

September 4, 1943

PICTURE POST



A SICILIAN IS CAPTURED
An R.A.M.C. man with a baby who is being
weighed and fed by the occupying forces.
(See inside)

**HULTON'S
NATIONAL
WEEKLY**

HOW THE WAR BEGAN

by **VERNON BARTLETT, M.P.**

SEPTEMBER 4, 1943

Vol. 20. No. 10

4^D

HEDY
LAMARR

M.G.M.
STAR



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HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

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4/6	„	7/4
2/6	„	4/1
1/6	„	2/6



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"Some folk seem to think that fruit just grows. Well it does and it doesn't. To get Plums, Strawberries or Raspberries like ours means hard work all the year round and you've got to know your job. Our factory people over the road know theirs too — for they certainly seem to make Chivers Jam the way most people like it, even though it now has to fit in with war-time standards." Farmers are short of hands this year for harvesting, so if there are farms or orchards near, do offer **YOUR** help **NOW**.

Sorry, no more Chivers Jellies until Victory is won but

CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE

still available in most districts, are prepared in the heart of the Country at

HISTON (just outside) CAMBRIDGE

J.382

10 times

Ten times as many canteens

— more than ten times as

many customers — that is the

story of the wartime

growth of Naafi. And it

is not the end. The war

expands, huge armies move overseas — and wherever the men

and women in the Services need recreation and refreshment Naafi

will be there. But, to keep faith with the Forces Naafi must

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The need for NAAFI is greater than ever — join today!



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50% more washing
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longer

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Sunlight
the extra-soapy soap

3½d. per 8-oz. tablet — 2 coupons

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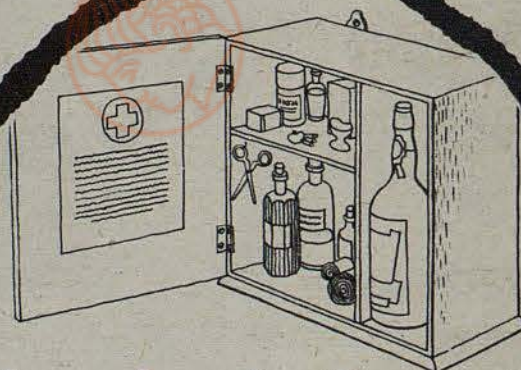
Healthy dogs make good companions

Your dog will be a healthy and happy companion provided you protect him from 'warm weather' blood disorders such as loss of appetite, scratching and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a regular 'plus' dog.

In packets of 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11.



Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets



A cuckoo in the nest?

The medicine chest seems a queer sort of place to store anything so attractive as a bottle of Lembar, a bit like keeping a roller bandage in the larder. But circumstances alter cases. Lembar is 35% pure lemon juice with Scotch barley, glucose and cane sugar — and, when you come across a bottle, it's wise to keep it in reserve for a month or two, in case of 'flu or other illness in the house. The invalid has priority claim — only if you get a second bottle can you give it to the family to quench ordinary thirsts!

RAYNER'S

Lembar

Price 2/6 a bottle

MADE BY RAYNER & COMPANY LIMITED EDMONTON LONDON N.18

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



Evan Williams
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CADUM OINTMENT instantly allays the irritation set up by insect bites, soothing the skin and preventing swelling and inflammation. Insect bites can easily become sources of infection. The wonderful antiseptic properties of CADUM OINTMENT act as a powerful germicide. You need no longer fear that insect bites (wasps, mosquitos or midges) will ruin your holiday so long



as you have a box of CADUM OINTMENT always handy.

CADUM the wonder-healing ointment

1/5 & 3/5 (including tax) from all chemists.

READERS' LETTERS

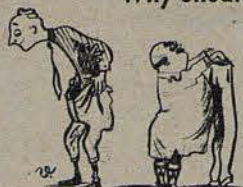
They Want a Piano on St. Helena

Could I ask if any of your readers would be so kind as to send a piano out to a very lonely outpost of the Empire—St. Helena Island—which covers an area of 45 square miles only, and is situated some 1,700 miles from the nearest mainland?

The Salvation Army has a small canteen in the village, where, in the dim light of oil lamps, we soldiers gather to amuse ourselves with talks, debates, concerts, and the like. Unfortunately, the piano is in such a condition that a mouth-organist would stand as much chance of knocking out a tune that could be recognised as would Charlie Kunz himself. We are lost for words to describe the tunes that emanate from this instrument, and feel sure that it had seen better days at the time of Napoleon's arrival here back in 1815.

(Pte.) R. G. Smith, Ladder Hill Barracks, St. Helena Island.

Why Shouldn't Grown-ups Change Clothes



The Government seems to appreciate the difficulty of providing clothes for growing children—the new Children's Clothing Exchanges are a real help.

Now, why not Clothing Exchanges for Women? Nearly all women put on weight as they grow older. Personally, I am 11 stone now, compared with 10 stone last year, and 9 stone 10 lb. the year before. Most of my friends are the same. If we could turn in the

clothes we had outgrown and get larger sizes in exchange—without coupons—it would solve the great problem of keeping clothed in wartime.

Mrs. Annie Stokes, Firth Park, Sheffield.

Does Courage Excuse Crime?

An R.A.F. pilot on reproaching some factory girls for giving food to Italian prisoners said it would not have been so bad if they'd given it to Germans—"they, at any rate, have proved themselves brave fellows." I wonder whether this is a common Service opinion—or just an R.A.F. one—the idea that the Germans' courage makes them preferable to other enemies. If many people think in this way and forget the blots on Germany's reputation, this is a strong pointer to what will happen after the war.

L. P. Lewis, Shotover, Oxford.

A Cumberland Sheep-Clipping

This is a letter of constructive criticism sent in a friendly, co-operative and helpful spirit, and inspired by your excellent photographs of "A Cumberland Sheep-Clipping" (Picture Post, August 21).

Not once is the Clipping Stool—which is definitely indigenous—shown in your pictures. And why not mention Gimmers, Twinters and Hogs—with some of the real local descriptions?

I have found that a comparison of local methods, names and descriptions creates that real keenness and enthusiasm, which is required to help agriculture and the creation of our next generation of farmers. These articles are of the greatest value to the young farmers and to agriculture, especially as this our island will be the nursery for the world.

Reg. H. Barbrooke, Lakeside, Shamley Green, near Guildford.

Ranting

Your editorial comments on Mascagni, the composer of "Rusticana," depress your "magazine" to the level of "Das Reich."

Music is universal, whatever the beliefs of the composer, despite the rantings of Fascists and misguided caption writers.

Lt. R. Finkstrid (Home Forces), Hull.

Mascagni, in Fascist uniform, was pictured mounting guard over a Fascist exhibition and the caption read: "And these men are Fascist composers!" Is that offensive?

How the Soldiers Could Get a Good Dinner

Motoring up Weardale (on an essential journey) I saw a strange shape at the top of the road. As I approached more strange shapes wandered on to the road and I had to use the brakes to avoid killing a few of them. When I looked through the reeds at the side of the road I saw about a score of them and could have taken my pick.

These grouse, I take it, are still good food and would provide a nice change for the people who tasted them. Why not scrap all these shooting rights for the war, and give the soldiers a free hand to get their own dinner?

John Pontefract, Middleton-in-Teesdale, Co. Durham.

When the Admiralty Were Right

Mr. Mawby, who writes on "An Offer the Admiralty Turned Down" (Picture Post, August 14), may not be aware that the Germans are a highly intellectual race and are, no doubt, keeping a keen eye on the smaller ports dotted around our coastline. While these might suggest to Mr. Mawby ideal spots for the construction and launching of invasion barges and smaller craft, surely a moment's consideration should have reminded him of the sheer folly of such a suggestion in view of the near presence of enemy bomber bases (less than half an hour's flight distance in a great many cases) from these delightfully situated, but dangerous localities "right on the edge of the sea."

E. D. Harrison Ainsworth, "The Outspan," Donnington, Salop.

"London's Refugee Theatres"

The Yiddish Players at the Grand Palais, Commercial Road, London, E.1, are members of a standing repertory company. For the last 20 years Mr. H. I. Greenly has been and still is the proprietor of the theatre.

Emanuel, Round and Nathan, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

Those 3,000 Cottages

In the feature, "Those 3,000 Cottages" (Picture Post, July 30), appeared a drawing of the new agricultural cottages at Ford, near Aylesbury. It was by Jasper Salway, F.R.S.A.

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Edited by SIR JOHN HAMMERTON

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A FINELY shaped nose suggests culture and high breeding. Outstanding ears may destroy self-confidence. Whether your nose is humped, bulbous or unsightly in any way, or your ears too prominent, they can be changed to the true classical shape by Mr. C. H. Willi's method. The correction leaves no sign. Other facial defects are also treated. Send 9d. for explanatory literature. No home treatment. Mr. Willi's address is—26, Eton Avenue, Swiss Cottage, London, N.W.3.

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Removes grease like lightning.

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CARLISLE & LIVERPOOL.

Your favourite pullover

puts into port for repairs



MOST pullovers are on "active service." Alas! The time is bound to come when even the staunchest begins to show signs of wear. But don't despair, careful darns are patriotic.

First reinforce the worn parts with a piece of net tacked on to the wrong side, and then darn through the net. The net gives extra reinforcement and keeps your darning neat.

When washing your pullovers you'll have to take more care now that there is no longer any Lux to be had. Sooner than

lower the quality of Lux, the makers have taken it off the market altogether. When using ordinary soap, be sure to rinse extra thoroughly. Unless you do, specks of undissolved soap are likely to stick in the fibres, causing them to thicken and mat.

Wartime Clothes Service by the

LUX News Scout

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It will come back when the war is won — and meanwhile remember there is only one genuine Alka-Seltzer.

DOGS
always
PREFER
SPILLERS
SHAPES



Food for the picking

Blackberrying is a traditional custom that most of us have enjoyed at one time or another. There are other Hedgerow Harvests, too, that provide good things for the larder. So why not take the children and go a-harvesting? Be sure, however, that in their excitement they do not damage bushes or hedges, or walk through growing crops, or, for instance, gather mushrooms in fields without getting the farmer's permission.



Rose Hips. These are the berries of the wild rose. Do not pick them until they are perfectly ripe. They then will make a delicious syrup exceedingly rich in Vitamin C. 2 teaspoonfuls of Rose

How to Sterilise your Bottles. Bottles should be sterilised by being put into a pan of cold water, brought to the boil and boiled for 2 or 3 minutes.

Corks should have been boiled for 15 minutes. Cover the corks, when inserted, with melted wax.

It is best to use small bottles and jars because once opened, the syrup keeps only for a week or two.

NOTE: Do not use anything containing iron or copper when making the syrup as these destroy some of the Vitamin C.



Elderberries are delicious stewed with half-and-half apple; or made into jam with an equal quantity of sour apples. Wash and strip them from the stems before using.

Hip syrup a day puts you on the safe side for this vitamin.

Rose Hip Syrup. 2 lbs. ripe red rose hips, 1 1/2 lbs. sugar, 4 1/2 pints water.

1. Have ready a saucepan containing 3 pints of boiling water.
2. Put hips through a coarse mincer and drop them at once into the boiling water; if possible mince directly into the water. Bring all to the boil again.
3. Remove from heat and let stand 15 minutes.
4. Turn out into flannel or linen crash jelly bag. To make sure all the sharp hairs are removed, first let half a cupful of juice drip through into a clean bowl. Pour this juice back into bag and let drip until most of the juice is through.
5. Return pulp to saucepan or a bowl, add 1 1/2 pints boiling water, stir and let stand 10 minutes (do not heat up again).
6. Return to jelly bag and do exactly as you did with the first lot of juice.
7. Put both lots of juice together into a clean saucepan and boil down until you have about 1 1/2 pints. Add 1 1/2 lbs. sugar and boil for a further 5 minutes.
8. Pour at once into sterilised bottles and seal. Store in a dark cupboard.

Blackberry and Apple Jam. Here is a favourite recipe:—4 lbs. firm blackberries, 1 1/2 lbs. sour apples, 4 1/2 lbs. sugar, 1 breakfastcupful water. Core and slice the apples. Put in the preserving pan with the water and cook till quite soft. Add the blackberries and bring to the simmer. Simmer for 5 minutes, then add the sugar (warmed) and boil rapidly until setting point is reached. (Make first test after 10 minutes.) Put into hot jars and seal. If this jam is to be kept longer than 3 months, 5 1/2 lbs. sugar instead of 4 1/2, should be used in the above recipe.

