

# Sunday Pictorial

November 1  
TWOPENCE  
No. 1,442

GIRLS! HAVE A  
LAUGH WITH US  
It's on Page 12

## 'MONTY' ATTACKS IN EGYPT ONCE MORE

*Last Night's Latest: Back Page*



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

It shows, dimly silhouetted in the swirl of

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

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

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

**Our Campaigns  
Are Winning!**

FIVE MORE WAR WIDOWS  
GET A SQUARE DEAL. PAGE 10



WHEN baby helps himself to 'Vimaltol' he is helping himself in a very real sense. This delicious vitamin food will do much towards building up strength and weight, and reinforcing resistance against colds, coughs and other winter ills. Give your child the benefit of the strengthening and protective properties of 'Vimaltol' this winter. It will prove a great help in maintaining health, vigour and sturdy development. All children love its delightful taste—it is just as nice as the most delicious jam.

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

Build up

Winter Health

with

**VIMALTOL**

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

In two sizes: 2/10 and 5/2

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

Children love the pleasant taste of California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want California Syrup of Figs, which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

**Is your Stomach Wasting Food?**

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

Acidity can be stopped at

once by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They will neutralise the acid at once, stop pain and nausea, and keep the stomach settled and comfortable. Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets now and carry them with you.

**MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS**

Temporary War-Time Pack

7d. and 1/1d. also 2/3d. and 3/1d. (Inc. Post Tax)

Milk of Magnesia is the trademark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

## Why Was He Sacked?

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELLIN,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

NO. WE ARE CONCERNED THAT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yours Sincerely,  
**OWEN BLAKE**,  
Sunday Pictorial "Air Correspondent."

## PIGEONS GO BY PARACHUTE!

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

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

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

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

### Jack Doyle: Drinks Case

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

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

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

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

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

The hearing was adjourned.

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BOY CONDUCTORS

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

### SOLDIERS' FAMILIES HOMELESS

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

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

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

ried quarters of a barracks in the town.

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

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

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

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



### 11 DAYS TO FIND HIS SON

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Should a daughter tell?

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

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

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

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

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

### 'Miniver' Romance

From JOHN WALTERS

**MRS. MINIVER** is to marry her "son." In other words, the British star, Greer Garson, who played Mrs. Miniver in the film, has become engaged to Richard Ney, who played Vin Miniver, RAF pilot.

Richard is 24. Greer is 34 and has been married before. Their romance was described to me tonight by a friend of Greer.

### Her Secret

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

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

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

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

### 80—STARTS WORK

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

# MASSED WOMEN BEAT NAZI SLAVE BID



**He Rammed a U-Boat**

PLoughing through the Mediterranean the British destroyer Wolverine spotted the faint outline of a U-boat. The warship "charged" at full speed, and struck the U-boat so hard that it stuck on the destroyer's bows for thirty yards before dropping off. Then it blew up and vanished. And in that exciting moment, with every man on the destroyer's deck summoned by the crash alarm, how do you think the British sailors expressed their feelings? There was a little polite hand-clapping!

The story was told yesterday by the Wolverine's commander, Lieutenant-Commander P. W. Gretton, O.B.E., D.S.C. This was the third U-boat sunk by Wolverine.

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

## BOY THREW AT BOTTLE—WITH A BOMB!

MR. G. KENNEDY, a warden in Hornsey, N. heard the sound of breaking glass yesterday.

He found a 9-year-old boy taking pot shots at an empty milk bottle—with a Mills bomb. Mr. Kennedy snatched up the bomb.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Banned Zone

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

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

Workers in Norway, too, are growing bolder.

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

(Messages from Reuter and British United Press.)

## 'Misery' Again!

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

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

The stars were performing without fees.

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

Now £425 is being returned to ticket-holders.

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

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

### MOSCOW WEDDING

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

## 3 Sought in Flat Murder

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Don't All Rush

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

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

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

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

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

## MINERS TOLD "HARD TRUTH"

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

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

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

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

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

### Every Effort

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

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

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

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

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

### DANISH KING GRAVE

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



**GANGWAY**

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

## COLDS & 'FLU

Quickly banished by

**Cephos**

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form

1/8 a. 5/- SINGLE DOSE 2d.



