

ROMMEL ROUTED

HUNS FLEEING IN DISORDER

**9,000 men captured
260 tanks destroyed
600 planes knocked out**

ROMMEL'S desert army, blitzed as no German army has ever been blitzed before, is in full retreat with the Eighth Army in close pursuit of his "disordered" columns.

The dramatic story of General Montgomery's smashing victory was told in the following special joint communique from British Headquarters in Cairo last night:—

"The Axis forces in the Western Desert, after twelve days and nights of ceaseless attacks by our land and air forces, are now in full retreat.

"Their disordered columns are being relentlessly attacked by our land forces and by the Allied Air Force by day and night.

"General von Stumme, a senior General, who is said to have been in command during Rommel's absence in Germany, is known to have been killed.

"So far we have captured over 9,000 prisoners, including General Ritter von Thoma, Commander of the German Afrika Korps, and a number of other senior German and Italian officers.

"It is known that the enemy's losses in killed and wounded have been exceptionally high.

"Up to date we have destroyed more than 260 German and Italian tanks, and captured or destroyed at least 270 guns.

"The full toll of the booty cannot be assessed at this stage of the operation.

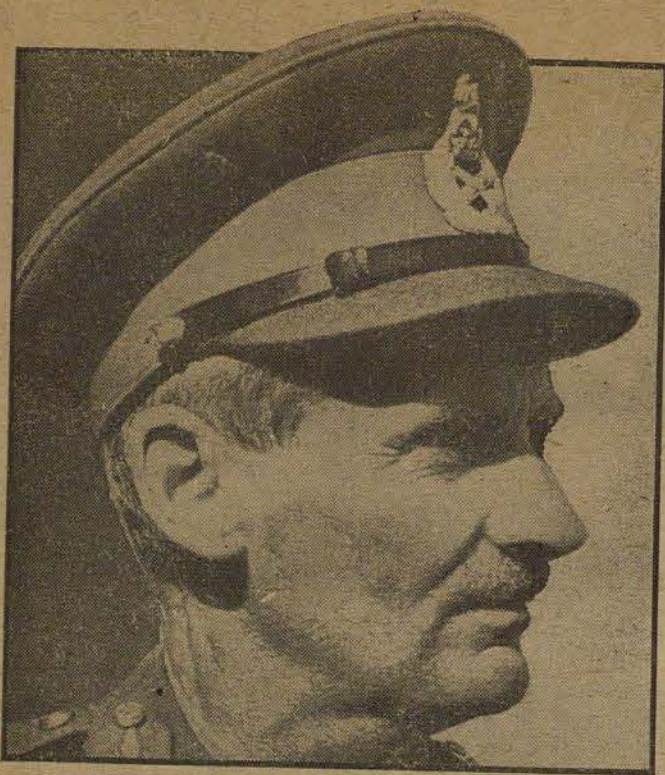
"In the course of these operations our air forces, whose losses have been light, have destroyed and damaged in air combat over 300 aircraft and destroyed or put out of action a like number on the ground.

"At sea our naval and air forces have sunk 50,000 tons and damaged as much again of shipping carrying Axis supplies to North Africa.

"The Eighth Army continues to advance."

The Italians have asked for an armistice to enable them to bury their dead. The message does not state whether or not the request applies to all Italian forces on the Mediterranean Qattara front.

★ He dished it out ★



For the first time in this war a German Army has been really blitzed. The famous Afrika Korps could not stand up to the ceaseless pounding that General Montgomery (above) and the Eighth Army have dished out. Twelve days of this terrific fighting have broken Rommel's crack troops. They are in full retreat falling back in disorder.

Huns' road back may be shambles

NOW that the retreat has started, Rommel will have the difficult job of extricating his battered army from a narrow corridor under the full weight of Allied air power, writes a military correspondent.

To accomplish this without the command of the air is one of the most difficult of military tasks in modern warfare. It remains to be seen whether his forces can be rallied on a new line further back.

At present the retreating German and Italian forces are compelled to follow a narrow course which keeps them so tightly compressed that air attack can be made with devastating effect.

What is the reason for Rommel's lack of an effective air arm at the very moment when he needs it most? There are four answers:—

Rommel's forward aerodromes have been heavily and persistently pounded by the Allied air forces; there are few airfields between here and Sollum; Rommel's main concern must be to save as much of his air force as he can for possible operations further back; and Axis petrol supplies have been gravely compromised.

Rommel's road back is liable to become a shambles.

The description "disorderly" applied to the retreat of Rommel's army best sums up the situation.

Once demoralisation sets in, where will it be checked? In answering this, it cannot be over-emphasised that the Eighth Army, fighting fit and full of spirit, is hard on the heels of the Axis troops.

The figure of 266 tanks captured or destroyed means that more than half the Axis armoured force is definitely out of action.

★ He couldn't take it ★



Rommel—not so tough

We keep up 'nightmare bombing'

FIRST signs of the Axis rout were reported back to a forward aerodrome early on Tuesday afternoon, when a message flashed from the Eighth Army's land forces announcing that the enemy was beginning to fall back towards the west.

It was the moment for the Allied forces to strike.

The call went out to the squadrons to "send in every available bomber and every available fighter."

This was a dramatic moment—the moment everyone had been waiting for a long time.

Though the weight of our air attacks had been very heavy for the past few days, the tempo of our operations seemed to be doubled in a few minutes.

From every desert landing ground waves of planes took

off, and the desert air was shattered by a mighty roar from the engines of scores of bombers of all types.

Great dust plumes rose as one plane after another took off heading west with throttles wide open.

Down on the aerodromes tired ground crews, the sweat running down their faces, grimed with oil and dust, paused for a few seconds in their work to give the "thumbs-up" sign to the pilots.

Within a matter of fifteen minutes or so when the first waves returned, the ground

crews went feverishly to work to put the planes back into the air in the fastest possible time.

Throughout the afternoon heat the procession went on while the ground crews, too tired even to talk, kept the bombers turning about on their "nightmare" bombing service.

Nothing like this has ever been seen before.

Only the barest fighter cover was provided for our bombers.

The enemy, powerless to offer any effective defence, had to suffer the most violent and grim air attack seen in North Africa.

One British fighter pilot, newly returned from strafing a road, said: "There is very little future in being a German this afternoon."



The Missing Link



LET OXO MEAT YOUR VEGETABLES



The Cup that Cheers-Strengthens and Sustains

Ovaltine
The Best Stand-by Food Beverage



CAMILATONE
beauty shampoos



Blonde or Brunette, Redhead or Nondescript? Choose the beautifying Camilatone Shampoo that will give fascinating expression to your natural shade. Available to the services at N.A.A.F.I. Canteens.

GRAND-DAD was fed up. It was no good telling him he was a marvel for his age. He only grumbled more about his legs not being as young as they used to be. Said this was a young man's world, and things like that. Granny lost her patience. "You're hale and hearty," she said, "what's got into you, man?"

"V" for Veteran

The fact was the war had got into Grand-dad. His little cottage was on the country road to the big camp at L—. And many's the time he leaned over the gate and watched the troops walking into town. "Grand boys" he'd say wistfully. "Wish I was young enough to do my bit again. What's the good of an old chap like me?"

One warm evening a young corporal passing the cottage called out, "Looks cool in your garden, mister!" And Grand-dad called back eagerly, "Well, come in and sit a bit."

"Doing yourself well" called the corporal's pals as they passed a little later, seeing him under the apple tree munching

A WARMING, comforting cup of Ovaltine is a delicious prelude to the night's duty. Its concentrated nourishment—derived from Nature's finest foods—strengthens energies and sustains.

When duty is done and opportunity comes for rest, you will find Ovaltine a soothing influence and a great help in quickly inducing sleep. Moreover, the special nutritive properties of Ovaltine assist in making your sleep fully restorative and revitalising.

By day or night, whenever there is work to be done, strength to maintain and energy to conserve, make Ovaltine your constant stand-by. It will do much to reinforce your resistance against the chills and ills of wintry weather, and to keep up your fitness-for-service.

Ovaltine is easily and quickly prepared. If milk is not available water can be used as Ovaltine itself contains milk. Ovaltine also has the advantage of being naturally sweet, so that there is no need to add sugar.

Golden Platignum
MADE IN ENGLAND



Golden Platignum
AS GOOD AS GOLD

a juicy windfall. "Come on in!" shouted Grand-dad, in his element. And pretty soon you couldn't see the grass for khaki! That started it! "Drop in any time" said Grand-dad. "Granny and me'll be glad to see you." And most nights now



you'll find half a dozen or more soldiers making themselves at home. Writing letters at the round table in the parlour, or playing the old piano, while Granny darns a sock or sews on a button for someone.