Hedgerow Harvest Leaflet containing many useful recipes for using wild produce will be sent to all who ask. Please send postcards only, addressed to Food Advice Service, Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

ISSUED BY THE **MF** MINISTRY OF FOOD (S72)

Sparklets

(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

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EDITOR TOM HOPKINSON
FOUNDER EDWARD HULTON

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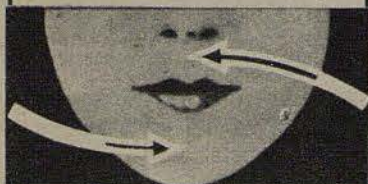
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STEAD
RAZOR
BLADES



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SUPERFLUOUS hairs on face, neck, arms, underarms, or legs can now be removed—roots as well—in an amazing scientific way that finally destroys the growth for good. No electricity, no bad smells or unbearable pain. This new method, perfected by the Dermal Research Institute, is an entirely new discovery—extraordinary—yet absolutely safe and harmless. Send 2d. stamp for booklet explaining trial offer. Excluding N. Ireland and Eire.

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Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offences—*instantly!*

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The largest tube at the price, 1/1—Including Tax

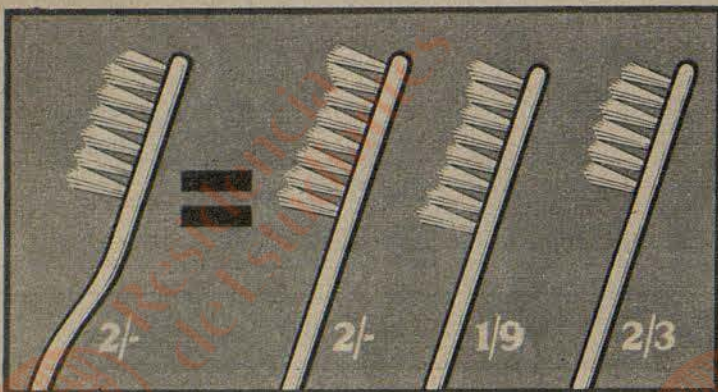
This meal-time drink
is a food as well



Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food—Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

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A WISDOM Toothbrush costs only 2/- (including 4d. tax) yet lasts three times as long as an ordinary toothbrush. Thus by buying a Wisdom, not only do you save money but help conserve vital war materials. The plastics used in toothbrush handles are wanted by the R.A.F. It is real saving, national and personal, to buy a WISDOM.

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Mars Bars are simply packed with delicious goodness. Make the most of them by cutting each bar into slices.

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Life-saving Blood!

Now that we have passed to the offensive, casualties are bound to increase. Blood transfusions, given at the front, have already saved thousands of lives.

More donors are urgently needed to ensure an adequate reserve supply of blood.

What do I do...?

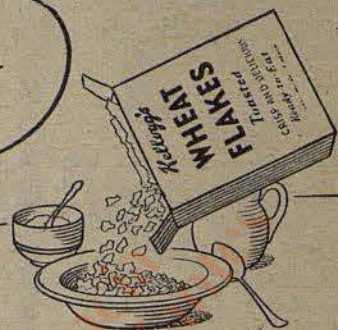
If I am between the ages of 18 and 65, and in good health, I offer myself as a blood-donor at the nearest hospital or, if in Scotland, I ask for information at a Citizens' Advice Bureau.

I remember that the lives of 10% of front-line casualties can be saved only by blood transfusion, and that it is simple and painless to give a small quantity of my blood.

Because the need is urgent, I volunteer now!

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HAVE YOU TRIED DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S WHEAT FLAKES?



They'll solve your breakfast problem!

Here's a grand breakfast that will save you time and trouble — a breakfast that everybody loves. It's Kellogg's Wheat Flakes. And see what it does for the whole family:

1. Provides a crisp, crunchy, delicious breakfast that brings everybody to the table with a rush.
2. Makes a wholesome, satisfying meal that keeps you going all morning long — no matter what kind of job you're doing.
3. Supplies plenty of Vitamin B — the vitamin that protects against overtiredness, headaches, loss of appetite, anaemia.
4. Gives first-class nourishment because it is 100% wheat.
5. Keeps down household bills because it saves fuel — no cooking needed. Saves time and work as well, because it's so quick and easy to serve.
6. Is easy on points. A packet, providing ten big breakfasts, takes only 2 points. Price 5½d.

KELLOGG'S WHEAT FLAKES

ZONING: To save transport, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes are shipped to certain parts of the country only

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Hercules cycles are being used by the Army, R.A.F. and Women's Auxiliary Services.

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THE PICTURE THAT IS AN INVITATION—AND A WARNING—TO THE ALLIES: *The Russians Advance But They Still Suffer*
The Russian armies advance. But they advance over land devastated by the invader and soaked in the blood of over four million Russian dead.
The Russians see a land that has to be rebuilt. They believe that they could start rebuilding it after this year.

RUSSIA WANTS TO END THE WAR THIS YEAR

Why did Stalin miss the Quebec Conference? Why has he withdrawn his former ambassadors in the United States and Britain? At the heart of the situation which has developed between Russia and her Allies lies the constant, uncompromising Soviet opinion that the war in Europe can be ended before Christmas.

EVERYTHING now depends on how our Allies take advantage of the favourable situation for the creation of a Second Front, since, without a Second Front, victory over Hitlerite Germany is impossible." In these words the Soviet Information Bureau summed up the war situation on the second anniversary of Hitler's attack on Russia. The words were more than a summing-up. They were a warning.

Of course, we can argue about the implications of such a statement. We can point out to Russia that we are fighting a world war which includes Japan. We can estimate the number of Nazi divisions and air squadrons which are tied down in Western Europe by Germany's fear of a real "Second Front." We can emphasise the political consequences of our successes in Northern Africa and Sicily; We can demonstrate the results of bombing Germany from the air. But the Russian attitude to our efforts should no longer be treated as a matter for argument. It could be argued about last year, when, according to the Soviet Information Bureau, "the absence of a second front in Europe saved Hitler from defeat in 1942." To-day the Russians have had ample time to weigh all the arguments on the other side.

Russia's judgment on the war situation remains as simple, as clear and as uncompromising as when

it was first put before the world—"to miss the present favourable opportunities for the opening of a second front in Europe against Fascist Germany would result in dragging out the war, and an enormous increase in the sacrifices which would have to be made."

Some of our own leaders and fighting men may smart under these constantly reiterated Russian words; they feel that Russia fails to appreciate our own considerable efforts. But Russia's words spring out of Russia's sacrifices. During two years of war, she lost 4,200,000 men killed or missing. Add to this an equal number of wounded. Add 3,000,000 men and women transported as slaves from the Ukraine to the Reich. Add 30,000,000 Russians in the Occupied Region, forced to work in mines that give the Germans coal and iron-ore, and fields that give them wheat. Add this all up and you will have some measure of the burden that Russia is carrying.

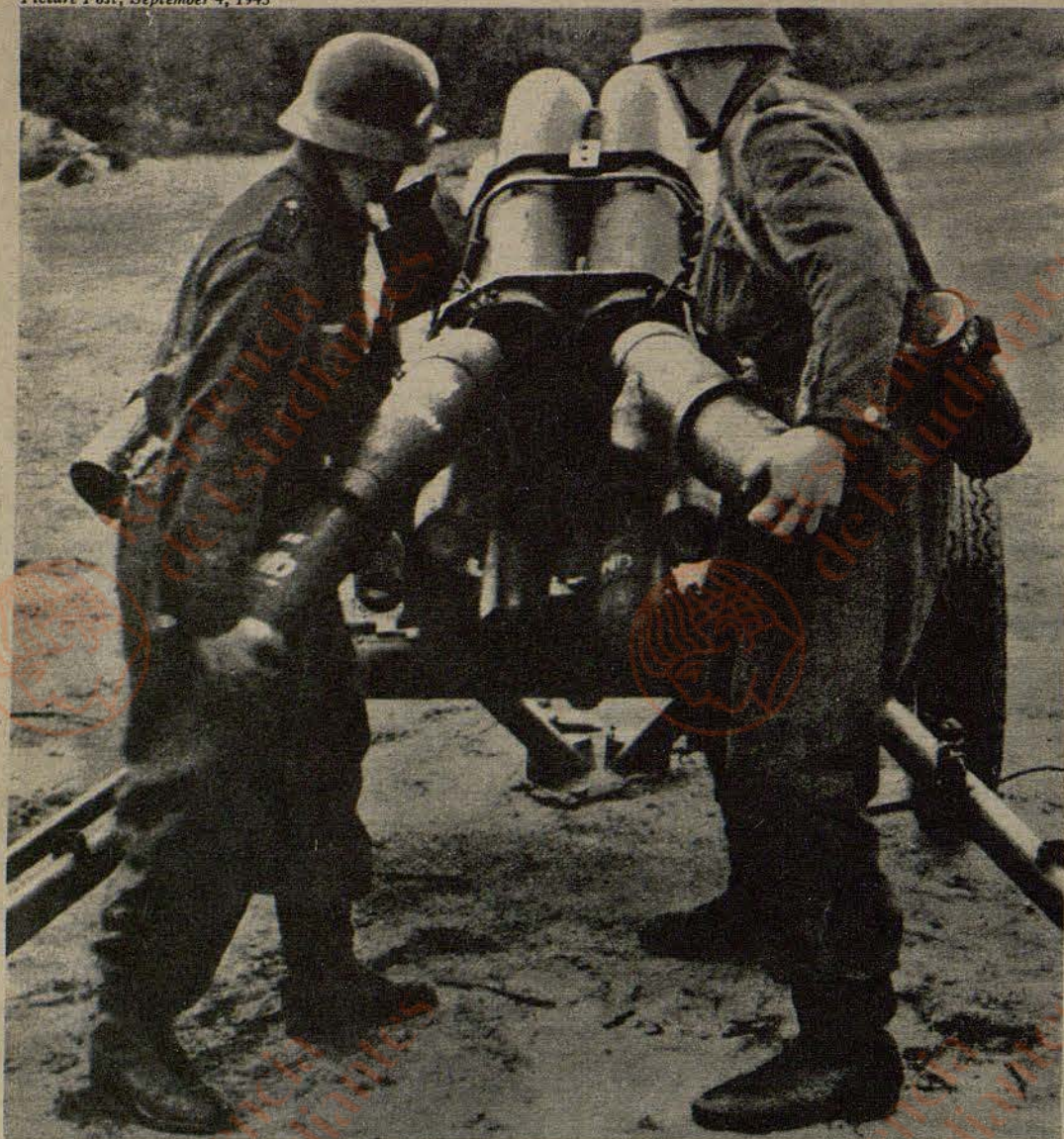
"When the war's casualties are compiled," said Sir Walter Citrine on his return from the Trade Union Congress in Russia, "the number of Russian dead, including many thousands of the ordinary Russian people shot behind the German lines, will stagger the statisticians."

Every Russian family has suffered grievous personal losses. Every Russian sees the devastation in

his land and cities. The farms from which the Nazis have been driven yield weeds for the Russians; the land which the Nazis still occupy yields wheat for Prussia. The Russians are hungry; they are as hungry through the loss of their Ukraine as we would be if we lost our merchant fleet. They want to win the war this year so that next year they can eat. They do not talk of their inexhaustible manpower, human life is too precious to be poured out in a strategy of attrition, when the United Nations have the means to end the war this year.

"In the Soviet Union," says a Russian paper, commenting on Allied plans, "there is only one opinion. It is high time to switch from words to action. It is time to inflict a decisive joint blow from the east and west—a blow which will really shorten the war and relieve the people of Europe who are fighting for freedom."

The Russian papers have been issuing these warnings for months. The Russian leader—who did not attend the Quebec Conference, and who has replaced his two key ambassadors—has issued a warning in a different form. There is no longer time for argument on the situation. Russia's opinion must be treated as the most formidable political factor in the situation with which the Allied Nations are now confronted. If we try to ignore it, we shall prejudice all our military gains.



Six Barrels Are Loaded for Simultaneous Firing

The gun is manhandled into position by its crew of four. Two men load the barrels in pairs, to keep the balance, with a mixed charge of H.E. and smoke shells.

FIRING THE "SOBBING SISTERS"

British troops heard a new sound when they went into action in Sicily—the sound of the multi-barrelled mortar. Because of this sound, they christened these weapons "the Sobbing Sisters."