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

MARLBECK HOUSE  
GT. GEORGE ST., LEEDS .1

**PHOSFERINE**  
is a tonic in  
the truest  
sense

declares Mrs. E. S.

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

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

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

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

2 Tablets equal 10 drops

**PHOSFERINE**

(Tablets or Liquid)

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression Headache Neuralgia Sciatica  
Indigestion Sleeplessness Anæmia  
Brain Fag Influenza Debility  
Rheumatism Rheumatism  
Neurasthenia

## Sunday Pictorial

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

# A REPORT TO MR. CHURCHILL.



**WENDELL  
WILLKIE  
SAYS:  
"DON'T BE  
FOOLED"**

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

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

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

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

"Where—And How?"

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

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

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

In truth, it was the outward and visible sign of a stirring of the people's thoughts in all free countries. Where?—and How? That is the question now agitating a million minds in America. In Russia. In China. In India. And, no less here at home in Britain itself. America has taken the lead in this self-examination in another and still more striking way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1. **A unified military command.** THIS means, we are told—and we are certain that you, Mr. Churchill, will agree—"three co-ordinate forces on

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

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

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

Y

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

3. **A unified economic command.** YOU will recall, Mr. Prime Minister that in America it is Mr. Nelson

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### "A Purge"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**—SO THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW—**

## EXCLUSIVE: LETTERS FROM AN ENGLISH GIRL PRISONER IN GERMANY!

at nearly the honour of a birth in  
baby girl ginger hair blue eyes  
is to be Frances Winifred  
her husband

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Parties

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

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

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

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

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



# "She was born in our camp"

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

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

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

October 2, 1941: Anna's baby has arrived, and we are all excited in our room today, as proud as peacocks! . . . It is a little girl with lovely fair hair and blue eyes. The name is to be Frances Winifred Joan.

One girl gets very few letters, so I let her read mine, but that is not the same as getting letters of your own.

## Birthdays

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

The Yorkshire pudding powders which sometimes come with the Red Cross parcels also make lovely cakes.

Potatoes have been rather scarce, and my special birthday treat from Lillian was a plate of chips.

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

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

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

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

more Americans have come in . . .

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

## Outings

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

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

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

No more news of my release.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

September 20, 1942: My appeal for release has returned from Berlin—noting doing! . . . On no account may I be set free to go to France or return to Belgium.

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

## The Cooper Kids



Are You Keeping

## HEALTHY HAPPY and FIT

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

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

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

You can, with nightly



Health and appearance count for so much in my stage work. I can always depend upon Bile Beans to keep my figure lovely and slim. My skin, too, is clear and fresh and I feel ever so fit. —Miss J. R. London, W1

I used to feel tired out, imagine all kinds of ills and was worried about increasing weight. Bile Beans made me healthy and cheerful, and my figure normal. —Mrs. G. L. Renfrew

## BILE BEANS

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

### THE NATION'S GREAT NEED NOW:

#### ATS AND WAAF RECRUITS

## Not enough men

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

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

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

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

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

Not enough single women

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

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

The few who are left are being called or re-called for interview and they will be placed in essential industry or the Services. But with all of them placed and with every loophole for slackers closed, still there will not be enough single girls to fill the ranks of the ATS and WAAF. There is no way to fill the ranks unless married women join up. That's why all the women in the country aged 17½ to 43, including Servicemen's wives, are asked to volunteer now unless they are doing essential work.

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

## VITAL TO THE OFFENSIVE

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

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

\*Single girls born between January 1st, 1918, and June 30th, 1922, come under the National Service Act and must go to their Employment Exchange, not to a Recruiting Centre.

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 3011 AK.6  
Please send me full information about the  
 ATS    WAAF    BOTH Tick which you want  
Mrs.  Miss  Address  
Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"  
County \_\_\_\_\_ Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_  
In confidence

**VENO'S**  
LIGHTNING  
**COUGH CURE**  
WILL  
**STOP THAT COUGH**

The Family Remedy for  
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS  
CATARRH, 'FLU, WHEEZING  
CHILDREN'S COUGHS.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Inc. Pur. Tax)

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

Nowhere is a good cook's work so truly appreciated as by the crews of operational aircraft. As the war effort increases, the younger R.A.F. cooks must be released for more active service. Their places must be taken by men (aged over 42) who are civilians at present. If you can cook already, so much the better—if not, the R.A.F. will train you. Pay for a 7-day week and "all found" and allowances. Remember, a good man has an excellent chance of promotion and increased pay. Post the coupon (unsealed envelope 1d. stamp), or go to the R.A.F. Section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange).