Grand-dad isn't fed up now! He and Granny are so happy to feel they're doing something for "the young uns." It doesn't need wealth or strength to give true service to others. It's the willing spirit that really counts.

Told Thro' the Sunlight Window by the makers of Sunlight Soap

21d per 8-oz. tablet—2 COUPONS (nett weight when manufactured)

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LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

★ BATTLE OF EGYPT ★

THE latest news of the great battle in Egypt is magnificent. Rommel and his Afrika Korps are fleeing in disorder. That, surely, is the best news we have had since the war began. Whatever difficulties we have yet to face we have cause for great rejoicing today. For rejoicing and for heartfelt thanks. We owe General Montgomery and his Eighth Army, the RAF and the Navy a deep debt of gratitude and pride.

This time the collaboration between our forces on land, in the air, and at sea has been perfect. The battle is being fought as one action, extending, one may say, from Rommel's supply bases in North

Italy to North Africa. The full force of Allied air striking power has been concentrated to prepare the way for the Eighth Army's gallant struggle. Our light bombers and fighter bombers have ceaselessly harassed the enemy's transport, while our fighters have provided a protective screen for our advance.

This battle is not a battle for Egypt. It is not one for territorial gains. It is a battle for the destruction of the Axis power in Africa; by consequence, for the control of the Mediterranean; by further consequence, for the relief of Russia. It is therefore no "side-show," but a central, a decisive battle of the war.

This triumph—for it would appear to be no less—should inspire everyone concerned with the war effort to still greater achievements. For the first time in this war a German army is really on the run. That should be an inspiration and a challenge to us all. Hitler and his chiefs see today, more grimly marked than ever before, the shadow of their doom. But our powers for work must be intensified. There must be no slacking now. In the factory, the workshop, the shipyard—in all places where victory can be hastened—we must not shame our men in the desert. We are on the move. Let us rejoice—and work as never before.

Ministry orders comforts for fire guards

1½ million letters in one plane

A plane left for the Middle East and beyond a few days ago carrying 900 rolls of airgraph film letters, each roll representing 1,600 letters—making a total of nearly 1,500,000 letters.

The airgraph staff at the London G.P.O. has been trebled to handle the Christmas airgraph mail to the Middle East.

The latest posting date for Christmas delivery is November 16.

U.S. cut red tape for the Commandos

U.S. War Department "hustle" to get 400 outboard engines to Britain for the Commandos within five days is described in "American Magazine" by Lieutenant-General Somervell U.S. Army supply chief.

"One Thursday," he writes, "General Marshall, just back from England, phoned that he had promised to deliver 400 outboard motors for the Commandos to Lord Louis Mountbatten."

"Perhaps they wanted them for the Dieppe raid. We didn't ask."

"While one officer flew to a factory, another telephoned orders to release the engines and the metal needed."

"They were on the Atlantic on Monday."

"AUSTERITY" POPPIES FOR NOVEMBER 11

Thirty-six million "austerity" poppies, ready for sale on November 11, are made of economical material—with a cardboard instead of a wire stalk and a printed paper instead of a metal centre. Only four million will be of the former silken type.

So far 350,000 women have volunteered to sell poppies—but more sellers are needed.

MINERS' SPURT

Mr. T. Tranter, of Littleton Colliery, Cannock, who was a delegate to the meeting at which Mr. Churchill addressed the miners, said yesterday, "On Monday and Tuesday more tubs were filled in my district than in any two days before. Now the miners feel they are equal to the men in the Forces and will get their fair share of honour."

FIRE guards at business premises must not expect sheets, pillow-cases or towels. They should bring these with them.

The Ministry of Home Security says this in a circular to local authorities laying down for the first time the minimum of amenities to be provided.

Local authorities must now see that each person doing duty has a bed or bunk, and air space of 200 cubic feet, or a floor area of 20 square feet. The horizontal distance between beds must be at least 6ft.

A pallet, pillow and, where possible, three blankets must be available. Adequate lighting, heating and washing facilities should be provided.

The local authority, it is stated, must be satisfied that the personal comforts of the sexes are up to the standard set out in the circular.

A separate recreation room, apart from the sleeping room, is urged.

While these facilities are obligatory, it is suggested that if there is no canteen, occupiers of premises should provide means of boiling water and warming food.

Expenditure incurred in this way will rank for income tax relief.

C.D. "COME OR BE FETCHED" WARNING

Anyone not now doing forty-eight hours' part-time Civil Defence work a month and who does not belong to one of the exempted classes will find before long that he or she will be directed by the Ministry to undertake such work. It will be much better if they come as volunteers.

Mr. Herbert Morrison said this at Holyhead yesterday. "The newcomers must put in their full turn of duty without hanging back or evasion," he said. "Their comrades will welcome them."

Mr. Morrison revealed that more than 100,000 men and women have been directed into part-time Civil Defence to compensate for whole-time workers released for work in war factories, but more are required.

In one North London factory the clerical staff have released a number of women for the Forces and for factory work by reorganisation. They are also arranging to do overtime on Sundays.

In action women are working with the management and the Joint Production Committee to obtain training for women in jobs formerly done almost exclusively by men. They are learning to set their own machines, thus releasing more men for war work.

WOMAN CHIEF IN NAZI SPY RING

A CHILIAN woman, Isabel Pederziti, is named as a chief in the Nazi spy ring in a U.S. Government memorandum "German Espionage in Chile."

Head of the spy ring is Ludwig von Böhlen, air attaché at the German Embassy in Santiago. The woman maintained close relations with the espionage organisation and all Nazi agents were instructed to communicate with her.

The identity of certain German agents operating in Chile it is stated, was established in a "positive manner" by the interception of messages sent out by a secret transmitting station in Valparaiso.

The illegal Valparaiso radio transmitted information sent by Axis agents in Chile, Argentina, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Mexico, Guatemala and the United States.

The memorandum proves

HE RUNS STRANGEST FACTORY

SAVING money, not to make it, is the purpose of the most unusual "factory" in the country, run by Mr. D. Foggan, head pharmacist at the Royal Victoria Infirmary at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Because the hospital is entirely dependent on voluntary subscriptions, Mr. Foggan makes anything he can as long as it is cheaper than buying from the open market.

Ointments, tablets, pills, and malt extracts are products only to be expected in the programme, but the enterprise does not stop at that.

Floor-polish, scrubbing powders and ink are included in his output.

In another department a man is engaged on making splints. Instrument repairs are also done in the hospital.

And all these items are just sidelines besides the daily sterilising, dispensing and store-keeping which comes under Mr. Foggan's jurisdiction.

Three trains in station collision

An electric train bound for Sutton, Surrey, crashed into the rear of a stationary train in Waddon, Surrey, station before daybreak yesterday. The driver of the Sutton train was killed and a number of passengers injured.

Three trains were involved in the crash. Two were stationary and it was into the rear of one of them that the Sutton bound train crashed.

Coaches were damaged and derailed and they in turn crashed into the third train.

LONDON'S BUS BAN

London will not have priority bus tickets for war workers because, according to the Regional Traffic Commissioner there would be "so many priorities there would be no priority for anyone."

TODAY'S RADIO

NEWS—Home 7.0, 8.0, 1.0, 5.0, 9.0, 12.0. In addition to the home news bulletins the B.B.C. broadcasts European news in English every day on 1.500 metres and 373 metres at the following times: 10.0 a.m., 1.30 p.m., and 10.45 p.m.

HOME

1.15 Records: 7.50 Exercises: 7.50. For Today: 7.55 Lift Up Your Voice: 8.15 Kitchen: 8.15. 2.0. Your Choice: 8.30. Orchestra: 8.45. Theatre Organ: 10.5. Schools: 10.15. Service: 10.30. Music: 11.0. You: 11.0. Schools: 12.0. Recital: 12.0. Workers' Hall: 1.15. Calling the Home Front: 1.30. Billy Merritt: 1.40. Talk: 2.0. Schools: 2.30. Music: 2.45. You: 2.50. Orchestra: 3.0. Theatre Organ: 4.15. Singing in the North: 4.30. Revue: 5.0. Music: 5.20. Children: 6.45. Farming Today: 7.10. They Shall Rise Again: 7.30. Mabel: 7.40. Constantinos: 8.0. Youth: 8.15. Margaret: 8.30. Orchestra: 8.40. Marching On: 10.10. Service: 10.30. Play: 11.0. Strips: 11.15. Quartet: 11.25. Mantovani.

