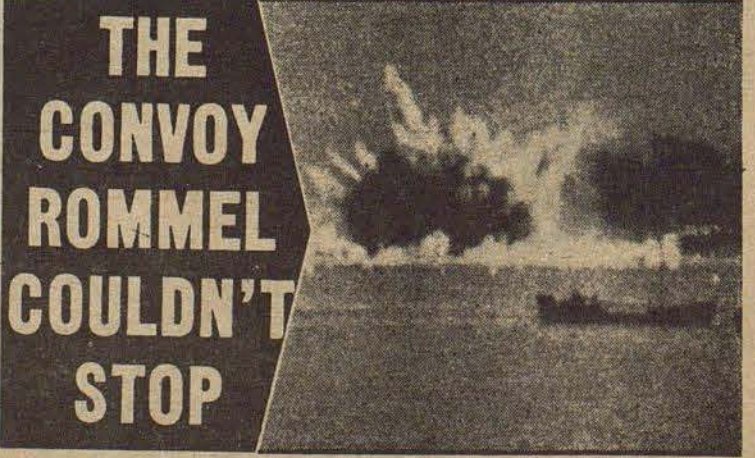
Because, remember, a tank is a tank until a part worth a shilling goes west. And when that part goes it is a hulking great lump of metal of no use to anyone. That is why behind every tank, every car, every mechanical vehicle at the front there are sufficient spare parts to cover every possible emergency.

Hell-fire

So the boys were going through. So the Luftwaffe was trying to stop them. So it was a fight.

Down came the planes . . . up went the nozzles of the guns on the lorries. Bombs crashing down, bullets hurtling up. It is going to be them or us, say the boys. It is going to be "them" because the lads have got buddies at the front.

Everything they are carrying is wanted urgently. Because men have got to fight. And before they can fight they must have guns to fight with and food to eat. Not just corned beef and biscuits, but fresh meat and onions, cigarettes and sardines. And cups



HELL

The Amazing Drama
Behind the Scenes of
Our Attack in Egypt

Cup Tea!

of tea. ESPECIALLY CUPS
OF TEA.

The Ordnance chief—he's a Woolworth's unto himself in the Middle East—has told them to get it there.

The Ordnance chief—he was mentioned in dispatches for services with the BEF in France—has a nice little job of storekeeping. He provides everything for everyone in the Middle East. If someone is a nail short it is his fault. If the next man has two nails where one would do—it is still his fault.

Revenge

He does a remarkable job of work. The boys like him because he is tough. "Get that stuff to the front," he says—and it goes. That is why the lorry gunners are getting very busy with the Luftwaffe right now.

That's one German so-and-so who won't fly again. . . . He won't drop any more bombs. At the back of the convoy two lads have slumped across their guns. . . . So they'll make those planes look like tea strainers just for that.

Number Two German slaps his nose into the sand and it burns up so that the crackling can be heard above the rattle of the guns. It is getting hot, this scrap, and the German bombs are throwing up the sand until it clogs the eyes.

But the Germans don't like it any more. The lorries have got guns on them. And the sight of two of their number crumpled up on the sand is not inspiring.

Bullets follow them out of sight. . . . and the boys finger the sand from their eyes and ears. They say a few little somethings to speed the planes on their way, and sit down for a breather.

You can hear Squash saying it, can't you? "That'll teach 'em to worry us for nowt." And then he would think of the two men at the back, two men who will never rumble along that

coast road to the front again.

Two men who did not die on the field of battle where glory is so easily possible for the brave. . . . Two men who only had tea and tins of mixed meat and vegetables on their trucks—you, Mrs. Brown, have probably got tins like it in your larder at home—and it doesn't seem the thing to die for, does it?

Just a tin of food. A tin that, by this time, somebody's son or sweetheart is sitting in a sandy trench eating with relish. A tin that is making it possible for him to kill Germans—and kill them well.

THE convoy starts off again. All over the country similar convoys, by rail and road, are doing the same thing. Screws, nuts and bolts that women in Birmingham, Bolton and Bristol have made, probably saying as they worked, "This is a boring job," are vital now. They are worth men's lives.

The most gigantic organisation in the world, the organisation that has borrowed the best brains of the greatest business houses in the country to evolve foolproof systems, is on the last lap towards delivering a simple little tool that Mrs. Webster in Coventry can make with her eyes closed.

What is Squash doing now up in front of the convoy? Yes, he's whistling. And he is dying for a cup of tea. He could stop and have one—he's got a little tin about the size of a tin of vaseline that will flare and boil up the tea, milk and sugar—but he prefers to wait.

I do not blame him. Five miles up the road he will find Busty Judd. Busty is a great sort. He is a cook. He is typical of all the men in the Army you can call great sorts.

Busty's home is at 16, Arthur-street, Birmingham. I don't know whether he was much good at cooking the

family meals there, but in the Western Desert he is famous. He will be in the middle of the road waving the convoy to stop. Busty will have a meal ready. It will be a good meal.

Tension

A bite . . . a sip . . . a cheerio from Busty and they are off again.

More miles, more bombs. The front is just around the corner now.

Past workshops and men who call "hello" as they pass. But there is a tension about the place. Yes, you can smell that something is about to happen.

The lorries groan, stop. They are home. The stores that Mr. and Mrs. Britain in this island of ours have provided have got there. No one's work has been in vain. Two men's lives on desert land were not in vain. Lives of seamen were not wasted.

Squash and the boys toast each other's health in fruit juice. They light up cigarettes. The sun is setting over the desert and it is getting cold.

COLD—and quiet. The boys sit, sip and smoke awhile. Out there in the desolation of the desert their thoughts probably wander home.

Seven o'clock on the evening of Friday, October 23. That is the time when men, thousands of miles away, would think of home.

Their wives, girl friends and mothers—the women of Britain whose sacrifice and toil had made the stuff they had just fought to preserve—would be walking down familiar streets now, perhaps on the way to the pictures. Just as they would be doing if the war had not cut into their lives.

Another cup of tea—that little piece of Eng-

There's no doubt about the appreciation these lads show for a nice cup of tea. They are in the thick of the desert fighting—and in the absence of cups, any old tin will do for a drop of "char."

land every soldier cherishes—and then a tuck down underneath the blankets.

It is still quiet over Egypt. But the boys do not sleep for long. Just two hours and forty minutes later the heaviest artillery barrage ever heard in the Western Desert breaks out. General Montgomery, thin-lipped, non-drinking, non-smoking desert chief, is throwing his full might against Rommel.

That something in the atmosphere, that something you could smell in the busy docks of Port Said has happened. THE ALLIES HAVE ATTACKED IN EGYPT.

That Cup . . .

Here in London the following morning we looked at maps of the front. Not many of us turned our thoughts to the battle behind the lines. The fight that starts in the workshops of England and finishes at the front.

It is a very real battle, because without it there would be no front, no guns to fire, no soldiers to fire them.

That cup of tea, that meat, that tin of beans that a dozen specialists and analysts have examined . . . they are the things men die for.

So when we read of our infantry throwing itself against the Germans, and our tank-men glorying in battle, let us remember the other boys, too.

AND IF THERE ARE ANY MEDALS TO BE THROWN AROUND LET THEM BE THERE WITH THEIR FIGHTING COLLEAGUES HOLDING THE GUNS THEY BRING TO THEM.



COMBINED OPERATIONS



Members of civil defence forces have found a way to turn to the attack. Together they are making a 'combined operations' assault on needless spending.

These veterans of the blitz know just how vital savings are to victory and gladly give to their Savings Groups the little spare time they have. They want you to cut spending to the bone and with the money you save to buy 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps, enough to buy one or more Certificates every week. They have their own group to sell Stamps and Certificates. Or you may get them through your street group, or Post Office, or Trustee Savings Bank. If you want to get your back into the fight, save hard—save grimly. START NOW!

BUY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Save your CASE



WHEN you are lucky enough to buy an Outdoor Girl Lipstick in a case, use it sparingly to the end, and then save the case. Refills of this gay, creamy lipstick are now in the shops, so start the treasure hunt right away. A refill only costs 9d., so you can save money too—if you save your 10½d. size container.

OUTDOOR GIRL

LIPSTICK 9^d
REFILLS 9^d EACH

Also Powder in non-spill boxes 9d

THE LIVELIEST LIPSTICK IN TOWN

Rheumatism

To disperse congestion and remove the cause of the pain, doctors recommend "the warmth that heals"—blessed, soothing Thermogene Medicated Wadding. Wear it unnoticed day and night while you carry on



USE
THERMOGENE
MEDICATED WADDING



Still obtainable at
ORIGINAL
prices from all
chemists 1/3
and the Family Size
3/-

SHE'S COUNTING ON YOUR HELP



THE RED CROSS NEEDS MORE PENNIES NOW!

Wherever there is suffering . . . wherever there are wounded, home from the field of battle . . . she is there—ready to lessen their pain, ready by her unselfish devotion to set them on the road to recovery. She is prepared to help them. Are you? It is not much that the Red Cross & St. John asks of you. A penny-a-week—to provide the dressings and surgical appliances which help the nurse in her humane task. Don't let her splendid work be hampered for lack of funds. The Red Cross is critically in need of more money. Act now—join at once. Start giving pennies at work or at home when the collector calls.

JOIN THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

This appeal is made on behalf of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.

