



MONTY'S NEW DRIVE

Sicily: 110,000 Prisoners

'See
How
Our
Boys
Are
Doing'

GENERAL MONTGOMERY'S EVER-GROWING OFFENSIVE AGAINST CATANIA AND MOUNT ETNA, THE LAST BASTION OF GERMAN DEFENCE IN SICILY, YESTERDAY REACHED A NEW INTENSITY.

The enemy have paid the Eighth Army the compliment of throwing their finest troops, the seasoned veterans of Africa and other campaigns, into the defence of Catania.

Montgomery is subjecting them to a two-pronged assault, supported by a terrific barrage of artillery, bombs and naval shells, but so strong and determined is the defence that this is a war of yards, not miles.

A new threat has appeared on the German

flank. They entrusted the defence of the rest of the island to 300,000 Italians. But the Italians are pulling out as fast as they can run.

Hard on their heels are the Americans. Yesterday they were mopping up the 40,000 Italians trapped in the western tip, occupied Marsala and Trapani, and pushed along the coast half-way to Messina.

Prisoners now total 110,000, with lots more in the bag waiting to be picked out.

Canadians thrusting over the mountains from Enna have now linked up with the Eighth Army.

Cairo radio went so far yesterday as to report that the Axis forces had begun the evacuation of the whole island, retaining the Etna Germans to fight a bitter rearguard action.



Stalin
Does
It!

STALIN announced terrific news in an Order of the Day yesterday.

He declared that the German offensive against the Kursk-Orel bulge was "finally liquidated" on Friday and he added:

"Thus the German plan of a summer offensive must be considered completely frustrated."

This is how Stalin tells the story of the month's fighting:

"From the morning of July 5, German troops, with large forces of tanks and infantry supported by numerous aircraft, passed over to the offensive on these fronts.

"They threw their main forces into the offensive. The German High Command brought into action seventeen tank divisions, three motorised divisions and eighteen infantry divisions.

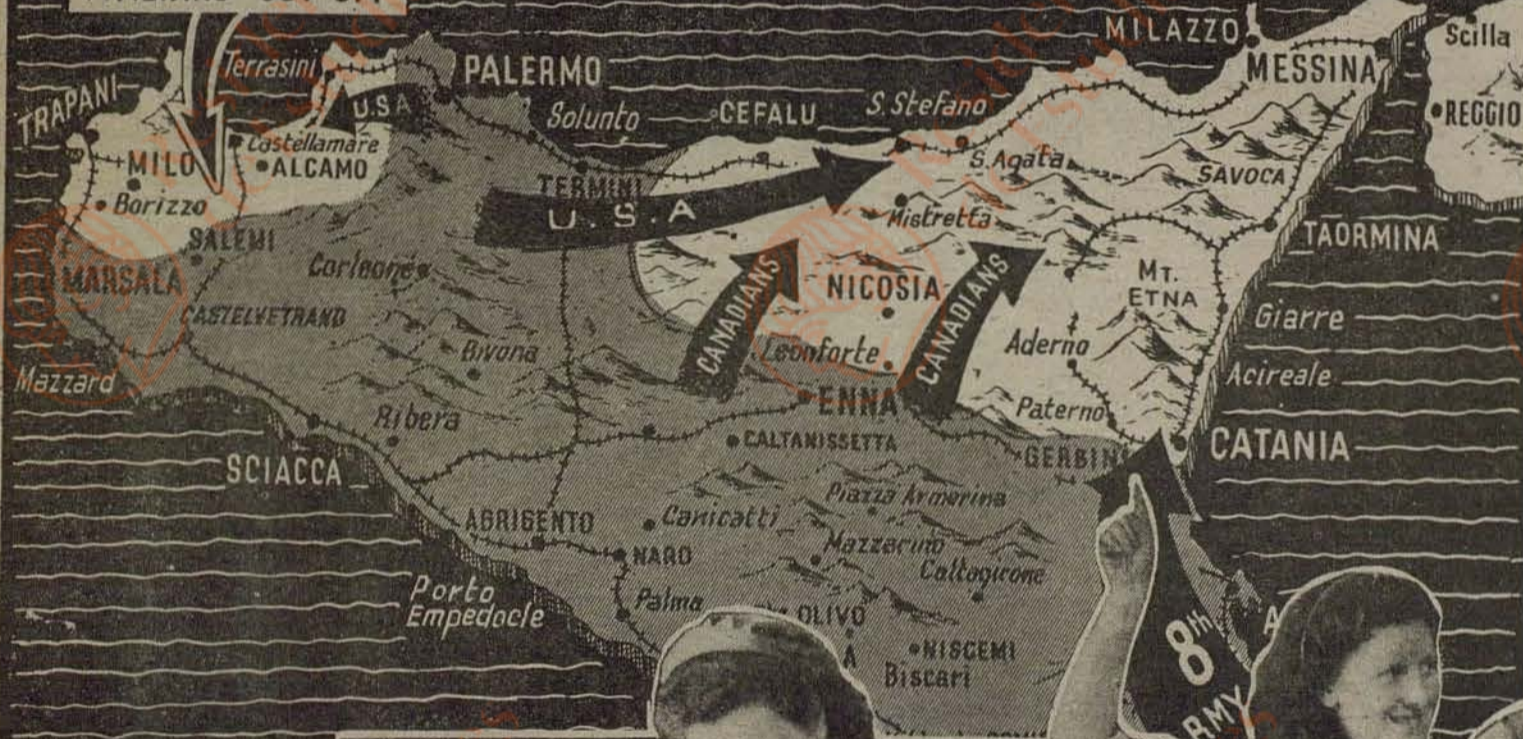
"Having concentrated these forces, the German Command intended, with concentrated blows from north and from the south towards Kursk, to break through our defence, and to encircle and destroy our troops.

"Our troops not only repulsed the German offensive but also inflicted mighty counter-blows.

"From July 5 to last Friday the enemy sustained the following losses: Officers and men killed, 70,000; tanks destroyed and disabled, 2,900; self-propelled guns, 195; field guns, 844; planes, 1,392; lorries, 5,000.

OTHER RUSSIAN NEWS—BACK PAGE.

ITALIANS CUT OFF



"WONDER where Jimmy and the boys are now?" says Ellen Aldritt, as she and her friends at the shell factory listen to the news during the mid-day break. Well, we can show you, Ellen—just where you've put your finger on Sidney Winston's grand map of Sicily. Have another look at the map when you get the news tomorrow, girls. That'll cheer you up!



ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE



Dance frock into DAY DRESS



7 COUPONS SAVED

Turning "party" frocks into practical daytime dresses is one of the neatest tricks of the season at Make-do and Mend classes. You've probably got something of the sort. Why not take it along to a class and turn it into a dress that's really wearable? The little pictures show how one dance frock was altered.

Shirt cut off just below the knees. New hem turned up.



Use cut-off material so—yoke to fit into neckline, lace to outline it. If there is no lace, fagot it into place.



Short sleeves and self-belt made from remaining material.

Don't let SCISSORS FRIGHT put you off

If you would like to do some alterations yourself but are a bit nervous about it, join a Make-do and Mend class. Your local Evening Institute, Technical College or Women's Organisation is probably running a class now. Or ask at the Citizens' Advice Bureau—they'll be able to tell you where and when these classes meet.



There's a lot wrong here. Look at milady carrying a box of Caley Fortune Chocolates. Impossible, of course. Caley's aren't making delicious FORTUNE now—not until after the war. Caley Chocolate however, can still be enjoyed but, for the time being, only as Norwich Plain Blocks. 24d.

And the other errors?—(2) The 9th Army never was in Tunisia of course. (3) Shakespeare did not write a play about Henry VII. (4) And, hasn't something gone wrong with the blackout?

CALEY

Springboks from South Africa
SWEAR
by
KOLYNOS!
of course



The streets of Johannesburg may not be paved with gold, or those of Kimberley with diamonds, but the wealth of the Union in manpower, minerals and food-produce contributes in no small measure to the successful prosecution of the

war. In the development of her resources South Africa employs modern machinery and up-to-date methods. To use a simple analogy, the 'teeth' are there and KOLYNOS, the modern, scientific toothpaste, keeps them 'fighting fit'.

IMPORTANT—USED FURS WANTED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN TO CHEMIST

A RICH RAT IS PUT "INSIDE"



"Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?" Here are Trumpeter Harry James and his bride, Betty Grable, just after their recent wedding.

A HYPOCRITICAL millionaire ex-Lord Mayor of Newcastle—who bluffed honest people by fabulous gifts to charity into thinking he was a "good chap"—got what was coming to him yesterday.

He was R. Stanley Dalglish, 71-year-old shipowner, who was sentenced at the Leeds Assizes yesterday to fifteen months in the second division, fined £2,500 and ordered to pay £1,500 costs.

Sir Arthur M. Sutherland, who was accused with him, was found not guilty of all charges and was discharged.

So ends one of the most amazing court cases for years.

Dalglish made rich gifts to schools, churches and various charities, and took pains to let everybody know about it.

He acted like a bluff and hearty son of the sea, and frequently described himself as a man who "hated humbug."

Dalglish, a strong Church man, ostentatiously attended every Sunday the church he had given to Newcastle after the last war. This gift cost him £90,000, and it brought up his prestige value no end.

Dalglish was for many years president of Newcastle Y.M.C.A. Among other offices he has been chairman of the Tyne Mariners' Benevolent Institute, agent for shipwrecked mariners.

With money stolen from the country, this rat wormed his way into public esteem. He was given high civic honours, and he used them for enriching his own pocket at the expense of the Admiralty.

Corrupt Gifts

With Dalglish and Sir Arthur Sutherland there was also charged Charles James Butt, 55, of Sion Hill-place, Bath.

The three men were accused of conspiring together and with Charles Wintersgill (who was sentenced last August to five years for conspiracy) and other unknown persons, corruptly giving Butt presents as an inducement for showing favour to the Blyth Dry Docks and Shipbuilding Company, Ltd., respecting Admiralty contracts, and of conspiring to defraud the Admiralty.

Sir Arthur Sutherland and Dalglish were also charged with corruptly giving £155 to Butt, and Butt was charged with receiving this money.

Butt was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for accepting bribes. On the other charge he was sentenced to eighteen months, the sentences to run concurrently.

MISSING PRISONER BROTHERS MEET

Three sons of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Long, of Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, missing since Singapore, are prisoners.

A card from Driver James Long says he has met his brothers, Gunner Leonard and Corporal William. Both are well.

Women: Bang the Door!

WOMEN of England: bang the door in the face of any man who knocks at your house and offers you a "bargain" in coupon-free dress material. Then see where the man goes next and tell the police.

This new piece of black-market racketeering is spreading right through the country. It's being run by certain big

warehouse owners in conjunction with outside sharks, so Mr. Evelyn Walkden, M.P. for Doncaster, in the heart of the cloth-making country, says.

He is questioning the President of the Board of Trade about it in the House of Commons.

The racket started in Lancashire, spread to Yorkshire, and has now reached the Home Counties.

Black market men are calling on housewives and selling them artificial silk, prints, cotton-wool goods, and woollen suitings. Most of the stuff is worth only 4s. 6d. a yard, but they get 9s.

HER DIVORCE SAFARI

Doris Duke, world's richest girl, was reported yesterday to be on her way to Reno for divorce, but her trip looked more like a safari.

Goods train wagons arrived at a station near Doris's 3,000-acre estate at Somerville, New Jersey.

Into a huge box car, luxuriously fitted with cushioned stalls, went three saddle horses and her dog. A motor-car was also put on the train—all labelled for Reno. Doris followed in a passenger train.

When James Cromwell, her estranged husband, heard about the trip, he exclaimed: "Gee, that's interesting."

Cromwell and his wife have been separated since 1940, but the reason has never been revealed.

Evidence

In a Surrey town recently a greengrocer—yes, a greengrocer—sold a customer a dress-length for 25s. a yard. The customer took it to his tailor to have it made up. The tailor told him it was Utility cloth and worth 9s. 3d. a yard.

Mr. A. Hall, a Doncaster building contractor and friend of Mr. Walkden, who supplied him with the evidence on which the question is based, told the Sunday Pictorial last night:

"I have evidence of a number of transactions of this sort, and have informed Mr. Walkden."

Ten bob for four clothing coupons.—See page 5.

ACID DROPS —by Stephen



"... And what a game Mussolini is playing in defence! ... Cool, calculating... he's got Montgomery on the run..."



Dalglish... He gave his city a church at a cost of £90,000. People thought a great deal about him... then.

THIS WOMAN WAS STUPID

MISS Edith Frances Watts, of Idlesleigh-road, Redland, Bristol, was said at Bristol Quarter Sessions yesterday to have threatened to set her four St. Bernard dogs at workmen removing her railings for salvage.

She appealed against conviction and a fine of £20 for failing to hand over the railings to the authorities. The appeal was dismissed with costs.

For the council, it was said that Miss Watts had written complaining that "hooligans are being sent to destroy what the thrifty have put together," and saying that she would not surrender the railings.

The railings were cut and left on the wall to be collected later. But they disappeared and were not seen for some time.

Yesterday Miss Watts admitted having hidden them.

The Recorder, Mr. F. P. M. Schiller, K.C., said it was intolerable that people should question the act of the authorities on grounds such as Miss Watts had given.

He's Giving Way

HERE'S some good news for farmers and all British citizens who like fair play.

In future when he throws farmers off their land Mr. Hudson will condescend to tell them why. So far he hasn't even bothered to do that. So agriculture's dictator has at last begun to give way in response to "Sunday Pictorial" demands for a fair deal for farmers—demands which we are glad to see now have the support of the "Daily Express."

But there are still to be no appeals tribunals for evicted men. Which is harsher justice than ever, because if farmers are now to be told why they are being evicted they must surely be given a chance to answer the charges.

If Mr. Hudson were thrown into gaol it would be very nice for him to be told why, but we feel sure he would also want to go before a court to refute the policeman's story.

It is high time that those M.P.s who pride themselves on safeguarding our liberties demanded that the Minister of Agriculture should give the farmers the elementary justice of a court of appeal.

The Big Wop Was so Unhappy!—He Saw Them Coming!



Bale Out of Blazing Plane: Quell 'Revolt'

WHY THEY GAVE IT UP

WHEN the first British soldier set foot on Sicily an Italian railwayman picked up a telephone and flashed this message down the line:

"The British are here . . . Treat them well. They are good to our people."

This is the secret of the amazing success of our landing. For hundreds of Italians lined up and when our troops arrived they were being guarded by Carabinieri—crack Italian soldiers—and were waiting to surrender.

Prisoners captured at Millitello revealed this last night. And at Canicatti, taken by the Americans, the local priest, Father Marradic, confirmed it. He said the people were starving as all their food had been turned over to the Germans who had told them that the Allies were beaten in Africa and that our Fleet had been sunk on the way to Sicily.