FORCES

6.30. Revue: 7.15. Records: 8.15. Take Your Choice: 8.0. Orchestra: 8.45. Theatre Organ: 10.15. Music: 11.0. You: 11.0. Schools: 11.10. Sandy Macpherson: 12.0. Orchestra: 12.30. Music: 1.15. P. 1.7. Time: 1.15. Folk songs: 1.35. Records: 1.50. Band: 2.30. Opera: 3.0. Music: 3.30. Orchestra: 4.0. Radio: 4.15. Music: 4.30. Intermission: 5.0. Papers: 5.15. Ack-Ack: 5.30. Beer-Beer: 6.30. Radio Rhythm: 7.0. American sport: 7.5. A Home to the Forces: 7.45. Fred Hartley: 8.15. Record Time: 8.45. Close-up: 9.25. Think on These Things: 9.40. Marching On: 10.10. Kenway and Young: 10.30. Music: 10.45. You: 11.0.

New Moon Nov. 8.

MOONRISE 3.38 a.m.
MOONSET 4.24 a.m.
BLACK-OUT London 5.55 p.m. to 7.31 a.m.
Birmingham 6.2 a.m. to 7.41 a.m.
Bristol 6.8 a.m. to 7.40 a.m.
Liverpool 6.5 p.m. to 7.49 a.m.
Newcastle 5.53 p.m. to 7.48 a.m.
Glasgow 6.1 p.m. to 8.2 a.m.
Penzance 6.24 p.m. to 7.50 a.m.

Baby doesn't permit you to overstay leave

DURING the past few weeks the number of leaves has been cut down.

Men stationed 200 to 400 miles from home used to get travelling time added to their leave, but this has been abolished, with the result that a couple of days out of the seven-day leave are taken up by travelling.

I objected to the War Office about this and other leave hardships, but have received so far no satisfaction—merely evasive and, to my mind, rather foolish, replies.

This whole question of leave must be reviewed. Leave should not be a "privilege" at the whim of the Orderly Room. It should be, what it really is, a Serviceman's right.

I am fighting the War Office on this question, and will represent all cases of genuine hardship because I know what it means, in terms of morale, to both the man and his loved ones.

But let me say quite frankly that I'm only the "soldier's friend," when he's in the right—and overstay leave is most certainly not right.

FOR example. Seven corporals of the RASC have written to me about an eighth, who "has been sentenced to a year's detention for overstay leave three weeks, because when he got home he found his wife was going to have a baby."

One story's good until the other's told—and on investigating, I find that the NCO in question signed a draft-warning order for overseas, in which men are informed clearly that absence before embarkation is regarded as desertion.

He knew this at the time, and admitted it at his trial. His sentence is normal for what is, when the nation is fighting for survival, a very serious offence.

GUARDSMAN F. H., of the Irish Guards, is a similar case.

A man cannot overstay leave—to the disadvantage of his comrades, to say nothing of the danger to the nation—just because his wife is having a baby.

So many men have taken advantage of the very generous ten-day "baby leave" which the War Office granted when a wife was being confined that it is having to be restricted.

As so many men got "baby leave"—and then had it extended because the confinement

was expected from day to day—leave under the A.C.I. dealing with this matter will only be granted after verification that the confinement has taken place.

SERGEANT C. W. J. is 45 and "permanent Category C," which, he feels, ought to be sufficient to warrant discharge, as he has been transferred from the King's Own to very humble duties in another unit.

"I've made repeated applications to the War Office, but they are too red-taped to care about an individual soldier."

Not so, chum. I brought the facts to their notice, with the result that you have now been discharged with effect from the date you applied.

PART II Orders at an I.T.W. of the RAF says: "No airman is permitted to walk in public arm in arm with a member of the opposite sex."

That seems a bit harsh towards airmen's wives, but I quite see the wisdom of the Army order, which forbids soldiers walking arm in arm in public with ATS as it is "unmilitary."

So it is. We want an efficient Army—and a smart one.

SAPPER D. R. T. is in a military hospital. He passed the Invaliding Board, is now Grade E, and as he's on the way out—wants to know how he'll manage for civvies.

Your entitlement on discharge is: suit, cap, collar, tie, boots, two pairs of pants, two vests, four pairs of socks and, if the M.O. says so, an overcoat.

If not, the cash allowance is £2 16s. 5d.—which looks to me to be a pretty poor alternative.

Help Wanted

TEN naval gunners on S.S. Macharda write: "Can you help by getting for us an electric iron, so we can keep our suits smart?"

Any offers? Also, a RAMC unit at a small hospital on the East Coast: "We badly need books and games for the patients."

Send 'em in. Now that the long nights are keeping the fellows in camp, books are badly needed everywhere. Send me parcels for them, labelled "Books for the Boys," and I'll distribute.

Rapid Fire

COOLAN.—At 29, you are not too old to qualify as a naval Petty Officer.

Standhill.—Home Guard subsistence allowance is 3s. for nine hours' duty, 4s. 6d. for fifteen.

Wardell.—Minimum compulsory allotment for an A.C.I. so that wife gets State allowance is 3s. 6d. per week.

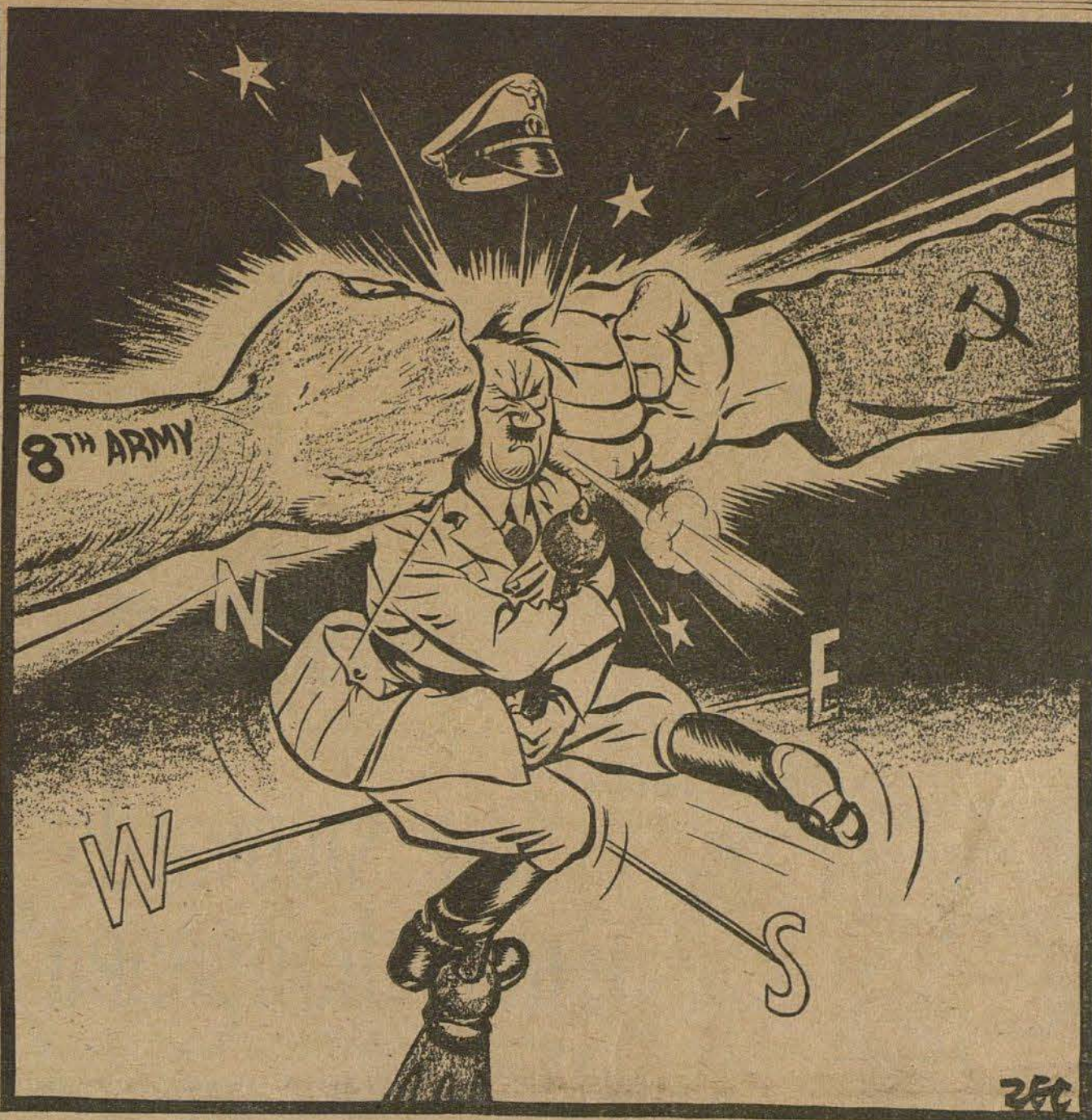
Quiet Corner

By Patience Strong

Saving Life . . .