PIONEERS of PROGRESS

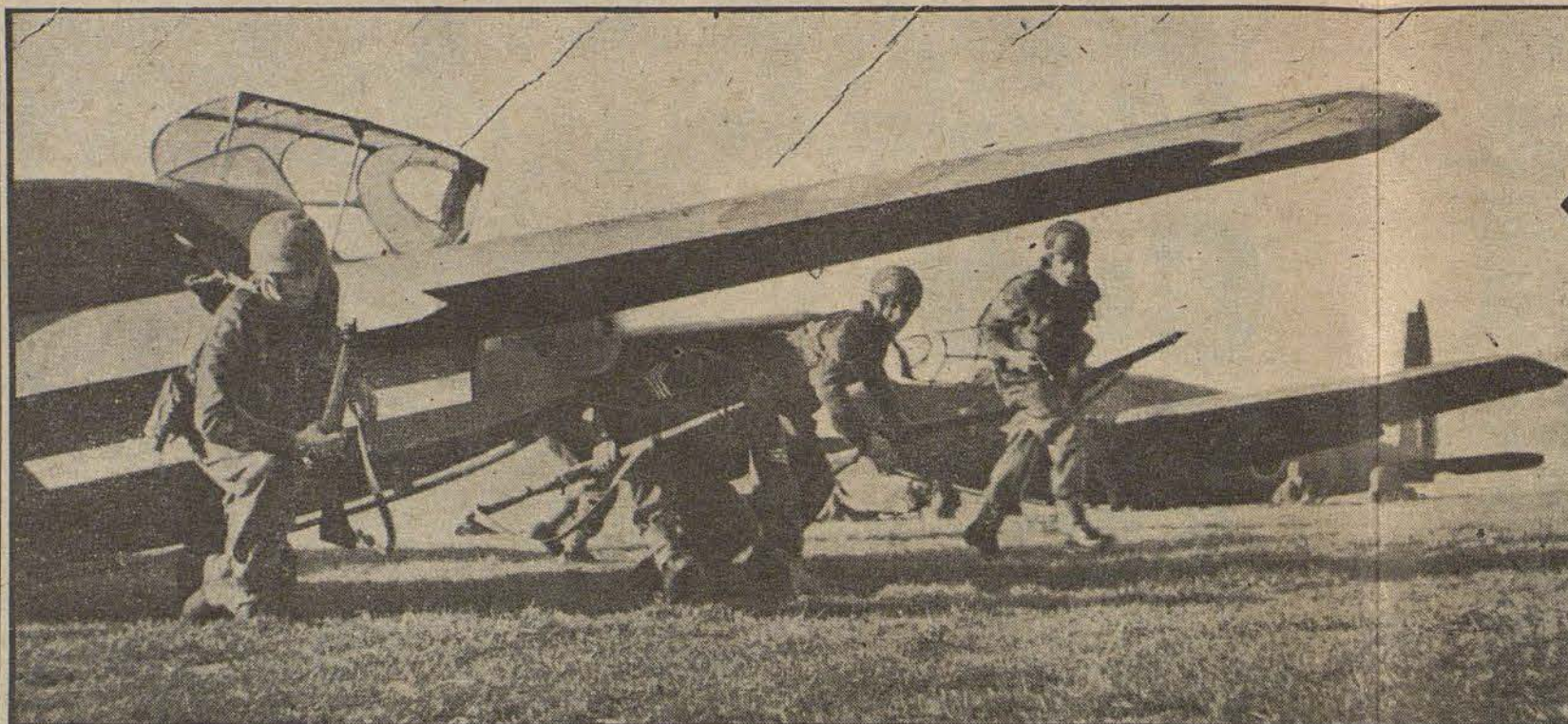


Great indeed is humanity's debt to Sir Ronald Ross. With infinite labour under the most terrible conditions this great-hearted pioneer pursued his quest until he had reduced the scourge of malaria and brought it under control.

A debt of gratitude is due, too, to those other pioneers whose work for social and economic welfare made possible the birth of Co-operation. They who fathered this great movement gave to the world a formula for living and trading which has improved the lot of countless millions. Today there is scarcely a field of human endeavour where its benefits are not felt.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

Any Day Now You May Look Up in the Sky and See This Happen



At this very moment the autumn skies above your home may be the arena of the greatest pageantry of progress ever presented by man.

THEY'VE GLIDED DOWN

Swiftly above your wide-eyed gaze may glide a silent convoy of troop-carrying gliders. Britain has mastered this stealthy weapon of attack—and men like these will swoop from the skies to carry the battle into enemy territory.

THEY'RE IN FROM U.S.

Or your gaze may be attracted to the skies by the steady drone of a bomber—the vanguard of the vast armada of giants from America. Unruffled by his transatlantic "slip," this RAF pilot trained in Canada brings bad news for Hitler: his pals are coming with thousands more.



"THAT'S THE WAY TO DO IT," SAYS THE KING TO THE YOUNG PRINCESSES

THIS charming picture by Studio Lisa will touch the hearts of every family in Britain. So familiar and homely is the scene that it might almost have been taken in your own garden.

★ But it was taken in the King's garden, and with him in this happy group are Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

★ The King—just like you—has made a careful study of fighting incendiary bombs, and he is insistent on regular practice by his family.

★ You can almost hear the King saying, "That's right, Margaret—hold it quite steady. That's fine." But you can make up your own conversation piece—it's all so familiar to you, except the picture, which is the latest Royal Family photograph to be published.



Can I Call You Mummy?

Doing a spot of mountaineering in our picture is a 4-week-old lion cub—and the "mountain" is his foster-mother, a Great Dane owned by the Sir R. Fossett circus at Northampton.

This, the strangest adoption story of the war, began when a lioness spurned her new-born cub. Nothing daunted, the baby cub soon found this motherly Great Dane, who welcomed the little stranger to her litter.

OOH!

"Pardon me one moment, while I pick up the soap with my toes." Maybe baby Jean isn't saying that; perhaps she's checking the five-inch Plimsoll line. Anyway she seems to be having a high old time up there in the bath.

Or—dare we say it?—perhaps she's enjoying a lady's privilege by keeping the young gentlemen waiting in the bath queue.

★ ★ ★ This typically happy scene is in a day-nursery at Salisbury where these tiny tots are kept happy while Mummy does a war job in a nearby factory.



SLAVE—OR STARVE!

Hitler robbed the Ukrainians of their land—pillaged all their farm produce for the German larder—and left them to starve.

Then he demanded as the price of soup and bread that they should leave the land for which they had bled and starved to become slaves in the labour camps of Germany.



DUBARRY FACE POWDER

Now Obtainable in Pre-war Quantities

- LIGHTER THAN THISTLEDOWN
- SOFTER THAN GOSSAMER
- SIFTED THROUGH SILK TO ENSURE PERFECT TEXTURE
- THE FACE POWDER THAT CLINGS AND BEAUTIFIES

The Secret of the perfect "Matt" complexion

Dubarry

GOLDSTONE LABORATORIES, HOVE, SUSSEX

PRICE
3/6
INCLUDING
PURCHASE
TAX

FUEL FLASH!

Freddie Grisewood's B.B.C. "Fuel Flash," Oct. 15-16, urged householders to "lag" hot water pipes and tanks to save fuel and cold pipes to prevent bursts.

Use FELTED CANVAS PIPE LAGGING AND HAIR FELT SHEETS. 3rd Fuel saved: hot water stays HOT! Wrapping or 'lagging' is easily fitted by anyone and lasts for years. Of Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants.

THE RUBEROID CO., Ltd., 134, Commonwealth House, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

BEST remember BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

For Cakes
Pastry, Puddings and Pies
The Best in the World

MINISTRY
OF SUPPLY

Defence (General) Regulations, 1939,
Nos. 53 and 55. Control of Rubber
Tyres (No. 6) Order, 1942.

CENSUS OF LAID-UP VEHICLES

CONTROL OF RUBBER TYRES (No. 6) ORDER, 1942

If you are the CUSTODIAN
of a LAID-UP VEHICLE

you are required under the above Order
to complete and send in Form T.C.1
which you can get from any Post Office
transacting Savings Bank business.

A custodian of a vehicle is the person who has a vehicle in his
keeping whether he owns the vehicle or not.

INCLUDED under the Order are:
Private Cars, Hackney Vehicles, Goods
Vehicles, Motor-driven Caravans, or
other type of Trailers.
NOT INCLUDED are Motor Cycles, Bi-
cycles, Vehicles carrying more than 7
passengers (excluding driver), Goods
Vehicles exceeding 2 tons unladen
weight; certain special categories of
vehicles specified in the Form.
RETURNS must be made NOT LATER
than NOVEMBER 18th, 1942, in
respect of vehicles laid up on October
28th, 1942. Or within 21 days in respect
of vehicles laid up after October 28th,
1942.

Any person failing to make a return as directed
renders himself liable to a severe penalty.

NEWS OF OUR TWO GREAT CAMPAIGNS

News for Soldiers

★ Justice for the widows of fighting
men is all we demand. Justice
we mean to get.

that her husband had died from an
infected throat.

Her Service pension was refused on
the same grounds as Mrs. Thomas.

Again we protested.
And so, sometime this week, Mrs. Rich-
mond will be No. 2 of the fortunate five.

The third is Mrs. E. B. Parry, of Barn-
field, Wrexham. Imagine the feelings of
this widow with three children. She is
notified one day that her husband is dead
—killed accidentally in the Middle East.

After a long wrangle she is granted
twenty-one miserable shillings a week to
feed and clothe and house three children
and herself.

But one day she wrote to the *Sunday
Pictorial*, and yesterday we were officially
informed:—

"In consequence of additional infor-
mation being received, payment of the
normal pension will be assumed by the
Ministry."

Mrs. Parry will get back pay, too, from
the date of her husband's death.

Fobbed Off

Fourth of the five is Mrs. M. E. Dan-
leavy, of Joseph-street, Daubhill, Bolton.
Her husband, although a fit man when he
left this country, died of heart failure in
Egypt, brought about by his inability to
stand the climate.

The Ministry's excuse for fobbing off the
widow with a lower pension in this case
was that there had been difficulty in
getting hold of the documents relating to
the death of the soldier.

But they have overcome the difficulty
now, because we are told that Mrs.
Danleavy is to get her full Service pen-
sion at once.

Last of the five is Mrs. E. E. Hilderley.

of The Croft, Heston, Middlesex. Even
today she knows nothing of the circum-
stances of her husband's death beyond the
bald official statement that he died from
the effects of an accident.