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

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

G21/1/11

## VOLUNTEER FOR THE RAF

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

Best Value for Money—  
Best Value for Coupons!  
"Walters"  
**Palm**  
Toffee  
Control Price 5d per gr.  
DELIGHTS—STRENGTHENS—SUSTAINS

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

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

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

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

### MURAC

FLAT FINISH FOR WALLS

### BROLAC

DOUBLE PROTECTION PAINT

with the enamel finish.

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

## PARLOPHONE ★ RECORDS ★

The Parlophone Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Vital Flow

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

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

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

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

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

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

**REX NORTH**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### "Empties"

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

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

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

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

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

He looks like a train—whistles like one still.

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

But not always. Not this time, for instance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Hell-fire

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

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

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

**THE CONVOY  
ROMMEL  
COULDN'T  
STOP**

# HELL-

# Cup Tea!

of tea. **ESPECIALLY CUPS OF TEA.**

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

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

## Revenge

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

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

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

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

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

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

coast road to the front again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

## Tension

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another cup of tea—that little piece of Eng-

## The Amazing Drama Behind the Scenes of Our Attack in Egypt

# COMBINED OPERATIONS



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

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

## BUY SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*

## Save your CASE



## Rheumatism

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

**TO REMOVE PAIN**

## USE THERMOGENE MEDICATED WADDING

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

## OUTDOOR GIRL

LIPSTICK 9D  
REFILLS 9D EACH

Also Powder in non-spill boxes 9d

*THE LIVeliEST LIPSTICK IN TOWn*

SHE'S COUNTING ON YOUR HELP



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

JOIN THE  
RED CROSS  
PENNY-A-WEEK FUND

This appeal to make on behalf of the War Organization of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS



Sir Ronald Ross  
(1857-1932)

Ross's brilliant researches into the cause of malaria led him to the discovery in 1897 that the disease was spread in man by mosquito-bite. This discovery has saved countless human lives and made possible the opening up of vast territories hitherto closed to development.

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

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

Issued by the  
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

GN1544N

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



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

## THEY'VE GLIDED DOWN

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

## THEY'RE IN FROM U.S.

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



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

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

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

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

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



## Can I Call You Mummy?

Doing a spot of mountaineering in our picture is his foster-mother, a Great Dane owned by the Sir R. Fossett circus at Nogthampton.

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

OOH!

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

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

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



## SLAVE—OR STARVE!

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

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



## DUBARRY FACE POWDER

Now Obtainable in Pre-war Quantities

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

The Secret of the perfect "Matt" complexion

Dubarry

GOLDSTONE LABORATORIES, HOVE, SUSSEX



## FUEL FLASH!

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

Use FELTED CANVAS PIPE  
LAGGING AND HAIR FELT SHEETS.

3rd Fuel saved: hot water stays HOT! Wrapping or "lagging" is easily fitted by anyone and lasts for years. Of Immunisers and Builders Merchants.

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



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

## CENSUS OF LAID-UP VEHICLES

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

### If you are the CUSTODIAN of a LAID-UP VEHICLE

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

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

INCLUDED under the Order are: Private Cars, Hackney Vehicles, Goods Vehicles, Motor-drawn Caravans, or other type of Trailers.

NOT INCLUDED are Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Vehicles carrying more than 7 passengers (excluding driver), Goods Vehicles exceeding 2 tons unladen.

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

weight; certain special categories of vehicles specified in the Form.

RETURNS must be made NOT LATER than NOVEMBER 18th, 1942, in respect of vehicles laid up on October 28th, 1942. Or within 21 days in respect of vehicles laid up after October 28th, 1942.

## NEWS OF OUR TWO GREAT CAMPAIGNS

### News for Soldiers

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

that her husband had died from an infected throat.

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

Again we protested.