"We'd like to tell everyone in Sicily that it's no use fighting you," said the priest. "You can tell your people that we are on your side completely. You won't have much trouble taking Italy. The people are waiting for you to release them from Fascist oppression."

Cave Baby

And now British Army doctors are doing all they can for the Italians. At Avolo, outside Syracuse, a girl went to an Army aid post and said: "There's a baby to be born just around the corner."

That proved to be a five-mile hike up a mountain for the doctor and Private Bill Sheldon of Aberdeen, who went with him. Said Sheldon: "We found a family living in a cave and a baby boy was born soon afterwards. It was the first job we've had like that overseas."

Even so, we are still having to fight Germans pretty hard. At Vizzini we had to drive them from a castle and a British private said that "Quebec had nothing on that job."

He's outa da war now, is the big Wop officer in the picture from Sicily above. Ever see such a picture of dejection! Think he's got any faith in Musso—or in a "greater Italian empire"—now? Does he look as though he had?

AND —top right are more Wops who are outa da war—and glad to be out. They waved anything that looked like a white flag as they held up their hands and did the "Kamerad" act.

TWO flight-sergeants in the RAF, members of a Boston crew, baled out of their burning aircraft over Sicily, and—

Dodged German patrols, captured four Italians, and quelled a "revolution." Then they returned to North Africa, and were ready for their next trip to Italy within twenty-four hours.

While machine-gunning an enemy post west of Mount Etna, their Boston was hit and the starboard engine set on fire. The pilot gave orders to bale out.

The navigator, Flight-Sergeant P. B. Gane, of Chertsey,

Surrey, and the belly gunner, Flight-Sergeant Ralph B. Weller, an architect from Dorking, landed near one another, joined forces, and decided to move off with the first daylight.

The Allied lines were about thirty miles away. They walked through fields and woods, narrowly escaping German patrols searching for them, till evening, when they came to a farm.

They decided to ask for water. The Italian farmer and his family, one of whom could speak English, welcomed them.

Gave In

"While we were talking," said Sergeant Weller, "four Italian soldiers, fully armed, turned up. We thought we were in the cart after all, and explained we were British airmen. They immediately threw up their hands and surrendered."

This surrender was followed by an al fresco picnic off the Italians' rations—with wine.

"Next morning we went to Millitello, which had been taken by the Allies overnight," said Sergeant Gane.

"There was a minor revolution in the town, the local people besieging the public buildings, ransacking the stores and wreck-

ing the town hall. They had obviously just realised that the end of the Fascist regime had come, and were celebrating the Allied victory.

"The Mayor, the local baron, the priest, and other notabilities begged us to stay and restore order. With a few shots into the air and some unintelligible shouts, order was soon restored."

"The Baron and his friends offered us the former quarters of the Italian General who had been stationed there, and treated us to Italian whisky with a toast to Allied victory."

Meanwhile some British troops had arrived and the prisoners, who all this time had been waiting patiently, were handed over.

The two airmen were then flown back to North Africa, arriving in time to celebrate Gane's 21st birthday with the squadron.

2 BOYS DROWN

Two evacuee boys—brothers—were drowned while bathing in a pool at a quarry near Wigan. They were Thomas (12) and Robert Roberts (10), from Bootle, billeted at Warrington-road, Lower Ince, Wigan.

They Lose Rations

YOU wouldn't believe it—but already, before they can be used, thousands of British people have lost their ration books.

There are also about a million ration books in food offices all over the country which haven't been collected—although they come into operation today.

Thousands of Londoners will be without food this week, yet they don't seem worried about it.

In the six boroughs of Islington, Walthamstow, Tottenham, Lambeth, Camberwell, and Bermondsey alone there are still 10,000 new books awaiting their owners.

But those of you who are interested in food will be glad to know:

There are plenty of plums. The new sausage (with slightly more meat) makes its official entry today.

Carrots drop from 34d. to 3d. per lb. on Friday (with another 1d. off on August 13).

NON-STOP

H.M.S. Whaddon, one of the early Hunt class destroyers, has never had a breakdown, and she is preparing to celebrate her 100,000 miles of steaming.

B.B.C.'s Bother

THE B.B.C. is facing a new crisis. A number of sound engineers are reported to have handed in their resignations, to take effect on Wednesday.

Without these engineers the B.B.C. programmes could not continue for long. So naturally the resignations have not been accepted.

Wildier spirits among the engineers yesterday talked of walking out on Wednesday. But they are not likely to carry out their threat.

Dissatisfaction is entirely about salaries. One engineer told the Sunday

Pictorial last night that his salary is £6 15s. 6d. per week.

And he is a Bachelor of Science, a Bachelor of Arts and a Doctor of Physics.



There's another bit of bother, too.

Tommy Trinder, one of radio's most popular comedians, will not be heard on the air again this year. He finished the last of his "Tommy, Ge Your Fun" series of broadcasts on Friday. "I haven't had any real fight with the B.B.C.," he told the Sunday Pictorial last night.

"But I have no dates with them in the next five months, and it may be longer than that before I broadcast again."

Said the B.B.C.: "No, we can't fit Mr. Trinder in for any more broadcasts this year."

WANTS MORE SHOE COUPONS

Parents of two of more schoolchildren find it impossible to keep them properly provided with boots and shoes on the family's coupons, declares Mr. Arthur Duckworth, Conservative M.P. for Shrewsbury.

He is going to ask in Parliament for extra coupons in these cases.

WILL FYFFE IN PLANE BLAZE

Will Fyffe, Scottish comedian, had a narrow escape when flying home after entertaining the 51st Division in North Africa.

Fire broke out in the plane in which he was travelling as it was nearing Scotland, and only strenuous work by the pilot saved the passengers.

The fire was in one of the oil tanks, and after the crew and passengers had done all they could to quell it, the pilot cut out one of the engines and landed safely on one engine.

ESCAPING CLUB?

QUESTION military authorities are asking is this: "Is someone running an escape racket for soldiers who are under escort?"

They're asking it because of an episode outside Waterloo station, London, yesterday—the third of its kind recently. And they're certain the answer is YES.

In yesterday's case Driver Rogers, RASC, had just arrived at Waterloo and was being taken by his escort to an Army tender outside when he suddenly broke away and ran to a private hire car drawn up ahead of the tender, and was quickly driven away.

The military authorities are confident that his escape was carefully pre-arranged.

SPARKING HEALTH
from
HARROGATE
NEWLY CONCENTRATED
Health Salts

Here is an old friend in a new guise—Harrogate Health Salts in concentrated form. Harrogate Sparkling Health Salts will put a sparkle in your eye and give a new zest to life. Sweetened, delicious—lemon flavoured. Get your Harrogate Salts today.

For Heartburn, Bile, Constipation, Headache, Flatulence, Indigestion, Acidity, Stomach Liver, and the Morning After.

9d. 3d. 6d. 1s. 1s. 6d. 2s. 2s. 6d. 3s. 3s. 6d. 4s. 4s. 6d. 5s. 5s. 6d. 6s. 6s. 6d. 7s. 7s. 6d. 8s. 8s. 6d. 9s. 9s. 6d. 10s. 10s. 6d. 11s. 11s. 6d. 12s. 12s. 6d. 13s. 13s. 6d. 14s. 14s. 6d. 15s. 15s. 6d. 16s. 16s. 6d. 17s. 17s. 6d. 18s. 18s. 6d. 19s. 19s. 6d. 20s. 20s. 6d. 21s. 21s. 6d. 22s. 22s. 6d. 23s. 23s. 6d. 24s. 24s. 6d. 25s. 25s. 6d. 26s. 26s. 6d. 27s. 27s. 6d. 28s. 28s. 6d. 29s. 29s. 6d. 30s. 30s. 6d. 31s. 31s. 6d. 32s. 32s. 6d. 33s. 33s. 6d. 34s. 34s. 6d. 35s. 35s. 6d. 36s. 36s. 6d. 37s. 37s. 6d. 38s. 38s. 6d. 39s. 39s. 6d. 40s. 40s. 6d. 41s. 41s. 6d. 42s. 42s. 6d. 43s. 43s. 6d. 44s. 44s. 6d. 45s. 45s. 6d. 46s. 46s. 6d. 47s. 47s. 6d. 48s. 48s. 6d. 49s. 49s. 6d. 50s. 50s. 6d. 51s. 51s. 6d. 52s. 52s. 6d. 53s. 53s. 6d. 54s. 54s. 6d. 55s. 55s. 6d. 56s. 56s. 6d. 57s. 57s. 6d. 58s. 58s. 6d. 59s. 59s. 6d. 60s. 60s. 6d. 61s. 61s. 6d. 62s. 62s. 6d. 63s. 63s. 6d. 64s. 64s. 6d. 65s. 65s. 6d. 66s. 66s. 6d. 67s. 67s. 6d. 68s. 68s. 6d. 69s. 69s. 6d. 70s. 70s. 6d. 71s. 71s. 6d. 72s. 72s. 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Sunday Pictorial

July 25, 1943

OH, NO!

PLUM of the week for sheer audacity goes to Mr. Ernest Bevin, the man who more than any other in Britain comes near to being the dictator of private lives.

In his electric career as Minister of Labour he has ordered the workers, he has persuaded them, and on occasions he has bullied them. With remarkable results. He has got a bigger percentage of men and women into war work than any other nation in the world. All praise to Ernest Bevin.

But when the same Minister of Labour threatens a dose of press-ganging to step up the pace even more, it is high time somebody told him a few historical facts.

Unless, of course, Mr. Bevin knows them already and was merely trying it on the dog when he told the miners that he might have to conscript their sons of sixteen to go down the pits to get coal.

For in case the horrible truth has not yet reached him, we can assure the Minister that he has as much chance of inducing the miners to dig up coal with their teeth. And the people will be behind them.

Not that there can be any objection to boys being asked to assist in the vital task of getting coal if proper precautions for their health and safety are taken. But it is gross impertinence to demand that these boys shall be miners' sons while the stock-broker is allowed to leave his son at Harrow.



IF conscription for the sixteen-year-olds is essential, then it must be conscription for all. And the potential miners must be picked from the whole boy population, not from the youngsters whose ill-fortune it was to be born in the slums of our pit-heads.

Mr. Bevin ought to know that the miners' have produced some of the most gifted young men in the land. Today, many a miner's son is working to

become a doctor, a teacher, or a scientist, while the sons of many a city plutocrat are gifted with nothing but the brawny muscles of good feeding that would equip them excellently for work underground.

Even so, it is possible that many a miner could be induced to take his son down the cage with him. But not on Mr. Bevin's terms.

First, he must induce the Government to concede to the miners a charter that would guarantee their sons a career in the pit, not condemn them to the miserable existence of their fathers who have known nothing but filth, accident and poverty all their lives.

There is still time to get young recruits for coal mining. And if Mr. Bevin is as closely in touch with the workers as he is with the Government, he should know how it can be done.

If his courage fails at the thought of inducing his Cabinet to give the miners the charter they deserve, then he should steer clear of press-gang methods. That will need more courage to put over than all his other compulsion orders put together.



For Their Sake—Act!

● Will your child get the chance of the education he needs under the Government's new plans? Here, one of Oxford's outstanding young men, Mr. Frank Pakenham, a don at Christ Church, expresses his doubts.

THIS WEEK ON THE PLATFORM

THERE is hardly a person in Britain who would deny that the aim of educational reform is to ensure that every one of our children, regardless of race or class, should have equal opportunities of developing his or her talents.

For the nation's sake we have to make sure in the future that the genius of the miner's son is not wasted, and that the limited facilities the country can give for higher education are not thrown away on the stupid child of the upper classes, whose only merit is that he can pay for it.

We have all talked about this, from the Archbishop of Canterbury downwards. Now the Government has issued a plan, in the form of a White Paper, which is supposed to make it all come true.

We are to have the school-leaving age raised to 15 (and later to 16); there are to be nursery schools and secondary schools for all; it will be compulsory for young people up to the age of 18 to put in part-time at school, and all private schools are to be compulsorily inspected.

This has already been hailed, even by "The Times," as a landmark that will solve most of our educational problems. Frankly, I question whether it will do anything of the kind, unless far more imaginative proposals are introduced into the plan.

There are two essentials not conceded by the White Paper, to any really democratic system of education. The first is that at no far-distant date the children of every citizen, irrespective of rank or religion, should at least start at the same kind of school. The second is that there must be an immediate improvement in our elementary education if our youngsters are really to compete on merit for the higher education that is already available.

We must all start at the same kind of school, because only in that way

will personal interest be taken in the elementary schools by people who matter. It is all very well for our political leaders to mouth words about the necessity for better primary schools—smaller classes and more up-to-date buildings. The truth is that not one in ten of their children attend these schools anyway.

If it were the law of the land that children of the Prime Minister and the President of the Board of Education should attend the local elementary school until at least the age of eight there would be a rapid and dramatic improvement in the type of education those schools provided.

Even more important is my second point. Elementary schools must be better, and here the primary need is for smaller classes.

Now let me say a word for our much-maligned public schools.

I write here with some authority, as I am one of the few University people who have taught at an elementary school, at a secondary school, then at a public school, and finally back at my University.

And I am convinced that since the coming of industrialism to Britain, no schools anywhere in the world have made a braver showing than the public schools of this country.

I am, in fact, 100 per cent, against

the public school system, but at least 90 per cent, in favour of public schools.

In spite of their snobbishness they do equip their boys with a sense of responsibility to the community—even though that community has been conceived in the most shockingly narrow terms.

Further, as far as an academic education is important, they do give an exceptionally sound one.

Indeed, if we really mean to make the education of our universities available only to those with the mental ability to benefit from it, I must warn you that this will mean that by far the largest number of places would be won, on open examination, by the boys from the public schools.

It is useless, therefore, to discuss how we can secure "equality of education" until the teaching in our elementary schools to children over eight years of age, is at least as sound as that in the good preparatory schools which pave the way to the public schools.

The mere act of extending secondary school education to all will not necessarily raise the standard of ordinary education. It will not, in itself, make sure that the talented boys and girls are given the special kind of education they need.

It will merely, in a general sense, give the mass of our young citizens a slightly higher education that will include a smattering of a foreign language and science.

WHAT then is really wrong with our elementary educational system?

Largely I believe it is the appalling size of the classes and the fact that the teachers are not, on the whole, recruited from the best-taught strata of our population.

Whereas in the public schools the average number of teachers is roughly one to sixteen pupils, in the secondary schools it is one to twenty-five or thirty pupils, and in the elementary schools one to forty pupils.

YOU WROTE TO US...

Last week's article on this page by Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, M.P., who called for the progressives of all parties to unite, has roused widespread interest. Here is a selection of letters from readers.

MR. SHINWELL has rendered a service to the nation. We Radicals are agreed that if we are to distribute the fruits of victory equitably, then all those who believe in this nation must work together without further delay.