But I can tell Mrs. Hilderley all about
it. Lance-Bombardier J. W. Hilderley, of
the Artillery, was run down by a tramcar
in a street in Cairo.

Just because no witnesses were
available, the Ministry refused to grant
a Service pension. Now they have
relented, and Mrs. Hilderley can afford
her rations.

Five Words

THOSE are the stories of five war
widows. The cases could be multi-
plied a hundred times.

To their credit, the Ministry of Pen-
sions are making a thorough investiga-
tion of every case which we put up
to them.

There is proof that our claim for justice
for the war widow is having an effect, and
we are the first to agree that there are
isolated instances in which a widow cannot
expect a Service pension. For instance,
where her husband's death is the result of
gross carelessness or wilful misconduct or
similar things.

In other cases there is a conflict of
medical opinion, in which we have to
accept the official verdict.

In hundreds of other cases it is
impossible to do anything BECAUSE OF
THE PRESENT REGULATIONS.

Whatever we may do for individual
widows, the real injustice lies in the Pen-
sions Warrant which insists that a man's
death must be "directly attributable to
military service."

THE REAL OBJECT OF OUR CAM-
PAIGN IS TO GET THOSE FIVE
WORDS ALTERED. THAT ALONE
WILL BRING JUSTICE TO THE
WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF OUR
FIGHTING MEN.

News for Mothers

★ Every mother in Britain
SHOULD be able to have her
baby free from pain and fear.
We are determined to see that
every mother CAN, says Dr.
THOMAS ARKWRIGHT.

THOUSANDS of mothers-to-be
can now look forward calmly
and joyfully to the birth of their
child, instead of dreading the
 ordeal.

This is the first result of my recent
article which called upon local
authorities to use the powers they
have and provide midwives with
analgesics (a mild anæsthetic) for
women who are having babies.

When I wrote, 122 out of 188 local and
county councils had done nothing
about it.

Women wrote me from all over the
land. They badgered their councils and
their medical officers. There was a great
fluttering; and a great deal, I am happy
to say, has been done and is being done
to put this matter right.

FIRST, I want to pay my respects to the
Medical Officers of Health for Chel-
tenham and Rhondda, where a great stir
has been raised.

These places were on the list, but were
not really inactive.

Rhondda already has three midwives
trained, and Cheltenham hope shortly to
have all their midwives trained.

Great Work

Wimbledon has now trained its nurses
and is off the list. Fine.

Plymouth is our star turn. This pro-
gressive borough only needed to have
the matter brought up, and it got on
with it. They now have five nurses
trained. Splendid.

Guildford and Oxford, Derbyshire and
Merthyr Tydfil are all getting on with the
job actively. So far, so good.

BUT THERE IS STILL A BLACK
LIST.

WE interviewed Tynemouth about it,
and they yawned at us:

"Something may be done, in time
We're certainly doing nothing now."
Southend uses analgesic in the hos-

pital, but though it employs nine mid-
wives to visit mothers at home, the
authorities think it quite impracticable to
train them in this work.

This attitude just won't do. Southend,
for one, has 1,500 babies a year, a large
proportion of which are attended by mid-
wives.

Come on, Southend and Tynemouth
mothers, you've got local papers. Write
letters to them. Write to your coun-
cillors. Tell them this is no matter for
complacency, for shelving in some dusty
pigeon-hole.

You want action NOW, and if you
shout, you'll get it. Other places have!
Torquay—well, of course, it's a very dig-
nified place. Perhaps we shouldn't have
mentioned it. Torquay does not discuss
such matters with newspapers. We don't
mind, but it's hard on the mothers.

The Isle of Wight, Leeds, Tottenham
and Merioneth were more cordial. They
are looking into the matter. It is not a
burning local issue. But readers in these
areas should get results with a little
prodding.

IT seems rather curious, doesn't it, that
some counties and boroughs can put
this matter right, and others can't. Of
course, there are difficulties, but they are
not insurmountable.

TRAINING: Every authority has its
own council hospital, usually with a
maternity block and a staff anaesthetist.
Arrangements could be made for the
anaesthetist to train the nurses in the
hospital, and then they could go out in
turn to relieve the district nurses while
they went into hospital for a fortnight for
their training.

COST: The Minnitt gas- and air
machine costs between £16 and £20.

But surely the suffering of hundreds
of mothers is not going to be balanced
by a mere £20.

There is the cost of the gas used, as well,
which may amount to 5s. a case. I have

little doubt that most mothers would will-
ingly pay the 5s.

TRANSPORT: The weight of this
machine is a drawback. With its gas
cylinders, it weighs about 30lb., and is
hardly a proposition for the carrier of a
bicycle in hilly districts. But there are
such things as kindly neighbours, willing
to carry it.

But gas and air is not the only avail-
able analgesic. In my opinion it will
soon be obsolete.

I have used a new machine—the Mar-
rett—myself for several months, in a
dozen confinements, and I am enthusiastic
about it. It weighs only 6lb.

So far, however, very few doctors have
begun to use it. I'd like to know what
other anaesthetists think, because I
think councils might do well to buy
these machines, and train their mid-
wives with them, rather than gas
machines. They cost only £8.

Full Backing

ALTHOUGH this article has seemed
rather technical, we must remember
that we are dealing with human life and
suffering.

IT LIES IN OUR POWER TO MAKE
THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF LIFE
A JOY UNTOUCHED BY FEAR.

So we shall go on with our campaign.
We have the backing of the Ministry of
Health, and we shall not rest until every
mother-to-be in every town and hamlet in
this country can look forward to happy
and painless motherhood.

LATE NEWS: Burton-on-Trent Town
Council has just adopted the scheme.
WHAT'S YOUR COUNCIL DOING?
WRITE AND LET US KNOW IF YOU
NEED ANY HELP. WE'LL BACK
YOUR EFFORTS A HUNDRED PER
CENT.





IVAN MAISKY,
Russia's Amba-
sador to Britain.

● They sneered and ignored him when Ivan Maisky first arrived in London ten years ago. But the Russian Ambassador just smiled.

● Then, 16 months ago, Russia became our ally and Mr. Maisky became everybody's friend. Some people were staggered, but—

NO WONDER HE SMILES!

so closely with future enemies and deliberately ignoring a country that wanted to be friendly.

But if he did he showed no signs when he next met Lord Halifax. He was as friendly and cheerful as ever.

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion Neville Chamberlain steeled himself to the dreadful ordeal of meeting Maisky at his home before March, 1939.

Chamberlain came to the reception late and left early. He stood around in embarrassed silence for a while, refused to eat, but eventually drank some of Mr. Maisky's excellent champagne.

But the effect of the champagne did not last long. The guests, including Neville Chamberlain, woke up with a headache. The Anglo-Soviet talks collapsed and the mission to Moscow—in which Maisky never had faith—returned to England. Russia signed a Pact with Germany.

Turned Down

ONLY a few days ago a new light was thrown on the disastrous event leading up to the signing of the German-Russian Alliance.

Mr. George Bilainkin, an unusually well-informed diplomatic correspondent, discloses in his new book, *Diary of a Diplomatic Correspondent*, that the Russian plan to withstand the threatened Nazi onslaught was turned down by the British because the Poles insisted that they needed no help from Russia.

The Russians, he said, had little hope that the British mission to Moscow would succeed. They complained that the delegates were without credentials with which to sign a treaty.

Then at last it happened. One misty June morning sixteen months ago the German

war machine swept across the Russian frontier.

During those first exciting days of the Russian war the inscrutable Mr. Maisky did not show any great change.

It seemed impossible that this enigmatic little diplomat had, only fourteen months earlier, listened to M.P.s in the House of Commons demand war against his country for attacking Finland—and merely smiled.

Now we know the secret of that smile. It was the smile of a man who knows that history and the future of this world is bigger than the intrigues of short-sighted politicians.

SINCE then impossible things have happened to Mr. Maisky. The world was at his feet.

One day he received a summons. It was from Buckingham Palace. The King and Queen of England wanted to meet Mr. Maisky. They wanted to know him better. His small eyes twinkled with pleasure.

At the Palace he met the crowned and uncrowned heads of Europe, spent a pleasant afternoon drinking tea and chatting with them. They were comrades and Allies.

Even the stiffest Tories—some of his old enemies—unbent a little. He was invited to join the St. James's Club, Piccadilly, most famous diplomatic club in the world.

Even Park-lane did not forget him. At a recent banquet, attended by some of the most famous people in the world, a toast was given. The vast assembly rose to its feet. In sonorous tones the Toast-master called out a name.

THE NAME WAS IVAN MIKHAILOVICH MAISKY.

—Harry
Ashbrook

WELL may we wonder how the transformation was achieved. The answer is History, Mr. Maisky, and Mr. Maisky's smile.

During those first years Maisky and his charming dark-haired wife lived a quiet life. They occupied only three rooms of this vast mansion. One was a sort of bedroom-study.

Here Maisky worked in the evenings. Few callers disturbed him. It was not considered "the thing" to call on the Maiskys in those days.

But it is interesting to recall the names of some of the people who did. There was Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance. It did not take him long to discover that they had a lot in common.

Even a few months after the Finnish War, when Anglo-Russian relations had dropped to a new low, Churchill and Maisky could still talk the same language. Churchill had invited him to dinner. He teased him about Russia's "Imperialist aspirations" in marching into Bessarabia.

"But we don't mind, or care, what you do there," said Churchill.

Maisky laughed. "We don't mind if you do," he said. "We didn't ask your permission in any case."

But outside this small circle of friends, the enemies were at work. They tried to kill his mission by rumours. Never, for instance, has an Ambassador been more frequently "recalled" than Maisky.

I have on my desk twenty-six newspaper cuttings covering the last ten years, all announcing the recall of Mr. Maisky. Other cuttings suggested that the OGPU had caught up on him and that Mr. Maisky and his smile were no more.