Behind the gallant fighting men—Another glorious army stands. . . Men and women; doctors, nurses—They who work with brain and hands—To bring the wounded back to life; to tend the sick—to help and heal—Doing a tremendous job, with selfless and untiring zeal.

Theirs is an unending battle—waged with patience and with skill—Fighting death, disease and dirt—with gentle hand and iron will. . . Re-creating bodies broken—in the fury of the strife. Midst the chaos of destruction—Mending limbs—and saving life.



Sometimes the twain do meet!

In the Letter

Letter from P. G., of Bourne-mouth:

DO you think education is necessary, as you do not take it with you when you die? In your case the answer is "no." It would be a shameful waste of time and money.

S.D. Not S'dy

PEGGY, of Dagenham, Essex, is properly perplexed:

My boy friend had to break our appointment last night. And he says he may be going away s.d. Does he mean Saturday?

Maybe not that soon, Pegs. But he's being cautious; s.d. is short for "sine die" (Latin). Means—without day, indefinitely.

Radio Princess

To save a murder in the sergeant's mess (thereby spoiling a good news story) we are answering this from the East Coast:—

Has Princess Margaret ever spoken over the radio?

The answer is yes—with the Princess Elizabeth, during a children's programme.

LIVE LETTERS!

"Ch! Ch!!"

"Dear Boys," writes GWEN from Northampton:

On Sunday my boy and I were fishing when an officer came up and began talking about fishing. I happened to say I was an "amateur," to which the young gentleman replied, "You are only an amateur." How would you pronounce the word?

Just the same as the "young gentleman," sweetheart! We fail to find a "ch" in the spelling.

Heirloom!

Letter from "JOY," of West End, near Southampton:—

I think this may be a record. My grandmother has a Christmas pudding forty-seven years old.

WHY?

Another Cupful

The Editors write (in their vast wisdom) a last word on that milk-in-the-tea argument:

Now listen: The milk goes in first, not only because this order gives a better flavour to the tea, but also because—

1. If the milk is not fresh (and it seldom is these days) the hot tea gradually warms the milk and will prevent it curdling. Put in last, it may curdle, and thus waste all the tea.

2. If you use delicate china (like we do!) boiling hot tea poured into the cold cup will most likely crack it.

Now you've no excuse for not making tea in the proper way. And "Boo!" to those of you who are still in the milk last school of drinkers.

Thanks

We acknowledge the following contributions to various war funds and charities:—

Beatty and Phyl, from a factory in the West Midlands; A. S., Biggleswade; Tessa; B. M., Devizes; David's Nanna (your address mislaid, please send again); Mrs. Hemsworth, Doncaster; Mrs. H., Walthamstow; Mrs. B. S. T., Wembley; Christina, Cheltenham; Barbara and Joyce, Dagenham; Anon (Slough), for Merchant Navy.

Bow, Readers

A MERCHANT SEAMAN, of Newport, wrote this about the woman who found her old coat would last another year, so sent £5 to us for the Merchant Seamen's Fund:—

I would like to convey my thanks, through "ou, to the kind lady who gave the £5 to the Fund. I also thank, on behalf of all my shipmates, the many other Live Letters readers who so often think of others before themselves.

And we, on behalf of all the readers, thank the men of the Merchant Navy—for our life.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT



When applying 'Cherry Blossom' brush it well into the welts and uppers, and thus prolong the life of your shoes. Supplies of this wonderful Polish are limited so use it sparingly.

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

LONDON AMUSEMENTS

CAMBRIDGE—Evgs. 5.30 (ex Mon). W. Th. Sat. 2.15. Waltz Without End. SCALA TH.—Chessington Circus Comes to Town. 11 a.m. & 3 p.m. daily. WHITEHALL—Whit. 8.02. Cont. 2-9. VENUS COMES TO TOWN. CARLTON—Whit. 3.11. Holiday Inn. u. 10.35, 1.45, 4.55, 8.5, & Wild Cat. u. DOMINION—Moonlight. a. The Strange Case of Doctor R.X. a. &c. EMPIRE, Leic.-sq.—William Powell. Hedy Lamarr in CROSSROADS. a. GAUMONT, Haymkt.—Noel Coward's In Which We Serve. u. 10.50-9.30. LEICESTER SQ. TH.—Con. fr. 12.9. Abbott & Costello. Who Done It. u. LONDON PAV.—10.9.40. Went the Day Well? a. with Leslie Banks. MARBLE ARCH PAV.—Noel Coward's In Which We Serve. u. &c. 11 to 10. METROPOLE—Vic. 4.57. They All Kissed the Bride. u. Jackass Man. u. NEW GALLERY (G-B)—Walt Disney's Bambi (colour). u. News. 11.15 to 10. ODEON, Leic.-sq.—DON AMECHE in THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE (u). PARAMOUNT—Great Mr. Handel. u. PLAZA—Whit. 8.04. The Forest Rangers. a. Tech. 11.35, 2.35, 5.35, 8.35. STUDIO ONE—12.45-10. Disney's Fantasia. u. Entree des Artistes. a. (Fr.). WARNER—Ger. 3.423. Cont. 10-9.30. J. Cagney in Yankee Doodle Dandy. u.

ADORABLE Ped. Scottie, Sealyham, Cocker, Collie Pups (delivered). Crossbreds. Merrybark Kennels, 4, Park-rd, Kingston, 3913. Open Sun. HAIR permanently removed from ladies' faces with electricity. Hours 10 to 7. Sat. 5. Miss Wood, 4, Old Oak-rd, Acton, W.3. Tel. SHE 1483.

"I'm leaving the leather to those who need it, Mr Barratt."



Yes, I know what Barratts are busy about these days. And my war-time motto is—"the services must come first." But happily, I've been wearing Barratts for some while. And they not only brought peace to my feet—with careful polishing they're giving me good wear in war-time!"

Walk the Barratt way

Barratts, Northampton—and branches all over the country.

Ask for Tryst with confidence

Tempting. Tantalising but in Flawless Good Taste!

So Beautiful Shades

From all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers

Tryst

POWDER and LIPSTICK

1/2 & 3/6 INC. 2/4 INC.

The plug with a Pedigree

K.L.G.

Sparking PLUGS

K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., PUTNEY, VALE, S.W.15

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

35 Vichy ships go to Axis

VICHY is handing over thirty-five ex-Allied merchant ships in the Mediterranean to the Axis. The ships total 120,000 tons.

Thirteen are to go to Germany and twenty-two to Italy. This was announced by the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London yesterday.

The ships include four tankers, totalling 37,000 tons. Three ships have so far gone, and these have reached Genoa. Vichy radio disclosed yesterday that French naval specialists had left for Germany.

A railway expert at the Ministry of Economic Warfare revealed that the Nazis had removed railway points and cross-tracks from occupied countries, including the coastal areas of France, to deny the use of the railways to a landing army.

This, he added, was fresh evidence of the Nazis' fear of an Allied invasion of the Continent.



The Duchess of Kent—first picture at a public ceremony since the tragic air death of the Duke. She inspected, yesterday, a Women's Royal Naval Service Training Centre.

HUN DRIVE FOR CAUCASUS OIL IS FIERCER

OLD LADY GAVE HER TREASURE

Her most precious family treasure has been given for war salvage by 78-year-old Mrs. Mary Ann Hicks, of the almshouses at Kingerby, near Lindsey, Lines. It is a 200-year-old copper warming pan, which she has regularly used until recently.

GAVE HIS LIFE IN SECRET EXPERIMENT

THESE dangerous things have to be done," said the coroner yesterday at an inquest on David Howard Milton Horner, a young scientist who was killed during a "dangerous experiment."

"I am quite satisfied that no blame attaches to anyone, but I have no doubt that the powers that be will consider whether anything can be done to make things easier."

He was assured that ways and means to do this were being considered.

Evidence was given in secret. No one will know what the "dangerous experiment" was.

David Horner was just one of those who, day after day, risk their sight, or a limb—even their lives—to find some extra knowledge which will contribute to victory.

Their battlefield is the laboratory. In life they are unknown. In death it can only be recorded—for security reasons—that they died accidentally. That was the verdict—and the epitaph—of David Horner.

HER TWIN HABIT

Two pairs of twins within a year have been born in New York to Mrs. Edward Schwabel, wife of a tramdriver.

Boy of 10 called up

DOUGLAS GEORGE HENRY WIMBLE, of Bath, was called up yesterday and his mother went with him to the National Service office. He said he would like to go into the Navy, but was told to come back in a few years' time. Douglas is only ten.



Side by side with her men in the front line, the woman sitting in front of the desk has stood, and so had those waiting their turn to take the same seat. They are Russian women soldiers, captured by the Germans while defending their homeland. And now they are asked questions about the men still fighting in front.