Our task is to raise the standard of health, happiness and education of the common man and woman, and unity is the one way in which it can

be achieved. Should we fail now to come together, there is danger, and imminent danger, that the people will again suffer. There is not a moment to lose.

—Clement Davies, K.C., M.P., The House of Commons.

SURELY Mr. Shinwell is right in urging that the reconstruction of our lives after the war should be tackled with as much speed and realism as the war itself. It would not interfere in the slightest with the war effort.

The one obstacle is the ring of vested interests that are to be seen everywhere, and it seems to me clear that only by standing together in

solid unity can the people, who must break them to win, stand the slightest chance of their own victory.

—S. L. Taylor, 88, Old-road West, Gravesend.

IF by uniting the progressives all Mr. Shinwell means is bringing the Communists into the Labour Party, I am dead against it.

Let us admit the Communists by all means, but we must also get an understanding with Common Wealth, the sensible men in the Liberal Party and the Independent M.P.s in Parliament. Will Mr. Shinwell make a start?

—G. F. Thompson, Woodboro-road, Nottingham.



who are now toiling manfully at their thankless task.

In the meantime, there must be no talk of liquidating our better schools. To do so would simply water down the collective body of what good schools there are, and there would be a general process of levelling down in the whole field of education.

You cannot redistribute educational values like cake, to be taken away from the luxury hotels and passed on to Merthyr Tydfil with a gain to all and a loss to none.

WE shall only get to the heart of the problem when schools of equal calibre are open to the whole population, from the nursery stage onwards.

If that were in practice we should take snobbery away from education in its earliest stages. That is a vital necessity, for we must remember that snobbery is not restricted to our public schools.

When I lived and worked among elementary schoolteachers we had no social intercourse with secondary schoolteachers. In fact, I remember that the secondary schoolteachers were most averse from playing us at Rugby. Because we did not wear gowns!

In the end, the purpose of education is to teach our young people five qualities; to be good; to be intelligent; to be sensitive; to be happy; and to be efficient.

Personally, I place the teaching of religion in the forefront in the list of subjects that must be taught—if we are to achieve this ideal. But I will not attempt here to justify this point of view, nor to explain how an atmosphere should be provided suitable to the varying convictions of different groups of parents.

Instead, I will urge again that the Government's concern for educational progress must produce a plan far more far-reaching in its breadth than the present one. It is not enough to tinker with the system that has failed.

We must survey anew the whole problem; decide exactly what we want to achieve, and if we have to admit that our end cannot be gained in one stride, we must at least start on the right lines.

An Amazing Report to Mr. Dalton

I PAID TEN SHILLINGS FOR THESE!



THEY told me there was a racket in clothing coupons, that "anybody could buy them," but I wondered. . . .

Now I know. I assure you—and the Board of Trade and Scotland Yard—that there is a vast highly-organised ring selling coupons on a wholesale scale.

And I warn the authorities that, if not stopped, these Black Market rats will wreck the whole clothes rationing scheme.

Why? The decent, ordinary people of Britain accepted rationing willingly—to save seamen's lives, to release labour, to bring peace nearer.

But when they read what I have to say, they will be angry. And if the scandal is allowed to continue they will be infuriated.

The people in the ring I have met are obviously not interested whether we win the war or not—so long as they make money. In the back streets and in the bright lights their organisation is busy at work.

I know it—because I have bought Black Market coupons to prove it. Incidentally, I have sent these coupons to the Board of Trade.

IT was a seedy little man in a shiny blue suit who started it all for me. I was eating a snack when he came shuffling over.

"Want some clothes coupons?" he asked.

I was amazed. Friends had told me they had been accosted like this, but it was the first time it had happened to me.

I asked how much they cost. "Let you have them for 3s. 6d. each."

I shook my head. "All right then," the man went on, "they're yours for 2s. 6d. . . . and I can let you have as many as you want."

It was then I told him where he could go. . . .

Afterwards I was sorry I had been so brusque. Here had been a golden opportunity of finding more about this illicit dealing in coupons, and I had let it slip through my fingers. The Octopus of the Black Market had stretched a tentacle towards me and I hadn't grabbed hold.

So I set out to try to track down these Black Marketeers. I knew I wouldn't find the Big Boys at the top. They don't go round with bulging wallets of coupons. Their wallets bulge with the money they get for organising the racket.

But I did find some of the small fry, and I did buy four coupons, for which I paid 10s.

Let me describe my chase. First I tried the small, tawdry cafes in the Marble Arch area. Over innumerable cups of coffee I steered conversation to the



—SAYS JOHN RIDLEY

subject of coupons with anyone who would talk to me.

But there was no response. I drew a complete blank. Maybe they were suspicious because I was a stranger.

Next I went to one of the most expensive cocktail bars in the West End—I would tell you its name, but I'm convinced that the owners are not aware that it is used by Black Market touts.

A girl came over and spoke to me, and I told her I was trying to get hold of a few coupons with which to buy a suit.

"I can help you," she said. I told her I wouldn't take her coupons, it wasn't fair.

No Limit!

"Oh, they're not mine," she assured me. "I've got a friend, Fred, who will be able to sell you as many as you need. I'll take you to see him."

In a little restaurant we met Fred, a rat-faced man who stared fixedly all the time at the top button of my waistcoat.

"He wants some," said my girl friend.

Certainly he could let me have "some." How many did I want. What, only four? Well, that would be 10s., 2s. 6d. each.

Fred took his wallet out and opened it, out of sight on his lap. I peered over. It was crammed with coupons. In my fleeting glimpse I could see at least two or three hundred.

He handed me four, and I handed him a 10s. note.

Just another quiet little transaction on the Black Market. No questions asked. Not even the word "coupons" mentioned. No names given.

I thought of a letter in the office from a mother in Newcastle. She wrote asking us

how she could manage to keep her two sons decently clothed when they grew out of everything within a few months. I wondered what she would have had to say to Fred and his accomplices.

I asked Fred where I could find him if I needed "some more."

"You'll see me around," he replied cryptically. "If you have the money we always have some."

I was interested in that word "we." So on leaving Fred I went to several rather unsavoury dives in search of more evidence.

A CASUAL acquaintance introduced me to an acquaintance of his who "knew somebody." Finally, I tracked down the "somebody," and after a lot of persuasion he began to talk. What he said shocked me as it will shock you.

The whole racket is highly organised, the man said. Headquarters are in Leeds. There they arrange the collection and the distribution of coupons to their agents in each town.

In London there are fifty agents. In a good week each agent sells anything from three to five thousand coupons, and he gets a third of whatever he makes.

If the coupons are sold in bulk, say at a thousand a time, they are much cheaper. Then they are sold at £12 to £15 a thousand. But in small quantities they go at 2s. 6d. a coupon. Principal big buyers, I was

Raff

told, are small tailors and dress shops, who sell suits and clothes to customers who have no coupons, with a few pounds added on.

I asked where they got all the coupons from.

There are three main sources. The first is by wholesale thefts of clothing cards. This is pretty frequent.

The second is by forgery. This was done on a very big scale when coupons were pathetically easy to copy. But it is not so easy now, although there are still quite a number of good imitations being made which pass muster if not examined too carefully.

The new coupons shouldn't be so easy for The Boys. They look extremely difficult to forge.

You remember the court case in Manchester last year when a huge forged coupon ring was unmasked? Quite a lot of the gang were caught then; but there still remained a number to carry on the bad work.

Sinister

And the third source of supply is the poor little woman with a big family, or the elderly couple, who innocently—or perhaps not so innocently—give up coupons to a smooth-talking man in exchange for a few shillings.

This is an especially sinister side of the whole racket that I had not heard about until last night—but trust the Black Marketeers to think of it.

OFFICIALLY, the Board of Trade deny that there is any ring running the Coupon Racket. They say it is only occasional men and women selling a few of their own coupons on the sly to get a pound or two.

That is not true. I have seen enough evidence to realise that the thing is a highly-efficient and well-organised business, working a colossal swindle on you and on the country by debasing the whole rationing system.

If Mr. Dalton and the Board of Trade are not worried about it, I am, and I am asking you, the readers of the *Sunday Pictorial*, to help smash these racketeers.

I ask you to let me know your experiences of the Black Market in coupons, and any evidence that you may have which will enable Scotland Yard to put these criminals where they belong.

I will investigate and give my findings to the Yard. It is up to everyone to help trap these rats.

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Everything possible is being done to ensure fair distribution of these carefully chosen cosmetics and they are ONLY obtainable at stores, chemists and hairdressers. Prices inclusive of the new Purchase Tax are:

6/6 articles now	10/8
4/6 " "	7/4
2/6 " "	4/1
1/6 " "	2/6



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WARTIME GARDENING No. 40

TAKE STOCK of your WINTER VEGETABLES

The position with regard to winter green crops is serious. You can, however, make up for losses if you sow spring cabbage and greens without delay. Sow seed now in a well-prepared seed bed. A few days' delay makes a difference of a few weeks when the plants mature next spring.

Don't sow in that part of the seed bed where spring sowings of cabbages were made this year. The soil may contain cabbage root fly maggots still, or the spores of club root. If possible sow after rain, or if the soil is very dry, water the ground a few hours before sowing.

Sow seed thinly in 1-inch deep drills drawn 6 ins. apart, enough to plant 4 rows of spring cabbages on the ground which will

be left after the onions are harvested. Don't sow too many, but allow a reserve for replacing any losses after planting out in September. It is a good plan to plant out 9 ins. to 1 ft. apart and then cut every alternate plant early for spring greens—so keep this in mind.

The best variety to sow in a small garden or allotment is "Harbinger", which is compact and hearty. Where more space is available, "Evesham Offenham" and "Durham Early" are good.

Give a light dusting of derris or soot and lime or of powdered naphthalene directly the seedlings appear. This is more effective against flea beetle attack than later applications. Continue to dust with derris or soot and lime during growth.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE LEAFLETS

To Ministry of Agriculture, Hotel Lindum, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs. Please send me
Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 8 (Cabbages and Related Crops)
Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 16 (Garden Pests)
Dig for Victory Leaflet No. 19 (How to Sow Seeds)
(Cross out those not required)

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



EVERYONE'S QUESTION ANSWERED BY THE EXPERTS

IS IT POSSIBLE TO WORK OUT EXACTLY HOW THE WAR IS GOING?

Can the world conflict be calculated in figures, stage by stage, so that we can now fairly assess, after our victories in Russia and Sicily, how long it will take before the Axis is beaten?

The "Sunday Pictorial" believes that it can be done with a fair degree of accuracy, and today we present the first balance-sheet of the war, worked out in points for both sides.

Six experts—two each on military, air and naval affairs—have collaborated in assessing the position today on a points basis.

They have given no hard and fast judgment, but they have worked to set principles so as to give a final figure that is free of all "ifs" and "buts" and wishful thinking.

They went to work this way. First they agreed on all events in the war that had an actual bearing on final victory. They ignored diplomatic and psychological triumphs, like the entry of America into the war. In fact, the war in the East is not included either. The experts are dealing solely with Europe.

Only events of strategic—or possible strategic—value were therefore included. And it was decided not to deduct points for failures, but either to ignore them or to add points to the other side.

Then the six experts gave their own points markings for each event, allowing twenty as the maximum for each event. These figures were then collated by the "Sunday Pictorial" and the points given below are always the average of the six opinions.

Their findings are reflected in the graph you see at the top of the opposite page. This shows you how in a nutshell the way the fortunes of the war have swayed.

Now read the report to see how the experts made their calculations—and their conclusions on how long the war will last.

IN the first year of the war the difficulty is to award the Allies many points.

For what happened? Just think back to all those brilliant victories of Hitler's which we now tend to forget because, at long last, we have found it possible to start our attacks.

By October of 1939 Poland was beaten to her knees. Without hesitation, the experts award 13 points to the Axis.

Then there was a lull. You remember, it was nothing whatever like a war. We had expected bitter, bloody fighting, and little happened. There was occasional excitement, like the boarding of the Altmark

by H.M.S. Cossack, to release 300 prisoners from this German hell-ship, but although this sort of thing made big headlines, it is not important in a factual assessment of the war.

After six months of this languishing war a quick, efficient stroke changed the position overnight. In April, 1940, Hitler's dramatic march in Denmark and Norway began.

Let us confess—we can do so now without sounding defeatist—that the planning and execution were perfect. It is necessary to give 15 points for Norway. It has since kept our Navy busy, provided U-boat bases. Denmark, as a useful larder for Germany, deserves 6 points.

In April we landed in Norway. In May out we came again. The incidental details, the anxiety we caused the Germans, the local victories we won—none of these is important. All that is important is that we came out again. Another 5 points to Germany, say the experts.

In the same month of May there came another lightning thrust. Holland, Belgium... Luxembourg. The loss of Belgium was a catastrophe for us. It rates as high as 12 points to the enemy. Holland, which took just five days, merits 5 points. For Luxembourg 1 point is considered sufficient.

Yes, we must remember May, 1940. It also brought the first bombs on Britain, and—Dunkirk.

How many points was the conquest of France worth to Germany? Militarily, psychologically, in fact, any way one looks at it, no less than the maximum of 20 points can be given to Germany.

And what do we get for Dunkirk? Was it a defeat or victory? Well, 20 points have been given to Germany for our utter defeat, but without a Dunkirk, without the remains of a trained army to defend these shores, we should have been in a sorry mess. For this reason our experts suggest 5 points to the Allies for Dunkirk.

On August 16 the first bombs fell on London. It was the start of the monotonous, tiring blitz that not only cost us lives and limbs, but to some extent slowed up industry and transport. Germany earns 6 points for bombing our cities—and 5 for her U-boat successes.

SO IN SEPTEMBER, 1940, AT THE END OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR, WE FIND GERMANY WITH 88 POINTS AND THE ALLIES 5 POINTS.

NOT many of the events that seemed terrific at the time maintain their importance in the light of subsequent events. Others increase in importance. Like the Battle of Britain, for instance.

None of us at that time thought that the Germans were throwing in their full strength. But now it is clear that the

Great Allied victories in Russia and Sicily have caused thousands to say, "The war's nearly over—Germany is all but licked." But in America, Colonel Frank Knox, has just told the people that it is foolish to expect an early end to the war.

Who is right? Here, for the first time, six experts attempt to work out in figures our actual war position in the West. This is a balance-sheet of victory and disaster—a fascinating yet factual assessment of exactly where we now stand against Germany and Italy.

WHEN WILL

2,375 planes we knocked out of the sky in those few short weeks crippled Germany's air force and made this island safe for some time to come.

On that amazing day, September 15, 1940, 185 German planes were shot out of the skies above the cliffs of Dover. Then 133 more planes were knocked down under a week later.