Ivan Maisky was unperturbed. He remained his cool, suave, smiling self. Even Halifax failed to ruffle him.

In 1938 Halifax invited Count Grandi and Dr. Kordt, German Charge d'Affaires to the Foreign Office, where he gave them the outline of Anglo-French talks.

Maisky was not invited. Now Maisky may have thought that Halifax did wrong by conferring

It was exactly ten years ago last Tuesday. A dapper, little Russian with a pointed beard and cool, smiling eyes passed through London on his way to No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens—his new English home.

England looked angry and hostile that raw October morning ten years ago. Winter had come early that year and a grey mist hung around the streets. Ivan Mikhailovich Maisky shivered. The weather was an omen.

Too many people ated Russia in those days. Many were in high places and they allowed their hatred to warp their judgment. They felt the presence in London of a Soviet Ambassador an unforgivable piece of impertinence. ("Monstrous, simply monstrous, old man!") They were determined to be rigid, to bear the "insult" with pained, superior regret. Others were distrustful.

But let us take another October afternoon. The scene is still the same. No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, the Soviet Embassy. The time is 1942. Mr. Maisky—plump, smiling, urbane—is being cheered by a group of workers. They have come to take away the railings outside the house.

Although exempt by diplomatic privilege, Mr. Maisky

FUEL COMMUNIQUE No.10

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

Front-line COMRADESHIP can do it!

5 MEN in a tank in the Western Desert.
7 GIRLS at an A.A. gun in a Blitz.
5 MEN in a Bomber over Germany at night.

40 MEN in a submarine on submerged patrol.

3,000 MEN in a convoy battling to Murmansk.

From every walk of life, from every county in Britain, they come together, to live, to serve, to fight. AS WAR COMRADES.

WE fuel-savers are fighting the Battle for Fuel in our homes so that the Services may lack for nothing. HOW can we best save fuel as the weather grows colder? . . .

By cultivating the spirit of FRONT-LINE COMRADESHIP. Let's add to the list of war comrades:

2 HOUSEHOLDS sharing a fireside in the Battle for Fuel.

Many are doing this already. If you have not yet fixed up with a friend or neighbour to share a fireside at least once a week, do so NOW. The sharing of cookers is a harder task but the need to save fuel justifies this inconvenience.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

OLD-FASHIONED, HABIT-FORMING PURGATIVE

THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

gentle—pleasant

EX-LAX

FOR COMPLETE CONSTIPATION RELIEF

2/6 7/6 1/5 (Incl. Tax)

★ CHOCOLATE TASTING
★ NOT HABIT-FORMING
★ NO MESS—NO BOTHER
★ GENTLE YET THOROUGH

from all chemists

In VIENNA then...
In ENGLAND now



When Vienna was still a city of song the excellence of its food was known throughout the world. In those care-free days Wiener Schnitzel (veal slices dipped in egg and crumb, fried in butter) was a popular Viennese dish. Potato cookery too was carried to a fine art in Vienna. The other day a team of Viennese cooks made a special potato breakfast dish in London. (Recipe given below.)

Try it yourself. It is a simple recipe and it makes good use of our home-grown potatoes—the splendid crop that saves our ships.

VIENNESE FISH CAKES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. Ingredients: 1 lb. of boiled, mashed potatoes, 1 teaspoonful dried egg, 1 teaspoonful of anchovy essence, 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs,

pepper, salt to taste. Quantity: For four people. Method: Mix all the ingredients together and form into little cakes. Fry in a little fat until golden brown on both sides.

Potatoes

are part of the battle

YOUR RADIO TODAY

HOME SERVICE

7.0—NEWS. 7.15—Sidney Davey and his Players. 7.40—Piano and Saxophone. 8.0—Organ. 8.30—The Gospel Singers. 8.45—Radio Allotment. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—Service. 10.15—Pachmann (records). 10.30—Music While You Work. 11.0—Music-Lover's Calendar. 11.20—Service in Welsh. 11.50—Jacques String Orchestra. 12.20—Grieg. 12.50—Mostly for Women.

1.0—NEWS. 1.15—Country Magazine. 1.45—For Home Guards. 1.55—Danube Excursion. 2.15—In Your Garden. 2.30—London Symphony Orchestra. 3.35—Laurence Olivier. 3.55—London Symphony Orchestra. 4.35—Sandy Macpherson. 4.45—Christian News Bulletin. 5.0—News in Welsh. 5.20—Children's Hour.

6.0—NEWS. 6.30—News in Norwegian. 6.45—A Countryman's Log. 7.0—Symphony Orchestra. 7.15—Workers of the Week. 8.0—Cathedral Evensong. 8.40—Week's Good Cause. 8.45—Salute to Czechoslovakia. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—The Three Temptations. 10.0—Toscanini. 11.0—Epilogue. 11.8—B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. 11.40—Reginald Foort. 12.0—NEWS.

FORCES

6.30—Reveille. 7.0—NEWS. 7.15—Arthur Tracy. 7.30—Rhythm on Records. 8.0—Louis Voss and his Orchestra. 8.30—In Town Tonight. 8.40—NEWS. 9.30—Sunday Serenade. 10.15—For Isolated Units. 10.30—For the Indian Forces. 11.0—Irish Half-Hour. 11.30—Workers' Playtime. 12.0—Gerald. 12.35—Bob Hope Programme.

1.0—NEWS. 1.15—Tommy Handley. 1.45—Brighouse and Rastick Brass Band. 2.15—Maple Leaf Matinee. 2.50—Christian Behaviour. 3.0—Music While You Work. 3.30—My Violin Speaks to You. 3.45—Movie Matinee. 4.15—Brains Trust. 5.0—Sim Grossman's Dance Band. 5.30—You May Like to Hear.

6.0—NEWS. 6.30—The RAF Takes the Air. 7.0—American Sports Bulletin. 7.10—Weekly News-Letter. 7.20—The Week's Film. 7.30—Sunday Half-Hour. 8.0—Songs for Everybody. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—Introducing Anne. 10.0—Epilogue. 10.8—Listen at Ease. 10.30—Music While You Work. 11.0—Close Down.

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will
HEAL IT
-Clean!



Dear Sirs:
I suffered from weeping eczema, and after using all sorts of treatments I resolved to try Germolene. I had not been able to sleep at night for the irritation. After a week's treatment with GERMOLENE all traces of the trouble left me, leaving my skin quite clean. You can publish this letter so as to benefit other people.
M. E. Darlington.

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Inflammation, Leg Trouble, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

NOV. 11
PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY
REMEMBRANCE DAY



GIRLS, it's a cinch.
If you want a happy marriage, choose a man who doesn't mind giving you a hand with the housework.

The chances are that when you find him he will also be a tough, fighting man, the sort of man you want to fling your arms around and cry "My Hero!"
You don't believe it? Nor did we. Nor did 19-year-old Veronica Mailey, of Croydon. When we asked for views of women readers on domesticated husbands, Veronica wrote in: "I don't want a 'cissy' hus-

band, but I won't marry a man who spends his afternoon reading the *Sunday Pictorial* while I do all the work."
"Give me a man who can handle a tea towel and you can stick your he-men on the drawing-room fire."
Veronica, you're **WRONG**. You're burning the wrong guy! More than 300 other women wrote to tell us that the real man, the masculine man, is always ready to help in the kitchen.
The man who refuses to "demean" himself by housework is usually an effeminate type who thinks that by refusing to do housework he is asserting his masculinity.
That's what the women think, anyway.

MRS. EASTON, of Lincoln, says: "My husband is an air-gunner in the RAF, and he shares every household chore with me when on leave. I don't think of him as domesticated, just thoughtful and loving, and

no girl thinks more of her husband than I do."
The wife of a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards boasts that her husband is as good as any woman in the house, but she says: "Please don't print my name and address or he'd half kill me."

All right, ducky, we won't. It MIGHT be a bit embarrassing for a sergeant in the Guards.

Ahoy! There

But sailors are easily tops for helping with the housework. Then come soldiers, then air-men, and civvies last.

Here's Mrs. Dixon, of Torquay, who went to hospital for her first baby, and when she came home: "I saw a nice fire, the table all set for tea, everything spick and span. Later I found all my silk undies nicely ironed and put away in neat piles in the airing cupboard. What more could a wife want?" Her hubby is in the RAF.

Even when the men are not much good at housework, their wives love them for trying. Like Mrs. Rose, of Winchester, who has to go away once a fortnight leaving hubby in charge:

"I vary when I come home the house is, well, not quite as usual. The baby has her nappy on like a sarong and my son, aged 2½, has broken something while helping to wash up. But the household is quite content—even the cat and dog—so why worry?"
Then there was Mr. Griffiths, of Cardiff, who offered to make

the bed and ten minutes later called down the stairs: "I've made it, and I've got a sheet left over."

Another (who shall be nameless) went to make poached eggs on toast for lunch. He cut two slices of bread, broke an egg over each, put the lot under the grill "and wondered what the hell went wrong."

Yet another washed his socks by the simple process of boiling 'em.

Mrs. KIMBER, of Wolverhampton, writes: "I will admit that my Bert's rough and more like a cow in a china shop, however, bless his heart, it gives him pleasure and he is happy. So why worry?"

It is in illness that a handy husband earns the special love and devotion of his sick wife. There are dozens of letters to prove it.

Mrs. John's husband was a bus conductor, and for thirteen weeks he did all the housework, looked after three children, and his wife, and did his own job as well. Writes Mrs. Johns: "His washing was a credit. It would shame some of the women." He's in the Army now.

Mrs. Williams's husband got compassionate leave when she was ill "and looked after me better than any woman could have done. He is now serving in the Middle East, and is as good a soldier as he is a husband."

Wash-Out

By way of contrast, here is a sad little letter from Somerset: "I would do anything for my husband if he would help me a bit when I'm tired, washing up or fetching the coals, but he never does. It's very lonely in the kitchen in the evenings, specially when you've been alone all day."