Both "up in the air!"



Brother Michael (in arms), Squadron-Leader Lofthouse and their mother outside the Palace after Big Brother had received his D.F.C.

BABY 'STEALS' PICTURE

THIS might well be called the story of the "Most Unwilling Picture of the War" (shown on the left) so far as 21-year-old Squadron-Leader Charlie Lofthouse is concerned.

I record this to reassure him, and to assure his comrades in the mess that Lofthy himself was most non-co-operative in the matter, writes a Daily Mirror reporter.

For Squadron-Leader Lofthouse took a "poor view" of having his picture taken, even though the King had decorated him with the D.F.C. that day.

A previous picture had been published, and commenting on the award, Squadron-Leader Lofthouse, modestly trying to pass the matter off, was reported to have said to his family: "I'll be something for young baby Michael."

He has been ragged rather a lot by his comrades, and the remark has aroused a lot of interest—in the baby. So he was quite ready, indeed anxious, to let his 10-month-old baby brother Michael "steal the picture."

Bombed Rostock

I arrived with a photographer right in the middle of celebrations at Fairway-avenue, Kingsbury, Middlesex.

Squadron-Leader Lofthouse said: "Just take a picture of the baby; you don't want me in it." Baby Michael had something to say in the matter, however, when his big brother hoisted him up in his arms. Mrs. Lofthouse picked up the D.F.C. and dangled it under the young Squadron-Leader's nose. He apparently thought it might be something to eat.

"Hi, that's a medal, chum," said Squadron-Leader Lofthouse.

What did Squadron-Leader Lofthouse do to win that award? He took part in the bombing of Rostock. And that's about all he'd tell me.



THOUGH Soviet troops have cut off many German units in the Caucasus mountains and are systematically wiping them out, the enemy are pressing on in their dangerous thrust south-east of Nalchik.

The thrust is being made eastwards in considerable force, said Moscow radio last night. Hundreds of tanks and planes are being used.

Paris radio declares that the Germans are only thirteen miles from Ordzonikidze, starting place of the great motor road to the Transcaucasian oil region.

The threat to Tuzise, Black Sea naval base, has been further eased by counter-attacks which have gained the Russians more ground.

Several German groups were surrounded and annihilated.

30,000 Huns Die

Nazi losses in the Caucasus during the last fortnight have been very high. Moscow radio says that 30,000 of the enemy have been killed in the Mordok and Nalchik fighting.

The Stalingrad garrison have beaten off attacks in several sectors, killing 1,000 of Von Hoth's infantry and panzer crews.

A unit of Soviet marines repulsed all assaults in one area and threw the Germans out of two blocks of houses. A number of other houses were cleared of German attempts to capture a Volga crossing were defeated. Despite violent air attacks the marines stood firm.

Triple blue pilot killed

Pilot-Officer Claude Thesiger Ashton, triple Cambridge Blue and England and Cornishian footballer, has been killed on active service with the RAF.

Squadron-Leader R. De W. K. Winlaw, Cambridge Double Blue, has also lost his life. Ashton joined the RAF after war broke out and six months ago volunteered to fly, reverting from the rank of squadron-leader to do this.

He was one of the three famous Ashton brothers. In turn each captained Cambridge at cricket, Gilbert in 1921, when the three brothers all played against Oxford, Hubert in 1922 and Claude in 1923.

WAAF in camp scene

ALLEGED to have struck a WAAF orderly between the eyes and to have lain on the floor kicking and struggling, Mrs. Grace Evans, a platinum blonde WAAF, was bound over at Linslade, Bucks, yesterday, for damaging a door in a RAF guard room. She was ordered to pay 9s. costs.

A WAAF officer stated that Evans had been twice absent, and given herself up. She refused to appear before a group captain, and had to be fetched.

It was impossible to charge her in the guard room, so she was taken to a sick bay, and efforts were made to induce her to go to hospital.

She kicked the driver of the car and smashed the car windows. As the medical officer would not take the responsibility for her the police were sent for the officer said.

Husband Dead

Evans had lost her husband in the war, and had two children whom she wanted to be a nurse. Compassionate posting to near her children was under consideration.

Evans said: "I am not well. I may look healthy and the medical officer took me at my face value and was sarcastic. I have never had a chance to do cooking, for which I was sent into the WAAFs."

The chairman said that evidently Evans became emotional and lost control of herself.

A trawler arrived later and took off the men, who had been twelve days in a lifeboat after their ship had been torpedoed.

Galley boy John Hornbair, 18, of Liverpool, who is now in a Scottish hospital, told the Daily Mirror.

"We made each letter several yards long."

The pilot dropped a note saying: "O.K. Will report."

He returned later and dropped tins of bacon, soup, coffee, sweets and biscuits.

"Actually we were not hungry, for the natives had given us plenty of rice and fish. They showed us every kindness. The chiefs son Daniel took a fancy to me. He had been to school in England and he acted as interpreter for us."

"I had a grand time during my twelve days' stay. Leopards had been raiding the village and carrying off some of the goats while we were there. I got an invitation to join in a leopard hunt, but I did not fancy that."

Coconut leaf SOS saves 20 seamen

TWENTY British merchant seamen, stranded on an isolated part of the West African coast, were discovered by a British plane, which read their SOS formed of coconut leaves on the sand.

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He pelted a U-boat with potatoes

"The fire party had taken the rifles and revolvers, and with these fired at the U-boat; but one man was too late to get any of these weapons. So, finding a locker of potatoes, he started throwing potatoes at the U-boat!"

Lieutenant Commander Bridgman of H.M. corvette Dianthus, which rammed a U-boat then sank it in the Atlantic (the first British corvette credited with sinking a U-boat by ramming it), told this story when officers and the ship's company were entertained by the town of its adoption—Chertsey.

The men from Penelope formed the biggest party at the investiture. They were accompanied by a swarm of relatives—proud parents and wives, and excited children.

The King had a long talk with Commander John Grant, and told him how thrilled he had been by the Penelope's exploits.

Wing-Commander Percy Pickard, pilot of "F for Freddie" in "Target for Tonight," was again decorated—this time with a bar to his D.S.O.—for bravery in carrying paratroops on the Brunel raid.

Three Decorations

Most excited of all the recipients was 17-year-old Ordinary Signal Boy Roy de Moulpiet, who received the D.S.M. for his bravery in volunteering to act as member of a gun crew at Malta during a heavy raid.

The gun could not have been brought into action if he had not completed the crew.

One officer, Lieutenant-Commander Philip Powlett, received three decorations at the same time—the D.S.O., bar to D.S.O., and the D.S.C.

His destroyer accounted for two U-boats in one day.

King honours men of 'H.M.S. Pepperpot'

TWENTY-ONE officers and men of the "Pepperpot"—H.M. cruiser Penelope—heroes of a Malta convoy, were decorated by the King at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Their awards included two D.S.O.s, a D.S.C. and bar and two D.S.M.s and bars.

For seventeen consecutive days, while escorting an important convoy, Penelope was attacked with bombs and torpedoes by German and Italian planes. She won through and since then naval men have nicknamed her "Pepperpot."

The men from Penelope formed the biggest party at the investiture. They were accompanied by a swarm of relatives—proud parents and wives, and excited children.

The King had a long talk with Commander John Grant, and told him how thrilled he had been by the Penelope's exploits.

ENGINEERS WON'T HELP WOMEN WORKERS'

Charges that some Post Office engineers are refusing to assist their women colleagues because "by so doing they are only expediting their own release for service with the Forces" are made by Mr. E. Power, chairman of the executive of the Post Office Engineering Union in the union's journal.

The union had promised full support to the prosecution of the war, he says, but results are frankly disappointing. He has heard some of the married women whose husbands are fighting speak contemptuously of the attitude of some of the younger self-styled "experts" who refuse them advice and guidance.

"We can and must begin now our contribution towards the opening of a second front by consolidating the first front," he adds.

SENTRY SHOT ARTIST

Mr. Alfred R. Thomson, A.R.A., one of Britain's official war artists, was recently shot in the shoulder when a sentry near Rye, Sussex, failed to get a reply to his challenge during the black-out.

Mr. Thomson didn't hear the sentry and couldn't answer. He is deaf and dumb.

He is now at his Chelsea home, and hopes to resume work soon.

There is a little piece of the bullet left in his back," Mrs. Thomson said yesterday. "Otherwise he is all right, and is waiting to carry on at his job."