All the experts are agreed that we deserve no fewer than the maximum of 20 points. At the time it is questionable whether we should have awarded ourselves twenty. Now no one has any doubt about it.

Late in October Italy opened war on Greece and took a hiding—3 points for us. Soon after, British troops landed there, but the expedition was a fiasco that earns us nothing in the balance-sheet.

You will not find many naval engagements—victories or defeats—figuring in these calculations. But our experts insist on one exception. As the Italian fleet would not come out to fight, the Fleet Air Arm attacked it in Taranto Harbour on November 11. We halved Italy's battleship strength, put two cruisers out of action, and left others with their sterns under water.

This one venture merits 2 points, because it helped to change the naval balance of power in the Mediterranean in our favour.

From November to the following February we gradually began to take the offensive in Egypt. We started to make the Italians wish they had stayed at home.

Sidi Barrani... Bardia... Tobruk... Benghazi... and 200,000 Italian prisoners. For all this we take 5 points. We would have awarded ourselves more at the time, of course, but five is a reasoned afterthought.

Do you remember the capture of Berbera?—It is the capital of British Somaliland. With this in our possession, the colony was ours again. A useful base and worth 2 points, although the Axis, of course, gain 2 for its capture earlier. Just as the entry into Eritrea was also valued at 2 for us.

Then came the evacuation from Greece—a bitter disappointment for the people here at home. This meant the fall of the Balkans, and though we saved a point by getting out 48,000 of our 60,000 strength there, the Axis must gain 9 points. The experts value the Yugoslav resistance at 2 points for the Allies.

At this time, make a note, raids on Britain were constant and not too healthy for us. Coventry, Liverpool, Southampton, Portsmouth—and the rest.

Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, arrived here on May 10. Some will want to award points for that; our experts do not agree.

Then came Crete. The headlines were big, the suspense in many homes great. But now it is seen to be worth just 3 points to the Germans. A month later, America

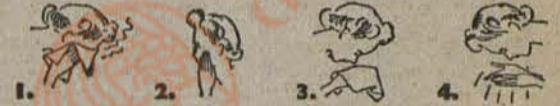
Now Read the Experts'



Keep your
skin lovely the
Film Star way
— save your soap, too

FILM STARS, as you know, keep their complexions clear and lovely with Lux Toilet Soap. You can do the same. And, by using the 2-minute treatment described here, you can save your soap as well.

BETTY GRABLE, popular 20th Century-Fox star, says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin delightfully smooth, soft, and lovely always."



Here's what you do: 1. Steam the face to open the pores. 2. Rub the Lux Toilet Soap tablet a few times between moistened palms, and gently massage the face. 3. Rinse with lukewarm water. 4. Splash with cold water to close the pores. By rubbing the soap on to your hands instead of on to the flannel, you save one-quarter of the amount you normally use!

And, of course, the lather of Lux Toilet Soap is active. That's why it takes only a little to remove every trace of the dirt and dust that clog the pores, causing skin to get dull and ugly. That is why Lux Toilet Soap keeps your complexion so lovely. No wonder it is used by 9 out of 10 film stars. Lux Toilet Soap is 3½d. a tablet (including Purchase Tax) for one coupon.

LUX TOILET SOAP The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars
This is the first week of the Ration Period No. 1.
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How to deal with

SUMMER CATARRH

Summer catarrh, often mistaken for hay fever, can be a sheer misery. It makes you feel dull, headachy, wretched. Yet, there is a sure way of dealing with it. Put five drops of 'Milton' into your Milton Nasal Spray, fill up with tepid water—and then spray your throat and nose. A short period of this regular treatment should end the problem of summer catarrh for you. But what is even more important—'Milton' brings you immediate relief. The thickness and "stiffness" are broken up. "You can breathe again."



MILTON

The Hypochlorite Antiseptic

'Milton' costs 8d. or 1/4d.
The Spray costs 3/6d.

A few Minutes for Relief from PAIN!

There's nothing half-hearted or hesitant about 'ASPRO' action. People are astonished by the swift dispersal of their pain or discomfort. One moment it is there—nagging, distracting, distressing—the next it has gone, and a sensation of freedom and well-being comes as if by magic. That's the experience of millions of 'ASPRO' users. They know that what 'ASPRO' claims to do it does—that it frees them from pain and minor ills and enables them to "get on with the job." They know that 'ASPRO' renders its soothing healing service without harm to heart or stomach—without any doping or distressing after effects. Many send us grateful letters. They want others to know that—

'ASPRO' Action is Swift & Definite

NOTHING BETTER THAN 'ASPRO' FOR SCIATICA

Mr. C. HIGGINS, of Croxley Green, writes:—"I feel I ought to let you know what a great relief I have found by taking your 'ASPRO' tablets. About four years ago I was at home with a bad attack of sciatica with pains in the back. I have since been away from work with the same complaint, but I have found nothing better for quick relief than taking your 'ASPRO' tablets as directed. I also have a friend, he too suffers with my complaint, and I am sure he will share my opinion."

MARVELLOUS FOR HEADACHES

Mrs. JAMES CAMPBELL, of 36 Gt. Western Road, Glasgow, writes:—"Being subject to severe headaches I have used 'ASPRO' tablets for years with marvellous results. I will recommend 'ASPRO' wherever I can."

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1 TAPE 3½ 2 6½ CARTON 13½
5 Tablets 3½ 27 Tablets 13½
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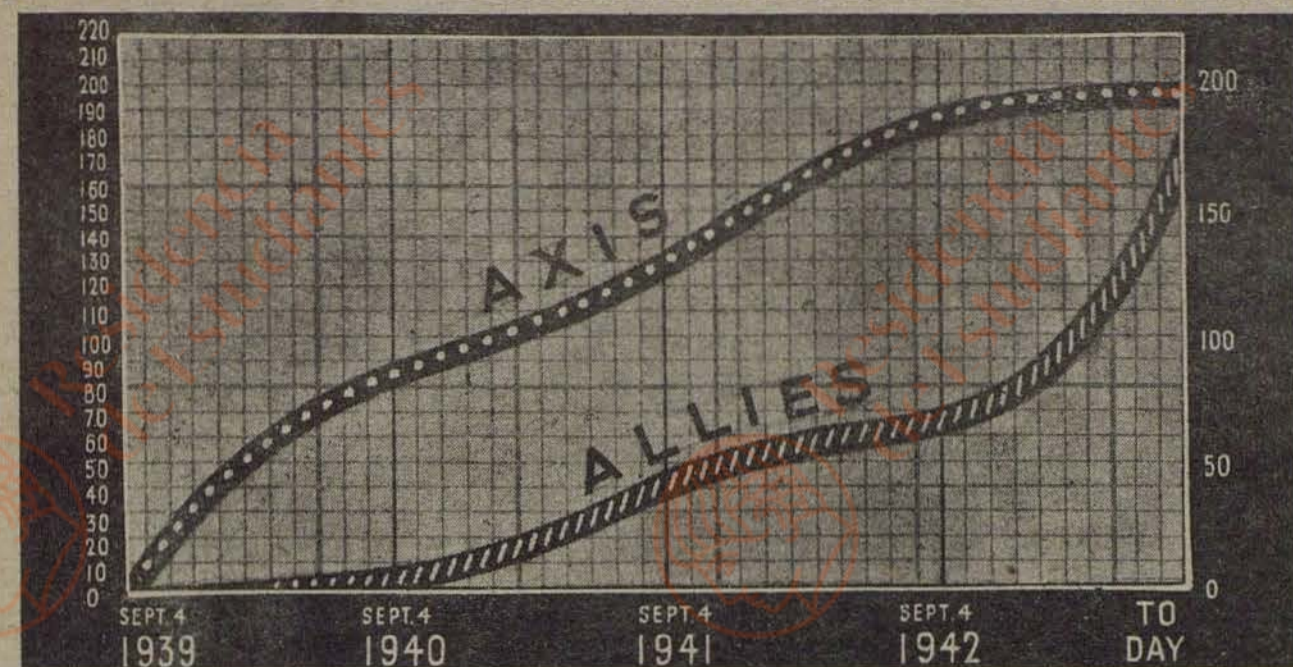


Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

INC. TRADE MARK

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'



THE WAR END?

went into Iceland, and we had an important naval base in northern waters to earn the Allies 1 point.

But in that same month—on June 22—came the dramatic event which changed the whole course of the war. Germany attacked Russia.

At dawn his troops marched. The attack as such gains no points; they are only scored for the victories in battle won later by both sides in this tremendous conflict.

A month later the Russians had withdrawn from Bessarabia.

"The international situation is far more grave than it was a year ago," announced President Roosevelt. How right

he was. Certainly, 10 points go to the Axis for their campaign in Russia so far.

Even worse... the Russians were retreating on the Ukraine front. Heavy rain helped the withdrawal of the Russians across the Dnieper, but whichever way you look at it the achievement of the Germans does not lessen—8 points.

The Syrian campaign—it cost Vichy 8,000 men—is worth 2 points. Don't forget, too, that in August we decided to occupy Iran. In view of the presence of a large number of German "technical experts" here busy with plots against India and the whole Middle East, the occupation is worth 3 points to us.

So ends another year, the second year of the war, ending September, 1941. In this year the German air attacks were still telling, still worth 6 points to them, and a similar number of points have been awarded for the enemy's increasing U-boat power.

THE SCORES FOR THE YEAR ARE: AXIS, 44; ALLIES, 43. THAT MAKES THE TOTALS SO FAR: AXIS, 132; ALLIES, 48.

STILL another 3 points for the Axis when the Russians evacuated Kiev later in September, 1941. Still another 8 for the German drive towards Moscow; 9 more for the occupation of Kharkov.

In the early part of November (Ark Royal sunk) nothing is point-worthy until the Russians, with a smashing recovery, re-took Rostov—6 points for that.

December 25—yes, a nice Christmas present—British troops, after a campaign of only thirty-six days, entered Benghazi. The campaign was worth 4 points.

Later in January, Russia earned a further 4 points for the recapture of Mofalsk. March... April... May. Nothing worth a point to either side; nothing, in fact, until the Eighth Army was driven right back to Alamein with heavy losses. 5 points more against us.

And more against us in Russia; 7 be-

cause the Germans reached the Don... 5 because our Allies were forced to retire in the Donetz area... another 6 for the evacuation of Malkop, oil centre north of the Caucasus... 3 when they crossed the Don. Then they reached the Volga, North of Stalingrad. Another 4.

At this stage of the war we had begun our huge bombing programme, and we were beginning to challenge the Luftwaffe. We earned, as a result, 5 points. However, we lose 8 points because the U-boats were doing their worst damage at this stage.

HERE, THEN, ARE THE TOTALS FOR THE YEAR ENDED SEPTEMBER, 1942: AXIS, 58; ALLIES, 19. AND THE TOTALS SO FAR ARE: AXIS, 190; ALLIES, 67.

THIS last year of the war has brought a big change-over in points.

First, we struck at Alamein on October 24. It was a turning point in the war. Under the light of a full moon, the Eighth Army opened an attack that ended with Rommel being kicked out of North Africa.

This was one of the big moments in history, a story you will tell your children. It merits—this one battle of Alamein—5 points on its own.

For Rommel's complete and utter final rout later the Allies take 20 points, ignoring anything that happened on the way.

In December, the Russians scored a great victory in the Middle Don region. The Soviet armies, who, by all the rules of war, should have been broken and beaten by this time, advanced fifty miles on a front of sixty miles—4 points for this.

They trapped them between the Volga and the Don (5); they raised the siege of Leningrad (5); they earned another 6 by slapping the Germans out of Voronezh and capturing 200,000 prisoners.

Then... Stalingrad. If we have already fought the deciding battle of this war, then Stalingrad was that battle. Since 20 points is the highest mark, the experts cannot give more.

Rostov... Kharkov... these were the tremendous battles that had the world taking off its hat to Russia. Of

course, they took their hats off in Germany, too—at funeral services.

Fifteen points for the two; no fewer.

But the Germans earned 7 when they hit back and skimmed off the fringe of the recaptured territory.

Again the Russians scored when the Germans started their latest offensive in the East. They made slight progress (1 point), but were then flung back—and are still in retreat—to lose 8 points to date. At this point, the experts consider the active, worrying resistance of the Yugoslav guerrillas to be worth a point.

We arrive now to Sicily. A brilliant landing which, at the moment, is going extremely well for us. As this stage it is difficult to award points. The experts hesitated, and finally hit on 11.

Raids? Well, you have seen pictures of the Ruhr. Undoubtedly, so far this year, we have earned 9 points. And, even more encouraging, we have knocked Germany's submarine points down to 1. The sabotage in Europe is also worth no less than 10.

SO FAR THIS YEAR, TOTALS ARE: AXIS, 9, ALLIES, 119.

Grand Totals

Allies 186. Axis 199.

It will be seen that, despite our recent victories, the Allies are still thirteen points behind their enemies in the final count. This is hardly surprising when you recollect the amazing German successes in earlier years.

Victories like these must count, but notice that in recent months the Allies have been overhauling rapidly. Indeed, for the whole of 1943 the experts can only award the Axis nine points.

This is a bigger balance than the Axis achieved even in their first triumphant year when they overran France, Belgium, and most of Europe.

Our latest successes—the invasion of Sicily and the Russians' amazing offensive—can pile on points dramatically.

How much longer, then, will the war last?

THE VERDICT

Though the Allies are still behind on points, they are now clearly on the road to victory, as the graph above shows.

It is not possible on the figures to forecast EXACTLY how much longer the war against Germany will last. But it can be said that the Axis is not likely to crack entirely until the Allies have doubled the number of points the enemy holds.

As our invasion progresses and we add points (along, we hope, with the Russians) the enemy can be expected to strike out and to gather points himself. The Allies must therefore speed up their offensives if they are to double the enemy's score at any given time.

This may take many months, short of devastating victories, and in our opinion the balance-sheet does not suggest that the war can be won within a few months. It is more likely to take two years.

Summing-up

CWS

Stands for FAIR TRADING



Co-operative trading is trading without a profit motive. Whatever surpluses arise are shared among the people who shop at the Co-operative Societies. There are eight million such people in this country alone; more are joining. Quite naturally, for it is a fair system of trading—and the people know it.

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD

As good as ever

STILL PRE-WAR PRICE



A TIP FOR THE FUTURE
Preserve the present plastic cap on your O.K. Sauce bottle. It may be useful if substitute caps become necessary.

Now that fruit is hard to find it's worth while searching for O.K.—the sauce that does you good.

OK SAUCE IS
44% FRUIT



THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

WAR'S IN FRONT, WAR'S BEHIND, BUT AROUND THE CORNER—



No Lease-Lend: So Make Do—And Mend

Here are the girls of the Windmill show—just off Piccadilly, in London, you know. They cannot get coupons or any Lease-Lend. So they get their FUN from their own Make-and-Mend.