"I do envy women whose husbands help them."

But here is a warning. (Are you listening Veronica?)

Listen to young Mrs. March, of Exmouth: "As my husband is a sailor, he's extremely handy and as he's on three months' sick leave we've been doing everything together. Being newly-wed and very much in love, everything in the garden should have been lovely. But was it?"

"For some weeks I've been complaining first of one thing then another—rheumatism, indigestion, nerves. My husband was all tenderness and made me spend days in bed."

Charter

"Then an older woman said to me straight out: 'If your husband doesn't get a job, YOU will be a nervous wreck. Letting him run the home means you're no practical use to him and that's why you are ill.'"

"So now I never let my husband do a thing—he works on an allotment instead—until the evening when we wash up together. I'm a hundred per cent. better and really happy."

TO sum up, girls, for the benefit of those who are wondering whether to marry Tom, Dick, or Harry, here is the evidence of 300 wives:

1. Women love their husbands all the more if they are willing to give a hand with the housework.
2. Tough, masculine men are usually the most willing to give that hand.
3. A domesticated husband is a godsend when you are ill.
4. Never let your husband do too much housework and never, NEVER let him boss you about in your own kitchen.



Famous American Columnist DIXIE TIGHE Writes to You



ALL my plans to live on my rations—for one have gone awry. Gone awry for a

reason that to me, and I hope to you, is an important and interesting one—the arrival of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in England.

Since the day America went to war it has become increasingly important that Eleanor Roosevelt come here and see first hand not only how the women of England stood these years of the war, but more important, to see the way they are prepared to face the demands of the future.

About Women...

The women of America are fortunate that Franklin D. Roosevelt's favourite reporter—his wife—could come here and report to him on the increasing importance of Women at War in Britain.

Because I am assigned to cover Mrs. Roosevelt's visit here—just as I was your King and Queen when they visited Canada and the United States—I have been able to see and hear much more than I would have on my own. Our women are new at the business of war, but they have gone at it with a concerted drive. They are more limited than yours—no combat service is open to them—but I have a feeling that when Mrs. Roosevelt tells England's story of women on Ack-Ack and manning fire stirrup-pumps there will be a great cry of "What they can do we can do!"

Our women work in factories and are particularly adept at precision work. Many factory

bosses say that women on these precise jobs are better than men.

Why this is true seems to be a matter of debate, some factory heads say women have no imagination and so concentrate better than men, some say the fact is quite obvious—the women are just better than men!

When we visited London's main fire control a young firewoman told me that she had worked with firemen during the blitz but "only," as she modified it, as a driver.

This time she is trained and eager to man the stirrup-pumps.

It is characteristic of Mrs. Roosevelt that she does not expect her report to be taken as law. Hearing her talk you feel that she hopes the message of England's women at war will be an incentive rather than an order, "Please Copy."

She has repeatedly said that she thinks it would be well if America's young leaders would come here and see for themselves; and it is obvious that she is making many mental notes on the women's combat jobs.

When she visited the Wrens' headquarters she stressed the fact to them that she would tell the women at home of their variety of duty.

About Knitting...

She found an interest, too, in the Women's Institute work at a little village in East Kent. Mrs. Roosevelt, an inveterate knitter—she's been knitting a baby blanket on this trip—was impressed with the fact that England has learned to salvage wool even from fences!

One of the things she has found and said she feels would be a boon at home is a WVS emergency canteen that would fit into the back of any ordinary car.

She commented that this would be wonderful at home, particularly in regions where forest fires often make it impossible for large, mobile rescue canteens to get through.



Always

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

IN the long armistice which followed the "cease fire" in 1918, British Railways instituted developments and improvements which could not have been more wisely planned had they known beyond doubt that hostilities would be resumed in 1939.

Many millions of money were expended on widening tracks, improving signalling, removing bottlenecks, and in a hundred and one other ways which gave the public the fine trains and high speeds

prevailing before the war. The railways carried through these improvements during a period of acute depression when they were suffering grave loss year after year. Their courage and foresight have stood the Nation in good stead—for these years of intensive development have made it possible now for British Railways to carry smoothly and efficiently the vast burden of additional freight and passenger services so vital to the war effort.

BRITISH RAILWAYS
GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

Every Woman in Britain



STEP FORWARD, MRS. BROWN!

WE are soon to receive a report which will cause a stir, and will start endless discussions. For Sir William Beveridge and his committee are expected to make recommendations which will provide social security for every man, woman and child.

This Committee has given facilities to organised and representative sections of the community and to well-intentioned individuals to express their views on every aspect of social insurance.

Sir William himself has shown an understanding and appreciation of women's problems which has charmed and delighted those of us who are used to having even highly intelligent men treat matters concerning women lightly and even flippantly.

Protection

I hope at long last that the married woman is to be given a square deal and that the Mrs. Browns—patient housewives and mothers that they are—can take a big step forward.

Just think of it. Britain alone of the great countries of the world is the only one which does not give any health benefits to the wives and mothers of insured workers.

The woman in the home is indispensable to the welfare of the community; she performs work of a tedious and repetitive character without complaint.

She willingly risks her life in giving birth to children—a more hazardous undertaking than that of miners in the coal pits according to the mortality figures.

But she is given no protection by the State if, in pursuit of these functions, her health is

Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, M.P., has good news of a new Magna Carta for women

impaired or she becomes disabled for life. Why is this? The answer is simple.

The housewife is regarded as being not gainfully employed. Washing, cooking, scrubbing, mending seven days a week has no monetary value according to our standards today.

For this reason a wife is deprived of the health service to which her husband is entitled.

A REFORM which is long overdue, and surely cannot create controversy, is the inclusion of the housewife and her children in a national health service.

I have deliberately refrained from using the word dependents.

The housewife is a worker who by her toil makes her contribution to the common home and should never be scheduled as a dependent, for she gives 24-hours-a-day service.

She does, in fact, take the husband's wages or salary, and by wise spending convert them into real wealth. You cannot eat shillings or pound notes—they are symbols only of what is the real wealth of the community—food, boots and shoes, pots and pans, etc.

Careful consideration must be given to those special

problems which the housewife meets in pregnancy and her confinement.

Although a woman advanced in pregnancy finds it hard to perform all her household tasks, and should in her own interests receive extra care and attention, she is not allowed any maternity benefit before the confinement.

She just has to carry on—unless she is lucky enough to have friends or relatives to give her some help.

In the event of her husband being insured, HE receives two pounds maternity benefit, a sum which is quite inadequate, as there is no margin with which to provide the mother with help after baby is born.

Exhausted

I am heartily tired of reading articles on why so many women do not feed their own babies.

The answer is to be found in the home, where a woman has no alternative but to get up too soon after the birth of her child, scrub, cook and clean.

Time after time exhausted young women have explained in tears that while in bed they were able to feed baby, but directly they had to take over all the work of the household "the milk went".

ONE MINUTE'S REPOSE

THEY stood below me, in the hall;
My girl—her husband Joe;
He had been home on 'four days' leave,
And now he had to go.
He fastened on his gear, she held
His helmet and his coat;
Her young voice laughed, and yet, to me,
It held a tender note;—
When knights of old rode out to war,
Their ladies, so I've heard,
Would buckle on their swords and shields,
It must have looked absurd!

'JOE, how you'd laugh if I did that—
Such fanciful ideas!
Her voice broke suddenly as it
To choke back rising tears.
He kissed her then, I turned away;
Ah, let those laugh who will,
But loves today who fight and wait
Are knight and lady still!

Claire Ritchie

LET us now be generous and introduce a humane reform which will give every mother a monetary benefit for at least two months before and after the confinement. Then she will be able to retain her own health and feed her child.

This would be a national investment. It would pay priceless dividends in terms of healthy mothers and babies.

The so-called gainfully employed mother, who works outside the home, is entitled to draw benefit under the National Health Insurance Act, but only during the last six or seven weeks of pregnancy.

Consequently the expectant mother remains at work as long as possible, although it may be against her best interests.

Here, again, clear directions are called for. A woman should be entitled to benefit if it can be proved that at any period during her pregnancy her condition makes it impossible for her to go on working.

The method of administering health insurance needs to be drastically overhauled. While it was all right to use the ap-

proved societies at the inception of the National Health Insurance Act, they have now served their purpose.

A married woman has difficulty in being accepted by some societies. She is looked upon as a bad risk. So she often has to join a society which is unable to provide her with the extra benefits—teeth, eyes, etc.—which members of other societies enjoy.

Now is the time for our planners to include this patient, uncomplaining, highly deserving member of the community in our social security scheme. Not as a dependent or unpaid domestic help, as she has been scheduled in official files, but as a worker whose service to the State deserves the fullest recognition.

Since 1887

HARLENE for Hair Hygiene

—NOW more a necessity than ever

YOUR hair is a precious asset... do not let it deteriorate through neglect. 'Harlene' preparations have, since 1887, been acknowledged the best for creating and maintaining a healthy and abundant head of hair.

Regular users will be pleased to know that supplies are now more freely available. Ask at your usual Chemist or Store for your fair share.



HAIR CLEANLINESS

is of especial importance at the present time. Send 5d. in stamps for a full-size "Cremex" Shampoo and a copy of the new "Harlene-Hair-Drill" pamphlet on the care of the hair. Address as below.

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H.200)

28, GOUGH STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Penny-Wise Puddings

GROWN-UPS as well as children always ask for a second helping of these puddings.

Apples are easy to get at the moment, and the following recipe is a change from baked apples, apple pudding and apple dumplings. If properly cooked, the bread-crumbs turn out stiff and crunchy.

DANISH APPLE PUDDING

Two pounds apples, four saccharin tablets, two teaspoonful bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful margarine, a few drops of almond essence, two tablespoonfuls golden syrup.

Stew the apples with a very little water and the saccharin. Beat up to a pulp with a fork and stir in almond essence. Grease a pie dish with ALL the margarine.