THE Germans first heard the mortar howling on the Eastern Front and christened it the Stalin Organ. Within a few weeks, they had brought up their own six-barrelled gun which they nicknamed the "Doh-apparatus"—from the rising sound ("Doh-ray-me") that the crew hears when the salvo is fired.

It is one of the terrifying sounds of the war—like a massed chorus of banshees; and the mortar effect is as deadly as its sound is terrifying.

In a mixed barrage of high explosive, incendiary shells and smoke rockets, a battery of nine mortars can wipe out almost any position at 600 yards. According to the German military writer, Col. Graewe, the blast of the H.E. salvo is so great that often, "entire platoons of the enemy are found dead, without external injury, and even fortifications and pill-boxes collapse on the defenders."

The incendiaries are used to set villages and forests on fire, while the smoke-shells throw up a screen either to conceal the gun position or to help a quick withdrawal.

The "Sobbing Sisters," as the British troops in Italy have called them, are light as well as noisy. The barrels are drawn in thin gauge, low-grade steel; the mountings are austere. The mortar can rapidly be moved by a three-ton lorry which carries the crew and some of the ammunition.

Two men load; two men are in charge of the electrical



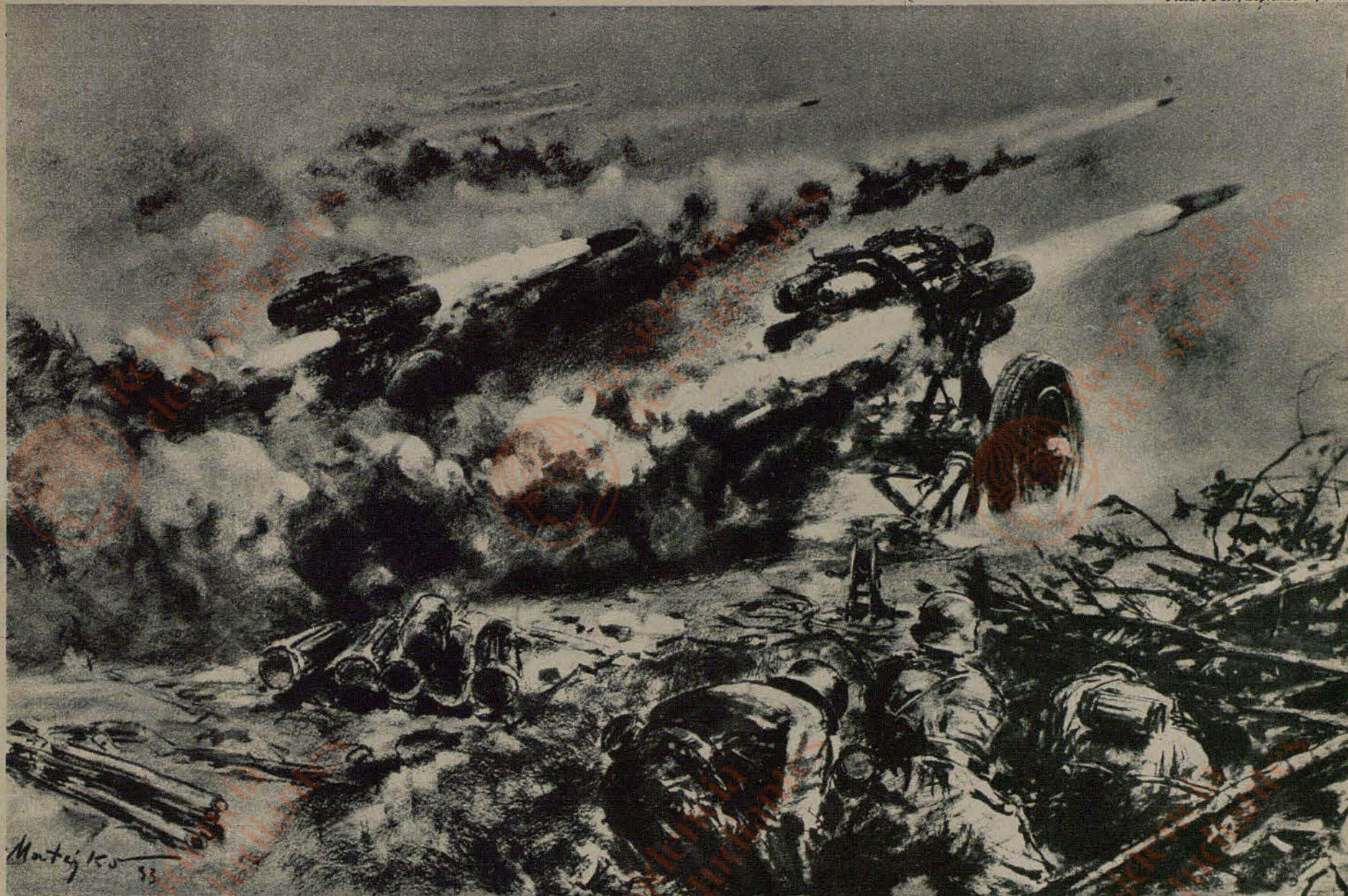
They Aim the Mortar, Set the Detonator

Ten yards away the electric fuse is fixed in position. The loaders await the order to retire.



"Fire!"—A Trail of Red-Grey Smoke Follows the Six Screaming Shells

The crew double back to their pit fifteen yards away—the "Sobbing Sisters" can be dangerous, even to those who man them. On the right of the picture one of the shells can be seen leaving a 300-yard wake of smoke. The mortars are sited in front of the artillery.



How the "Sobbing Sisters" Look to their Crew of Nazi Smoke-Troops

A nine-gun salvo has been electrically detonated, and the crew in the pit see and hear the shells. "Their hearts beat high," says the caption to this German picture, "because they know that where the H.E. lands nothing can live." The Smoke-Troops wear claret shoulder bands.

detonator. At the signal "Fire!" the crew run to their pits. Within a few seconds the six shells rush shrieking into the air, leaving behind a 300-yard trail of red-glowing smoke.

The tactical use of the "Sobbing Sisters" is to bring massed fire to bear on advanced enemy positions. Individually, the mortars aren't precision weapons. They depend for accuracy on a network of observers. Because of their short range, the "Sisters" are almost invariably sited in front of the artillery.

For the infantry, they provide invaluable support, and both Russians and Germans have found the "Sobbing Sisters" a stubborn defensive obstacle, even when tank and infantry resistance has been overcome.

The Germans claim that they are the inventors of the mortar; the Russians claim that the Germans copied it from them.



The Smoke-Troops Rush to Re-load

The "Sobbing Sisters" are made of light, low-grade steel. Their crews are motorised and trained for quick manoeuvre.



The Mortars Change Their Range and Trajectory

They have no complicated sights or range finders. They fire up to 600 yards and rely for hitting the target on massed fire power.



The Final Zip That Makes the Lifeboats Watertight

There's a man in each suit, and not only a man but a supply of food and a heating installation. When the zipper is closed, the new kind of lifeboat is ready for the water.

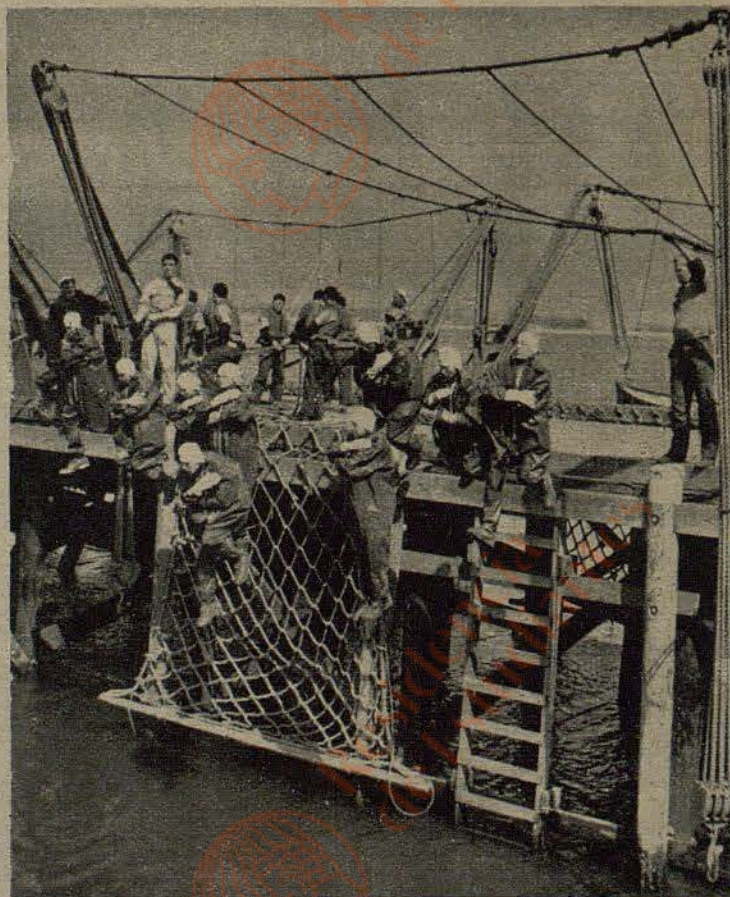
30 SECONDS TO PUT ON A LIFEBOAT

A new kind of lifeboat. A new speed for launching it. And a new hope for all merchant seamen.



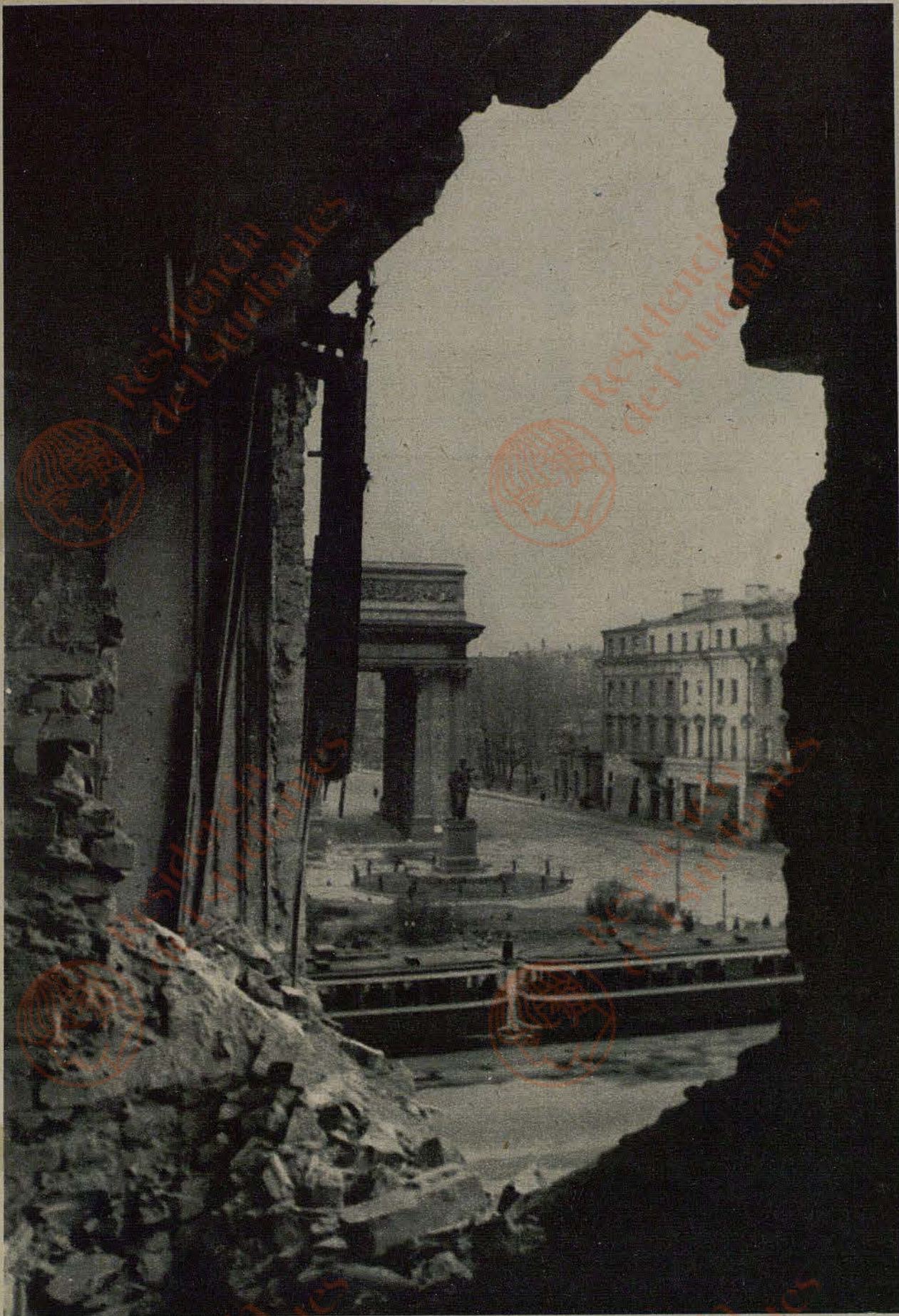
How the Lifeboats Take to the Water

They can float on their backs indefinitely—until a bigger kind of boat comes to pick them up. Caps and gloves are yellow to attract the attention of rescuers.