Make-and-Mend is a term that comes not from the tailor; it comes from—God bless him!—the good British sailor.

DINGHY TO DONKEY-BY A D.F.M.

Ain't it FUN! Here's Pilot-Officer VERTIGAN, D.F.M., one of the crew of a thousands-of-horse-power Halifax bomber, who, with six colleagues, spent eleven days in a dinghy after plane crash in the Mediterranean. Picture shows him on leave... taking a one-donkey-power trip from Cairo to the Pyramids



There's Always FUN!

EVEN the most enthusiastic soldier cannot always be on parade or in the firing line. Even the busiest factory girl is not always at her lathe.

No, everybody gets an hour or two off. And then there's fun. Grand war news is a filip to harder and harder work, but it also puts more life into that rare day off.

So here the "Sunday Pictorial" brings you a DAY-OFF PAGE OF FUN.

Don't begrudge the boys and girls their fleeting leisure, because they have earned it. And good luck to them all.

ARMY P(L)AY CORPS

Soldier, just look at this! You know those guys in the Royal Army Pay Corps? You thought they spent their spare time working out how much you are in debt. No, this is what they get up to. Sixty of them, including ATS, put on a very fine revue "Walk Up!" You might think the female impersonator here was in the Stay Corps, but you're wrong!



Sorry... this picture's about work. But the work looks such fun that it earns its place here. These ATS girls and their soldier pals turned hay-making into a merry holiday.

And a certain farmer in a northern county was deeply grateful to them. They worked with such a will that they beat the weather. So there's more winter hay for the cows, and that means more winter milk for us all.

OIL'S WELL—

Their day's work done, but they come to play at the Hyde Park Lido. Then a rub with a sunburn lotion guards against blisters and the boys do their best to imitate them. By the way, it's not always easy to get proper sunburn lotion, so here's a tip. A thin coating of any sort of thick oil is better than none. So oil's well that ends well.



FOOD FACTS



Packed Lunches for a whole week

Six suggestions for a packed meal that are tasty, nourishing and full of variety

Are you stumped to know what to put into the packed lunches your family take off to work? It is a problem.

You don't want to give them the same old thing every day—and it's not good for them, either. People do best on variety, and they need a balance of body-building food and energy-giving food, including plenty of protective food, especially greenstuff.

Follow these suggestions. They'll take a load off your mind for a whole week, and they'll make sure the lunches you put up contain proper nourishment.



MONDAY

Sandwiches filled with mixture of cold mashed potato, grated cheese, chutney, and chopped fresh parsley. Lettuce. Jam, turnover.



TUESDAY

Turnover filled with mixture of chopped cooked beans, melted cheese, and chopped parsley; tomato. Raw cabbage salad in a screw-top jar. Chocolate Pin Wheels.



WEDNESDAY

Potato scones filled with scrambled dried eggs, cooked mixed vegetables, and chopped parsley. Watercress. Prune dumplings.



THURSDAY

Rissoles made with cooked meat, cooked beans and mashed potato. Rawspinach and lettuce. Fruit turnovers.



FRIDAY

Soup. Sandwiches filled with scrambled dried eggs, mashed potato and chopped fried bacon. Radishes or tomatoes. Lettuce.



SATURDAY

Turnover filled with sausage meat, cooked dried peas, herbs, parsley, and chopped leek or onion. Raw cabbage salad in a screw-top jar. Oatmeal scones and jam.

You may not be able to get all these things where you live, but they are available now in most places. Recipes for any of the above may be had from the Ministry of Food, Portman Square, London, W.1.

RATION BOOKS. There is no general re-registration, but you will be able to change a retailer after August 8th by applying to the Food Office between August 8th and August 28th. You cannot change your milk retailer.

THIS IS WEEK 1—THE FIRST WEEK OF RATION PERIOD No. 1 (July 25th to August 21st)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD. FOOD FACTS No. 160

BACKACHE

Rheumatic twinges, Urinary disorders, Aching muscles
MAY WARN YOU OF SLUGGISH KIDNEYS

IT IS UP TO YOU to keep yourself fit! You can help to do so by taking Doan's Backache Kidney Pills immediately you notice sharp or nagging pains in the small of the back, or if you are distressed by rheumatic twinges, urinary and bladder troubles, gravel, disturbed rest or aching muscles and joints.

These torments are often caused by excess uric acid and other impurities in the blood, which should have been filtered away by the action of the kidneys. Doan's Pills bring relief in such cases by stimulating the sluggish kidneys; they help to flush out the millions of tiny tubes which comprise nature's filters and so enable them to function properly.

Many thousands of grateful people thank Doan's Pills for freedom from backache, turnbago, rheumatic complaints, urinary and bladder disorders.

1/5, 3/5 (Inc. tax). Ask your chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills



FILL THESE EMPTY PLATES!



THE girls you see in the picture are lucky. They work in one of the Government's ordnance factories, and there the authorities see to it that they get at least one square meal a day, properly cooked, in the works' canteen.

That's because the canteen is run by the factory itself. But other war workers in scores of other factories have to put up with badly cooked food—and very little profit—in canteens run by outside firms who make a profit out of it. I told you that I was going to investigate these canteen swindles and I have been given plenty of information to work on.

I find that many canteen contractors are doing a good job but that, as usual, there are plenty of black sheep whose aim is to get rich-quick at the workers' expense. So they serve bad food, half-empty plates with bad service in dirty conditions.

I am told by the National Society of Caterers that they will be glad to look into complaints against any of their members. But I am not sure that they can help. Some of the worst culprits are not in the Society—one firm in particular, who seem to be responsible for more than half of the bad canteens.

Sybil Dobinson Exposes the Scandal of Factory Canteen Meals

The accusations come from shop stewards, works' conveners, and canteen committees, representing thousands of their fellow-workers.

They complain of sour food, bad cooking, insufficient food, especially for night workers. They complain of understaffed canteens, underpaid and overworked canteen staff, dirt and unhygienic kitchens. They complain of stewed tea, cold tea, bicarbonate of soda tea, undrinkable tea.

And to round this off, they complain that they are tired of complaining. Neither the caterers nor the factory managements will listen.

sire, too, when something called "cottage pie" was bad enough to take to the factory doctor and the food inspector.

The food inspector stated that the food was sour, but owing to the "uncertain mixture" it was hard to say what was the exact cause.

Nothing has happened except that the management carefully pigeon-holes the complaints of the workers' canteen committee and the caterers remain safely entrenched making profits.

Now understand this. Caterers are appointed solely by factory managements, who supply free premises, and in return they sometimes take a cut of the profits. How much the cut is they of course keep secret.

At one aircraft factory the secretary of the workers' canteen committee told me the details of their grim wrestling match.

The workers had made frequent protests. No improvements took place.

The workers formed a canteen committee. The management took three months to recognise it.

A ballot taken by 2,000 men and women workers showed 1,900 in favour of chucking out the caterers. They wanted to run their own canteen. And a very natural de-

At another factory the workers, day after day for six months, tried to force down their throats a dish called "shepherd's pie." It was nineteen-twentieths potatoes sloppy with water and blue with age. They complained about the shepherd's pie and about a lot of other things, too.

But the caterers shrugged their shoulders and talked about lack of equipment.

Now, six minutes away, a factory under the same management was providing delectable meals at the same prices. The canteen was run by the workers themselves.

It was only sense for the workers to leave the caterers to their mushy potatoes and eat at the non-profit making canteen.

But the caterers, beginning to lose their profits, complained to the management, who promptly forbade the workers to enter the other canteen.

Back they went to their shepherd's pie. But they couldn't swallow it any longer.

They started a boycott—and asked for my assistance.

I went back to London to have a word with the director of the catering firm concerned. What I told him shook him up. Soon there was a joint meeting of caterers, management and workers.

The management pleaded for the caterers. "Just one more chance," they asked.

The caterers promised improvements, and they have been given three months to prove whether they can provide them. The proof of this pudding is going to be in the eating.

HOWEVER, a boycott is an unsatisfactory way of getting more to eat, the chief objection being that for the moment you get nothing at all to eat!

That's why many of you have asked me to help. Already both the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Food have received from me the facts of each complaint.

Both are indignant, and anxious to help. To make sure, I extracted a promise from both that they would investigate EVERY complaint I forward to them.

I am satisfied the investigations will prove the need for improvements. And on your behalf, ladies and gentlemen of the factories, I demand that the improvements must be on a far-reaching scale—and prompt.

I recommend that in every proved case the Ministry of Labour shall intervene and order the catering firm to be sacked at once.

Then the canteen must be handed over, either to the workers to run for themselves on a non-profit basis, or to a catering firm that has shown evidence of its worth and has proved that it does not desire to sacrifice the workers' well-being to its shareholders' balance sheet.

That's Mr. Bevin's job. Lord Woolton also has big powers in this matter, too. Let him use them.

POPEYE!



When packing clothes away guard against

MOTH
with

ERA Moth
300 times stronger than Moth balls.

Destroys moth and grub. Kills all insect pests. 4 for 1/- or 3d each from Haberdashers, Chemists, Stores, or send 1/- P.O. for 4 to Patentees—
KAY BROTHERS Ltd.,
Kayborough, Stockport.

One man's devotion meant the difference between life and death, death for him, life for hundreds. He was an army doctor, a specialist, a Brigadier in rank, but, in the memories of men uncounted, he will live as a saint, writes Richard Busvine

THEY told this man that he must stop. They told him that he would be dead in a year if he didn't. He shrugged, walked away, and went on even harder at his job—the job of saving lives.

This week I stood in the grounds of the big general hospital at Tel el Kebir in front of a tiny chapel that has just been completed.

"In loving memory of Colonel W. J. Eastwood, Consultant Surgeon of the Middle East, who died in this hospital on May 1, 1943, aged forty," I read.

Just a simple dedication. But behind it is a story of courage and sacrifice. There is no heroism or glamour in his story; no thrills of a battle won or lost. Coldly, calculatingly, "Jimmy" Eastwood numbered the days he could live against the lives he could save.

But let me tell you about it from the beginning, because I want you to understand the full measure of his sacrifice, so that you can realise that it isn't only the men who storm beaches or shoot German planes, out of the air who deserve to pass into pages of history.

Indeed, the story of this modern St. Francis is one of the most moving that I have heard in all my wanderings among men of valour during this war.

EASTWOOD was no ordinary, rank-and-file doctor. Dying meant more to him than just the loss of his life. You see, although we, as ordinary men in the street, didn't hear much about him, he was rapidly reaching the topmost ranks of European orthopaedic surgeons. If he had lived a little longer his name would have been world-famous as a doctor. Now he is famous—as a MAN.

The Miner's Friend

The man they knew in Liverpool, for instance. During the blitz his work was superhuman. Liverpool will remember it. Quietly, confidently he operated while the bombs were coming thick and fast.

And the man Wigan miners worshipped. He could command expensive fees, but had very little time for his private practice. Seven days a week, for long hours, he operated on miners and their families.

That is why these same miners, many of whom might have been dead without

Jimmy's skill, are planning to erect a stained glass window in the local church. He is a saint to them.

One day in Liverpool he made the decision that cost him his life.

"I am fed up with this," he said. "I am going out to help the boys."

They made him Chief Consulting Surgeon to the Eighth Army. . . . He operated under fire and bombs in forward areas. . . . He travelled thousands of miles organising the right surgeons for the right places. . . . More fire, more bombs. . . . Still he kept on his feet, kept operating and saving lives.

Then one day he felt ill. "I am only tired," he thought. But he called in to see a colleague doctor.

"Pack in right this minute," he was told. "A complete rest for three years, and you might be able to work again some time at half strength. Work now, and you will be dead within a year."

His friend walked to the door with him. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going to get on with the job, of course," replied Surgeon Eastwood, and strode away.

YES, he got on with the job. More than that, he worked

twice as hard as before. He felt he had to. Time was short, and every hour brought the day nearer when he would be helpless, when some soldier, somewhere, would have to do without him. When some wife, somewhere, would never see her husband again.

From Beirut to Tunis, he was a familiar figure wherever orthopaedic work was to be done. And soldiers weren't just numbers to him. Whenever he returned to a hospital he knew his patients by name, and never forgot a detail of their injuries.

He kept on working, seldom stopped. The friend who had told him he was going to die was worried.

"Rest. Please rest just for a little while," he pleaded.

"Sorry," said Surgeon Eastwood, "it can't be done."

He was supposed to make monthly trips to every centre in Palestine and Syria as well as west of Suez. Eastwood cut down this flying tour to ten days. He consulted and operated day and night.

They used to talk about him in the wards, about this lean, tall fellow who looked nothing like a doctor. He was almost "one of the boys" to them. He was always so cheerful. They watched the door for his visits just because of this.

"Here he comes." . . . You

could hear them saying it from bed to bed. "Good old Easty. . . . Wish I could always look as chirpy as he does."

None of them knew, realised for a second, that behind this constant smile was a man who, with every step he took, was walking nearer to the grave. He made himself smile because his patients had to be kept cheerful to stand a chance of life. He had no chance. . . .

His doctor colleagues weren't so easily fooled. They noticed he was tired when he came back from one of these trips, but said nothing. When a man is as ill as he looked, you don't say anything.

Eastwood knew that the end was near. More furiously he threw himself into his work, operating with a skill, precision and endurance that seemed superhuman.

Then one day he was about to operate on a young boy who was very frightened.

"You are a very lucky boy," the Matron told him. "You have got the greatest surgeon in the Middle East."

"Excuse Me . . ."

The operation was performed. It was brilliantly successful.

"Do you think I might be allowed to thank the surgeon?" the soldier asked afterwards. "I have so much to thank him for."

"I am sorry," said the Matron, "he is dead."

AND how did Surgeon Eastwood die? He died the way he had lived, quietly, without fuss.

That young, frightened lad was his seventeenth operation of the day. He was jaded, and, for no apparent reason, thought he would like a game of tennis.

After he had been playing for about ten minutes, Colonel Eastwood said to his partner: "Excuse me, old chap, I think I will just lie down for a moment."

Two minutes later he was dead.

He never even had time to learn that four days before his death he was gazetted Brigadier.

Brigadier W. J. Eastwood. . . . Remember that name, because it will march on in triumph wherever stories of gallantry and sacrifice are told.



SACRIFICE

HE'S A CARELESS LISTENER!



CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

You can't possibly appreciate your radio if you're reading a book. We have all been asked by the Government to save electricity, so if you are not really listening to a programme . . . SWITCH OFF!

Valves, too, are scarce, and even the best wear out ultimately. You may then find it very difficult to replace them. So don't be a careless listener . . . give your valves a rest when you can.

There are many thousands

of fortunate owners of Mullard Sets and Valves who have proved the lasting value of their choice; they have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free, true-tone listening. That is why, when Victory is won and supplies are once more available, they will still choose . . . MULLARD

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DIPHTHERIA



IS DEADLY-

Protect your Child. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre. Treatment is free.