Sprinkle first a layer of crumbs and apples alternately until the dish is full, finishing with bread-crumbs. Drip the syrup over the top and cook in the oven for one hour when the pudding should be golden brown.

CAKIE PUDDING

Easy to make and very filling!

Six ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. margarine, 3oz. sugar, one tablespoonful of dried egg mixed with a little water, 4oz. chopped dates, currants or sultanas, a little milk, quarter teaspoonful vanilla essence.

Rub margarine into flour. Mix in remaining ingredients.

Add enough milk to make the mixture stiff and bake or steam one hour

MOCK CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Less indigestible than the real thing and quite delicious. Soak overnight four level tablespoonfuls of rough tapioca in a breakfast cup of milk.

Add half teaspoonful of treacle or sugar, half teaspoonful bread-crumbs, half teaspoonful sultanas, currants or raisins, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful mixed spice, a little chopped peel (if you've got any), one dessertspoonful of suet or fat, a few drops of almond essence, one egg or one tablespoonful egg powder, pinch of salt.

Steam in greased basin three hours and serve with custard.

APPLE AND MARROW PIE

This recipe comes from America.

Make pastry with 8oz. of flour and 4oz. of lard. Line a deep plate with half of it. Besides this, you'll need:—

1lb. marrow (or pumpkin), 1lb. apples 1lb. suet (obtainable in packets from the grocer), 2oz. sugar OR 4 saccharins, 1lb. currants, sultanas or dates, 1 teaspoonful mixed spice.

Cut up pumpkin and apple very finely, sprinkle with spice and mix with rest of ingredients. Pile up the plate (because the fruit sinks in cooking) and cover with rest of pastry. Cook in MEDIUM oven three-quarters of an hour.

Watch Them!

you get a chance. Even ten minutes will help.

If they perspire, wear woolen stockings—wool absorbs moisture better than silk or cotton. Dust your feet and the insides of your shoes with an antiseptic powder.

BE CAREFUL YOUR STOCKINGS ARE NOT TOO SHORT IN THE FOOT. THIS IS A COMMON CAUSE OF HAMMER TOE.

I will now tell you about a few maladies of the foot and what to do for them.

1 **FALLEN ARCHES**, which is the technical name for flat feet. Up to the age of 25 you can improve them by simple exercises, of which the best is to rise up and down on the toes so many times a day.

You can do it while you're waiting for a bus or standing in a food queue.

After 25, the best thing you can then do is to go to a shoemaker and get a support made of metal covered with a thin layer of leather. Don't

buy the first one he offers, but go on trying his whole range until you find the one that gives you the greatest comfort.

2 **CALLOUSES**. The hard skin should be rubbed away with an emery board, but don't rub too hard or you may make it sore.

3 **SOFT CORNS**. These occur between the toes. Put a roll of cotton wool between the toes to prevent them from rubbing together and let the air get to the afflicted spot.

4 **HARD CORNS**. These can be rubbed with an emery board, but be careful not to puncture the skin and NEVER cut them with a razor.

The only safe and satisfactory way to deal with corns is to seek the advice of a chiropodist (who would charge either 5s. or 7s. 6d. a foot), or go to a hospital where they have a chiropodist. IT'S WORTH IT EVERY TIME.

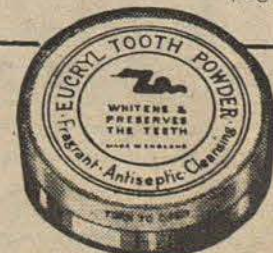


Dear Sirs,

I am a nurse and fully realize the importance of having not only "good looking" teeth but really sound teeth and that is why I use Eucryl Tooth Powder.

I notice that you publish in your advertisements the photographs of users who have written to you and wondered if you would like to use mine. I would prefer that you do not publish my name and address however.

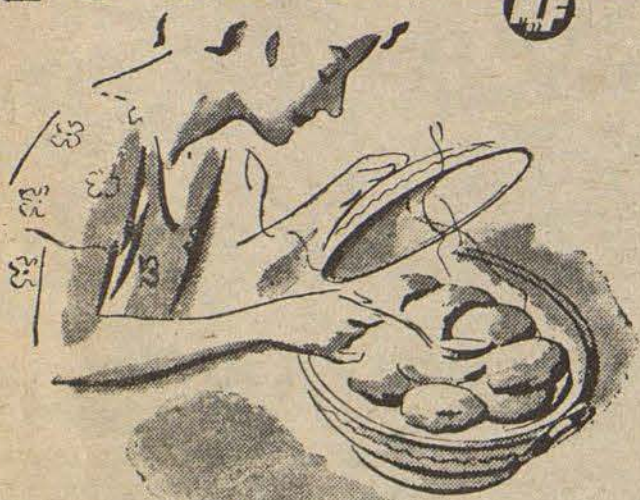
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) J. M....



SOLD IN TINS

9d. AND 1/3

FOOD FACTS



How Good a Cook are you?

The test of a good cook is the way she cooks potatoes. Housewives who take pride in cooking meat to a turn often serve up wet, mushy potatoes that are as tasteless as they are unappetising. Make the best of your potatoes. They are worth it. Potatoes give you extra energy and guard you against infections. They are cheap and home-grown. Follow the potato cookery rules and you'll get new enjoyment from the homely potato.

STORAGE HINTS

Potatoes need treating kindly. Keep them in a dark dry place well protected from frost. If the light gets at them they go green and if frost attacks them they are uneatable, so take care of them.

Tomatoes are a good food even when green. They can be sliced or fried, or used for stews or for making chutney. To ripen tomatoes store them in a single layer in cardboard boxes, or in a drawer covered with a sheet of clean brown paper. Another plan is to wrap each tomato in soft paper and place on a shelf. Choose tomatoes which are sound, just beginning to colour and fairly large.

THIS IS THE THIRD WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 4
(Oct. 18th to Nov. 14th)

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 122

LONDON AMUSEMENTS
WHITEHALL—Whl. 6892. Cont. dty. 2-9. A. Esdaile's Salute to Beauty. Venus Comes to Town. Gaston and Andree. George Doonan, etc.
WINDMILL Picc. Cir. REVUEVILLE. 11th Year 15th Edition (3rd Wk). Continuous daily 12.15-10 p.m. Last performance 3.15. A. VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION.
EMPIRE Leic.-sq.—William Powell. Hedy Lamarr in "Crossroads" (A).
GAUMONT Haymkt.—Noel Coward's In Which We Serve, u. 3.30 to 8.30.
LEICESTER-SO. TH.—Whl. 5252/4. ABBOTT & COSTELLO in "WHO DONE IT?" (U). Today 3.30 & 6.10. Wk. dys. fr. 12.0.

LONDON PAV.—Today, 3.0. "Went the Day Well?" with Leslie Banks, a. MARBLE ARCH PAV.—Noel Coward's In Which We Serve, u. 3 to 8.30.
NEW GALLERY (G-B).—Walt Disney's BAMBI (col.) u. 3.40 & 6.15.
ODEON Leic.-sq.—At 3.30, 6.15, D. Ameche in The Magnificent Dope.
PLAZA—The Forest Rangers, a. Tech. F. MacMurray, P. Goddard. 3.30, 6.20.
REGAL Marble Arch—Pad. 9011. Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor. ACROSS THE PACIFIC u. 4.35, 6.40.
STUDIO ONE—2.30. Walt Disney's FANTASIA (U.). Louis Jourvet. "Education de Prince" (A) (French).
WARNER—Ger. 3423. James Cagney in Yankee Doodle Dandy, u. 3.30, 6.0.

UNITY POOL

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- Take a correct copy of the entry you send in.
- Sign your name in Block Letters on the back of your envelope before posting.
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WHY WE FIGHT FOR A RISE

WHEN the Minister of Labour, Mr. Ernest Bevin, spoke in a debate in the House of Commons on wages policy recently, he said this: "The main concern of the men in the Forces is what they are coming home to."

He went on to warn those who constantly reiterate the contrast between the conditions of men in the Services and of those in industry.

Then, speaking for the Government, he said there would be no resentment "if the House thought it their duty to put forward a rearrangement of soldiers' pay, or to say, if they felt so, that the Services are not being treated aright."

Now I have been saying that for a long time, and with no intention at all of setting "one lot of men against another, in pursuance of a political aim."

My reason has been that as one who has served in the ranks and as one holding the King's Commission, I know perhaps better than Mr. Bevin that the soldier—and more particularly his wife—does contrast Army pay and allowances with the pay of many of their friends or acquaintances who have been reserved.

It would indeed be pertinent to remind Mr. Bevin that the organised Labour movement at its conference last Whitsun passed unanimously a resolution urging an increase in Service pay and allowances "until they approximate to the earnings of industrial workers."

Voice of the Services

I DO not deny for one moment the concern of the men and women in the Services at the prospect awaiting them on their return to a land "fit for heroes to live in."

They certainly will have a few words to say about post-war conditions when they come back, and it might surprise the Minister of Labour to know that they are saying it up and down the country now — although they are powerless to do more than talk about it at present.

BLOOD, TOIL, TEARS AND SWEAT HAVE GOT TO PRODUCE A DIVIDEND. OTHERWISE THERE WILL BE GRIEVOUS DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THOSE WHO SET UP AS LEADERS.

I would like to make a suggestion to Mr. Bevin, and it is one that I have been making for some time past. I have referred to it in the House of Commons, and I have put it in writing, in a memorandum which I submitted to the Lord President of the Council.

Collective bargaining is now an accepted principle amongst employers and employed. Mr. Bevin has been a great protagonist of this policy, and says he wants to maintain it.

Why, then, is it lacking in what is by far the largest Government body of employees ever known—in the armed forces?

Whitley Councils, of which Mr. Bevin thinks so highly, apply to the Civil Service but not to the armed forces of the Crown. Can Mr. Bevin not lend his powerful support in the War Cabinet to the proposal which I have consistently advocated?