And so, sometime this week, Mrs. Richmond will be No. 2 of the fortunate five. The third is Mrs. E. B. Parry of Barnfield, Wrexham. Imagine the feelings of this widow with three children. She is notified one day that her husband is dead—killed accidentally in the Middle East.

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

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

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

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

#### Fobbed Off

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Five Words

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

To their credit, the Ministry of Pensions are making a thorough investigation of every case which we put up to them.

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

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

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

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

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

FIVE more war widows will breathe a sigh of relief when they read this, for their immediate money troubles are over.

We don't ask any credit for helping these women whose cases have been investigated again by the Pensions Ministry. We say again that they are only getting their rights.

Mrs. G. Thomas, of Penysant, Tycoes, Ammanford, is one. Her husband was an officer in the Merchant Marine.

During the course of his duty he contracted typhoid fever, but when his widow applied for a Service pension, she was told that his death could not be directly attributed to military service.

We took her case up with the Ministry of Pensions.

Now Mrs. Thomas will be told that under the wider powers of the Merchant Marine Act, 1942, it has been found possible to grant her a full Service pension.

And the case of Mrs. Ethel Richmond, of Pitts-terrace, Cornholme, Todmorden. Her husband was passed A1 when he joined the Army, but one day she was notified that he had died in the Middle East. Only after months did she learn

that he had been killed in an accident.

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Great Work

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

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

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

#### BUT THERE IS STILL A BLACK LIST.

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

"Something may be done in time. We're certainly doing nothing now."

Tynemouth uses analgesic in the hos-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

little doubt that most mothers would willingly pay the 5s.

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

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

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

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

#### Full Backing

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY  
PICTORIAL  
FOR YOUR  
WIFE'S  
SAKE

SUNDAY  
PICTORIAL  
FOR YOUR  
BABY'S  
SAKE



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

- They sneered and ignored him when Ivan Maisky first arrived in London ten years ago. But the Russian Ambassador just smiled.
- Then, 16 months ago, Russia became our ally and Mr. Maisky became everybody's friend. Some people were staggered, but—

## NO WONDER HE SMILES!

had given this piece of Russia to Britain for munitions of war.

Inside, his secretary was dealing with correspondence. There were invitations from Cabinet Ministers, generals and Bishops. One letter was from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. . . . She wanted to meet this odd little man before she returned to America. The world that was London was at his feet.

### Turned Down

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

war machine swept across the Russian frontier.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE NAME WAS IVAN MIKHAILOVICH MAISKY.

—Harry  
Ashbrook

## YOUR RADIO TODAY

### HOME SERVICE

7.0—NEWS. 7.15—Sidney Davey and his Players. 7.40—Piano and Saxophone. 8.0—Organ. 8.30—The Gospel Singers. 8.45—Radio Allotment. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—Service. 10.15—Pachmann (records). 10.30—Music While You Work. 11.0—Music-Lover's Calendar. 11.20—Service in Welsh. 11.50—Jacques String Orchestra. 12.30—Grieg. 12.50—Mostly for Women.

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

6.0—NEWS. 6.30—News in Norwegian. 6.45—A Countryman's Log. 7.0—Symphony Orchestra. 7.45—Workers of the Week. 8.0—Cathedral Evensong. 8.40—Week's Good Cause. 8.45—Salute to Czechoslovakia. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—The Three Temptations. 10.0—Toscanini. 11.0—Epilogue. 11.8—B.B.C. Theatre Orchestra. 11.40—Reginald Foote. 12.0—NEWS.

### FORCES

6.30—Reveille. 7.0—NEWS. 7.15—Arthur Tracy. 7.30—Rhythm on Records. 8.0—Louis Voss and his Orchestra. 8.30—In Town Tonight. 9.0—NEWS. 9.30—Sunday Serenade. 10.15—For Isolated Units. 10.30—For the Indian Forces. 11.0—Irish Half-Hour. 11.30—Workers' Playtime. 12.0—Geraldo. 12.35—Bob Hope Programme.

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

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

## FUEL COMMUNIQUE

No. 10

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

### Front-line COMRADESHIP can do it!

5 MEN in a tank in the Western Desert.

7 GIRLS at an A.A. gun in a Blitz.

5 MEN in a Bomber over Germany at night.

40 MEN in a submarine on submerged patrol.

3,000 MEN in a convoy battling to Murmansk.