IMMUNISATION IS THE SAFEGUARD

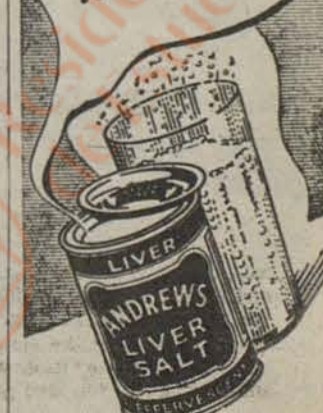
FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA
Even the best-cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may have ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION
It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW, ready for the Winter.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D7/1s

Excuse me—
INNER CLEANLINESS
with **ANDREWS**
is the first
Health rule



For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews
Family size tin 2/-; 1oz. purchase tax.

(32-1)

I'M MAKING A GLASSHOUSE DOSSIER

THE Prime Minister has acted speedily and effectively in the matter of the inquiry into conditions of military prisons and detention barracks. He has appointed a Court of Inquiry which inspires confidence.

In answer to a question of mine as to whether serving men who have experience of the inside of a detention barracks will be permitted to give evidence to the Court of Inquiry and given suitable protection, he stated that "it would be intolerable if any witnesses giving evidence should be victimised."

Now I hope it will be possible for the Judge and his two colleagues to visit some of these places and interview the men concerned. I hope that some of those who have written to me about conditions in these barracks will now offer to give evidence.

I have raised the subject of the "glasshouse" several times in the "Sunday Pictorial" and as a result I have received a large number of serious complaints, most of which seem to be thoroughly justified.

I am now going through these letters and am compiling what will be a remarkable dossier. I hope to lay it before the Court.

SIR JOHN ANDERSON, who is a member of the War Cabinet, has had a shock. So had I when I heard him say in the House of Commons:

"I confess that I did not know, until I came to look into this matter, that the rates of pension under the existing Warrant are, in certain respects, less favourable than the rates in the last war. It came just as a little bit of a shock."

Where has he been living all this time?

For months past the Press (to say nothing about myself) has been telling the world that this war's rates of pension must be brought up to the last war's standard.

For months past Parliament has been telling the Government the same thing. And yet not one whisper has reached him.

Really, Sir John! You amaze me.

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

VOICE
OF THE
SERVICES

THERE IS JOY IN NURSING

Train to be a Nurse. Make this your war work. Then, in the days of peace, if you've qualified as a State Registered Nurse, you will have built for yourself a happy, worth while career. The work is interesting and varied. It offers splendid opportunities. Fill in and post the Coupon NOW for further information.

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WIDE RANGE OF SPECIALIST SUBJECTS
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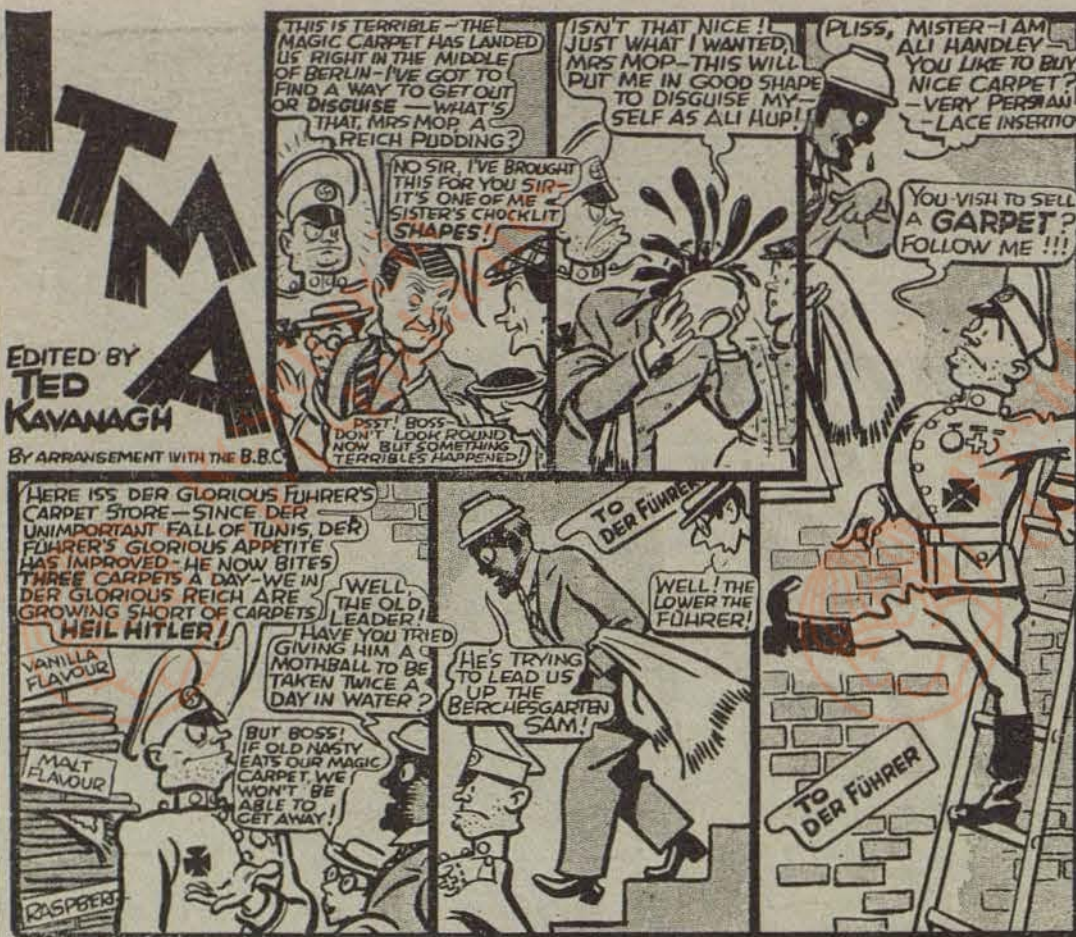
TO: THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE
(Dept. N.R.), 24 KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.
Please send illustrated literature on Nursing as a war-time job and as a career. Also details of TRAINING, PAY, etc. (USE BLOCK LETTERS)

Name and Address (Including Town) _____
State age, if under 18, County S.P.12

HERE
THERE
&
EVERYWHERE



HARTLEY'S
JAMS & MARMALADE
Made the 'REAL JAM' way



Here we go!

Yes, we feared that magic carpet would get our crazy cartoon boys into trouble. But we never thought they would get to Hitler's hideout! It just shows you never know what Arthur Ferrier and St. John Cooper will get up to.

• Your dog's a bit of a problem in wartime? Yes, so are most. The "Sunday Pictorial" Vet. here gives some sound advice.

YOU CAN STILL KEEP HIM FIT

IF your little doggy pal could talk, he would probably lead a deputation to Westminster to demand a Lord Woolton to look after the proverbial dog's dinner.

Instead, you dog owners have to do all the worrying yourselves, and from your letters it seems that most of you are making a very good job of feeding your pets.

But it does seem that many of the doggy ailments you write to me about could so easily be avoided (and that is a lot more simple than curing them) by a better understanding of what a dog needs and by the better use of the small variety of foods we can now get for our pets.

Take the case of Spot, a lovable little terrier I have known from a puppy. His master brought him to my surgery last week. Spot was suffering from hysteria. He had been skulking in corners showing signs of terror, whining and even snarling at his boss.

"What are you feeding him on?" I asked.

"Dog biscuits, odd scraps from the kitchen, and gravy," was the answer.

"What about meat?"

"Oh, no meat," said Spot's master. "I've heard that it's bad for him."

There was the trouble. Hysteria is very common in dogs which are fed on biscuits and no meat. The ideal diet for a terrier is half a pound of meat a day, and about the same weight of other foods combined, such as biscuits, dog meal, scraps and greens.

Now, About Meat

THE meat, of course, will have to be horseflesh, sold as "unfit for human consumption," which is as good for a dog as any other sort of meat, or one of the branded meat preparations sold in tins or jars.

But unfortunately neither is always easy to get.

What's the alternative to a proper ration of meat? Well, there just isn't a good one.

You must do your level best to get meat—knowing that when you can't get it your dog cannot be at his fittest.

When there is horseflesh in the shop buy two days' supply at a time (take it in turns with your friends to do the queuing). Then you can



give raw meat one day and cook the other half for the following day. Never give your dog frozen meat or hot meat.

"Just how much meat should a dog have if I can get it?" is a question you readers are always asking. Here's a simple guide: Toy breeds, 4oz. a day; Terrier types, 8oz.; Alredales and Spaniels, 1lb.; Alsations and larger dogs, 1½lb. or more.

In wartime you could cut these rations to half on alternate weeks.

Two feeds a day are sufficient for any adult dog—AND DON'T GIVE SCRAPS IN BETWEEN. They should be one large meal and one snack meal, spaced during the day to suit your own convenience. Give the larger meal after the dog has had his run.

It is a good idea, by the way, to let your dog go without food one day in every fortnight. He will be better for it, and will feel more ready for his meals.

Any stale crusts which are unfit for human consumption should be put into the oven after you've turned off the gas. You'll find your puppy will love to chew one after each meal.

Feed your dog regularly, feed him wisely, and you will find that even without a ration book he will keep fit and lively.

★ THE VET is just one of the experts in the "Sunday Pictorial" Helping Hand Bureau. It is headed by JOHN NOBLE, who will help you with your personal worries. Write to the experts, c/o "Sunday Pictorial," Fetter-lane, London, E.C.4.



The woman with an ACHING BACK

needs Phensic

If you suffer from lumbago, backache, nerve pains of any kind—then try Phensic! It is a grand tonic pain-relieving tablet, safe for young and old, and recommended by doctors to relieve all kinds of pain. 1/4 & 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

Phensic
The greatest comfort to any one in pain..

HERE ARE TRAGIC STORIES. BUT DR. THOMAS ARKWRIGHT BRINGS THEM TO YOU IN THE FORM OF A—

Gossip About Babies

COME along then ladies, draw your chairs a little closer and let's have a good gossip around the subject that has touched all your hearts. I mean babies, of course.

When I wrote my article last week I am afraid I was a little rash.

You have absolutely overwhelmed me. I knew from my own experience that there really are large numbers of women to whom motherhood is denied by nature, but I had absolutely no idea that the problem is so appalling.

Letters have come to me in hundreds, many of them quite heart-rending. And nine out of every ten implore me to help them so that they can give their husbands a child.

"I Am 27..."

Most of them have had an examination of some sort, but it seems to have been a very superficial affair, and at the end of it they have been told that all is well and "there is no reason at all" why they should not conceive.

Now this is just nonsense. Any medical man worth his salt knows that you cannot decide whether a woman can become a mother by a five-minute examination. To be quite sure, the woman needs to be examined by a gynecologist under an anæsthetic. And even then a test should

Thousands of women are longing to bear a baby just like this handsome little chap. But they cannot. That is the sorrow of their lives.

be carried out on the husband to make sure that he is fertile.

HOW I do wish I could help. I even wish I knew how to reply to Mrs. D. T., for example. She writes:

"I, too, am one of those unhappy women who very badly want a family but are denied one. Three years ago I was very ill with an acute burst appendix followed by serious peritonitis. Perhaps it was due to the skill of the surgeon—perhaps it was due to my faith in God—at any rate, after months of waiting, test showed that the tubes were perfect... but all to no avail."

"I have been married six years, doctor, and am 27 years of age, extremely happy in my married life, as I think I have married the most perfect English gentleman, who would also love a family. Doctor, please tell me, is there anything else I can do?"

"My doctor once told me that operations had been performed where the seeds were taken away and fertilised and placed in the womb afterwards. I am terribly anxious on this subject, and if at a future date I find my wish is not granted, then we will adopt two little babies."

That is just one of hundreds. Imagine it! Hundreds of 'happily married women whose

lives are blighted because nature has ordained that they shall not reproduce a little one. They are women of all classes and all ages. There was a girl of 22, married only seven months, who says she "adores babies" and is now getting anxious (quite unnecessarily, of course).

AND so they go on. The girl in Cornwall who went to her doctor for help and was told he was "much too busy doing important things" to worry about why she could not have a baby.

The Waaf on a balloon site who has had a miscarriage and who is desperately anxious to have a baby before her husband, an airman, is posted abroad, but who cannot get a transfer to lighter work to make it possible, because the stupid women in charge of her can't be bothered.

But I doubt if I shall even have time to answer all your letters (though I will try) even if I could tell you what to do.

But in any case, ladies, do believe me when I say that without a proper examination no doctor can help you. Instead, let me give you a few facts about this appalling scourge we doctors call sterility.

In the first place, let me impress upon you that both husband and wife must be healthy if conception is to take place. Further, if a woman has been treated to make conception possible, it is more than ever necessary that her husband should be virile.

In other words, if the wife

is doubtful about herself and goes to see a doctor—which is the first step—her husband must go too.

Now although it is possible to cure nearly 50 per cent. of the cases of sterility in women, there is, I am afraid, little hope of helping a sterile man. If your husband has a bad report, therefore, I am afraid you must pretty well give up hope, although rest and special treatment may sometimes do the trick.

NOW let us assume that neither of the couple is very virile (and this is usually the case). After treatment of the wife that only the expert can give following an examination, the couple should then realise that the chances of conception are always the greatest between eight and ten days after the monthly period.

Last Resource

There is then nothing else to be done, though certain drugs and gland extracts may help further to increase the chances of conception and if they are ordered by the doctor, they should always be taken strictly in accordance with his instructions.

Even so, supposing all this fails. There is then only one other desperate remedy—artificial insemination. This means transferring the male cells from the husband to the wife. Regretfully let me add that this is a delicate operation that few surgeons in this country will attempt, although it is done fairly extensively in America.

Indeed, I am told that there have been 10,000 babies conceived from male germs taken from men who were not the husbands of the mothers. Simply because their husbands were sterile.

Not many women in this country will take kindly to this idea, I am sure. And in any case I do not know a single hospital in this country that now has the time or facilities to undertake an operation of this kind.

It would mean becoming a paying patient of a first-class gynecologist and the fees of a nursing-home besides.

WELL, our gossip has not ended by my giving you unfortunate women very much real help.

If you fear you are sterile, there is only one thing to do. Go to your local hospital and ask if you can consult the visiting gynecologist. But be prepared to take your husband with you.

One last word: Even at forty-seven years of age—the age of one woman who wrote to me—it is not absolutely hopeless. But do please make up your mind to go in for a family before you are thirty-five. After then I am afraid your case begins to become difficult.

But... good luck to you all.



HE DOESN'T COUNT THE EXTRA RISKS



WILL YOU GIVE AN EXTRA PENNY EACH WEEK TO THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND?