Bargaining

It is simply this: That some democratic body should be set up through which the Services can make proper representations to the Cabinet on all general issues that affect the armed Forces.

Questions like pay and allowances, leave and welfare could be quite constitutionally discussed through an organisation of this kind, without in any way undermining discipline.

Officers are there to settle the domestic problems of the men—such as food and accommodation. Why cannot the bigger issues, quite outside the realm of our Service units, be settled by representations made by chosen men on behalf of their fellows?

I assure him and his colleagues in the Cabinet that it would be a certain way of settling some of the more grievous problems of the men in uniform. They feel now without a voice in these matters except that of those of us in the House who are sufficiently interested to make a fuss.

SO HERE AND NOW I ASK MR. BEVIN TO GIVE COLLECTIVE BARGAINING TO THE BOYS WHO MATTER MOST.

CAPT. F. J. BELLENGER, M.P.

WHY BE A CARELESS LISTENER?



CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Some people forget to switch off the radio even when they go out of the room and leave it empty. Of course, they don't really mean to waste electricity—or to give their valves unnecessary work... they are just careless listeners. They forget that radio valves are scarce nowadays, and that they may have great difficulty in replacing them when they ultimately wear out. When you're not listening — SWITCH OFF!

Mullard Sets and Valves are tough... made to stand any amount of hard work. That is why many thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who have enjoyed years of trouble-free, true-tone listening will, when valves and sets are once more available, again choose... MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (40A)

Mr. Cooper's Piece

WHILE Mayors are shivering in their parlours and councillors wrap blankets round themselves in council chambers the shrill, kind voice of the poultry expert is heard in the daily paper. "KEEP YOUR HENS WARM," he says.

This at once brings up the old question, which are the most valuable, hens or Mayors? It is agreed that a warm hen will lay more eggs than a chilly hen, but will a warm Mayor lay more foundation stones than a frozen little Mayor with a blue nose?

The answer is no. A chilly little Mayor will jump at any opportunity of laying foundation stones in the hope it will keep him warm, whereas a cold hen strides up and down the run all day trying to get her circulation back, and a rolling hen-keeper gathers no eggs.

COOKS' CORNER

Here is a good menu for a MEATLESS DAY:—Breakfast: Sausages. Lunch: Sausages. Supper: Sausages.

DEAR SIR,

"I have a bicycle which, although not very old, is apt to smell slightly when it gets near the fire. Our sitting-room at home is sometimes quite unpleasant after it has spent the evening there, and, although I hesitate to do so, I feel the only solution is to turn it out into the yard. I should hate doing this now that the colder weather has set in. Have you any suggestions? Yours, etc., Etc."

Dear Etc.,—In the first case, are you sure it's a bicycle? Having satisfied yourself on this point, try giving it a bath. If this doesn't work, take a bath yourself—one never knows, does one?

P.S.—If it has no pedals but barks it is probably a dog.

HANSARD IS AS HANSARD DOES

Mr. Spottywood (Lib.): Hear, hear.
Mr. Dottywood (Lab.): I wish to know what the House's reactions are to the reactions of the Second Front reactionaries in reaction.

Mr. Spottywood (Lab.): Hear, hear.
Mr. Pottywood (Nat. Lib. Con.): I have nothing further to add to my previous evasion of that question.
Mr. Spottywood (Lab.): Hear, hear.

SAD STORY

The poor little bride who had set her heart on having a white wedding, and then found she could only get National flour to make the wedding cake.



Show News by Norah Alexander

She's Hooked, Boys!

VISITING Army camps in Northern Ireland recently, I faced one question ten times more than all the rest: "What d'you know about Lana Turner," urged the boys, "and when's she coming over here?"

Well, Lana, as you know, is honeymooning at the moment, and I can't promise you she'll be crossing the Atlantic for a bit. But she's as impulsive as she's dazzling, so there ain't no harm in hoping.

After all, a girl who marries a guy after knowing him nine days can make up her mind pretty fast if she wants to.

Lana met Steve Crane, her present husband, in a nightclub where he'd asked her for a dance to win a bet. Leastways he really asked her on account of the very sight of her knocked him cold. And he was just a junior hot-dog salesman, unknown in Hollywood.

Well, he asked her for a dance. The following week they eloped in a plane full of soldiers with Lana's bouquet and trousseau wrapped up in newspaper to put people off the scent.

M.G.M., who would have preferred to arrange the ceremony themselves, were naturally upset. But after all the jitters Lana's romances have caused them since the break with swing king Artie Shaw, they should be used to anything by now.

Her first marriage lasted four months and seventeen days. Lana refers to it as "my college education." She and Artie had just one thing in common—music. And they couldn't even agree about that.

ALREADY little tattles in Hollywood are betting on a break-up with Steve Crane. But married or unmarried, Lana still holds first place with all the boys.

Five years ago, when the 17-year-old Lana had just made her drug-store debut, she went along with her current boy-

Confronted by her swimsuit and sea-boots, how could even little fishes resist the lines of Lana Turner?

friend to a college rag which he'd arranged.

Half way through the show, he called down to her from the stage, "Hey, Lana, come on up and take a bow!"

Trembling with stage-fright, Lana, in her inevitable skirt and sweater, faced an audience which had just been entertained by half a dozen well-known favourites.

While the boys in the balcony took one look and roared approval, Lana gulped nervously and said, "Gosh, fellows, what can I do? I have no talent."

At once from the back, a voice roared back on behalf of every man present: "Sister, you don't need do nothing. Just stand there."

JUDGING BY WHAT I HEARD IN IRELAND, THAT FELLOW HAD THE RIGHT IDEA.

NEW FILMS

"Who Done It?" Abbott and Costello (Leicester square).

THIS picture gave me a pain in the neck and a good many other places, too. Suffering was caused by laughter, for the gagsters turn detective. See this whatever happens, it's the funniest film this year. **SCORE NINE POINTS OUT OF TEN.**

"The Magnificent Dope," Henry Fonda. Lynn Bari, Don Ameche (Odeon Leicester-square).

You'll laugh a lot too, and learn how to relax, watching the embarrassing adventures of Henry Fonda as a happy-go-lucky hick in the clutches of a Go-Getter. I'm kinda fonda Henry (sorry), and I don't think he's often had a better part. Your old friend Edward Everett Horton backs him up. **SCORE EIGHT.**

"Across the Pacific," Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor (Regal, Marble Arch).

Competent, topical thriller by the "Maltese Falcon" team, including the magnificently sinister Mr. Greenstreet. This drops one point through a most improbable climax. Both acting and direction are first rate. **SCORE EIGHT.**

"Murder from Memory" (Ambassadors), a sparkling spine-chilling thriller introduces blonde Edna Wood, ex-Windmill girl, in her first "straight" part. In addition to more murders than I can remember, there are some hearty laughs. Good creepy entertainment.



Q:



"WHAT DO YOU FIND BEST FOR CATARRH OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS?"

A:

ANGIER'S IS THE ANSWER

Angier's Emulsion exercises soothing lubricating anti-fermentative effects throughout the entire digestive tract. That is why it is so valuable in affections of the stomach and intestines. It soothes and cleanses the mucous membrane, allays irritation, fermentation, catarrh ulceration. It restores tone to all the digestive functions, and it promotes normal healthy action of the bowels. Angier's Emulsion is invaluable in the treatment of gastric and intestinal catarrh or ulceration, chronic indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, chronic constipation, and generally in all catarrhal, fermentative, ulcerative affections of the stomach and intestines. Angier's is the most palatable of all emulsions.

Supplies are limited due to wartime restrictions.

ODEON

leicester square
PHONE: WHI. 6111

MAD MERRY MAGNIFICENT!

The MAGNIFICENT DOPE

Performances at 3.30 and 6.15 p.m.

Henry Fonda • Lynn Bari • Don Ameche

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by William Perberg.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX - LEADING THE INDUSTRY

STILL DIXIE!

THE name is Dixie Dean. You remember the name. Sharp-shooter Dixie, of Everton—and England, of course—was the centre forward who ripped up goal nets all over the country.

And what is he doing now? Why, still ripping them up, sir! Take yesterday, for instance.

He turned out for Cambridge Town against a RAF team at Cambridge. It was his first appearance for the club.

In the first half Dixie slapped home six, which is warming up! In the second half—two. His eight goals helped his lads to whack the RAF 15-1.

All-conquering Blackpool continue their triumphant way in the League North. Scoring five goals without reply in their home game with Rochdale they registered tenth successive win. Blackpool have stars to spare. Mortensen, young forward stationed in the west, scored three goals in the Bath City's 5-2 win over Bristol City.

When Mortensen scored in the first half a boy fell off the barrier and had to be taken to hospital. Another Mortensen goal saw a barrier collapse under the pressure of the agitated lookers-on.

Lewis, the young Arsenal centre forward now in the Army, got five against Crystal Palace on their own ground. Last season he scored five and three goals against them in home and away League matches.

OUR DUMB BLONDE

DUMB BLONDE: Why can't we get some of that Egyptian coal sent home to help us through the winter?

FRIEND: Don't be silly—it's all desert out there.

DUMB BLONDE: Oh! no. It's not! Only yesterday I saw a picture of our troops going through the minefields!

And Here's the Football...

LEAGUE NORTH.—Barnsley 0, Sheffield W. 3; Birmingham 1, Coventry 0; Blackpool 5, Rochdale 0; Bradford City 3, Newcastle 1; Burnley 1, Bolton 2; Bury 4, Everton 1; Gateshead 1, Bradford 1; Grimsby 0, York 1; Huddersfield 4, Middlesbrough 1; Leicester 5, Mansfield 2; Lincoln 6, Notts County 1; Liverpool 3, Man. City 1; Man. U. 3, Stockport 1; Northampton 2, Walsall 2; Notts Forest 6, Chesterfield 1; Oldham 0, Blackburn 1; Rotherham 1, Halifax 4; Sheffield U. 2, Doncaster 2; Stoke 1, Villa 0; Sunderland 4, Leeds 1; Tranmere 2, Southport 2; West Brom. 3, Derby 3; Wolves 3, Crewe 2; Wrexham 3, Chester 2.