Mr. Thomson became a war artist in April, 1940. One of his pictures, "Weaving Cloth for Battle Dress," which dealt with the manufacture of clothing equipment, was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

BUCK RYAN



BEELZEBUB JONES



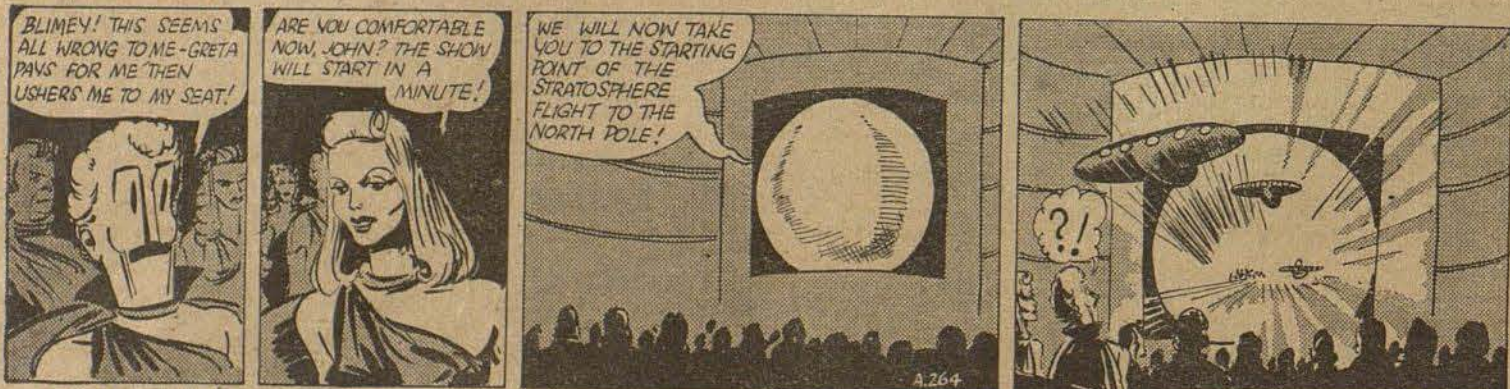
BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



JUST JAKE



No honeymoons in Russia

MARION SINCLAIR

has just been to a wedding in Moscow —by trolley-bus. This is her account of the ceremony and the celebrations

THE chief excitement among foreign residents a few days ago was the marriage of the correspondent of the *Daily Herald* to a very pretty Russian girl.

There are not any taxis here, and it is increasingly difficult to hire a car—so the wedding party had to face "the ordeal by trolley bus." Officially the rush hour for trams and buses is 5 to 6.30, but I have yet to see at any hour of the day a bus not packed to suffocation. On the wedding morning there was the usual jam—soldiers and sailors, women with babies and bursting shopping bags and little boys hanging on to the back of a bus.

The conductress proclaimed in loud tones: "Advance, citizens! Your conduct is disgusting as usual." And an elderly man said plaintively: "I ask you, comrades—is it cultured behaviour for this person to knock my hat over my eyes?"

Travelling in buses you learn a lot about the Russian people—their patience and good humour, their love of wise-cracks and insistence on their rights.

The wedding party fought its way from the bus, drew a deep breath and proceeded to a doorway, ominously numbered thirteen.

WE went into a small grey-painted room with a threadbare carpet and a window filled with aspidistras and a bust of Stalin fondling a baby. Here, at a large table sat the registrar. She was a small, middle-aged woman with a thin face and an attractive smile.

She asked solemnly: "What do you desire, comrades?" And the bride replied: "We wish to register a marriage."

The passports were produced. Then the registrar turned to the horrified bridegroom and asked: "Have you and the comrade acquired a child?" This formal question concluded the ceremony, and the registrar shook hands all round.

The party proceeded to the only cocktail bar in the Soviet Union. It is open during limited hours, and the Soviet citizen, after waiting in a queue, is given a ticket entitling him to stay for one hour.

The most popular drink is called "Taran," which literally means the ramming of one aeroplane by another, but may be freely translated into "knockout blow." It has an acquired taste and needs a very strong head.

THE evening reception was held at the Hotel Metropole. The most picturesque guest was a young bearded professor of phonetics, who had never been outside Russia, but who spoke purer English than anybody at the reception.

He prowled among the guests, listening to the frivolous conversations with intense concentration. He buttonholed an unsuspecting young officer. "Say 'Not,'" demanded the professor. "I beg your pardon?" "Say 'Not,'" repeated the professor peremptorily.

The officer looked round for help, but none was forthcoming. "Not," he said quaveringly. "Ah, I thought so," replied the professor, his beard quivering with excitement.

Later, he persuaded an Irish guest and a Scot to conduct a conversation in their native dialects. "Amazing," said the professor. "It is the greatest treat I have had for a long time."

The party eventually broke up at an hour I hesitate to name. There are no honeymoons in Soviet Russia, and next morning the bridegroom was busy with his usual routine of reading newspapers and writing dispatches.

Crossword No. 2781

DOWN.—1. Place of assembly; 6. County; 11. Ran away; 13. Secluded corner; 14. Trick; 15. Cravat; 17. Defeat; 19. Rattle; 20. Light infantry; 21. Mistake; 23. Write; 25. Jerks; 27. Foreign coin; 28. Canoe; 31. Male title; 32. Procure; 33. Stop; 35. Tooth; 38. Pointed tool; 39. Duck; 40. Gnaw; 42. Manually clever; 43. Palm.

Yesterday's Solution

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11				12		13			
14			15		16				
17		18		19		20			
	21		22			23			
24		25		26					
27			28			29		30	
31		32			33		34		
35	36			37		38			
39			40		41				
42				43					

DOWN.—1. Crossing place; 2. Mixed dish; 3. Knave; 4. Erect; 5. Grown-ups; 7. Black; 8. Large amount; 9. Worker; 10. Bundle of yarn; 12. Part of bomb; 16. Buoyant; 18. Essay; 22. Collects; 24. Eye cover; 26. Cutting tool; 27. Metal worker; 29. Dull-yellow; 30. Servant; 32. Tinge with gold; 34. Birds; 36. Tin; 37. Airmen; 41. Number.

It's one-way traffic for the marriage queue

"IT'S romance in the raw, guv'nor," said the taxi driver as, sitting on the running board of his bridal car, he accidentally flicked a piece of cheese rind from a bag of sandwiches into the path of a blushing bride.

It is Saturday morning outside the Caxton Hall of Birmingham, where business is so brisk that brides and bridegrooms have to "go over the top" together for their marriage lines.

In dark unromantic Edmund-street, in the heart of the smoke-laden city, buses dash past, a dust cart lines up temporarily behind the long line of bridal cars, and "old timers" hold up lamp-posts to watch the weddings into the pubs open.

Downstairs in the Marriage Reception Room, restless couples—many holding hands—sit with their witnesses waiting for the usher at the top of the stairs to call.

"Brown and Jones next. Then Smith and Foster. Bring your witnesses. Now, no rush." Up they go, like a London escalator, to distribute themselves among four or five registrars in the marriage rooms.

In less time than you can buy a pound of sausages they are out, over the top of the landing, and down into the street.

"Ere they are, mum!" shouts a little boy, as a flushed bridegroom, still clutching his marriage certificate, stumbles into the street.

Many excited couples waving their marriage lines, nearly qualify for a death certificate as a bus driver gives them a real old Brum bleissn above screeching brakes.

Midlanders never did stand on ceremony, and today most

brides are too busy in munition factories to worry about smart weddings.

On ordinary week days, when business is slack, couples walk up one staircase, are married and return down the same stairs. But on Saturday the crowd is often so big that brides and bridegrooms have to be sorted out and sent over a "one way" route to the marriage rooms.

By A. A. GREATED

"Takes about quarter of an hour for each wedding on a Saturday. No trouble. Couple give one day's notice. One of them must reside here for fifteen days. Costs £2 14s. 7d. Good day," said a register office clerk.

Usually, there are the same sightseers every Saturday. The old women roadsweepers who greet the bride with a broom and a pile of dirt.

Bored taxi drivers who are too

tired to get out to open the door for the bride, and many "old friends" of the "lively" bride who suddenly appear from the blue, to wish her good luck and "Well, we might as well 'ave a drink as you've asked us."

While buses flash by, drivers shout "Poor blighter."

Dodging the traffic, a bride and bridegroom followed by the moms and pops and the families-in-law, set course for the pub opposite.

One and sixpence worth in the pictures, a walk round the market in the Bull Ring to get the week-end shopping, then home to a late dinner and a few drinks and the wedding day is finished.

Rich and poor brides, "over the top" they go and are married like clockwork.

Smart, expensive limousines, rickety 7 h.p. cars that should be on the dump, tandem cycles,

ease up one by one to take away the married couples.

Many are in such a rush that they have to "borrow" a best man.

A bridegroom who had forgotten the ring had to borrow his mother-in-law's.

There is no time for sentimentality or swank in this city of a thousand trades. A wedding day is just the same as any other day to these hard-working folk, who toil for hours amongst thundering machinery—making munitions.