How the Lifeboats are Launched

The Monser suits are worn by apprentices at the Sheepshead Bay Maritime Training Station, U.S.A., where 2,000 officers and instructors train 30,000 youths every year, making every one of them a seaman in 13 weeks. This is the way America supplies the crews for her ever-growing merchant fleet.



Summer Night in Leningrad: It is Almost Daybreak

Through the shell-torn wall, the Narvskaya Zastava seems to be part of a deserted city. But a few Leningraders are already moving between the granite buildings which gleam a rosy-pink.

WHITE NIGHT IN LENINGRAD

At midnight the spires and the fortress of Leningrad are as visible as at noon. So are the ruined houses and churches—and the tanks rolling towards the front where Russia is now victorious.

TOWARDS eleven o'clock on a summer's night I have seen the sun set beyond Leningrad, leaving a delayed twilight interval for an hour or two, when the air itself seems to become pearly-grey. Then the sun begins to rise and the pink granite of the city turns to rose. It was one of the "white nights" which all Leningraders remember and which excites their love for their home. On those nights the

people of the city used to go out to the parks and islands of the river Neva, to wander in the gardens and dream. To-day they go out to their allotments, and work.

The Leningraders have changed their habits. And, of course, the appearance of their city has changed. There's a hotel in Leningrad called the Astoria. Its windows have several times been blown



Night-time in Leningrad's Ruins

In the woods beyond, the men and women and children used to wander and dream, in peace-time, throughout the white night.

in by bomb-blast; its grey granite is pitted with shrapnel, the baroque decorations, the cupids and the nymphs, have slowly decayed as their plaster coverings have fallen away. Inside the hall are other changes. The stuffed Siberian bear which used to stand ready to welcome the visitors has gone. Where the main restaurant used to be, there are now rows of beds. From the kitchen, instead of the smell of borshch, boeuf, stroganoff and pojarski cutlets, come faint whiffs of ether. Over the bar is a notice "Dispensary"; and the pretty white-bloused barmaid has been replaced by nurses. The palms have gone from the smaller dining-room, and the tired orchestra which used to play at half past one in the morning to wide-awake workers, officials, and soldiers, for whom the night was beginning, has gone too. All superfluous wooden fittings have been burned as fuel. The Astoria hotel has become the main casualty hospital in Leningrad.

From my window in the Astoria hotel, I can see

Continued overleaf



During the Night They Garden

200,000 allotment holders cultivate their 6,000 acres during Leningrad's white nights.



IT IS STILL NIGHT IN LENINGRAD: *The Procession from the Factories*
During the night the tanks have had their final test. They roll to the front and, the same day, will be within sight of the enemy who expected to conquer Leningrad.



The Church—By Russia's Great Architect
It was built by Rastrelli, who designed the Winter Palace. It was destroyed by German bombs.

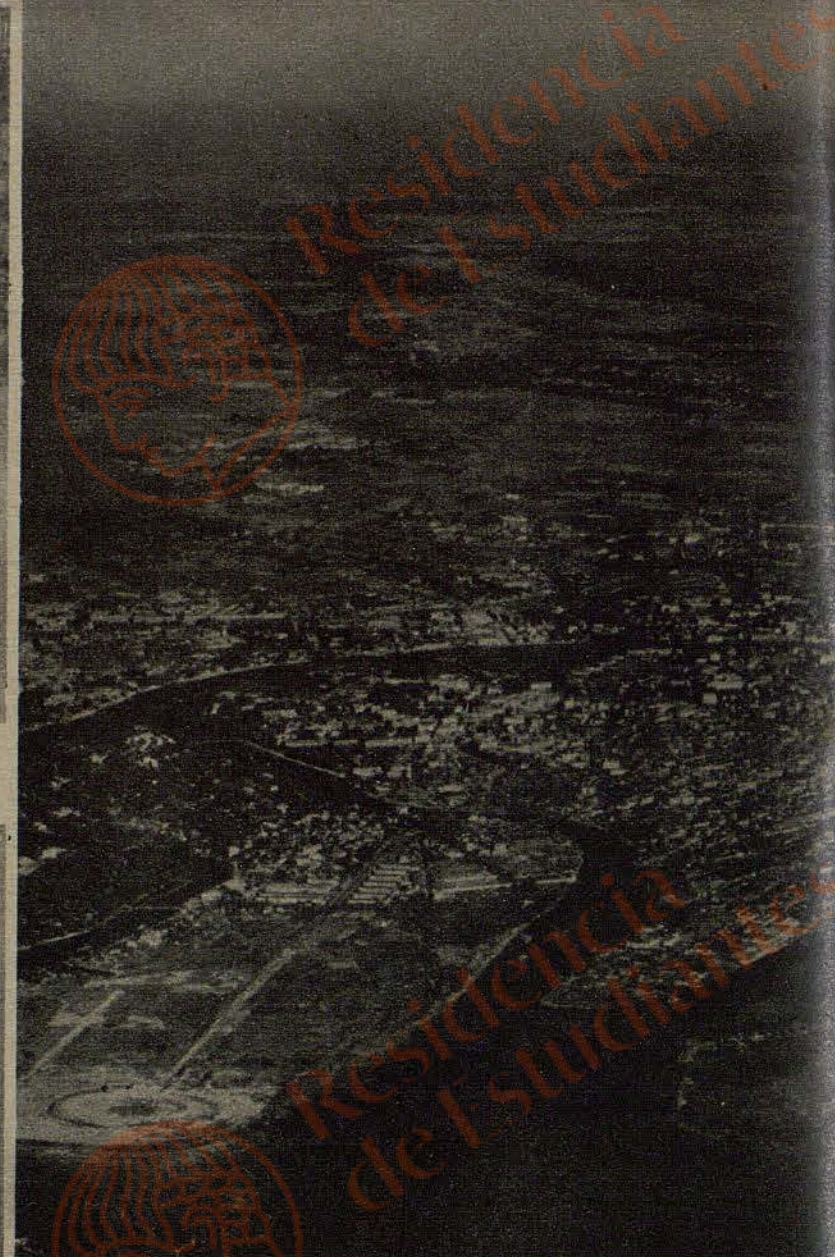
a trace of 18th and early 19th century ornaments, the Palace boulevards, the churches of Peter the Great, and Alexander the First, and the carefully-sited factories and workers' dwellings of the Soviet regime.

At the heart of the city lay the Admiralty Buildings, the first interest of Peter, the shipwright Tsar. Their impressive sweep along the Neva set a standard for the city that developed round them. Across the river, Peter flung stone bridges in a graceful and enduring span. To the Peter Paul fortress, which contained the ugliest dungeons in Europe, Peter added one of Europe's most beautiful spires. Summer and winter, it catches the morning light and shines towards the city. The three prospects, including the Nevski Prospect, were driven from the Admiralty to radiate North, South and East.

From France and Italy, the Tsars brought modern architecture to decorate their new show place. Rastrelli built the Winter Palace which the Soviet government made into a Museum. To see a young Russian worker walk casually under the towering caryatids, at which his father would have trembled to look, is to understand the Revolution. Italian baroque gave way to neo-classicism, till in the reign of Catherine the Second, St. Petersburg merchants built their mansions (later to become Trade Union and Government offices) along the Neva's embankment.



The Men Who Wait for a Nazi Attack During the White Night
Commanders of patrol craft on the river Neva, they watch for Nazi planes. Last year the Germans used these nights to attack, but now it is different.



The Front Line City That
Two hundred and forty years ago Peter the Great laid the crisis—the Nazi attack. Now the siege is

I have listened in these Leningrad white nights to the city stirring for work. A detachment of troops went past singing. The liftman, whose son was among them, told me later that they were marching to camp near Peterhof, the former Palace of the Tsar—a Trianon where in summer a thousand fountains used to play. An early shift of workers stopped to talk outside the Hotel. They were



Never Sleeps: Leningrad, After Its Long Siege, Becomes a Mighty Base for the Offensive Against the Fascist Invaders
foundation stone of the city on the river Neva, guarded by the two great islands, Krestovski, left, and Vasilevski, right. Three years ago began Leningrad's greatest lifted. The front is still not far away but now the watchword is not Defence but Attack. Leningrad enjoys its White Nights with a new hope.

on their way to the Red Putilov Works. On their breast they wore the badge—"Ready for work or defence."

In the direction of the Port, Leningrad had a shabby dilapidated air. "Why?" I asked a timber-worker one day, when I was at the New Wharf. "Them!" he answered, jerking his thumb towards the Gulf of Finland and Germany. "But look at this!" he added, and he pointed to the modern concrete warehouses, the mechanised loaders, the long line of ships, and the swarming workers on the quayside. In 1935, the nightmare of a city bombed and shelled was one which the Leningraders already faced with open eyes. The Hermitage, loveliest of art galleries, has since then been



Another Day Starts by the River Neva
Leningrad's most famous buildings gleam in the rosy light. Beyond the river, left, is the University, then the Fortress, the Admiralty Spire, Isaac's Cathedral, and, right, the Academy of Science.

torn by shells; but its treasures, its Rubens, Cézannes, have been hidden in safety. The machines of the Putilov factory are at work in the Urals. The children of Detskoe Selo, the Children's village which once used to be the Tsar's village, have—most of them—been safely removed, though the Palaces are destroyed. The Admiralty arches have been damaged by bombs; but the Baltic fleet still defends the approaches to Leningrad.

The city's face has been scoured by the Fascist vitriol, but not disfigured. Though shells land in

the Nevski Prospect, concerts at the theatre still go on. The street stalls are still bright with flowers. And even in the Hotel Astoria, on the dais where the tired gypsy band used to play for tourists, a Red Army troupe now entertains the wounded.

St. Petersburg was built on the bones of the workers forced by Peter the Great to toil in its marshes. Petrograd was won for the revolution by workers who gave their blood in its streets. Leningrad's memories are too sacred for its workers ever to yield it.

MAURICE EDELMAN.



The Women Go To Work At Dawn
The faces of Russia's fighting men look down at those who go off to the factories and those who rest.



A Twin-engined Plane Seems to be Crashing in Flames
Two divers plunge, and leave behind them, not a trail of smoke, but a double-plume of turbulent bubbles which slowly dissolve as the divers rise again (bottom right.)