As the fight grows fiercer, so will the calls on the humane services of the Red Cross and St. John increase. That is why you are urged to give that extra penny a week. You have done well. Will you do this little more? Give an extra penny every week to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.



* A quarter of every Penny-a-Week contribution goes to Help Russia

Red Cross & St. John Fund, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



Children have a special claim to Horlicks — please leave it for them

ONE REASON why Horlicks is scarce is that it is included in emergency rations supplied to sailors and airmen, who may have to live many days without normal supplies of food.

Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions. Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

INDIGESTION

You suffer pain and distress after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your system is upset in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and correct indigestion at once. Your food is digested right away and you feel no troublesome after-effects. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try this quick relief today!

'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS



'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

MR. COOPER'S PIECE

A SMALL milkmaid we know has for some time been trying to milk a cow so that the cream is at the bottom of the bottles.

She has tried turning the cow on its back and milking it upside down, but finds that the cow is apt to fall asleep in this position. Next week she is going to try milking while standing on her head to see if that does it.

She says she wants to get the cream at the bottom because if the bottles are too well filled there isn't room at the top.

FAIRY FOOD FLASH

We heard with raised eyebrows a voice speaking out of our radio under the heading "Kitchen Front" yesterday morning.

It said: "Little green walnuts are so busy being full of vitamin C that it's a wonder they have time to be walnuts."

We just went on lying in bed with a dazed look in our eye for hours after that. We thought of twenty million housewives brought up short right in the middle of making the bully-beef sandwiches for the old man's dinner break to wonder how unrationed offal managed to take time off from being unrationed so as to be offal.

How we asked ourselves, can a tin of spam find time to get so full of spam?

But we didn't get a reasonable answer. We're going to tip-toe downstairs when we recover and see if there are fairies at the bottom of our bread-bin.

TORY SALE

The sale of Conservatives mentioned in Parliament last week brings up the question of what one should pay for a Tory M.P.

We consider 7s. 6d. a pair to be a fair price, and perhaps slightly less for bulk. In many places a large M.P. complete with top hat and free railway voucher can be purchased for as little as 6s.

MIN OF WHIMSEY

"Unborn children to be issued with ration cards." Heading in Daily Paper.

The little pink babies who were waiting to be born were queuing up at the stork-stop on a fleecy pink cloud; each clutched in its little roseleaf hand a teeny-teeny pink ration book.

"Hey, you!" said the first to a passing stork, "drop me off at the food office first, will you? I'm going to a couple who are working for Ensa and I'll have to change over to a traveller's book."



YOU'LL NEVER
BE ABLE
TO MEND
THAT!



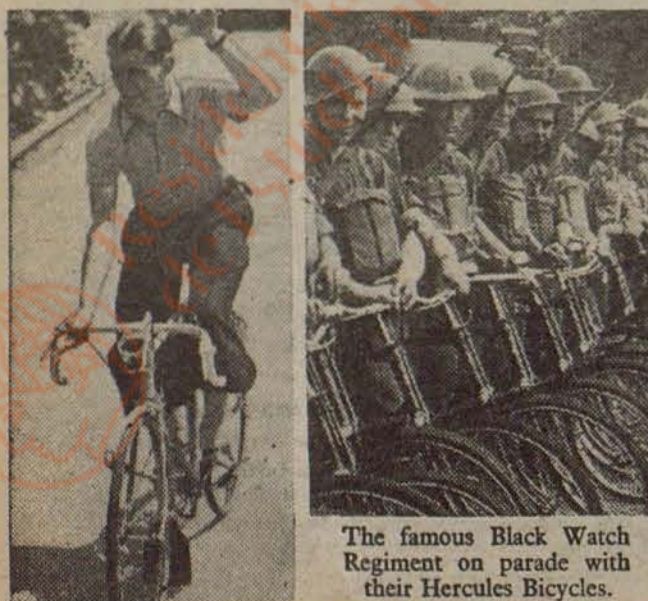
**MAKE DO AND MEND AND
YOU'LL "DO" HIM TOO!**

The Squander Bug hates needles and cotton! He wants you to buy new clothes instead of making your old ones last even longer, and saving coupons. Don't listen to him... your needle is a weapon of war to-day... see that it works full time! With the money saved buy Savings Stamps or Certificates.

Savings Certificates costing 15/- are worth 20/6 in 10 years—increase free of income tax. They can be bought outright, or by instalments with 6d., 2/6 or 5/- Savings Stamps through your Savings Group or Centre or at any Post Office or Trustee Savings Bank. Buy now!

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The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

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College of Knowledge Results

WHERE DID YOU GO WRONG?

Here Are
the Answers

PAPER ONE

1.—Pass it off by agreeing. 2.—Make her talk about herself. 3.—Tell him you understand and agree. 4.—Agree, and then write inventing some excuse. 5.—Introduce your friend to your future mother-in-law and write to your fiancé mentioning the meeting.

PAPER TWO

1.—Do nothing. How do you know the lorry carries explosives? 2.—Forge Lily Lallure's signature on the cheque, made out to himself for a nice sum. 3.—For signing cheques Lily Lallure use a signature very different from her autograph. 4.—Leaving the chamber in line with the barrel empty is no precaution. Action of trigger brings next (loaded) chamber into firing position.

PAPER THREE

1.—Torpedoes fired from a submarine are more effective because the vessel can get in closer range to the target. 2.—Where both cock and hen indulge in mutual courtship, the cock will help brood the eggs, and feed and protect the young. 3.—Britain was separated from the Continent roughly 10,000-20,000 years ago. 4.—The Poles belong to the Slav race. 5.—The two types of crow are the Hoodie and Carrion Crow. 6.—There are no snakes in Ireland because they were destroyed by the Arctic Hare—indigenous to Ireland. 7.—The cause of knocking in a car is the too rapid burning of the petrol mixture. (Marks also given for other correct reasons.) 8.—Before a trial for murder in this country the victim's remains must be produced.

PAPER FOUR

1.—Iceland used to recognise sovereignty to Denmark. Since Denmark's occupation by Germany recognition is suspended, and a regent is elected from year to year. 2.—Italy's first invasion move was from Albania into Greece. 3.—Graf Spee. 4.—Altmark. 5.—George Medal. 6.—Hong Kong was the first colony the British Empire lost to Japan during this war. 7.—There are eight members of the War Cabinet. 8.—Napoleon's Army confronted with the burning of Moscow. (Marks also given for any instance of scorched earth prior to 1812.)

PAPER FIVE

1.—Jeanne de Calais. 2.—Lord Woolton. 3.—President of the Moslem League in India. 4.—Mr. Winant. 5.—Oona O'Neil. 6.—Lord Halifax. 7.—Tojo. 8.—Margaret Mitchell. 9.—Georgia, U.S.S.R. 10.—Laurence Olivier.

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

**Women Who Are
Always Ailing**

NEVER "UP TO THE MARK."

Are you one of the many women who do not know what it means to feel really well? Hardly a day passes, perhaps, without a headache; often your back feels ready to break and you find it almost more than you can do to get through the day. You feel too weary for anything—every little task seems beyond you. Why do you suffer like this? You need not do so. Perhaps you do not realise that most ailments from which women suffer are due to one cause—thin, impoverished blood. Enrich and increase your blood and your ailments will vanish. To do this you have only to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills help to create new, rich blood, and because they do this they have given new health and vigour to thousands of weary, depressed women. If you want to get all the benefit that new rich blood can give you, start taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. New strength, a good appetite, better sleep and steady nerves—these will all be yours if you take these pills. Of all chemists, 1s. 6d. (triple size 3s. 6d.), including tax. (Adv.).

THE "Sunday Pictorial" has been presenting to its readers a new interest and a new page in the College of Knowledge. We offered to teach you more about life, more about the war, and more about people through the medium of our experts.

The twelve-week course was wide and varied, chosen to interest people in all walks of life. No other newspaper has ever attempted to set aside one page of its issue solely for the instruction of its readers.

The College of Knowledge was an instant success. How great a success was proved emphatically by our readers, as a result of Examination Day. In the ten days allowed for candidates to send in their papers, thousands of entries poured into the College examination room.

Each entry has been marked with scrupulous care. Where a question has been partly right, half marks have been given. Each question carried its own marking according to its difficulty.

Papers 4 and 5 we realised were open to "cribbing." Anyone who took sufficient trouble could look up the answers. We are glad to see that a large majority of our readers took that trouble.

However, even where they showed gifts in logic and tact, some of them came down heavily on Paper 3, which only true students of the College could answer.

Such a student is eighteen-year-old Harry Shillibeer, our first prize winner, who topped the list with a score of 90 marks. We congratulate him on a first-class paper.

ODDLY enough, readers who seemed to be devoid of tact proved to be completely illogical also! Others who were both tactful and logical had some Alice-in-Wonderland ideas on birds, current events and famous people.

A few howlers on the two types of crow, for instance: Jim Crow, Scare Crow, Cock Crow.

Where birds indulge in mutual courtship they were

**Our Dumb
Blonde Says:**

"Jack says he wins at cards one day and loses the next. He ought to play every other day."

That Winning Smile!

FIRST-PRIZE winner Harry Shillibeer is only eighteen! He is determined to make a success of his life—and here's his start.

He is an apprentice plater in Surrey Docks, goes to night school, is studying for his Matric, and hopes one day to become a Bachelor of Science.

Harry says: "The logic and tact questions took most of my time. The back numbers of the 'Sunday Pictorial' helped a lot. I liked Professor Low best among the contributors to the College."

said to be found sleeping together and going about with each other!

Poor Mr. Jinnah is accused of being a character in "Pickwick Papers," the King's valet, Jehovah's Chief Witness, Gandhi's son, a radio comedian and even the Minister of Information.

The Prime Minister of Japan can be Chiang Kai Shek, General "Orkinlek" or Timoshenko. Take your choice!

Britain was divided from the Continent 106 years ago, but also since time "immortal."

There are apparently 434 members in the War Cabinet. We always thought there were too many!

We have to congratulate Vivien Leigh on her choice of husbands—Vic Oliver, Clark Gable, and even Lord Halifax! So much for the howlers. Let those blush who must.

But a special pat on the back to the logical Mr. Jeffery, who would put Mr. Dudley's night watchman on day work, "because the man was honest and told me he'd slept."



FIRST PRIZE

£15 15s. goes to Mr. HARRY SHILLIBEER, 47, Hawkstone - road, Rotherhithe, Surrey Docks. Scored 90 out of 100.

SECOND PRIZE

£10 10s. goes to Mr. J. B. SLAYTON, 1a, Grosvenor-hill, The Ridgway, Wimbledon, S.W.19. Scored 88.

THIRD PRIZE

£5 5s. goes to Mr. B. R. PURSALL, "Pine Crest," Maesderwen-crescent, Pontypool, Monmouthshire. Scored 85.

25 Prizes of Books Go To

84½ marks: Mr. A. H. Tidey, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

84 marks: Mr. R. D. Hart, Manor Park, E.12.

82½ marks: Miss I. Jordaine, Liverpool.

82 marks: Mr. V. Shaw, Stoke-on-Trent; Miss Yvonne Woolston, Beckenham.

81 marks: Mr. A. Wilson, Gateshead-on-Tyne; Miss Hazel Rogers, Southampton; Mrs. Seymour, Stourbridge; Miss Margaret Watkins, Lichfield.

80 marks: Mr. Turner, Reddleson, Yorks; Miss E. Spicer, Walton-on-Thames; Mr. D. Knight, Brighton; Mr. A. Reeve, Nutfield, Surrey; Mr. E. Bezzant, Huddersfield; Mr. H. Johnson, Falmouth.

79 marks: Mr. Nagel, Morden, Surrey; Mr. McCann, Glasgow; Miss Murfin, Derby; Private W. F. Allen, Reading.

78 marks: Miss O. Dann, Portsmouth; Mr. Lusby, Maldon, Essex; Mrs. J. E. Stephens, Edinburgh; L.A.C. Jones, RAF, Cornwall; Mr. Price, Dartford.

77½ marks: Mr. W. Berkley, Ormskirk.



She Can Strip—With a Whip



SAYS NORAH ALEXANDER

ANYBODY know the difference between a strip-tease and a whip-tease? It's important.

A couple years ago, you see, the Queen of American Strip-teasers, Gipsy Rose Lee, took time off from her £250-a-week activities to write a mystery thriller, "G-String Murders."

A G-string, if you must know, is the one thing—generally a tiny string of beads—that strip-teasers don't take off.

I never got around to reading this who-dun-it, but in America, as you'd imagine, it was just a wow. What's more, they tell me, it had literary merits, too! At all events, the movie-men decided it would be a "natural" for the screen. Always providing they could get the story past their censor, William Hays. They made it, though they had to tidy their first script quite a bit. And the chief change is the oddest of the lot.

To meet Hays's Office requirements, they had to substitute a whip-tease for the stripping-act they'd planned!

In a whip-tease, the gal's garments are flicked from her by a wind machine, trained animals, or an expert with a whip. The other way, of course, she takes 'em off herself.

I don't know which you folks would think the "naicer," but I do know that all America, outside Hollywood, rates whip-tease the more doubtful of the two.

INCIDENTALLY, there's a good story told about Hunt Stromberg, who produced the movie, known here as "Striptease Lady," with Barbara Stanwyck in the lead. That's her on the left.

Seems that husband Robert Taylor wasn't too keen on her part.

Stromberg, dazed by the Hays's Office regulations, turned to an assistant on the set.

"The way things stand now," he asked him, "what are the first things we'll have to take off Stanwyck?"

Quick as lightning came the answer "Robert Taylor's arms."

NOT long ago, authoress Enid Bagnold agreed to play a small part in a Brighton pantomime when a friend told him. Just as she was word-perfect the friend suddenly recovered.

An outraged and disappointed authoress went home, sat down and wrote a play—about an understudy who, in the same position, murders the returning actress to get her part!

This back-stage thriller, "Lottie Dundass," with Ann Todd and Sybil Thorndike, now seems set to have a record run at the Vaudeville.

NEW FILMS

FIFTY weeks a year I see the same old films refurbished with new titles. Last week I had a serious shock. Out of three films, two dared to be very, very "different." First, there's that controversial picture—

"Mission to Moscow," Walter Huston, Ann Harding (Warner Theatre, Leicester-square; Regal, Marble Arch).

A SCREEN version of the diary kept by Joe E. Davies while American Ambassador to Russia. It gives you a capitalist's impressions of the Soviet Union during those fateful years, 1936-39. You see him visiting Germany with disarmament proposals, you see him touring Russian factories, meeting Russian leaders, even attending a typical Russian "purge."

Mr. Davies supervised the making of the picture and says it's a true record of his trip. Isolationist Americans denounce it violently and say it's all a pack of lies!