The "old pop" turns out in his Sunday best. Mom sacrifices all her clothing coupons for the bride.

"More like a blinkin' riot ere on a Saturday," said a taxi driver as he replaced the remainder of his sandwiches in the back locker of the bridal car.

"Ere she is. Congrats! Relations to yer miss. Come on get

No more playing with fire for her

THE intention behind her interference—if not exactly good—was not harmful. The results, well, this Tottenham reader has vowed that never again will she interfere in an argument.

The reason? Read on and see. "I was working in a place some time ago where a great deal of petrol was used. Two of the workers were filling a petrol lighter during their lunch hour, and arguing

about the most efficient type of lighter you could buy.

"Having just been presented with a new one myself, I joined in—saying that mine was obviously the finest ever; and I struck the flint to prove it.

"It lit immediately, but, unfortunately, slipped from my hand, setting light to a petrol-soaked rag, the vapour in the air caught, and the whole room was blazing merrily.

"Fortunately, the boss had a great deal of presence of mind, and saw to it that it did not spread further.

"But—I lost my job, everyone's respect, and am now an older, sadder and wiser woman."

An old lady asks a bus conductor where to get off for a certain place. He misdirects her. Miss Short, of

Beckenham, chips in—accompanied by mutterings from the conductor—and tells her to get off with her.

Result—old lady is in time to meet her soldier son who is passing through the town for a few minutes and is waiting for her so that she could give him some last-minute comforts. Had she taken notice of the conductor, she wouldn't have got to him.

To interfere or not to interfere? That is the question that this readers' feature is answering. The experience of some prove that it IS a good thing; the experience of others that it is bad. What has your own experience taught you?

Send a letter or postcard to "Interference," Daily Mirror, Fetter-lane, E.C.4. 10s. 6d. goes to the writer of every entry published.

This is your feature

SLEEP

Some of us don't seem to have the chance to get enough of it. Others of us don't make the most of the chances we DO get. Read this article, and be sure that you're making the most of your precious "rest" hours.

★

till after he is asleep to draw back the curtains.

Your own sleep is important, too. Lack of it can slow up your work, ruin your looks and spoil your appetite.

Lots of people don't sleep because they worry so much about it. They go to bed wondering if "a good night" is on the way. They work themselves up into a fine frenzy of expectation about it. In the end they "lie awake all night" for about an hour and a half.

If you are over-tired sleep is elusive. Best cure is to read a book that interests or amuses you. If you can't read in bed, then think of pleasant things.

Don't think about sleep at all and in the middle of a day-dream you'll drop off.

If your sleep is up and down, watch your good nights and find out why you sleep better. The night you took a quick walk after supper, or the night you go to first-aid practice may be your best sleeping nights.

The time you eat your last meal, the weight of your bedclothes or even the position of your bed, may make some dif-

ference to the quality of your sleep. These things are worth noticing.

The time you go to bed is not so important. It varies enormously for different people. Although many people go to bed too late for good sleep, other people go to bed too early. You can accustom yourself to sleep at any time of the day or night, as any night worker can tell you.

If you do have to sleep in the daytime, however, save your big meal for "breakfast"—what-ever time it happens to be.

And, keep regular sleeping hours—even if you are tempted to get up and go out to a cinema.

★ ★ ★

And what about the waking-up part of sleep?

Supposing you have to be up at a certain time, haven't an alarm clock—and dare not "miss the bus"?

Use an old gag—and one of the powers of the human mind—the power to tell time. You can tell yourself you want to wake up at 5.15, and you will wake up exactly then.

If you're over-anxious about it, you may also wake up at 2 and 3 and 4 o'clock, which doesn't make for a restful night—but you'll still wake at 5.15 in the end. While if you really trust your mind, you'll spend a quiet night's sleep and wake just once—at the right time.

No one knows HOW you do that. It may be something to do with the way a small part of your mind can stay awake, while the rest sleeps.

YOUR SECRET SOUL

The moment you become dependent on any particular form of pleasure, it ceases to be an amusement and becomes a drug. And the peculiarity of drugs is, that the more you take, the less they satisfy.

in and I'll take yer all down Paradise-street way 'ome," and the bridal car wends its way through tall dirty city offices into paradise.

An old timer who watches the matrimonial parade every Saturday, puffs at his pipe and unwraps himself from the lamp post.

"They're a tough crowd some of them. Different to the day when I got married in church, with the organ and choirboys. But they're good living kids, hard workers and 'ave 'earts of gold. 'Ardly one of 'em passes me without dropping me a bob"

USELESS EUSTACE



"This is all very well in a way, chum! But before I buy it, how's the carpet for wear and tear?"

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.

THERE ARE BOILED POTATOES AND BOILED POTATOES

Never peel a potato before cooking, peeling wastes goodness and flavour. Scrub potatoes instead, cook them in their skins. Remove skins after cooking if you like. But you'll find potatoes in their skins make good eating.

BOIL POTATOES this way. First scrub them and put into a saucepan with just enough boil-

ing salted water to cover them. Boil them slowly for 10 minutes, then drain, cover with a clean cloth, put lid on again tightly and let potatoes stand in a warm place for 20 minutes. They then finish cooking in their own steam: this keeps them from breaking and makes them deliciously floury.

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

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

TODAY'S RADIO

NEWS.—Home

7.0, 8.0, 1.0, 5.0, 9.0, 12.0. In addition to the home news bulletins the B.B.C. broadcast European news in English every day on 1.500 metres and 372 metres at the following times: 10.0 a.m., 3.30 p.m. and 10.45 p.m.

HOME

7.15 Records. 7.30 Exercises. 7.50 Time for Today. 7.55 Lift Up Your Hat. 8.15 Kitchen Front. 8.20 School Your Choice. 8.30 Orchestra. 8.45 Theatre Organ. 10.5 Schools. 10.15 Service. 10.30 Music While You Work. 11.0 School. 12.0 Recital. 12.30 Workers' Playtime. 1.15 Calling the Home Front. 1.30 Billy Merrick. 1.40 Talk. 2.0 Schools. 3.0 Music While You Work. 3.30 Orchestra. 4.0 Theatre Organ. 4.15 Singing in the North. 4.30 Revue. 5.0 Welsh. 5.20 Children. 6.45 Farming Today. 7.10 They Shall Rise Again. 7.30 Mabel Constanford. 8.0 Youth Marches. 8.30 Orchestra. 9.40 Marching On. 10.10 Service. 10.30 Play. 11.0 String Quartet. 11.25 Mantovani.

FORCES

6.30 Revue. 7.15 Records. 8.15 Take Your Choice. 9.0 Orchestra. 9.45 Theatre Organ. 10.15 Ann Downie. 10.30 Music While You Work. 11.0 Mantovani. 11.40 Sandy Macpherson. 12.0 Orchestra. 12.30 Workers' Playtime. 1.15 Folk songs. 1.35 Records. 2.0 Band. 2.30 Quartet. 3.0 Music While You Work. 3.30 Orchestra. 4.0 Radio Recital. 4.20 Intermission. 5.0 Papers. 5.15 Acknowledgements. 6.30 Radio Rhythm Club. 7.0 American sport. 7.5 A Home to the Forces. 7.45 Fred Hartley. 8.15 Record Time. 8.45 Close-up. 9.25 Think on These Things. 9.40 Marching On. 10.10 Kenway and Young. 10.30 Music While You Work.

New Moon Nov. 8.

MOONRISE

3.58 a.m.

MOONSET

4.24 p.m.

BLACK-OUT

London

5.58 p.m. to 7.31 a.m.

Birmingham

5.52 p.m. to 7.31 a.m.

Bristol

6.3 a.m. to 7.40 a.m.

Liverpool

6.5 p.m. to 7.59 a.m.

Newcastle

5.53 p.m. to 7.48 a.m.

Glasgow

6.1 p.m. to 8.2 a.m.

Penzance

6.24 p.m. to 7.50 a.m.

HEAD OFFICE

Geraldine House, Fetter-lane, E.C.4. Holborn 4321.
And at
42-48, Hardman - street, Deansgate, Manchester, 3. Blackfriars 2185.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her
three foster children

Mrs. Roosevelt yesterday met three young war evacuees—a daughter of a Polish captain, the son of a Spanish banker, and the twin son of a London East-End stoker—whom she adopted two years ago.

The three children, who knew Mrs. Roosevelt only through her letters and gifts from the White House, are some of almost 1,000 adopted by America. Janina, 17-year-old Polish girl, travelled from Scotland; Kerman, 14-year-old Spanish boy, from his school in a London suburb—to join their foster-brother, 5-year-old Tommy Moloney, who lives at a country school. The children and Mrs. Roosevelt were all old friends in a few minutes.