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

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

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

2 HOUSEHOLDS sharing a fireside in the Battle for Fuel.

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

### KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power



In VIENNA then...

In ENGLAND now



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

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

### VIENNESE FISH CAKES

Cooking time: 15 minutes. Ingredients: 1 lb. of boiled, mashed potatoes, 1/2 teaspoonful dried egg, 1/2 teaspoonful of anchovy essence, 1 tablespoonful of breadcrumbs, pepper, salt to taste. Quantity: For four people. Method: Mix all the ingredients together and form into little cakes. Fry in a little fat until golden brown on both sides.

**Potatoes**  
are part of the battle

**Germolene**  
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will  
HEAL IT  
- Clean!



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

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

**NOV. 11**  
PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY  
REMEMBRANCE DAY



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

The chances are that when you find him he will also be a tough, fighting man, the sort of man you want to fling your arms around and cry "My Hero!"

You don't believe it? Nor did we. Nor did 19-year-old Veronica Mailey, of Croydon. When we asked for views of women readers on domesticated husbands, Veronica wrote in.

"I don't want a 'cissy' hus-

band, but I won't marry a man who spends his afternoon reading the *Sunday Pictorial* while I do all the work."

"Give me a man who can handle a tea towel and you can stick your he-men on the drawing-room fire."

Veronica, you're **WRONG**: you're burning the wrong guy!

More than 300 other women wrote to tell us that the real man, the masculine man, is always ready to help in the kitchen.

The man who refuses to "demean" himself by housework is usually an effeminate type who thinks that by refusing to do housework he is asserting his masculinity.

That's what the women think, anyway.

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

no girl thinks more of her husband than I do."

The wife of a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards boasts that her husband is as good as any woman in the house, but she says: "Please don't print my name and address or he'd half kill me."

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

#### Aho! There

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

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

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

*I variably when I come home the house is well, not quite as usual. The baby has her nappy on like a sarong and my son, aged 2½, has broken something while helping to wash up. But the household is quite content—even the cat and dog—so why worry?*

Then there was **Mr. Griffiths**, of Cardiff, who offered to make

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### OUR GIRLS



## Famous American Columnist **DIXIE TIGHE** Writes to You



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

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

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

#### About Women...

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

Because I am assigned to cover Mrs. Roosevelt's visit here—just as I was your King and Queen when they visited Canada and the United States—I have been able to see and hear much more than I would have on my own.

Our women are new at the business of war but they have gone at it with a concerted drive. They are more limited than yours—no combat service is open to them—but I have a feeling that when Mrs. Roosevelt tells England's story of women on Ack-Ack and manning fire stirrup-pumps there will be a great cry of "What they can do we can do!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### About Knitting...

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

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

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

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

#### Wash-Out

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

"I do envy women whose husbands help them."

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

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

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

#### Charter

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

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

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

1. Women love their husbands all the more if they are willing to give a hand with the housework.

2. Tough, masculine men are usually the most willing to give that hand.

3. A domesticated husband is a godsend when you are ill.

4. Never let your husband do too much housework and never, NEVER let him boss you about in your own kitchen."

#### TOES-

**NOTHING** is so tiring to the feet as standing for long hours together, as you have to do when you are working at a lathe or waiting in a food queue. But instead of grumbling at them you should take general care of them.

Here are a few hints which will help you to do this:

Before going out in the morning put your feet first in hot and then into cold water for a moment or two and, after drying them, dust them with arrowroot powder. It is cheap and you can still get it.

If, in spite of this, they ache in the evening, it is a good thing to soak them every other day in tepid water to which some rock salt has been added.

If they swell in the evening you should keep them up on a soft pillow whenever

1942

**Always**

#### ON ACTIVE SERVICE

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

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

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

**BRITISH**  
GWR • LMS  
**RAILWAYS**  
LNER • SR

*Carrying the War Load*

# Every Woman in Britain



## STEP FORWARD, MRS. BROWN!

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

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

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

### Protection

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I have deliberately refrained from using the word dependents.

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

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

Careful consideration must be given to those special

problems which the housewife meets in pregnancy and her confinement.