Definitely one war-film no adult ought to miss. **SCORE NINE POINTS OUT OF TEN**

"Crash Dive," Tyrone Power, Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews (Tivoli, Strand; New Gallery, Regent-street).

THIS is the other kind of war-film, based on the love of two men for one girl. In all fairness I must tell you it's a very good example of its kind. And it has a special value as the last film Ty. Power makes this side of peace. Complete with action, thrills and comedy—in terrific Technicolor, too. Men can subtract a couple of points, girls everywhere will give it **NINE**

"The New Gulliver" (Tatler, Charing Cross-road).

THIS, the other "different" film I mentioned, dates back to 1935. A modern, made-in-Russia, version of "Gulliver's Travels," it uses only one important actor—all other parts are played by puppets. And what puppets! They smile, scowl, bluster, moan and whimper, drive tanks, dance ballets, I enjoyed every minute of it. **SCORE EIGHT**

NEW PLAY

JACK BUCHANAN'S latest, "It's Time to Dance" (Winter Garden) has all the traditional music-comedy trimmings of bathing beauties, luxury hotels and stolen pearls. Luckily it has Fred Emney's fooling, Buddy Bradley's dancing and one wizard song-hit, "Friday's Child" to help things on as well.

WAR SPORT BROTHERS' LUCK

By **STONEHENGE**
GORDON RICHARDS scored a double for Mr. J. V. Rank at Salisbury yesterday, but masterly riding by Elliott on His Excellency prevented the champion from completing a hat-trick.

Fortunate Trial, who early in the year was thought likely to win a classic, made practically all the running in the New Forest Handicap.

Cliff Richards, Viti's rider, rode straight to the unsaddling enclosure, and was surprised when he had to vacate it to A. Wragg. Cliff was on four other seconds—an unenviable record.

The betting see-saw on the St.

BUT BOTH THESE DID WELL!

British Empire (despite the Compton brothers) beat London Counties by 52 runs at Lord's.

Four batsmen were responsible for all but 21 of the Empire's total of 253. Chief scorers were: Fishlock (94) and Halliday (62). London Counties were all out for 201. Their innings began in startling fashion, opening pair, F. S. Lee and A. V. Avery, falling to splendid catches without a run on the board.

Then the brothers Compton got together. Denis got 75 and brother Leslie, 64.

But the rest didn't do much, and with W. F. Price injured, unable to bat, the Empire side won by 52 runs. It was the Counties' first defeat of the season.

Leger has begun with Ribbon taking the place of Persian Gulf as favourite.

There will be more ups and downs among the leading lot during the next few weeks, but amid wondering whether Umiddad will see a better price than 7 to 1.

No racing this week because the "ration" has been transferred to Bank Holiday meetings.

SALISBURY 123

1.0.—Haddington (20-1, Wager) 1; Sherrington (7-1, H. Richards) 2; Eric's Polly (100-7, Tyson) 3.

1.30.—Vigorous (1-3, fav., G. Richards) 1; Gilding (10-1, G. Richards) 2; Sez You (33-1, Doyle) 3.

2.0.—Milling (11-2, G. Richards) 1; Sun Cheer (100-8, C. Richards) 2; Dry-bob (25-1, Burns) 3.

2.30.—His Excellency (5-2, Elliott) 1; Gustator (8-11, G. Richards) 2; Hopeman (5-1, C. Richards) 3.

3.0.—Fortunate Trial (9-4 fav., A. Wragg) 1; Viti (100-6, C. Richards) 2; War Hero (100-8, Short) 3.

3.30.—Victory Torch (10-1, Beary) 1; Hasty Shot (5-1, C. Richards) 2; Tiber Glide (5-1, Carey) 3.

4.0.—Your Fancy (7-1, Packham) 1; Bonny One (20-1, C. Richards) 2; Lido Lady (10-1, Gardner) 3.

PONTEFRAC

2.15.—Air Maid (100-8, Littlewood) 2.45.—Apian Bridge (7-2, D. Smith) 3.15.—The Jigger (5-1, Maher) 3.45.—Royal Palette (5-1, Herbert) 4.15.—Collaboration (100-8, Rutter) 4.45.—Prince Merlin (100-30, Nevett) 5.10.—Try-Out (5-1, Givens).

Wooderson Again

There were thousands at Epsom to see the Army, RAF, Civil Defence, Navy and other Allied nations in an athletic contest.

Wooderson ran for the Army and won the mile in 4m. 13.8s., his second fastest time of the season. He beat Alford and Wilson. Civil Defence finished best with 96 points.

To-day's Radio

HOME

7.0. NEWS. 7.15. Entrance Players. 7.50. Greetings from India. 8.10. Band. 8.40. Organ. 9.0. NEWS. 9.30. Service. 10.15. Records. 10.30. Music While You Work. 11.0. Music-Lover's Calendar. 11.20. Bantock. 11.30. Mozart. 12.50. For Women.

1.0. NEWS. 1.15. Farm Record. 1.25. Records. 1.45. Fire Guards. 1.55. Organ. 2.15. Gardens. 2.30. Orchestra. 3.45. Records. 3.55. Play. 4.45. Talk. 5.0. Welsh. 5.20. Children. 6.0. NEWS. 6.30. Transatlantic Call. 7.0. Talk. 7.15. Orchestra. 8.0. Service. 8.40. Good Cause. 8.45. War Story.

9.0. NEWS. 9.30. Biography. 9.55. Brahms. 10.15. Poetry. 10.30. Epilogue. 10.38. Quintet. 11.5. Story. 11.15. Organ. 11.35. Records. 12.0. NEWS.

FORCES

6.30. Revellie. 7.0. NEWS. 7.15. Entrance Players. 7.50. Records. 8.30. Cairo Calling. 9.0. NEWS. 9.30. Orchestra. 10.15. Service. 10.30. For Indian Forces. 11.0. Band. 11.30. Workers' Playtime. 12.0. Geraldo. 12.35. Fred Allen.

1.0. NEWS. 1.15. Itma. 1.45. Monia Litter. 2.20. Revue. 2.50. Talk. 3.0. Music While You Work. 3.30. Band. 4.0. Orchestra. 4.45. Piano Harmony. 5.0. Gospel Singer. 5.20. Forces Choice. 5.50. Films. 6.0. NEWS. 6.30. Quintet. 7.0. News-Letter. 7.10. Happidrome. 8.0. Organ. 8.20. Orchestra.

9.0. NEWS. 9.30. Revue. 10.0. Epilogue. 10.8. Records. 10.30. Music While You Work.

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Why don't you fall in love with Me?; Keep an eye on your Heart - F1982

JOE DANIELS and his Hot Shots

At the Woodchopper's Ball; Flingin' a Whing-Ding F1980

MORETON & KAYE

Tin Pan Alley Medley, No. 66 F1983

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A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

FRIDAY NEXT!

Barbara STANWYCK

STRIPTease LADY

ERICH VON STROHEIM
"THE MAN YOU'LL LOVE TO HATE" as Rommel

Paramount's ADVENTURE ROMANCE

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

STARRING
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Sunday Pictorial

THEY CAME, THEY STOOD, THEY SUFFERED!

Look at this milling mass of smiling faces. These are the people who just could not stay at home. They are the men and women who, in spite of every appeal to their decency, just could not leave our railways free for weapons of war.

Thousands waited for hours in vain. It serves them right. The rest travelled in agony. It serves them right, too.

This picture was taken at Waterloo Station yesterday, one of the many termini where such appalling scenes took place.



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Thanks, everyone! Thanks for the piles of letters from readers supporting the Editor's plea last week that now is the time to honour our gallant Eighth Army.

Meantime, if you have a shilling or two to spare, and want to help them, here's an idea. There's a plan to raise £1,000 to provide a bed at the famous Brompton Hospital for the use of anyone in the Eighth Army selected by General Montgomery. His mother says, "It's a beautiful idea," and hopes you will send a postal order (or cheque!) made out to "Montgomery Bed," and addressed to Mr. H. Greville Montgomery, Quick's Green, Ashampstead, Reading. Every penny will go towards the cause.

RUSSIANS KEEP IT UP ALL ROUND

THE Russians are continuing to make progress on all three sectors of the front where there is active fighting.

Message from Moscow last night reported these developments:

OREL.—The Red Army com-

ing up from the south is still pressing the Germans back.

BIELGOROD.—Two more inhabited localities have been captured.

DONETZ.—The Russians, retaining the initiative south of Izyum and on the Upper Donetz, have thrown the Germans out of several positions.

The stiffest fighting is still on the Orel front. Moscow radio said last night:

"The enemy is resisting stubbornly, counter-attacking, blowing up or mining roads and bridges, and arranging traps.

"When the Germans launch a counter blow they go over to the defensive until the enemy is worn down. Then they attack again.

Reuter's correspondent says the battle is increasing in intensity.

The Germans, fighting desperately, are using 'assault fists' protected by twenty to thirty bombers and consisting of 100 to 150 tanks as they launch attack after attack.

Heavy fighting is going on along a river twenty miles east of and parallel to the Briansk-Kaluga railway.

Asked for It —and Got It!

THOUSANDS of people this week-end asked for it, AND GOT IT. They were people who still don't realise that "there's a war on," and—ignoring the Ministry of Transport's "Don't Travel" plea—tried to go holiday-making to the seaside.

At every station in the big industrial towns people queued for hours to get into trains. Some tried to fight their way in. Thousands slept on platforms all Friday night—and then had to give it up and go back home.

Those who did manage to get to a seaside place in a packed-to-capacity train found themselves faced with the prospect of spending their "holiday"

standing in a queue—waiting for a meal, a drink, a taxi. And then not getting what they'd queued for.

In London Waterloo Station saw the biggest throng. Two thousand people who were crowded out of seaside trains on Friday spent the night on the station. They slept on benches, on the floor outside the departure platforms—anywhere they could.

Dogs, Kids

Early yesterday morning hundreds more people flocked to the station. There were queues for trains for all South and West Coast holiday places—many people in the queues had children with them, others had dogs—and at 10.30 a.m. the Southern Railway announced that all bookings to places west of Salisbury were suspended for a time.

An official at the station said to the Sunday Pictorial: "We can only run the normal Saturday service. There's just nothing else we can do about it."

During the day scores of extra police were called out to control the crowds.

Manchester had its greatest holiday rush of the war. From midnight, when Blackpool-bound queues began to form up, hours before the first train was due to leave, Victoria Station, Manchester, was packed with people slumped on suitcases or lolling against pillars.

And how did the people who did get to the seaside fare when they arrived? Here are typical answers from Sunday Pictorial correspondents:

TORQUAY: Town packed. Queues everywhere. Queues at cafes, restaurants, bus stops, taxi ranks. Some of the queues hundreds of yards long. Every hotel booked up until September.

BLACKPOOL: Place packed from pillar to roof. People

coming here have to be as fit as Commandos to take place in the battle for food, drink, buses, trains, oysters, and all the things that made peace-time Blackpool what it was.

And from FLEETWOOD came this message:

"Early yesterday afternoon it was announced that no more passengers could be taken on the steamer for the Isle of Man. So a long queue formed for the next boat—which doesn't sail till tomorrow."

If all these things happened this week-end what's going to happen next week-end—August Bank Holiday?

For the love of Mike, Mr. and Mrs. Holiday-maker, remember that the fighting men and their supplies must have priority on the railways. Spend your holidays at home and make the best of it.

If you don't you'll find yourselves like all those people who this week-end asked for it. AND GOT IT.

U.S. BOMBERS RAID NORWAY

American bombers based in Britain yesterday switched to a new point of attack—Norway.

This was announced last night when the U.S. Army European H.Q. said:

"Large formations of heavy bombers of the United States Army Eighth Air Force attacked targets in Norway in daylight today."

Mustangs, Hurricanes and Typhoons continued their harassing tactics against enemy transport in Occupied France and Belgium yesterday, damaging at least ten locomotives. Another was demolished by Hurricanes which destroyed two engines and damaged three others on Friday.

GOOD INVASION

Optimism is so high in Oslo now that people there greet each other with the words, "Good invasion."

THERE'S A MORAL TO THIS STORY. THAT IS "WE'RE AT WAR, AND THE RAILWAYS ARE VITAL. IT'S MUCH MORE IMPORTANT TO GET ON WITH THE WAR THAN TO GET ON TO A SEASIDE HOLIDAY." SO...

On the railways please don't roam, Spend your holiday at home.

I AM SO THANKFUL

Birmingham.
June 2nd, 1943.
Dear Sirs,
I have been going through a very strenuous time, and but for Yeast-Vite could not possibly have carried on. My usual health is very poor, and I know that without the extra help I should have had to lay up.
I have been taking Yeast-Vite tablets for ten months, and shall continue with them. In fact, I wouldn't be without them. They have helped me such a lot when I get attacks of migraine, which were very frequent before I took the tablets.
I am so thankful for them.
(Sgd.) M. B.

Bracknell, Berks.
June 29th, 1943.
Dear Sirs,
I have taken Yeast-Vite tablets for quite a time, and I don't know what I should do without them. (Sgd.) N. W.

Salop,
June 12th, 1943.
Dear Sirs,
Yeast-Vite tablets are too wonderful for words. Thanking you for what they have done for me. (Sgd.) A. W.

Bedford.
June 8th, 1943.
Dear Sirs,
I have taken Yeast-Vite tablets for some time. I am an old lady of 72, and I find they keep me 60. (Sgd.) M. I.

GREAT APPRECIATION
Rayleigh, Essex.
April 10th, 1943.
Dear Sirs,
I am still expressing my very great appreciation of your Yeast-Vite tablets. Several people who are now taking them at my suggestion are delighted at the benefit obtained. (Sgd.) E. S.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets, now in TWO SIZES ONLY, price 1/4 and 3/4, per bottle, including postage tax. Do not blame your chemist if he is temporarily out of stock, he is doing his best in these difficult days of limited supplies and restricted transport.
Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

MADE A PLANE IN A DAY

Workers in an aircraft factory in the North-West gave up a week-end to assemble a Wellington bomber in the fastest time they could, the Sunday Pictorial learned last night.

At 9 a.m. they began assembling the thousands of small components which make up the wings and fuselage, and in just over the twenty-four hours they had installed the engines, fitted the complicated gear, and finished the job.

Soon afterwards it was being flown away by an Air Transport Auxiliary crew.

LATEST NEWS

SECRET ARMS DUMP IN COLOGNE

Large secret arms hide-out found in Siebold-street, Cologne, says Swedish paper. Goeteborgs Handels-tidningen.
Discovery has caused considerable commotion in Cologne, says paper, "and it is presumed that a number of other depots exist in Cologne and in other Rhine towns."

TORPEDO GUNS ON FRENCH COAST

Vichy radio stated guns for firing torpedoes had been included in Atlantic Wall defences. They fire by explosives instead of compressed air.

Black-out Time

MIDLANDS 10.58

S. WALES 10.55