UNDER-WATERBATICS

The camera photographs swimmers under the surface of the water and creates a beauty that has never been visible before

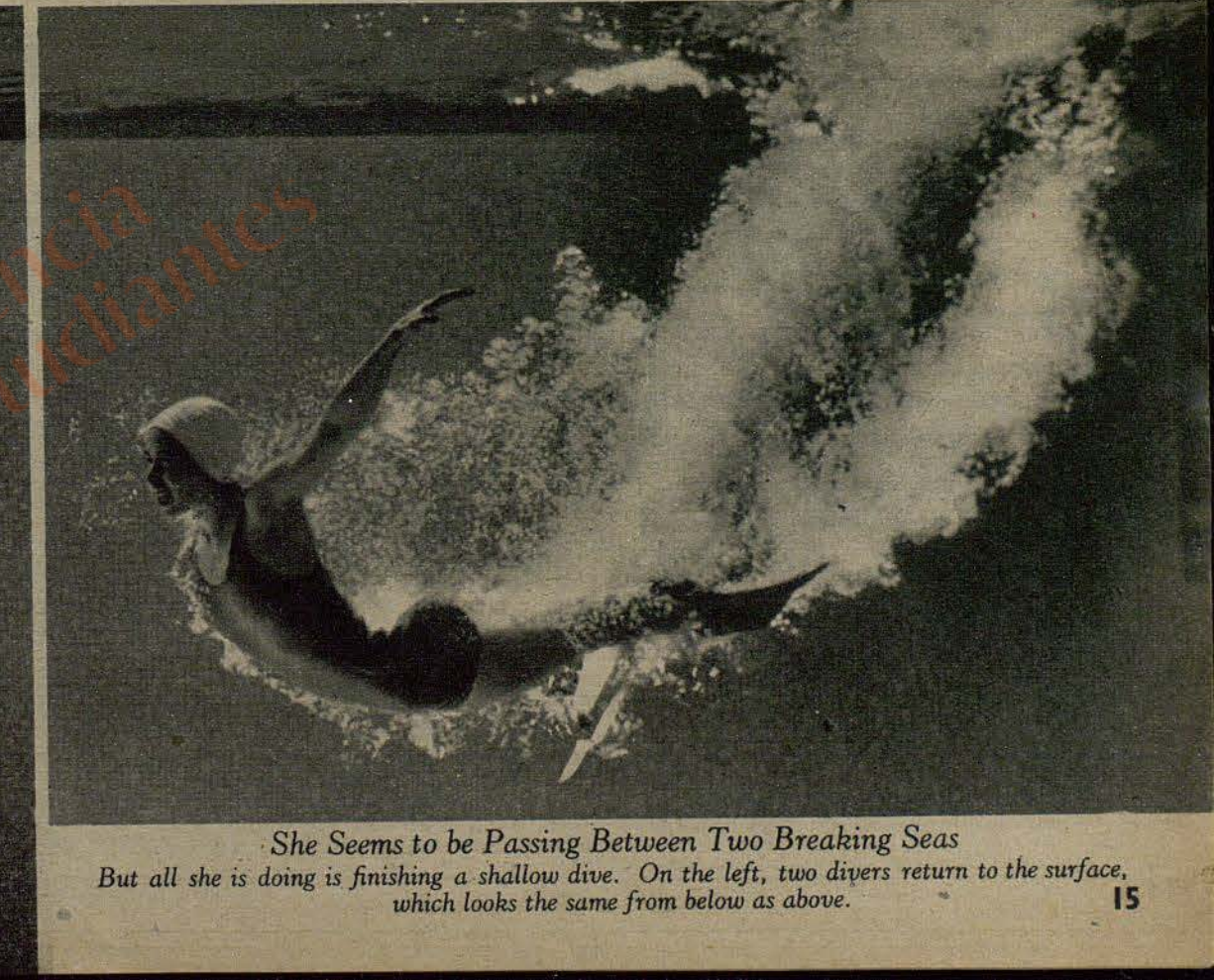
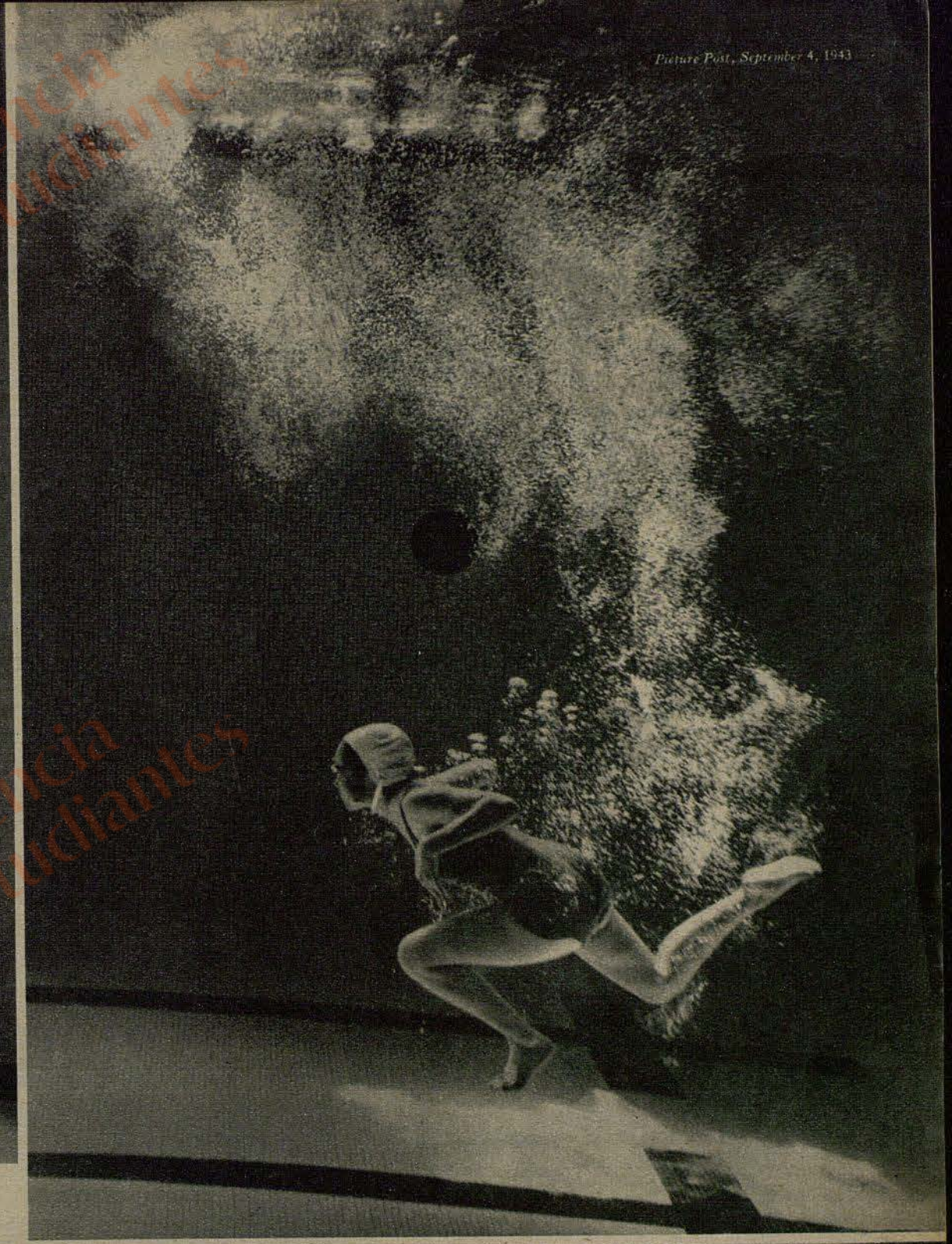
FAR below the surface of the swimming pool are observation windows through which you can look at a series of dreams. Here you see new patterns formed by the air bubbles which trail and twine with crazy intricacy; sometimes they spatter themselves with the easy grace of puffs of smoke in a light wind; sometimes they race along with the strength of a sea; and sometimes they

minge into columns so solid that they seem to be material, durable things. The difference between this world and the one we normally look at is that the world of the bubbles is silent. The bubbles seem to hiss and roar but not a sound is audible; the human beings who create the bubbles are within a few inches but they can't communicate with you. You seem to be watching another world.



Three Violent Gushers Seem to Have Tossed Them
The water spurts up and sports with the bodies that are borne on its crest—but it is only the bubble trail again, made by the divers. The diver on the right has finished her plunge and seems, as she recovers herself, to be taking desperately to her heels.

Up: On the Right a Race Seems to be Starting



She Seems to be Passing Between Two Breaking Seas
But all she is doing is finishing a shallow dive. On the left, two divers return to the surface, which looks the same from below as above.



Three Young Sicilians Get Ready for their Medicals

A month ago, they were enemy babies. Now they are learning the meaning of infant welfare from the R.A.M.C. Philippo, Carlo and Bianca line up for treatment. They get skilled inspection, weighing, diagnosis and good medicines, just as though they were in a model London clinic.



Philippo Has a Rash

Poor diet has brought up a rash on his forearm. The British M.O. inspects it and prescribes.

men were disembarking and were on the job.

After the conquest comes a new set of problems, and the Corps, working under Amgot, the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territories—which staff officers themselves are content to call Civil Affairs, are already helping to solve them.

The modern staff man will tell you that the first and most vital thing for an army to do after it has conquered an enemy country is to patch it up and get its civilian life running smoothly again with the minimum of delay. Chaos means disease, and the Army cannot risk it.

To-day, in the Allied Armies, the resurrection of Sicily is Amgot's job. And the R.A.M.C., now finished with Sicilian battle wounds and concerned chiefly with maintenance, becomes part of Amgot's public health service. So, of course, do the medical units of the United States Army, for Civil Affairs is a joint undertaking.

Once the smoke has cleared away, and the dazed inhabitants have come up from the caves and the air-raided shelters, it is the victorious armies' job to see that the civilians are supplied with necessities. Civil Affairs specialists, working, of course, under the military commander, see to it that the population is fed, that they have a decent water supply, that sewage is restored, and that they have suffi-

WITH THE R.A.M.C. IN SICILY

After the fighting men go the men who must see to it that an occupied land is healthy and stays healthy.

STRAIGHT in behind the attacking army go the specialists of the R.A.M.C. Earlier in the campaign the parachute doctor, the man who jumps with the airborne troops, made his first appearance in Tunisia. Now it is known that, within a few minutes of the first invasion barge crunching on the beach at Sicily, the doctors and the ambulance



Guisseppi Gets an Overhaul

Strange, these Englishmen. They came not with guns but with stethoscopes.



The Young Sicilians Weigh-In: Aldo Goes on to the Scales

He's never been weighed before. He doesn't care if he's never weighed again. His mother does—she comes back next day to see whether he's gained anything during the night.



The Only Sicilian Who Favours Continued Resistance: Carlo Makes His Bid to Escape from the Occupying Forces

Most of the young Sicilians like the treatment. They like standing about in the sun. They like showing themselves off. Carlo is different. He doesn't like everybody to stare at him. He has old-fashioned ideas about war, and the way it ought to be conducted.

cient clothing. In addition, they start immediately to control and stamp out any epidemics and organise a child-welfare scheme.

Some of these matters are very much the R.A.M.C.'s concern, and special units of the corps have been working with the civil affairs administration from the start. The experience gained in Tunisia, and earlier in the East African campaigns, has proved very valuable, and now the R.A.M.C. moves into new territory with five specialised dispensaries for the civil population—one for children and another for skin diseases, together with an ophthalmic dispensary, an eye hospital and a dental unit.

These units, of course, are quite apart from the R.A.M.C.'s normal field services, whose members look after the water supply and sewage problems of an army, in addition to tending its sick and wounded, and then take over the same problems in the civilian field as soon as the cease fire has

been sounded over the battlefield.

So it was that medical men moved into Messina with the spearhead troops, and, while R.A.F. experts were walking round making urgent first-hand reports on the effects of bomb blast, the doctors of the R.A.M.C. were supervising the care of the exhausted civilians, many of whom had been underground for nearly a month.

These R.A.M.C. specialists are serviced by special mobile hospital equipment and by travelling laboratories, so that doctors and orderlies can be moved at speed to any part of the invaded territory where epidemic may be threatened or where urgent medical problems await them. In most cases, the non-commissioned officers and orderlies attached to these civil affairs' medical units are men who have undergone special courses in addition to their normal R.A.M.C. training—and, months ago in the Middle East, men were detached from ordinary duties and instructed in work of this type.

The problems they encounter are innumerable, and a high degree of improvisation on the spot is needed. It is a simple routine matter to make certain of a pure water supply, and infection among civilians can be prevented in the same way as it would in the Army—by setting up clinics to handle whole-sale inoculation, and so on.

But there are no text books which can explain the enormously complicated and delicate task of putting the pieces of civilian life together again. Every case is different.

That R.A.M.C. orderly who now washes a baby in the streets of Messina, having been trained to do the unexpected in months of special work back at the base, is part of the huge organisation needed to restore things to normal. Hence his training, his mobile eye hospitals, his travelling dentist's chairs, his baby clinics, and his diet charts.

The Sicilians are already showing that they are grateful to him.

CONNERY CHAPPELL.



The Pull That May Bring in a Lot of Money

They're netting for salmon at Handbridge on the River Dee. If they pull in a single fish, it's worth several pounds to them. But, usually, there's nothing in the net at all.

HOW TO CATCH A SALMON

Thirty-nine men are licensed to net for salmon in the River Dee. To-day they get 3s. 9d. a pound for their catch in the wholesale market. You'd think the netsmen were on a good thing. But it's not so good as it sounds.