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

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

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

### Exhausted

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

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

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

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

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

Claire Ritchie

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Since 1887  
**HARLENE**  
for  
Hair Hygiene  
—now  
more a  
necessity  
than ever

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

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



### HAIR CLEANLINESS

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

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (H.200)  
58, GOUGH STREET,  
LONDON. W.C.1.

## Penny-Wise Puddings

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



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

### DANISH APPLE PUDDING

Two pounds apples, four saccharin tablets, two teacupfuls breadcrumbs, currants or raisins, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful mixed spice, a little chopped peel (if you've got any), one dessertspoonful of suet or fat, a few drops of almond essence, one egg or one tablespoonful egg powder, pinch of salt.

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

### MOCK CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Less indigestible than the real thing and quite delicious.

Soak overnight four level tablespoonsfuls of rough tapioca in a breakfast cup of milk.

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

Steam in greased basin three hours and serve with custard.

### APPLE AND MARROW PIE

This recipe comes from America.

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

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

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

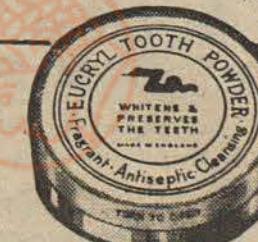


Dear Sirs,

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

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

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



SOLD IN TINS

9d. AND 1/-

## Watch Them!

you get a chance. Even ten minutes will help.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

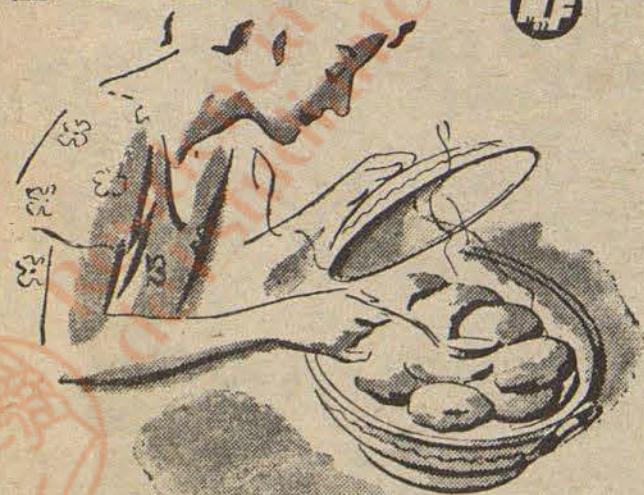
The only safe and satisfactory way to deal with corns is to seek the advice of a chiropodist (who would charge either 5s. or 7s. 6d. a foot), or go to a hospital where they have a chiropodist. IT'S WORTH IT EVERY TIME.

CAKIE PUDDING  
Easy to make and very filling!

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

Rub margarine into flour. Mix in remaining ingredients.

# FOOD FACTS



## How Good a Cook are you?

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

### STORAGE HINTS

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

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

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

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

**LONDON AMUSEMENTS**  
WHITEHALL—Whi. 6692. Cont. 29. A. Eddie's Salute to Beauty. Venus Comes to Town. Gaston and Andree. George Doonan, etc.

WINDMILL, Picc. Cir. REVUEDEVILLE. 11th Year. 158th Edition (3rd Wk.). Continuous daily 12.15-10 p.m. Last performance 8.15. A VIVIAN VAN DAMM PRODUCTION.

EMPIRE, Leic.-sq.—William Powell, Hedy Lamarr in "Crossroads" (A). GAUMONT, Haymt.—Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve." u. 3.30 to 8.30. LEICESTER-SQ. TH.—Whi. 5252/4. ABBOTT & COSTELLO IN "WHO DONE IT?" (U). Today 3.30 & 8.15. Wk. dgs. fr. 12.00.

## UNITY POOL

### WHEN FILLING IN YOUR COUPON

- Fill in your FULL POSTAL ADDRESS at bottom of coupon.
- Take a correct copy of the entry you send in.
- Sign your name in Block Letters on the back of your envelope before posting.
- Post your coupon early. Not later than Thursday if possible.