LEAGUE SOUTH.—Aldershot 7

WAR SPORT

Racing

By STONEHENG

Golden Boy, starting at 10 to 1 and carrying a 14lb. penalty, won the Substitute November Handicap at Pontefract yesterday.

The winner is owned by Mr. W. Carr, who trains him near Bolton in Lancashire.

Windsor.—2.30. Ursula c (7-2 fav.); 3.0. Historic (5-2 joint fav.); 3.30. Smithereens (29-1); 4.0. Sugar Palm (7-1); 4.30. Colerama (20-1); 5.0. Poise (3-1 fav.).

Pontefract.—2.0. Miss Shiela (7-4 fav.); 2.30. Areley Kings (6-4 fav.); 3.0. Battle Note g (9-2); 3.30. Golden Boy (10-1); 4.0. Pennycuik (33-1); 4.25. Staplegrave (9-4); 5.0. Cl. Cl. (20-1); 5.25. Scraton (3-1).

Selections for the end of the season meeting at Newmarket are:—

NEWMARKET.—Tuesday—12.30. Courtier; 1.0. The Mum f; 1.30. School for Botany; 2.0. High Table; 2.30. Veracity; 3.0. Bipearl c.

NEWMARKET.—Wednesday—12.15. Kobold; 12.45. Portobello; 1.15. Swanee River; 1.45. Tinkers Firs; 2.45. Seasick.

WARTIME GARDENING

No. 16

Do your digging NOW

Don't delay—or frosty ground may stop you digging until late spring and hinder you all next year. Early digging means healthier soil and better crops. Start now—especially with a new plot or if turning your lawn over to vegetables.

Your family must have enough vegetables to keep them healthy; so if your garden isn't big enough, it's your duty to get more ground NOW.

Apply at your local Council Offices for an allotment. Send for Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 20, "How to Dig". It tells you what to do with grassland and with land that has already been cultivated. Don't skim off the turf and just stack it—unless

it's full of bad weeds. Bury it as you dig. Rotted down it makes valuable manure. Always use a sharp spade. If buying, choose one with handle length to suit you. Keep the spade as upright as you can or you won't dig full blade depth. Don't forget, by digging now the frosty weather can break down the big lumps and make the soil more workable in spring.

REMINDERS. Don't waste fallen leaves. Make compost with them to keep your land fertile. Draw a little soil up to the stems of green vegetables to help them to stand up to autumn gales. And order your seed potatoes now—or you may not get them.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE LEAFLETS

To Ministry of Agriculture, Hotel Lindum, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs. Please send Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 20.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

S9.



Sunday Pictorial

Big New Attack in Egypt

LUFTWAFFE TRIES A DESERT COME-BACK



Here they come, a few of the long lines of Axis prisoners taken by General Montgomery in the desert, tramping into captivity for the duration. This is another of the remarkable war pictures radioed to the "Sunday Pictorial" from Cairo last night.

Stomach Sufferer Says WITHOUT QUESTION All You Claim For It

Rainham, Essex.

April 15th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,

I should like to inform you that your MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is without question all that you claim for it.

I have for many years suffered from extreme stomach pain and have found nothing so good as your product.

You may use this as a testimonial to help other sufferers who may be seeking a lasting remedy.

I am, Yours truly,

(Signed) Mrs. A. P.

Surely this letter must give new confidence and new hope.

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, therefore, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is a speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea, and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

Also in Tablet form 7d. 1/5 & 2/3 (inc. tax)

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Alex. C. Maclean (inc. tax)

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

RUSSIA LATEST

Big Surprise for Nazis!

STALIN'S armies flung a dramatic surprise into the Russian news last night. Large Soviet reinforcements have crossed the Volga south of Stalingrad to attack the besieging Germans.

This attack may assume proportions comparable with the offensive which Timoshenko is thrusting in with daily growing success from the north-west.

The Germans claim, of course, that the new attack from the south has already been repulsed.

In the north-west, Timoshenko's men, slowly but irresistibly pressing back the enemy, stormed some commanding heights which had been strongly fortified.

Artillery, mortars and anti-tank units, which the Germans had concentrated in the gulleys, were shelled by Soviet artillery and under cover of this the Soviet troops dislodged the enemy from their line of defence, despite a fierce flanking fire.

Thrown Back

Although yesterday's Soviet communiqué reported "stubborn defensive battles" in the factory area of the city, it is clear from the German losses—three tanks and an infantry company—that the scale of attacks has declined.

In several counter-attacks in certain streets in the north of Stalingrad the Russians threw the Germans back.

The Moscow newspaper Pravda says that the Germans at Stalingrad are losing on some days 4,000 to 5,000 killed. When the battles are non-stop for twenty-four hours the enemy's losses, including wounded, amount to one division daily.

LEGACY FOR THE RENT MAN

Most regular caller at the home of Miss Ellen Jane Phillips, of Askew-road, Shepherd's Bush, London, was the rent collector, Mr. Kent.

The milkman might miss a day, the baker might forget to call, the groceries were sometimes late—but always the collector turned up at the exact time on rent day.

To you who are familiar with the knock of the rent collector this story might bring a pang of sympathy for Ellen Jane Phillips. You might think that she began to hate the unfailing regularity of that knock.

But no! Ellen Jane Phillips died and yesterday her will was published.

She left £50 to Mr. Kent—the "rent man."

NO GRUMBLES DAY

The Mayor of Ashland, Ohio, has just issued a proclamation making it illegal for anyone to grumble or complain on a Thursday for the duration.

DEAR!

Would you pay 2s. 6d. for a box of matches? This is the price demanded by an old street vendor in London last night. Any offers below this figure were contemptuously turned down. "I've got to live," he bitterly pointed out.

VICAR, 69, WEDS IN SECRET

The people of the little Hampshire town of Fleet are preparing a welcome for a honeymoon couple—their 69-year-old vicar and his bride, who is 32—when they return to the parish.

The bridegroom is the Rev. Dr. James Buchanan, and his bride is Miss Ethel Margaret Barlow, daughter of a former member of the Sarawak Civil Service.

To most of the parishioners the young bride will be a stranger. They did not know the vicar had married until an announcement appeared in the local paper.

The wedding took place at Bath. They are honeymooning at Minehead.

Best man at the wedding was the vicar's son, an Army officer.

OH, I SAY...

Bath Rugby Club, due to meet a crack Army unit at Bath yesterday, arrived to find an Army Soccer side on the ground.

Apparently there had been some bad "staff work" somewhere, for the Army Rugby team were playing at Bristol.

More Guns!

AS GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S EIGHTH ARMY LAUNCHED A HEAVY NEW ATTACK ON ROMMEL IN EGYPT YESTERDAY MORNING, THE LUFTWAFFE, NEWLY REINFORCED FROM RUSSIA, ATTEMPTED TO STAGE A COME-BACK.

The Germans, announcing the attack, said General Montgomery had brought up additional artillery and tanks from the south.

The German air forces had been beaten out of the desert for three weeks and in the past few days there have been reports of hundreds of planes brought westward from the Stalingrad front.

They went into action yesterday and tried to dispute the Allied air supremacy over the forward battle areas.

Fierce dog-fights took place all day over the Eighth Army's advanced positions, where co-ordinated A.A. batteries helped British and American fighters against the Luftwaffe.

Stuka dive-bombers, as well as Messerschmitt fighter-bombers took part in the battle.

New Bulge

The fist that General Montgomery earlier had thrust twice into Rommel's lines in the Egyptian desert has produced a bulge that is defying all the enemy's efforts.

The British communiqué says merely that a number of counter attacks against our newly-won bulge were beaten off on Friday with losses to the enemy.

The Italians go further and admit that Montgomery made a number of new infiltrations.

"The British forces," said Rome radio last night, "are very strong and, according to many sources which are generally well informed, far superior to the troops and means of the Axis. Despite their considerable losses in their mighty offensive, the British have unceasingly thrown in fresh masses of infantry and armoured units."

Ominous

Another Rome radio comment was: "The battle of the Egypt front is raging without a stop, and until the whole of Northern Africa has fallen into the hands of the British we cannot say what is going to happen."

No official statement of distances gained has been made, but it is clear that General Montgomery has advanced several miles.



Picture radioed yesterday from Egypt shows latest U.S. air hero, Lieutenant Middleditch. He accounted for three Me. 109s when his formation engaged sixty Axis planes.

He's Right, Too

Senhor Jorge Maia, a Brazilian journalist touring this country, recently visited an air raid shelter in a much-blitzed town near London.

This is what he cabled to his paper in Rio de Janeiro:

"ON the walls I saw the inscription 'J.F. loves J.B.' and, more boldly, Vera Brown loves Victor Smith."

"Humanity is always the same. This Vera Brown, who has many other names, who might as well be called Juliet or Heloise or Laura, will continue to resist all bombard-

ments. She is the great and hidden force which moves humanity.

"She is stronger than the dictators, defying them with her smile."

"And this 'J.F.' the timid lover, content to assert his initials, half-afraid of being discovered, is he not the type of all other timid lovers?"

"It is these who will rebuild the world of tomorrow."

"Meanwhile, if they are obliged to return to the shelter, they will not mind, because nothing can prevent Vera Brown from loving Victor

LATEST NEWS

NINE RAIDERS DOWN OVER HERE

Nine enemy aircraft destroyed over this country yesterday, six by our fighters and three by ground defenses. Two of our fighters are missing.

An Alert was sounded in the London area last night. The "raiders passed" signal was given soon after.

51 ALIENS HELD

The arrest of fifty-one enemy aliens in New York within the last few days was announced yesterday. Eight of them were Germanians employed in war plants.

Black-Out Time

S. WALES 6.14

MIDLANDS 6.10