THEY fish as Peter and the other apostles must have fished in the lake at Galilee two thousand years ago. They use the same primitive type of net. They guild together in the same Biblical communities. But, unlike Peter, the netsmen on Deeside get no miraculous draught of fishes. To put it vulgarly—and fishing for salmon is exasperating enough to make a parson swear—what they usually catch is a netful of sweet-damn-all.

If you watched the Handbridge fishermen going about their ancient task—and you can usually get a good view of them four days a week, five months a year, from the bridge below Chester where once lived the Miller of Dee—the probability is that you'd begin to wonder whether they ever catch a salmon at all. Days, even weeks, go by when the nets bring up nothing except the debris deposited by floods and high tides. The pools are as lifeless as a bath tub.



"Have We Touched?" The Netsmen's Most Anxious Moment

The net closes into a narrow hoop. The fishermen watch the corks to see if a salmon is dashing himself against the mesh. The pull is slow, cautious, hopeful.



A Veteran Netsman Draws a Blank

Jack Spencer, descended from generations of netsmen on the Dee, has thrown his net and got nothing. Now it's the next man's turn.



A Valuable Draught of Fish

They don't often come like this. But when they do, all the blank days and weeks are forgotten.

The netsmen toil as uselessly as a small boy dangling a worm in a pail.

Yet, such are the mysterious ways of salmon, so chancy the factors of tide and weather that, after days and nights in which every net draws a blank, not even the most experienced netsman can say whether or no the next draught will touch a fish. And there comes a time, sooner or later, when the call of fresh water urges the salmon to run; when their great hog backs cleave wedged waves in the river; when the pools fill with fish stopping to rest on their long journey from the sea to the breeding grounds up river.

Then the fishermen ring their nets round pink gold. These days, a single salmon fetches several pounds in the wholesale market. A lucky draught brings in the netsman perhaps £50 worth of fish. And, on one memorable occasion last year (when the net, like St. Peter's, burst with the weight of the catch) a Handbridge fisherman took thirty-four salmon in a draught and sold them in the market for £130. It sounds all right. But the lucky days are mortgaged to pay for the blank ones. Even in wartime, salmon-netting is an uncertain way of making a living.

The netting season on the Dee—one of this country's greatest salmon rivers—extends from March 15 to August 31. During that period, the river is closed for netting from midnight Thursday to midnight Sunday (to permit a proportion of the fish to run up river to the spawning beds). The netting grounds are limited to six main stations (of

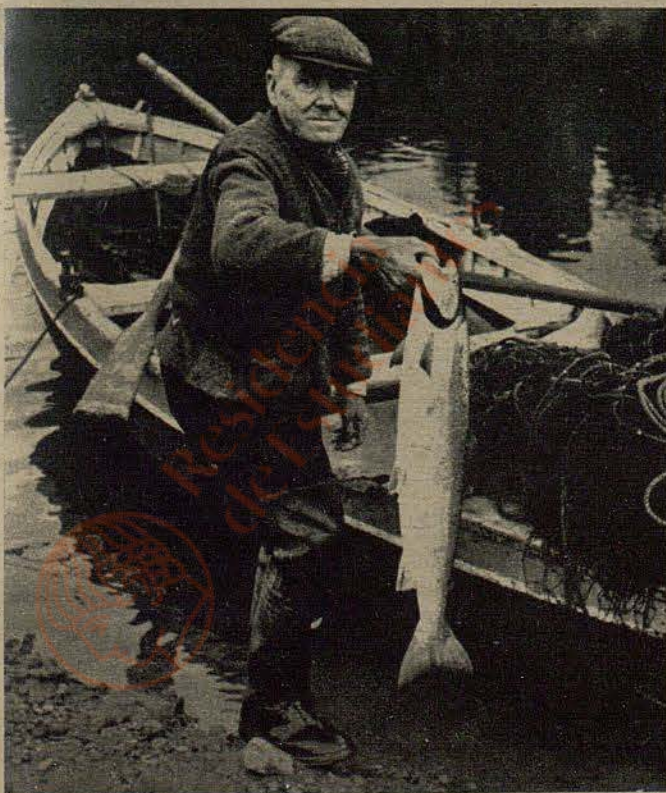


A Scene Repeated for Hundreds of Years

The fishermen—with their wives and families looking on—shoot their nets for salmon in the gravelly pools at Handbridge hard by the city of Chester.

which Handbridge is the most important) at various points in the tidal water of the river. The licences for netting are limited to thirty-nine. The price of a licence (payable to the Dee Fishing Board) is £7 for a draught net. In addition, the netsmen have to equip themselves with row boats and tackle.

One way and another, the salmon fishermen have to put down about £50 before they can begin to fish and, while they're fishing, they have to abide by a set of rules designed to give the salmon a chance to escape.



Jack White gets a Seventeen Pounder

At the fishmonger's, it would cost about £4 10s. Jack White will get £3, but may not catch another for a week.



The Netsmen Wait their Turn to Throw their Nets

One by one they take their turn to draw their draught nets across the river and haul in. Each throw takes about a quarter of an hour to complete. The men fish night and day three days a week. Man on the left is George M. King, manager and superintendent of the Fishery Board.

That, of course, is as it should be. The most important consideration in a salmon river is to keep up the stock of fish. If the fishermen were free to net without restraint, before long there would be no salmon left at all. The restrictions are designed to give the salmon free passage up the river from the sea to the spawning beds three days a week to preserve the breeding stock.

After spawning, the salmon again return to the sea. But, exhausted by the effort of reproduction, they're lean and hungry creatures known as kelts—which are of little value as food. Probably not more than one fish in ten survives the second migration to the ocean bed.

Most of the young salmon, fish about 6 or 7 inches long called smolts, migrate to the sea when a little

over two years old. They return as grilse, two, three or even four years later, weighing anything from a few pounds to thirty or forty pounds of solid flesh and muscle (although comparatively few fish make the maximum weight).

Where the salmon go when they head out to sea, what instinct prompts their movements, is a mystery which is still unsolved. One theory is that they follow the course of rivers overwhelmed by the sea when the world was shaping itself. Another—the more probable explanation—is that salmon are truly sea fish which are slowly evolving into fresh water fish like their smaller relation, the trout. But all that's known definitely is that however long they're at sea, the salmon will almost invariably head back to the river of their birth to spawn.

Continued on page 26



A Man of Fashion Visits a Lady of Honour
 Angelica: "I thought, Sir, you had business to impart."
 Sir Harry: "Business to impart! How nicely she words it!"

A LOVE SCENE OF THE RESTORATION

Alec Clunes as Sir Harry Wildair and Dorothy Primrose as Angelica in Farquhar's Comedy, "The Constant Couple"; first of five plays in the current Arts Theatre Festival of English Comedy



Spurned, He Tries Forceful Persuasion

Sir Harry: "By all the dust of my Ancient Progenitors, I must this night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours."



Believing Her To Be of Easy Virtue

Sir Harry: "O all ye Powers of Love, an Angel! S'Death, what money have I got in my pocket? I can't offer her less than twenty guineas."



He Offers Money for a Private Room

Angelica: "Think what Strict Modesty should bear, then judge of my resentments."
 Sir Harry: "Strict Modesty should bear? Why, Faith, Madam, I believe the strictest modesty may bear fifty guineas, but I don't believe it will bear one farthing more!"

THE current Festival of Comedy at the Arts Theatre Club shows the stage as the mirror of society. Five plays, ranging from the seventeenth to the present century, are shown on successive nights, and each is a comment by an eminent satirist on the society of his time.

The splendour and high imagination of the Elizabethan stage has gone. The theatre is now directly related, not perhaps to everyday life, but to the life of fashion and the Court. The series begins in the late seventeenth century with Farquhar's "The Constant Couple." Sex is the theme, outspoken and bawdy. The plot turns on the mistake of a Court gallant who enters a respectable house under the impression that it is the opposite. Next, we

see Sheridan's comment on society, "The Rivals." It is now 1775, and the lovers have become distant, and wittily verbose. Then come the 1880's, with Pinero's "The Magistrate." We are among the Victorians, who show a capacity to laugh at themselves and their conventions which still surprise many people to-day. "The Watched Pot," by H. H. Munro and Charles Maude, shows us the witty manners so important to the Edwardians. And then we watch "a debate in one sitting," George Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance," which expounds the more recent theme of misguided parents and prodigal children.

The Festival is not a series of "safe" revivals put on to ensure box office returns. Three of the plays are theatrical gambles

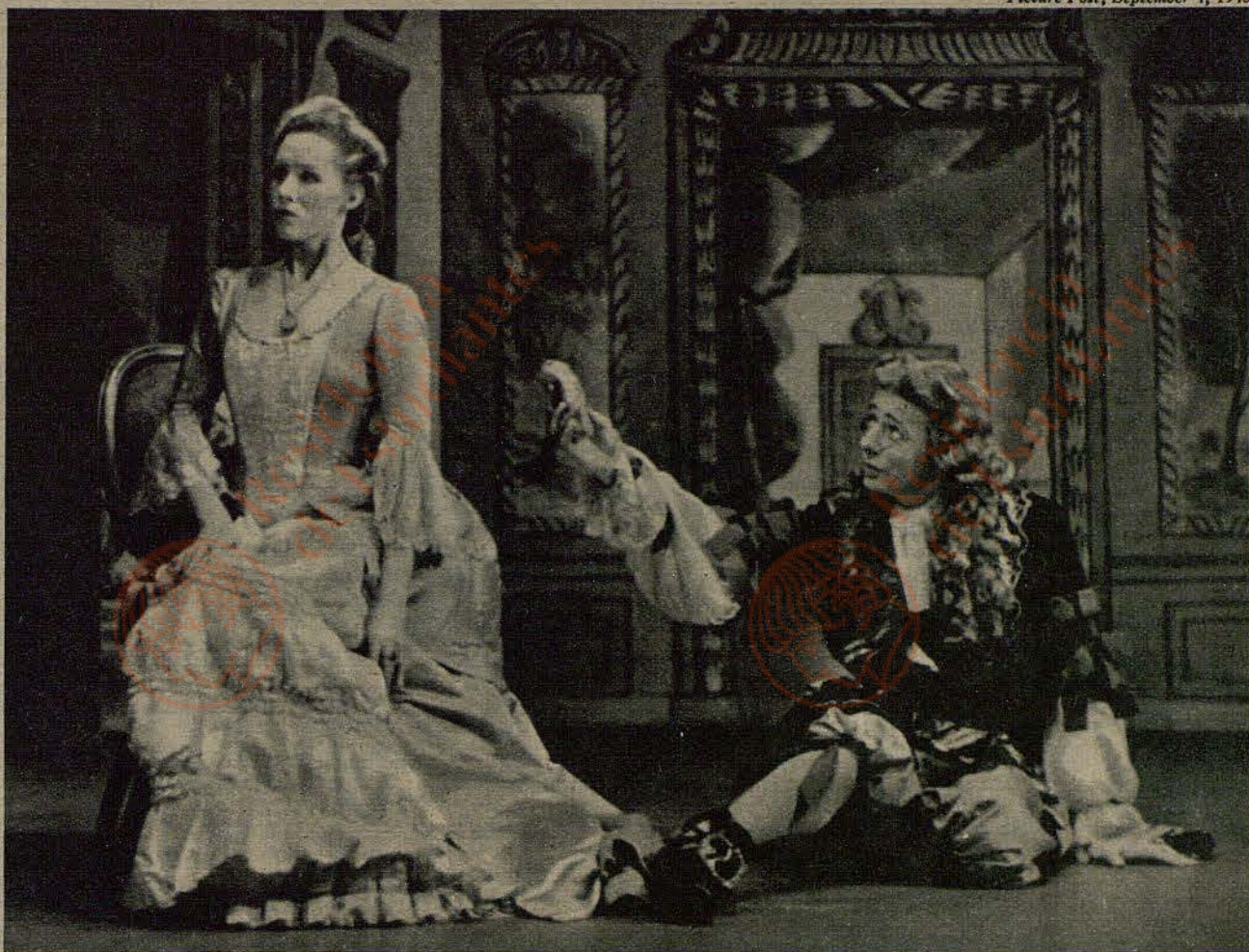
judged by twentieth century London standards. Alec Clunes had two ideas in mind when he chose these plays. He wanted to show the theatre as a social force, in the hope of influencing new writers to work on this theme; and he wanted to start a permanent repertory company at the Arts Club.