LITTLEWOODS • VERNONS • COPES • SHERMANS  
SOCAPOLLS • BONDS • JERVIS • SCREEN

GIVE YOUR  
TEETH A  
SHINE WITH  
**Gibbs**  
DENTIFRICE

### IN HANDY BATTLEDRESS REFILLS

7  
D

(Including Purchase Tax) Prices U.K. only

**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 boiling salted water to cover them. Boil them slowly for 20 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.

**FADGE**  
Scrub and boil 2 lb. of potatoes. Drain and dry over a low heat. Mash with a fork while still hot. Allow to cool until your little finger can bear the heat of the potato. Add salt and work in enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead well for about 5 minutes on a floured board. Roll out about 1-in. thick. Cut into wedge-shaped pieces. Cook on hot-plate or in oven until brown. Turn and brown the other side.

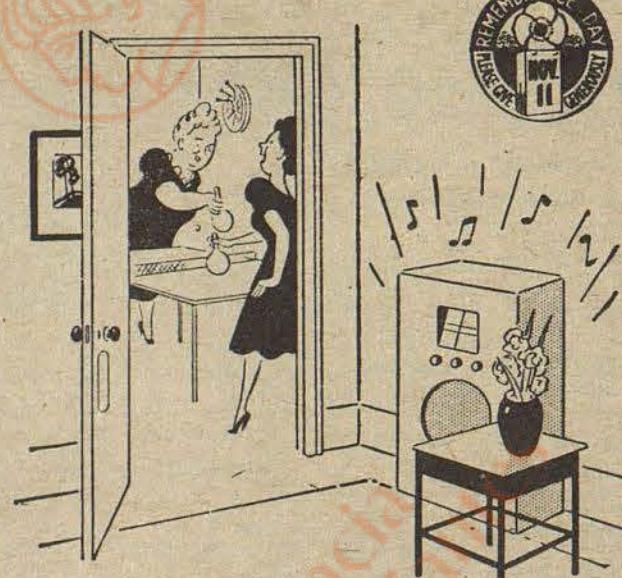
### WINTER SALAD

(A salad a day, keeps illness away.) Mix a teacupful of chopped cooked meat with 4 cooked potatoes sliced thinly and a cupful of raw grated carrots. Line a salad bowl with the finely shredded heart of a small raw cabbage, and pile the meat mixture in the middle. Round the pile arrange piles of chopped celery and shredded raw beetroot.

### SAVE THE COUNTRY'S METAL

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, W.I. OD 234W

## WHY BE A CARELESS LISTENER?



### CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

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



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

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

### Voice of the Services

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CAPT. F. J. BELLINGER, M.P.

## MR. COOPER'S PIECE

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

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

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

### COOKS' CORNER

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

### DEAR SIR,

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

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

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

### HANSARD IS AS HANSARD DOES

Mr. Spottywood (Lib.): Hear, hear.

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

Mr. Spottywood (Lib.): Hear, hear.

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

Mr. Spottywood (Lib.): Hear, hear.

### SAD STORY

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

## MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

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



## Show News by Norah Alexander

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## She's Hooked, Boys!

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

friend to a college rag which he'd arranged.

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

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

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

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

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

### NEW FILMS

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCORE EIGHT.

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



## STILL DIXIE!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## WAR SPORT

### Racing

By STONEHENGEL

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

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

Windsor—2.30. Ursula c (7-2 fav.); 3.0. Historic 15-2. Joint fav.; 3.30. Smithers (23-1); 4.0. Sugar Palm (3-1); 4.30. Colorama (20-1); 5.0. Poise (3-1 fav.).

Pontefract—2.0. Miss Sheila (7-4 fav.); 2.30. Acrey King (6-4 fav.); 3.0. Battle Note g (9-2); 3.30. Golden Boy (10-1); 4.0. Penzance (33-1); 2. Staple Grove (9-1); 3.40. CI CI (20-1); 4.25. Scratch (3-1).

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

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

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

SELECTIONS FOR THE END OF THE SEASON MEETING AT NEWMARKET ARE:—

WILLIAMSON—Tuesday—12.30. School for Botany; 1.0. High Table; 2.30. Veracity; 3.0. Bipolar c.

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WILLIAMSON—Tuesday—12.30. School for Botany; 1.0. High Table; 2.30. Veracity; 3.0. Bipolar c.

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