She hit at
mouse—pet
dog killed her

AS her cat was playing with a mouse in her kitchen, a woman attempted to hit the mouse with a poker. Her pet dog, mistaking her intentions, attacked her—and she received bites and scratches on the arms and legs and severe shock, from which she died.

The woman was Mrs. Ann Green, 49, of Brownhills, Staffs. At the inquest yesterday her husband said his wife told him the cat brought a mouse into the house, and it ran into a slipper. When she picked up a poker the dog attacked her.

The dog had now been destroyed. A doctor said that death was due to shock caused by her injuries.

Mrs. F.D.R. BORROWED
ATS STOCKINGS

By HILDE MARCHANT

THE Censor now allows me to say, ten days having passed, that when Mrs. Roosevelt visited an ATS camp she was caught in teeming, blinding rain.

Her stockings were soaked with mud.

Before she had lunch in the mess the officers hunted round and found a girl with a pair that would fit. Mrs. Roosevelt wore them through lunch while her own were washed and dried.

She carried an umbrella through most of her inspection and suggested that it was too wet for the girls to do the barrack square drill that had been arranged.

One squad turned out for a few moments, but she said they should go indoors again.

After she had walked round the huts, her feet firmly in the mud, and got soaked through, she prepared to leave by car.

But she saw that hundreds of ATS privates had lined up in two rows at the gates to salute her off the camp. They had waited for half an hour and rain was streaming off them.

It was arranged that the car should go slowly through their long ranks. Mrs. Roosevelt, however, borrowed an Army cape, put her umbrella in the car, and told the chauffeur to follow her.

Cloudburst Laughs

So in a cloudburst she walked up and down the two rows of girls talking and laughing with them, and waving good-bye as she joined the car outside the gates.

Afterwards, when I pointed out to her how much that walk through the rain, so that the girls could see and talk to her, had been appreciated, she said: "Well, if they can stand in the rain for half an hour to wave to me, I do not see why I can't walk a few hundred yards to wave to them."

F.D.R. gets
majority

From JOHN WALTERS

New York, Thursday morning.

LATEST returns in the elections for the U.S. House of Representatives just give President Roosevelt's Democratic Party the 218 members necessary for a majority.

The Republicans have 200 seats. Fourteen contests are still undecided.

For the Senate the Democrats have fifteen seats (forty-one already held), and the Republicans seventeen (twenty already held), with results of two contests to be announced.

"Now let's get on with the war," is the spirit sweeping America.

The results of these elections with so many victories for the Republican Party will have a tonic effect on the national war effort, say political experts.

GROWERS TOLD
STORE CARROTS

So that supplies to consumers may be maintained during periods of frost, more carrots must be stored and fewer left in the ground.

Carrot growers may offer the whole of their remaining stocks in clamp to the potato and carrot division of the Ministry of Food any time up to the end of next February.

KING TO HIS MEN

THE King last night sent the following message to General Alexander, Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East Forces:—

"The Eighth Army, magnificently supported by the Royal Air Force and units of the Royal Navy, has dealt the Axis a blow of which the importance cannot be exaggerated."

"For the last fortnight we have all been following with anxious interest the progress of the hard-fought battle, and I can assure all three Services, embracing as they do the many representatives of the British Commonwealth and our Allies, of the admiration and pride of the whole Empire in their brilliant victory."

"In the name of your fellow-countrymen all the

world over, I express to you, to Air Chief Marshal Tedder, to General Montgomery, to Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, and to the commanders and all ranks of the three Services, my thanks for the far-reaching success which, by your untiring co-operation, you have so decisively achieved."

George R. I.

Couldn't stand hell
from the air

ALLIED airmen, roaring over the desert in their hundreds, are giving the Germans what they are so fond of handing out—and they can't take it.

For the first time the Huns are experiencing real Blitzkrieg tactics.

Here is air power being properly used at last.

British, American and Dominion pilots are all taking part in a non-stop bomb service over the enemy lines, while strong fighter formations take off every few minutes to shoot up everything that offers itself.

Pilots tell of scattered German convoys of burning lorries and tanks, mess tents blown into the air, panzer headquarters shot to pieces, Germans and Italians racing for shelter.

The enemy is being given no rest. Almost before one big bomber formation, with its fighter screen, has landed after a raid, another squadron is in the air on its way over enemy territory.

Down in the desert, the enemy's troops are being given hell in its most violent form. Hour after hour the bombing of the columns retreating along the coast road went on.

Fighter-bombers and light bombers swept down one after another, blowing enemy vehicles to atoms, scattering and overturning others, and setting many on fire.

The movement to the rear of the German and Italian transport—a confused trickle at first—increased in volume.

As more and more vehicles joined the Axis columns, the Allied airmen carried on the devastating work.

Block of Wrecks

Towards late afternoon, pilots returning to base reported that the road was blocked in several places by piles of smashed and twisted vehicles.

Despite heavy ack-ack, the bombing and strafing continued until nightfall.

In the darkness a line of fires stretched several miles along the road from the battle area to the rear. Guided to their targets by the fires, medium bombers now took over the work of destruction.

They continued bombing throughout the night.

General Strickland, of the USAAF, who was in the leading bomber of one American air formation, gave a graphic description of the scene.

"We swept over the road and saw it packed with transport," he said.

"Every bomber in our formation in turn sailed down the road and released its bomb load on vehicles and men. I have never seen such a scene of destruction."

On more than one occasion, bombers hardly had time to return to their base before Army commanders reported that groups of the enemy had surrendered, saying they could not stand another minute of "that hell from the air."

LYTTLETON IN U.S.

Mr. Oliver Lyttleton, Minister of Production, arrived in Washington yesterday.

RAIDER DESTROYED

Our fighters destroyed a Ju. 88 over the North Sea yesterday morning.

3 trams
run amok
at 40 mph

THREE empty, double-decker trams, set in motion by a saboteur, thundered at forty miles an hour over a mile and a half of track into the main streets of Southampton.

Two were brought to a standstill after a long chase in a lorry by an ex-soldier, Mr. Jesse Clarke, who manoeuvred his vehicle in front of them and used it as a buffer.

The third, set in motion nearly half an hour after the other two, crashed into the back of another tram.

Both were wrecked and several passengers in the stationary vehicle suffered shock. Mrs. Edith Underwood, 54, was taken to hospital.

All three trams had been left in reserve on a side track on the outskirts of the town.

Set Controls

"It was absolutely sabotage," declared Mr. P. J. Baker, Southampton Corporation's Transport Manager. "The trams had been immobilised, and whoever started them must have switched on the power from a nearby standard, put in two switches on the vehicles and then set the controls with a spanner."

Mr. Clarke, 30, of Chalk Hill, West End, Southampton, told the *Daily Mirror*: "I gave chase in my lorry, which was laden with sand, and I estimate that the trams reached forty miles an hour."

"I was sounding my horn and waving to oncoming traffic to get out of the way. Eventually the trams slowed down and I was able to overtake them."

PREMIER ON EGYPT

The Prime Minister is writing two speeches, both of which will be delivered shortly.

In one of them he will give a detailed account of the operations in Egypt, and the war situation in general.

It is believed that he will also deal with the chaining of prisoners, and there is every likelihood of a dramatic announcement.

Hundreds killed
in Crete revolt

From Our Own Correspondent

ANKARA, Wednesday.

REVOLT has broken out in Crete, according to refugees just here from Greece.

Several thousand patriots attacked the military barracks in Candia, the capital, opening fire on the German troops.

In the battle, which lasted several hours, hundreds of German soldiers were killed.

The enemy rushed up German-Italian reinforcements, who suppressed the revolt only after artillery had been brought up.

Thousands of hostages were taken by the Germans, while the patriots took refuge in the mountains.

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will
HEAL IT
-Clean!



Dear Sirs,
My little boy developed a terrible rash all over his body, the irritation was awful. Then suddenly I thought of GERMOLENE. Within a week he was cured, and thanks to GERMOLENE he is a happy little fellow again. Mrs. R. T., Ripley.

Germolene is good for all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Inflammation, Cuts, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation instantly.

Germoloids The treatment for Haemorrhoids (Piles) based upon the Germolene Healing Principle.
Price 1/5 per box from all chemists

LATEST NEWS
COASTAL "POCKET"
OVERRUN

The "pocket" created in the northern sector of the Egyptian front by the Australians last week in their sweep to the coast west of the Alamein positions has now been completely overrun.

AMERICANS PUSH ON
AT GUADALCANAL

With planes bombing and strafing the retreating Japanese, U.S. ground forces on Guadalcanal are pushing westward. Navy communiques issued in Washington stated that American troops on the island attacked the Japanese to the west, making small territorial gains.