The first aim leads to a practical conclusion. New authors, having seen what the centuries have produced, are asked to write a new play on any theme of contemporary significance. The best play submitted to the Arts Theatre Group will be produced this year, and the author guaranteed minimum royalties of £100.

This festival also justifies the second aim. A group of sixteen actors, with no pretensions to being more than good repertory players, prove that the adequate acting of a well-written play can hold a full house. They prove, also, that variety lends freshness to an actor's performance, and that, by taking it in turn to play leading and supporting parts, actors raise the level of the whole production.

The first play of the series, "The Constant Couple," is a real success. Farquhar's comment on Restoration manners is such an accurate distortion that, acted boldly and without embarrassment as it is here, it still rings true.

The leading part of Sir Harry Wildair was first played by Wilkes, and later by Peg Woffington. Now Alec Clunes brings to life that "airy gentleman affecting humorous gaiety and freedom in his behaviour." He is one of the admirers of Lurewell, played by Avice Landone, "a lady of a jilting temper proceeding from a resentment of her wrongs



Sir Harry Wildair, Seventeenth Century Gallant, Pursues his Lady
Sir Harry: "Look ye, Madam, as to that slender particular of your Virtue, we won't quarrel about that. You may be as virtuous as any woman in Town."



★
She Pleads
Angelica: "What Madness, Sir Harry, what Wild Dream of Loose Desire could prompt you to attempt this Baseness?"



Alarmed, She Defends Herself

Angelica: "I conjure you, Sir, by the Sacred Name of Honour; by your Dead Father's name, by the Fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least offence."

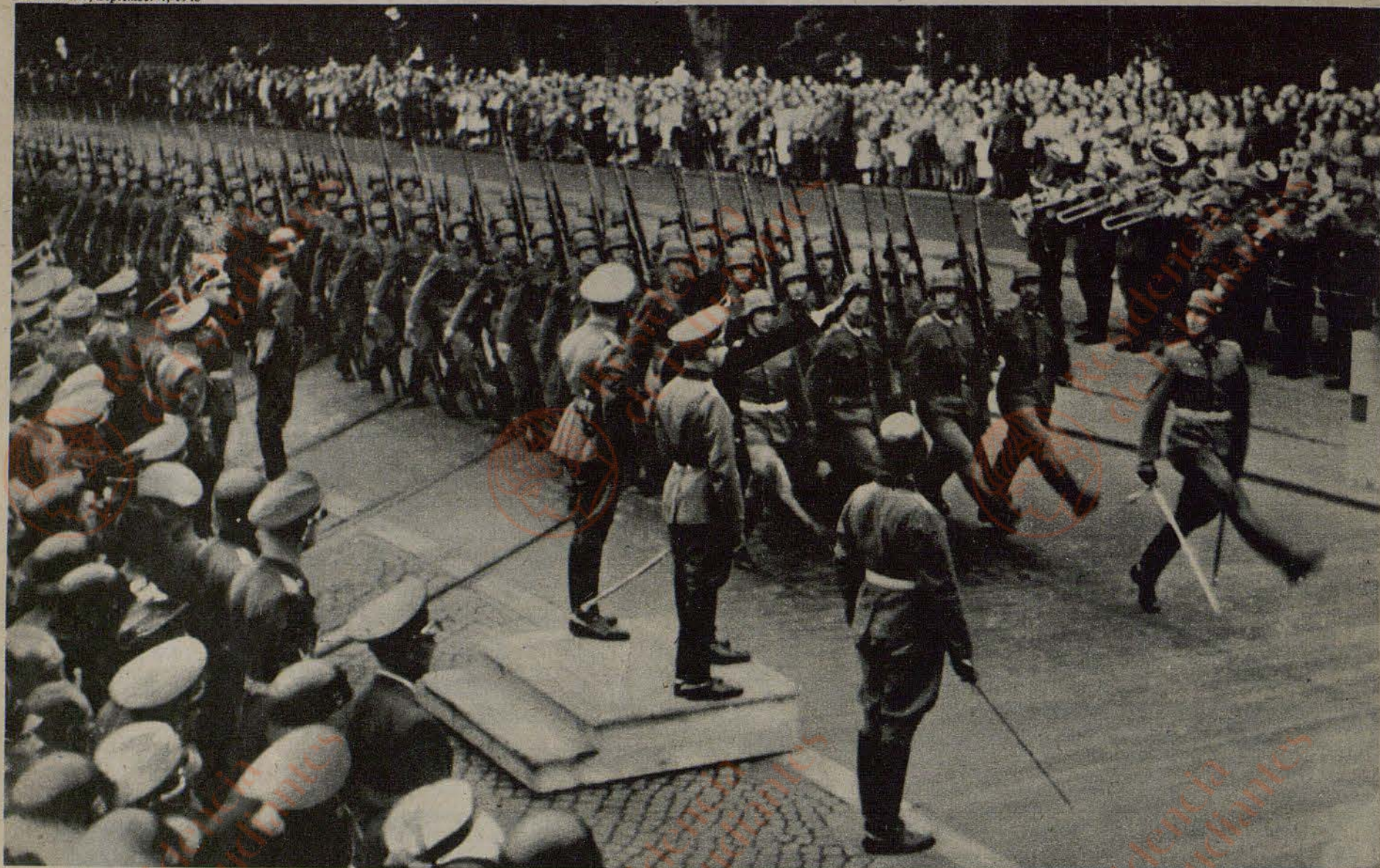
from men." The lady's other followers are Vizard (Robert Marsden), "outwardly pious, otherwise a great debauchée, and villainous," and Standard (Derek Birch), "a disbanded Colonel, brave and generous." The latter proves to be the lady's first-love, whom she long remembers and finally marries, while Sir Harry is fascinated from his quest of Lurewell by Angelica (Dorothy Primrose). She proves to be "a woman of honour" and above accepting money for her favours, and she entices the gallant into matrimony at the final curtain. Comedy is provided by the Brothers Clincher, played by Billy Shine and Peter Jones.

The authors of each of these plays was suspect, in his time, for daring novelty. That they all now provide an accepted yardstick for criticism should hearten those young playwrights of to-day who have the courage to risk embarrassing their audience with ideas which are equally new and untried.

JEANNE HEAL.



Virtue Triumphs: The Gallant Offers Marriage Instead of Money, and is Accepted
The surprising but conventional ending. Alec Clunes as Sir Harry Wildair, with Susan Richards, Derek Birch, Avice Landone, Dorothy Primrose, David Bird, Peter Jones and Billy Shine.



DANZIG: The German Army Sets Out on its March Across Europe

The so-called "Free City." The city where Poland has stood firm for her rights. The city into which the Nazis have poured armed men who goose-step past Gauleiter Förster. Now, on August 31, Hitler declares that Germany "has granted an application from Danzig to rejoin the Reich." It means war.

HOW THE WAR BEGAN

by VERNON BARTLETT, M.P.

The historic days of four years ago. Days that already seem remote and unreal. Days when we were still ignorant of war's meaning. We look back, conscious of the strength we have gathered in these four years.

It began, for me, eleven months before Hitler marched his men into Poland. It began on September 29, 1938, when German newspaper men, who had been glum and frightened a week earlier at Godesberg, because they believed Mr. Chamberlain really meant business, stood on chairs and tables in the Regina Hotel in Munich and shouted out joyful toasts because Chamberlain and Daladier had signed away Czechoslovakia's frontiers and fortifications. Nobody who was in Mr. Chamberlain's room the next morning, when he showed us Hitler's famous pledge that was to bring "peace in our time," could doubt that the Prime Minister genuinely believed that Hitler would maintain peace; nobody who knew Hitler and his hold over Germany could doubt that he intended to make war. I came back to England and sold my home in the country, for I realised that when war came I should not be able to "commute" to it.

Within six months, on March 15, German armies annexed Czechoslovakia. On March 22, German armies annexed Memel from Lithuania. Wishful-thinking was no longer possible, and on March 31 Mr. Chamberlain announced in the House of Commons that the British and French Governments had given guarantees to Poland. The Axis powers were not convinced or cowed. On Good Friday, April 7, Italian armies invaded Albania.

At long last the British Government realised that it must choose between war and slavery. On April 13, Anglo-French guarantees were extended to Rumania and Greece. On April 26, Mr. Chamberlain



The Attack on Westerplatte, Danzig
Oil dumps blaze under the Stuka attacks. But the Polish garrison heroically holds out.

announced that compulsory military training was to be introduced. Parliament gave its approval to this conscription of man-power although there was no state of war. This was a sharp break with precedent, prejudice and tradition, but the very next day Hitler emphasised the need for the measure by denouncing the 1935 Naval Agreement with this country and the 1934 Non-aggression Pact with Poland, and by demanding the return of Danzig to the Reich.

And so it went on throughout the summer. Instead of Lord Halifax, Mr. William Strang went to Moscow. A conscientious and intelligent civil servant instead of the Foreign Secretary. In August, after a leisurely trip by sea instead of a journey by air which might have helped to convey our understanding of the urgency of the crisis, the British Military Mission arrived in Russia. While it was still there, on August 21, the Soviet-German Pact of Non-aggression was announced. Whether less British lethargy at the Munich meeting and after it, or less suspicion and hesitation on the part of the Poles might have prevented that disaster, nobody can tell. You can't write history a second time.

But from the moment that Soviet-German treaty was signed a new European war had become inevitable. Even if the French and British had had men and material to spare in large quantities, they could not possibly transport them to Poland in time, and Hitler now knew that no help would reach the Poles from the Soviet Union. On August 25 the Anglo-Polish alliance was signed in London—a fine and desperate gesture of defiance, but not one



THE DRIVE THROUGH POLAND: The Demolitions

The Poles mine a bridge in an effort to delay the invaders' advance. But they lack adequate weapons to stop the Nazi panzers.



The Countryside is Fired as the Nazis Press On

German advance guards pass through a devastated village. Already their dive-bombers have moved ahead to blaze the conqueror's trail.



The Brave But Hopeless Resistance

Poland has a few armoured cars to throw against the Nazis. But mostly she has to depend on cavalry, whose sacrifice is in vain.

capable of checking a megalomaniac like Hitler egged on by a vain fool like Ribbentrop. The British might sign documents, that ambassador must have explained to his Fuehrer, but that was as near as they would ever come to deeds.

The British Pledge to Poland

Hitler, in fact, had so poor an opinion of us that he still expected us to go back on our word. On August 25 he summoned the British ambassador, Sir Neville Henderson, and handed him a message to bring to London by air. The Cabinet discussed it throughout the Saturday and again on Sunday morning, and sent back a reply to the effect that, though it shared Hitler's alleged desire for an Anglo-German understanding, it would not achieve this at the expense of Poland. The British Government, Mr. Chamberlain told the House on August 29, would stand by its treaty of alliance with the Poles. Mr. Arthur Greenwood, on behalf of the Labour Party, was more specific. President Roosevelt, he pointed out, had made an appeal to Poland and Germany. The Polish response had been "magnificent." There had been no German reply.

"No nation in Europe will make war except one," said Mr. Greenwood, "and therefore there will be no war unless Herr Hitler wills it. If it can in honour be avoided, it must be."

At this time the British public was still strongly optimistic. On August 24 a national newspaper which carried out a straw vote of opinion, discovered that of twenty-five people who were questioned not one believed that the country would be at war within a few days. On the other hand, twenty-one held that if Germany attacked Poland we must stand by our pledge. Even on August 30, the City editors of our newspapers were reporting the prevalence of optimism, although a news item on August 26 had reported that the Nazi journalists stationed in London, had gone home on "advice" from the German Embassy.

In parenthesis, and to provide a comic note, I would add that on August 28, Sir Oswald Mosley was reported as saying: "Let us end the sham of a

British Government trotting like a tame dog at the heel of Poland, ready at the Polish command, to attack anyone who threatened the interests of the financiers who rule their country." Was there ever a stranger travesty of the policy and of the deep personal convictions of Mr. Neville Chamberlain?

We Prepare for Air Attacks

The photographic pages of the time show the damage done by bombs—made not by Germans but by members of the I.R.A. Nevertheless, the thought of air raids was prominent in the minds of men in authority. Twelve thousand gallons of white paint were used in London alone in preparation for the blackout, and there were questions about the rising price of sandbags. Treasures from Westminster Abbey were removed to safety and quite large headlines announced that the Giant Pandas had been evacuated from the Zoo. The Government was reluctant to cause alarm by sending



WARSAW: The Start of the Bombing War Which the Nazis want to Call Off

Some roofs are already holed by machine-gun bullets, but the dive-bombing attacks have only just begun. Soon there will be nothing left but crumbling walls, mounds of debris—and mourning people.



SEPT. 1939 IN BRITAIN: The Last General Cabinet Meetings

The police hold back the crowds as Lord Halifax walks from the Foreign Office to Downing Street. The parleying with Berlin is still going on, but Hitler is determined to have his war.

children to safety zones, but the evacuation began on September 1. In less than four days, nearly a million and a half school children, mothers with infants, expectant mothers and blind people were evacuated, and all over London there were signposts directing traffic to the nine one-way outward-bound routes. In the first two and a half years of war there were to be many grouses—justified grouses—about breakdowns and bureaucrats and bottlenecks, but the success of that migration should be remembered.

Hitler "Prefers War Now"

During those anxious days, we diplomatic correspondents spent our time between the Foreign Office and the tape machines. I would sit down to write my story of the day's events and the chances were that, before I had finished it, some new development reported on the news agency tapes would compel me to tear it up and start again. Optimism, based on the reflection that war nowadays was just too absurd, fought a losing battle against pessimism, based on the recollection of Nazi training for war.

How determined Hitler was to achieve the domination of Europe only became clear later on, when the full documents could be published. Meanwhile, appeals for peace and offers of mediation came from the Pope, the President of the United States, the Queen of the Netherlands, the King of the Belgians (on behalf of Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden and Luxemburg), and from Benito Mussolini. Each of them was treated with contempt. Hitler, despite his assurance to the British ambassador that he wanted "to end his life as an artist and not as a war-monger," was determined to destroy Polish independence, as he had destroyed the independence of Austria and Czechoslovakia. If he could do so without war against Great Britain, so much the better. But if he had to fight Great Britain as well, he was prepared to do so. He was fifty years old, he said to the ambassador on August 23, and "he preferred war now to when he would be fifty-five or sixty."

The British reply which Sir Neville Henderson had taken back to Berlin on August 28 was as persuasive as the Cabinet could make it. The Polish Government



The Last Hours of Hope for Peace

Women pray in Westminster Cathedral. They remember the dead of the last war, believe to the end that some miracle will prevent the Nazis from plunging Europe into another blood-bath.



The Army Goes to France

Trucks are swung ashore at a French port as the British Expeditionary Force lands—the second in twenty-five years.

had already given a definite assurance of its readiness to enter into discussion, and the British Government, for its part, would be glad to reach an agreement with Germany, "but only on the basis of a peaceful and freely negotiated solution of the Polish question." Sir Neville Henderson assured Herr von Ribbentrop that, on such a basis, the Prime Minister could carry Great Britain with him in a policy of friendship with Germany.

Poland Prefers to "Fight and Perish"

That was on August 28. On the evening of the following day came Hitler's answer. It was in pretence an acceptance of the British offer, and in effect a blunt and insulting rejection of it. Yes, said Hitler, he would enter into direct German-Polish negotiations, but a Polish plenipotentiary must arrive in Berlin the very next day. This was not the way to reach a "freely negotiated solution"; indeed, as Sir Neville pointed out, it "sounded like an ultimatum." Not unnaturally, both London and Warsaw said that a Polish delegate armed with full powers to commit his country could not possibly arrive at such short notice. Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, said the Poles "would



THE EVACUATION: Democracy Shows That it Knows How to Organise

Children with their luggage on their backs leave a school in Blackfriars, London. They are bound for a countryside they have never set eyes on before.



Churchill Becomes First Lord of the Admiralty

For months the people have been demanding the inclusion in the Cabinet of Winston Churchill. At last it is announced—on September 3, a few hours after Britain has declared war.

certainly sooner fight and perish" than negotiate on such a basis.

Hitler had agreed to tell the British the terms he hoped the Poles would accept. This is how he carried out his promise. During the evening of August 30, von Ribbentrop summoned Sir Neville Henderson and read out the terms at top speed in German, and refused to give him a written copy. Also, he said that, as no Polish delegate had arrived during the day, "it was now too late." Poland, Germany considered, had rejected the terms. The terms, when they finally became known, were not so desperately unreasonable that they might not have provided a basis of agreement, and the Germans subsequently used them as an argument to prove that they had been moderate in their desires; they omitted to add that they had never been communicated to the Poles for acceptance, rejection or discussion.

The Last Attempt to Save Peace

Even after this piece of chicanery a further attempt was made to maintain peace. At two in the morning the British ambassador, Sir Neville Henderson, woke up the Polish ambassador, M. Lipski, and urged him to get into touch with Ribbentrop at once. Lipski refused, since he had no instructions from Warsaw, but the next day, under pressure from London and Paris, the Polish

Government sent him instructions in this sense. The German State Secretary, however, asked him if he was speaking as ambassador or a plenipotentiary. As ambassador, he replied—the Poles had made it plain that, after the tragic precedent of Dr. Hacha of Czechoslovakia who was bullied into insensibility, they were not going to be placed in the position of accepting terms at the point of the pistol. Whereupon Herr von Ribbentrop found it inconvenient to see M. Lipski until nearly eight in the evening. The Germans then found it advisable to cut off all telephone communication between M. Lipski and his Government, and, early on the following morning, their armies attacked.

It was almost a relief to know that the worst had come. I rang up my secretary to tell her the news. "It's all over," I said, forgetting for a moment that a yet more cruel and anxious phase was beginning. On Sunday morning, September 3, the House of Commons met at noon. I had motored up from a "hush-hush" job in the country, and did not know, as I drove through the streets of London, that this was the capital of a country already at war. As we knelt for prayers in

London's First Air Raid Warning

Crowds in London's parks hear the novel whine of the siren, troop down into the trenches calmly and without panic. Children still linger above ground, while the wardens do their first job.

the House of Commons the sirens were sounding the "All Clear" after the first air-raid warning.

"In this solemn hour," said Mr. Churchill in the debate following Mr. Chamberlain's statement that the war had begun, "it is a consolation to recall and to dwell upon our repeated efforts for peace. All have been ill-starred, but all have been faithful and sincere . . . Outside, the storms of war may blow and the lands may be lashed with the fury of its gales, but in our own hearts this Sunday morning there is peace. Our hands may be active, but our consciences are at rest."



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HOW TO CATCH A SALMON—continued from page 19

When they go to sea, they look not unlike small trout. Their scales are speckled brown in colour and the flesh is white. The sea gives them their black and silver dress and the sea food colours their flesh. And the moment when they return to the river is the moment when—as food—they are in the height of condition. The netmen want to take them when the sea lice are still clinging to their scales. Afterwards, the fish deteriorate. By the time they float downstream again as kelts, they are gaunt thin creatures with muddy backs and undershot hooked jaws.

How the Fishermen Conduct Their Business

The method of netting the fish on Deeside is primitive in its simplicity. A group of men share the rights of fishing each station; the stations being gravelly pools where the fish are accustomed to rest on their journey up-river, and where the bottom is suitable for netting. Each of the netmen has his own boat and tackle and works with an assistant who takes one-third of the profits. The men take it in turns to cast their nets; the man who opens the season being the first man to tie up his boat on the starting mark.

The men settle their own affairs by a code of rules which has been handed down through the same fishing families for hundreds of years. If there's a quarrel, the rule of the majority decides the issue. The order of fishing is so arranged that every man gets an equal chance of a catch. And the word of the oldest netman is generally accepted as the law of the community.

The man who has first turn rows out his boat and lets go his net, yard by yard, just as midnight strikes on Sunday night. His assistant stays ashore to hold the towing rope while the netman spreads the net across the pool and brings it round in a wide arc to a point downstream. Then the two men haul in, moving closer together as they pull until the net closes into a purse. As they pull they watch the corks carefully for a sign of a salmon striking himself against the net. If there's no movement, it doesn't necessarily mean no salmon. Sometimes a fish will lie so quiet that he isn't discovered until the last few yards of the net are dragged ashore.

Night and Day, Four Days a Week

As soon as the first man has completed his draught the next on the rota throws his net over the same water. And so it goes on, night and day, until fishing stops again at midnight on Thursday. Naturally, the man whose turn it is to throw his net first has the best chance of a catch. But it's curious that, when the first man touches fish, it usually means that the others will get fish too. Fresh salmon keep on moving in from the sea and a fish in a deep hole may survive a dozen casts before a net wraps round him.

The salmon fishermen at Handbridge live in a quaint little street—called Greenway Street—which runs down to the river bank. And, as soon as they get a fish, they wash it and carry it home. Their wives wrap the fish up in wet sacking to prevent them losing weight through evaporation. And, in the morning the salmon are carried away to the local fishmongers to be sold. The fishmongers make quite a good thing out of it.

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

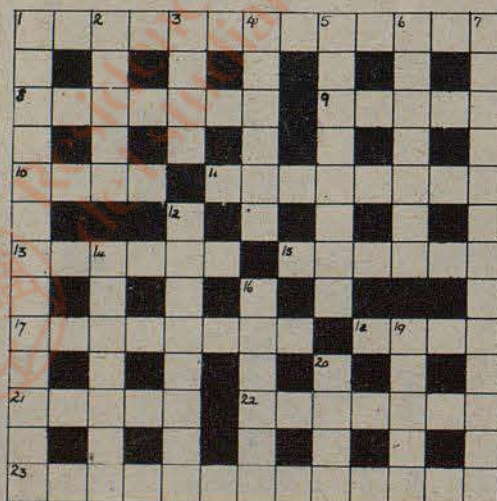
OUR CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A handshake after fighting isn't apparently enough in a children's game. (4, 2, 3 & 4)
- This acquaintance is very slight. (7)
- Where good counsel is everything. (5)
- Reverberated. (4)
- A beast and era might convey one way to get to U.S.A. (8)
- Possibly mild as far from cheerful. (6)
- Plant it in this vegetable if you want swiftness. (6)
- A corpse is burnt on one end of this range. (8)
- The cost of course upsets him. (4)
- Pitiful though its reverse be, you'd this him, if he came too close. (5)
- Most of it isn't genuine, but you can get it at any barber's. (7)
- Teach Chinamen to vary their own particular interest. (3, 4 & 6)

DOWN

- Fellow after one's own heart who watches over the Soviets perhaps. (7 & 6)
- Great battle in the Chinese danger zone. (5)
- Part of the material of a Fairisle jumper. (4)
- Well, not slacks, anyhow. (6)
- "They meet, as the whiting said with its tail in its mouth" (Food.) (8)
- To do so suggests a certain sameness. (7)
- The pick of the mining community might produce this bit of showy work. (7 & 6)
- Tree that twists around the main goal. (8)
- The right weight for conscience money? (7)
- A traveller is not asked to say it, but to show it. (6)
- Bird with something on its head, but, on the other hand, it might be no covering at all. (5)
- Should be fascinating fare for a foal. (4)



SOLUTION TO OUR LAST CROSSWORD

(August 21, 1943)

ACROSS

- Combats. 5. Birds.
- Venus. 9. Rhubarb.
- Repletion. 12. Lie.
- Banish. 14. Slight.
- Dee. 18. Bombastic.
- Ironing. 21. Delia.
- Gasps. 24. Durable.

DOWN

- Cover. 2. Men.
- Abscess. 4. Serbia.
- Bruin. 6. Rear light.
- Subject. 11. Ponderous.
- Bedding. 15. Leander.
- Imaged. 18. Bliss.
- Clare. 22. Lob.



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TREAT AS

TREASURE



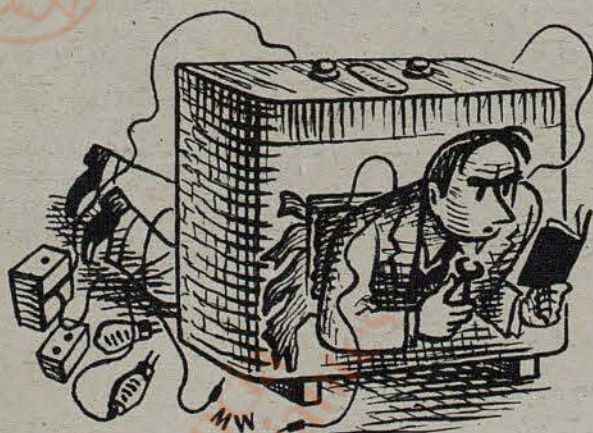
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